

The Link

Between you and

Hockley and Hawkwell Methodist Church



August/September 2017

No.50



Editor's Note

Many thanks to those who have contributed to this issue of The Link.

The deadline for our October/November magazine is Monday 18th September.

Here is a QR Code link to our Church Web Site.



The views expressed in this magazine are those of the various authors and do not necessarily reflect the policy of the Church Trustees

Issue: 188

Farewell to Phil and Caroline

It doesn't seem a moment since Phil and Caroline made their first visit to Hockley and, here we are already, saying goodbye.

It has been a roller coaster ride with some really memorable moments. We will all have our favourite memories and I expect they will all be different.

We have welcomed new children into our church fellowship through baptism. Sadly we have lost many of our very loyal members and friends and have shared in many uplifting funerals and thanksgivings to celebrate lives well spent.

Phil's work with our young people through Friday Club and Friday Club+ has created a wonderful group of youngsters who have shared many special times. They have been on trips to London with and without their bicycles. They have been to residential weekends at Unite and 3generate where much fun was had by all and with a Christian message shared in a modern and stimulating way. There have been many more special outings to bowling and the Mega zone and much more. They have shared many special Friday evenings and our thanks must go to all the leaders who have shared in making all these occasions such a success.

Messy Church began, three years ago, as a result of a meeting with some of our parents and has continued monthly ever since. We have a lovely group of children and parents and grandparents who share with us regularly and others who come when they are able. Our thanks to everyone who helps at Messy Church. There have been some memorable moments within the worship element when we have acted out parts of the story. Our thanks to Phil for all that he has done for Messy Church.

Phil introduced a lot of new initiatives including 'Holiday at Home' which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone who went along. Although we have not continued with this as an annual event it certainly is something that is well worth while. Sadly many of our friends who shared in the day which concluded with an amazing tea at Sands on the sea front are no longer with us.

We tried Café Church and then, when Maureen was in Spa Court, we changed to Worship on the Move which is now held at Rupert Jarvis Court.

Within worship, Phil has introduced the band and started the puppets, which Muriel is now ably running. The children who take part are very keen and it is a very inclusive group. The band has enhanced worship and we are all very appreciative of the time that they give to this.

The plan is not to cover everything that Phil has done for us but it would be wrong not to include property. Phil took over as Property Chair and has led us through many of the problems we have had to overcome along the way!! Of course the hardest time was when we had to have a new floor in the church. This was probably our greatest challenge but, with Phil's help, we were able to come to a successful conclusion. I think you will all agree that the church and the buildings are in a good state at present. Our thanks to the many bequests that we have received both large and small that have enabled work to be done. We have come to realise that Phil has a gift for finding out about grants etc to help with major projects. Our grateful thanks for all his hard work.

I know there are many more things that should be included, including his stage presence, his singing voice, his ability to fit many things into his day and his support in times of trouble.

We all hope that Phil and Caroline will enjoy Phil's new appointment in Ledbury and that they will come back to visit from time to time.

Thank you both for everything and we wish you both health and happiness in all your future endeavours.

Anne Sains



Church Family

Welcome

To all who come to our church for worship, social events or any of the many activities held here. If you would like a home visit please speak to a church steward.

Illness

Our thoughts and prayers are with all who are unwell, having hospital treatment or facing difficult times. Especially we think of June Waterfield recovering from surgery, Harold Collingridge and Sheila Hayman.

Birth

Congratulations to Eleanor and Scott Youd on the birth of Amelia Joan born on Tuesday 4th July, a sister for Jessica,

Congratulations

Well done to Caroline Warrey who has recently become a fully fledged Worship Leader.

Move

As most of you will know, I am leaving Hockley and moving to a sheltered retirement flat in Chiswick near where my son Michael and his family live.

I have lived in Hockley for almost 54 years and have been a member of Hockley and Hawkwell Methodist Church all that time so it will be a big wrench to be leaving you. However, with advancing age, I consider that it is the right decision to make at this time.

Whilst living in Hockley, I have greatly enjoyed the friendships I have made through the church and much appreciated the support and comfort I received from you after the death of Brenda. I will miss your company but you will often be in my thoughts as I recall the many happy times I have enjoyed with you.

I wish you all and the church well for the future,

God bless.

Peter Cuthbert

May God richly bless Peter in his new home; Phil and Caroline, Stephen and Valerie as they too move on.

Church Council

At its June meeting Council members:

* welcomed the appointment of Mrs Pam Smith to the Council as Circuit representative;

* were asked to note that Youth Weekend would take place on 9/10 September and Harvest Festival on 7 October, with members of St. Peter & St. Paul joining us for Harvest tea on 7 October;

* agreed that Circuit approval should be sought to (1) refurbish the church kitchen, (2) replace the doors across the front of the stage and (3) provide new doors to the side entrance so as to offer independent disabled access;

* noted that plans to secure the services of a Community/Youth worker covering both Hockley and Rayleigh churches were being actively pursued.

