

Have another look at the Word-Play on the front. Do you know how many and which hymns have I used to create this? [Answers below]

While praying one day a woman asked "Who are you God?" He answered "I am"
 "But who is, I am?" she asked. He replied "I Am love, I Am peace, I Am joy, I Am strength, I Am safety, I Am shelter, I Am power, I Am the comforter, I Am the creator, I Am the beginning and the End, I am The Way, The Truth and The Light,
 With tears in her eyes, she looked towards Heaven and said " Now I understand. But who am I?"
 God tenderly wiped the tears from her eyes and whispered "You are mine"

In the correos the other day there was a very lovely lady who was posting an old family bible to her brother in another part of Spain. "Is there anything breakable in here?" asked the postal clerk.
 "Only the Ten commandments", answered the lady politely.



Harvest is one of the most important times for farmers – the culmination of a year's work and investment. The word "harvest" is from the Old English word hærfest, meaning "autumn". It then came to refer to the season for reaping and gathering grain and other grown products.

The full moon nearest the autumnal equinox is called the Harvest Moon. So in ancient traditions Harvest Festivals were traditionally held on or near the Sunday of the Harvest Moon.

In two years out of three, the Harvest Moon comes in September, but in some years it occurs in October.

God loves everyone, but probably prefers "fruits of the spirit" over "religious nuts!"

SENIOR CHAPLAIN

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Please visit the
CHAPLAINCY WEBSITE

for all the latest
 Chaplaincy news
 and details of events

www.costablanca-anglicanchaplaincy.org

Local Church Warden—Geoff Mitchell 96 686 4962 If you hear of anyone who is ill please let the local church warden know so that he can pass the details on as necessary.



DIOCESE
 IN EUROPE

**Costa Blanca
 Anglican Chaplaincy
 Albir Church**

Carrer Mart 8, Albir Playa



Issue 3

**HARVEST NEWSLETTER
 2014**

He only is the m **A**ker
 of al **L** things near and far
 by Him the **B** irds are fed
 Much more to us h **I** s children
 He gives ou **R** daily bread

Acc **E** pt the gifts we offer
 and wh **A** t thou most desirest
 our h **U** mble, thankful
 hea **R** ts

Come, ye thankful people, come
 raise the song of **H** arvest home

God, our maker dot **H** provide
 for our w **A** nts to be supplied
R aise the song
 of har **V** est home
 fre **E** from sorrow
 free from **S** in
 In wisdom le **T** us grow

Then carry to His **T** emple-gate
 The choicest of **t** Heir store
 Th **A** nk the Lord
 O tha **N** k the Lord
L i **K** e Isreal, Lord, we give
 Our earlie **S** t fruits to Thee
 raise the **G** lorious harvest home
 all good g **I** fts around us
 are sent from hea **V** en above
 our **L** i fe, our health, our food
 in God's gar **N** er to abide
 wholesome **G** rain and pure may be.

Hymns used in the Word Play
 We plough the fields & scatter
 Come ye thankful people, come.
 Fair waved the golden corn
 Riddle-Me-Ree
 Harvest

Please
 remember
MEKA who we
 are supporting
 through the
 World Vision
 Programme.



PLEASE DROP YOUR MONEY IN
 THE BOX ON THE COUNTER
 * We need to fulfil our commitment *
**More details on the Notice
 Board**

COMINGS & GOINGS

In July we said "farewell"
 to Joan Hudson as she
 returned to live in the
 UK—due to her failing
 health. The farewell party
 at Ciudad Patricia was a
 fun, lively, emotional and
 very well attended event.
 Joan serenaded us loud and
 clear together with the
 choir.

Also in July, as Joan went
 Olive Battey returned,
 though sadly she has
 completely lost her sight.
 Her daughter brings her to
 church in a wheelchair and
 Hazel takes her home.
 She is delighted to be back
 with us.



NEWS of events and “happenings” since EASTER

June 9th—Fr. Marcus and his son Tom arrived at Albir at 4 p.m.
- a pit stop on their marathon cycle ride from our Gandia to El Campello. They stopped at each of our Churches en route for brief refreshments and ‘loo’ stops. They had lunch at Calpe. When leaving us they had the longest leg and no doubt the *tiredest* legs to complete their journey. We welcomed the bikers with banner, balloons and baking. In Albir we raised €500



PAELLA at HAZEL & TONY's

This event, as usual was a great success and a fun afternoon, raising €300



Two more poems—written by Elaine's father Ralph Jebbett (1924-2001)

*Look at all the waving corn
Ripening in the fields
See the farmers gathering in
What the good earth yields.*

*This is how God sends the bread
Let us bless His name
For the things that Harvest brings
Through the sun and rain.*



"Worship is a way of gladly reflecting back to God the radiance of His worth."

*On these gladsome Harvest Days
We bring our gifts and pause to say
Thank you God for all you do
So we can eat the whole year through.*

*The sunshine comes and then the rain
To grow and ripen all the grain
And then the farmers cut the wheat
To make the bread we love to eat.*

*The ripened fruits we love to see
When they are gathered from the tree
And so, for all the lovely things
We bring our thanks, O King of Kings.*

Riddle-me-Ree

My first is in Hay but not found in Corn
My second's in Grass, also in Lawn,
My third is in Carrot, never in Pea
My fourth is in Leaves but not found in Tree
My fifth is in Apple, also in Pear
My sixth is in Selfish, also in Share.
My seventh's in Patter but not found in Rain
My whole is the time of ripe golden grain.
(Answer on the back page)

A little girl was watching some farmers spread hay on the ground. After a while she went up to one of them and asked: "Please sir, are you looking for a needle?"

The Baker's Hymn ...When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

This, below, has nothing to do with harvest but this made me laugh so I decided to share it :-

An exasperated mother, whose son was always getting into mischief, finally asked him 'How do you expect to get into Heaven?' The boy thought it over and said, 'Well, I'll run in and out and in and out and keep slamming the door until St. Peter says, 'For Heaven's sake, William, come in or stay out!''

Father Henry was planning a wedding at the close of the morning service. After the benediction Father Henry had planned to call the couple down to be married for a brief ceremony before the congregation. For the life of him, he couldn't think of the names of those who were to be married. 'Will those wanting to get married please come to the front?' Father Henry requested. Immediately; nine single ladies, three widows, four widowers, and six single men stepped to the front.

"Why is it important that you are with God and God alone on the mountain top? It's important because it's the place in which you can listen to the voice of the One who calls you the beloved. To pray is to listen to the One who calls you 'my beloved daughter,' 'my beloved son,' 'my beloved child.' To pray is to let that voice speak to the centre of your being. Let that voice resound in your whole being."

