

The
Shared Church
in Ringstead

36 High Street, Ringstead, NN14 4DA

www.ringsteadsharedchurch.org.uk



Newsletter April 2024

Please send your articles for the May edition to

ringsteadnotices@gmail.com

by 25th April

From our Minister



We were given an Amaryllis at Christmas, which we planted and have been watching grow. So in total it has had 11 'flowers' bloom on it, but all at different times. Currently we have one head and 10 dead ones. I have also noticed that as you begin to see the first flowers of spring begin to bloom many do so through the debris from plants that had expired before.

This reminds me of Easter, where life and death seem to exist together, with the death of Jesus on the cross." But also that Jesus came back to life!" Easter couldn't be Easter without both events!

The bible tells us that God loved us so much that Jesus didn't turn away from the cross, but allowed it so that we might receive forgiveness and enter into relationship with God again. But also rose from the dead, to demonstrate that death itself was now conquered.

Jesus appeared many times to his disciples following his resurrection, in enclosed rooms, by the lake and to friends on the road.

According to the gospel of Luke, He approached two travelers heading to Emmaus 3 days after His crucifixion. Jesus walked with them; He ate dinner with them; He even gave them a lesson in Old Testament prophecy (24:15-27). This encounter showed the travelers that Jesus conquered the grave—He had risen from the dead. As a result the pair returned to Jerusalem and told the disciples, "The Lord is risen indeed!" (v.34).

If Jesus had not come back to life, our faith as Christians would be pointless and we would still be under the penalty of our sin (1 Cor. 15:17). However, the Bible tells us that Jesus "was raised to life for our justification" (Rom. 4:25 Niv).

Historical evidence tell us about Jesus but the real Jesus is only found in our relationship with him. So having celebrated Easter, remembered the death and resurrection of Jesus, let us now celebrate knowing that Jesus is alive in us, and journey on with him.

Rev Rick

Shared News

Devastating news

It is with a heavy heart that I announce the passing of Joan Jones, editor of this newsletter for the past two years and my loving partner for the last twelve years. Joan was heavily involved in church matters after coming to Northamptonshire in 2001. She was influential in Raunds in helping to raise enormous amounts of money for the restoration of St Peter's Church. Her work in Ringstead enabled the installation of a toilet and servery in St Mary's Church. More recently she became involved in the Shared Church, helping out with teas and coffees, starting the book club, maintaining the church garden and also being on the reading rota. The congregation loved to hear Joan reading from the bible as she made every bible passage come to life with her beautiful voice. She was probably most remembered as someone people could go to with their problems, she was a good listener and never judgmental. She went to God on the 12th March - Rest in Peace my love.

Our thoughts and prayers of thanks to God.

The prayers of the Church are with Mike and Sue Freeman, Mike is due a procedure in hospital this month and we pray for a successful outcome and Mike's continuing service to God for many more years to come.



We thank God for the safe return of Patrick and Janet from Northern Ireland and pray that they are able to arrange a comfortable future for Janet's sister, Elizabeth.

We also pray for Beryl who is now settled in her care home and enjoys the loving support of her family.

We continue to remember members of our village and the surrounding area during our daily prayer sessions and trust in God's loving care.

Joan Jones Obituary

My mother, Joan was a woman who marched to the beat of her own drum. A quiet but determined rebel who thought rules were for other people. Throughout her life, whenever she was told 'you can't do that' or 'that's not for the likes of you' she'd take the attitude of, 'we'll see about that.'

Joan was the eldest child of George and Rebecca Smith from the Parish of St Luke's near London's busy Old Street. A humble, working class area of the edges of the City, it was a target for relentless bombing during the blitz. When Joan's baby sister Pat was blasted out of her cot one night, the family upped sticks and travelled west to safer suburbia. However, as war progressed London children were evacuated all over the country and Joan was duly packed off to Wales. After an unhappy start, she was taken under the wing of Auntie Gwyn and Uncle Ev, a couple without children who took Joan and Pat on as their own. Uncle Ev was the local headmaster and taught my mother that education was the way out of poverty. Joan returned to London to meet a new baby brother and with a gift she carried throughout her entire life: a love of learning.

