

GROVE VINE

**The Magazine of
Grove Methodist Church
Horsforth, Leeds**

December 2012 / January 2013



**The Grove Methodist Church is called to respond to the
Gospel of love in Jesus Christ and to live out its discipleship in
worship, service and mission**

Minister – Rev Alistair Jones

Phone: 0113 258 2678 or email: alistairjones@live.co.uk

Regular events

Sunday

- 10.20 Creche (0-3yrs) 258 3509
- 10.20 J Team (tots to 12s) 258 8803
- 10.30 Worship
- 6.00 Worship (alternate Sundays at Central Methodist Church)
- 7.30 Studio Dance SNYG 258 9093

Monday

- 9 -12.00 Pre-school (2-under 5s) (Funding 3-4yrs) 239 0335
- 12.15 Luncheon Club 258 3807
- 1.30 Network Women's Fellowship 258 9448
- 6.15 Beavers 258 1814
- 6.15 Cubs 258 2836
- 7.45 Scouts 228 9968
- 7.45 Flower Guild (3rd Monday in the month) 258 4520

Tuesday

- 9.00-9.30 Prayer Group 258 8803
- 9 -12.00 Pre-school (2-under 5s) (Funding 3-4yrs) 239 0335
& 12.00 – 3.00 Pre-school as above.
- 10-11.30 Coffee in the Centre small hall 258 3568; quiet room available
for prayer. Jean Kemp's hand-made greetings cards will be
available on the first Tuesday of each month
- 6.00 Rainbows (5th Horsforth) 259 0555
- 6.15 Brownies (5th Horsforth) 258 3670
- 7.45 Guides (5th Horsforth) 202 9010

Wednesday

- 9 -12.00 Pre-school (2-under 5s) (Funding 3-4yrs) 239 0335
& 12.00 – 3.00 Pre-school as above.
- 1.30 Line Dancing 258 7444
- 6.00 Rainbows (14th) 239 0335
- 6.15 Brownies (14th) 250 4907
- 8.00 Explorer Scouts 258 0882
- 7.30 Wednesday Break (fortnightly) 225 2734

(continued on inside back cover)

The true meaning of Christmas...

is something you will frequently hear being talked about. I am not so sure that we can be clear as to what that meaning is or was, because it was and is dependent on you, and what matters to you.

For Mary, it meant fear and pain, wonder and joy, and prayer that she and her child would survive the horrors of Iron Age infection and lack of cures. For Joseph it meant new responsibility and continuing questions and puzzlement. For shepherds it meant a terrifying vision and hope for the future. For the magi it meant a fulfilment of prophecy and escape from a terrifying despot. For Herod the Great it meant a threat to his dynasty. For a small town it meant the slaughter of their children.

What *was* the *true* meaning of Christmas?

What *is* the *true* meaning of Christmas?

For some it will mean a family time of love and laughter; for some a time of solitude and loneliness; for others the gathering of the family may mean *anything but* love and laughter. For some it will be the giving and receiving of gifts, and for others the desperation of knowing there is no money for anything beyond bare survival. For the Christians of the Middle East it will mean tempering celebrations to the needs of communities under fire.

The true meaning of Christmas isn't something imposed on us. It isn't a right answer in a world of wrong questions. It is what we choose to make of it, for that is *our* truth.

I shall try to make it a time when I look to new possibilities and hopes for the coming year, face up to the problems we have, and try to find God's way forward.

What do you want the true meaning to be?

God bless, Ali (Rev Alistair Jones)



Church Family News

Please remember in your prayers: Bill Black, Renee Collinson, Tony Emmott, Mary Hart, John Hardaker, Kathleen Kitchingman, Nancy Mathers, Stan Ramsden, Margaret Reasbeck, Ros Revell, Chris Shagouri, Eileen Stones, Christine Wilson and the family of Vera Julian. Also remember friends who are housebound and those caring for loved ones. All need our prayers.

