

E-READ

The General Conference of the New Church **Articles and Letters**

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Suggestions For The Second Sunday Before Pentecost

by Revd John Elliott

Attached with this edition of E-Read is a selection of worship suggestions for this Sunday by the Revd John Elliott.

IT Advice Segments - Part Three

by Gemma McLean

Passwords

What makes a good password? Well one with 20 random letters and numbers that you will never remember and as a result end up being locked out of your account is not the answer.

My predecessor David Glover taught me that adding in a symbol, a capital letter and some numbers along with your standard lowercase letters is enough to make a password very difficult to crack. Let's say I wanted a password based on my love of Star Wars. I could go for:

hansolo

So a great password could then be:

hansoLo*32

Notice the capital letter in the middle, the star symbol and the numbers?

'hansolo' is also not something that would be found in a dictionary, so this makes it even harder to crack.

I tested **hansoLo*32** on the web site www.howsecureismypassword.net and got the following result:



6 years is good enough for me! Although I added the number 5 on to the end (**hansoLo*325**) and that increased the time to 400 years!

I tried **gemma123** and got this result:



Tip: Don't use your own name in your password or that of a spouse etc. Make it something that should be impossible to guess. Don't use birthdays or any other publicly available information that you might share on social networks etc.

There is nothing wrong with making a note of your passwords somewhere safe, perhaps in a notebook in a desk drawer. Of course, officially the advice would be not to write them down, but I find the risk of hacking vs losing your password has to be weighed up.

Finally, make sure your email address is current when creating an account, so that if you do forget your password, you can easily reset it. If you forget your password and no longer have access to the email address you registered with, you could be rather stuck!

Doreen Joyce Merrall

by Revd Brian Talbot

Doreen passed in to the Spiritual World on 28th April 2020.

To summarise the Doreen I knew, would be family, church, the Tuesday Afternoon ladies, the Girl Guides and church. The mention of church twice is deliberate!

Doreen was a proud mother, grandmother and great-grandmother. I know all about her family. She very generously allowed me to be an honorary member of her family, when I came back to England, to study at the New Church College, and she looked after me extremely well for about a year. I can say that over the years I have been thoroughly briefed on all the grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and have seen all the photos!! It was a privilege to be an honorary member of her family. One of the family customs that I refused to take part in, was performing handstands against the living room wall. I will leave that to Joyce and June, and now Doreen in the spiritual world!

Doreen was like my 'English' Mum as opposed to my biological Australian Mum. She looked after me so well that it was beginning to tell on my waist-line. Knowing I had a sweet tooth, she introduced me to all sorts of British biscuits, cakes and desserts, like bread and butter pudding! Her local knowledge helped me get in contact with Irlam Cricket Club, for whom I played for 3 seasons. (Later whenever I umpired at Irlam Cricket Club I would pop in for a quick chat on the way.) Her local knowledge directed me to a local football field, where I made contact with a referee, and subsequently joined the Eccles and District Referees' Society. Doreen generously lent me her portable typewriter, but it was only on the condition that I typed a weekly aerogramme to my mother. She was keen to take me to all the local churches, and she faithfully supported me, when I began preaching at the local churches, even if it meant her missing out on her beloved Kearsley for a Sunday. She was the first in the car if I was preaching at Keighley as a student minister!

She had a “stern look” which appeared on her face if she was not too sure of something or didn’t approve of something. The “stern look” would appear if I spoke during her soap operas. I soon learnt to retire to my bedroom. The “stern look” would come out if I came up with a word she didn’t know when we played Scrabble. It would disappear if she found it in the dictionary. It would not disappear, if the now acceptable word involved a double or triple letter or word score! The “stern look” would come out if I shared some of the church’s teachings, that she hadn’t heard of before, but we usually talked it out till it made sense. I’m sure that “the stern look” appeared when two policemen knocked at her door asking for me. Don’t worry I hadn’t done anything wrong. They wanted me to be a witness. Apparently at one of the local football matches I had refereed, there was a brawl behind my back as I was walking to the changing rooms. Apparently while I was under the shower the brawl continued in the changing rooms. I was summoned to appear at the local magistrates’ court and then Manchester Crown Court because of an appeal, to testify that I had seen nothing! Doreen must’ve been embarrassed because of what the neighbours would say about her lodger, but she would enjoy telling them the real story. The “stern look” came out when I introduced her to my girlfriend and future wife, to see whether she was good enough for me, but soon disappeared.

