



SHRAWLEY MAGAZINE.



My dear friends,

The new Magazine brings you my very sincere good wishes for the year 1920. May it be a year of real brightness and happiness to you all. That it will be one of anxiety we cannot doubt, for there is so much to be settled for a long time to come, and we are sure to feel the effects of the war in all directions. But at least, here in Shrawley we can do our part by quietly doing our best for one another and aiming for the highest Christian ideals of brotherliness and love. If we set the example here we may be sure that the effects will spread to other places.

As Admiral Cuming reminded us in his excellent lecture the other night, "comradeship must be the key-note of the future" I am so glad that we have a strong Post of the Comrades of the Great War. We still want more members, from outside as well as inside the Parish. And we want several Associate Members who are interested in the movement and will help us to stand up for the rights of those who risked their all in the great War. The debt we owe to them must never be repudiated.

I feel sure that you will all be pleased with the War Memorials and we hope to see everyone's name on our subscription list. In the next issue I hope to be able to announce the date when the Cross and Tablet will be formally unveiled and dedicated.

General Gibbon, who was in Gallipoli, and since then has commanded the Royal Engineers in the South and West of England, in which district we are included, has agreed to come and perform the ceremony. And we hope this may take place early in February.

May I make a further appeal for the photographs of all who served. It saves a lot of work and time if these are sent in to me, together with the name and rank, regiment and details of wounds, towns and places where they served. It means a good deal of writing to get all these and I am sure you will help me to get the list quite complete.

The next women's meeting will be on January 12th at 3 o'clock. We enjoyed the last very much, and are extremely grateful to Mrs. Cuming for her talk. In Feb. Miss Gibbons of Hartlebury will address us, and at the January Meeting I will talk about "Children I have met," and we can exchange stories about the Sayings of Children, which are often so intensely amusing and interesting.

Mrs. Boulton will be so glad to see some new children at the Sunday School. The numbers have increased lately, but there are others who might come. I hope to have some Confirmation Classes soon, but have not yet been able to arrange a date for a Confirmation.

Of amusements a great deal might be said; but it is not necessary to say more than that the young people seem to appreciate everything that they are taking part in this winter, and so are some of the elders too.

Now a word about the Magazine. This is quite a new venture, to have one of our own, and we hope that it will succeed. Your distributor will ask you for 1½d. at least, and if every house takes a copy we can pay our way. Some may like to give more and so help those who cannot afford to pay more than the pre-war price. Unfortunately, we have to learn that the old shilling is now worth about eightpence, and even less, and that in consequence we must pay more according to the old standard.

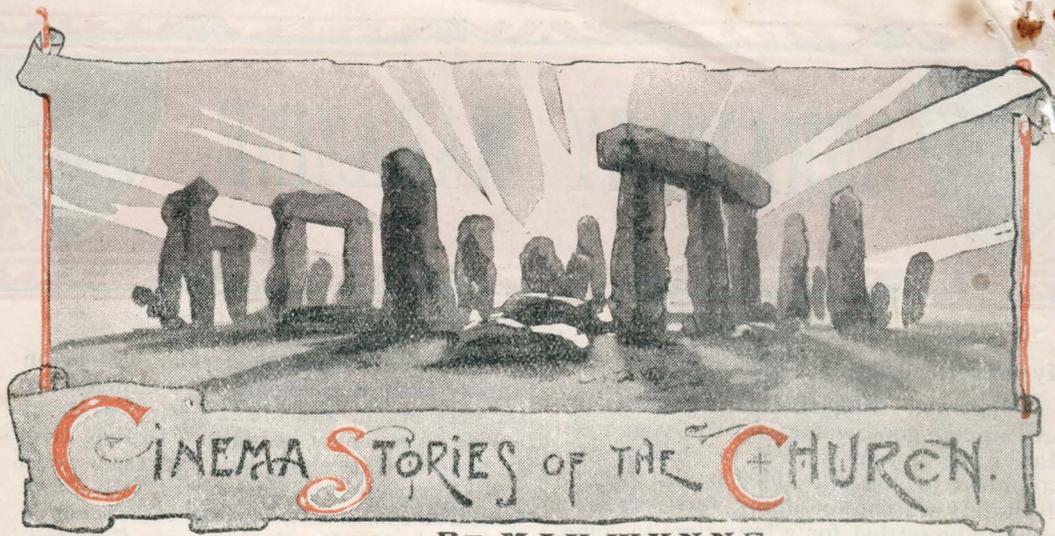
The Men's Club is organising a Whist Drive for the 16th, part of the proceeds to be given to the Worcester Infirmary in response to their appeal. This should attract a large number, apart from the personal enjoyment of such gatherings.