Michael Deedman

Secretary to the Church Council

Christian Aid

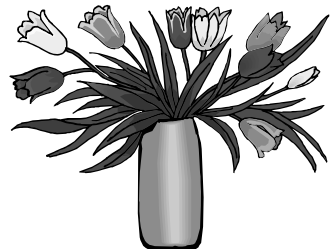
Donations made at our church during Christian Aid Week amounted to £245.00.
Grateful thanks to all who contributed.

Stan Rae

Church Treasurer

Flower Rota

1 st Sunday	Kay Deedman	S.202802
2 nd Sunday	Carolyn Sturgess	S.203964
3 rd Sunday	Linda Clarke	S.204559
4 th Sunday	Linda Williams	S.204309
5 th Sunday	Anne Sains	S.202010



Thoughts for July and August

from Houghton Green Methodist Church

The poet W.H. Auden, says this in his poem 'Musee des Beaux Arts'

'About suffering they were never wrong,
The old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position: how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along;'

Later on in the poem, Auden describes how Icarus, the boy who flew too close to the sun, falls out of the sky, and although 'the ploughman may have heard the splash, for him it was not an important failure'

The last couple of months have been overshadowed by enormous tragedies in our country, and across the world. And although I wouldn't describe them, as Auden does the death of Icarus, as important failures, these tragedies have highlighted many failures in society. On a news report I heard a group of Muslim women reflecting on the terrorist attacks and one of them said that it was not about white people and Muslims, but about terrorists and us, the 'us' being the ones who are being targeted by bombs and knives and drivers.

The fire in Grenfell Tower has highlighted a catalogue of failures with the building and then with the dealing with the survivors. The tragedies have highlighted the fantastic work of emergency services, paramedics, hospital staff, police and fire fighters – and also the place of churches and places of worship in caring, supporting and providing help where it is needed: St Anne's Church in Manchester, St Clements and Notting Hill Methodist Church in London and the Finsbury Park Mosque to name a few. And in the meantime, life goes on. Eating, opening a window or just walking dully along, says Auden.

Parliament has been opened by the Queen wearing a rather impressive hat, the papers have returned to sharing celebrity gossip and the latest eating trend (usually something to do with avocados); we've had the hottest days since 1976, exams taken, holidays enjoyed and so on. But for me, although life does go on, there is a sense of an altered reality and a new normal. Not an important failure but the story of the summer of 2017, which will take a long time to understand.

Notting Hill Methodist Church stands under the shadow of the blackened Grenfell Tower, and I share with you the sermon preached by Rev'd Michaela Youngson, Chair of the London District, on 18th June 2017.

Sermon at Notting Hill Methodist Church

(with thanks to Rachel Lampard and Roger Walton for their statement, which informed this sermon.)

Since Wednesday morning many words have been written in news columns and on social media. Words have been spoken on radio and television. Words have been shouted in protest and pain. Words have been whispered by those who have wandered dazed past this building, lost, frightened and bewildered. Perhaps too many words have been spoken and we cannot bear any more but it is the role of the preacher to use words to hold up a mirror to what is happening, to paint a picture of what might be if the kingdom of God were to come to reality and to point people to the glimpses of God's presence somewhere in all the mess.

I find myself lost for words today – how do we honour those who have lost their lives? How do we do justice to the grief of the bereaved? How can we express our righteous anger? How do we respond to the unholy horror of it all?

The prophets of the Old Testament lived among a people from whom everything had been taken and they responded to horror and injustice by joining in the lament of the people. That is where we as a faith community find the beginnings of a response – to be alongside people and hold silence. To sit with people. To listen to them. To pray and lament for and with them. To offer care and to be silent as we feel the loss, the pain, the fear, the anger. Many people have been doing just that in these last few days. The space outside our church, the public boards and gathering points, covered in candles, flowers, messages, drawings from children – all this is how we join in the lament of the bruised, the broken, the lost and the dismayed.

Listening is no passive thing – listening honours the other person, it allows them to be, it gives space to hear their story, it says “You matter and what you have to say matters to me.” Listening can lead to change. It can motivate action, it can begin to shift the narrative and bring justice and compassion into the centre of the picture. Many people in our community have not felt listened to – have felt ignored – not necessarily by individuals but by the combined weight of a system that seems designed to work against them.

The rich and powerful of the prophets' time did not listen to the calls of the poor for justice, because to listen would have been to put their own desires aside in order to respond to the call for a righteous society, where the widow, the orphan and the refugee would be offered shelter, would be given access to the law and would have a share in the resources of the land.

