

OCTOBER 2020 NEWSLETTER

He makes grass grow for the cattle, and plants for people to cultivate - bringing forth food from the earth: wine that gladdens human hearts, oil to make their faces shine, and bread that sustains their hearts. The trees of the LORD are well watered, the cedars of Lebanon that he planted. There the birds make their nests: the stork has its home in the junipers. The high mountains belong to the wild goats; the crags are a refuge for the hyrax.

(Psalm 104 14:18 (NIV))



**IVYBRIDGE
METHODIST CHURCH**

Sharing Life
Sharing Faith

Dear Magazine Reader

**“The whole town gathered at the door.”
(Mark 1:33 NIV)**



I recently attended an online service which Carolyn was taking part in at Westminster Central Hall the other week. The passage we were looking at together was from Mark 1:29-34 where Jesus heals many people. As the passage was read this strange verse sprang out at me! Has that ever happened to you when you're reading the Bible? Anyway, I am pondering this verse now. Jesus had visited Simon's home and his mother-in-law was in bed with a fever. The family had told Jesus about the problem and He immediately went to her and took her by the hand and helped her up. We are told that as soon as He did that the fever left her and she began to wait on them! **How wonderful!** No wonder the town had gathered at the door. They wanted to see Jesus! And He didn't disappoint them as He then went to heal many who had various diseases. He also drove out many demons (**verse 34**).

I believe in the healing power of the Lord Jesus. He is not restricted by any human rules or regulations. He can heal directly or through whatever route He so chooses including the medical profession. There is no limit to His power. He is the restorer, helper and His perfect love drives out all fear. He continues to work today as many of you can testify.

We also learn something else really important in this true biblical account – the whole community were involved. People weren't in isolation. They were in it together. I'm so thankful for the family of the church. We need one another.



We were never meant to 'go it alone'. Those who only flit on the peripheries of the church community miss out so much. We must be proactive, for all our sakes, in getting in there and getting involved. We are the family of God. Through Christ we are blood relatives! Gathering together is so important as we've relearned in recent times.

Also, if you're not part of a small group in the church may I encourage you to dive in. If you need guidance or assistance in this area or any other area let us know. If you'd like a visit from one of pastoral team or from Carolyn or I get in touch. We're here to help one another and encourage one another. Don't stay on the fringe – or the metaphorical doorway – come in! And as Jesus continues to minister amongst us we can take Him out to all those others who are gathered at the door so they can encounter Him too!

With every blessing
Rev Mark Lawrence

0752 779 6319 / revmark@live.co.uk

Visit our website at
www.ivybridgemethodistchurch.co.uk
where you can see a **colour version** of this
Newsletter.

If you wish to contact Tony regarding the
website you can do so at
mrmerrit@icloud.com

Dear friends

Below is the text of a heart rending letter I have received from the Christian Clergy of Bethlehem. I invite you all to join me in prayer for our Christian brothers and sisters in the Holy Land and to pray that they will know God's strength and help as they face such difficulties. **Blessings Carolyn**

An Open Letter from Christian Clergy from the Bethlehem Area

Act with justice and righteousness, and deliver from the hand of the oppressor anyone who has been robbed (*Jeremiah 22:3*).

We are writing this letter in our capacity as spiritual leaders of various Christian communities in the Bethlehem Area. The Israeli Government is planning to annex more occupied Palestinian land. According to the information they have released, this process could begin on July 1st. For Palestine, Bethlehem and particularly for its Christian population, this new process of annexation will be particularly catastrophic.

Soon after the occupation of 1967 Israel annexed over 20,000 dunums of land in the northern parts of Bethlehem, Beit Jala and Beit Sahour, for the construction of illegal colonial settlements. This severely hindered our capacity to grow as communities. They have already annexed one of the most important Christian religious sites of Bethlehem, the Mar Elias Monastery, and separated Bethlehem from Jerusalem for the first time in the two-thousand years of Christian history in Holy Land.

One of the only areas left for our expansion, as well as for agriculture and simply for families to enjoy nature, are the valleys of Cremisan and Makhrou, both located to the west of our urban areas and are under the current threat of annexation by Israeli authorities. This will affect the private property of hundreds of our parishioners. In the Cremisan Valley we also conduct spiritual activities.