As soon as she turned fifteen it was time to leave school and although Auntie Gwyn and Uncle Ev begged on her behalf, Joan's parents stood firm. It was time to go to work and start contributing. A deal was struck - if Joan could find herself an office job she could take that instead of factory or shop work. She found herself a job and continued her education at evening school. No more education simply because I'm poor and working class? We'll see about that, said Joan.

She met my dad Deane who had spent his childhood being shunted from children's home to children's home and when he finished National Service my mum asked what he'd like to do next. My dad replied that he's quite like to be a gardener or perhaps a police officer. The police probably wouldn't want a poorly educated orphanage kid like him, though. 'We'll see about that,' said Joan, filling out the application form for the Metropolitan police.

Joan Jones Obituary - Cont'd

In another departure from convention, Joan wanted to wait to have children until she and Deane were in a good financial position. Eventually their beloved first baby Michael arrived and they settled into family life in Heston, Middlesex. Joan decided she'd like to have her next baby at home. This was the swinging sixties after all. The doctor reminded her that Michael had been very sick and almost died and a home birth could be a huge risk for both her and her baby. 'We'll see about that,' said Joan and I arrived safely at home in Heston.

At this time, my mum was editor of the parish magazine for their church in -would you believe it- Cranford. She only told me this story a few years ago. She heard that there was a photographic shoot in the church so she put me in my pram, grabbed her camera and went along to investigate. She found that the subject of the photoshoot was none other than a model you might have heard of called Twiggy. Joan was about to be bundled away from this celebrity but she promised not to publish any pictures before the official photos came out and while the team cooed over the blonde baby in the pram, she took her own pictures. Twiggy- famously photographed by Cecil Beaton, Annie Liebovitz and... Middlesex housewife Joan Jones.

When Joan found out that the Metropolitan police area went out as far as leafy Surrey she started making plans. When visiting some family friends in Oxshott, she went out for a walk and came back announcing she had put down a deposit on a house that wasn't even built yet. We duly moved into the newly built house and Michael and I made the building site our playground. In the last weeks we've been reminiscing about our days wading through puddles and climbing the rusty scaffolding that formed our playground.

By the time David arrived, my parents were in their forties, something that was still unusual in the 1970s but looking at photos my mum looks like she's in her mid-twenties. We were members of St Andrews's church in Oxshott by this time and this provided a focal point for our childhood. We were part of the Sunday school, both my brothers and my dad sang in the choir and my later contribution was dating half the teenage boys of the youth group.

Joan Jones Obituary - Cont'd

After running the local playgroup in Oxshott my mum was ready for a new challenge. Once David was in school, she turned a hobby in a profession and became photographer for the local newspaper, the Esher News and Mail. I'm not entirely sure how a kid who left school at fifteen ended up photographing celebrities and royalty for a living but I think we know Joan's response by now. Newspaper photography was a very male dominated profession and my mum always stood out, immaculately dressed in skirt, heels and makeup, even on the touchline of rugby matches. She and her friend and colleague Dawn made a striking and glamorous pair, the Cagney and Lacey of local journalism.

Our house in Cobham was half home and half photography studio. My dad would develop the films on the cupboard under the stairs. If you wanted to put a coat away you'd have to knock and listen for the shout, 'I'm developing. Don't come in!' We'd limbo under the streamers of drying negatives hung from the kitchen doorframe and Michael filed negatives on the dining room table while Joan typed out the articles to go with her photos.

It's been really comforting hearing from so many friends who remember the Esher News and Mail days. Everyone in the local area appeared in one of Joan's photos at some point and we could never go anywhere without her being recognised. She was the famous Joan Jones. Perhaps she was an influencer before the term was even coined.

