

Stalham Baptist Church Weekly News

Sunday 13th 2022 Remembrance Day

This Sunday Ron is leading and preaching from Psalm 31

The online service will also be available from Sunday. Go to www.stalhambaptist.org.uk/

Then click on "Join Our Online Service

Ron's Reads

Jonah 2:6, Jer 6:25, 20:3, 2 Cor 7:5, Lk 23:46, Ro 1:3, Dan 1

For Your Prayers

During November please pray for the residents of During November please pray for the residents of **Dunkerley Court, Kingfisher Close, Lawns Loke and Railway Mews.**

(Dunkerley Court is named after Richard Dunkerley who lost his life in the Falklands War.)

Almighty and eternal God, from whose love in Christ we cannot be parted, either by death or life: hear our prayers and thanksgivings for all whom we remember this day; fulfil in them the purpose of your love; and bring us all, with them, to your eternal joy; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Lord today we remember those who lost their lives in the wars for our country. "We shall remember them," but do we. Lord help us have these sacrifices in our prayers more often, look at those names on the wall of the chapel and at the entrance and be grateful to those people –also remembering those who received the telegram, and their tears.

Lord we pray that you can break through the stony hearts of those warmongers who are dragging the world into a catastrophe. Lord we pray that You can, on this day of remembrance, bring wisdom to them and those around them who could intercede.

As we pray through the Church Directory, please remember **Linda & Stewart Marsh.**

Prayer For Remembrance

Almighty God, Upon the cross, sorrow and pain and every dreadful, tragic consequence of sin was overcome. Today we remember all those who have joined in that sacrifice for peace and justice. We give thanks for the bravery of men and women who have served for harmony and love. And in a world that is still torn and broken we declare that Jesus is Lord. That hope overcomes despair, That joy overcomes sorrow, That peace overcomes hostility, That love overcomes hate. From the tomb, the promise of eternity emerged in a resurrected Christ. Grace was poured into the hearts of all those who suffer, mourn and grieve. Lord, we lift our hearts to you and continue to remember, to hope and to love. Amen. Source [Lord Prayer Words](#)

Virtual Prayer Room

On Wednesday 9th November DJ Steve sent an audible post saying "I'm so sorry for Jerry and Simone and I send all my love and thinking of you at this difficult time."

Reading Luke 7: 1-10 (MSG) A Place of Holy Mystery

¹⁻⁵ When he finished speaking to the people, he entered Capernaum. A Roman captain there had a servant who was on his deathbed. He prized him highly and didn't want to lose him. When he heard Jesus was back, he sent leaders from the Jewish community asking him to come and heal his servant. They came to Jesus and urged him to do it, saying, "He deserves this. He loves our people. He even built our meeting place."

⁶⁻⁸ Jesus went with them. When he was still quite far from the house, the captain sent friends to tell him, "Master, you don't have to go to all this trouble. I'm not that good a person, you know. I'd be embarrassed for you to come to my house, even embarrassed to come to you in person. Just give the order and my servant will get well. I'm a man under orders; I also give orders. I tell one soldier, 'Go,' and he goes; another, 'Come,' and he comes; my slave, 'Do this,' and he does it."

⁹⁻¹⁰ Taken aback, Jesus addressed the accompanying crowd: "I've yet to come across this kind of simple trust anywhere in Israel, the very people who are supposed to know about God and how he works." When the messengers got back home, they found the servant up and well.

As Christians when facing a moment when almost a miracle is needed, do we totally believe that can happen?

Listen to Jerry's blog on the passage with a short blog (less than 5 minutes) by visiting our [Scripture Reading Plan](#) Then click on [Public Area](#) then [Scripture Reading Plan](#).



