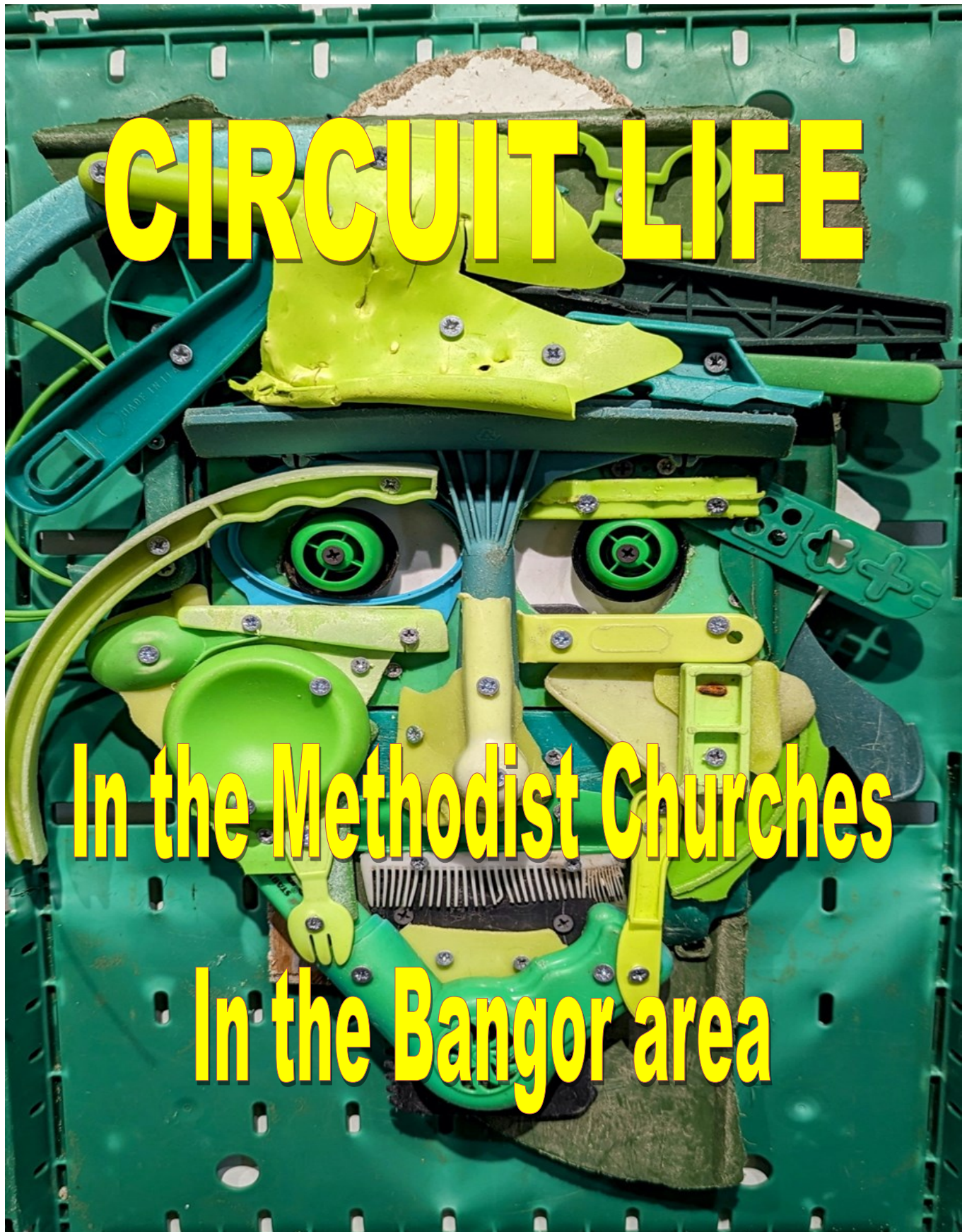


Harvest 2023



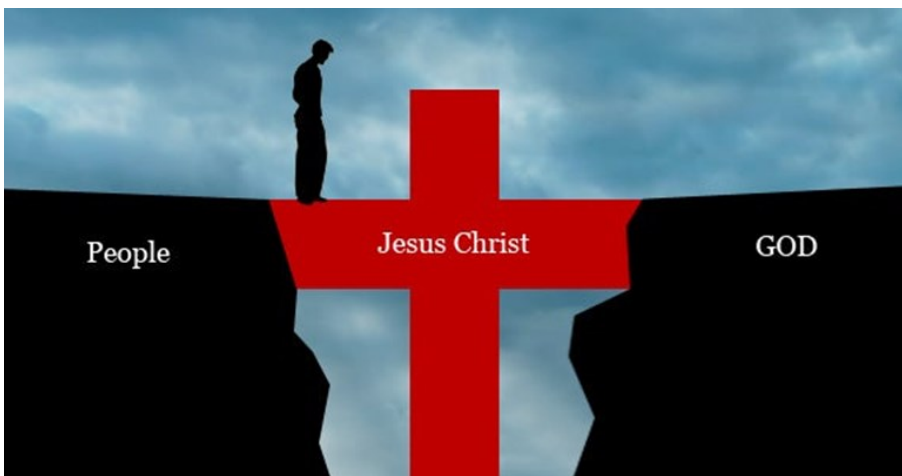
'The Face of Jesus' made from recycled plastic washed up on shore in Portugal

“Christ the Bridge Builder”

For many of us the bridges across the Menai Straits are the source of great wonder and great frustration: wonder, because both are feats of enormous engineering skill; frustration, because whenever they are gridlocked, partially or wholly closed, our journey times increase dramatically.



I was walking over the old Menai Bridge the other day and watching the workmen busy repairing the huge metal cables holding the road surface up. My son is a Civil Engineer and bridges are his thing. So I often take a photo like this one and send it to him to ask what they’re doing. ‘Looks like they’re mending the bridge’ he says. OK, so he’s fairly new to the job but one thing that I’ve become very aware of, through hearing about his work and through watching the repairs to the suspension bridge is that bridges don’t just stay up forever; they need constant attention and maintenance.



Jesus is a bridge builder. One of the most powerful ways to explain what his life on earth was all about is by looking at a diagram like this:

The picture is meant to illustrate the Christian belief

that on the cross Jesus did something to bridge the gap between us and God.

And even if we believe, as we are taught to, that this was a bridge that was built once and for all, I still think we’d be rather foolish to claim that it’s a bridge that doesn’t need constant attention and maintenance by the builder.

