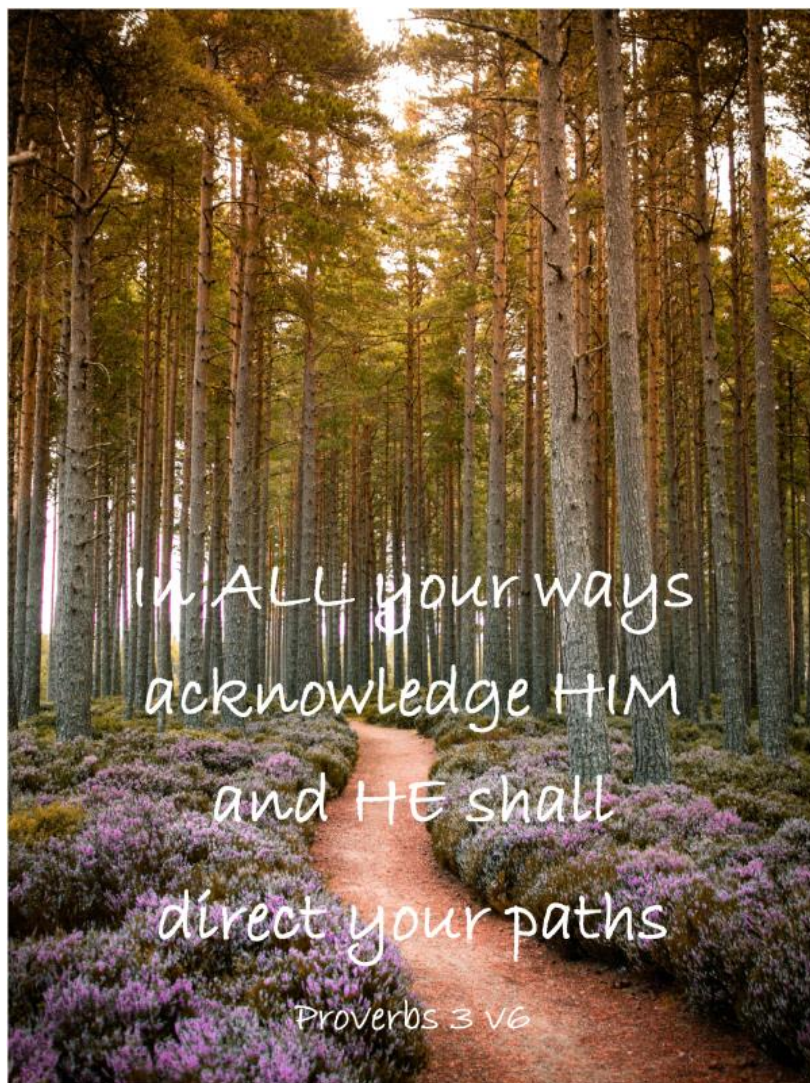




Minister Rev'd David Jewell
Church Secretary Mrs Sally Edmondson
nailseaurc.org.uk

CONNECT

**NAILSEA UNITED
REFORMED CHURCH
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Trust in the Lord with all your heart
and lean not on your own
understanding
Proverbs 3 v 5

Dear Friends,

Dear Friends

There will be times in your life when it feels like everything stops. All the things that keep you busy. It may be due to illness, redundancy, moving home, enduring personal loss. This quiet season is not punishment. It is preparation. When you and I come to understand that the sooner the suffering of the silence stops feeling like abandonment and starts feeling like what it is, one of the most intentional seasons God ever walks His people through.

We automatically seek the breakthrough, the open door, the answered prayer, those are the moments that get the testimony. Those are the seasons that make sense from the outside looking in. But the quiet seasons. The ones where heaven feels like it is closed. Where everyone around you seems to be moving and you are standing completely still. Where God feels simultaneously closer than He has ever been and more silent than you can bear. Those seasons are doing something the loud ones cannot.

Elijah heard God not in the wind that tore the mountains apart. Not in the earthquake. Not in the fire. After all of it, in the still small voice. 1 Kings 19 v 12. The silence was not the absence of God. It was the presence of God in a form that required stillness to receive. And stillness is exactly what the quiet season forces. It forces you off the performance treadmill. It separates you from the noise long enough to hear what God has been trying to say underneath all of it. It strips away the busyness that has been keeping you from the depth He has been inviting you into. It creates the conditions for the kind of intimacy that loud seasons never could. The quiet is not empty. It is full of everything God has been waiting to say to a heart that was finally still enough to hear it.

Do not fill the silence with distraction because the stillness makes you uncomfortable. Do not perform your way through a season God designed for you to receive in. Go deeper. Get still. Let Him speak. Because what God is saying in the quiet is always worth more than anything the noise had to offer.

God bless you, David.

Bible study Dates - Tuesday 2pm

June 30 Luke 8 v 40-56

July 14-last before September John 15 v 1-17

DEUTERONOMY 6:10-19

Be careful that you do not forget the Lord (Deuteronomy 6:12)

“Oh no!” That was my response upon opening a beehive and discovering the colony had suddenly died. It had been a thriving hive with lots of honey. I’d carefully maintained it throughout a mild winter and anticipated an early harvest. But a cold snap in the warm weather had led to collapse.

I checked with experts. “Many beekeepers lost hives this time,” they reassured me. Mild winters present challenges for bees, even healthy hives. Bees fan their wings to maintain warmth in the hive in winter, but when the weather warms briefly, they exhaust themselves seeking even more food. If temperatures drop quickly, they don’t have strength to keep warm. Their ‘distraction’ leads to destruction.

