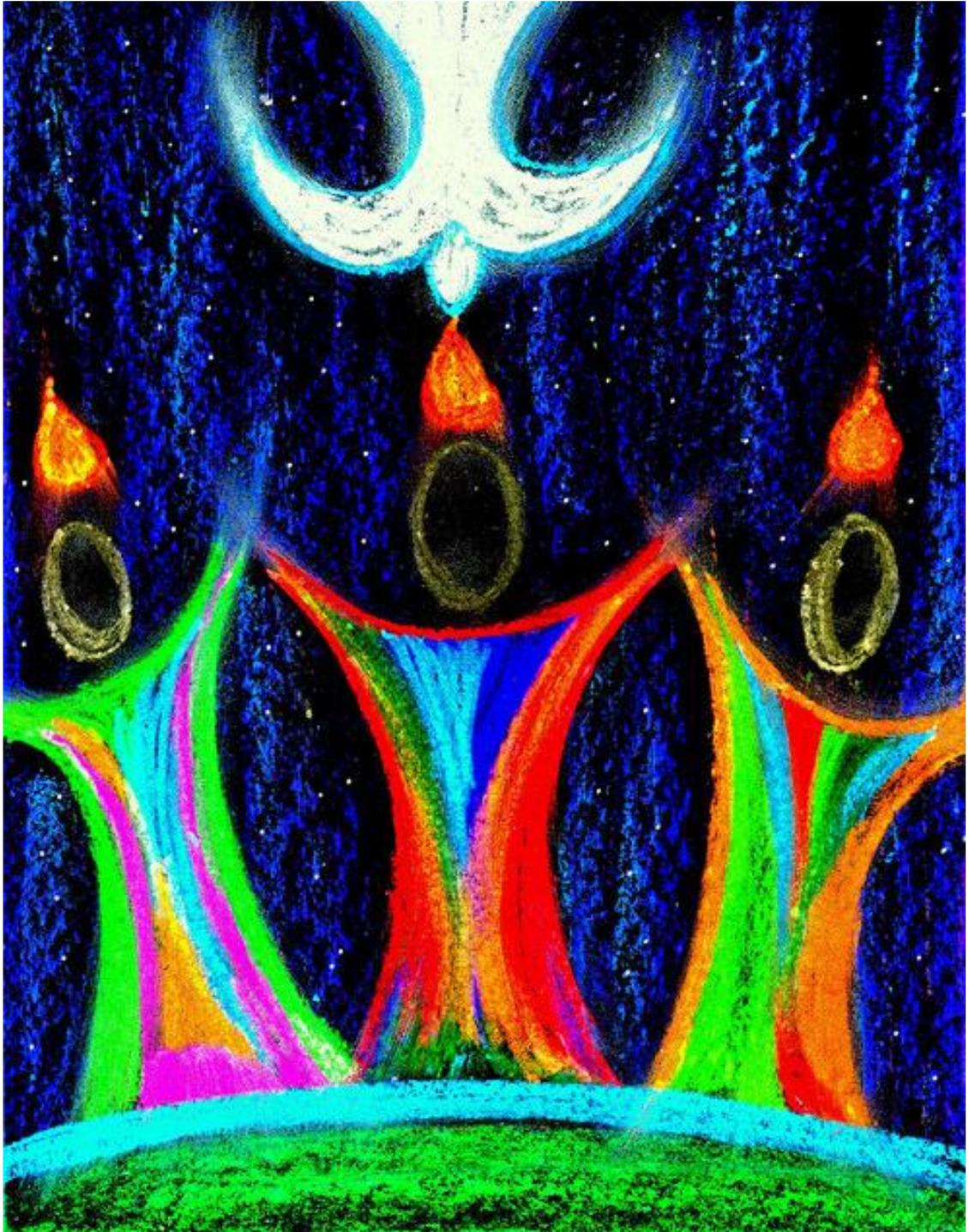


PENTECOST 2016

CROWN TERRACE METHODIST CHURCH



“Holy Spirit, come renew us....”