By this I mean that the amazing love of Christ, revealed to us on the Cross, the love which opens up the way to God, continues to give itself daily for the sake of the world; it is present in the continuing suffering of the poor and the marginalised; it is heard in the cries of the dispossessed and the outcast shouting for justice. What is more, Jesus, by the Spirit that

dwells in us and in all people of peace and goodwill, is constantly at work repairing and maintaining the bridge to God, keeping it open despite all that human beings do, by their wilfulness, violence and selfishness, to try and break it down.

Just as you may well have seen an illustration like the one above, so you may well have heard this anonymous modern day parable. It's certainly worth repeating:

Once upon a time, there were two siblings. Their parents owned a large farm and when they were too old to continue working it they called their children to them and said that they were going to divide the farm between them, giving to each of them half of the land that lay on either side of the river that ran through the valley. The parents blessed their children and told them always to work together and remain friends.

And so it was - in the beginning. But then one day an argument broke out between the siblings and, just like that, they stopped speaking to one another. For many years afterwards, not a word passed between them.

One day a carpenter turned up at the door of one of the siblings' houses and said, "Do you have any work that you'd like me to do?" The sibling thought for a moment and then replied, "I'd like you to build a fence on my property down near the river that separates my farm from my sibling's over there. Make it as high as you can - I don't want to see them anymore." Then the sibling went into town for the day, leaving the carpenter to do his work.