There is a school run by Salesian Nuns in addition to a historic monastery. The western Bethlehem countryside is also in danger, where some of our parishioners have been farming for generations, and this includes the Tent of Nations in Nahhalin. At the same time, and in accordance to the original maps of the US Plan, there are threats against the eastern part of Bethlehem, including the Ush Ughrab area of Beit Sahour, where there has been plans for years to build a children hospital to serve the local community.

Our biggest concern is that the annexation of those areas will push more people to emigrate. Bethlehem, surrounded by walls and settlements, already feels like an open prison. Annexation means the prison becomes even smaller, with no hopes for a better future.

This is land theft! We are talking about land that is largely privately owned and that our families have owned, inherited and farmed for hundreds of years. Most of our parishioners have lost hope in earthly powers. They feel hopeless and helpless, evident in the words a parishioner this month as he watched his land devoured by Israeli bulldozers preparing the way for more wall expansion: "It is devastating. You see bulldozers destroying your land and you can do nothing. No one is stopping them."

Our parishioners no longer believe that anyone will stand courageously for justice and peace and stop this tremendous injustice that is taking place in front of your eyes. The human rights of Palestinians have been violated for decades. Hope is a pillar of our faith, yet is being challenged due to the actions of those who claim to care about the Christians in the Middle East. In practice, annexation could be the final straw when it comes to a viable Christian presence in Palestine, as well as the national aspirations to live in freedom, independence, dignity and equality in our homeland in accordance with international law.

Nobody can claim that they did not know the consequences of annexation for Palestine in general and Bethlehem in particular. We feel the burden of history upon our shoulders to keep the Christian presence in the land where it all started. As we continue to put our hope and trust in God, we call upon the leaders of this world to stop this severe injustice. We remain committed to peace with justice, and find strength in the support of many around the world, specially the support of many churches. We hope that the world takes decisive and concrete actions to stop this injustice and provide the conditions to restore hope for a future of justice and peace that this land deserves.

Fr. Yacoub Abu Sada

‘The Theotokos’ Melkite Church Bethlehem

Fr. Issa Musleh

Forefathers Greek Orthodox Church Beit Sahour

Fr. Hanna Salem

Catholic Church of the Annunciation Beit Jala

Fr. Bolous Al Alam

St. Mary Greek Orthodox Church Beit Jala

Rev. Ashraf Tannous

The Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Reformation Beit Jala

Fr. Suheil Fakhouri

Our Lady of the Shepherds Melkite Church Beit Sahour

Rev. Munther Isaac

**The Evangelical Lutheran Christmas Church Bethlehem
and The Evangelical Lutheran Church Beit Sahour**



October Worship



Due to the current restrictions all services are liable to change, please check if you are unsure. Services will be available via Zoom and invitation only in the Church building, until further notice.

IVYBRIDGE

- October 4 10:30 am Rev Mark Lawrence - Holy Communion
Harvest Thanksgiving Service (the
Foodbank have enough at present so we
will be contributing to the
All We Can Harvest appeal.
see <https://www.allwecan.org.uk/resources/cycle/> for details.
6:30 pm Please see page 17 for details**

October 11 10:30 am Mr Mike Cade

**October 18 10:30 am Mr Paul Courtney
6:30 pm Please see page 17 for details**

October 25 10:30 am Rev Dave Martin

BITTAFORD

October 4 11:00 am Rev David Youngs - Holy Communion

October 11 6:00 pm Rev Mark Lawrence - Holy Communion

October 18 11:00 am Mrs Bev Smerdon

October 25 11:00 am Local Arrangement

Erme River Baptisms – Sunday 30th August

What a joy and privilege it was to gather down by the river in Ivybridge on Sunday 30th August in the afternoon. A number from Ivybridge Methodist Church assembled along the riverside to support three people who were taking their next step in following Jesus.



Anna, Harry and Diana made their promises and commitment to Christ publicly after answering ‘Yes’ to the following questions:

- 1. Do you believe in One God, Father, Son & Holy Spirit?**
- 2. Do you renounce your sin and all the works of the Devil?**
- 3. Will you follow the Lord Jesus for the rest of your life?**

After answering these three fundamentally important questions I said,

“On confession of your faith I now baptise you in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.”

We then plunged them beneath the clear Erme river water and they immediately re-emerged to shouts of ‘Jesus is Lord’ and applause from the joyful crowd.

We praise God for Anna, Harry & Diana and continue to pray as they journey with us in following Jesus, our Rock, in these chopping waters!

If you feel the call to be baptised then please let me know.