There are too many stories to mention but we won't forget the time her pager went off while she was photographing the then Prince Charles and he turned to her and said rather drily, 'does that mean you're about to self-destruct?' If one of us kids was with her when she photographed a famous person, she'd take a photo of us together. She then stuck these photos on the back of the door of the downstairs loo. Always a surprise for any visitors to have the likes Bruce Forsyth, Cliff Richard and various royals gazing down at them in their private moment. David reminded me that we'd sometimes end up on the tv news at events Joan was photographing. I appeared on telly smashing plates with Chris Tarrant at the world's longest Greek dance and David was almost lunch for a very snappy crocodile that had appeared in Raiders of the Lost Ark. Now that would have made quite the story!

Joan Jones Obituary - Cont'd

Monday was printing day and I loved to go with her in the school holidays. Her darkroom was a tiny space tucked in the basement of the News and Mail. I loved the magic of watching an image develop in the trays of chemicals as Joan expertly scooped photos from tray to tray and pegged them out to dry. We'd emerge at lunchtime, light-headed from chemicals and blinking in the light.

Through her work we met so many interesting and diverse people and our friendship circle included people from all walks of life and backgrounds. This was an education in itself. One of those contacts was the headmaster of the local Boys' school. My mum came home after photographing an event and said, 'how do you feel about doing your A levels at Reed's? There's already one girl at the school, you'd be the second.' A whole school of boys with just three- as it turned out- girls? Where do I sign? Unconventional but very Joan and I'm so glad of my schooling there, especially as I later met my husband through one of my Reed's friends.

Photography wasn't a nine to five job and while family mealtimes were frequently interrupted and weekends were spent working, she made it to every sports day, music recital and swimming gala we were in. Often late— ok, always late— but always there. And it was important to her that her children had every opportunity that she didn't. Our lives are fuller and richer for the music lessons and sports events we had. She taught David how to bowl a cricket ball despite never having played cricket herself. She taught me to dive despite being a nervous swimmer.

Her passion for lifelong learning occasionally went a little too far in that we weren't allowed to miss school for anything. I was duly dropped off at school during the worst snow blizzard the country had ever seen and she battled through fallen trees to get David to school during the great storm of 1987. Needless to say, school was shut on both occasions necessitating a Scott of the Antarctic style expedition for me and a day photographing the aftermath of the storm for David. I think he may have had the better end of the deal.

Joan Jones Obituary - Cont'd

Later, my parents went their own separate ways but remained good friends until Deane died in 2001. Some would settle into retirement but not my mother. She upped sticks and moved to Northamptonshire and created a new life for herself. It wasn't always easy for her and she missed Surrey and all her friends for a long time but settled in Ringstead with Michael just a few moments away in Cranford. It was no surprise that she found a house backing onto a lake, just as our first house in Oxshott had been. We all spent many happy hours walking around Kinewell Lake, bumping into neighbours and chatting with the ducks and geese. She never met a bird or animal she'd couldn't converse with.



Having received that early mentorship and guidance from Auntie Gwyn, Joan was determined to pay that forward. She was always happy to support friends with their learning and mentored and supported Ousainou, a boy she met while on a trip to Gambia. She loved her days as a volunteer with Coram Beanstalk, the reading charity and took her duties incredibly seriously. She was always keen to lend a hand to anyone who needed it particularly through her love of words.

And Joan wasn't ready to hang up her travelling shoes yet. She and I went on many adventures to Canada, Poland, Italy, Austria and many more. Ever the rule-breaker, she managed to tough out a week in the Russian spring without scarf, gloves or even a coat. 'I didn't think it would be that cold,' she said as she slid across the frozen river in snowy St Petersburg wearing a fleece. Mind you, we also coped with the Egyptian desert in August where temperatures were a balmy 50 degrees Celsius. And of course she didn't pack a raincoat for our spring adventure to Krakow. A very flirty Polish man decked her out in a yellow plastic mac and we giggled as we jumped in puddles.

