

HEATH LIVES

June/July 2023



EDITORIAL

Welcome to summer! We are all, I expect, looking forward to some warmer weather, a change from our winter wardrobes and the pleasures of being outdoors. In the last issue and this, we have included some of our favourite poems that reflect the season: if you have a poem that you would like to share (out of copyright, please, which means really, by anyone who died more than seventy years ago), please let us know. Otherwise, take inspiration from Michael Collins and write something of your own. Or write a review of a book you have enjoyed, a film you have seen—if it is something you would chat about with friends, it is something you could write about for our readers! Without people willing to write there will be no magazine to enjoy over your cup of coffee and chocolate biscuit.

We would like to thank our church Elders for all the time they devote to the church affairs, for their willingness to serve and for all they achieve on our behalf. Also, thanks to John Sager and Jude for masterminding the work done recently in the Community Garden by Manor Drive, which is going to be a lovely place to sit and dream.

There is a warm welcome here at Heath for anyone who would like to attend a service—or why not come to our Coffee Morning on the third Tuesday of each month? We would love to see you there.



CHURCH CONTACT DETAILS

Services are held on Sundays at 10.30 a.m. We are always pleased to welcome visitors.

Minister: Rev Heather Pollard. E-mail: ministerhalifaxgroup@gmail.com
Or ring: 01422 248957

Church Secretary: Mrs Jane Simmons: heathchurchhalifax@gmail.com

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Dear Friends,

I can be rather pedantic about punctuation, even though I rarely manage to get colons and semi-colons in the right place! When visiting a card shop recently I became irritated by

Father's
Fathers'
Fathers
Day



signs that read “Father’s Day”, as I thought it should be “Fathers’ Day”. However, a Google search on my phone revealed that I may not be correct. Apparently, putting the apostrophe before the “s” reflects the fact that a child has only one father, and he is the one they honour on the third Sunday in June. If we place the apostrophe after the “s” it suggests that all fathers around the world are being

celebrated. It was also suggested that the apostrophe isn’t needed at all, because it indicates ownership and whilst this day is for fathers, it doesn’t belong to them. Anyway, for the purposes of this letter I’ll use the most common approach: “Father’s Day”.

The Eastern Orthodox Church has, for centuries, celebrated the ancestors of Christ a couple of weeks before Nativity (their Christmas), and from the 15th Century the Roman Catholic Church has celebrated the feast day of St Joseph on 19th March. Nevertheless, Father’s Day as we know it is a more recent tradition which started in the United States in the early part of the 20th Century and came here around fifty years later. Apparently it started because a woman who was celebrating Mother’s Day decided that her father should also be recognised and honoured. Whilst some people feel anger or pain because of an absent, unfaithful or irresponsible father, others will relate to this woman’s concern about taking her father for granted, even if they also recognise that their own father isn’t perfect.

One of the ten commandments instructs us to “honour your father and your mother”, so there’s an important principle behind what has become a secular tradition that’s perhaps fuelled by commercialism. For those who have a happy relationship with their father, it will be easy to mark 18th June with a card, a gift, or even just a hug or a loving word. It will be much more difficult for others.

Whatever our relationship with our father was or still is, we can also approach Father’s Day in a way that shifts our thoughts to God. In the Christian faith God is portrayed as a loving heavenly Father. He is the perfect example of fatherhood. Jesus described God as his own Father and claimed to show in himself what the Father was like. When he taught his disciples to pray he said to begin with the word “Abba”, which can be

translated as 'Father' or, more intimately, as 'Daddy'.

This Father's Day perhaps you could take a few moments to think about your heavenly Father and how you might be taking him for granted. The letters that make up the word "father" may help you to do this.

F is for forgiveness. God is willing and able to forgive us, if we'll only ask him. Nothing we could ever do is so bad that God won't forgive us.

A is for active. Whether we always notice or not, God is always at work in our lives and all around us. Ask him to show you what he's doing: you might be amazed! Furthermore, God gives us an open invitation to get involved in what he is doing.

T is for time. God always has time for us. Whenever we feel that we want to talk with him, or even just sit in his presence, he is there for us. If we're feeling lonely, sad or anxious, or if we just want to share our thoughts and plans, we'll never find a time when he is too busy to talk or listen, or just sit with us.