H&P 288

Letter from our Minister

Dear Friends,

Easter falls in Spring when the earth gives birth to new life in the shape of flowers that bloom, streams that flow, lambs that bound across the fields, and birds that sing from the tree-tops. Spring reminds us that the long, dark nights of winter are behind us and that warm summer days are ahead. (We live in hope!) Spring sits between these two seasons, not quite a twilight zone for it has a beauty all of its own. Eastertide, and all that happened to Jesus in the long, dark night of his passion then in the morning light of his resurrection, can also be seen to sit between two points, reminding us of our human frailty and mortality but also of the hope of resurrection life and power.

According to the New Testament the death and resurrection of Jesus reveals God's power to touch our lives, quickening us to the kind of life God desires us to live. The Gospels give us the historical facts of Jesus' death and resurrection but they don't necessarily unpack their full significance. It takes the apostles such as Paul, Peter, and John to expound how these facts can impact our lives and in turn the world in which we live.

To think that the death and resurrection of Jesus is just a drama merely neutralizes their significance. Rather what they suggest is a certain generativity or causality of life. I believe God is most himself with us when we allow the Spirit of promise who came that first Pentecost to draw us into the death and resurrection of Jesus. As we reckon on the fact that in our baptism we were baptized into his death, so the chains of sin are loosened in our lives, and realising we have been raised with Christ we are enabled to walk in newness of life. Moreover we have been seated with Christ in heavenly places, made kings and priests to our

God while we yet remain in the flesh. Drawing on an analogy of the Roman General entering Rome having conquered Rome's enemies, the apostle Paul describes us as being led in the train of Christ's triumph. Yes we are more than conquerors through him who loved us for our all-conquering Captain leads us forth to conquest and a crown. But these facts we have to appropriate to our lives. This the promised Holy Spirit enables us to do.

May we be a people who sit, walk, stand by the power of the Spirit both this Pentecost and always.

Every blessing,

John

Church Family News

Births: To Ebo and Marian Sagoe, a daughter Ewurabena Abrakomaa. We send our love and ask God's blessings on the family.

Deaths: We regret the death of our dear sister Agnes Jaffray in Tor Na Dee Care Centre on April 9th and that of another of our long-standing members, Dennis Capel, who lived in Turriff, who passed away on May 4th. Agnes's funeral was held on May 6th at Crown Terrace where she and her husband George worshipped for many years and were much loved.

We remember in our prayers all who have recently been missing from our fellowship, especially Alex and Beryl Booth. May God bless them all.

Samuel Oppong Frimpong, Nana and Patrick, Ross and Rachel and their children have all returned to their home countries. Crown Terrace was blessed by having them amongst us and we thank God for their contribution to our Church life.

Please remember the Syrian refugees in Aberdeen and H.U.G.S and the valuable work Joe McColligan does with homeless people in the City.

Remembering Howard

Ian Howard Marshall was born in Carlisle on 12 January 1934, and died after a short illness on 12 December 2015. He spent the earlier part of his childhood in Carlisle and Dumfries, before the family moved to Aberdeen in 1946. Howard's first wife Joyce died in 1996, and in 2011 he married Maureen Yeung, who holds a doctorate of Aberdeen University. Of his first marriage Howard has three daughters and one son.

Howard was educated at Aberdeen Grammar School and then at Aberdeen University, where he obtained a degree in Classics, before studying for a Bachelor of Divinity. He trained for the ministry at Wesley House, Cambridge, obtaining a BA, and then travelled to Göttingen, where he studied for a year under Professor Joachim Jeremias. Following that, he was Assistant Tutor at Didsbury Methodist College in Bristol for two years. In 1961 he married Joyce Proudfoot, and the following year was stationed in the Darlington circuit. In 1964 he moved back to Aberdeen as lecturer in the University, where he spent the rest of his working life, being awarded a personal chair in Divinity in 1979.

He was greatly respected, not only in Scotland but throughout the world by those who knew his work. He was arguably the most distinguished evangelical New Testament scholar of his generation. Among his many distinctions (which he would have thought of rather as opportunities for service) he had been chair both of the Fellowship of European Evangelical Theologians and of the British New Testament Society. His academic distinctions included an earned doctorate from the University of Aberdeen and an honorary doctorate from Asbury University in the United States.

