



**New Malden  
Methodist Church**  
*At the **heart** of the High Street*



# Spotlight

## October 2022

### Message from Karl

Sometimes, you find yourself in the right place at exactly the right time. In this case, I happened to step out into the manse garden just in time to capture this moment, as a bee came to enjoy the one surviving sunflower still brightening things up as autumn looms. These things are not planned, but they are wonderful to enjoy, and for me, they have a spiritual dimension. God can make use of us if we step out in faith, and happen to be in the right place to make a difference.



You do not need me to tell you that this is likely to be a very tough winter. At the time of writing, we face steep energy price increases, a rapidly falling Pound against the Dollar, the International Monetary Fund expressing concern about the stability of the UK economy, and ongoing strike action in the face of significant inflation and pressure on household finances. As if that wasn't enough, Russia is threatening to deploy nuclear weapons in those parts of Ukraine in which it has staged rigged referenda.

It would be easy to feel overwhelmed in the midst of this – indeed, it is a perfectly natural reaction – and of course, it is true that we cannot solve all the problems resulting from these circumstances by ourselves. However, we can take the risk of stepping out in faith, and look to bring some brightness and colour in dark times, by being open to what God might do through us when we happen to find ourselves in the right place, at the right time.

Through this autumn and winter, we will be joining with other churches in New Malden as part of the 'Warm New Malden Welcome' initiative. This involves each church opening at different points in the week, so that local people have somewhere

warm and friendly to go. Some churches will provide food, some activities – such as board games or craft activities, in our case – and all will offer a warm welcome, space to talk, and free drinks to those who need them.

For us, Wesley's gives us an excellent community facility to offer, and enables us to step out in faith, open to ways in which God might use us to bless others. So, may we have the courage to risk finding ourselves in the right place, at the right time, to share God's love and to spread brightness and hope.

Every blessing, Karl

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## Church Family News

**Jane Bennett** is still in Kingston Hospital following her stroke in mid-September. Unfortunately, she now has covid and is in isolation. Her son is hoping to get her a place in the Methodist care home near him in Trowbridge, Wiltshire. Our thoughts and prayers are with Jane and her family.

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## September News

### Anyone for Table Tennis?

Clive Edwards has started a table tennis evening on Mondays from 7.30 – 9.00pm in the Lower Hall, for our adult church folk. All standards welcome! Please let him know if you are interested, his phone number is in the church directory.



### Wanted Please

Wanted for Jam tops and crafts: recycled blouses/shirts, sheets, duvets, pillow cases - white, plain coloured and patterned. Also lavender flower heads for filling lavender bags.

Many thanks, Julie Haines

### Ellie and Tom's wedding - Saturday 8th October 1.00pm

Ellie Moore and Tom Perkins will be getting married here at NMMC on 8<sup>th</sup> October. All are welcome to come along to the service and join us for tea and cake afterwards. If you are able to bake a cake, please would you let Sarah know so that it can be labelled. We would be grateful if you could bring the cake on the Saturday morning, already cut-up if large cakes.

Wesley's will not be open to the public that morning. Thank you so much.

The Moore Family (and Tom 😊)

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## From our Stewards

### Found cat goes home!

We put up a poster of a lost cat in Wesley's. The cat was being looked after by Worcester Park Cats' Protection who were looking for its owner. The picture was recognised by a friend of the owner who passed on the



details and cat and owner were reunited. The Worcester Park Cats' Protection people are delighted with our help.

### **Sunday Stewards**

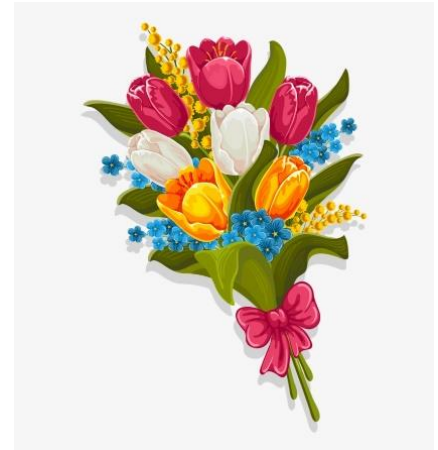
Could you give one Sunday every month/6 weeks to helping the Sunday Steward? The job requires you to be in church at 10 am and help prepare it for the service, working with the number 1 steward, currently Alison, Julia and Julie. Then be part of the meet and greet team and during the service be in Wesley's to meet the late arrivals. At the end of the service tidy up and bundle the flowers.

Could this be you? Please consider signing up on the sheet in Wesley's.

### **Flowers in church**

As you see every week in the notices, people are paying for the flowers decorating our church. There are gaps in the dates for the coming months so if you feel able, please sign up. The sheet can be found to the left of the pigeonholes in Wesley's.

After the service the flowers are given to members of our community. Do you know someone who might enjoy receiving these flowers? Someone celebrating or commemorating a family member's birthday, wedding anniversary, exam success, recovering illness or just needing a pick-me-up and to let them know we are thinking of them.



For further information about any of the above, please ask Alison, Julia or Julie.

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### **Wesley's**

Wesley's continues to be a High Street hub where we offer a warm welcome to all-comers and many groups meet regularly as this photo shows. If you haven't been recently, please pop in for a coffee and a chat.



We are also still in need of more volunteers so if you think you could give a couple of hours a month (or more) or if you used to volunteer and haven't been back since Covid – we need you!! Please speak to Hilary or Sarah.

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### **Fund Raising**

Wesley's is available to hire for charity coffee mornings. The charge is £15.00 and you are likely to raise £100+.

You will need at least three people to run the event, two to make the teas and coffees and one to sell the cakes. Arrive at 9.15 to open at 10 am, close at 12 noon and tidy up, leave about 12.45.

Invite members/friends to bake, sausage rolls, cheese scones, small and large cakes, and to come along on the day with a friend to have a tea or coffee and a cake. If they can't stop then pop in to take home for tea.

The more people who come on the day, the more money you raise, so advertise amongst friends and promote the charity you are working for.

Contact Sarah to book a date and get more information on [nmmc@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:nmmc@hotmail.co.uk)

Stella hosted a Saturday morning a couple of weeks ago and was able to raise £110.60 for Stand By Me, as well as awareness of their work. She received the following letter.