We as a community share in the role of the prophets – firstly to share in the lament of the people – to give space for grief, for dismay, for anger. We are also called to

share in the prophetic task of speaking truth to those in power, to hold a mirror up to our society that reflects back just how things are. The Prophet Amos railed against those who offered empty gestures and platitudes but continued to oppress the poor – he demanded justice, he painted a picture of what the world could look like if people paid attention to the needs of others. He, like the other prophets, was filled with righteous anger.

And today we are angry. Anger is not to be dismissed or condemned. There is much to be angry about. People will feel angry at God. Angry at those who had the power to act, but didn't. At a society which values less those who are the poorest or most disadvantaged. We are often afraid of anger. We too often cling to an image of Jesus as "meek and mild". But we also see Jesus in the temple, who was angry to the point of overturning tables. Yet this was not an act of violence but a symbolic expression of anger in the prophetic tradition, disrupting the actions of those who would discriminate against and exploit the poorest at the door of God's house. We should be angry at the kind of injustices emerging from this catastrophe: the under investing in the well-being of the poorest and the ignoring of their concerns. And we should all repent where we have been complicit with injustice in the past.

We need to find a way to channel our anger that will give us the energy, passion and commitment we need for the long road towards healing that lies ahead. The anger of Jesus is focused not on retaliation but on the righting of injustice. Matthew tells how, after the overthrowing of the tables, the blind and the lame came to Jesus, the very people who had been excluded from the temple by those with power. They came to Jesus and they were healed. Jesus's anger led to justice. It showed that a different way was not only possible, but was required of the people who followed him.

In the midst of lament – God is with us, weeping, knowing what it is to watch helplessly as his child was brutally disposed of at the hands of the Roman war machine. In the midst of anger – God is with us, roaring with pain and frustration that over millennia humanity is still getting this so wrong. In the midst of our actions for justice and our longing for the world to be different – God is with us.

I know you will want to shout at me – how can God be in the midst of this? I have asked the same question and I do not have a simple answer to that – as a person of faith I can only look for those glimpses of God's presence in the midst of this godless mess.



I see God in the actions of the fire-fighters and the police – in the willingness of people to risk their own lives to save others. I see God in the skills and devotion of

the medical teams who were on the scene and in hospitals and of those who ran towards the Grenfell Tower to help in whatever way they could.

I see God in the mountains of clothes, toys, toiletries and rivers of bottled water that arrived in this building and other centres and in the many thousands of pounds people are donating – these are the love gifts of those who like us all feel the need to do something in the midst of helplessness.

I see God in the faces of the volunteers working endless hours to move goods, to drive vehicles, to make gallons of tea, to do what needs doing.

I also see God in the work of those quietly getting on behind the scenes in supporting families, in setting up the infrastructure that will be needed to care for them.

It is not for us as a faith community to offer platitudes about God's love in this time – those words will seem empty – it is our job to demonstrate God's love in action. We have done that already, side by side, with this community – our community. It is our job to stand in solidarity with those who call for justice. It is our job to be in this for the long haul; there are wounds that do not heal and we will need to keep tending those who carry the loss and the trauma of these days for many years to come. The cameras will leave, the gifts will dwindle and stop, the strange glamour that draws people to travel miles to stand and watch will fade. We will remain; listening, lamenting, naming injustice and working out how we play our part in making this world reflect God's desire for a righteous and inclusive community of love.

We know what is required of us – we need the courage to take up the task. What does the Lord require of us, but to do justice, love mercy and walk humbly with God? Now is a time to cling to those words, realise that they demand of us repentance for our past actions and present privileges, and to commit ourselves to love without measure, act for justice whatever the cost, and do so whilst walking humbly with a God of love and justice. Amen.

Submitted by Muriel Pregnall

Thursday Social Club

A visit to our church on Thursday 25th May for a talk by Rosemary Springer on SOS Bus. This opened our eyes to the nightlife around Southend on any weekend evening. Rosemary, together with other volunteers, patrols the nightclubs and bars on Friday and Saturday nights making sure that anyone worse for wear is protected by being given refuge on their SOS Bus. No alcohol is allowed on the bus but it does provide a resting place giving time for needed sobering up.



Cameras are installed the length of Southend High Street and these are monitored to ensure the safety of the public and police are called in cases where this is necessary. We were told of one case where an intoxicated lady insisted on sitting in the middle of a busy road oblivious to the obvious danger. Rosemary donned her high visibility jacket and kept her talking until she finally retreated to the bus. A very interesting and enlightening talk by Rosemary.

On Wednesday 7th June we went to Southchurch Hall for a very long and detailed talk on this historic building leaving no stone unturned. A number of us then went onto Priory Park for a walk around their walled gardens. We had hoped to visit their cafe but unfortunately it had closed early. Must get there earlier next time.