Yours in Christ,

Rev Mark

The River by Jeff Stephenson

Someone famous said that most men lead lives of quiet despair. Adam's quiet had finally given way to a scream, and despair for so long held at bay by duty, expectation and pride had overwhelmed all defences. It had begun its offensive three years before with the death of his little son. Thereafter, day after day had merged in a grey continuum of languid functioning – drab, colourless and automatic. He and his wife had got on with life, nursing their bereavement, but life was never the same again. They drifted apart, and although he still loved her he seemed incapable of bridging the gap. Six months before, she finally left for the arms of her lover. Now despair had dealt its coup de grace with redundancy from work that was by no means fulfilling, but which nevertheless gave him his only source of identity and purpose.

He sat back in the seat of the truck, engine running and a hosepipe spewing noxious fumes through the window. He closed his eyes, trying to stifle a cough while breathing deeply the silent killer that was permeating the interior. Suddenly he was jolted by the ringtone of his mobile phone in his trouser pocket. He had a text message. To answer the phone while in the process of committing suicide is one of those surreal acts that defy logic, but something moved him to do so. The message was from an unknown caller, and it read: 'Are you ready? Meet me at the river'.

'What the, ' he exclaimed. 'The river. The River?' He hesitated for a few seconds, then in a fit of coughing flung open the door and fell out onto the dusty drive where he stayed on hands and knees for a while, gasping for air and staring at the message. Presently he got up, switched off the engine, and stood leaning against the truck. Could it be?

He had heard talk in the bars downtown of a river, somewhere out east. It could supposedly only be reached on foot, and it was a long trek. It was said to bring healing and refreshment, and those who found it were changed. Almost all dismissed such talk as fanciful legend, wishful thinking. On the map there was nothing to the east except desert for hundreds of miles, and certainly no river marked. Any attempt to walk out across that would end only one way. There were one or two, however, who kept their peace, but when pressed would look knowingly and maintain that it was no legend.

What did he have to lose? He recovered his pack from where he had left it next to the truck. He carried this everywhere, at all times, so much so that



it was now almost a part of him. It was filled with bits and pieces collected over time, things that were important, things that he needed. He couldn't remember all that was in it now, he just knew he needed to carry it. It had grown heavier of course as time went on, but he wouldn't easily be separated from it. It had been one consolation of the act that he had about to commit that he could finally take it off and leave it behind for good. But now he shouldered it again, collected some provisions and set out eastwards.

Hour after hour he trudged across the rock-strewn desert in the burning heat. He had picked up a limp over the years, he couldn't remember how. Walking had been easy at first but now he was increasingly aware of the deep ache in his right thigh and knee, and his limp became more pronounced. The straps of the pack bit deeply into the flesh of his shoulders, its weight eventually becoming almost unbearable. The sun was now low on the horizon and the desert hues were changing minute by minute though a spectrum of gold, browns and oranges. He shivered. The temperature was dropping and he knew he needed to find somewhere soon to bed down. He headed for a small rocky outcrop and flopped down against it. His aching body craved sleep and he barely had enough energy to finish the rations he had brought, before sliding into his sleeping bag and resting his head on his pack.

It was the singing that woke him. It was a language he did not recognise, and it was the most beautiful thing he had ever heard. It was dawn and in the east a thin light penetrated the mist that shrouded the landscape. The singing seemed to be coming from that direction, and he felt drawn towards it. He got up and stretched his aching body, before gathering up his kit. With a huge effort he hauled on his pack and set off limping towards the rising light.

For a hundred yards or so he picked his way, visibility limited to a few feet. Then gradually the mist thinned out and the first rays of sunlight penetrated the space in front of him. It suddenly occurred to him that he had been walking through vegetation, and now there loomed ahead of him what looked like a bed of reeds. He cautiously edged forward and parted the reeds to find the bank of a river. He gasped and stood transfixed for a moment, the singing now permeating every part of his consciousness.

After a while the singing faded away and he became aware of a figure standing a few feet away further down the bank. It was the figure of a Man and he was smiling. His face seemed to be radiating light. Adam felt an



overwhelming desire to run and touch him, to hold him, but he was overcome by a sense of deep shame and all he could do was sink to his knees, bow his head and whimper. The Man came towards him, stood in front of him and put his hands on his shoulders. When Adam looked up the Man held him with a penetrating gaze. However, it didn't feel uncomfortable, rather it was like waves of love breaking over him.