Howard's most extensive contribution to New Testament studies was in the area of exegesis, with major works, among others, on the

Gospel of Luke, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Pastoral Epistles to Timothy and Titus. These and other commentaries were marked not only by balanced and careful study of the text, but also by consistent clarity of expression – two qualities that do not always go together. Howard also involved himself, on the one hand, in the nitty-gritty of the Greek text of the New Testament, devoting countless hours to updating Moulton and Geden's Concordance, and on the other hand to studies in the broader area of New Testament theology, for one of which he won the 2005 Gold Medallion Book Award.

For those who knew Howard at close quarters for many years, respect for his academic achievement gradually mellowed into personal affection. He was greatly appreciated as preacher, as steward, and organist at Crown Terrace Methodist Church (CTM), also as preacher in other Aberdeen churches and throughout the Methodist North of Scotland Mission Circuit, having first received a note to preach at the age of sixteen. One of the first tributes to him, hours after his death, was simply: 'He will be greatly missed at CTM'. For many years he devoted most of his Sunday afternoons to a young people's group known as 'Crusaders'. As one would expect, Howard's preaching was based on thorough study of the biblical text, but he was also well known for his challenging 'action sermons', leading his hearers to ask the question of the crowd on the first Christian Pentecost: 'What shall we *do*?'

We thank God for every memory we have of him.

Paul Ellingworth

Letter from Samuel Oppong Frimpong

The Lord works in mysterious ways, his wonders to perform. He plants His footsteps in the sea and rides upon the storm. I am particularly thrilled about the last stanza of this William Cowper's hymn which says "*blind unbelief is sure to err and scan God's work in vain; for God is His own interpreter, and He will make it plain.*" So far, my coming to Aberdeen and CTM is still a mystery.

I first heard of University of Aberdeen from my former Vice Chancellor (a Ph.D student of the late Prof. Howard Marshall) when, at a function, he was introducing the former Presiding Bishop of The Methodist Church, Ghana, also an alumnus of Aberdeen University and member of CTM. Sitting in the audience, I said to myself, "I wish I could also be a student one day, at Aberdeen University". 10 years later I got admission to University of Aberdeen and, I searched the internet for the Methodist church in Aberdeen, due to my deep-seated love from Methodism and my enjoyment of singing hymns.

As a chorister, processing and recessing before and after service, I arrived at CTM very early in order not to miss the procession by the choir. There I met Nigel –he had come to set up the projector as he does always. I asked about the choir and when they were to process. He quickly asked me "do you sing?" I replied that I did. He informed me the choir does not process but he introduced me to Treasure, who asked me if I wanted to join the group and could I sing that morning. My response was in the affirmative and I was a member of the singing group!

After service I was introduced to almost everybody over coffee and tea. I can vividly recollect the 'Dicks' and the 'Dyers'. Marjorie and Andy Dick invited me home that afternoon. During my visit, Andy got to know that I was a local preacher and suggested I be put on the plan, but I wasn't so keen initially. He then invited me to share his next preaching appointment at Findochty, which I did. So began my preaching here at CTM and within the circuit. I also joined the Ghana Bible study at the Dyers' home on the Thursday. After the study, May Barbour offered me a

lift back to Hillhead. She continued to offer me lifts to and from church events whenever she could, and that was very much appreciated.

When Rev Dr. John McNeill took up his appointment at CTM, I spoke with him about transferring my membership to CTM. When John received the transfer letter from my minister in Ghana - I still don't know the content – he asked me to consider becoming a steward and also being on the preaching plan. After some thought, I felt it my duty to serve as a steward and a local preacher, all to the glory of God.

I would like you all to know that apart from the inspiration I receive from God, who has graciously endowed me with these abilities, I couldn't have done all this without the encouragement and the warmth I have received from members of CTM. Sometimes, when I was complimented after doing something at church, I asked myself "*are members just flattering me or they mean what they say? Was I that good in performing that function or task?*" But honestly, the love, care, support and the appreciation of members at CTM is what has urged me on and sustained me in all I did and still do, alongside the grace of God.

But each beginning has an end and such is my life here at Aberdeen University and at CTM. I have to go back to Ghana but the family I have found here at CTM will cause me and my family forever to be grateful to you. In recording my gratitude, I have avoided mentioning names as there is a high possibility of missing some out. In any case, I am very conscious of the impact every SINGLE member of CTM has made on my life. If there is anything I would wish, it would be that you maintain the love, unity and care for members and your commitment to the things of God. As I go back, if there is anything I have learned and would like to continue while in Ghana, it is the humility, commitment and the team spirit that dwell within and among the members.

