



## WHAT's HAPPENING in AUGUST

Sun. 5th August

**Majors Stuart and Anne Crane – 10am**

**1<sup>st</sup> Sunday Church – Melanie Page – 6pm**

Altar Table Flowers – Rushden Corps

Sun. 12th August

**Majors Richard & Pauline Cook – 10am**

Altar Table Flowers – Pat Munro

Sun. 19th August

**Major Miriam Scutt – 10am**

Altar Table Flowers – Betty Emerson

Sun. 26th August

**Majors Doug & Brenda Sparkes – 10am**

Altar Table Flowers – Pauline Sawford

Friday 31st August

Hour of Prayer 11am - Prayer Room

Majors Stuart & Anne Crane

*Thankyou for your support*

## **Crossroads - By Margaret Nutt**

**Based on Mathew 7:14**

I was walking down this windy path  
when I came across this post  
There was a question down the middle  
asking 'what do you want the most?'  
There was an outstretched arm to the  
left and another to the right  
And in the middle of the arms on top a  
tiny little light  
At the bottom of the post a seat just  
room enough for one  
Somewhere to sit and think a while until  
your choice is done.

The path to the left was lined with  
money as far as the eye could see  
Surly that would be the way to go, from  
all my debts set free.  
The path to the right was paved with  
gold with music and bright lights  
I could hear people singing and dancing  
into the distant night.  
I thought I'd toss a coin to choose, it  
landed on its head  
Now was that left for heads or right, oh  
dear I don't think I said

I closed my eyes and prayed to god  
asking to show me the right way  
I opened my eyes expecting to see a sign  
as clear as day  
When I looked around about me there  
were no messages in sight  
But I noticed that there was a difference  
with that tiny little light.  
It shone behind the sign post down onto  
a small narrow path  
You cannot be serious lord not that way,  
your having a laugh

Continued from previous page

It had a great big gully which I could not  
cross on my own  
The pathway was rough and ragged I could  
trip to the floor be thrown.  
I turned around to go back down the  
pathway that I first trod  
But it had disappeared from my sight, it  
was really very odd.  
The light then shone straight downward  
toward the foot of the stool  
It shone onto a message which was  
addressed to all.

Christ died upon this cross you see that all  
who ask may come  
to join the loving father when your life on  
earth is done.  
The way may not be easy, with many trials  
along the way  
But the lord will always be with you day  
after day after day.  
Take up this cross and lay it down across  
the gap you are called  
It will allow you to cross over and take the  
path leading to the lord

If you stumble along the journal he will  
keep you safe from harm  
He will never ever leave you; he will keep  
the waters calm  
If the way seems dark and eerie and not  
very clear to you  
The lord will provide that little light to  
shine and guide you through  
So take this path and let it take you to your  
home on high  
and you will get rich blessings that money  
could never buy.