'It's okay', the Man said. 'Come. Come into the river'. He helped Adam up and beckoned towards the water. 'You'll need to give me that first.' He was looking at the pack on Adam's back. Adam looked round over his shoulder and hesitated for a moment. 'You need to let go of the pack.' The Man was firm but gentle. Slowly, painfully, Adam slid the pack off his back and laid it at the Man's feet. He looked up into his eyes, hesitantly, a little fearful. The Man smiled and nodded down to his feet, and when Adam looked again the pack was gone, nowhere to be seen. Nothing could surpass the wordless and inexpressible wonder that Adam felt in those moments.

The Man took Adam's hand, turned and led him to the water. They waded in till they were ankle deep. The first contact with the water sent a frisson of warmth through Adam's body. He felt a lightness he hadn't felt before. The Man smiled again. 'Come out deeper'. They moved a few steps further out till they were thigh deep. Suddenly Adam was aware that he no longer felt any pain in his leg, and he was walking without a limp. They paused for a moment, and then waded out further till the water was chest deep and Adam was beginning to lose contact with the river bed. He felt a mixture of joy and anticipation. The Man grinned 'Come into the full flow'. Another two steps, and suddenly the bottom was gone and they were being carried along by the current, heads well clear of the water, buoyed up by some unseen hand. The Man laughed out loud, a carefree and unrestrained proclamation of joy that seemed to fill the air. Adam couldn't help joining in, and they both careered for mile after mile on the current laughing helplessly. The mist had cleared completely now and the landscape through which they were travelling was anything but desert. Lush vegetation and trees of all kinds lined the banks, many of them laden with fruit of enormous proportions. Everything was measured in abundance. The air smelt sweet. Overhead kingfishers of iridescent blue flashed like jewels in the sunlight as they swooped down for fish, and along the edge otters slid in and out of the water rolling playfully and splashing in the shallows. Eventually the river widened and flowed through lush meadow. Adam noticed an occasional figure standing on the riverbank, looking wistfully at them. Some would then turn away forlornly and recede from the water's edge. 'Who are they?' he



asked. 'They are ones who find the river, but are unwilling to get in.'

'Why?' Adam asked incredulously.

'All sorts of reasons. Many won't let go of their packs.' There was regret and sadness in the Man's voice. 'Some burdens become comfortable. Some things seem too important to let go of. Others just don't want to let go, don't want to trust, afraid of the current.'

'What's that smell?' Adam asked. The Man pointed over to the other bank. There were earthworks with channels cut into the riverbank diverting some of the water into a large area set back from the edge. He could see figures busy at work in the distance.

'That's swamp. Some don't want to do more than paddle in the water, don't want to go out into the deep. They have diverted some of the flow in the hope of containing it and controlling it. However, it just becomes stagnant, and loses its life-giving power'. The Man signed. 'If only they knew'.

Within minutes the current had swept them well away from the sight and smell. The river picked up pace as it coursed through deep gorges cut into sandstone, and Adam and his companion let out whoops of exhilaration as they cascaded in its flow. After a few more miles the water quietened again and their feet touched bottom as they glided round a long bend and came to rest near a shingle beach. They waded out of the water and flopped down on the shingle still laughing, and talking about the experience they had just shared. Only now did the Man let go of Adam's hand.

'It's time for you to go back now', said the Man looking across to Adam. Adam nodded slowly.

'I don't really want to. I'm not sure I can face it again.'

'Everything is different now. Besides, your wife needs you.'

Adam looked perplexed. 'My wife? But she's

'Trust me. She's looking for the river. But she won't find it without you. She needs you to show her the way.'

Adam was silent for a moment. 'How will I make it back? It must be three days journey now.

The Man stood up and reached down to pull Adam to his feet. 'It's less than an hour from here. I'll walk with you. Come with me.'

Adam grinned. They set off side by side, heading westward talking and laughing, laughing and talking.



BITTAFORD METHODIST CHURCH ROOF REPLACEMENT

Prayers have been answered

Through the power of prayer, funds are now in place to allow the roof to be replaced at Bittaford Methodist Church. On behalf of the Church Council and all those who worship at Bittaford, I wish to express our heartfelt thanks to everyone who supported our appeal through generous and sacrificial giving.

It is clear that the Lord wants his work in Bittaford and the wider community to continue and that many more people will come to know Him.