Chris and Olive kindly invited the Thursday Club to their home on Thursday 22nd June. Many of our club members were treated to an abundance of strawberries and cream together with a multitude of cakes. A very nice afternoon in a pleasant garden with pleasant company.

We have a summer outing to Writtle College on Wednesday 2nd August and members, family and friends are all invited.

Our second summer outing is to Stow Maries Aerodrome near Maldon on Wednesday 23rd August with more details later.

Our AGM is to be held on Thursday 14th September 2017 at 7.30 p.m. at the home of Stan and Joyce.

Ray Williams



HOCKMIRA

Hockley Methodists' Inactive Ramblers' Association

PLEASE PUT THESE DATES IN YOUR DIARY

Details of the walks will also be on the Church website

<http://www.hockleyhawkwelldist.org.uk/>

Thursday 17th August Messy Holiday Walk

Family Walk & Picnic Lunch in Hockley Woods. Coffee Morning and Activities at Church at 10:00am, followed by a short buggy-friendly stroll through the Woods starting at 11:00am and picnic in the playground around 12 noon. In the Hall if it's wet.

Thursday 24th August Maldon – pub lunch and trip on Thames Barge.

Saturday 23rd September Mill Green- 4½ miles

Pub lunch then a walk taking in ancient woodland and common near Writtle. Leave Church car park at 11:30am.

Please make sure you have sturdy walking shoes (not “fashionable” trainers) or boots, plus waterproofs and something warm to wear. Always bring something to drink. All these walks are fairly straightforward but any activity like rambling (even the inactive variety!) needs care so please watch what you're doing and keep an eye on any young people.

Contact Mike or Mu Pregnall on 01702 204748

or e-mail mumic@pregnall.freeserve.co.uk if you want further details of either of these walks or need a lift.

Coalhouse Fort and Me!

There has been some sort of fort on this site since the 1400s although I'm not as old as that. It has been rebuilt and added on to several times and has had its uses. In 1944 it was used by the Home Guard and also housed Wrens and a Naafi but the guns installed there never fired in anger. After the war the guns were dismantled and several of the offices and departments housed there were turned into residential flats and several families lived in there. One of these flats was the Officers Mess and my Godparents, Ada and Alec Foulkes lived there. This was my first home.

I was born in St. John's hospital in Chelmsford but my mum and dad lived in the fort with my godparents. The flat was on the first floor and had 3 bedrooms. The walls were solid granite and the window sills were 3 feet wide and the ceilings were 16 feet high so changing a light bulb was a major task. The walls had wooden panelling and there was a large open fireplace in what was the lounge. NO CENTRAL HEATING so it was freezing in the winter. There was a stove in the kitchen which also heated any water and the sink was in front of one of the window sills so if anything went over the back of the sink either a small child or a large hooked pole retrieved anything!!

My earliest memories of the fort was being sent to bed – which I didn't mind at all – as once there I could sit on my pillow on the windowsill and watch the boats on the river – the Royal Sovereign and the Daffodil, and I could hear the music on board. There was no park around the fort as there is now and my uncle and dad used to snare rabbits – free food in a time of little money. I can remember them hanging up on the balcony waiting to be dealt with. My mum and dad moved out to Grays when I was about 2 years old but I still came back frequently to be with my godparents.

Eventually all the families moved out except my godparents and in 1962 the fort was handed over to Thurrock Urban District Council who in turn leased it to Bata Shoes and my uncle was the warehouseman. Very large lorries used to deliver and collect from the fort and can you imagine a 15 year old girl surrounded by shoes and handbags – HEAVEN, I tried hundreds on but never had any. I was also very cheeky and more than once I was picked up and dropped in the stinging nettles by the lorry drivers.

My uncle used to have school parties and Brownies, Cubs etc. and show them round including the 'magazines' which were under ground. I used to help him as there were no lights and it was pitch black. Several times I got told off for frightening them by jumping out of one of the rooms. I was never afraid of the dark. My brother and I used to go up on to the flat roof and shout down the chimney to my aunt, needless to say dangerous but I'm still here!

There was no knocker or doorbell so if we visited we used to have to stop the car under the window and yell to my aunt and uncle and there would be a small hand

waving to us to show they had heard us and come to let us in, my aunt was only 4'10" so that was all we could see of her. There were big iron gates which I couldn't move so we had to wait for my uncle to open them.

There was only one small shop in the village – Auntie Lucy's – so we had a baker, greengrocer, fishmonger and butcher deliver to the fort, and I loved the smell of the baker's and the greengrocer's. The mobile library also came to the village and I used to go with my aunt to choose some books for them all.

