



**With thanks to the Lockerley and District Garden Club for their generous donation towards the newsletter.**

### **East Tytherley Harvest Supper**

Unfortunately, due to Covid 19 restrictions, East Tytherley are unable to hold their Harvest Supper this year. Please keep safe everyone. *Valx (Val Austin – Churchwarden)*

### **Thorngate Village Care Group**

Thorngate Village Care Group, part of Good Neighbours Network, covers Lockerley, East Dean, East and West Tytherley.

The Care Group has over 50 volunteers all DBS checked, insured and ready, willing, and able to help in so many ways. Just ring/email one of the coordinators below to arrange. We are back providing lifts for those unable to drive to doctors, hospitals, and other important appointments. (Please remember to wear your face mask!)

If you have a request for help, please contact one of the following coordinators:

Liz	<a href="mailto:Liz.holton23@yahoo.com">Liz.holton23@yahoo.com</a>	340993
Peggy	<a href="mailto:peggy.milsom3@gmail.com">peggy.milsom3@gmail.com</a>	340084
Fiona	<a href="mailto:Fionacollier57@live.co.uk">Fionacollier57@live.co.uk</a>	341098
Julie	<a href="mailto:J_jneilson@yahoo.com">J_jneilson@yahoo.com</a>	340850
Mary	<a href="mailto:mabgrimshaw@yahoo.co.uk">mabgrimshaw@yahoo.co.uk</a>	340223
Helen	<a href="mailto:thewoodfield5@btinternet.com">thewoodfield5@btinternet.com</a>	340627

### **Sarah Rolle Education Trust**

The Trustees next meet on 13th October 2020. Please apply for grants (for educational purposes). Individuals and groups (who must be under twenty-five years of age) can apply. Either they, or their parents, must now reside within either of the ecclesiastical parishes of East Tytherley or Lockerley with East Dean. Application forms are available from Lockerley and West Tytherley Primary Schools and from the Secretary, Greg McCann, Mount View, East Dean Road, Lockerley, SO51 0JQ (01794 340698). Forms are available online at [www.lockerley.org.uk/social-groups/sarah-rolle-trust](http://www.lockerley.org.uk/social-groups/sarah-rolle-trust) to be returned to the Secretary ([gregp.mccann70@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:gregp.mccann70@yahoo.co.uk)). All applications must be returned by 5<sup>th</sup> October, or they may have to be held over until the next meeting of the Trustees in March 2021.

### **Poppy Appeal**

2020 has been challenging for us all with social distancing and prudent safety measures making normal activities often impossible to undertake and this year's Poppy Appeal collection is no different. To ensure the safety and health of all, our volunteer collectors will not make house-to-house calls this year. Where possible, poppies and crosses will be made available at local shops should you wish to donate to the appeal. I will take this opportunity to extend my thanks and gratitude to all who continue to support this very worthy cause and ask that you continue to do so in 2020 in spite of the difficult circumstances in which we find ourselves.

*Chris Lucas, Poppy Appeal Organiser, West Tytherley Area.*

## Thank You

I would like to thank the Thorngate Village Care Group for the lovely flowers, it was so kind of you. *Much love Marilyn Betteridge.*

*Freda Wade* would like to thank all those who kindly sent cards, flowers, messages, and home baked desserts and cakes, during her recent illness. Your kindness and prayers have been very much appreciated.

## Dog Mess

Dog poo bags are often seen littering our beautiful villages - hanging in trees or left on the ground. Instead, please find a bin and put it in – even your household wheelie bin will do!

*With thanks from your Parish Councils.*

## 200 Club Winners

### The winners for August were:

Mrs Helen Iles	£20
Mr Simon Bell	£20

This month there has again been a shortage of material to put into the Newsletter. So the Vicar has given us a story...

### **A story for Harvest to remind ourselves how we are God's Delight.**

God was hard at work. He could not quite get the jump right. The poor creature kept on landing on its head. He made the tail a little longer and thicker. 'Now try,' he said. The animal tried. God clapped his hands. 'Perfect!' he cried. 'Let's go and show the angels!' So off they went, and they found the angels practising to see how many of them could get on the head of a pin.

'Look at this!' said God, and tickled the nearest angel under the ribs. The angel fell off the pin and brought the whole heap of them on top of her. 'It's a kangaroo!' God shouted. The angels were still in a tangle, and couldn't see very well. 'Look,' God cried, 'watch this!' And the kangaroo went leaping all over God's new earth, and the angels picked themselves up and went whooping after it. They jumped up on to its back and went for the ride of their lives. 'Good one, God!' they shouted, and God laughed and turned back to his work. In the next few days the angels had many a ride and found new places to hide in. They swung from the swaying elephant's trunk; they tunnelled through the soft earth with the mole; they stood cheering

on the ears of the cheetah as it ran through the tall grass; they kept fingers pressed on their lips as they lay on the silent wings of the owl; they slid through the depths of the sea poised behind the whale's head, and then whooshed high in the air, when it surfaced and opened its blow-hole. They found sitting on the rhino's horn much more fun than piling on pinheads. They had siestas with the sloths and real piggybacks with the pigs. The antlers of the stags made wonderful climbing frames, and if they gave each other a sharp push they could slide all the way down the neck of the giraffe, along her back and fall off the tip of her tail. They hid in the flowers of foxgloves and frightened the bees, they climbed inside the harebell and blew with the mountain wind, and they spread their bright wings and swayed wildly on the tops of the fir trees in the storm, slipping into the crevices of the cones when they wanted some peace and quiet.