Even good things can become dangers when they turn us from what matters most. Moses cautioned God’s people about this

after they left Egypt and before they entered the land God was about to give them - a land with “houses filled with all kinds of good things” that they “did not provide. (Deut 6.11). “When you eat and are satisfied,” Moses warned, “be careful that you do not forget the Lord (v 11-12)

Remembering God in our blessings helps us because He is the source of “every good and perfect gift” (James 1:17). When we humbly respond to His goodness by loving Him with heart, soul and strength (Deut 6:5) we find in Him the best blessing of all.

What are you grateful for? How do all good things ultimately come from God?

Thank You, Father, for your goodness to me. Please help me to remember You today!

Source: Our Daily Bread



Dear God,
Hope is a driving force for us at Global Justice Now, now more than ever. We come to you weary, looking for hope in a world overwhelmed by conflict and violence. We hope for an end to war and the suffering it brings, and for the courage to stand against the forces of oppression and injustice.

We pray for the people of Gaza, and all those who suffer daily under the weight of state violence and oppression. Give them

strength and resilience in the face of horror, and help us to stand in solidarity with them as they struggle for freedom and justice.

We ask for your guidance in our efforts to address the root causes of conflict, including the unchecked power of corporations that fuel climate change and perpetuate inequality.

Help us to challenge their greed and exploitation, and to create a world where all people can live with dignity and respect.

We see hope in the work of activists across the world, who tirelessly advocate for a more just and peaceful world. Bless their efforts and multiply their impact, so that together we may build a world where peace reigns, hope is restored, and all people can thrive.

Amen.

By Ruby Puckering

Communion Offering for July

Children's Hospice South West.



For more than 30 years Children's Hospice South West has been caring for children and young people with life-threatening conditions by providing children's hospice and professional family support services. We are dedicated to making the most of short and precious lives through the provision of the best possible hospice care for children and young people with life-limiting conditions.

The care offered at each of our three hospices is not just about medical and nursing support for sick children but enriching lives of the children and their whole family.

July Rotas

	Flowers	Readers
July 3 rd	Peter	Jane
July 14 th	Ave	Peter
July 21 st	Margaret	Stella
July 28 th	Barbara	Philip
July 3 rd	TBA	Jane

CHURCH EVENTS DIARY – July 2026		
TUESDAY 30TH	BIBLE STUDY with Revd. David Jewell	2.00PM
SUNDAY 5TH	SUNDAY WORSHIP with Revd. David Jewell	11.00AM
SUNDAY 12TH	SUNDAY WORSHIP with Mr Alan Ridout	11.00AM
TUESDAY 14TH	BIBLE STUDY with Revd. David Jewell	2.00PM
SUNDAY 19TH	COMMUNION SUNDAY WORSHIP with Revd. David Jewell	11.00AM
SUNDAY 26TH	SUNDAY WORSHIP With Mr Andrew Capien	11.00AM
SUNDAY 2ND	SUNDAY WORSHIP with Revd. David Jewell	11.00AM

Yesterday is HISTORY
 Tomorrow is a MYSTERY
 Today is a gift from God,
 that's why we call it the PRESENT

Psalm 23

There was once a Shakespearean actor who was known everywhere for his one-man shows of readings and recitations from the classics. He would always end his performance with a reading of Psalm 23.

Each night, without exception, as the actor began his recitation ... “The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want” ... the crowd would listen attentively. And then, at the conclusion of the Psalm, they would rise in thunderous applause in appreciation of the actor’s incredible ability to bring the verses to life.

But one night, just before the actor was to offer his customary recital of Psalm 23, a young man from the audience spoke up. “Sir, do you mind if I recite Psalm 23?”

The actor was quite taken aback by this unusual request, but he allowed the young man to come forward and stand front and centre on the stage to recite the Psalm, knowing that the ability of this unskilled youth would be no match for his own talent.

With a soft voice, the young man began to recite the words of the Psalm. When he was finished, there was no applause. There was no standing ovation as on other nights. All that could be heard was the sound of weeping. The audience had been so moved by the young man’s recitation that every eye was full of tears.

Amazed by what he had heard, the actor said to the youth, “I don’t understand. I have been performing Psalm 23 for years. I have a lifetime of experience and training, but I have never been able to move and audience as you have tonight. Tell me, what is your secret?”

The young man quietly replied, “Well, sir, you know the Psalm.... I know the Shepherd.”

Back to the Future - Adrian Plass

A couple of years ago we took our bicycles down to Newhaven, crossed by ferry to Northern France, and spent a few enjoyable days pedalling from town to town along the river valleys.

Our last day was set aside to explore the port of Dieppe before recrossing the channel that evening. Just after lunch we entered the cool interior of a big church near the centre of the town. I lost touch with the others for a while, but after a few minutes I discovered Katy aged four staring at a life-size sculpture of Mary, the mother of Jesus, holding her son's dead body in her arms and looking into his face with an expression of real pain and loss.

Katy turned and saw me.

"Daddy, why has Jesus got a hole in his side?"

Stumblingly, I explained that a Roman spear had been responsible. Katy was horrified. She studied the sculpture again.

"Daddy, he's got a hole in his feet. Why has he got holes in his feet?" I answered, "That's where they nailed his feet to a piece of wood called a cross and those are the holes where the nails were."

"Nailed his feet?!"

She turned to look at the stone figures again. Her voice broke a little as she spoke.

"Daddy, he's got holes in his hands as well. They didn't nail his hands as well did they?"

Sadly, I explained. Katy moved closer to the sculptures, put her arm around Jesus and rested her face down on his knee.

Suddenly I longed to go back to the time when I first understood that Jesus died for me and it really hurt. Before I covered my faith in words and worries, I wanted to be like a child again.