Finally, brethren, as the apostle put it, "whatever is true, whatever is noble whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable - if anything is worthy of praise, think about these things and the God of peace will be with you". Amen

Samuel

Rethinking old favourites

On the evening of Palm Sunday Michael Dyer contrasted the ‘detached observer’ in Isaac Watts’s much-loved hymn ‘When I survey the wondrous cross’ with the ‘passionate involvement’ of Charles Wesley’s ‘Died he for me who caused his pain, For me who him to death pursued?’ Michael’s sermon was a challenge to us all to rethink, indeed to relive, two different ways of responding to the death of Christ.

A week later, on the evening of Easter Sunday, we listened to the appointed reading from Luke 24, about Jesus’s two followers on their way to Emmaus, and their unexpected recognition of him over a meal.

It is difficult for us to read the words ‘Abide with us: for it is toward evening’ without hearing an echo of Henry Francis Lyte’s hymn ‘Abide with me; fast falls the eventide’ – the first verse of which must be more often sung by non-churchgoers than any other hymn in the English language. We are told that its author handed it to a relative after preaching his last sermon, then going off to die in Nice a few weeks later at the age of 54.

That is a moving story, deeply true to its author’s living experience. Yet one has to ask how far it is also true to the verse in Luke’s Gospel that inspired it. The Emmaus disciples have not yet recognised Jesus; they are puzzled and confused, but not with the desperate sadness of Henry Lyte’s ‘Abide with me’.

Moreover, it is the disciples who take the initiative in offering hospitality to their unknown companion: ‘Abide’ not ‘with me’ but ‘with us’ – just as a family might offer a friendly word, or even a meal, to someone appearing in our church for the first time. It is only in the breaking of bread that the roles are reversed: Jesus becomes the host at the table and his companions recognise him, but immediately he disappears.

So now, although at times we may approach Holy Communion in a mood of deep anxiety, it is always human hands that prepare the communion table, and a human voice which invites the Lord to make his presence real in our midst.

Paul Ellingworth

CHURCH BANNERS

It is several years since the banners at the front of the sanctuary went up and many newcomers may not have recognised the significance of the tassels at the bottom of each. Each tab is embroidered with the name of a country from which we have had members who have shared in our fellowship and contributed to the life of Crown Terrace Methodist Church during their time in Aberdeen. If your home country is not already represented let us know - you can either embroider a panel yourself or we can ask someone else to do it.

Countries already represented are -

KOREA, USA, ANGOLA, GHANA, SCOTLAND, RUSSIA,
DENMARK, IRELAND, JAPAN, ZIMBABWE,
CANADA, ENGLAND, WALES, SOUTH AFRICA,
INDONESIA, (SOON TO BE ADDED - CAMEROON AND LITHUANIA)

The Edge of Life

At a recent meeting of the Ghana Bible study group, Elsie Dyer spoke movingly of watching (as a nurse) a patient through a period of intolerable pain, eventually followed by an expression of the deepest peace. The patient had died.

This led Aboseh Ngwana to speak as follows of his own near-death experience....

The discussion on the Gospel of Resurrection according to Paul in 1 Corinthians 15 elicited memories of a near death experience I went through in 1997 in Mforya parish of Bafut Presbytery.

The theological students from the Presbyterian Theological Seminary Kumba in Cameroon are sent on a six week internship in various congregations in the summer. I was sent to Mforya where I was to lead and preach during worship services every Sunday, and during morning devotional time, visit and encourage members and groups belonging to the congregations.

It was during one of those early 5am prayer meetings that I had that near death experience. After leading the dawn prayer devotees in Bible reading, singing, and meditation, we went into a time of prayers. First, we observed a moment of silence and then proceeded to verbalising our hearts' intentions and desires. It was at this moment that I slumped onto the solid floor. The prayer partners rushed to my assistance and carried me to the manse. I became unconscious from the moment I went crashing down. When I regained consciousness, I noticed I was on a bed in the manse with the Minister's wife (Mrs. Grace Gwan) watching me in fear and disbelief. With a smile on my face the first words that I uttered were: "Death could be sweet." And then she retorted, "Shut up! How can that happen to you here and now?" We laughed and other Christians streamed in to see me and ascertain that I was alive.

