



 URCGrays
www.graysurc.org.uk

Minister: Rev'd David Coaker
07378 348191
drcoaker@gmail.com

Silent Visitor



June 2022



@ Grays URC
RM17 5DX



Thursday 16th June 2022
3.30pm

Grays United Reformed Church

Bradleigh Avenue RM17 5XD



Fun activities for all ages
Exploring Stories from Bible
Share afternoon meal together

FUN



Please call, text or email to book 07806739959

Email graysurc@gmail.com

No charge, donations gratefully received.

Children must be accompanied by an adult.

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URC Grays

Grays United Reformed Church - Worship Plan

Date	Lead by	Time	Notes
12.06.22	David Coaker	10.30am	Baptism
19.06.22	Kathryn Taylor	10.30am	
26.06.22	David Coaker	10.30am	Parade
03.07.22	David Coaker	9.30am	Young Families
	David Coaker	10.30am	Communion / CM
06.07.22	David Coaker	11.00am	Dementia Friendly

To help us run smoothly on a Sunday morning a member of the elders' meeting will be on duty each week:

Date	On Duty	Communion
12.06.22	Alf Pryer	
19.06.22	TBD	
26.06.22	TBD	
03.07.22	Elaine Barcz	Elaine Barcz

Community Café: Wednesday 10am-12noon – all are welcome! Dementia friendly worship: 11am first Wed of month

Elders' Meetings: Wed **22nd & 29th June**, 12.30 for 1pm start.

Elders' Meeting: Denise Beckley has been co-opted onto the elders' meeting and her name will go to CM for election.

Worship Team: the next meeting will be on **Fri 17th June** between 10am-12noon.

Baptisms – we are delighted that our worship will include baptisms on 12th June of Tekla & Sandor Zaveczeni, 17th July of William Speight, and on the 4th September of Bethia Flemmings.

July / Aug SV - If you could please email or phone through your contributions by **Friday 1st July** to David.

Church Meeting: Sun **3rd July** following worship.

The glory of Creation in Psalm 104:24–34, 35b

The awesomeness of Creation, the intricacy of Evolution, the complexity of Quantum, the sophistication of Cells, the ingenuity of Eco-systems, the creativity of our Planet, the swirl of Galaxies and the infinity of the Universe. All this and more can point us towards God. The infinitesimal and infinite, the simple and sophisticated, the ordinary and extraordinary, express a wisdom born in the moment of Creation. The Big Bang setting the laws for our reality.

We strive to comprehend, to master, to bend to our will, but it still surprises us. In the infinite within us, below our feet, under the sea, on the air and beyond our atmosphere there is much we have discovered, but we can ever discover everything, observe everything, know everything? How can a single life encompass all that is, was and will be?

Creation declares the glory of God, and will endure forever. Whilst tectonic plates move, earthquakes shudder and volcanos erupt, and while life endures – glory will be given to God. So, for my part, I will join in the song of Creation. In, through, and with my life, I will seek to give glory to God. May my thoughts, intentions and actions be pleasing to God. I give thanks, praise and I rejoice in God.



Platinum Jubilee

I'm going to find it a bit difficult to reflect upon the Platinum Jubilee celebrations as I was in France! We did watch a bit of the concert on iPlayer when we got back, and it does seem as though it went well.

However you marked this moment, I pray you found space for celebration, thanksgiving and reflection.

Seventy years is a very long time, and the video compilations of the Queen's life remind us of that and of how the world has changed. There is so much of what we take for granted today that was science fiction when she was crowned.

For most of us, we will not have experienced anyone else as our monarch. The nature of our unwritten constitutional monarchy has developed over time and will continue to do so. Society has also changed dramatically over this time and has affected how we see ourselves as British citizens and our relationship with the monarchy and those in positions of authority.