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Joan Jones Obituary - Cont'd

Sometimes her rule-breaking had me rolling my eyes. When the rules around only carrying 100ml in hand luggage came in I called her the night before one of our flights to remind her. 'Yes, yes, of course' she reassured me although I should have heard the, 'we'll see about that' behind it. I checked again when we met at the airport. 'Do you have all your liquids in 100ml bottles in a clear plastic bag?' I asked brandishing my own neatly packed bag. 'It's ok, I don't need to,' said Joan with a smile. 'You see, I'm not a terrorist.' I won't say what my response was but there may have been swearing involved as security turfed out half the contents of her bag including the largest can of hairspray known to woman.

When she met Derrick, he and Joan continued adventuring around the world and have visited many countries on their cruises. Every now and then my phone would ping with a photo from Derrick of my mum tucking into some feast or other or walking barefoot along a beach somewhere.

She had just returned from a solo adventure to South Africa and was nursing a broken wrist when she and I bumped into Derrick at the Axe and Compass. As usual she didn't want a fuss but I said to Derrick that actually she probably needed a bit of looking after. Little did we know then that friendship would become so much more and Joan and Derrick would spend many happy years together and he did indeed look after her right until the last moment and beyond.

Until the pandemic Joan was a committed member of the gym and loved her chats with the gym girls as much as the exercise. She was also lucky to have loving neighbours like our friend Ken. She was part of various book groups and loved talking about books. I always went home with armfuls of books she passed on to me as well as bags of snacks of course. No one left Joan's house without being fed. One Christmas, Mark found himself imprisoned by small tables groaning with snacks and, 'could you manage a cheese sandwich?' has always been a family joke.

Joan Jones Obituary - Cont'd

Which brings me to the thought of family and friends. Of course she was so proud of her three kids—even though I think she told other people more than she told us— as well as her grandchildren William and George and step-grandchildren Rebecca and Jamie. She and Bridget, my sister-in-law were firm friends and Bridget has been an absolute rock through this difficult time. I'm glad that Joan and Derrick were able to enjoy one of Mark's tours of the Globe although I don't think standing on stage dressing the mother-in-law in costume as Ophelia was on Mark's bingo card of activities! I'm so glad that David's partner Sarah was with us when it mattered most, a comforting and supportive presence. For my mum, chosen family was just as important and she formed lifelong friendships that are more like family with Dawn, with Pamela and Charlotte and of course our beloved American family the Storches. These found family members have been with us at the most important points in our lives and we've shared weddings, christenings, Bat Mitzvahs and graduations with all of them.

As a woman of strong faith, Joan also found family here in the village and at the Shared Church. Joan felt genuinely supported, accepted and loved by her church family and that was all she asked for. Making teas and coffees and doing readings were an important part of her service to God. Rick has been a real source of support and comfort and I know he'll continue to support Derrick in this new chapter of life.

As a family we'd like to pay homage to the NHS staff of Kettering General Hospital who went above and beyond when it mattered.

Whenever you think of Joan—and I hope you will every now and then—think of her rebellious spirit and her joy for life and if you ever think there's something you can't do or you're tempted to say no to a challenge, channel your inner Joan, take a breath and just say to yourself, 'well, we'll see about that.'

Siân Rowland

First Wednesday Prayer by Zoom Wednesday 3rd April at 8:00pm



Zoom in and share! - (See Zoom link elsewhere in this newsletter)

If you would like to lead, or share in leading, one of these evenings please get in touch with Revd Rick.

The Axe and Compass Ringstead Quiz Nights

Tuesday 9th April 2024 at 19:30 hrs



Would you like to make up a team with Rick?

Please contact Rick



Here's the latest news from BMS. If you would like a hard copy then please ask Patrick.

Word Format

https://www.bmsworldmission.org/wp-content/uploads/woocommerce_uploads/2023/09/BMS-World-News-1-24-Word-Doc.docx

PDF Format

https://www.bmsworldmission.org/wp-content/uploads/woocommerce_uploads/2023/09/BMS-World-News-24_1_COLOUR.pdf

Book Club

As our first anniversary approaches, the members of the book club wish to pay tribute to our founding member, our dear Joan. When the idea of a book club was first suggested the interest was far from encouraging. However, Joan's enthusiasm and commitment soon had us feeling positive, her grace and support was an inspiration to us all. Joan was a truly wonderful lady and we will miss her. During the past year we have read a variety of novels and a couple of autobiography's which have created lively discussions both within the club and beyond. We would love to welcome more members to participate in our monthly meeting and to suggest new titles.