Sunday Services in December

2 nd	9.00	Rev. Alistair Jones – Holy Communion
	10.30	Mr Peter Mawson – Family Parade & Toy Service
		<i>Gifts will go mainly to St George's Crypt, as in previous years.</i>
	6.00	United Service at St James'
9 th	10.30	Rev. Alistair Jones Advent Service
	6.00	Rev. Alistair Jones – Holy Communion
16 th	10.30	Nativity Service
	6.00	Rev. Peter Reasbeck
23 rd	10.30	Rev. Albert Jewell– Holy Communion
	6.00	Rev. Alistair Jones – Candlelight Carol Service
24 th	6.00	Christingle Service
25 th	10.30	Christmas Day Service
30 th	10.30	Rev. Alistair Jones
	NB	No evening service

& January 2013

6 th	9.00	Rev. Alistair Jones – Holy Communion
	10.30	Mrs Susan Hogarth
	6.00	United Service at Woodside
13 th	10.30	Rev. Peter Whittaker – Church Anniversary
	6.00	Rev. Godfrey Nicholson – Church Anniversary
20 th	10.30	Deacon Ellie Griffin
	6.00	United Service at Central
27 th	10.30	Rev. Alistair Jones – Holy Communion
		<i>Re-dedication of Pastoral Visitors</i>
	6.00	Rev. Alistair Jones – Taize Service

From the Editorial Group

We should like to thank everyone who has contributed to the Vine in the past year and encourage other readers to submit articles for inclusion in the future. Without your help there would be no magazine.

As editorial teams alternate, the February issue will be prepared by the Mary and Gordon Mellor and Margaret Bosomworth. Items should be sent to them no later than Wednesday 23rd January 2013.

We wish all our readers a happy and blessed Christmas and a peaceful and fulfilling new year.

Philip Abel pcabel@talktalk.net 258 7744

Margaret Bosomworth margaret.bosomworth@ntlworld.com 228 4777

Gill Jewell gilljewell@aol.com 278 9438

Gordon and Mary Mellor jgkm64@gmail.com 258 6199

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From the Church Registers

Funeral: 30th November Mrs Vera Julian

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Flower Rota for December

2nd Mrs C Turner & Mr & Mrs M Sykes

9th Mrs C Seller & Mr & Mrs P Mawson

16th Mr & Mrs L Wolfe

23th Dr & Mrs A Orton

30th Flower Guild



Flower Rota for January

- 6th Mr & Mrs P Boyes, Mr & Mrs W Kemp &
The Speight Family
- 13th Miss H Watkins & Mrs V O'Hara
- 20th The Misses Mathers, Miss J Naylor & Miss B
Wigglesworth
- 27th Mr & Mrs B Ball & Mrs E Whiteley

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Stewards on Duty in December

- 2nd Carole Abel and John Bussey
- 9th Betty West and Margaret Shingler
- 16th David Buckley and Gordon Mellor
- 23rd John Bussey and Margaret Bosomworth
- 25th Carole Abel and David Buckley
- 30th Gordon Mellor and Cynthia Hatton

January

- 6th Carole Abel and Kath Ashby
- 13th David Buckley and Margaret Shingler
- 20th Cath Ashby and Margaret Bosomworth
- 27th Betty West and Carole Abel
- Feb 3rd John Bussey and Kath Ashby

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At the turn of the year ...

The blessing of God the Creator, there from the beginning;
the blessing of Christ our Saviour, God-with-us in history and humanity;
the blessing of the Holy Spirit, calling us into a future of hope:
be with each one of us, our communities, our world, now and evermore.

Jan Sutch Pickard

Obituary: Deaconess Rosaline (Ros) Ansell

She was named Rosaline, 'offshoot of a rose' since her mother was Rose, and Margaret for her grandmother. Her family used her full name, and it only became shortened when she worked at Chester Hospital. She was born on 3rd May 1924, eldest of four children, her brother John, sisters Dorothea and Marian, all of whom pre-deceased her.