For want of a better description, I am a pragmatic royalist. I rile against privilege and inherited positions but, whilst believing in democracy, react against some of our prime ministers who have tried to act more like presidents. If we were starting from scratch, I'd be a republican but, as we are where we are, I'm glad that we are served by such a person as Queen Elizabeth.

With every blessing, *Rev'd David R. Coaker*



MOVING STORIES

Committed to supporting our global partners in:

BANGLADESH

A partner we support is ActionAid. They do outstanding work, like helping 10-year-old Jesmin who lived on the streets of Dhaka.

Jesmin's family was so poor they barely had anything to eat. Now Jesmin lives in an ActionAid funded 'Happy Home' - where she can enjoy a proper meal, learn, and play with other girls, and gain skills for the future, safe from harm.

"When I used to live on the street, boys used bad words against me and they were beating me," Jesmin said. "So, my understanding is girls are not safe on the streets. "Now I love living in Happy Homes. I can eat healthy food regularly. I've learned to make necklaces, bracelets, anklets, and I can do embroidery. And I can study. I am in class 5. My favourite subject is Social Science and English."

Thank you for your prayers, advocacy, and generosity in support of remarkable young people like Jesmin, who thrive if given a chance.

ZIMBABWE

The Revd Wilbert Sayimani is a URC minister in Bournemouth, with extensive links to Zimbabwe. Recently, Wilbert submitted a grant application for the installation of a solar geyser for the school, which was, I'm pleased to report, successful. Wilbert wasted no time in purchasing the geyser and having it and installed.

He writes: 'I would like to thank Commitment for Life so much for the grant you gave to Falcon School in Zimbabwe for the provision of Green Energy. I forwarded the money to the school the moment it got to me, and they did not waste time. The very next day they had a Solar Geyser installed for the school. They now have hot water.

'Of priority on my list is the installation of solar energy so they can bring computer lessons and power to the school. Computer Lessons are now part of the school and government curriculum and yet this school is still far from achieving this all because of lack of electricity.'

Your support for Commitment for life makes a big difference!

PALESTINE/ISRAEL

Since 1967, Israeli checkpoints have been a common feature of the occupation. Of course, if you go on a standard 'pilgrimage' to Bethlehem, you might not notice going through the checkpoint because tour buses are simply waved through. But for most Palestinians, these barriers have become progressively more constraining of their movement. Members of the 2019 URC educational trip to IOPT had a taste of this in Hebron(see photo.)

Gaza has effectively been sealed off. It is extremely difficult to obtain a permit to leave or enter Gaza without a compelling justification. In the West Bank, there are over 700 holdups: from 60 or so military checkpoints to earth mounds and concrete blocks across roads to restrict or thwart movement by Palestinians. The cumulative effect of corralling Palestinians into approximately 190 enclaves, surrounded by settlements, settler-only roads and checkpoints renders the free movement of people and goods impossible for some, and for those able to travel, stressful, uncertain, expensive and time consuming.

Such restrictions violate International Human Rights Law. They cause significant human suffering. They separate families. They throttle the Palestinian economy and can turn a journey that ought to take ten minutes into a major schlepp that could take hours.

Commitment for Life fully endorses the Christian Aid report, *Where is Palestine?* We make every effort to bring about a just and

peaceful resolution to the ongoing oppression of ordinary Palestinians. Your support is deeply appreciated by our partners in Israel and Palestine.

*Members of the URC held up at a military checkpoint, Hebron 2019.
Photo Ray Stanyon*



Prayer and Reflection

It helps, now and then, to step back and take a long view. The kingdom is not only beyond our efforts: it is even beyond our vision. We accomplish in our lifetime only a fraction of the magnificent enterprise that is God's work.

Nothing we do is complete, which is a way of saying that the Kingdom always lies beyond us.

No statement says all that could be said.

No prayer fully expresses our faith.

No confession brings perfection.

No pastoral visit brings wholeness.

No program accomplishes the Church's mission.

No set of goals and objectives includes everything.

