

# NETWORK

Cullompton Baptist Church

July 2017

**Minister: Rev. Glen Graham 01884 34077**

**Church Secretary: Marilyn Bidmead 07749 086976**

## U.K. Saints

*St. Peter was a 'standing at the Pearly Gates  
Awaiting the arrival of the U.K. saints  
But one was more exciting—more than any other  
The patron saint of Scotland—well he was his brother!  
He was one of the twelve disciples of our Lord and master  
And he found himself a 'roamin after the disaster.  
He started as a fisherman in Galilee—and ended  
On the shores around the huge Black Sea  
Preaching to the people 'bout his former boss  
He landed up a victim on an X-shaped cross.  
His bones were kept as precious things, to prove of his existence  
And were brought to Fife in Scotland, a considerable distance!  
They called the place St. Andrews and right there in the bay  
They built a small cathedral—you can see it still today.  
They gave his bones to Angus who was monarch at the time,  
And he dreamt that Andrew promised him a victory sublime.  
The day he met the enemy, a cross came into view  
In the blue sky up above him—I swear that this is true!  
Because he won the battle, he thought it only right  
To make the flag of Scotland blue, with a cross of white.  
St. Peter was delighted,—said “Andrew, do come in  
You've proved yourself a worthy saint, and free from sin.”*

*St. David was the next arrival, coming up from Wales.  
He started life in Pembrokeshire, if we believe the tales.  
The Viking raiders at the time destroyed the ancient panels  
But David's name was canonised in Western churches' annals.  
He lived his life austerely—to God his one devotion  
He founded many monasteries, and then proposed a motion  
That monks be vegetarians—their only drink be water  
To aid their study—daily worship—and hours of manual labour.  
So, quite unlike his equals, of continental origin  
He did not bring us Benedictine, cider or Dom Perignon!  
So, once again St. Peter beamed, as up the silvery path  
St. David came, to Peter's claim “Chw mau, my dear Dai bach!”*

*St. Patrick is the Irish saint—but is that really true?  
His father was a Roman man, his mother British too.  
There is some doubt where he was born—the Scots do make that claim  
But with the name of Maewyn,—he's Welsh—I'm sure that's plain.  
At sixteen years they kidnapped him, those Irish raiders bold  
And shipped him into Antrim—into slavery was sold.  
His master was a druid priest and this he did not care for,  
He spent his days attending sheep, and learning what to pray for.  
At 22 he made a bid for freedom and succeeded  
In reaching Gaul—he studied hard—in Ireland he was needed!  
To preach the truth, this was his aim—he studied 20 years,  
Then Pope Celestine ordained him—as Patricius—three cheers!*



**Fabulous Traidcraft day in June.**

The singing group were in the church so not only did they join us for coffee and buy several things—we also had the pleasure of listening to some really lovely singing. Several people we hadn't seen before dropped in for coffee so it was a lovely busy morning with a few more sales than usual. Thank you as always for your support.

Denise

To his beloved Ireland as a bishop he did go,  
 With 25 fine Christian men to help his mission grow.  
 The reigning king was first to turn—a Christian he became.  
 He gave a barn to be a church, the first with Patrick's name.  
 For thirty years he served his Lord, bringing many to faith.  
 "Come in, come in" St. Peter said "St. Patrick, full of grace"

St. George,—he was a soldier—and a brave one so we're told.  
 Diocletian tortured him, but to faith he kept his hold.  
 He was finally beheaded, in Palestine we hear,  
 And his head is buried in a church at Lydda, somewhere near.  
 Stories of his courage in Europe did abound.  
 The best of these about a fight with a dragon on a mound  
 In Uffington in Berkshire—believe that if you like!  
 For he never came to England with his dragon-slaying pike!  
 King Edward made him patron saint—made the order of St. George.  
 And Henry, King at Agincourt, advanced the cult still more.  
 Then Shakespeare, our immortal bard, so he'd never be forgotten,  
 "Cry God for Harry, England and St. George" the words that he has written.  
 St. Peter scratched his snowy head—"Well now, George, I don't know—  
 Your faith was sound—sound as a bell—but these stories, gilded so.  
 I don't suppose it is your fault, that Englishmen are "loony"  
 Come in, O.K.—they might have chosen Beckham, Sven or Rooney"!



## Church Diary Welcome!

You are welcome to join in any of our activities.  
 Newcomers to the town and holiday visitors are particularly welcome.

### SUNDAY WORSHIP

Services are at 10.30 on a Sunday morning.  
 We have a regular Morning Sunday School.  
 Children take part in the 10.30 service before going to their own activity. Please join us after the service for coffee in the Hall.

July		
2 <sup>nd</sup>	am	Rev. Glen Graham
9 <sup>th</sup>	am	Rev. Glen Graham
16 <sup>th</sup>	am	Rev. Glen Graham— <i>Communion</i>
23 <sup>rd</sup>	am	Rev. Roger Grant
30 <sup>th</sup>	am	Rev. Glen Graham

August		
6 <sup>th</sup>	am	Rev. Glen Graham
13 <sup>th</sup>	am	Rev. Glen Graham
20 <sup>th</sup>	am	Rev. Glen Graham— <i>Communion</i>
27 <sup>th</sup>	am	Rev. Glen Graham

### House Group

some Mondays only, 10.30  
 please check  
 venues to be given on Sunday  
 previous.

3<sup>rd</sup> Sat  
of month **Prayer Meeting**

Sat. 15<sup>th</sup> July and 19<sup>th</sup> August  
 9.30 am in vestry.

2<sup>nd</sup> Sat  
of month **Coffee Morning**

Sat. 8<sup>th</sup> July and 12<sup>th</sup> August  
 next on 1<sup>st</sup> September.

**Lunch Club**

2<sup>nd</sup> Sat  
of month **Fairtrade**

Sat. 8<sup>th</sup> July and 12<sup>th</sup> August  
 a.m., in schoolroom or outside.

### Fellowship meeting

7.30 p.m. Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> July

### Homes and Gardens

19 <sup>th</sup> July	Forest Glade	3-5
26 <sup>th</sup> July	Margaret & Gareth	3-5
2 <sup>nd</sup> August	Angela & Laurie	3-5
9 <sup>th</sup> August	Ruth & David	3-5
16 <sup>th</sup> August	Angela & Laurie	10-12
23 <sup>rd</sup> August	Church	3-5
30 <sup>th</sup> August	Freda & Norman	
	—Sidmouth	11-3

### Clearing the Clutter

*Clutter multiplies day by day,  
 No matter how much I tidy  
 away.  
 Drawers overflow with stuff,  
 I tell myself enough's  
 enough—  
 I must throw out, I must be  
 tough!  
 But wait—I haven't read that  
 book...  
 Those magazines are worth a  
 look...  
 I'll slim and fit into this red  
 dress—  
 Oh, dear, I'll never sort out  
 this mess!*

—Ms. S.H., Falkirk.