Our next meeting is at 2.30pm on April 8th at 11 Carlow Road, Ringstead. We are currently reading "Britt Marie was Here" by Frederick Backman.



Titles read are

1. Still Life by Sarah Winman
2. The Miniaturist by Jessie Burton
3. Penguin Lessons by Tom Mitchel
4. I dreamed of Africa by Kuki Gallmann
5. The Guilty Couple by C.L.Taylor
6. The Mitford Girls by Mary Lovell
7. Ordinary People by Diana Evans
8. A Hundred Years of Lenni and Margot by Marianne Cronin
9. The Colour Purple by Samira Wiley

Not A Tame Lion – Bonus session

A Lent Course Based on the Writings of C. S. Lewis

Following on from this year's Lent course we are planning to offer a bonus session! Whereas the first five group sessions of 'Not a Tame Lion' were based on 'The Lion the Witch and the Wardrobe' the bonus one uses, another of the Narnia books/films 'Prince Caspian'.

So whether you attended the last five, or just heard how good they were, why not come along to the bonus session 'Living in a sceptical age'

Tuesday 9th April @ 2pm, in the school room and one on line on a Thursday 11th April @ 7.30pm



Start your day with prayer

Starting from Monday September 4th Rick will be leading an Online Morning Prayer at 9am each weekday morning.



This will be a simple 20min or so prayer using the Daily office from the Northumbria community

(<https://www.northumbriacommunity.org/offices/morning-prayer/>)

All who wish to join can do so using the Church Zoom link, or use the liturgy above at another time during the day.

Lunch Club

THE SHARED CHURCH IN RINGSTEAD

Lunch Club

Thursday 11 April at 12.30pm

2-course cooked meal
and coffee/tea

Cost £5.00

**EVERYONE WILL BE
WELCOME**



But, you need to book your place:

Ring 622162 (Val)

or text to 07784 162087

(no voice messages, please)

DO COME!

www.RingsteadSharedChurch.org.uk

Tea Time Talk

Sunday 14 April at 6.00pm

Patrick will lead our thoughts as we enjoy sandwiches and cakes together

Tea Time Talks

2nd Sunday in the month at 6.00pm

The first TTT this year will be on April 14 when Patrick will lead our thoughts.

On May 12 we shall welcome Revd Sarah Fegredo. Sarah is the Eastern Regional Co-ordinator for Renew Wellbeing (www.renewwellbeing.org.uk) and she will tell us a little about how to offer a Renew Space 'A place where it is OK not to be OK'. Should be interesting and who knows where it may lead.

Make sure you've got both these dates in your diaries!

Knit & Natter



Wednesday
17 April
at 2.30pm
at The
Shared Church

Come to knit or sew
or just come to natter!

Desiderata - Words for Life

Go placidly amid the noise and haste,
and remember what peace there may be in silence.

As far as possible without surrender
be on good terms with all persons.
Speak your truth quietly and clearly;
and listen to others,
even the dull and the ignorant;
they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons,
they are vexations to the spirit.
If you compare yourself with others,
you may become vain and bitter;
for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.
Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

Keep interested in your own career, however humble;
it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.
Exercise caution in your business affairs;
for the world is full of trickery.
But let this not blind you to what virtue there is;
many persons strive for high ideals;
and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself.
Especially, do not feign affection.
Neither be cynical about love;
for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment
it is as perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years,
gracefully surrendering the things of youth.
Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune.
But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings.
Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.
Beyond a wholesome discipline,
be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe,
no less than the trees and the stars;
you have a right to be here.
And whether or not it is clear to you,
no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God,
whatever you conceive Him to be,
and whatever your labors and aspirations,
in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul.

