

November 11  
is a day we  
remember.



**Green Lane**  
BAPTIST CHURCH

## *November 2017 Newsletter*

### Message from Sarah Bingham

Well friends, the move from October into November sets us all to remembering. November the first, All Saints Day (or All Hallows, as old language called it), is set aside to remember all the saints (believers) who have gone before us and have joined the great cloud of witnesses mentioned in Hebrews 11. We remember them with thanksgiving, for the example they gave us – imperfect as it was. Collectively, this year we may well think about Linneth Scott, Doug Haig and Nora Pitt. Will we serve as diligently and willingly as they did?

November the second is now dedicated as All Souls Day, marking the fact that in some churches, not all believers are given the title 'saint', but also reflecting that Christendom was a political construct. Jesus said his kingdom was not of this world and that his followers were called to be salt in a corrupt society and light amidst the darkness. Christians have always lived surrounded by those of other faiths, or none. We may well have family, friends or neighbours who have died this year, who we want to remember. Perhaps their lives were an example to us, despite their lack of faith; perhaps their lack of faith spurs us on to live and gossip the gospel to those who remain.

November the eleventh (Remembrance Day) and twelfth (Remembrance Sunday) mark our national, and international, remembering of those who have fought on our behalf, particularly those who made the ultimate sacrifice and never came home. We remember too, those whose physical or mental health has been shattered, who live with perpetual reminders of loss. We also remember civilians caught up in the horror of war. We serve the Prince of Peace who said peacemakers were amongst the blessed. Perhaps this year, we might consider how our lives might follow all His ways of peace, even in times of trouble and pain?

**Rev. Sarah Bingham**

### The Gem by your feet

You walked past many a gem when you walk down the street. Let me tell you about the gem by your feet. He was my best friend, when we were in the armed forces together. He was a brother to me, cause we had no family. We fought many a day, when he saved me, he was there by my side the day the bullet hit me. He still feels guilty about that, you see. He thinks he was the one, who should have died, not me. When he left the army, he could not sleep. He'd seen many a thing, you should not see. Now he lies in the street, he is the gem by your feet. You walk past with your nose in the air, and pretend he isn't there, to tell you the truth, he never did smell that sweet, not with those sweaty feet, he has something he holds ever so dear, by his heart he keeps it ever so near. I'll show you, they're only pictures of me. So don't walk past with your nose in the air and pretend he isn't there he is the gem by your feet.

As I've said, you walk past many a gem when you walk down the street.

(I have researched this and 9,000 ex military personnel are sleeping rough on our streets, this makes up a staggering 1 in 10 rough sleepers. They've served our country but are we serving them).

**Poem by Miss Kim Bate**

### **Mend-It Christmas day meal**

We are looking for volunteers to help serve the community at our free Christmas Day meal. We require, cooks who have a food hygiene certificate, hosting servers, people to help set up prior to Christmas Day and people to help clear away, If you would like to get involved, please see Kayon, Natalie or Robert