When evening came, they were shocked to discover that the carpenter had not followed their instructions at all. For instead of building a high fence beside the river, the carpenter had built a bridge over it. The sibling walked down to take a look at the bridge, not sure what to make of it, and as they reached the one side, who should appear on the other side but the other sibling, saying, "After all the terrible things I've done to you over the years, I can't believe that you would build a bridge to welcome me back" and reaching out their arms they offered their sibling a big hug.

The sibling, who had asked for the fence to be built was astonished by all of this and walked back up to where the carpenter was watching what was going on. "Can you stay with me a while?" they asked, "I have more work for you to do." The carpenter smiled but shook his head and answered, "I'm sorry, but I can't stay. I have so many other bridges that need to be built" and taking his tools he went on his way.



Nick Sissons, Superintendent, October 2023



wild Worship



Wild Worship

walking through woods, past a quarry, along roads, near houses, around a labyrinth, in a garden, I enjoyed:

Looking at the ruins of Plas Mawr

Doing the quiz,

walking with people from different churches,

Observing places, pictures and signs,

Running round the labyrinth, twisty and turny,

Seeing the blue-grey sea and

Hills where people hike and houses where people live.

If I made the whole Earth, it would be a lot of work.

I'm glad God did it instead of me.

Praise God!

Simon and Aaron

sons —

Walking through woods, past a quarry, along roads, near houses, a round a labyrinth, in a garden.

I enjoyed:

Looking at the ruins of Plas Mawr

Doing the quiz

Walking with people from different churches,

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Running round the labyrinth, twisty and turny,

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Hills where people hike and houses where people live

If I made the whole Earth, it would be a lot of work, I'm glad God did it instead of me

Praise God!

Simon and Aaron

Wild Worship this summer was based in Penmaenmawr.

Here Simon and Aaron talk about the walk we went which was exploring hidden gardens in Penmaenmawr.

We broke our walk at Noddfa, our local catholic convent where we enjoyed coffee and explored their prayer labyrinth.

Most of us then walked back into Penmaenmawr to get lunch.

Wild Worship – Autumn - September 29th at Cemaes

Nineteen people joined in the walk and reflective worship that was organized to celebrate the beginning of autumn. Using material from the Church's 'Season of Creation,' that runs from September 1st to St Francis' Day on October 4th, we walked along the lower reaches of the Afon Wygyr near Cemaes down to the sea. Here is a taste of what we got up to.

At the start of our walk

'Blessed are you, Creator of all,
to you be praise and glory forever;
each dawn you renew the face of
the Earth, bringing light and life to
all creation. Bring hope to your
people.
May we rejoice in this day that you
have made.'



By the Afon Wygyr

God of hope and healing, **May your Rivers of Righteousness wash away our apathy & greed;**
Nourish us with the water of life that re-
stores; **Turn deserts of despair into oases of hope.**



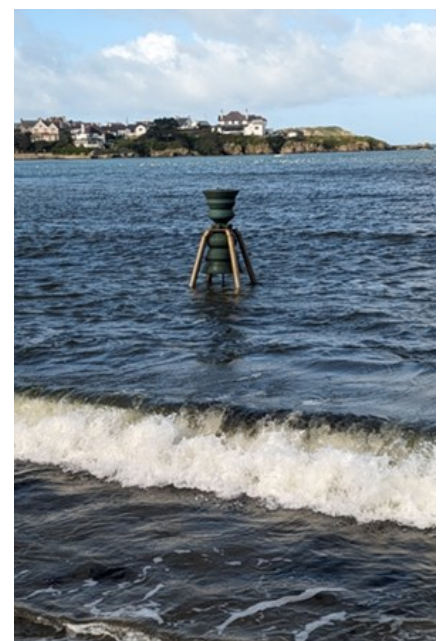
Transform us back into guardians of Your creation. **May the currents of Your justice carry us to Your lagoon of peace,**
Where all creation may enjoy life in abundance. **Amen.**

By St. Patrick's Time & Tide Bell

May we be blessed, while there is still time,
to open our hearts to receive the living waters of God's justice and peace within us: **Amen.**

May we be blessed, while there is still time,
to share the living waters of God's justice and peace
with our suffering brothers and sisters
and with all creatures around us: **Amen.**

May we be blessed, while there is still time, to walk together
with all people of good will, so that the many streams of the
living waters of God's justice and peace may become a
mighty river over all the earth: **Amen.**





Towards the end of August we had a visit to the Circuit from the National Methodist Youth Brass Band.