Pastor: Rev. Ron Skivington

01692 582731

Assistant Pastor: Jerry Otieno

07733837687

Secretary: Diana Gordon

07951949128

Ministry Team: The Whole Fellowship

For your Diary

Monday 14th November

11am Thanks giving service for Anna Luo Otieno

Followed by refreshments in Schoolroom

Tuesday 15th November

Coffee and Chat

9.30am -12 in the Stables

Bible Study

7pm Jenny Payne's

Wednesday 16th November

Table Tennis

9.30am -12 in the School Room

10-12pm Warm Spaces in the Stables

7.00pm Bible Zoom Reading

Details in online Diary

Thursday 17th November

10 to 2pm Warm Spaces in the Stables

3.15 Messy Church in Chapel

Friday 18th November

10.15 Prayer for Revival

Three Windows, Brumstead Road

1.15-3pm Foodbank in Stables

Sunday 20th November

10.45 Sunday Service

Flowers: Barbara Mixer

Welcome: Julia and Maggie

3.00pm Shoe Box Service St Mary's

Monday 21st November

10am Funeral for Kenneth Bargewell

Food Bank & Personal Prayer

SBC is open Monday to Friday from

10.00am to 12 noon to receive

donations for the food bank and for personal prayer. Jerry or Ron is always in attendance. The [Food Bank](#) is open

on Fridays in the Stables, 1.15 to

3.00pm. If you need help, or know

someone in difficulty, either contact the Citizens Advice Service 0344 411

1444, the Food Bank on 07826

376343, or contact Ron Skivington at

minister @stalhambaptist.org.uk

Community Fridge Open

Mondays 2.00 pm - 4.00pm Tuesday

to Friday 10.00am to 12 noon

Monday 14th

Community Fridge, Warm Space and Deacons Zoom prayer meeting on Monday 14th have been cancelled. At 11.00am the Celebration Service for Anna Luo Otieno will start, followed by refreshments in the Schoolroom.

Shoe Box Appeal

The Shoe Box Service is next Sunday 20th at 3.00pm at St Mary's Church Stalham. Everyone is welcome.

Can You Help

During the Stalham Yuletide Fayre on 4th December Elaine is selling clothes to raise money for the Building Fund. She needs some clothes rails. If you can help have a chat with Elaine.

Craft Fayre

Edna, Barbara Mixer and Henry are planning a craft fayre for December 8th-9th in the Schoolroom to raise money for the building fund.

Edna is looking for any flowers, Christmas decorations and old artificial Christmas trees that can be cut up to make Christmas wreaths. If you can help give Edna a call on 01692 582633

EBA Prayer Focus 13th October 2022

Rayleigh Baptist Church

Rayleigh is located between Chelmsford and Southend-on-Sea and has been home to Rayleigh Baptist Church since 1799. Today Rayleigh is a large church which has seen a lot of change over the past few years. Rev Ricky Rew has been there for five years and currently leads the church's ministry team.

During covid the church prepared pre-recorded services and used zoom to keep in touch. Things are now nearly back to normal in re-establishing Sunday services which are well-attended once again and also live-streamed. There is a strong emphasis on being an inter-generational church where all parts of the fellowship can connect with each other, so that everyone including children and young people, are an integral part of worship and meetings.

The church has a lot of weekday activities including a community café, a well-being space, Boys' and Girls' Brigades, various life groups including youth life groups, and connect groups which are informal and often short-term groups which connect people in the fellowship and community who have a shared interest and bring them together.

As part of looking forward the church has taken a step of faith with a major building project which will see improved accessibility to the whole site, the refurbishment and upgrading of the existing buildings, and an independent building called The Base which will be restored, extended and re-established as a welcoming and flexible facility for the benefit of the church and the whole community. The church meeting recently agreed unanimously to go ahead with this project and the contract with the builders was signed-off and work is now well underway on the building project.

For prayer

- For the continued inter-generational focus of

the church reaching out to all ages.

- For the sense of rebuilding, refreshing and re-establishment after lockdown.
- For stability after a season of change.
- For the building project and the associated financial challenges this brings.

North Norfolk Food Bank

Any of the following would be much appreciated: **Long Life Milk – full fat or semi-skimmed, Tinned Fruit, Tinned Meat, Tinned Fish, Tinned Vegetables, Pasta Sauce, Rice Pudding, Pot Noodles/ Mugshots, Squash/Fruit Juice, Laundry Liquid, Washing Up Liquid, Shampoo, Deodorant, Toilet Rolls**

Energy Needs

If you are, or know someone who is, struggling with their energy bills Cromer Food Bank offers a scheme called Energybank that can help. Contact the Food Bank on 07826376343, or contact Ron Skivington at minister@stalhambaptist.org.uk

Citizens Advice Bureau can also give advice and possible assistance. Click [here](#) for a link.