This is what we are about.

We plant the seeds that one day will grow.

We water seeds already planted, knowing that they hold future promise.

We lay foundations that will need further development. We provide yeast that produces far beyond our capabilities.

We cannot do everything, and there is a sense of liberation in realizing that.

This enables us to do something, and to do it very well.

It may be incomplete, but it is a beginning, a step along the way, an opportunity for the Lord's grace to enter and do the rest.

We may never see the end results, but that is the difference between the master builder and the worker.

We are workers, not master builders; ministers, not messiahs.

We are prophets of a future not our own. Ken Untener, Saginaw.

Patricia Long

26.09.1939 - 28.04.22

Patricia's story begins and ends in Grays. She was born two weeks into the Second World War, an eventful time for all families but even more so for the White's as her father, Edward, who made his living as a carpenter, had put his hand through a circular saw on the day war was declared and was left with stumps on his right hand. Fortunately, in time he adapted and continued working, and was able to write and roll up his own cigarettes.



The family lived in 35 Chapel Road, Patricia, her father Edward, mother Lillian, and sisters, Margaret and Joan.

Patricia didn't have the best of childhoods. She suffered from a severe skin problem, which took many years to diagnose, treat and effectively cure. She was allergic to the sun and her skin would turn red, lumpy and itchy. It wasn't until she was in her teens that she went to a private doctor and then a specialist clinic in London who diagnosed it and then was treated by spending increasing amounts of time under ultraviolet light. This became an annual treatment, transferring to a more local hospital, and eventually it became less of an issue in later years.

She attended Little Thurrock primary school until the Home Guard took it over, and then Miss Hatrick took classes in Mrs Lummis' front room. This did mean that when the air raid siren went Margaret had to walk round to collect Joan and then Patricia, before getting home to the shelter. Using the shelter didn't last too long though. As soon as a mouse ran across her mum's face one night, it was decided that a mattress under the dining table would suffice. Well, for most of the family that is, her mum decided that standing in a cupboard was preferable. It was also in a cupboard that Patricia was found by her mum after she'd left the cinema because of an air raid. Her father was supposedly in charge of supervision that evening, but somehow

Joan had managed to shut Patricia in the cupboard – nether parent was happy.

Despite occasional mishaps, the sisters were very close. Playing together in the street, in the field at the back, or collecting shrapnel. She even went with each sisters when they were courting. Her sisters, with Margaret's sporting talents and Joan's abilities with needlecraft, impressed her. A close-knit family, which Patricia continued and encouraged with her own.

Her first job was found for her by uncle Peter, of Piggs bakery fame, in the office. She also worked at Tunnel Cement, P&O, very briefly for M&S, and then as a lab assistant at Torrel's School and finally at Thomas Edward's before she retired.

It was at Tunnel Cement that she came across Leonard in the canteen. He was in his late teens, just out of the forces, and had asked a friend to ask her out for him. This received the reply, 'If he wants to ask me out, he can do so himself.' After managing that, Leonard also needed to then be vetted by her father and overcome his 'west Thurrock' roots. This he did and, as well as to court his daughter, permission was also given to borrow his bike. Patricia and Leonard went dancing together and taking the ferry to the clubs in Gravesend. They were married in February 1964 at St Mary's, Little Thurrock, thanks to Mr Wilkinson. He happened to live within the parish, Patricia did not, but she had spent much time with him and her father riding on his horse and cart and helping out with the pigs and horses and his address was entered on the form. St Mary's was preferred to St John's, as apparently it was a 'proper' church.

They made their home on Connaught Avenue and their family grew with Andrew in 1966 and Phillip in 1968. She clearly encouraged the relationship she had with her sisters between the brothers. This was proved with some of Andrew's friends being surprised when finding out that Phillip was his brother, and not just another friend.

She was a protective mother, being very clear what to do and when to do it. Allegedly, they were not allowed to cross the road by themselves before they were 22.