They were touring Wales for their summer holiday tour. Before they arrived in our circuit they had been at Mumbles Methodist Church and at St Paul's Methodist Centre in Aberystwyth. The band did a number of concerts in both churches and in the communities they were visiting. They also visited some of the major tourist attractions playing in both Portmeirion and Caernarfon Castle.

We Welcomed them to our circuit one Thursday evening with a meal we had prepared at St Paul's church in Penmaenmawr. This gave us a chance to get to know the group and for them to settle in to our building. We had arranged for them to play 2 concerts in our circuit. As we wanted to share the band with our communities we got permission for them to play on the promenade in Penmaenmawr



and on the Pier in Bangor. Both of these events were well attended by both church people and local people out and about over the bank holiday stopped to listen.

Their final day with us was the Sunday with a celebration service at St Paul's in Penmaenmawr.

It was a real privilege to have the band stay with us. They are a very talented group of young people who are open about their faith and are willing to share what being a Christian means as they go about their concerts and services.



Thank you National Methodist Youth Brass Band, you were awesome.

This poem was written by John Hay one of our local preachers.

Overleaf is a poem I wrote when on holiday. Now, I am no poet, though I have started to write some creative stories recently and do like to try and be creative with words. I do not hold myself up as any good and am certainly not one to be able to tell anyone else what or how to write. But there is something I have discovered. It helps me. Any sort of creativity engages a part of our being which offsets the rationale angsty side of our brains we tend to over engage in the everyday. It helps to get things off your chest, and putting it down on paper, for people like me who struggle to talk about issues, problems etc. is a way of vocalizing what we are feeling. So, if you do not have anyone to talk to, or feel unable to do so, give it a go. Write. Note down how you are feeling, write out a prayer, write about your feelings directly, or as I did in this poem, indirectly by using an image and developing it. God speaks very powerfully to and through us when we open all of ourselves to create in this way. If you are able, show it to someone. Let it speak what you might not be able to say in conversation. And then you may find the power to really talk.



There is a Beast up here with me in the mist

There is a beast up here with me in the mist,
No partner to mellow fruitfulness this,
Nor close bosomed friend to the maturing sun.
Less Keats, more Benchley in nature,
It cloy, it clasps, it claws me,
It dampens, it drudges, it darkens me,

A Figure moving through, furtive unfeeling,
Maybe a ghostly pirate shape seeking revenge?
Or a Gorilla in the mist and in our midst,
A possessive, powerful Police officer of this place?
It rasps, it retches, it rears at me,
It belches, it bangs, it bellows at me.

There is a beast up here with me in the mist,
An assassin stalking with a view to a kill?
Bond-like in beating the bounds of belief,
It seeks me out, marking me, has me in its sights.
It snorts, it snarls, it snaps at me,
It entangles, it envelops, it ensnares me.

There is a beast up here with me in the mist.
Shall I run from it shrieking or strike it swiftly with a stick?
No, gently goes, pick a path betwixt and between,
Make alert confidence your only weapon.
Draw comfort for there are other figures here too,
Fell running, dog walking, friendly faces.

There is a beast up here with me in the mist,
Neither bovine, nor ghost, nor gorilla, nor assassin,
But that which sits at my breast,
Belittling and telling tales of fear,
Whispering wily words of worry,
Limiting and engendering a fear of being.

There is a beast up here with me in the mist.
I have known it all my life and it is part of me.
Though I weary of its story, there is another path to seek,
A way once trod by one who had a bigger beast on his back
And in his power, can I look it in the eye and say,
"I hear you, I see you but I am coming through anyway."

John Hay
06/07/2023

My poem started as an account of doing a walk in the Lake District when the mist descended, and we came across some cows. Before I knew it somehow grew into a deeper passage about my own battle with depression, anxiety and lack of self-worth. We all have our own beasts – but we are not alone and there is a way through. I hope that me vocalizing this will help others to do so too.