She was raised in a Christian household and environment, and was led to know and love Christ by them and through her local Methodist Church. She served as a member of the Wesleyan Deaconess Order from 1950 to 1969, in Reading, Chesterfield, Edinburgh and the Wirral, remaining a friend and associate of the order after leaving active service, and as a Local Preacher from 1950, BUT she was not, primarily, a Methodist. She was a Christian, and for her denominational boundaries were a temporary inconvenience, and she saw herself as much a part of the community at St. Mary's, Hawksworth Wood as she was a part of the Grove.

She left the Wesleyan Deaconess Order to continue service to her fellows, working on the Psychiatric Wing at Chester Hospital. Her Ordination included the requirement to 'Be purposed to go not only where you are needed, but where you are needed most.', and in her work and in her life with her best and dearest friend Maude she was able to follow that instruction.

She retired in 1984, and she and Maude moved to Leeds at the end of what she described as a demanding but rewarding working life, filled with wonderful people.

Jenny and I feel truly privileged to have spent time with her, hearing her story of life and of love. We both felt that the Wesleyan Deaconess Order's regulations had been more strict than they needed to be, and Jenny brought Ros' situation to the attention of the successor body, the Methodist Diaconal Order. They were moved to offer her full reinstatement, an offer she received with tears of joy and thankfulness. She turned it down, however, feeling that she was a little past that need.

This was a life of humble service, in the finest of Christian traditions, whether exercised in her family, in the Order, in the Hospital, in the pulpit or in her wonderful friendship. A life of humble service, lived to the glory of God.

Ros once heard it said that the Christian Church is the only organisation which never loses a member, it just transfers them.

She has heard the words “Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into thy Lord’s delight.” Transfer complete, thanks be to God.

Alistair’s part of the funeral addresses

Jesus is the heart of Christmas,
Share him in each card you send.
Give each gift of love and friendship,
Share his gifts which have no end.
Jesus is the heart of Christmas,
Lord and Saviour, Guide and Friend.

(From the new hymnbook ‘Singing the Faith’ No. 207)



We went to the Bizzare, sorry, Bazaar. Did you?

Saturday 17th November dawned grey and damp and yes, we were going to the Grove Bazaar. I had been requested fairly firmly not to ride my bike this past week as last year I had the dubious pleasure of spending Bazaar Day in L.G.I. instead of the Main Hall. But it really can't have been that good, could it?

On Saturday we entered the building alone, still in darkness and put on the lights. Our grey disposition was transformed in an instant. The sales hall was resplendent in a myriad of gorgeous coloured items, all on their respective tables. There was a chance to visit all the different tables before opening time and the Handcrafts, Toiletries and Kitchenalia looked stunning. Still we were alone but at 8.55 in marched the troops. This was obviously an army that knew what it was doing as Jean Kemp had organised the event so well.

Every stall sprung in to action and before the official starting time we were selling. Cakes flew off the table (yummy) and the Lucky Jars were

intriguing the punters. By the way, how many sweets were there in that jar? And outside suddenly the sun came out for us. Tombola was a great success and the prizes lured people into have a try. The Jewellery shone brightly opposite the Woodcrafts stall and the room buzzed with excitement. The stallholders and guests were fed and watered by the kitchen staff who did a good trade in teas, coffees, soft drinks, biscuits and mince pies. Did you miss out on the Punch? Well next year get there early; it was like a well known beverage that is advertised on T.V. Actually, it was better because it was hot and tasty. How did Gordon and Barbara get all those books and did they have any spare space at home during the days prior to B.D?

The Raffle seemed to go on effortlessly as did the sales on the Bric-a-Brac stall. I missed out on the Pickle and Paté stall but the four running it did a good trade and enjoyed the company obviously. The George Formby substitute, The D.Ukes, entertained the cafe audience with their music, but the hottest place was Father Christmas's Grotto. The fairy looked cool but the giant gnome did look warm. (Well done for dressing up so attractively and chatting to the children). As for Father Christmas I heard from Eric Douglass that F.C. was boiling under his beard and costume especially when he is used to much colder weather at the North Pole! We had a professional Face Painter and having sold a wooden reindeer to a little girl who was beautifully enhanced by having a most delicately painted pink butterfly on her innocent face I had to visit her. She had 24 colours and how they were applied was marvellous. There was also a Toy stall and a Games stall which went well.