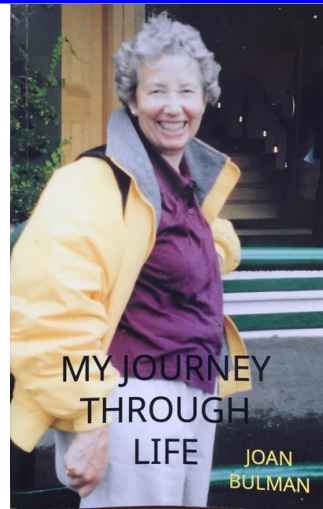
Formal approval to proceed with the roof replacement is still awaited from the Circuit and District and we pray that the necessary approval will be given in the near future and the work can be undertaken in coming months.

*Stewart Edward, Treasurer,
Bittaford Methodist Church*

BOOK REVIEW

'My Journey Through Life' by Joan Bulman

Joan Bulman, a member of the IMC congregation known to many of us, has taken the time to write down her life history for her family and friends, both as her personal legacy to them, and to give God the glory. Her remarkable story has recently been published in book form and Joan's wish is that many people will be blessed by reading about her experiences. As a member of her home group I was familiar with some of Joan's testimony but on reading the whole 'story' up to this point, it gave me further understanding and insight into Joan's on-going journey through life. She is honest about the highs and lows of the Christian life, including her learning through failure and tragedy. Indeed, what a great title for her book!



What I learnt about Joan was that her background in losing her father and being sent to boarding school at a young age meant that she had to be very resilient and self-reliant. She attended this school for 11 years and, although she did have her two sisters at the same school, and was able to see her widowed mother in the holidays, it wasn't the same as being brought up with a mother and father at home. However, she made the most of the opportunities given her and on leaving school, trained to become a teacher. It was in these years she met some Christians and it was through a friend that she, her mother and her elder sister attended a Billy Graham Evangelistic Crusade meeting at Wembley Stadium in May 1955. There she made the 'most important decision in her life' to accept Jesus as her Lord and Saviour.



Four years later in August 1959 she took a second step of commitment when she married Michael Bulman, a Cambridge theological graduate. The 53 plus years of marriage with Michael was a life of service as a clergyman's wife with three children; moving as the Lord led to different parishes within the UK. Later came an opportunity for Michael and Joan to serve for nine years at Christ Church, Jerusalem. This chapter was most interesting and if you speak to Joan today you know she loves to share about these years and all that she has learnt about the Jews, their nation and faith. A few more years back in a UK parish and eventual retirement to Hampshire, then to Devon when Michael's health was failing.

I can see that all the way through, Joan, whilst an important help-meet to Michael; developed her own distinct ministry wherever they served and was always ready and willing to get 'stuck in'. She made use of her gifts for organising and teaching - chiefly with the women and children e.g. the Young Wives Group. On the domestic front I can imagine their home to be always warm and welcoming. I learnt that she had a very practical talent for furnishing a variety of homes on a budget with her interest in colours and gift for sewing and providing nourishing meals including the famous Bulman raspberry jam!

Finally, although the book ends in April 2020 her story, as with us all, will continue as long as she has breath and health!

Kate Duckering

If you would like a copy of her book please contact Joan on telephone number: **01752 691941**. Copies will be charged at £10 each to cover the costs of a further print run.



SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER NEWS

If you have anything you would like to include in the **Church News** please let Judy Jago know by ringing her on 01752 894829

Not seeing people as often seems to have reduced the news we have to share so please do ring **Val or Judy** with any you have.

Firstly news which missed the paper copy of the last newsletter from the **Lawrie** household. Many celebrations for the family as **Heather** gained a 1st Class Honours degree in Criminology and Criminal Justice whilst **Hazel** gained AAB at A level and is going on to study Psychology at Plymouth University. Warmest congratulations to you both and we wish you every success in the next stage of life.



Many congratulations too to **Jo Gentle** (Chris and Mike's daughter) and **Andy Kemp** who announced their engagement in early September. It's lovely news and we wish you every blessing as you plan the next stage of your life together.

Yvonne and David Bithell celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary on October 20th but sadly it's the second celebration of theirs that has had to be postponed because of the pandemic. However, **Yvonne and David**, we send our warmest congratulations and love and pray for many blessings on your years to come. We do hope when you are able to celebrate you will have a wonderful time.



Many belated congratulations to **Dave and Alison Simpkins** who celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary in early September. We do hope you managed a celebration with all the family and send love and best wishes for the years to come.