But Doreen didn’t just have a “stern look”. She was always delighted to see you, and she had this wonderful smile and a glow in her eyes, when you popped in to visit her. She loved a good chat and many times I can see her sitting on her stairs next to the ‘phone, and being on the ‘phone for hours. Despite the “stern look” she loved people and loved helping them. She was great company and we could talk for hours about her travels, the antipodean Church people we both knew, and of course, and the people at her church in Kearsley. We used to laugh about many things, and she wasn’t averse to mentioning the incident of the policemen knocking on her door for me to tease me! She often talked about missing her beloved husband Teddy, who died far too young. She spent hours and hours telling me about what each member of her beloved family was doing, and showing me the latest photographs.

She was an enthusiastic and thoughtful member of our church. She was always keen to learn more about New Church doctrine and we spent many evenings discussing our church’s teachings, after I came home from lectures at the New Church College. I remember one Sunday taking her on a church-crawl around West Yorkshire: Bradford in the morning, Embsay in the afternoon and Keighley in the evening. The late Rev Ian Johnson was surprised to see us on each occasion. It was a rather frightening journey on the way home, as we went home over the Moors, where visibility was rather limited, because the fog closed in!

Doreen was a New Church person through and through. She was brought up in Keighley and as a teenager and a young lady used to cycle to the Cross Hills Society at Kildwick, when it was an active society, to play the harmonium. Not only was she a member of the

Keighley Society, her home church, but she was involved with every aspect of the church: fund-raising, choir, young people, services and basically everything. I know her mother was a member. I think her father died when Doreen was young. She lost her oldest brother Ben in the Second World War. He was in the RAF and I think he was shot down somewhere. I knew her brothers Brian in New Zealand and Albert in Keighley. I visited Albert and his wife Betty many times when I ministered in Keighley. Doreen was the only girl in the Akrigg family. She was an active member of the rambling club at the church, which spawned a few romances and marriages, besides Doreen and Teddy, there was Ted and Marjorie Bottomley, (Kathie Brooks' parents) and Hugh and Bertha Bottomley. She loved church services and doctrinal discussions. In fact, if there was an event on at church, she would be there.

Doreen was a proud Yorkshire lady. She was delighted to learn that Lord Talbot of Bashall Eaves near Clitheroe and his men were Yorkists during the War of the Roses, and that they captured the heir to the House of Lancaster, and took him to the Tower of London. She introduced me to slang words like "gradely" and songs like "Ilkley Moor bar t'at".

When Teddy and Doreen moved to Irlam, they attended the Worsley Society until it closed. Teddy was a local lay preacher so she went round to most of the societies in the Manchester area. They attended the Worsley Society, before it shut, and then moved on to the Kearsley Society. She represented the Kearsley Society at the Annual meeting of Conference three or four times, so Conference was another chance to meet up. Doreen took me to the closing service of the Wigan Society. On the first time she took me to Kearsley, I was presented with a potato peeler and a pile of potatoes after the service! Local church customs! That is the only occasion I've peeled potatoes in a suit!

Doreen had an international perspective on the New Church. Her brother Brian and his wife Doreen had emigrated to New Zealand and had become members of the Auckland Society, with their two children. Her niece and family are still in Auckland with their mother Doreen. (Her sister-in-law Doreen is recovering from a recent fall according to the Autumn New Age, which arrived on the last day of April). Her nephew and family are in Brisbane, Australia. I first met Doreen at an international New Church gathering in Auckland in 1982. (I think it was that the 100th anniversary of the Auckland Society.) There were people from the UK, from America and from Australia, as well as of course, New Zealand. She combined a visit to her Kiwi relatives and a church gathering. I met her the next year in Victoria at the 150th anniversary of the New Church in Australia. We both met members of the New Church from around the world. Doreen kept in touch with some members of the church in South Africa and my family in Australia.

The Tuesday Afternoon Ladies were her local friends in Irlam, who met once a week to play Scrabble, board games, but most importantly chat. Sadly, after many, many years all the Ladies eventually got too old to meet which was difficult for Doreen.

Doreen had always been involved in the Girl Guiding Movement. She was a girl guide at the Keighley Church and may even have been a leader. Later in life she was an active member of the Trefoil Guild in Irlam.

Now I would like to picture a much younger, healthier, fitter Doreen, meeting up with her beloved Teddy, meeting up with family and friends who've gone before. There will be a big "Welcome Home" Party for Doreen. She will be absolutely delighted to meet everybody and will have plenty of time to chat and catch up.

In honour of the brilliant New-Church lady who looked after me, I quote the following from the Gospels:

"Then the king will say to those at his right hand, "Come, you that are blessed by my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; 35 for I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, 36 I was naked and you gave me clothing, I was sick and you took care of me, I was in prison and you visited me.""

(Matthew 25:34-36 [NRSV])