16 September 2022

New Malden Methodist Church  
c/o Stella Chattle  
49 High Street  
New Malden  
Surrey  
KT3 4BY



Dear Friends at New Malden Methodist Church,

Thank you for your generous donation to our Kenya Appeal; your kindness will provide daily meals and a life-changing education for our wonderful children in Kenya. We are so pleased that your donation will be matched, thanks to a generous donor, making it go twice as far, providing food and education for twice as long.

After stepping out in faith, adopting the Open Arms Project and welcoming 330 children into our family, your donation and support is a great encouragement as we endeavour to meet their individual needs from food and healthcare, to family support and a life-changing education. It will mean the world to children like Emmanuel as they have the opportunity to learn at school, eat tasty meals and play with their friends.

Each morning, six year old Emmanuel wakes up with a bright smile on his face, despite his dire circumstances at home. The mud house he lives in is barely big enough for his family, with no running water, no electricity and no bathroom. His mother struggles with her health so Emmanuel's grandmother is left as the sole provider for the family. She tries her best to care for Emmanuel but without regular work, the family often go to bed hungry.

To help Emmanuel escape the cycle of poverty, we welcomed him into our Open Arms Academy where he now receives a quality education, love and regular meals.

His grandmother said: *"I believe he has so much potential, I cannot even begin to express how grateful I am for giving him this opportunity. He is always talking about how he wants to go to school. Even on weekends. He is already reading and writing, and I am overjoyed. We believe that it takes a village to raise a child, thank you Stand by Me for making us part of your village."*

Emmanuel enjoys being at school. He loves spending time with his teachers and classmates, learning and playing. He has discovered a love of drawing and colouring from the art books school has given him. Emmanuel said: *"School feels too good to be true. Every day since I started school here, I have been so happy!"*

Emmanuel's situation is not unusual. All our 330 children in Kenya have come from difficult backgrounds, but we believe they are all full of potential. You are helping us to open the door of opportunity for them, offering them greater prospects for their future and giving us a platform to extend our care to them and their wider families.

Thanks to your support, Emmanuel and so many others have a bright future and are experiencing God's love in a practical way. With you standing by us, and God's faithfulness, we have confidence that our children can continue to receive life-changing care. Thank you.

Yours sincerely,  
  
Karen Cope  
Office Manager

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 [fb.com/www.standby.me](https://www.facebook.com/www.standby.me)  
 [@standbyme\\_hq](https://twitter.com/standbyme_hq)  
 [@standbymeHQ](https://www.instagram.com/standbymeHQ)  
Registered Charity No. 1185124

[www.standby.me](http://www.standby.me)

## Music in New Malden

Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> October 3.00pm

We start our 2022-23 season (our 15<sup>th</sup>) with a lovely soprano and piano recital by husband-and-wife team, Kate Semmens and Steven Devine (familiar performers to our audiences – though never yet in the same concert). Their programme features songs and solo piano pieces by Clara Schumann and Fanny Mendelssohn. Here's a snippet from the introductory notes they have provided:



### **“Fanny, Clara and the Road to Recognition”**

*Fanny Henschel (néé Mendelssohn) and Clara Schumann (néé Wieck) were highly accomplished performers and composers who, due to the social constraints and circumstances of the time, had to work to attain the career and recognition due to them. This programme explores their collaborations and friendships and spotlights their incredible talent for vocal composition.*

Programme

Zwölf Lieder Opus 9 1826 – Felix & Fanny Mendelssohn

Impromptu Opus 89 E flat major – Ignaz Moscheles

Sechs Lieder Opus 9 1850 – Fanny Henschel

Liebesfrühling Opus 37 and Opus 12 1841 – Robert Schumann and Clara Schumann

No 9 – Robert Schumann

No 11 – Clara Schumann

Intermezzo 118 No 2 – A major – Johannes Brahms

Sechs Lieder Opus 13 – Clara Schumann

We do hope to see you at our opening concert.

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## A Day to Remember by Alison Bullett

I expect most people reading this will have watched at least a bit of the Queen's funeral on Monday September 19 and experienced a range of emotions that may have surprised them. We didn't need to be told how extraordinary this day was; none of us had ever seen anything like it. Robert Hardman in the Daily Mail called it 'The greatest valediction in world history' and that looks like being a record which will stand for all time. The grandeur of the procession, the splendour of Westminster Abbey - overwhelming in itself - the beauty, dignity and reverence of the Service, the awe-inspiring pomp, pageantry and precision, the poignance... We shall not gaze on such a spectacle ever again. As a nation honoured their sovereign, a family mourned the loss of their irreplaceable matriarch. Mother, grandmother and great-grandmother; aunt, cousin, employer, friend or monarch: everyone felt they had a share in her and 'paying one's respects' became a buzz phrase.

Who didn't hold their breath each time the coffin was moved off or on to the gun carriage or up a vertiginous flight of steps? Was I alone in feeling a lump in the throat

at the sight of Prince George, no doubt being made acutely aware of his heritage, and Princess Charlotte in her little black hat and horseshoe brooch, a gift from her 'Gan gan'? Somehow we all wanted to be a part of this, even those who, until the day the apparently immortal Queen actually died, would have professed not to care very much. Somehow, on the day, it Got you, and we Got it. We finally understood the meaning of Majesty.

In the days leading up to this truly momentous event, I was sufficiently swept up by the mood to consider queuing for the Lying in State, even though I would not have been able to articulate exactly why, any more than could any of the countless people who were asked that question on the endless TV coverage. I told myself that if the waiting time diminished to a single number of hours and it wasn't cold or wet, I would go, but when on Thursday morning at 5am it stood at 11 hours, I realised I would have to be content with viewing the floral tributes instead.

And so to Green Park. Obviously we weren't the only ones with that intention and there was a lot of waiting around and corralling or 'kettling' before each group of people was allowed to surge through the various gates and barriers. Of course the floral tributes were amazing, as were the other things people had left: photos, hand-drawn pictures, Paddington Bears, toy horses and corgis, a jar of marmalade. There were cards and touching messages from countless individuals and also from schools and various groups and organisations, all thanking a great lady and expressing their love and appreciation for her life of service.