H is for help. Whatever our circumstances, God is able to help us. Sometimes the help will come in the way we expect, as a direct answer to our prayers, and at other times he will help in unexpected ways; perhaps offering us guidance, support and encouragement or by bringing other people alongside us.

E is for everywhere. God is everywhere, and it's possible for us to recognise his presence in every situation. When we're going through tough times it can be helpful to know that he is by our side. Equally, it's good to know that he is always present when life is going well for us.

R is for reliable, or we might say "faithful" or "trustworthy". Whilst people tend to blow hot and cold in their relationships with us, and sometimes let us down, God's love for us is constant and he is always faithful. This is why we can always trust him.

These are some of the attributes that make God who he is. This Father's Day, think about how much he means to you, and don't forget to tell him.

God bless.

Heather

ADLESTROP

By Edward Thomas

Yes. I remember Adlestrop—
The name, because one afternoon
Of heat the express-train drew up there
Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat.
No one left and no one came
On the bare platform. What I saw
Was Adlestrop—only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,
No whit less still and lonely fair
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang
Close by, and round him, mistier,
Farther and farther, all the birds
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.



THE PEACE CANDLE STORY

Many years ago, a couple from America were visiting Russia. Towards the end of their visit they went into a Cathedral in Moscow to look around. When they had finished they stood quietly for a few minutes near the door taking in the whole of the interior of the building.



They noticed that there was a steady number of people, mainly older women, coming into the church, going to the front, dropping a coin into a box, taking a candle, lighting it and putting it on a stand and then praying. Some prayed for a short time, others longer. It seemed to these visitors that this cathedral was never without someone praying in it.

One of the women, having finished praying, started to walk towards the door, then suddenly turned back, dropped a coin in the box and took a candle. Instead of lighting it she turned and walked over to the two visitors and gave them the candle. On handing the candle over she said to them. 'When you go back to your own country and go to your church, take this candle, light it and pray for peace'. With that she turned and left.

The American visitors were taken with this simple request, but they had a problem; they were Baptists and in their church they never burnt candles. They decided to take their problem to their minister and when they met with him they took the candle and told the story.

His response was, 'Bring the candle to church on Sunday and at the beginning of worship I will invite you to come forward. You will tell the story of the candle, put it on the communion table, light it and lead us in a prayer for peace'.

Towards the end of the service, when the candle was in danger of burning out, the minister produced another bigger candle, lit it from the first and placed it on the communion table. At the next service he lit the candle again and prayed for peace.

After a few weeks the congregation was buzzing with conversation about this candle. Not the way that the couple who had visited Russia feared but in a new way.

If an unknown Russian woman could give their church a simple candle and challenge them to pray for peace, why shouldn't they give candles to their friends in other churches and challenge them to pray for peace too? So they did and in giving away the candles they told the story of the Russian woman. They also challenged churches to give a candle to another church.

So the candle of peace, as it became known, was passed from church to church; it came to Scotland, to Leith Methodist Church and then to Stirling Methodist church. We in turn sent out a few candles to other churches.

On the morning of the 24th August 2014, we repeated what we did twenty-five years ago, sending out some candles to other churches and asking them to place them in the churches, light them at services and pray for peace.

*From Walter Attwood
Stirling Methodist Church*



Between the ferns on a sill,
waiting for the sun,
my tomato plant stands
dull day after dull day: will
the sunshine ever come
to ripen you, pale friends?

Michael Collins



ON BREAD AND ALE

Along with many thirsty Calder Valley walkers - visitors and locals alike - I have a penchant for a good pub and happily, Calder Valley's range makes one spoilt for choice. Often hubs of philosophical exchange, pubs are pivotal to many a community: in their individual and secular way, pubs could, along with Churches, be described as the 'vital' heart of the community. During the recent Covid lockdowns, when it was too easy for people to become isolated, pubs found ways of keeping their doors open, partly by serving 'a substantial meal'. I even saw a pasta restaurant which



had filled its windows with packs of loo rolls, selling 'essentials' being one way round the sometimes arbitrary regulations. Perhaps more churches could also have found ways of staying open: serving lunches or providing some other essential service. Anything would have been better than abandoning their *raison d'être* as a place of spiritual sanctuary and support.