Quotes of the Week

I found in you a holy place apart, sublime endurance, God in man revealed.

Where mending broken bodies slowly healed my broken heart

Vera Brittain Epitaph On My Days in Hospital

The grave that they dug him had flowers
Gathered from the hillsides in bright
summer colours

And the brown earth bleached white
At the edge of his gravestone
He's gone

When the wars of our nation did beckon
The man, barely twenty, did answer the
calling

Proud of the trust

That he placed in our nation

He's gone

But eternity knows him

And it knows what **we've done**

Don McLean The Grave

Poppy bedecked wreaths in hand the
great and the good stand.

The fallen feted to Nimrod marching flags.

Gun fire that silenced so many,

Silence, those around the one unknown.

The last post sounds!

While their white stones, in soldiers' rows, obediently to
attention stand.

They grow no older or weary, the sun is going
down.

Graves, long history's shadows, but still
war each year fills the sacrificial ground.

But of course, we remember them and
why?

Franky Dilch Remembering Warriors and War

She cried and remembered him the young
man who loved her so.

Now just a brown sepia memory of so
many years ago.

But like her ancient dried pressed red rose,

That love can never be revived not even with her
tears. *Franky Dilch*



It will Be Over By Christmas

Cheerily as the first troops left British shores "it will all be over by Christmas" was the cry, but it wasn't. Four years later with an estimated 19 million deaths and 23 million casualties the war came to an end, an attritional rate of 230 deaths for every hour of the conflict.

Robert Wilson son of Robert and Emily Wilson who lived at Stalham Green was born in 1896 and enlisted into the Norfolk Regiment. He became part of the 195th Machine Gun Corps. The Corps took part in the Third Battle of Ypres that started on Tuesday 31st July 1917, being ordered to attack Pilckem Ridge. The troops' advance was preceded by an artillery barrage that started on Monday 16th firing 4.5 million shells at the enemy positions. In the early morning of the 31st the troops went "over the top" with a rolling barrage of shells ahead of them. They met little resistance as the gun fire smashed the German front lines and they moved towards the high point of Pilckem Ridge, supported by 107 tanks. At midday the Germans counter attacked from the high ridge. By now the British were low on ammunition and mayhem reigned - some battalions holding their ground and others being pushed back. For two hours the battle raged. In the middle of the afternoon the rain came, and the



fighting stopped. By then the allies had moved 2000yds (1828mtr) at the cost of 3000 casualties. The artillery had created massive shell craters across the landscape and had destroyed the drainage systems and with the torrential rain, the heaviest in the region for thirty years, the terrain had become a

featureless swamp, 88 of the 107 tanks wallowed in the mud.

As the Germans held the upper ground of the ridge they had a panoramic view of the lowlands as stretcher bearers knee deep in mud attempted to recover the dead and injured. To add to the Allies' misery, this was the first battle in which the Germans used mustard gas, the weapon that was to inflict the vast majority of the gas injuries for the rest of the Great War. The gas rarely killed. Instead it maimed, inflicting at best excruciating blisters on the skin, at worst great gaping wounds to the bone causing permanent scarring. Lungs were eaten away and eyes blinded.

(See Wilfred Owen poem below)

In this carnage Robert Wilson died on Wednesday 8th August 1917. His body was never found and he is recorded on the Menin Gate Memorial, along with more than 54,000 soldiers who died before 16th August 1917 and have no known grave.