She was also incredibly fond of her nephews, Paul and Robert, and her niece Sarah, whom they saw often.

Patricia and Leonard's home became a gathering point. After a night out the brothers and their friends would gather, and Patricia would be up at two in the morning making toast. There were limits to her accommodations though, one Christmas Eve after she had returned from the Watchnight service with some of her neighbours who also attended Grays URC, the curtains were drawn when Andrew and Phillip rolled in and only got as far as sleeping on the garden bench outside.

Appearances were important to Patricia. When the boys had a fight in Bradleigh Avenue, it was the location and who might have seen them that was the priority. It was also who else may have seen him when she spotted Andrew coming out of a betting shop.

She was also a worrier, had the tendency to complain, but was never rude and always caring and sociable.

She was keen to provide food, even though this wasn't where her talents lay. Toast was always a bit on the burnt side and recipes seemed not always that easy to follow, but she enjoyed baking and trying to improve.

She liked to laugh, to read novels, autobiographies, her Bible and maps. Whenever someone was going on holiday, she would look up where it was.

With retirement came the arrival of grandchildren to look after, and to spoil with sweets from Sainsbury's and crust-less sandwiches – in case they choked. Part of her worrying was how incredibly early she'd send Leonard out to collect them from school. She was very proud of them, and also a little competitive when it came to sharing their achievements with friends. It was also at this time that both she and Leonard went from 60-a-day smokers to non-smokers.

She loved her house and garden. Being part of Grays URC, U3A, socialising at the Thames Board, Rummy Club and Bingo. And most importantly her family.

She was definitely a character and she will be sorely missed.

1 Corinthians 12:3b–13

You can say the words, but they do not mean anything unless they are backed up with commitment, devotion and action.

Calling Jesus Lord, rings hollow unless you model his way of being, his teachings, and his devotion to God. Calling Jesus Lord, means his call on your life has priority. It means that the rulers of this world, your very self, and those that you love and ally yourself with, are in second place to the way of Christ.

His first followers declared this and in doing so denied that Caesar was Lord. They pledged their allegiance to a peasant, executed as a rebel, rather than to the might of the Roman Empire that held sway over every aspect of their lives.

Calling Jesus Lord is not just about being nice and turning up once a week, it is about being open to being transformed from your very core. Calling Jesus Lord is also a spiritual declaration. All the things you do and say feed in to this, but when you enter into silence and repeat those words you place yourself in communion with his followers in this, and every age, and with God.

Everyone has gifts. The Spirit of God abides within us, around us, and beyond all that is. We all have something to contribute to the common good.

We beat ourselves up that we do not have the 'important' gifts, or perform the 'special' activities but the key is the Spirit. It is not what you do, but that you rely on the Spirit to do it.

In those blessed moments of communion in the Spirit, words of wisdom and knowledge, affirmation of faith, the bringing of wholeness, seemingly impossible transformations, inspired messages, discernment of God's will, mystical experiences, and clarity from confusion, are all possible. It is the Spirit of God that is at work, not us by ourselves. It is the Spirit that empowers and moves in, through and with us.

It is the Spirit that unites us in Christ. We are all vital to living out the life of Christ. We are all equal, whatever part we play. It is the Spirit that transforms us from who we were into Christ's body, and the health of the body relies on each of our unique contributions. Jesus is Lord. Amen.

Joyce Mary Goldsmith

1 February 1928 - 4 May 2022

Mum was a good woman, a very good woman. She was always smartly turned out, taking a pride in her appearance, and very houseproud. She was strong willed and would not be told what to do; if she did not believe that it was the right thing to do. Mum gave so much more during her life, in helping family and friends, much more than she received back. Mum did regret that her life had not taken her on a more exotic journey, but her family would come first, and her own desires second.