A verse to live by

Lorna Sykes Llanfairfechan Methodist Church

A verse that means a lot to me and has had a huge impact on my life is Zephaniah 3:17.

**"he Lord your God is with you,
He is mighty to save,
He will quiet you with His love,
He will take great delight in you,
He will rejoice over you with singing."**

Many years ago I was unaware of this verse and the lovely promises it contains until I had an amazing encounter with the Lord.

Ken and I were attending a minister's conference and had enjoyed having space and time to hear what God had to say to us. The conference closed with a communion service and during that time God spoke to me in a way I had never heard before.

We were singing a song -

"And I love you, yes I love you. You're my delight"

I found myself weeping and the Lord said to me;

"Be quiet. Listen"

"You are my delight"

"This is my song to you"

I stood amazed. It was like He was standing at my shoulder.

I didn't want to leave that place. However God hadn't finished.....

When we got home I found that a friend had sent me a card with this same verse on it. It was not a verse I was familiar with but there it was in Scripture exactly what God had said to me.

"Be quiet. Listen"

"You are my delight"

"This is my song to you"



How amazing!! It just took my breath away.

I know His love to
me Our God is
simply the best!!

Never underestimate how much God loves you or how precious you are to Him. He loves us with an everlasting love that never lets us down.

I find this verse so powerful and a solid foundation for all of life's ups and downs. God's unfailing love is my constant.

Around the circuit in 5 photos

Bangor

Youth and Children's Work - St John's Circuit Report 21 09 23

St. John's continues to have weekly Sunday Club during morning services , using " Roots " which appears to be going well. Many thanks to the volunteers who continue to lead and support it .

The Summer Holiday Club was felt to be a success with 19 children attending for all or some of the sessions . We offered three days this year during the first week of the holidays . An offer to stay for lunch was included , being aware of concerns around school holiday hunger . All of the children stayed for lunch and a further meal was part of the Friday night Celebration which parents came along to .

We used the Scripture Union holiday club material " The Restoration Station " and the North Wales Mission Enabler Keefe Owen joined us on the Friday .

The fact that we had 17 helpers (not all every day !) made a tremendous difference to how we were able to interact with the children and the activities we were able to include in the club .

We are hoping to arrange a follow up activity in October / November Holyhead Report for Circuit Meeting 21st September 2023



Holyhead

Although we at Holyhead have a small congregation, the majority of whom make up the members of our fellowship group, everyone is enthusiastic to join in.

Since lockdown, our "Open The Book" Group have not been able to meet but we are hopeful our "performances" will restart towards the end of September – we are already rehearsing!

Since our last meeting, a variety of events have taken place including a bring and share to celebrate Jackie's 88th Birthday and a Garden Party held in my garden at which £226 was raised for our Church funds. It was wonderful to see attendance from other Circuit Churches – thank you - you know who you are.

Future events include a joint Harvest Festival with St, David Church of Wales on 24th September. Everyone knitting/crocheting small poppies for another display for Remembrance Day and on 25th November, a musical Christmas fayre with a Male Voice Choir and a local Choir joining us. This again is a joint affair with the Church of Wales to raise funds for the Church toilets to be upgraded.

A Bible Study, led by Sue Altree, started on 12 the September held fortnightly at the home of Robina and Gordon. The topic is "The Four Gospels" to which everyone is welcome.

Kathy Taylor



Report on Worship at Amlwch Methodist Church September 2023

We are carrying on with our different types and places of worship – not everyone's cup of tea of course, but we see this as our mission.

We are very grateful to the preachers who have come to lead worship in different ways and places.

Because of these innovations we are meeting with a lot of different new people-

At Café Church in Clwb y Gorlan, Amlwch, we meet with old friends from Anglesey Good Gifts Shop and their new friends who they bring with them.

At Hafan Cefni Residential Home, Llangefni, we share with the residents for worship who seem to really appreciate the service.

And in the meantime, we meet twice a month for a service in our own Chapel, where we welcome visitors and tourists, where we still have an access problem.