To just how many people, in this country and abroad, pubs provided comfort, contact, companionship and perhaps succour is well-nigh incalculable. In addition, especially in these times of high energy costs, for some on a low income, a pub can be a place to keep warm on a cold winter's evening. (not much beats a real log fire....)

My search for local pubs with names that reflect the theme of Bread and Ale has produced just three: The Alehouse in Todmorden, the Dusty Miller Inn in Mytholmroyd and Millers Bar in Brighouse.

Bread and ale seems a natural partnership: both are made from grain, both are nutritious and satisfying, both symbolise a certain camaraderie - breaking bread together, having a drink with friends. Records show that the first regulation of the production of food in British history was the Assize of Bread and Ale in the 13th century, which ordered the price, weight and quality of the bread and beer made and sold in towns, villages and hamlets.

The word 'ale' possibly has its source in the Anglo-Saxon *eal*, an alcoholic drink made from fermented malt, or that it goes back to a pre-historic Germanic base, *alu-*., meaning 'bitter.'

Furthermore, In 1556, William Shakespeare's father John was, we're told, ***paid*** to drink ale; he was elected as the Stratford ale-taster. And readers may remember that, even recently, stout was frequently prescribed for expectant mothers and others thought to be in need of an iron boost.

Combining the two things, a lovely Scottish recipe which uses ale in the making of bread can be found at easypeasyorganic.com/2011/07/scottish-ale-bread.html. The method couldn't be easier and the website also gives some lovely shots of Inverary.

Whether made from wheat, barley, rye, spelt or einkorn, bread is a pan-cultural staple. Or you could even use flour made from crickets; 'Sustainable development goals' of groups such as the World Economic Forum,¹ appear to include the move towards farming insects for human food supplies. Other companies, such as horizoninsects.co.uk, and cricketfoods.com are already doing it. (Perhaps it's time to check labels when you shop?) However, there are already questions being asked about how healthy this might be and whether there could be side-effects. And in Finland, a baker produced bread made with cricket flour but discontinued the range after two years due to lack of demand

There are several references to beer in the Bible, in the books of Proverbs and Isaiah, and a mention in Micah. When it comes to references to bread, these are numerous - 492 apparently, in the original languages. It is indeed the 'staff of life'!

Sue Lewis

1. [weforum.org/agenda/2018/07/good-grub-why-we-might-be-eating-insects-soon/.](http://weforum.org/agenda/2018/07/good-grub-why-we-might-be-eating-insects-soon/))



THREE WOMEN HONOURED

King's Lynn may be far from Halifax, but is for many reasons worthy of a visit. It was a member of the medieval German trading system known as the Hanseatic League and there are still buildings dating from that time to be seen. There is the famous 'Woodhenge' housed in its museum. But one of the things I found most interesting was in the Minster where there is a stained-glass window dedicated to three women of the Bible. They scarcely rate more than a few sentences and one is little more than a passing reference, but someone has read their stories and decided that they were worthy of being represented in their church.



The first of the three is Lydia (Acts 16 v 13-15) "On the Sabbath we went outside the city gate to the river, where we expected to find a place of prayer. We sat down and began to speak to the women who had gathered there. One of those listening was a woman from the city of Thyatira named Lydia, a dealer in purple cloth. She was a worshipper of God. The Lord opened her heart to respond to Paul's message. When she and the members of her household were baptized, she invited us to her home. "If you consider me a believer in the Lord," she said, "come and stay at my house." And she persuaded us."

Thyatira was, of course, one of the seven churches in the Book of Revelation to whom Jesus sent his messages. It was, on the whole, a faithful church and Lydia was a woman of substance, trading in the expensive purple cloth produced in the town. She would go home from here, having been baptized by Paul, as a witness with a story to tell of her own personal experience, like all the visitors to Rome in Chapter 2 who would return to their homes all over the known world as missionaries and evangelists with first-hand knowledge of the truth of the Apostles' words, rather than just as travellers with an interesting story to tell.

The second woman was Dorcas (Acts 9 v 36-41): "A woman who was a follower lived in the city of Joppa. Her name was Tabitha, or Dorcas. She did many good things and many acts of kindness. One day she became sick and died. After they had washed her body, they laid her in a room on the second floor. The city of Lydda was near Joppa. The followers heard



that Peter was at Lydda and sent two men to ask him to come at once. Peter went back with them. When he came, they took him to the room. All the women whose husbands had died were standing around crying. They were showing the clothes Dorcas had made while she was with them.