The flowers had been carefully arranged in groups, often with trees as their centrepiece. They piled up in a colourful eloquence that needed no sound to express it. People wandered round quietly trying to take in the sheer scale of it all. It was peaceful, serene and profound.



Beyond the Park, there was a general air of expectation abroad, and specifically on The Mall, as the four royal 'children' were due to travel to the Palace of Westminster for one of the vigils. There were no police horses, announcements or loud hailers, no officialdom, just a host of friendly police, marshals and volunteers in high-vis. jackets, gently herding people along. There were babes in arms and in buggies, toddlers on shoulders, dogs on leads getting round your legs, inevitable mobile phones held aloft, but everyone behaved well, the atmosphere was good-natured and the crowds never felt threatening. Strangers struck up conversations with whoever they found themselves next to. We hung around hopefully for a bit, but when we saw from our

phones that the royal siblings had arrived in Westminster, we realised they'd taken an alternative route.

At that point I recalled A A Milne's 'They're Changing Guard at Buckingham Palace':

We looked for the King but he never came,

'Well, God take care of him all the same,'

Said Alice.

How many people were in the funeral procession? How many people watched? How many needed hospital treatment? How much did it cost? Statistics don't matter. We will remember the bits that mattered to us.

So what are your abiding memories, I wonder? What will you tell the grandchildren? Was it the massed ranks of Highland Pipers and Guardsmen at the beginning, or the lone piper at the very end? The Royal Canadian Mounties at the head of the procession or the Queen's pony, Emma (saddle adorned with one of Her Majesty's favourite heascarves), waiting amongst the huge crowds lining the Long Walk up to St George's; amongst the very last to view Her Late Majesty being borne into the Chapel? (That was indeed a Long Walk for those no doubt already exhausted Royal Navy ratings hauling the two-and-a-half-ton gun carriage.)

There would have been some painful pairs of feet at the end of the day, whether from military boots or from the eye-wateringly high heels worn by some of the guests. But nobody tripped up or put a foot wrong. Most of the guests' outfits worked - no one was going to try and outdo anyone on this of all days. The fashion press had one or two barbed comments for those who went maybe just a little bit short or tight or, yes, scruffy, but no names will be mentioned here.

Just a brief mention of the music, much of which was apparently chosen by the Queen although she was not known for her love of music. After the sombre funeral sentences sung as the procession entered by the West Door, three hymns set the tone: The Day Thou Gavest, The Lord's My Shepherd and Christ is Made the Sure Foundation (tune: Westminster Abbey) with descants and other choral contributions mainly by British composers, from Purcell through Vaughan Williams to Judith Weir, who now of course becomes Master of the King's music. At the end, the organist, Peter Holder, played Bach's great C Minor Prelude and Fugue, followed by Elgar's organ sonata, as the late Queen was moved onwards into light.

All in all, it was a solemn but happy and glorious day; a victory and triumph for organisation, for technology – those fantastic aerial shots, inside and outside! – for tradition, ceremony and sentiment, and for National and International pride.

Thank you, Ma'am, for everything. Long live the King!



The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
The darkness falls at thy behest,  
To thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church, unsleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent  
Nor dies the strain of prayer away.

The sun that bids us rest  
Is waking our brethren 'neath the Western sky,  
And hour by hour, fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord , thy throne shall never  
Like earth's proud empires, pass away.  
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
'Til all thy creatures own thy sway.

Words by John Ellerton 1826-1893

Tune: St Clement by Clement Cotterill Scholefield 1839-1904



## Dave's Alps Challenge



When I first considered signing up for this challenge, both the financial sponsorship target and the height of the Alps to cycle over were equally daunting. I'd never done anything like this before and just wasn't sure if both were achievable.

Once I'd committed,

**your support and encouragement was immense and I thank you very much for that.**

I have currently raised just over £4,000 for Tusk and Ocean Cleanup.