The names of those who lost their lives from Stalham

WWI

James Bailey
George Batchelor
Walter Brackenbury
Edward Bristow
Reba Bristow
Alfred Clarke
Wilfrid Drake
Lawrence Gibbs
Harry Green
Henry Harmer
James Jeckells
Walter Knights
George

Leatherdale
George Morse
Stewart Muller
John Nudd
Arthur Peggs
Charles Peggs
Clarence Pratt
Geoffrey Spanton
Frank Stewart
Charles Taylor
Cubbit Whiley
Sidney Wilkins
Robert Wilson

Kenneth Brackenbury
Charles Burton
Raymond Gillingwater
Alfred Johnson
Arthur Kemp
Reginald Smith

Civilians

Jean Thirst
Percy Thirst

WW2

Ronald Blatchley

Falklands War

Richard Dunkerley



Dulce et Decorum Est by Wilfred Owen

War poet Wilfred Owen was killed in action on Sunday 4th November 1918 a week before the Armistice was signed. His mother received the telegram informing her of his death on Armistice Day, as the church bells in Shrewsbury were ringing out in celebration.

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.
Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And floundering like a man in fire or lime.—
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.
In all my dreams before my helpless sight,

He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.
If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est Pro patria mori.*

The Latin is taken from the Roman poet Horace and means "it is sweet and honourable, to die for one's country."

Sullivan Ballou Letter during the American Civil War

July 14, 1861 Camp Clark, Washington

My Very Dear Wife:

Indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days, perhaps to-morrow. Lest I should not be able to write you again, I feel impelled to write a few lines, that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more.

Our movement may be one of a few days duration and full of pleasure and it may be one of severe conflict and death to me. Not my will, but thine, O God be done. If it is necessary that I should fall on the battle-field for any country, I am ready. I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in, the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter. I know how strongly American civilization now leans upon the triumph of government, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Revolution, and I am willing, perfectly willing to lay down all my joys in this life to help maintain this government, and to pay that debt.



But, my dear wife, when I know, that with my own joys, I lay down nearly all of yours, and replace them in this life with care and sorrows, when, after having eaten for long years the bitter fruit of orphanage myself, I must offer it, as their only sustenance, to my dear little children, is it weak or dishonorable, while the banner of my purpose floats calmly and proudly in the breeze, that my unbounded love for you, my darling wife and children, should struggle in fierce, though useless, contest with my love of country.

I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm summer night, when two thousand men are sleeping around me, many of them enjoying the last, perhaps, before that of death, and I, suspicious that Death is creeping behind me with his fatal dart, am communing with God, my country and thee.

I have sought most closely and diligently, and often in my breast, for a wrong motive in this hazarding the happiness of those I loved, and I could not find one. A pure love of my country, and of the principles I have often advocated before the people, and "the name of honor, that I love more than I fear death," have called upon me, and I have obeyed.

Sarah, my love for you is deathless. It seems to bind me with mighty cables, that nothing but Omnipotence can break; and yet, my love of country comes over me like a strong wind, and bears me irresistibly on with all those chains, to the battlefield. The memories of all the blissful moments I have spent with you come crowding over me, and I feel most deeply grateful to God and you, that I have enjoyed them so long. And how hard it is for me to give them up, and burn to ashes the hopes of future years, when, God willing, we might still have lived and loved together, and seen our boys grow up to honorable manhood around us.

I know I have but few claims upon Divine Providence, but something whispers to me, perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar, that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed. If I do not, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, nor that, when my last breath escapes me on the battle-field, it will whisper your name.

Forgive my many faults, and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless, how foolish I have oftentimes been! How gladly would I wash out with my tears, every little spot upon your happiness, and struggle with all the misfortune of this world, to shield you and my children from harm. But I cannot, I must watch you from the spirit land and hover near you, while you buffet the storms with your precious little freight, and wait with sad patience till we meet to part no more.

But, O Sarah, if the dead can come back to this earth, and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you in the garish day, and the darkest night amidst your happiest scenes and gloomiest hours always, always, and, if the soft breeze fans your cheek, it shall be my breath; or the cool air cools your throbbing temples, it shall be my spirit passing by.

Sarah, do not mourn me dear; think I am gone, and wait for me, for we shall meet again.

As for my little boys, they will grow as I have done, and never know a father's love and care. Little Willie is too young to remember me long, and my blue-eyed Edgar will keep my frolics with him among the dimmest memories of his childhood. Sarah, I have unlimited confidence in your maternal care, and your development of their characters. Tell my two mothers, I call God's blessing upon them. O Sarah, I wait for you there! Come to me, and lead thither my children. Sullivan

Sullivan Ballou was killed a week later at the First Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