Mum was born just over 10 years before the onset of WWII, the eldest child of Wini and Alf Lobley, who would be joined by two younger brothers, and a cat or two. Early in wartime, Mum was evacuated, like many children to the countryside, in her case to Pewsey, in Wiltshire. But that did not work out, and in no time, Mum was back home, to spend the next 5 years of the war, in and out of bomb shelters, during regular air raids, and listening to the Kings' broadcasts on a crackly wireless. Once the war was over, Mum took up employment at the local council. A few years later she would be celebrating with crowds in the Mall for the Queen's coronation and would continue to enjoy documentaries about the royal family up until recently. Mum also would travel to see family relatives in coastal towns, like Broadstairs and Great Yarmouth, by catching a ferry from Tilbury Docks, and she was always close to her Aunt Em, who lived locally.

In 1960 Mum married Peter, my Dad, and by September 1961, Tracy was born. This was followed by a miscarriage, before I arrived in early 1965. With a small child and baby to support the swinging 60's would pass them by. Mum always enjoyed ballroom dancing, and the music that accompanied it. One modern song that Mum did like was Ralph McTell's signature tune from 1969, The Streets of London. They continued to enjoy ballroom dancing throughout their marriage, also being big fans of the original TV show "Come

Dancing” and the latter day “Strictly”, dancing right through until Dad was no longer able.

Mum had to raise two young children during the tough economic times of the 1970's, which must have been a strain. But Mum came through those times, growing into an excellent housewife; a term that she might not appreciate. We always ate a hot two course, homemade meal, each night. Mum would knit us woollies, she could sew homemade dresses, drive to get the weekly shopping, and had to do all the washing, with just a manual machine. We never had much back then, but our parents were always there for us, and the little we had, we were happy with.

Our first family summer breaks were spent at a holiday camp in Norfolk. One year, with my arm broken and in plaster, and my body surrounded by a large cardboard box, Mum entered me in the fancy dress competition, as a one arm bandit slot machine. How did Mum have the time to do that? We were on holiday, in a small chalet, with minimal amenities, and so much to do. Mum did that, because making her children as happy as she could was her main concern.

As the years went by, our holidays progressed to other English seaside resorts, and as the package industry evolved, by 1976 we took our first flights into Europe.

I think our last family holiday, was to the Italian lakes, which was probably the most enjoyable vacation that we ever had. Mum loved Italy after that, returning there many times, it became her favourite country. Later they also enjoyed visits to the Portuguese Algarve, before it became on the tourist map, and back then was full of fishermen, small harbours, and quiet local towns.

By 1976, Mum was ready to return to part time work, and took up the role of secretarial assistant to the head at Quarry Hill Junior school. She became close friends with many of the teaching and support staff and would go on to spend 15 happy years working there. From the mid 1970's Mum started regularly attending the URC. For the next 40 years, Mum would attend church most Sundays, often arranging the Church flowers, helping with the fund-raising Bazaar's, and knocking on doors to support Christian Aid week.

Mum also found time to care for her own Mother during her elderly years. She had been widowed now for a couple of decades, and

was living alone, yet Mum was able to cook an extra meal for her, and, along with help from Dad, took care of all the household chores.

By the 1980's, times were changing. TOTP's was regular viewing on a Thursday, and one night in November 1982, Boy George and Culture Club, arrived on our screens. When I told Mum that the person singing was not a she, but a he, along with most of the country, she could not believe it. Well George soon won her over, with his charming banter, and catchy tunes. Even in recent times, Mum would ask, how is George? Is he still singing?

In 1985, Tracy married. Mum was pleased, having known John Webb for most of her life. By 1990, Mum became a Grandma, when Sarah was born. Now retired, it would be time to slow down, after of all those years of labour, and find the time to enjoy some hobbies she had missed out on, like gardening, visiting places of interest, dancing, to name just a few. By 1995 a second grandchild arrived when Sam was born, and surely, we were heading for a happy ending.