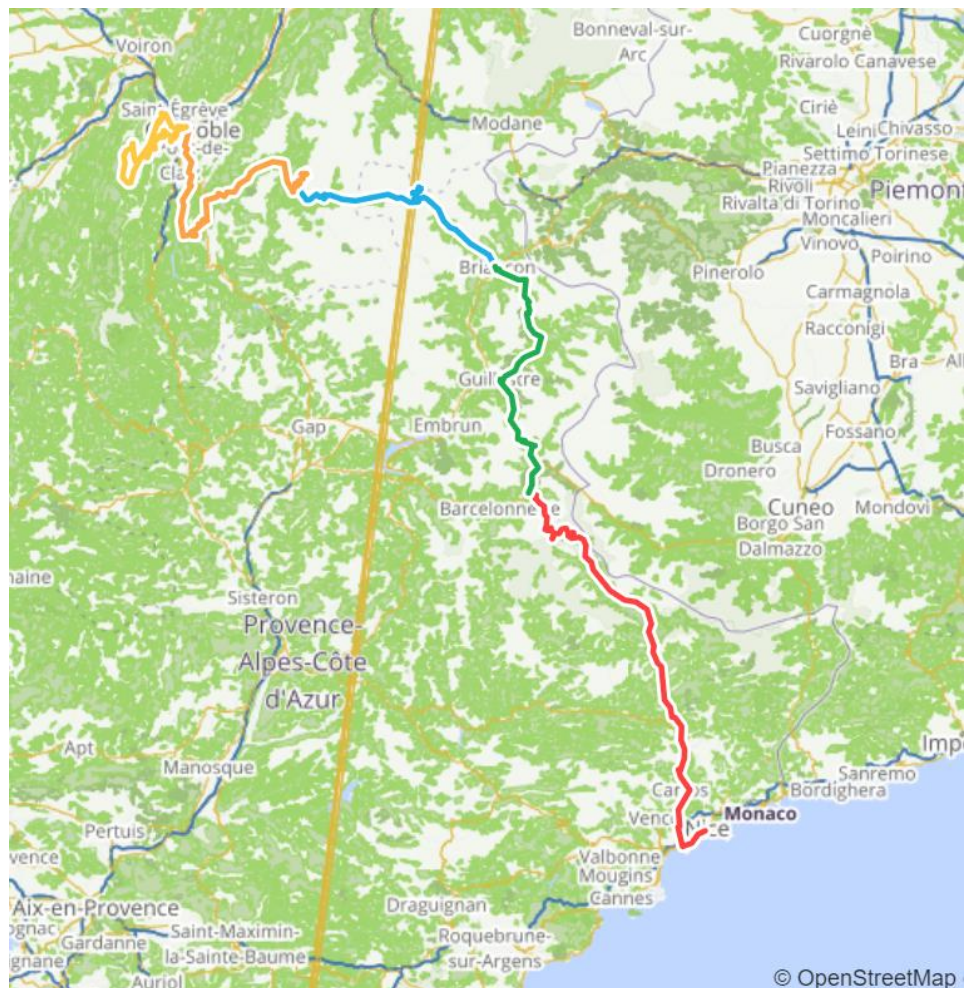
Yellow – Day 1

Orange – Day 2

Blue – Day 3

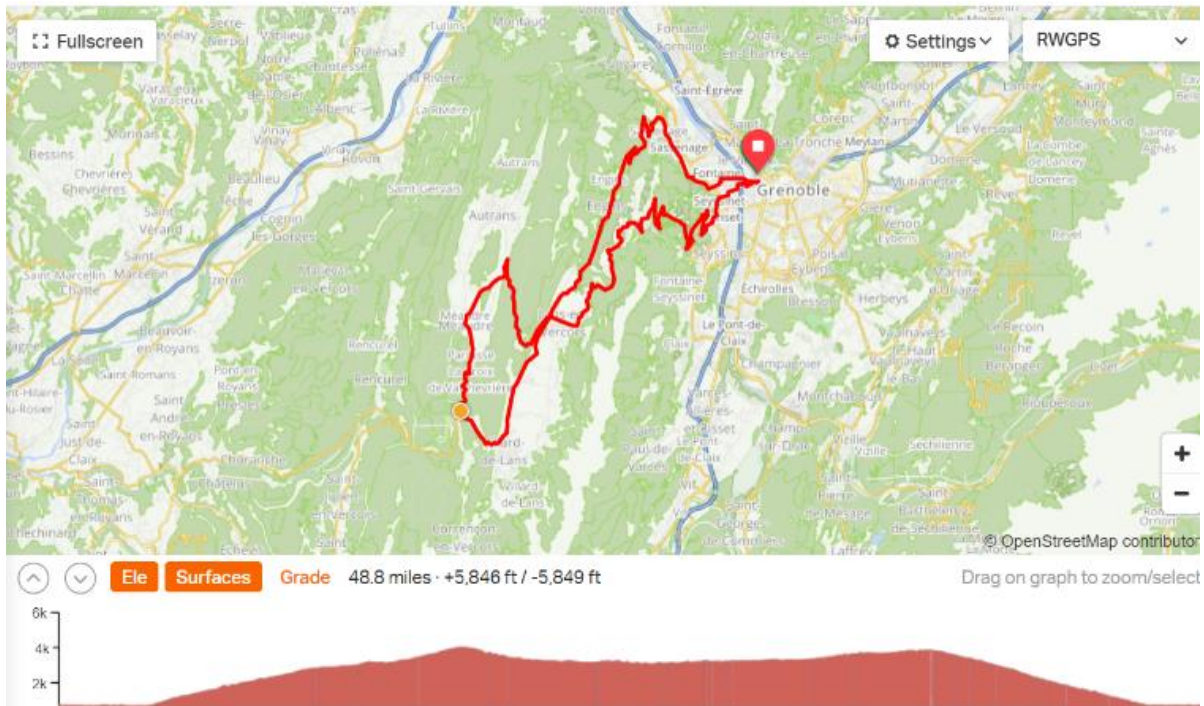
Green – Day 4

Red – Day 5



## Day 1 – Grenoble to Grenoble (Wednesday 7<sup>th</sup> September)

48.8 mile route over local hills with 5846 ft of climbing/descending



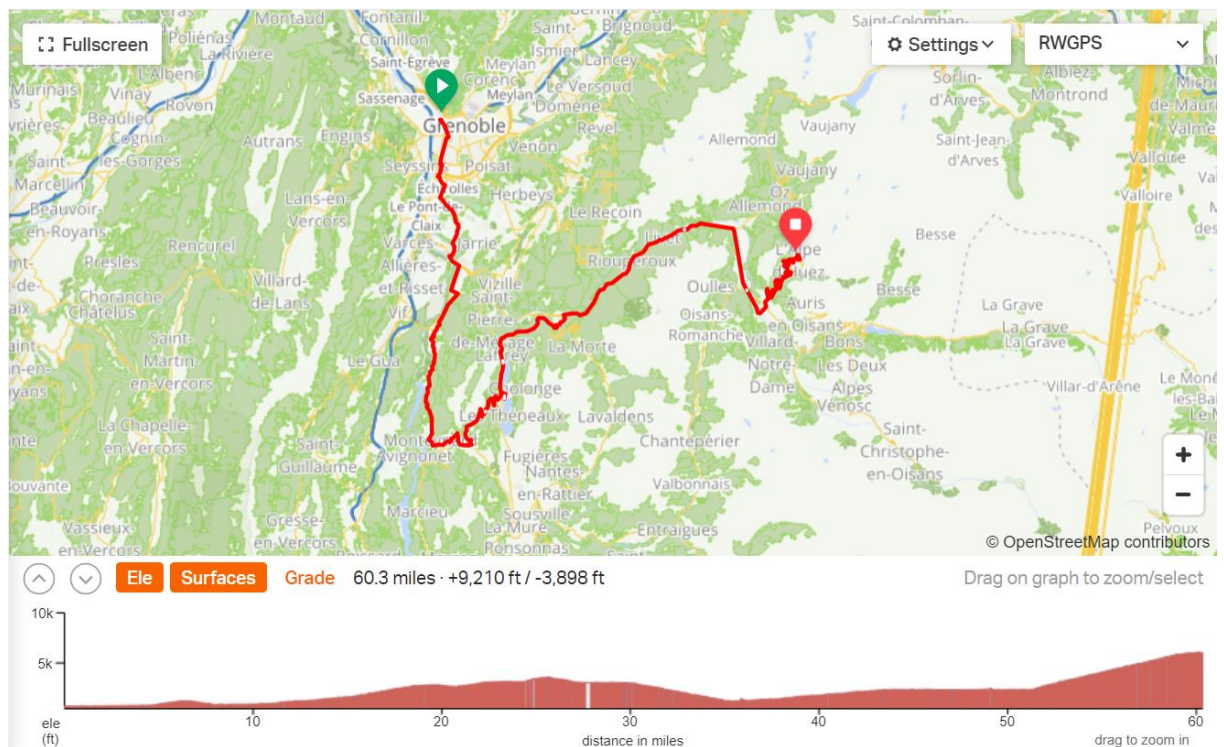
This was an acclimatisation day all about ensuring everyone understood how the logistics would work. Making sure the legs and bike were working ok and everyone was happy riding in a group and we were all ready for the much bigger days to come. We were a group of 40, the youngest of which was 18 and I was one of the oldest.