I spent many wonderful years at the fort with my aunt and uncle, every school holiday, Easter, Christmas with the family there and I never felt frightened or alone there even though there were no street lights and a supposedly ghost of the 'Lady in Grey', I never saw her. My aunt and uncle moved out in the early 1970s to a Council House in the village but it wasn't the same. Bata shoe factory closed and had no more need of the fort.

The Fort is now a tourist attraction and they are trying to renovate it. There have been plans to turn it into homes again. There is a beautiful park around there with things for children, a café and all the usual amenities, a perfect place for a day out and picnic and the fort is open once a month – look at the Coalhouse Fort web site. From the car park to the main gate you'll go past my bedroom window but I won't be there. I could go on and tell you many more stories of my life there but another day maybe. I still go there and have a look round but my memories will remain with me for ever.

Chris Holloway

Thanks

What a wonderful time we all had at the afternoon tea on Saturday 15th July. The hall was beautifully decorated and the tables looked very nice indeed. As for the waitresses – didn't they look smart? All the best china was used for the occasion and the food was really delicious and plentiful. It was lovely to just relax and be waited on whilst enjoying each other's company. Our grateful thanks to John, June and everyone who did us proud on the day, a lot of work was very obviously involved before and on the day. All for a good cause too. Congratulations to all.

Who needs to book up at the Ritz?

Land of the Incas

It was the last thing to do on my wish list, walk the Inca Trail in Peru, ever since my youngest son Richard had walked it some years ago. I decided that if I was travelling all the way to Peru I might as well do some sightseeing as well so I booked a trip with Exodus which incorporated both.

Peru is in South America on the West side, the Capital city is Lima, total country population is 31 million, currency is the Peruvian Nuevo Sol or PEN for short, US dollars are accepted everywhere and are easier to change into local currency.

Saturday 3rd September 2016

I got up at 02.00, picked up by taxi at 02.30 to go to Heathrow airport, arriving at 03.50, I was flying with KLM, the signage for check in was showing the wrong gate but despite this I got booked in ok.

The flight was split into 2 sections firstly going to Amsterdam Schiphol arriving at 09.00; my next flight was to Lima departing at 12.35. I enjoyed a leisurely breakfast and exploring the airport, eventually it was time to board and takeoff was on time. The seats were very comfortable and the food good.

We landed at 18.10 local time, this GMT-6 hrs, my luggage was one of the last cases to come out so everyone was waiting for me, 2 of the ladies on the trip did not get their luggage and enquiries were made on their behalf by our guide Frankie which established that their luggage had been misplaced but should be sent on as soon as located.

By the time we had transferred to our Hotel and sorted out bedrooms and the programme for the next day, I got to bed at 21.45 having been up for 25 hours.

Sunday 4th September 2016

We had to have breakfast at 05.00 so I got up at 04.30, the coach left at 05.30 for a road trip to the port town of Paracas where we had a boat trip booked to take us to the Ballestas Islands, a national park that contains one of the highest concentrations of marine birds in the world. On the journey out it was intriguing to watch birds flying out to the Island in formation just skimming over the wave tops. The Islands were covered in various types of birds, also seals, unfortunately my photographic skills are not good and the pictures do not show what it was really like. Our trip took about 2 hours and after our return we had a nice meal at a restaurant on the seafront, the seafood fried rice was really nice. After a short walk we reboarded the coach and after about an hour paid a visit to a winery. Although I do not like wine it was interesting to see the old and new ways of making wine, those who wished sampled some wine and said it was good.

The hotel we stayed at was in an Oasis surrounded by sand dunes. Some people went on a buggy tour of the dunes, myself and one of the ladies in the group decided to walk up one of the dunes this was hard work but enjoyable and gave a great view of the surrounding area. We made our way down and joined the rest of the group who had not gone on any trip, once we had all regrouped and boarded the coach we made the short trip to the hotel. The Hotel had a small swimming pool and some of us went for a swim before our evening meal, after another long day it was to bed before 10 pm.

Monday 5th September 2016

Fortunately the next day was not too early start as we were due to leave at 08.30, so I got up at 07.30 and enjoyed a relaxed breakfast.

We were travelling to the area where the Nazca Lines are and stopped enroute to go up an observation tower to look at them. It was not easy to distinguish the drawing in the sand, but after arriving at our Hotel several of us went to the local airport to do a flight over the lines. This involved a lengthy wait but was worthwhile although it was quite a squeeze to get into the small aircraft. The pilot was very good and tried to show us as much of the drawings as possible, unfortunately I was sitting on the wrong side of the aircraft for the best views. There are in total 300 figures spread over 190 square miles, the largest figure is a bird which is 990 feet. No one really knows why they were made, one theory is that they were landing fields for some sort of space craft.

