



Jessie Tait, over 70, came from Ireland to visit a friend in Manchester. When she arrived she was taken ill and had to go into hospital. The friend with whom she'd planned to spend a few days was going off to Canada. So, Jessie didn't know what to do when the doctors told her that although she could leave hospital, she would have to come back again as an out-patient for a few weeks. She knew no one in Manchester with whom she could stay. Iris-Ann, the young lass in the next bed, smiled across, 'Never mind, Gran,' she said kindly, 'You can come and stay with me until you're better,' And, sure enough, Iris-Ann took Jessie into her home and looked after her for a month. Jean, one of Iris-Ann's friends, borrowed a small van to take Jessie to hospital for her treatment and to give her a run out now and again. Jessie's holiday didn't turn out quite as she expected, but she made friends she'll never forget, and whose kindness she'll never be able to repay. I don't suppose that when Iris-Ann next hears the parable of the Good Samaritan, she'll think of herself, but splendidly she has lived up to the challenge.

It's that time of year again when everyone gets excited about filling shoeboxes. Some of the Girls' Brigade filling their boxes and taking it very seriously.



Highfield, New Whingate, St John's and St Mark's have filled 200 shoeboxes which are now ready at St Mark's, about to start their journey to children and families who are in need in various parts of the world. A big thank you to everyone for their generosity in donating gifts, and time, to fill the boxes. Collection now starting for next year! Anyone who would like to be involved in future, but hasn't done it before, we'd love to hear from you.

Please note Jo's new email address. This is now Jo@lswmethodists.org.uk. Her old address will no longer work after Christmas.

There is an old Christian tradition that
God sends each of us into this world
With a special message to deliver,
With a special song to sing for others,
With a special act of love to bestow.
No one else can speak that message,
Or sing that song, or offer that act of love.
Only you, that one special person.

TIME

Time is such a precious thing
It's more than wealth untold!
It's something that we can not
Store and nobody can hold.
Life goes by so speedily,
Before we scarce can taste it,
And time can never be regained
So why do people waste it?

You can give without loving but you can't love without giving!
Speak kind words and you will hear kind echoes.
One kind word can warm three winter months.

A heart in tune with God sings
melodies of praise.



**Cookridge
Saturday 2 December
Christmas Tree Festival**

11am - 1pm
Stalls & refreshments including
bacon butties



**St Mark's
Saturday 18 November
Christmas Fair**

10.00am - 2pm
Various stall and refreshments.
Join us for some early Christmas shopping



**St Andrew's Pudsey
Carols.....and Cake**

A Christmas Concert
given by

The Wesley Singers

Saturday 25th November 2023
2.30pm

Tickets £7 including refreshments
available from the Church Office
Mon - Fri 9.45 am - 11.45 am
Tel. 0113 255 7426

**Hyde Park Methodist Mission
Christmas Fayre
Saturday 25th November
11.00 – 1.00pm**



**Christmas Bingo
Tuesday 12th December**
Doors open 6.40pm,
Eyes down 7.00pm
4 Games with line and
house
Santa's Christmas Flyer
Play 1 card for £1, 3 for
£3, 6 for £6 Great Festive
Prizes Great Family Fun!!
Also Christmas Raffle &
Refreshments



**New Whingate
Saturday 25 November
Christmas Fair**

10am to 12 noon



A small boy, visiting New York for the first time, rode in an elevator to the top of the Empire State Building. As they whizzed past the 62nd floor, he gasped and said to his father, 'Daddy, does God know we're coming?'

The Circuit Reading Group welcomes extra members
The Circuit Reading Group is a small friendly group that meets once a month at Wesley Road Chapel to discuss books on our shared Christian faith. We have just finished reading, "Jesus' Alternative Plan" by Richard Rohr (on the sermon on the mount...a very good/very helpful read) and at or next meeting (Friday 17th November, 10.30 at Wesley Road) we will be starting a new book; "The Landscape of Faith" by Alister McGrath (on the creeds). As we are starting a new book it would be a very good time to give the group a try. Send me an email and I will add your name to the mailing list or just turn up!! Tea/coffee and biscuits from about 10.15. Look forward to seeing you!
Richard Bushby bushbyrichard419@gmail.com

LIFE GOES ON

What do we do with the moments we save
As we rush through the course of the day?
If we dash to the post, or run for a bus,
Cut corners all the way.

Will the minutes we save add up to an hour
To be used later on? No alas,
Moments are fleeting, and time doesn't wait
But goes on, and life's days and years pass.

Time is God - given. The best we can do
Is to come to Him every new day
And ask Him to fill every moment in time
With His peace, as we go on our way.
Anon

It was a foggy night and little Lisa knew her father would be late driving home. At bedtime, when Lisa was kneeling at her bed saying her prayers, she asked, 'And, God, please bring Daddy safely home through the fog.' Just then the front door opened and her daddy called up the stairs, 'Hello everyone. It's me.' Lisa opened her eyes for a moment, then closed them again. 'Thank you God', she said. 'that was really quick!'

No poppies grow in English fields
At this time of the year,
Though poppies bloom in every street -
Like magic they appear.
For we who live are proud to give
A sigh for all who died,
And brought us loneliness and grief,
Yet filled our hearts with pride
Those gallant ones who fought and fell,

Young Kenneth was very keen to have a baby brother or sister. He kept asking his mother why they couldn't get one. After all, his pal's mother got one. His mum explained that they couldn't afford one at present, but perhaps later.... One day Kenneth came home from school in great excitement. 'Come on Mum', he cried. 'There's a notice outside the church hall - All welcome - Children half price!'

Nobody knows what a prayer can do
When somebody, somewhere, prays for you,
Clearing a path through the tangled track,
Easing the strain on the breaking back.
When hope fades away and is lost to view,
Nobody knows what a prayer will do.