It was a tricky first few miles working our way out of the town, crossing many tram lines to the first climb of the day. This was 12 miles of steady climbing that took us out of the town and opened to a plateau with fantastic scenery and eventually to the pit stop (water and snacks 😊) which was most welcome. Once refuelled it was off up another long climb that took us round in a big loop with the first taste of a long descent back to the pit stop for lunch this time, which was nice. After lunch it was pretty much downhill back to the hotel for a mid-afternoon finish.



## Day 2 – Grenoble to Alpe d’ Huez (Thursday)

60.3 mile route over Col d’ Ornon and up Alpe d’ Huez with 9210 ft of climbing and 3898 ft of descending



Winding our way out of Grenoble again over the tram lines and picking up some designated cycle routes, all nice and flat until we turned left and started going uphill. It was a very gradual climb up and over the first few peaks with a lovely downhill section to a tea and cake stop at the foot of Alpe d’Huez. I sat and drank my tea looking up at the village, knowing that night’s hotel was even further up. Suitably refreshed, I set off for what is a classic in the TDF (Tour de France) most years.

21 iconic turns to come. It’s fair to say the distance between the turns and the gradient of each section varies quite a bit. On each turn there is a numbered placard (counting down) which gives you the number, the distance in km to the summit and the average gradient for the next section. All useful information, which sometimes you don’t want to know. I would occasionally stop to take a picture (that was the only reason, honest). There was a lovely pit stop around the halfway point which I took full advantage of. It was then upward through the very quiet village towards the hotel.

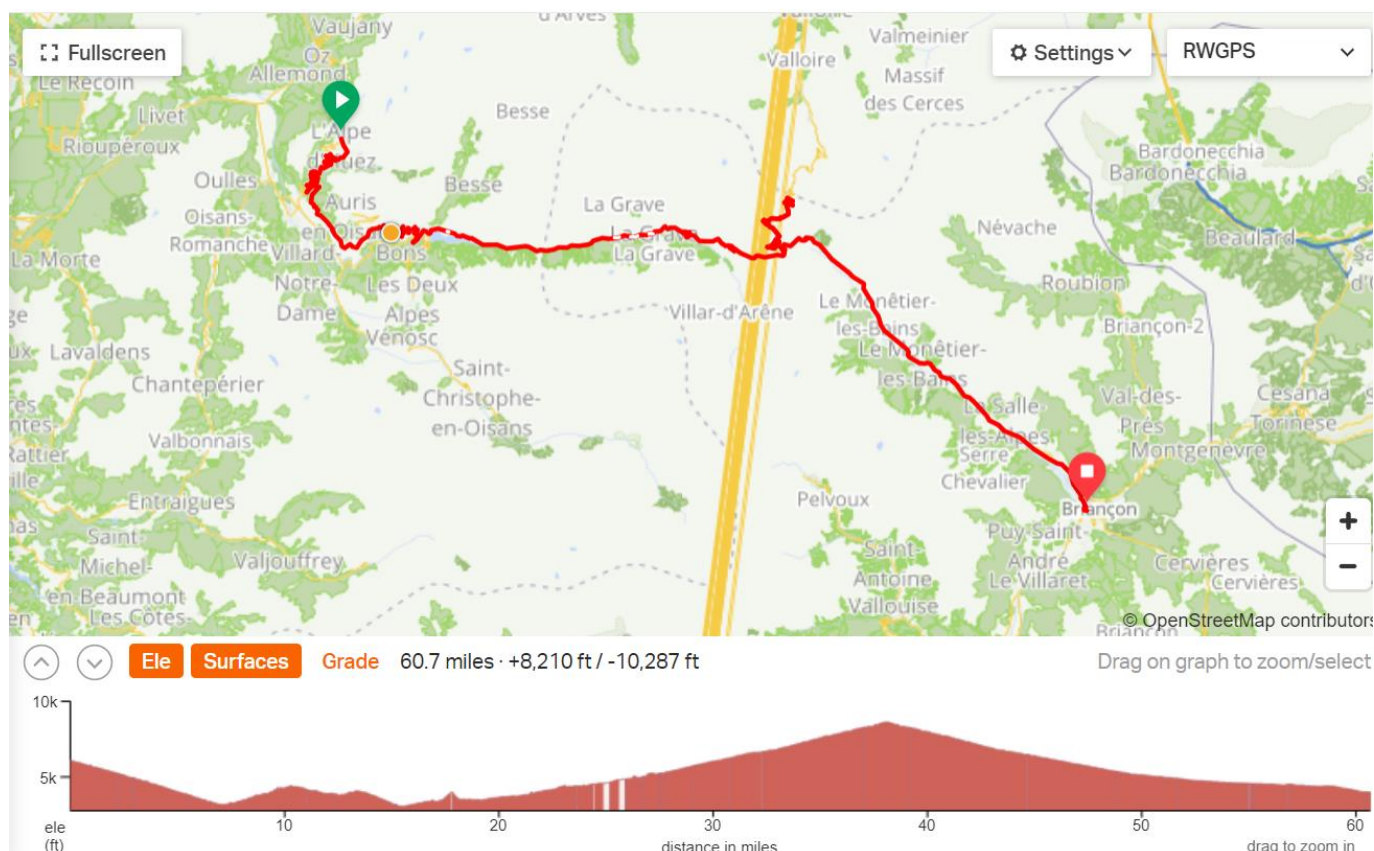
Now here was a conundrum. The ‘official’ finish line of the TDF was another 200 metres further up past the hotel on what was an



'optional' loop. By the time you get to the front of the hotel, where you could stop, rack your bike and go lay down, the dilemma is whether you carry on to the TDF finish line. Needless to say, despite the lure of the check-in, I carried on though not at the speed of the TDF riders. Finish line crossed and photos done, I rolled back down to the hotel. Fantastic dinner and comfy bed, whoop!