On the fifth Sunday we meet in Eddys Barn in Tynyngogl, Benllech.

These new innovations have extended our community roll and contacts by over 20 who meet once a month for worship in our name.

Rev David Jones



Report from Capel Zinc, Llanfairfechan

We have just celebrated our "125th Anniversary" with thankfully a good size congregation, noting some of the success developed from the original seven members who strived to build the Chapel in 1898.

We have a number of regular events open to the whole community including Bible Fellowship, Flexercise classes, Brownie meetings, Knit and Natter Group and the monthly Ploughman's lunches. Business meetings for the North West Wales Cancer Research Group are accommodated here too.

The picture below shows the 'Macmillan Coffee Morning' held on Friday 15th September and well attended throughout the morning. Lots of cakes were eaten but as yet we haven't arrived at a figure for donations to the charity, but it is looking favourable at the moment.



Penmaenmawr

The highlight of the summer in Penmaenmawr was the visit of the National Methodist Youth Brass Band in August. We had a good day together cleaning the church in preparation for the band to come (we cleaned all those cobwebs away and got rid of lots of clutter). We then worked together the following day to prepare a welcome meal for the band.

We had decided to hold the concert they were doing for us on the promenade. We had a wonderful hour sat in the sun listening to the band and chatting to local people. On the Sunday we had a service of celebration led by the band. We squeezed the band their drum kit and percussion session into the front of church and had a wonderful time together. Thanks to Andrew Sales and the National Methodist Youth Brass band for coming to North Wales.



Getting to know you—Chris Bullivant Amlwch Methodist Church

I was born in Manchester on the same day as Stephen Hawking in 1942, and there I stayed, until I moved to Amlwch, having bought a house here in 2007. My father, having survived being shot down, evading capture, and escaping from France in 1944 (search Flt/Lt Bernard Bullivant) was a time and motion study engineer in the cotton industry. Mother worked in the local TSB when my sister, Linda, born in 1948 and I had flown the nest.

Aged 9, I was sent to the Sunday school attached to Father's C of E church where I progressed through the senior department to confirmation classes. The problem here was that I was required to attend communion on Sunday mornings, which was difficult as Dad and I went to Ladybarn Methodist Church, in the Manchester / Withington Circuit, because he liked the minister. The main attraction for me could have been the organ. I must have drifted away for a bit because my memory is foggy. This could have been because I got a scholarship to Manchester Grammar School where there was a rather nice organ, so perhaps my attendance at church services was not so necessary, or maybe the minister changed.

By the time I was in the 4th form I had made friends with Jeremy who lived in Broadheath. One Sunday he suggested that we should go to the evening service at Broadheath Methodist Church, so we went. After the service I went to chat to the organist and he said "Would you like to play it?" I didn't need asking twice. I asked if he could give me lessons and he said he would think about it, could I come back next week? The following week he told me that he did not feel competent, but he had consulted the trustees, and I could come and practise whenever I wanted, and showed me where the church keys were hidden. 10/10 for trust - Jeremy's dad was SS Superintendent. I used to practice on Fridays before Youth Club, that I joined, having joined the Youth Fellowship, now being a regular at evening services. I was received into membership at Broadheath a year later. God used an organ and a trusting church to win me over.

While all this was going on I was back at Ladybarn Methodist Church on Sunday mornings, singing bass in the choir and chatting up the organist there, and had also been enlisted by another bass, the Senior Department leader of the Sunday School, Lyn Hargreaves, as pianist for Afternoon School. Lyn's wife Aileen ran Morning School, so I became pianist there too. Lyn was a Circuit Steward and Local Preacher, and became a Dutch uncle to me, generally pointing me in the right directions. He used to enter car rallies, so I became his navigator to point **him** in the right directions. I held many offices during my time at Ladybarn: Youth Club Leader, Local Preacher on trial, District Membership Secretary, Society Steward, Circuit Steward, and Circuit Treasurer. I also became Organist and spent almost as much time inside the organ fixing problems as I did at the console

Members of Ladybarn's youth club were into English folk dances and used to attend events at a local school once a month. This progressed to my joining a country dance club where I met Ruth who, as well as being a dancer, was the daughter of a Harpurhey Methodist's Sunday School Superintendent, and had a cat. She taught maths at Manchester High School for Girls. We were married in 1969. Our first daughter, Alison, was born in 1971, followed by Jenni in 1974.