Life took a sudden turn when, out of the blue, Tracy was diagnosed as terminally ill, and would be taken from us, before Sam had reached 5 months old. Mum and Dad, were about to go from part time grandparents, to full time parents, not just for a day, a week, a month or a year, but for the next 15 to 20 years; and that well deserved retirement, would now no longer arrive. There would be meals to be planned, bought, cooked, and much, much more. Mum and Dad tried to provide the children with as near a normal childhood as they could, and in return, all she would say is "just don't forget me".

Next, Mum's sight began to worsen. No longer able to drive, macular degeneration was taking its grip, and as time would pass, the condition would go from bad to worse. During the 1990's Mum saw Martin Offiah, the rugby star, on TV. Oh, how we laughed, when Mum said he look like Steven Brace, when really, maybe this was just due to her deteriorating eyesight. As the condition worsened, Mum would go on to chop into her own finger with the secateurs, and then to complain when a pan of water would not boil, only to find out, that there was not any water in the pan to start with. Dad now had to become Mum's eyes.

Then, Dad started to look unwell, he was more poorly than we realised, and soon he was gone. Mum had lost her partner of the last 54 years, she was now lonely, and probably fearful of the future, as realistically she could no longer cope on her own. I would try to step into the breach, if not filling my fathers' shoes, at least being there to pick up where I could. This brought Mum and me much closer than we had been in my childhood, I would take on more and more tasks, that she could no longer do, as slowly our Mother-son roles reversed. This would have been a nice time to go on holiday together, but with severely impaired eyesight, Mum now felt uncomfortable outside of her own home. So, effectively house-bound, the best I could do was to try and keep Mum as comfortable as could be in her own home, along with the occasional trip to the Whitmore Arms, for Sunday lunch.

As Mum became more chair-bound, than house-bound, there was more and more to be done, and I would try and compensate as much as was possible. Mum was still able to enjoy some TV programmes, especially those where vision was not so important, like "The Chase", and "Great Canal Journeys", another pleasure would be sitting in the sun in our garden, though her beloved flowers, like heavenly blue, could no longer be seen.

When Covid hit, and I saw at close hand how serious this virus was, I feared bringing the disease home to Mum, yet I had to go out, and buy the groceries. Luckily my work was very understanding and allowed me to spend the full 2 years WFH, during which time, I lived as cautiously as I feasibly could, and with some help from Davina, we made it through. In some ways we were lucky, Covid allowed me to be around Mum all day, just at a time when she needed that level of care. Throughout the pandemic, Ann, who first cut Mum's hair back in the 1970's, continued to visit, those regular appointments gave Mum the routine she needed.

So, let me finish, as I started. I was most fortunate to be my Mothers' son. I will never forget what she did for us all, and I hope I will dry my tears, laugh again, and be able to live in her memory.



Hello to you all
from Corringham
Warehouse

Following the
recent
Government
announcements
many of us have
been reflecting on
the measures

announced by the Chancellor last week. Many of us warmly welcome the support the UK government has finally put in place for people on the lowest incomes. Whether it is enough remains to be seen, but at least it is a start.

It appears that The Chancellor has listened and has responded. He has certainly done the right thing by investing in our social security system (it certainly needed it) – the most efficient and effective way to support people on the very lowest incomes who are often in need of your support. A huge step in the right direction – providing support through this crisis and a commitment to increase benefits next year in line with September's CPI inflation rate.

We know from the pandemic that this kind of support will protect many people who are facing hunger and poverty. This is exactly the type of investment we need in our social security system to help reduce the number of people who need and rely on our support – not just during a national crisis, but every day. Benefit related issues make up a large amount of requests.

The announcement also shows it should be and can be our social security system, and not food banks, that provides families with the stability and security we all need to ensure we are all kept warm, fed and dry. We cannot let this be a one-off. Yesterday's pledge of support to protect people proves that change is possible and that our voice is being heard.