### **Day 3 – Alpe d' Huez to Briancon (Friday)**

60.7 mile route over the Col de Sarenne and Col du Galibier with 8210 ft of climbing and 10,287 ft of descending



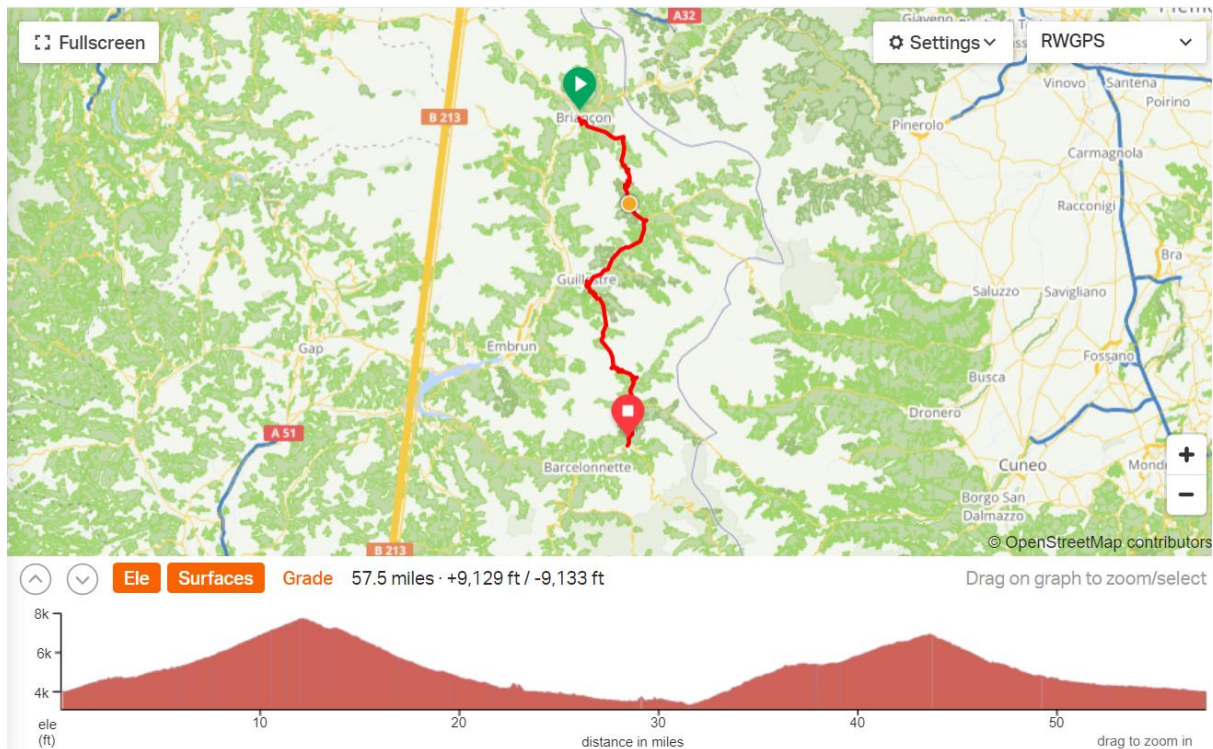
It was a cold start, around 4°, so I was well wrapped up. Good breakfast followed by the morning briefing and then we were off rolling down the Alpe. Only I wasn't! About 200 meters from the start my front tyre just went bang and was instantly flat. I pulled over to the grass and with a bit of help from a fellow rider changed the tube. Being a fast downhill section, pretty much everyone else was gone. I carried on with my descent down to turn 16 where there was a very sharp left turn to then start a long but reasonably gentle climb along what is known as "the balcony". Wow, what a route. It was a small road hugging the mountainside running along and climbing above the plateau. The sun was shining, it all looked fantastic and my ears were popping as the altitude increased. What was not quite so good was the road kept going up and up with the little kerb offering very little protection for what would be a certain death if you wandered off the edge.

Whilst it's tough cycling uphill for hours, the scenery really helped. I was still pretty much the last cyclist that day and as I was heading up the 15 mile climb to the foot of the Galibier I was worried about my ability to climb it. Pit stop and lunch stop at a very scenic spot at the foot of the climb. The briefing had said brief pit stop then zip up and down the Galibier, back to the same spot for lunch. I arrived at the pit stop at 13:45 and enquired about the cut-off time for lunch. 14:30 was the answer. I looked up and decided I could not get up there and back in time, so went for lunch. Lunch was a fantastic pasta bolognaise and was absolutely the right decision. I felt fortified and off I set with one other rider. In my excitement to get started I'd forgotten to refill my water bottles, so was running a bit lean. It was incredibly windy by this point, sometimes a tailwind, others a headwind. As climbs go it was quite nice and open, that is until you get to the traffic lights and you look up at the last section which just looks like a wall. It was a great feeling making it to the top. The broom wagon was up there as I was the tailender. Quick photo opportunity again, it was then on with all the additional layers and a whizz back down. Wind very much playing a part again. Back at the pit stop I refilled my bottles and then set off on the 19 miles or so of downhill to the hotel. It was fantastic weather and I was very happy to be close to a bed again.