Tuesday 6th September 2016

Again another early start as we were driving through the Andes. We made an interesting stop at a Museum/Ranger Station where two rangers took us round and showed us Flamingos, Alpacas and Llamas all of which they helped to protect and ensure their continued existence. The area was popular for cattle farming and we saw a lot roaming free. The Hotel was at a place called Abancay and was composed of accommodation blocks grouped around a Dining Block. The evening meal was good and plentiful, no one stayed up too late as we were all quite tired.

Wednesday 7th September 2016.

We travelled to Cusco stopping enroute to look at the Saywitti Stone and the Tarawasi ruins; the journey time was short, only about 6 hours and we arrived at a reasonable time. Our evening meal was taken in a local restaurant; our guide seemed to know all the restaurant staff.

Thursday 8th September 2016

We had a more relaxed start to the day and then had a very interesting tour of Cusco visiting a Monastery, Cathedral, and several Inca sights, again eating out at another local restaurant.

Friday 9th September

For the trek we left our main luggage back at the hotel and we were limited to 7 kilos of luggage including your sleeping bag so only a few essentials such as change of clothing, wash kit and shaver. We carried our snacks, drink and waterproofs in a day bag. This was the day that we were due to start the Inca Trail walk, so breakfast was early and then it was a coach ride to the start at Piscacucho K 82. The first thing we did was the traditional group photo and then the individual pictures.

There were some nice climbs and I was usually up in the first three, we stopped at Tarayoo for our lunch, a cooked meal which was enjoyable, no washing up. After another three hours walking we reached our camp site where our tents were up and a snack was provided for us on arrival, some hot water for a wash and then a full nourishing evening meal, then early to bed as there was not much else to do.

Saturday 10th September

This was the hardest day's walking up the ominously named Dead Woman's pass, apparently not because a woman died there but because of the shape of one of the mountain peaks. I enjoyed the climb up to lunch at 13,780 feet, again 3rd up to the top. 2 of the ladies in the group had to be given oxygen by the guide on the way up but they made the climb ok. Lunch was as usual a really nice meal and suitable refreshed we made the long descent and slight climb up to 14,790 feet for our evening campsite at Paq'aymayo. It was the usual routine in the evening and I am sure most of us were glad to have a rest and get to bed early.

Sunday 11th September

Today we did a much easier climb past the ruins of Sayajmarca, 13,609 feet and entered the rain forest area going through a very dark tunnel which was exciting! Lunch at Chaqicocha. All along the trail at regular intervals were toilet blocks which were always very clean and pleasant to use and new facilities were being built in some places. After lunch it was only a short time of walking until we reached our evening campsite, near to Phuyupatamarca, 12,300 feet,, again we had snacks on arrival and a good evening meal.

Monday 12th September

The last day of the trek, we descended for most of the day, and through a short tunnel and some scary sections before lunch at Winayhuana. After lunch it was downhill for what seemed ages. Eventually we arrived at a fairly level smooth path which was nice and grouped up again, some of the ladies had struggled with the descent but everybody made it down safely. Just before you sight the Sungate which is the entrance to the Machu Picchu site, there is a very steep climb which I enjoyed, second up this time. At the top you see the Sungate which is made of yellow sun coloured stone. We all regrouped at the Sungate for photographs and to recover from the constant descending. The Machu Picchu site is really vast and the pictures of it and its location do not really do it justice. We walked through the site to

the exit where you have to catch a bus down to the town. It was only a short walk to the Hotel from where we got off the bus and we were re-united with civilization, a shower and proper bed. Several of us enjoyed a drink before we all went to a local restaurant for our evening meal. I had a steak to celebrate. Unfortunately I was not able to send an E mail to Vivienne as the Internet would not work.

Tuesday 13th September

An early breakfast and the 08.30 bus to Macchu Picchu site, where our guide took us round and explained all about its purpose and how it was rediscovered. The tour finished at midday and then we went back to town to eat and explore, I bought a t-shirt to show I had walked the trail.

We caught an afternoon train part of the way back to Ollantaytambo, it had very nice carriages with plenty of room and we got refreshments on board as well. After the train journey we swapped to coach for the rest of the journey back to Cusco. Unfortunately the agricultural workers were on strike and had barricaded the main road. This meant that we had to take a back road and it was like driving through a sand quarry. After a short time the coach stopped and we could see a huge traffic jam ahead. Our guide got off the coach and went to see what the problem was. He returned some time later and we helped the driver to put all the luggage in the front of the coach to help with traction, we all got off the coach and walked up the hill with loose sand surface, amazingly the driver managed to get the coach to the top of the hill and we could all get back on again and resume the journey, It was a long time before we got back onto a tarmac road and this meant that we did not get back to the hotel till nearly 10pm.