Your affectionate Rector,

HORACE T. BOULTBEE.

Register.

BAPTISM. Dec. 7. Roland Ball.
BURIAL. Dec. 3. Dorcas Maund, aged 72



CINEMA STORIES OF THE CHURCH.

By MAY WYNNE.

INTRODUCTION: THE VOICE.

TO westwards the sun began to set amidst cloud-banks of royal purple which, in touching, the dying King of day fired with its own glory. Soon the grey shadows would be gathered, creeping stealthily over the distant wilderness.

Ah! the wilderness, mysterious, terrible, lonely. Even now the melancholy howling of wild beasts told that the night prowlers were abroad. And look! yonder, fleeing from the concealed horror which lurked amongst such shadows, the form of a little lamb—a wanderer from the fold. With torn fleece and cruel, bleeding wounds the helpless creature fled, not knowing whither. The fold, where was the fold? Would the door be closed? Another long and menacing howl—the pattering of pursuing feet—all in vain, all in vain. . . . But what was that against the skyline? Not the fold, but three strange symbols—wooden symbols black against the golden glory which crowned the central one. A crown . . . above a cross. And—as it were from afar—the sound of a Voice. The lamb paused, trembling. Ah! the pattering of those cruel feet which pursued.

Then again the Voice.

“I am come to save that which was lost.”

Lost. The lamb understood that word. It was lost. Lost, lost beyond hope of finding its way. But this was the Shepherd’s Voice. This was the Shepherd.

It was only a lost lamb, foolish, unlearned, ignorant. But it knew a Voice . . . it knew its Shepherd. And with a faint bleat of welcome it fled into the outstretched arms which folded it round.

Away, back into the wilderness, fled the pursuers. The lamb, trembling, nestled closer. It knew the Shepherd could never, would never refuse it shelter. No argument, no question, no doubt. It had heard the Voice calling through the darkness.

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At the foot of the Central Cross stood the Good Shepherd. The lamb’s wounds were bound, it lay safe against its Rescuer’s breast. Safe! safe! safe!

Night closed around the wilderness. The sun sank amidst a glory of gold—and it seemed that the path of the Shepherd led into the very heart of the glory. Thither, carrying the lamb, followed by faithful sheep. He passed, and, as He vanished from sight, it seemed that angel songs welcomed His coming.

But still in the wilderness beyond echoed the music of His voice: “I have come to save that which was lost.”

PICTURE I. THE WORSHIP OF THE SUN.

“At sunrise,” moaned the man, “at sunrise.”

Gaunt and bearded he crouched there amongst the mighty stones which had been scattered as if by supernatural power in a wide circle over the plain.

Around lay the blacker shadows of night, in the distance a wolf howled.

Beric the Briton crouched lower. He had come afoot through the forests, unwearied on his journey but with horror in his heart.

At sunrise his only child was to die. And in the east the first streak of dawn began to show.

Measured music, song, the sound of many footsteps. Nearer they came . . . nearer.

Beric rose and stood, trembling but resolved. Light was breaking, showing him a mysterious and awe-inspiring sight. A long procession of white-bearded priests, their snowy locks crowned by oak leaves or circlets of gold. It was midsummer morn. These were the Druids coming to do honour to the rising sun.

Clash of instruments, blending of voices, rose in the quiet air. The procession halted, moving into place. Prostrate on the ground lay the priests, worshipping



“My son!” he cried. “Spare him!”