Before that fateful morning I had had a temperature but necessity

was laid upon me to lead and preach. As any young student of theology and aspiring Minister, I was zealous for the Gospel, and I am. I forgot the lesson from one of my professors, Very Rev. Dr. Festus A. Asana, who cautioned us to learn to listen to our bodies. Now I understand when Paul speaks of the coming of Christ "in the twinkling of an eye" and when he questions, "O death, where is your sting?"

In from '*Letters to Malcolm*' C.S. Lewis rejects the 'popish' idea of purgatory as 'temporary hell' for its true meaning of purification. He writes: Our souls *demand* Purgatory, don't they? Would it not break the heart if God said to us, 'It is true, my son, that your breath smells and your rags drip with mud and slime, but we are charitable here and no one will upbraid you with these things, nor draw away from you. Enter into the joy.'? Should we not reply, 'With submission, sir, and if there is no objection, I'd *rather* be cleansed first.' 'It may hurt, you know' – 'Even so, sir.'

What should I read?

Just as in a range of hills or mountains there are usually one or two peaks that stand out, so it is with great Christian writers. I will mention two.

C.S. Lewis is probably best known now for his children's books, *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, and the other Narnia Chronicles. They are certainly well worth reading by adults also – or, of course, by adults to children. They carry a Christian message which only becomes fully clear the more you delve more deeply into these innocent stories. C.S. Lewis also wrote an extraordinary range of other books, most but not all of them with an explicitly Christian message: from his first best-seller *The Screwtape Letters* to his last book, *Prayer: Letters to Malcolm*.

Rowan Williams is the writer whose writings, more than any other's, stand out for me to be compared with those of C.S. Lewis.

I would specially recommend Williams's *Being Christian*, both for those preparing to become church members and for those who feel they need a refresher course. Also, linking back to C.S. Lewis, Williams's *The Lion's World*, subtitled *A journey into the heart of Narnia*.

Happy browsing!

P.E.

News from the Circuit –

In September we will welcome a new presbyter to be based at Buckie. The Revd Chris Jackson and his wife Jo will be welcomed into our Circuit at a service at 7pm on 24th August at Buckie.

During the period of the next plan, four preachers presently on trial will each be assessed on one of their services in preparation for becoming fully accredited local preachers.

Please remember Alix, Alan, Carol and Sarah in your prayers.

Pause for Thought

Consult not your fears but your hopes and dreams. Think not about your frustrations, but about your unfulfilled potential. Concern yourself not about what you have tried and failed in but with what is still possible for you to do

Pope John xxiii

Be the change you want to see

Mahatma Gandhi

At Pentecost the Spirit came

At Pentecost the Spirit came
With rushing wind and tongues of flame
All there filled with life and power
No longer did they fear or cower

That wondrous life is ours today
If we but follow in his way,
He gives us peace, He gives us joy,
Life free from taint of sin's alloy.

He gives us power, He gives us hope,
And strength enough that we may cope.
Only with Him our way is clear.
And without Him our days are drear.

He doesn't leave us sad and lone
To struggle on all on our own
He gives new life our souls to lift
How precious is that wondrous gift.

Then let us praise Him joyfully
For taking all our sins away.
He gave his life that we might live
And know for sure God will forgive.

Evelyn Young

Northerner

Nights like these I wish I was a seagull
I know they are terrifying dirty vulgar birds
But have you seen them fly?

In the violence of the Northeast
In the wind and rain they take on new beauty
Long wings spread wide
In an embrace of their harsh cleansing
Beaks jutting forward fiercely, defiantly
At the first drop of salty sea-filled rain they take flight
Coasting above the trees and rooftops
Catching the breezes we can only have faith actually exist
They fly solo in the temper-filled wind
Gently giving in to the brisk and random changes of the air
This way and that
Back and forth it blusters
And the seagull sways smoothly dipping through it
Making the fury look like ballet

Cool Seattle months trickle back into my mind
A child bundled against the constant drip drip drip of my hometown
I summon my memories as a high-schooler
My mascot, the seagull, my dads and his dad before him as well