With all its sham, drudgery, and broken dreams,
it is still a beautiful world.

Be cheerful.

Strive to be happy.

— *Max Ehrmann, 1927*

Shared Church Games Club

A colorful logo for 'GAME TIME!' featuring the words stacked in two rows. The top row has 'G' (green), 'A' (yellow), 'M' (blue), 'E' (red). The bottom row has 'T' (blue), 'I' (green), 'M' (yellow), 'E' (red), and an exclamation point (red). A small white die is positioned between the 'A' and 'T'.

**Every Saturday 2 – 4 pm
at the Shared Church**

Come and enjoy an afternoon of convivial fellowship at the Shared Church in Ringstead. The Games Club is unhosted and an ideal opportunity to bring a game along and play with other like minded folk. Everyone is welcome!

Coffee, Cake and Chat

THE SHARED CHURCH IN RINGSTEAD

Our regular 3rd Saturday

Coffee, cake and chat



Saturday 20 April
10.00 – 11.30

Time to relax and chat with friends

Do drop in Everyone is welcome

No charge but any donations will be gratefully accepted

www.RingsteadSharedChurch.org.uk

Programme - April 2024

Services in April (In church and by Zoom)

Services are led by Revd Rick Preston unless otherwise stated:

Sunday 7th April

10:30am Communion Service

Sunday 14th April

10:30am Morning Service

6:00pm Tea Time Talk

Sunday 21st April

10:30am Morning Service

Sunday 28th April

10:30am Palm Sunday Morning Service



And in May

Sunday 5th May

10:30am Communion Service

To share in the morning services through Zoom see the website

www.RingsteadSharedChurch.org.uk

and click on the link on the home page

First Wednesday Prayer by Zoom

Wednesday 3rd April at 8.00pm

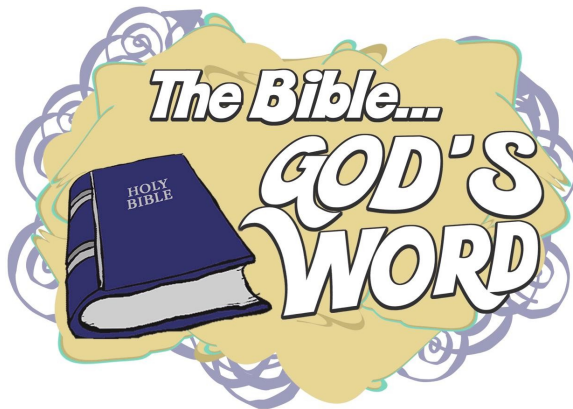
Zoom in and share! - See Zoom link elsewhere in this newsletter, If you would like to lead, or share in leading, one of these evenings please get in touch with Revd Rick.

Readers & Readings

Rota for Scripture readings

7 April 2024	Agnes	John 20: 19-31
14 April 2024	Louise	Luke 24: 36b-48
21 April 2024	Carol	John 10: 11-18
28 April 2024	Angela	John 15: 1-8

We usually read using the NIV version but if you wish to read from another version please let Rick know a couple of days in advance so your reading can be shown on the screen during the service.



Contacts

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Church website: www.RingsteadSharedChurch.org.uk

If you or someone you know would benefit from a phone call, please contact our minister Rick or one of the above.

Prayer - We would be pleased to join you in prayer—if you would like us to pray for/with you, please contact any of the above.

Zoom Meeting Connection Information

Zoom Link

[https://us02web.zoom.us/j/84607293457?
pwd=L1F0Szd0Z1I2R1RvNVlCc0VsTVVA1Zz09](https://us02web.zoom.us/j/84607293457?pwd=L1F0Szd0Z1I2R1RvNVlCc0VsTVVA1Zz09)

Meeting ID: 846 0729 3457

Passcode: 143365

Or Dial from any phone 0203 051 2874 or
0203 481 5237 or 0203 481 5240 or 0203 901
7895 or 0131 460 1196

QR Code