And when the angels next met with God, they were so overcome by it all, they could not find any words, but wept tears of delight, and then took up a fiddle and a pipe and two drums, and led God in the noisiest, wildest, most abandoned dance he had ever danced, so that the earth shook for their joy, the great oceans swelled high with pleasure, and the sky that evening at sunset put on her finest dress, and trailed behind her stars so bright, they almost shone night into day.

The next day God's hands were still. He was thinking. If only he could make a creature to share with him the angels' delight, a creature which could weep with them tears of joy, and sit with them, overcome with awe, and hide and play with them, and take up instruments of music and lead him in the dance. The angels were not enough, not for the earth. They were made of the lightness of heaven. They did not come from his bare hands, shaped out of the earthy stuff of the earth. If only he could make a new creature, an earth creature, but a creature who would understand, who would know, who would love, as the angels did.

God thought for a long time, and then he knelt down upon the ground and began to work. It took him a long time, but in the end he straightened his back, kissed them into life, and held them tight until their legs became steady. And still he held them tight, for he did not want to let them go. He knew, you see, what he had made. But eventually he released them from his arms, and taking them by the hand led them to the angels. And that is how, so this story goes, human beings first came upon the earth.

When the angels saw them, they were amazed. 'Now,' they said to God, 'you will have a creature of the earth to join with us and share your delight.' And the angels were right, partly. Partly, only partly. For, you see, as human beings spread across the earth, and became more and more powerful, and more and more clever, they forgot what the angels always remembered. They forgot that it was God's earth, and most of them did not play with the angels, or dance with God any more. And God's cheeks became wet with tears of sorrow, and one day, at the hands of his angel-like human beings, his face, beneath a crown of thorns, was stained with his own blood. And the angels bowed their heads that day, and hid

their faces in their wings, and the earth shuddered, and the oceans roared in anger, and the sky became as black as death.

But that was not the end of the story. At the dawn of the third day God danced his wild dance again, and now, now the story has reached us. God stretches out his hands to us, and bids us join him in the dance of earth, while the angels play the drums and pipe and fiddle of heaven. And if we will but touch the tips of his fingers, we will remember what once we all knew, that this is God's earth, and we are made to share the angels' delight.

So, remember and share in the delight.

(A story from Trevor Dennis)

Reading from the Bible: Leviticus 23 verse 22

Things that grow in my garden

- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_

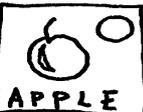
TOP FOODS

- \_\_\_\_\_
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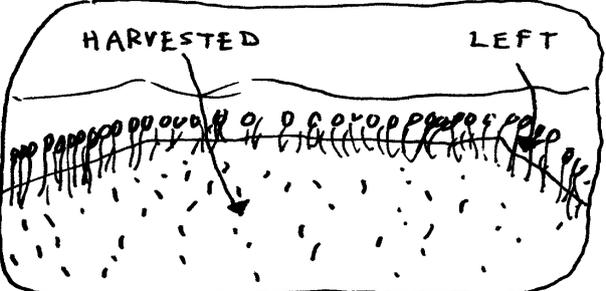
# HARVEST

FRUIT & VEG

Choose ☺ ☹ ☹ & draw it in the circle in each box

 BROCCOLI	 GRAPEFRUIT
 APPLE	 SWEDE
 MUSHROOM	 CHILLI PEPPER
 BANANA	 RADISH
 BEETROOT	

My name is: \_\_\_\_\_



HARVESTED LEFT

"When you reap the harvest do not reap to the very edges of your field or gather the gleanings of your harvest. Leave them for the poor & the alien..."

People would look at me strangely if I brought one of these to the Harvest Service

This verse is Leviticus 23 verse 22

↓

God is giving instructions to Moses & the Israelites

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What are 'gleanings'?

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Why were they to leave them?

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.....

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Can you think of ways we could do the same kind of thing today?

Things that are "harvested" or made in the area where I live:

Number of tins of baked beans at this year's Harvest Service:

Things to be thankful for:

Thought: Do you know where your food comes from? Look at the labels.

Thought 2: Is it a good idea to transport food around the world?

Thought 3: How can we make sure people who grow our food get paid fairly?

But what sort of alien does the Bible verse mean?

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