After recovering my main luggage I went to my room which smelt strongly of cigarette smoke, I ordered some food and hoped the smell would go but it did not. When I told the guide to my surprise he gave me his room which was much bigger and better than mine. I ate my food and got to bed as soon as possible

Wednesday 14th September

It was an early start as we were due to travel on a Tourist Bus to Puno by Lake Titicaca; it turned out to be very modern new luxury coach. Although the journey was scheduled to take 8 to 10 hours we made stops on the way to look at tourist attractions. The first of these was at ANDAHUAYLILLAS to look at the temple of San Pedro, we were not allowed to take photographs inside which was a shame as the decorations, ornaments and paintings were really nice. It was nice to get off the coach have a stretch and use the toilets. After about 2 more hours we stopped again to look around the Inca Ruins at RAQCHI. Here we had a local guide who explained the history of the site and the purpose of some of the buildings, the Temple only had some of the pillars left but the grain stores were still intact. When the tour had finished there was time to explore on your own and take more photos and get some refreshments. Our lunch time snack was a buffet which unfortunately

was cold and not very enjoyable but luckily I did not feel too hungry. We arrived at PUNO at about 4pm and the coach drove round the town to show us the main sights. The Hotel was very nice but I immediately noticed the altitude when I tried to sprint up the stairs, height at PUNO 3,800 metres, 12,350 feet. In the evening our meal was taken at a local restaurant, I have not seen so many police on the streets for a long time and you always felt perfectly safe at any time of night.

Thursday 15th September

Up at 07.30 for breakfast in a very crowded eating area, then coach ride to the port where we boarded our private Launch for our trip on Lake Titicaca, to one of the floating islands made of reeds. One of the residents on the island showed us how thick it was, about 40 feet; they dig up the whole reed complete with roots and then put layers of cut reeds on top. It felt very solid when you walked around; we went into one of the reed huts which had a solar panel on the roof to power the electric lights and television. The government is trying to encourage people to continue living on these reed islands and planning permission is no longer required, the total number has increased as a result from about 70 to 150. After looking round our journey to the next reed island was by reed boat and we then rejoined our launch with our guide and travelled to one of the land islands, TAQUILLE which was about 2hours from PUNO. The lake is very large in length about 165 kilometres 100 miles and on the other side is Bolivia. On the Island we walked to our restaurant for dinner and again I noticed the altitude but managed ok. The meal was locally caught fish which was nice but unfortunately the portions were a bit small. After our meal we walked to the local town to watch a marching festival involving local bands of adults and children; everyone seemed to be having a good time with lots of short speeches and presentations. All too soon it was time to walk back to the launch I made use of the public toilets on the way, they were very modern and spotlessly clean. It took 2hours to get back to port and then a short coach ride back to the hotel, we had dinner in another local restaurant.

Friday 16th September

A more relaxing start to the day and then a coach journey to JULLICA Airport to fly back to LIMA. The coach broke down on the way but the driver managed to repair it himself. The security check was rather odd as they wanted all electrical goods in hand luggage which meant a lot of repacking. The flight was ok and we were soon back at our original hotel. It was a long walk to the restaurant which served good food but as we were sitting outside was a bit drafty.

Saturday 17th September

This was our last day and we did a coach tour through the old colonial centre, then walked around the main square AND visited the Cathedral which has an interesting crypt. Then we walked through the modern residential and business districts of Miraflores and San Isido. We had our lunch in a very posh restaurant overlooking the sea and not far from the Paddington bear statute. I treated myself to steak and chips as a celebration of a nice holiday. After lunch we returned to the hotel and then we all packed ready to travel to the airport for a 20.00 departure. The food on the flight was again really excellent but I found it hard to sleep. We arrived at SKIPPOL on time. I was impressed that although we were transferring flights we had to go through a very thorough security check.

From Skippol we were all getting different flights back to various airports in the UK. I got my luggage back quickly at Heathrow and was picked up by Limo and arrived home at 8 pm very tired having slept some of the journey home.