The price of some budget food items have risen by more than 15%, according to new data, with pasta showing the steepest jump over a year. The lowest cost version of pasta rose by 50% in the year to April, said the Office for National Statistics (ONS).

Household staples such as minced beef, bread and rice also recorded large increases.

But the average price rise of 30 budget food items at supermarkets was 6.7% - although slightly below the rate of inflation. This reflects the "reality for millions of people in the UK puts us in a stronger position to campaign for things like better wages [and] a higher up-rating for benefits".

Every donation, however large or small, is so very much valued and is so important to us.

This week's list of items that we have lower stocks on include: Jam, Tinned meats - Spaghetti Bolognese, Tinned Curry, Sausages & Beans etc, Tinned Fish, Sponge Puddings, Tinned Custard, Rice Pudding, Fruit Juice/ Squash, Savoury snacks, Dried Noodles, Long Life Milk

Thank you for your continued prayers and support, as we continue to support those in need across Thurrock, it is really valued at this time.

We are still looking for help at our Summer Tesco Collection, this is a vital contribution to our stock levels, so if you can spare a few hours to help either as an individual to join the team or as a group then we can also accommodate that., please do not hesitate to contact us.

If you would like any clarification or further information on our work please do not hesitate to contact me.

Best regards, Pete Newall, Operations Manager Thurrock Foodbank
01375 416200 <https://thurrock.foodbank.org.uk/>



A test of Character

The last couple of years have been a testing time for all of us. All aspects of our lives were tested and, for good or ill, our characters have shone through. When our character is tested and we fail, we need to accept it, take the consequences and make amends.

We have positive examples from Jesus: in the wilderness, Gethsemane, before the Sanhedrin and Pilate, and on the cross, but also some debatable ones: Syro-phoenician woman, telling off James, John, and Peter, and the tables in the Temple. Sometimes Jesus learned from the encounter, in others was completely justified.

Our nation's first servant, prime minister, has presided over a team with seemingly no regard for the hardships and sacrifices made under lockdowns and appear to have now 'gotten away with it'. The multiple crises of Ukraine, cost of living, Northern Ireland and energy costs are put forward as reasons to 'move on'. Mistakes were made, have been acknowledged and now we are urged to forget. Even though we are urged to 'move on', there seems no end in sight as reports raise more questions and further inquiries continue.

Public life at its best serves the common good. The priorities shift, different groups benefit and others find life harder, but the realities of elections prevent outright negligence. We hope our elected officials will act responsibly, be accountable, honest and honourable. We accept that self-interest will come into play and we trust that their consciences, colleagues and the media will reign in any excesses.

It feels as if we are now living in a post-consequences world. In the face of disgrace or failure, it used to be taken for granted that the person would accept their fate and resign. Now it seems that the trappings of high office must be held onto at all costs and a storm of excuses, complications, distractions and fear mongering are stirred up rather than simply doing the right thing.

In no circumstances does the guilty party get to decide anything about how the aggrieved should feel. The driver who prangs your car doesn't get to decide what colour you repaint it, let alone constantly appear as a reminder of the accident. Whether we will be able to move on is in the hands of 359 conservative MPs. Our prime minister seems unable to do the right thing, hopefully they will.

With every blessing, Rev'd David R. Coaker

Who's Who at Bradleigh Avenue

Minister: Rev'd David Coaker
07378 348191
drcoaker@gmail.com

Treasurer: Mr Alan Beckley

Elders: Mrs Janet Semain, Mr George Semain & Mr Alf Pryer. Co-opted: Mrs Elaine Barcz, Mrs Margaret Pryer & Mrs Denise Beckley

Church Contact: Mrs Elaine Barcz
graysurcsecretary@outlook.com

Organist: Mr Richard Wade

Facilities Manager: Mrs Charlotte Webb
0784 3559011
graysurc@gmail.com

Silent Visitor: Mrs Janet Semain
01375 373532
geojan321@sky.com