All the rest of us are amateurs; we do it for love. But the professional way that we prepared and sold and made £2480 was terrific. If Jean can be persuaded to lead us again and next year there is another bazaar, do come. The enjoyment, the "getting to know you" with people we see at Church but never really converse with, made the day memorable. Yes the money is needed (ask Philip Abel who counted it all) but that is secondary to our fun in working together and our witness to our fellowship at The Grove. Well done everybody including those who came to buy and thanks to you all who worked so hard before the day and at the Bazaar itself. It was a splendid day.

And now my bike awaits me and I shall be careful!

Trevor Fox

TRUE STORY – submitted by Pastor Rod Reid

The brand new pastor and his wife, newly assigned to their first Ministry to reopen a church in urban Brooklyn, arrived in early October, excited about their opportunities. When they saw their church it was very run down and needed much work. They set a goal to have everything done in time to have their first service on Christmas Eve. They worked hard, repairing pews, plastering walls, painting etc., and on December 18 were ahead of schedule and just about finished.

On December 19 a driving rainstorm hit the area and lasted for two days. On the 21st the pastor went over to the church. His heart sank when he saw that the roof had leaked causing a large area of plaster about six feet by eight feet to fall off the front wall of the sanctuary just behind the pulpit beginning about head high. The pastor cleaned up the mess on the floor, and not knowing what else to do but postpone the Christmas Eve service, headed home. On the way he noticed that a local business was having a flea market type sale for charity so he called in. One of the items was a beautiful, hand made, ivory coloured crochet table cloth with exquisite work, fine colours and a cross embroidered right in the centre. It was just the right size to cover up the hole in the front wall. He bought it and headed back to the church.

By this time it had started to snow. An older woman running from the opposite direction was trying to catch the bus. She missed it. The pastor invited her to wait in the warm church for the next bus. She sat in a pew and paid no attention to the pastor while he got a ladder and hangers to put up the tablecloth as a wall tapestry. The pastor could hardly believe how beautiful it looked and it covered up the entire problem area. Then he noticed the woman walking down the centre aisle, her face as white as a sheet. “Pastor” she asked, “Where did you get that tablecloth?” The pastor explained. The woman asked him to check the lower right corner to see if the initials EBG were crocheted there. They were. These were the initials of the woman, and she had made this tablecloth 35 years before, in Austria. The woman could hardly believe it as the pastor told how he had just got the tablecloth.

The woman explained that before the war she and her husband were well-to-do people in Austria. When the Nazis came she was forced to leave and her husband was going to follow her the next week. She was captured and

sent to prison and never saw her husband or her home again. The pastor wanted to give her the tablecloth but she made him keep it for the church. The pastor insisted on driving her home, that was the least he could do. She lived on the other side of Staten Island and was only in Brooklyn for the day for a housecleaning job.

What a wonderful service they had on Christmas Eve. The church was almost full. The music and the spirit were great and at the end of the service the pastor and his wife greeted everyone at the door and many said that they would return. One older man, whom the pastor recognized from the neighbourhood, continued to sit in one of the pews and stare, and the pastor wondered why he wasn't leaving.

The man asked him where he had got the tablecloth on the front wall from because it was identical to one that his wife had made years ago when they lived in Austria before the war, and how could there be two tablecloths so much alike? He told the pastor how the Nazis came, how he forced his wife to flee for her safety, and how he was supposed to follow her, but was arrested and put in a concentration camp. He never saw his wife or his home again for all the 36 years in between.