For your prayers please: those affected by the closure of **Dame Hannah's school**, those waiting for news of whether they still have a job to return to, **Kirsten Knowles** as she battles through treatment, **Carolyn** as she continues her VP role under challenging



circumstances, for those with other health issues - physical and mental - that need energy and perseverance to make life work. And, of course , all those we each hold in our hearts who need blessing and healing.

We need to offer sincere apologies to Sara Hladkij as we gave out news without checking it's veracity with her. Sara remains as Deputy Mayor until May when the Town Council will elect a new Mayor and Deputy Mayor. As you might imagine we are very sorry for any embarrassment this might have caused Sara.

Evening Services

Evening services have resumed with one being held last month. It is hoped that the format for these services will be that on the **first Sunday** of the month they will be led by **Rev Mark Lawrence** and will include **Holy Communion** and on the **third Sunday** which will be led by different people including **Mrs Gill Cowsill** and will offer a wide range of ways of meeting and encountering God in our own ways. All are welcome and we just ask that anyone able and wishing to come first contacts Pam Montgomery on ***imcbookings@gmail.com*** or phone her on 011752 894083 so we stay within the limit of numbers. We will meet in Ivybridge Methodist Church which offers more room and fresh air to help maintain safety. Masks need to be worn.

The dates of these services will be:

First Sunday in October 4th

Third Sunday in October 18th

First Sunday in November 1st

Third Sunday in November 15th

Time 6:30 pm

CHRISTMAS ANGELS



LAST YEAR'S 600!

Yes, it's that time of year again – the start of the great 'Christmas Angel Knitting' marathon! Originally, last year was going to be the last, however due to the effects of coronavirus, I thought that Ivybridge will be in even more need of blessing over the Christmas period. So, all you lovely 'knitters', it's time to get those knitting needles clicking again!! Let's see if we, as a church, can in some small way bless as many people as possible in our community this Christmas.

The Aim: To share God's love and to bless the community we live in with a free Christmas decoration that comes with a message of hope at Christmas-time.

The Idea: Knit lots of angel decorations, attach a message of Christmas hope, and in one coordinated event leave them in (hopefully) hundreds of locations across our community for people to find (this is known as "yarn bombing").



Where did the idea originate? We got the idea from a friend of mine whose church in Fleet in Hampshire joined in last year (she is Sue Butterfield, who used to live in Ivybridge, so many of you probably know her). However, the idea originally came from the North Shields and Whitley Bay Methodist Circuit near Newcastle. In the past three years they (and churches like ours across the country) have knitted over 90,000 angels, and some of them have turned up as far away as South Africa!

What do we want you to do? Get yourself and your friends knitting angels – we need hundreds of them! (Last year we made over 600!).

Where do I get a pattern for the angels? There are already hard copies of the knitting pattern available on the noticeboard in the Concourse at church, or you can download an electronic copy from:

<http://www.christmasangel.net/wp-content/uploads/2014/09/Christmas-Angel.pdf>

or if you prefer crocheting, then you can download a crochet pattern from:

<http://www.christmasangel.net/wp-content/uploads/2016/09/Christmas-Angels-Crochet-Pattern.pdf>

What will we do? We will collect the angels from all you avid knitters (there will be a collection box in the Concourse at church from November onwards), and we'll print and attach the Christmas message labels; then on a date in the few weeks before Christmas we will organise the yarn bombing (if you want to be a part of this, please let us know and we'll rope you in). At the time of writing the exact date for the bombing has not yet been agreed.

Happy Knitting ☺
Nicky Rowe
Tel: 01752 690031

Church Contacts

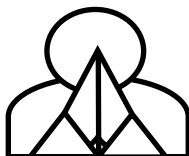
IMC Prayer Line

Minister:

Rev Mark Lawrence

Tel: **01752 651910**

email: revmark@live.co.uk



Prayer Line
07801 956695

Senior Stewards:

Reg Marriott

Tel: **01752 893614**

Alison White

Tel: **01752 691039**

Room Bookings:

Pam and John Montgomery

Tel: **01752 894083**

email: imcbookings@gmail.com

House Group Information:

Helen Maddaford Tel: **01752 892810**

Youth Work:

Phil Blunt Tel: **07816 910152**

From the Editor

If you would like to include anything in the **November Newsletter**, please let me have details by Friday 16th October in any of the following ways:-



- ◆ send it by email to: imc33chris@gmail.com
- ◆ ring me on: **01752 892341**
- ◆ post it through my letterbox at: **33 Julian Road, Ivybridge PL21 9BU**
please put your name on it