Ian Mackenzie

Coffee Rota 2017

July

2nd Kath
9th June & Joyce
16th Di & June
23rd Kay & Michael
30th June & Joyce

August

6th Kath
13th Di & June
20th Kay & Michael
27th June & Joyce

September

3rd Kath
10th Di & June
17th Kay & Michael
24th June & Joyce

October

1st Kath
8th Di & June
15th Kay & Michael
22nd June & Joyce
29th Di & June

November

5th Kath
12th Kay & Michael
19th June & Joyce
26th Di & June

December

3rd Kath
10th Kay & Michael
17th June & Joyce
24th Di & June
31st Kay & Michael

From a MUG received on Father's Day

1. Two peanuts were walking down the road, one was a salted.
2. Q. Why don't prawns give to charity? A. Because they are shellfish.
3. A jump lead walks into a bar. The barman says, "I'll serve you, but don't you start anything".
4. What is Beethoven's favourite fruit? Ba-na-na-na.
5. What do you call someone else's cheese? Nacho Cheese.
6. Why didn't the skeleton go to the party? Because he had no body to go with.
7. The worst pub I've been to was "The Fiddle". It really was a Vile Inn.
8. How do you make toast in the jungle? You put it under a Gorilla.
9. Why was * Scared of 7? Because 7 8 9.
10. What do you call a donkey with 3 legs? A wonkey.
11. How do you turn a duck into a soul singer? Put it in a microwave until its bill withers.
12. Two TV aerials just got married. The service was boring, but the reception was brilliant.
13. How many Spaniards does it take to change a lightbulb? Jian.
14. What to you call a man with a spade in his head? Doug.
15. What do you call a fly without wings? A Walk.
16. How do you weigh whales? Take them to the whale weigh station.
17. Why was the big cat disqualified from the race? Because it was a cheetah.
18. I'm reading a book about glue. I just can't put it down.

Number 13 reminds me of a Methodist joke !!!

How many Methodists does it take to change a light bulb? We don't know, the committee has not yet decided.

Chris Davis

Chinese Meal Fundraiser

You are invited to a Chinese meal at:

***THE GREAT WALL CHINESE RESTAURANT
ROCHFORD***

ON 31 AUGUST 2017

7.15 FOR 7.30 START
£16 PER PERSON

The cost is £16 per person and transport can be arranged

Proceeds will be equally divided between The British Heart Foundation and Hockley and Hawkwell Methodist Church.

Vegetarian option available

TO BOOK YOUR SEATS PHONE Gill Cross 07518027291
or 01702 203112

Don't Quit

*When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit---
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.*

*Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar.
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit
It's when things go wrong that you mustn't quit.*

Author Unknown

The deadline for the next issue of The Link is September 18th

Please make a note of this in your diary

NOTICES

Holly is now taking care of the Church Notices. Contributions will need to be given to her, left in the box at the back of Church or sent to hmmc1883@gmail.com. Please have regard to the deadline that appears in the Notices each week - it will usually be the preceding Thursday.



WEEKLY ACTIVITIES

SUN	Morning Worship Children's activities every Sunday	10.30 am 10.20 am
MON	Brightstars Parent & Toddler Group <i>contact Linda 07964 864872</i> Ballroom Sequence Dancing: IN THE HALL <i>contact Fay 01268 780028</i> Triple H Community Choir: (in church) <i>contact Ashley 07581390448</i>	9.30 – 11.45 am 7.30 – 10.00 pm 7.30 – 9.30 pm
TUE	Dru Yoga Class: <i>contact Ruth on 07818599183</i> Messy Church (3 rd Tuesday each month) <i>Contact Anne S 202010</i>	10.00–11.30 am & 7.30 – 9.00 pm 4.00 – 5.30 pm
WED	PIYO Pilates & Yoga <i>contact Rachel Yates 07990513413</i> Bible Study followed by a Communion Service 2 nd Wed. <i>contact Anne S 202010</i> 2nd Hockley Brownie Pack: <i>contact Amy Ensum, S 470134</i> amyensum@hotmail.com Badminton Club: <i>contact Wendy S 200484</i> Gospel Rocks Choir (in Church) <i>Contact: Hannah Conacher gospelrocksc@gmail.com</i>	9.30 – 10.30 am 3.00 – 4.00 pm 5.30 – 7.00 pm 7.30 – 9.30 pm 8.00 – 10.00 pm
THU	50+ Keep fit, <i>contact Julie 07912622483</i> 50+ Stretch & Trim: <i>contact Julie 07912622483</i> U3A Floral Art Group, 4 th Thursday in the month <i>contact Irene 202975.</i> 1st Hockley Beaver Colony: <i>contact Jane S 203739</i> 1st Hockley Cub Scout Pack <i>contact Mike, 01702 201253</i> or email hockleycubs@yahoo.co.uk Thursday Social Club: <i>contact Joyce S 201635</i>	10.30 – 11.30 am 11.45–12.30 p m 1.30 – 4.30 pm 5.15 – 6.15 pm 6.30 – 8.00 pm 7.30pm, alternate weeks 8.15pm if in the church
FRI	Friday Club (years 3-7) <i>contact TBA</i> Friday Club + (years 7 & upwards) U3A Play Reading 2 nd Friday in the Month <i>Contact Coral 01702 201252</i>	6.00 – 7.30 pm 6.45 – 8.15 pm 11.00 – 1.00 pm

Minister: Revd. Stephen Watts **Tel:** 01268 770333 **Mobile:**
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Web: www.hockleyhawkwelldist.org.uk