## Day 4 – Briancon to Jausier (Saturday)

57.5 mile route over the Col d'Izoard and Col du Vars with 9129 ft of climbing and 9133 ft of descending



After the first day a group of slightly slower cyclists had been identified to keep the distance between the front and back of the group on the road as small as possible, they were setting off one hour earlier. Today was the day I decided to join this group. Being an hour earlier it was chilly although straight out of the hotel was the first climb of the day up Col d'Izoard. This climb just went on and up as far as the eye could see through a deserted ski village. As ever, the signs were counting down the distance to the summit. As I approached the summit of this climb I was very pleased to see the pit stop sign. A cup of tea and slice of cake would be most welcome. I racked my bike and was walking away when there was a loud bang. I feared the worst and yes my front wheel had gone pop again! These issues kept happening at altitude. I changed the tube and then whilst checking the tyre was seated properly, I spotted the new tube was bulging out of the side of the tyre slightly. This was a new tyre I'd fitted at home just prior to leaving, but it had now developed a flaw in the sidewall. A new tyre was fitted, and I was off again to the summit. The mechanical support as well as all other logistics on the trip was outstanding.

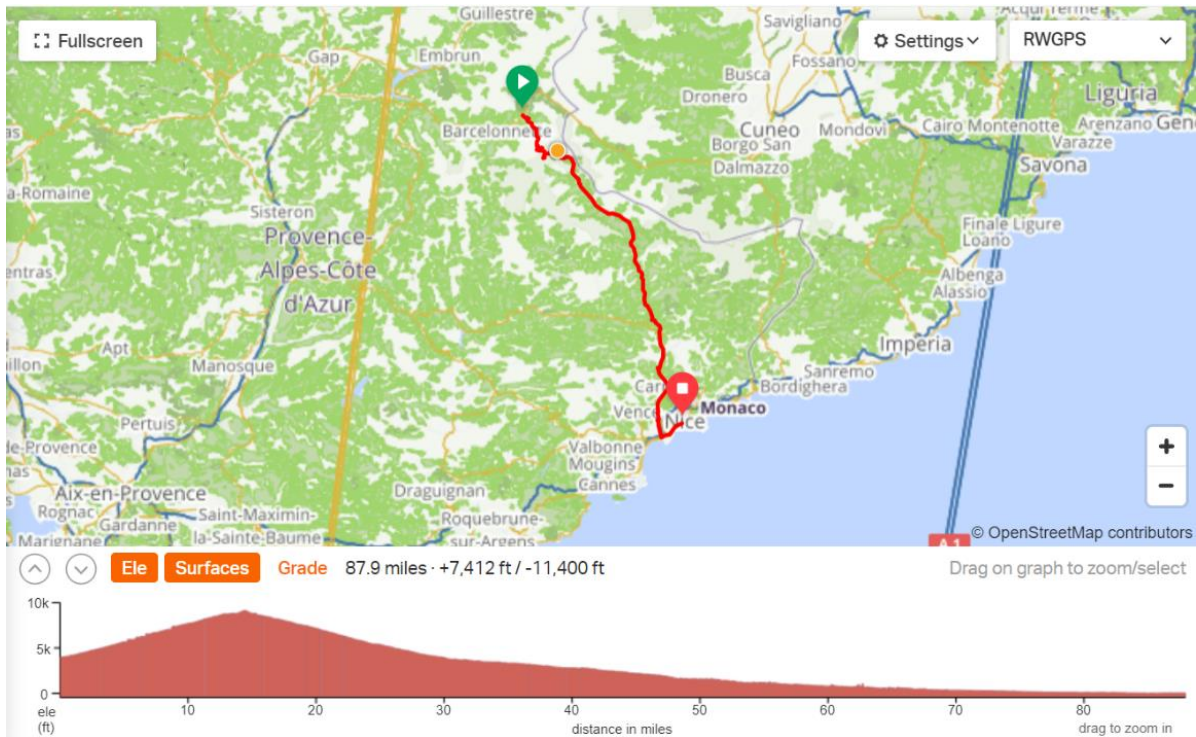
Another tricky technical descent with some sheer drops that are terrifying. Pit stop at the bottom and then back to the last climb of the day, the Col du Vars. Another



long and steady climb with more stunning scenery and the odd alpine marmot spotting. The pit stops were always a big hit with me, a great range of snacks available and the one at the summit was no exception. It was long descent of around 19 miles to what was the nicest hotel so far, an outside bar and swimming pool. Beer was taken at this point, € 11 a pint was worth it!

### Day 5 – Jausier to Nice (Sunday)

90 mile route over the big one Cime de la Bonnette 7412 ft of climbing and 11,400 ft of descending



The final day, the highest mountain yet and the longest distance at 90 miles. Getting a good night's sleep had been a struggle throughout this event and last night was no different. I woke not feeling refreshed and physically sick but had to have some breakfast, so I was fuelled for the climb. I left in the early group, or 'A team' as I preferred. The climb started immediately we left the hotel. It was a right turn off the roundabout, signposted Nice, that'll do.





Another long one at 16 miles or so of climbing. All these climbs are different, the gradient changes throughout, but the biggest thing is scenery that just changes all the time as the altitude climbs. Not only that, the way the roads twist and turn means you are facing in different directions and seeing different things. I've not mentioned on previous days, but there had been a number of tunnels (of various lengths) that are just so scary. Some of the early ones were not lit, the latter ones were. In France you must have working lights on your bike, but these lights are little use in the tunnels. We went from brilliant sunshine into near darkness. You can't see the road or where you're putting your front wheel. Sunglasses are off and you are just hoping that nothing big is following you through. The noise of other vehicles is also very loud. Then you pop out into the sunshine again and take a deep breath. Phew! Another welcome pit stop half way up, a banana and mars bar were consumed. This climb is the highest paved road in France and you can see why and how they managed to achieve this as you approach the top. Up until this point the gradients have been varied but reasonable (ish). I was coming up to a junction where the road to Nice went left and started downhill. However, the peak of the mountain was still over to the right and the canny French had cut a road into the side to make a loop and come back to the junction. To get the highest paved road accolade, it kicked up significantly in terms of gradient. It was like going up ramps into the back of a car transporter. This was the very last bit of climbing of the whole trip, so I just dug in and churned my way to the top where it finally levelled out and there was the pit stop van, fantastic!

Traffic on the roads had increased significantly over the weekend and Sunday on this mountain was just mad with motorcyclists. There was a queue to get your picture taken with the summit stone. All the cyclists found it amusing that there were so many motorcyclists getting a picture when they'd used an engine to get up there.