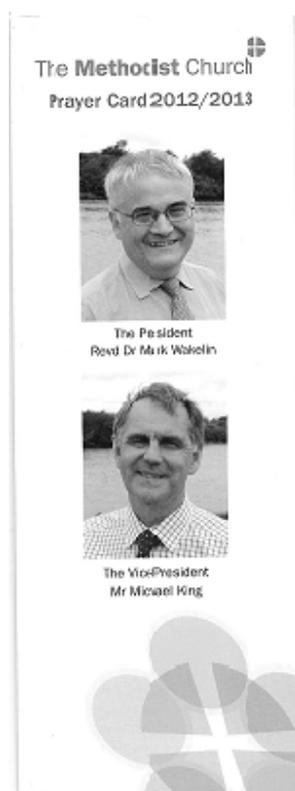
The pastor asked him if he would allow him to take him for a little ride. They drove to Staten Island and to the same house where the pastor had taken the woman three days earlier. He helped the man climb the three flights of stairs to the woman's apartment, knocked on the door and he saw the greatest Christmas reunion he could ever imagine.

Contributed by Carole Abel



How you can be part of the Methodist Connexion in Britain

I wonder if you know who is President of the Methodist Conference this year? Well done if you know that it is the Reverend Dr Mark Wakelin. But what about the Vice-President? Well, this year it's Mr Michael King.



Each year the Conference (Methodism's governing body) elects a President (a minister) and a Vice-President (a layman or woman). During their year of office they travel all over the Methodist Connexion visiting the Districts of the Methodist Church in this country and parts of the World Church. You can read their personal reflections on their travels on the Methodist Church website at www.methodist.org.uk or you can click on the link in our own church website: www.grovemethodist.org.uk and follow the link. In October the President came to the Leeds District and you can read about his visits around and about our area. Our district is proud to have produced a number of Presidents and Vice-Presidents over the past few years.

We know from past holders of these offices how much they appreciate the way the Methodist people hold them in their prayers. Just **pick up a free copy** of the President's Prayer Card which can be found in the Narthex, to keep in touch with their itineraries and remember them in your prayers.

Gill Jewell



Arise, shine, your light has come,
the glory of the Lord has risen on you!
Arise, shine, your light has come,
Jesus the light of the world has come.

(From the New hymnbook 'Singing the Faith' No.170)

God's special place READ: Luke 2:1-7

As a young girl in the late 1920s, Grace Ditmanson Adams often travelled with her missionary parents through inland China. Later, she wrote about those trips and the crowded places where they stayed overnight - village inns full of people coughing, sneezing and smoking, while babies cried and children complained. Her family put their bedrolls on board-covered trestles in a large room with everyone else.

One snowy night, they arrived at an inn to find it packed full. The innkeeper expressed his regret, then paused and said, "Follow me." He led them to a side room used to store straw and farm equipment. There they slept in a quiet place of their own.

After that, whenever Grace read that Mary "brought forth her firstborn Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling cloths, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn" (Luke 2:7), she saw the event differently. While some described the innkeeper as an example of uncaring, sinful mankind who rejected the Saviour, Grace said, "I truly believe that Almighty God used the innkeeper as the arranger for a healthier place than the crowded inn - a place of privacy."

Through eyes of faith, we see God's provision for Mary. Look for the ways He provides for you. (David McCasland)

*Wait on the Lord from day to day,
Strength He provides in His own way;
There's no need for worry, no need to fear
He is our God who is always near. (Fortna)*

Those who let God provide will be satisfied.

From 'Our Daily Bread' RCB Ministries
Submitted by Sheila Shippey



War-time Reminiscences of Working on the Land..

During the war when holidays at work were cancelled, I joined a friend helping at a local farm. We were the only people turning the hay in a very large field. She told me that she was going to work at a Local Agricultural Authority camp near Chester for a week in September and I thought that I might try it next year.

It was girls only and there were about a dozen of us. We were issued with a travel warrant to Chester and an army lorry took us to the camp. Each day one of the girls stayed behind to help the small staff to prepare the meals and clean up. Work was not guaranteed, but when it came we were paid a shilling an hour (5p), and we paid £1.10 shillings, (£1.50) for our keep.

Taking our packed lunch with us, we were dropped off at farms around the area, all of which belonged to the Duke of Westminster's Eaton Hall. It was quite hard work, as most of us had not done anything of this sort before. Most of the time, I worked on the threshing machine, loading the conveyor belt or moving sacks collecting the chaff and straw. It was mostly barley and I remember being very scratched from the beards which broke off in my jumpers. (Talk about a hair shirt!)

