

Muddiford



United Reformed Church

(The Chapel in the Valley)



**Stepping
Stones**

**November
2023**



MUDDIFORD MONTHLY

NOVEMBER 2023

Date	Preacher	Reader
5 th	Rev John Robinson	Martin
12 th	10.30a.m. Remembrance Service Helen Potter	Laurie



*"They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old,
Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn,
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We shall remember them"*

19 th	Peter Edwards	Sheila
26 th	Paula Littlewood	Pauline

Date	Flowers	Tea & Coffee
5 th	Sheila	Gill & Adrian
12 th	Muriel	Pauline & Raymond
19 th	Pauline	Sheila & Dorothy
26 th	Maureen	Rosie & Chris

All Services are at 10 a.m. unless otherwise stated.

MIDWEEK Meetings

7.00 p.m. for 7.30 p.m. on ZOOM

November 8 th	Speaker – Roy Kudibal
22 nd	Quiz Night
30 th	"Nativity" @ Queens Theatre 7.30p.m.



Our world is broken. All around us, we see heartache, despair, and pain.

The needs of our world can be overwhelming and often it can be a struggle to know what we should do.

The one thing we can do is pray. Prayer is powerful. "Even though it may take years to see an answer, you can be assured that your prayers are being heard." God hears your prayers; and it is important that you pray.



Join our weekly prayer meeting on Zoom every Sunday evening.

Lines are open for a 6.30 p.m. start.



Items for the Christmas Magazine please by 26th November.

A prayer for remembrance & reassurance.

O God of truth and justice, we hold before you those whose memory we cherish, and those whose names we will never know. Help us to lift our eyes above the torment of this broken world, and grant us the grace to pray for those who wish us harm.

And as you remember them, remember us, O Lord; grant us peace in our time and a longing for the day when people of every language, race, and nation will be brought into the unity of Christ's kingdom. This we ask in the name of the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE INQUISITIVE MIND OF A CHILD
A Poem for Remembrance Day

Why are they selling poppies, Mummy?
Selling poppies in town today.
The poppies, child, are flowers of love.
For the men who marched away.
But why have they chosen a poppy, Mummy?
Why not a beautiful rose?
Because my child, men fought and died
In the fields where the poppies grow.
But why are the poppies so red, Mummy?
Why are the poppies so red?
Red is the colour of blood, my child.
The blood that our soldiers shed.
The heart of the poppy is black, Mummy.
Why does it have to be black?
Black, my child, is the symbol of grief.
For the men who never came back.
But why, Mummy are you crying so?
Your tears are giving you pain.
My tears are my fears for you my child.
For the world is forgetting again.