So now all downhill to Nice, nearly but not quite. From the top you could see the road zig zagging down. As ever, some scary edges. The added complication on this down was the motorbikes coming down at speed. You couldn't hear them and as a cyclist you'd position yourself where you want to be to take the next corner, often this would mean moving out into the centre of the road, exactly where the motorbike wanted to be. Luckily, I only had the one incident where a motorbike took my line and I had to make a last minute adjustment. Descending is really hard work in terms of concentration and finger fatigue as you hang onto the brakes. It's always nice to get down safely. At the T junction at the bottom, right to Nice. The next 35 miles or so cut



through a gorge with a nice gentle downhill but increasing strong headwind. Final lunch stop was had and it was off to the seaside. The road flattened out now as we worked our way to Nice. We picked up a cycle track that wiggled its way through industrial areas, turned into a small road before finally picking up the cycle track near the airport that took us onto the Nice promenade. I could see the sea! The promenade was very wide with a two-way cycle lane. The sun was shining and it all looked fantastic, but this promenade seemed never-ending. Finally the finish line, a cup of fizzy stuff, a medal and it was over to the van to hand over my bike for shipping home. We had space reserved in a beachside bar where beer was consumed, and a swim in the sea provided a refreshing end to what was a truly spectacular challenge.



Cheers!

Very many thanks again  
for all your support,

Dave Moore



## Diary Dates – October

Saturday 1 <sup>st</sup>	10.00am – 12 noon	Wesley's – Pakistan Flood Appeal - Alison & Doreen
Wednesday 5 <sup>th</sup>	3.00pm	Hymn Singing at Speirs House
Thursday 6 <sup>th</sup>	2.00pm – 4.30pm	Creative Arts Group
Saturday 8 <sup>th</sup>	1.00pm	Wedding of Ellie Moore & Tom Perkins Wesley's will not open to the public that day
Sunday 9 <sup>th</sup>	3.00pm	Music in New Malden
Tuesday 11 <sup>th</sup>	2.30pm – 4.00pm 7.30pm	Bereavement Café Wives & Friends – Snack and Chat
Friday 14 <sup>th</sup>	2.00pm – 4.00pm	Board Games Afternoon
Saturday 15 <sup>th</sup>	10.00am – 12 noon	Wesley's – Supplies for Creative Arts Group – Lee Monczak
Tuesday 18 <sup>th</sup>	1.10pm – 1.50pm	Lunchtime Concert - Ukrainian folk songs, opera arias and much more!
Thursday 20 <sup>th</sup>	2.00pm – 4.30pm	Creative Arts Group
Saturday 22 <sup>nd</sup>	10.00am – 12 noon	Wesley's – St Raphael's Hospice – Lee Monczak
Tuesday 25 <sup>th</sup>	7.30pm	Wives & Friends – Charity Speaker – Momentum
Saturday 29 <sup>th</sup>	10.00am – 12 noon	Wesley's – Rotary Club of New Malden

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## Next Spotlight Issue

Please send all submissions to Sarah Moore at [nmmc@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:nmmc@hotmail.co.uk) (or in my church pigeonhole).

I am happy to receive anything you think might be of interest: memories, news of members, advice for life, poems, photos, recipes etc.

Do you like the new A5 printed layout? All positive feedback gratefully received.

The deadline for the November issue will be Wednesday 26<sup>th</sup> October.

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## Circuit Plan

		<b>CHESSINGTON</b> <i>10 am</i>	<b>KINGSTON</b> <i>10.30 am; 6pm</i>	<b>NEW MALDEN</b> <i>10.30 am</i>	<b>SURBITON HILL</b> <i>10.30 am</i>
<i>Korean Language Service at Chessington on Sundays at 12.30 led by Rev Paul Han</i>					
02 October	am	M Wakelin: HC	Davis	Rutlidge HF	Brown HF 4.30pm Brown PP
09 October	am	M&J Wakelin	Brown	Rush	Rutlidge
16 October	am	Chun: C	Rutlidge HC 6pm Brown	Bridges	Brown HC
23 October	am	Brown	Vernon	Rutlidge HC	Rush
30 October	am	J Wakelin 4pm: M Wakelin TR	M Wakelin	Brown	Lloyd 5pm Brown SR
06 November	am	M Wakelin: HC	Webb	J Wakelin	Brown 4.30pm Fullbrook PP
13 November	am	M Wakelin: R	Davis R	Rutlidge R	10.45 Brown at war memorial
20 November	am	M Wakelin: C	Rutlidge HC 6pm M Wakelin	Chun	Brown HC
27 November	am	Webb	Brown Gift Service	Rutlidge Gift/HC	Bridges
<b>Abbreviations</b>		HF: Harvest HC: Holy Communion JP: Joint Parade PP: Praise Party SRL Service of Remembering		R: Remembrance T: Time to Remember Service	
ACM: Annual Church Meeting B: Baptism C: Contemporary Service					
<b>Worship Books</b>	Methodist Worship Book (Holy Communion only)	Methodist Worship Book (Holy Communion only)	Methodist Worship Book (complete)	Methodist Worship Book (complete)	
<b>Bibles</b>	NIV	GNB	NRSV	NIV	
<b>Music</b> (Projection by arrangement)	Hymns & Psalms Songs of Fellowship 1-3	Singing the Faith Songs of Fellowship 1-3	Singing the Faith	Singing the Faith Hymns & Psalms Let's Praise 1-2	
<b>Online services (follow links)</b> Chessington: 10am Sunday: YouTube: <a href="#">Chessington Methodist Church</a> Kingston: Sundays & YouTube: <a href="#">Windows on Worship</a> New Malden: Sundays & YouTube: <a href="#">Windows on Worship</a> Surbiton Hill: 10.30 Sundays. YouTube: <a href="#">Surbiton Hill Methodist Church</a>					
<b>Ministers' Day Off:</b> Stan: Saturday; Karl: Monday. Mark works part-time and can usually be contacted Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.					
<b>Preachers Meeting:</b> <i>To be arranged;</i> <b>Circuit Meeting:</b> 8pm on 8 September; 8pm on 17 January					