After school I took a Student Apprenticeship with Metropolitan Vickers (which became AEI then GEC). This was a sandwich course in various works departments and at Salford University (then a CAT). We'll skirt round the lack of success at that! The thing that I did learn as an apprentice was that one gift that God has given me is an analytical mind. I can often figure out what is wrong with a piece of equipment without having any previous experience of it. After passing through many interesting departments, I came out of my time as a value engineer in the Transformer Division.

I met up with another apprentice who took me to a Manchester Christian Business Men's Committee rally at the Free Trade Hall. I can remember that we sang What a friend we have in Jesus. I don't really rate the normal tune, but this was my introduction to Blaenwern. Although at 18 I sang bass, my voice had not broken completely and I could still manage treble and loved the high notes in the last line.

Ladybarn's Youth Fellowship was very active and took occasional services and Lyn, my Dutch uncle kept a watchful eye over me. By this time, I was playing the organ for the services that the YF were taking and, when I had written a hymn for one, egged on by a mate, for the next service we did our leader suggested that I should try a sermon. At least it was not too long. Lyn, being a local preacher, pounced and persuaded me to apply for a note to preach. My LP tutor, Tony, had also been a scholar at MGS and was into organs so we had an immediate bond.

I expected that when we had planned our first service together that he would let me read the lessons, as I had seen happen with other new 'on notes'. Tony, bless him, took me into the pulpit with him, introduced me, and went and joined the congregation. I progressed to being on trial but, as our organist had resigned due to ill health, I was needed at the organ. Then, as now, organists were much rarer than preachers, so I had to make the difficult decision to give up the more demanding role of preaching.

Wanting to do something to help others I joined the Auxiliary Fire Service and had a great time driving Green Goddesses to fires and exercises. We came to Beaumaris one weekend to train on an inflatable raft. I was born too late for National Service, but learned a lot in the AFS, including where Beaumaris was.

In my formative years in industry, after redundancy from the cosy world of life in a large organisation, I worked in the fire sprinkler industry, initially keeping tabs of the labour force, at least half of whom had criminal convictions, a real eye-opener to the real world, then trouble-shooting electrical and hydraulic problems. I was moved to a sister company, as a project engineer designing electrical schemes for the then New (since replaced) City of Bradford Police Headquarters. I left this job, having learned that when your boss is trying to bully you it is fine to shout at him, you earn his respect. I moved back into sprinklers working with former colleagues before more redundancy struck. My Dutch uncle, Lyn, came to the rescue. A company in which he had an interest was expanding and needed another engineer. So began my thirty-eight years working with microprocessor-controlled weighing and sorting systems for poultry slaughterhouses. A great conversation stopper. This took me round the world and I made many friends in many countries.

Ladybarn experienced roof problems and services temporarily moved to the schoolroom, with a piano, which did not thrill me. I was an organist, not a pianist. I have Grade I Piano, self-taught Organ. Role model: Gustav Holst. He played more with panache than accuracy. I had lost my touch on a piano. They were supposed to move back into the church, but this never happened and my disenchantment grew. I did my duty, but it seemed to be affecting my mental health on Sundays as I returned from church feeling much worse than when I set out. In the end I tearfully handed in my notice as organist.

Meanwhile, Manchester Road Methodist Church in Chorlton, three miles away, had an Allen digital organ but were short on organists. I visited them just before Christmas and was given a warm welcome and, on asking a lady to whom I should talk regarding joining the carol party, I was told 'The girl-with-nice-legs'. I received much encouragement to move there with my wife, Ruth, and daughters Ali and Jenni, from Rev Dr Percy Scott, Ex-Principal of Hartley Victoria College, who was their minister. Percy was an inspiring minister. His sermons were never boring, in later years they were sometimes confusing or rambling maybe, but never boring. Shortly after I had moved house to Chorlton, the church was modified to provide a better entrance room. During the work I played for services in the schoolroom – on the piano!