Some days I worked on the fields outside the perimeter track of an airfield, stooking the sheaves, or loading them on to the trailer to be



Kath (centre) with friends 1945

taken back to the farm. One memorable day, I was chosen to drive the tractor on the basis of being the nearest available person, though I had never driven anything other than a bike before. It had to be started on petrol and then changed over to paraffin (or the other way round!) As I weighed only just over 7 stones at the time I had difficulty in putting the brake on, which was just a rod sticking up from the floor, so I had to stand up to manage it at all! I was nervous as there were girls sitting up on top of the stooks and I was not aware that I had to be careful when pulling a trailer. I had to drive the tractor and trailer back to the farm along the perimeter track. Once, I thought the men in the little hut in the middle of the field were just being friendly waving to us, until I realised they were waving to get us out of the way as a plane was coming in!

We especially enjoyed the camp dances where we had no lack of partners.

Two years later I decided to be a bit more adventurous and went to a camp in North Yorkshire near Richmond, a part of the country that I had not visited before. In this area the stacks in the hay that we worked on were round shaping up to a point at the top. One or two people stood on the top, dropping off as the stack got ever smaller in circumference, and as I was the lightest, I was usually the last one off. This led to a bad fall once when I stepped back into a space where there shouldn't have been one, so down I went, backwards with my pikel in my hand.

Later my cousin Evelyn decided she would come with me to a camp in Wales, at Talbenny, near Littlehaven. This was quite a long journey and we would have to change at least twice, once at Carmarthen. However, arriving at the Manchester station, we were told that the best way was to get the next train to Cardiff. BUT... the only train on a Sunday was the very early milk train!

We rang the camp, and they said that they would meet us at the station (?Haverfordwest). We did not know Cardiff at all but ended up going to Roath Park on the tram (costing a penny). After a visit to the cinema to see *The Man in Grey*, with Margaret Lockwood, we felt in need a cup of tea and found a cafe down some stairs. After we went in they locked the door. We wondered if we would ever get out. Talk about innocents abroad! We had heard tales about lascars and the 'White Slave' trade, but we need not have worried.

At Cardiff station we decided that I would sleep first (on a bench) and Evelyn would stay awake and we would change over half way through. It was a good job that I was a poor sleeper, as after a short while on her watch she was fast asleep. I don't know what would have happened if we had missed that train, as we did not have much money on us. Eventually the train came in and we arrived at the camp on the lorry, as promised. This was a much larger camp than I had been used to, with plenty of staff who cooked meals for us. I understood that they were Displaced Persons from either Latvia or Lithuania

It was very hot, and we only had a single day's work doing potato picking. One or two of the girls almost fainted from bending in the hot sun, and had to sit out. We had to wait until noon each day, to see if there were any workers required, and if not, we could leave the camp. It was only a short walk down to the beach at Littlehaven, and we could swim and

sunbathe. There were a lot of young men there too, who I was told were prisoners of war (or had been) from Castle Martin. My main thrill though, was watching the gannets dive-bombing into the sea. I had never seen them before, and thought they were beautiful. I have never seen any since!

One day we went to Tenby for the day where we planned to take the boat to take us to Caldey Island and its monastery. The only way to get onto the boat was via the lifeboat ramp, which was a bit nerve wracking as there were big spaces between the wooden planking, and we could see the sea which seemed a long way below.

Once or twice, in the evenings after dinner, we sat around in a rough circle, chatting together. Sometimes one or two of the staff brought their mandolins along and played to us. At that time, I had been having some lessons on the violin, which I found quite difficult. Imagine my horror, when Evelyn pronounced to all and sundry that I could play and I was presented with a mandolin, and expected to produce some music!

