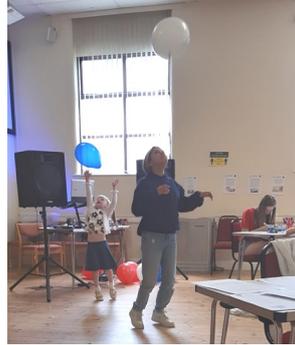




St Mark's had their Jubilee Jamboree on Saturday 18 June. This was a busy event with craft activities, competitions, refreshments, and enjoyed by all who attended. There was even a DJ as Joseph came .



Signing the national anthem



Chasing balloons



Decorating crown biscuits



Making crowns



Painting stones



Busy refreshments

Has anyone else any pictures of their events? Wesley would love to see them. He can always find room for them in future blogs.

### Concert for Ukraine

Wesley is pleased to announce that £2687.50 was collected for Ukraine at the recent music concert at the Grove.

Thanks to Peter Reasbeck who gathered together some of his musical friends to give us a great programme. Most of the pieces had a direct Ukrainian link and we closed singing the Ukrainian Prayer together ...in our best ( phonetic) Ukrainian! A truly epic moment.

Thanks to Circuit members who attended and to Rodley for having a retiring collection in their own church (smart thinking, or what!).

I have over 40 pictures (taken from my daily paper) under the heading of " Faces of the War."

Should your church require to use these, say for a prayer focus in a service, or a 'Ukraine' event please get in touch. They come on ready made table top display boards.

Phil Maud

### TEN-SECOND SERMONS

Remember the light may be out of reach - but the switch isn't.

A pessimist is a person who blows out the light to see how dark it is.

Swallowing angry words is a lot easier than having to eat them.

There's more power in the open hand than in the clenched fist.

A group of small children were sitting in rows on chairs in the kitchen. 'We're playing at churches,' one of them explained when Mum came in. 'In that case', Mum remarked, 'The children in the second row have no business to be whispering and giggling.' 'Oh', was the reply. 'That's okay, Mum. They're the choir.'

There are things we cannot do  
No matter how we try  
There are things we ought to do  
But time just passes by.  
And there are things we start to do  
Then we give up and quit  
But since every hour is precious  
We should make the most of it.

A lady lay ill in hospital. Many folks sent her flowers to brighten her room. Still she was despondent over the news recovery would take weeks, perhaps months. Then one visitor brought a surprise gift - a packet of seeds and a pot filled with rich earth. But the comment from the visitor was light hearted. 'Grow them yourself'. The lady planted the seeds. Each day she watered them. She watched eagerly for the day when the first tiny shoots would appear. Then she waited for the flowers. They came. Beautiful midget Zinnias. Her interest had been revived. She had begun to invest something of herself in growing things.



Invest your life in growing things. When you grow a flower, you co-operate with God and His laws of the universe. Best of all, invest in a growing life: perhaps it may be your own children or grandchildren. You can teach them loving kindness towards their fellow-men, by helping them to grow into Christian maturity, or perhaps a friend who needs the help you can give. Invest in growing things and your own interest in life will grow.

Not knowing if my granddaughter had learned her colours yet, I decided to test her. I pointed out something and ask what colour it was. She told me, and she was always correct. But it was fun for me so I continued. At last, she headed for the door, saying sadly, 'Grandma, I think you should try to figure out some of these yourself!'

Two elderly Dales men received personal invitation cards from their Vicar to attend a special gathering. At the foot appeared the letters RSVP. They were a bit puzzled as to what the letters meant, but eventually one of them arrived at a solution: 'It must be Refreshments Supplied by the Vicar of the Parish!'

This story concerns a young man at college, training to be a missionary. Above his bed was a hand-lettered sign which bore three words - 'I am third'. When a friend asked him what it meant, the young man shock his head. 'Ask me again sometime', he said - and changed the subject But the sign stayed there all through his college years, and on the day he graduated, his friend came to help him pack his books and clothing, and to see him off at the station. Just before the train left for the north, he asked again what the words meant. The young man hesitated. Then, quietly he told how, when he'd left home, his mother told him to remember always that God came first, others second and he came third. To help him to carry out her advice, he made the little sign and put it where he would see it every day. So he obeyed it all through his college days and he followed its teaching through his life until he died of fever, serving lepers in Africa.

Seen on a service sheet in York Minister  
I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY  
The collection will be taken during this hymn



### TATER PEOPLE

Some people never seem to be motivated to participate but are just content to watch while others do the work. They are called 'Spec Taters'.



Some people never do anything to help, but are gifted at finding fault with the way others do the work. They are called 'Comment Taters'.

Some people are very bossy and like to tell others what to do, but don't want to soil their own hands. They are called 'Dick Taters'.

Some people are always looking to cause problems by asking others to agree with them. It is too hot or too cold, too sour or too sweet. They are called 'Agie Taters.'

There are those who say they will help but somehow just never get around to actually doing the promised help. They are called 'Hezzie Taters.'

Some people can put up a front and pretend to be someone they are not. They are called 'Emma Taters.'

Then there are those who love others and do what they say they will. They are always prepared to stop whatever they are doing and lend a helping hand. They bring real sunshine into the lives of others. They are called 'Sweet Taters'.

If you know any 'Sweet Taters' share this with them.

A Sunday School teacher asked her class to write a list of 11 great men. Walking between the tables as they were busy writing, she noticed one little lad chewing the end of his pen. 'Have you finished?' she asked. 'Not quite, Miss,' came the reply, 'I'm trying to decide on the goalkeeper.'

Methodist ministers sometimes take it into their heads to dress up as John Wesley. One such minister dressed himself suitably and rode through the streets of his town, stopping at the market place where he delivered a short homily seated on his horse. One young man was heard to say to his girlfriend, 'Now I know what is meant by the Sermon on the Mount.'