Future Editions of the Newsletter

For the time being, we will aim to publish the newsletter each month although we anticipate it will have less content as so many events cannot take place. We will also need to make new arrangements for its distribution, as our team of deliverers will not be carrying out house to house delivery. Every month, the newsletter is loaded on to our website, www.parishesbythewall.org.uk. Alternatively, if you let us have an email address, we can send it to you by that method. If you want us to do this, then please send your email address to galbraithanne55@gmail.com. In sending us your email, you consent to us contacting you for the purpose of sending the newsletter. Or finally, you can pick up a copy of the newsletter in Michael's village shop.

CHURCH NEWS

God's Tent, Messy Church and Mothers' Union are all cancelled during the pandemic. Please contact the Vicar for information about baptisms, weddings and funerals.

From the Parish Registers

Funerals

Mary Snowball – 3 March – interment at Beltingham cemetery following a service at All Hallows' Henshaw.

Ben Storrow – 10 March – private cremation.

Thanks to all our local sponsors

We are very grateful to the firms and organisations who have agreed to be sponsors of our Church newsletter. Once we can start normal production and distribution, we will recognise them in full.

THE PARISH OF BELTINGHAM WITH HENSHAW Parish Newsletter April 2020



The Lark Ascending

You may be familiar with the lovely tranquil music of the Lark Ascending, written by Ralph Vaughan Williams, which regularly gets voted as one of the nation's favourite pieces of music. It is based on a poem by George Meredith and after Vaughan Williams had composed it his wife, Ursula, wrote that he had "taken a literary idea on which to build his musical thought ... and had made the violin become both the bird's song and its flight."

At the head of the score Vaughan Williams wrote twelve lines from Meredith's 122-line poem:

He rises and begins to round, He drops the silver chain of sound, Of many links without a break, In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake.

For singing till his heaven fills, 'Tis love of earth that he instils, And ever winging up and up, Our valley is his golden cup And he the wine which overflows to lift us with him as he goes.

Till lost on his aerial rings In light, and then the fancy sings.

While we pass through these uncertain times, weathering the storm which is coronavirus, you may draw some peace and comfort both from the poem and the lovely music.

Vicar's letter

During this strange period of social distancing, you may be experiencing a wide variety of emotional responses to the pandemic. Our emotions are often judged by altitude – for example, when we are "high as a kite". Or conversely, when things are not going well, when we are sad or worse, we speak of being "low" or "down in the dumps". We find this pattern in the Bible too.

In the story of Jonah, for instance, Jonah moves down and down and down, away from God's call until he finds himself in the belly of the great fish. Only there, when he can't get any lower, does he cry out and respond to God. It is then, from these "depths", that he begins his long journey back up and up and up, as he follows God's call for him and finds the new life God has planned for him.

Like the story of Jonah, the story of Holy Week has a geography. From the high of Palm Sunday, on Sunday 5 April, Jesus slowly moves down the emotional path towards the cross and Golgotha – the place of the skull. Christian tradition takes this movement downwards even further in the belief that on Holy Saturday, Jesus "descended into "hell, to show that there is nowhere that God's love cannot reach. In layman's terms, this can be interpreted that however low we are, however lost we feel, however cut adrift from life, if we call out to God, God will find us and bring us, draw us, even drag us back up and up and up into life again.

So as we travel the spiritual geography of the holiest of weeks, we travel it with Jesus, and as we do, we might be drawn into the new life he prepares for all who come to him.

This is a time of uncertainty, but that uncertainty will pass, and as we pass through this wilderness together, I pray we continue to know God's compassion and love. As I pray for you, I would ask for your prayers for all in our community.

Benjamin

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The Lord's my Shepherd

The words of a favourite hymn offer guidance and comfort.

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want; he makes me down to lie in pastures green; he leadeth me the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again, and me to walk doth make within the paths of righteousness, e'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale, yet will I fear none ill; for thou art with me, and thy rod and staff me comfort still.

My table thou has furnished in presence of my foes, my head thou dost with oil anoint, and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life shall surely follow me; and in God's house for evermore my dwelling-place shall be.