Kathleen Taylor



Back to the Solomon Islands



Graham and Jenny Longbottom are returning to the Solomon Islands on January 9 2013. We wish them God speed on their journey and assure them of our prayers in their work in the hospitals and clinics. Many of you will have followed their doings in their first tour of duty and may have had the opportunity to hear them talking about their work in these fascinating islands. We shall endeavour to keep you up to date with news from their blog. Some of you may be interested to know that they are in process of setting up a charity to fund parts of the work that really struggle for survival. Details should be known soon after their departure and we will announce them in the Vine.



Christmas Quiz 2012



From which hymn or carol (in *H&P*) have these words been taken?

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 O come, thou Key of David, come | 16 Thou its light, its joy, its crown |
| 2 The little Lord Jesus asleep on the
hay | 17 Star of the east, the horizon
adorning |
| 3 'To me be as it pleaseth God', she
said | 18 All dominions, bow before him |
| 4 He came down to earth from
heaven | 19 Born a child and yet a king |
| 5 None can once with thee compare | 20 Though an infant now we view
him |
| 6 The world in solemn stillness lay | 21 Then God sent an angel from
heaven |
| 7 Snow had fallen, snow on snow | 22 Rise to adore the mystery of love |
| 8 No ear may hear his coming | 23 Make a Christmas in my heart |
| 9 Love is smiling from thy face! | 24 Love to God and all the world |
| 10 Lo, we saw a wondrous light | 25 To bring men comfort in their pain |
| 11 Mary cradling the babe she bore | 26 All out of darkness we have light |
| 12 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring' | 27 Walk in our streets again |
| 13 They found him in a manger | 28 Offer him incense, gold, and myrrh |
| 14 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see! | 29 Calls you one and calls you all |
| 15 Then entered in those wise men
three | 30 Omega and Alpha he! |

The answers will be in the next Grove Vine

Tony Orton



Forthcoming events



Carols in the Park



Saturday 8th December 4.00 – 4.30

In Hall Park, near the bandstand, accompanied by Horsforth and Leeds Brass Band.

Children's Nativity Fancy Dress parade (Shepherd, Angel, Mary, Joseph, Wise Man.....) with costumes over winter clothing.

Bring a torch or lantern. Free drinks, mince pies and glowsticks .

Tell your friends and neighbours.

See p.4 for details of all Christmas services at Grove.

Sunday 2nd Dec. 6.00 United Horsforth Churches Together
Advent Service at St.James Church, Low Lane.

Wed 9th Jan. 7.30 Horsforth Churches Together
Annual General Meeting at St. Margaret's Parish Centre.

18th January - 25th Jan. Octave of Prayer for Christian Unity

Thurs 24th Jan. 12.30 Lunch time service for the Week of Prayer for
Christian Unity in the Small Hall.

There will be no Farmer's Market in January. The next one will be on
Saturday Feb 2nd in the car park near St Margaret's School.

Regular events (contd.)

Wednesday

- 9 -12.00 Pre-school (2-under 5s) (Funding 3-4yrs) 239 0335
and 12.00 – 3.00 Pre-school as above.
- 1.30 Line Dancing 258 7444
- 6.00 Rainbows (14th) 239 0335
- 6.15 Brownies (14th) 250 4907
- 8.00 Explorer Scouts 258 0882
- 7.30 Wednesday Break (fortnightly) 225 2734

Thursday

- 9.30 – 11.30 Tots & Tykes (0-4yrs) 293 8458
- 11.00 Bible Fellowship 258 3239
- 6.00 Cubs 258 9865
- 6.15 Beavers 239 7327
- 7.45 Scouts 216 9006
- 7.45 Grove Ladies Group (1st and 3rd Thursdays) 258 2097

Friday

- 7.45 Choir Rehearsal 258 9093

Walking Groups: **Thursday** 258 6579 **Saturday** 258 4520

*Items for the February Grove Vine should be submitted to Gordon and Mary by **Wednesday 23rd January 2013.***
Please include dates up to Sunday 2nd February.
Email would be appreciated!

Premises Manager: Alan Firth
43 New Street, Horsforth, Tel: 258 2742 or 07985745525
Off duty from Saturday noon and all day Sunday

<http://www.grovemethodist.org.uk/>

Registered Charity No. 1129305