Peter made them all leave the room. Then he got down on his knees and prayed. He turned to her body and said, "Tabitha, get up!" She opened her eyes and looked at Peter and sat up. He took her by the hand and lifted her up. Then he called in the faithful followers and the women whose husbands had died. He gave her to them, a living person."

Finally, there is Eunice,(2 Timothy 1:5) where Paul writes to Timothy, "I am reminded of your sincere faith, a faith that dwelt first in your grandmother Lois and your mother Eunice and now, I am sure, dwells in you as well". We know nothing else about her but that her son's faith is a result of his upbringing by her. So, through him, her influence would have much wider consequences than she would have dreamed of.

This is all we know of these women, None of them did anything spectacular; none of them was of great influence in the world. But all three were women of faith and all three would have unexpected influence in their communities and indeed in the world as we, 2000 years later, read of them in the Scriptures and, if we can visit King's Lynn, see them honoured in this window.



(Photographs are by **King's Lynn Minster** and copyright as follows:
©The PCC of St Margaret with St Nicholas, & St Edmund, King's Lynn)



AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN

As a schoolboy of perhaps twelve years old (1944) I spent a little time in the summer holidays helping in the garden of my cousin Mary. 'Helping' is a relative term, of course, but under the tutelage of my uncle, I learned a little of the skill (or should I say art?).

It was a gardener's dream! The large Victorian house stood by a quiet lane facing towards a small stone bridge over a brook. Walking from the front door and down several wide steps we came onto a gravel path and crossed to a large circular lawn with a hot-house in the centre and rose-bed in front. The hot-house had a large vine growing along trellising overhead with luscious bunches of grapes hanging down. Below were two comfortable cane chairs with a matching table between. On a summer's day, the place was rather too hot for me, although on more than one occasion Mary was sitting there happily reading a book.

Walking over the lawn, past the flower-beds, we came to a fence where, through a gate and down two steps, we entered the kitchen garden. I had never seen such a one before. There were fruit and vegetables of every kind imaginable - or so it seemed to me. Cabbages, cauliflowers, Brussels sprouts, leeks, potatoes, turnips, onions and spring onions were all around us. In the centre were many raspberry canes and some strawberry beds. There were red currants, white currants, gooseberries and rhubarb, while all along, from the lawn above and alongside the kitchen garden, stood fruit trees, fringing the bank of the brook: apples, pears and plums. At the top of the kitchen garden stood a useful potting shed and tool shed.

On the far side of this garden of horticultural delight was a fence, beyond which a triangular patch of land extended as far as the little bridge. Here the poultry carried on their busy lives: pecking, clucking and running around. Most of the little time I spent there seemed to be spent sitting on the warm, dry earth,, fastening raspberries to canes, a task which was pleasant enough in the sunshine, if a little boring. It seemed that the time I spent there was invariably fine and sunny.

I felt serene enough sitting there with no thought of the problems in the world around me. A young boy in his summer holidays - holidays at home, of course. But this was 1944 and the world around was locked into warfare, with great armies hurling themselves against each other with all the heavy mechanical armament available. My own brothers were all deeply involved in various foreign climes - Fred fighting with the Guards in

North Africa, Harry with a Chindit Column deep in the jungles of Burma, and Ewaine with 44 Commando Brigade, struggling down the Arakan Peninsula against the tenacious Japanese.

There was more than enough for me to worry about and my brothers were, of course, very much in my thoughts, but not all the time. There are times when a twelve-year-old can automatically switch off from the harsher aspects of life without being unfeeling.

Perhaps, somewhere there we can learn a lesson on how to get through difficult times with a little detachment. Some of us will find this easier than others, but it is something for us to strive for - a kind of brief nirvana. If it only lasts for a short time before we come back to reality, it can be helpful.

Derek Bridge



LANDSCAPE

Not far along the eastern shore,
past a row of pitted dunes,
the driven sand becomes a mouth
with stone teeth gaping at the tide.

An ill-made beach without much grace
but still a kind of heart beats there,
a steady pulse through grass and stone
into the sand from sea and wind.

Years ago, an ancient boat,
carved out of a giant oak,
was found nearby, laid bare
by workmen digging ditches there.