Possibly there is something
Deeply rooted in me that longs for the cold slick gray of the life of the
seagull
Though I am anxious just now that it is June and we are having some of
the worst weather I have seen here yet
Could it be that below the comfort of warm breezes and sweet air
There is in me a need to be in the rocky, harsh, dank, fish-
filled environment

As the winds whip up, the trees flutter
The buildings take on a strange gloss
The rain runs in long streaming lines down the windows
And the seagulls soar
Maybe not happily because I'm guessing they would rather
be pecking through a garbage heap behind a restaurant
But in some fashion they are at home
Fighting with a turn to the left as a gust goes by
Then to the right
Letting each droplet slide off its cold back

Though I have been longing to venture southward my entire life
I fear I am more of the seagull than I previously knew
More gray and ivory
More rugged and jagged
More squawking and severe
More lonely and singular

Rachel O'Brien Halbach

World Church News

Each year the Methodist Church publishes a Prayer Handbook which some of our members use with profit. We shall soon be inviting orders for the 2016-17 issue.

During the year, our church's World Mission Fund also issues a monthly update available free online. Its items are arranged under the headings 'Partner Churches and Organisations'; 'Nationals in Mission Appointments', and 'Mission Partner News'.

This update can strengthen and refresh our praying for fellow Christians in other parts of the world.

Sign up to receive it regularly on www.methodist.org.uk/news-and-events/sign-up-for-e-newsletters .

Potato Chips

A little boy wanted to meet God. He knew it was a long trip to where God lived, so he packed his suitcase with a bag of potato chips and a six-pack of root beer and started his journey.

When he had gone about three blocks, he met an old man. He was sitting in the park, just staring at some pigeons. The boy sat down next to him and opened his suitcase. He was about to take a drink from his root beer when he noticed that the old man looked hungry, so he offered him some chips. He gratefully accepted it and smiled at him.

His smile was so pretty that the boy wanted to see it again, so he offered him a root beer. Again, he smiled at him. The boy was delighted!

They sat there all afternoon eating and smiling, but they never said a word.

As twilight approached, the boy realized how tired he was and he got up to leave; but before he had gone more than a few steps, he turned around, ran back to the old man, and gave him a hug. He gave him his biggest smile ever.

When the boy opened the door to his own house a short time later, his mother was surprised by the look of joy on his face. She asked him, "What did you do today that made you so happy?" He replied, "I had lunch with God." But before his mother could respond, he added, "You know what? He's got the most beautiful smile I've ever seen!"

Meanwhile, the old man, also radiant with joy, returned to his home. His son was stunned by the look of peace on his face and he asked, "dad, what did you do today that made you so happy?" He replied "I ate potato chips in the park with God." However, before

his son responded, he added, "You know, he's much younger than I expected."

Too often we underestimate the power of a touch, a smile, a kind word, a listening ear, an honest compliment, or the smallest act of caring, all of which have the potential to turn a life around. People come into our lives for a reason, a season, or a lifetime!

Embrace all equally. Have lunch with God.....bring chips.

.....and a prayer:

Father, I ask You to bless my friends, relatives reading this right now. Show them a new revelation of Your love and power. Holy Spirit, I ask You to minister to their spirit at this very moment. Where there is pain, give them Your peace and mercy. Where there is self-doubt, release a renewed confidence through Your grace. Bless their homes, families, finances, their goings and their comings.

In Jesus' precious name, Amen.

from Pedzi (a former member at CTM who has just graduated with a degree in Nursing in Leicester)

We can all think of someone like this!

Mildred, the church gossip, and self-appointed monitor of the church's morals, kept sticking her nose into other people's business. Several members did not approve of her extra- curricular activities, but feared her enough to maintain their silence.

