**Joy in Heaven**

In Heaven, we are told, are many mansions;

For, God is landlord of a very posh estate.

There is no limit placed on its extensions;

So, new arrivals do not have to wait.

A cul-de-sac of three is tucked away;

In each, a Patron Saint, will light a candle

Before embarking on the business of the day.

At first sight, it’s a curious trio, truth to say;

Behold: Saints Christopher, Job and Frederick Handel.

The Patience player turns to Job in his frustration.

Handel helps the nameless of all manner,

Gives confidence for all to fly a banner;

And Christopher protects the Traveller in his station;

Though, not so much the Passenger, more your Caravanner.

Now to the current work at hand;

The in-house rendering of ‘ Messiah’.

Players rush to form a happy band;

There’ll be no problem filling up the choir.

Job says ‘Do you know that my Redeemer liveth?’

Chris says ‘No, but if you hum it, I will sing it.’

Handel says ‘Don’t bother, brother save your breath;

I have it all up here - just ask me and I’ll bring it.’

Of course, rehearsal isn’t needed;

Everybody knows it off by heart.

The text is there for anyone to read it;

Even when it’s someone else’s part.

‘And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed’;

Sopranos, basses, tenors sing along

with tone deaf, stutterers, people of that field,

in gloriously liberated song.

English, German, Greek and Latin tongues

‘For unto us a son is born’ will sing.

From Arabic, Yiddish, Hindi and Parsee lungs

Come praises for the new-born king.

And we on Earth are drawn to sing as well.

With Ambrose, John, with Chris and Mike.

As brass and organ ratchet up the swell,

We shall be as bold as we would like.

So, let’s join in union, now, from near and far.

‘Praise Him, Praise Him, over and again;

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men.

*Roger Shakeshaft. November 2021.*

***IN MEMORIAM.***

**John Blanchard, Mike Eaton, Chris Perrot, Ambrose Marlow**

*A brief explanation*

*During 2021, the Church lost four talented and long serving men. Due to the Pandemic, we were unable to give them a proper send off. My particular concern was for Chris Perrot. A Lay Preacher and vital to the church at Sutton, we took part together in Prayer Meetings and Bible Study, one on Job. He was a bass singer in a local choir and he and Celia were passionate Caravanners. I read the lesson at his funeral, from John 14 about the Mansions in Heaven. This was my attempt to make up for deficiencies.*