Chorlton, as it is now known, had an active class system and we were assigned to the one that had the most regular class meetings. Its leader was the mother of the girl-with-nice-legs. Ruth developed cancer and the support from the church during the weeks round her death in 1987 was phenomenal, as was help from above.

Some time later, the girl-with-nice-legs became my second wife, Barbara. She was also a teacher in a primary school. She was into dogs, but has been converted to Somali cats – the Jack Russells of the cat world.

Half the class members were also in the choir, which was very active. We had regular practices on Friday evenings, and performed anthems at special services. The high point was of course the Carol Service, when Rutter was well represented. I should not have used the past tense. They can still muster twenty plus voices in augmented choir for the Carol Service and I still play for that. Since I moved to Amlwch they have used a digital hymnal, but I am still regarded as their organist.

The Withington Circuit had been joined with the Manchester and Salford Mission and later with the Manchester (North) & Middleton and Droylsden & Openshaw circuits to form one of the first Mega Circuits. The only venue large enough for the inaugural service was Manchester Cathedral. I suggested to the Superintendent that I would volunteer as organist. Playing the cathedral organ for that service was certainly a high point.

I consider Jesus my friend, even my mate. It may be a total lack of respect, but I am sure that He understands. As He is always there, I tend to make the passing comments, as I would to anyone else, like when the traffic lights change to red just as they have let me into the junction I will glance through the sunroof and say 'Thanks' followed by 'Mate' or 'Sir' as the mood takes me. He has been good at saving me from perils when I have been doing something stupid. He has answered prayers and carried me when I have been in bad places. 'Footprints' springs to mind. I know that I am going to meet him one day. Not too sure about that. I may stand there remembering all the times that I have let him down and feel ashamed. But then, in heaven, I will be made perfect and have no pride, therefore no shame, I hope.

I have learned that He gives help through others, if you think enough about it. The 'others' may not know when He is using them, likewise we do not always realise when our actions or words towards others have His backing.

So as not to step out of character, in answer to the question 'what one thing would I like to change about my church' I would say 'I'd like a twenty-strong choir'. Apart from making joyful noises to the Lord they could fill other offices in the church and circuit.

I think an important thing in life is to be kind. Everything else will follow naturally. Oh, a sense of humour helps! But possibly most important is to know someone who is stronger than you are, ever present, and unfailingly supportive.

What is the difference between an organist and a terrorist?

You can negotiate with a terrorist



time & space



On the first Tuesday of September, between 10.30 and noon, we launched a new venture. It's a very simple idea – meeting in a local café to chat. Ed, the owner of '& Caws' cheese shop & deli in Menai Bridge welcomed us to his place, we got ourselves drink & sat down together. There were lots of conversations going on around the table and people had time to talk about life and faith and, I imagine, the weather too.

We met again in early October, about a dozen of us once again – but not all the same people. This time Ed produced croissants and pain au chocolat - he's clearly getting into the swing of it too - and, although most people who've come so far are quite local to Menai Bridge, some have travelled from much further afield.

Our next gathering will be on November 7th. Perhaps you might like to join us? Or perhaps you'll wonder whether you can do something more local to you? Some St Paul's and Capel Zinc folk are already wondering about whether they could alternate between cafés in both villages.

('& Caws' is located on Dale Street in the heart of Menai Bridge, LL59 5AL, between Hill Street & Wood Street)



St Francis of Assisi

One of the most famous saints is an Italian man called Francis. A saint is someone who has followed the example of Jesus and shown God's love to the world. Francis lived around 800 years ago and was one of the first people who really cared for nature and the animals that God created. That is why his special day on October 4th is celebrated as World Animal Day.. Here is a picture to colour.



Rev'd Nick Sissons

Circuit Superintendent and Editor

01248 543 162

revdncsissons@gmail.com

Heather Bonnebaigt

Printing and Distribution Manger

07944 006196

Heather.bangormeth@gmail.com