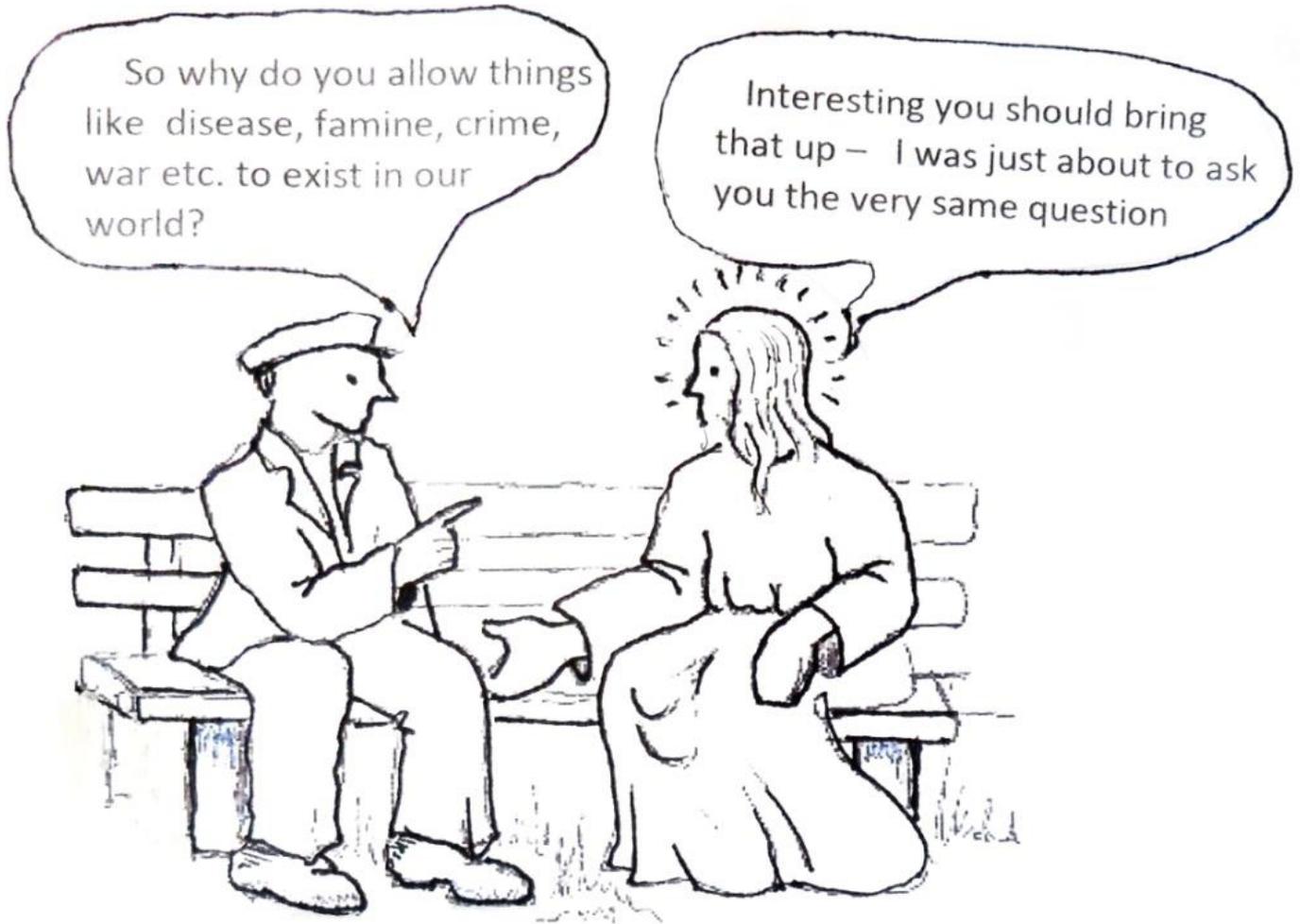
She made a mistake, however, when she accused Frank, a new member, of being an alcoholic after she saw his old Ford parked in front of the town's only bar one afternoon.

She emphatically told Frank (and several others) that everyone seeing it there would know what he was doing! Frank, a man of few words, stared at her for a moment and just turned and walked away. He didn't explain, defend, or deny.

He said nothing...

Later that evening, Frank quietly parked his Ford in front of Mildred's house walked home and left it there all night.

Submitted by Ron Hughes



Sarah Jackson

THIS IS YOUR MAGAZINE !

The editorial team is missing Samuel!

To produce a magazine which reflects the interests of all our members we are looking for new members to join us, not exclusively but especially in the under 50's. Much of our communicating is done on-line so time commitment for meetings is not great. Reporting, writing, editing, book reviewing – whatever your skills we'll find a use for them – and if you think you have none, we'll surely discover some!

Anne, Joan and Paul



A picture for you to colour – can you see the wind blowing through the window? Can you see the flame above each person's head ?