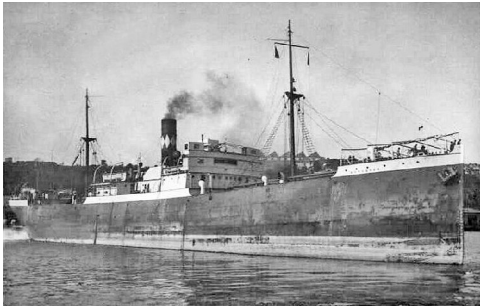
Michael Collins

MY BRAVE GRANDFATHER

On January 8th 1912, my grandfather, Percy Carling, was Chief Officer on the merchant ship SS Clivegrove. The ship was steaming up the American coast from Norfolk on its way to Bremen in Germany in horrendous weather - gale force winds, heavy rain and huge waves. At 3 p.m. on that fateful day the Captain sighted a tug towing two barges, the Atacama and the Pocomoke, the latter flying a distress signal. The tug signalled them to stand by as he needed assistance. On getting closer, they could see the crew of the Pokomoke waving and shouting as the barge appeared to be sinking. The Captain of the Clivegrove decided to launch a lifeboat and my grandfather took charge. As the boat was launched, one of the crew fell overboard but fortunately was saved.



The lifeboat was then rowed, with great difficulty, over to the Pokomoke. It was impossible to get close to the barge so the four men were told to jump



The picture shows a sister-ship to the Screw Steamship Clivegrove. The Clivegrove was a cargo ship built in Sunderland in 1906 and blown up by a mine on 11th June. BY then she had changed owners several times and undergone several changes of name: she finished as the SS Makis,

into the sea and they were picked up by the lifeboat. They were then rowed back to the ship and they climbed aboard (presumably up a rope ladder over the side!): as my grandfather, the last to leave, started to climb, the lifeboat was smashed against the side of the ship and sank with all its equipment. The Captain wrote in the log: 'The services rendered by the crew of the lifeboat were of a very serious nature, and being attended by very great risk of their lives. In my opinion, their services require recognition.'

The mark of appreciation that my grandfather received was a pair of

binoculars, inscribed with the words, 'From the President of the United States of America to Percy Carling, Chief Officer of the British steamship Clivegrove in recognition of his heroic services in effecting the rescue at sea on January 8th 1912 of the Master and crew of the American barge Pokomoke.' The President was William Taft.

*Elizabeth Riley
A very proud grand-daughter.*



APPLE CAKE



Ingredients:

200g self-raising flour
100g margarine
100g brown sugar
2 eggs
2tbsps milk
1/2 tsp almond essence
1lb cooking apples
50g granulated sugar

Method:

Prepare a deep 8" cake tin.

Peel, quarter and slice apples and place in pan with 2 tbsps water. Put on lid and cook very gently for 3-4 minutes to soften. Remove from heat and add granulated sugar.

Sift flour into mixing bowl, add margarine and rub in with your fingertips.

Add brown sugar. Beat eggs and milk together and mix into the dry ingredients with almond essence, using a wooden spoon.

Place half the mixture in the baking tin. Spread apple mixture on top of this base, then add remaining mixture.

Bake in a moderate oven, Gas 4, 350F or 180C, for 60 mins till firm in centre and golden brown. When you remove it from the oven, sift icing sugar over the surface of the cake.

Allow to cool completely before removing from the tin and serving.

In this edition of *Heath Lives* the spotlight is on **Global Justice Now**.

Global Justice Now is a democratic social justice organisation working as part of a global movement to challenge the powerful and create a more just and equal world. They mobilise people in the UK for change, and act in solidarity with others fighting injustice, particularly in the global south. In their own words they “see that the principles of social and economic justice are central to the teachings of Jesus Christ. We wish to follow his example by standing with the oppressed and marginalised, upholding the principles of solidarity, equality and justice”.



**Global
Justice
Now**

Global Justice Now campaigns against the causes of injustice, one of these being Monopoly Capitalism. In the post-pandemic years, a time when so many of the world's population are struggling with the cost of living and the effects of climate change, the profits of the biggest 500 firms on the planet nearly doubled, and most of these are based in high income countries. With this wealth, global corporations have immense power. Power to buy up many smaller companies and power to set prices in essential sectors such as food, energy and pharmaceuticals. In the USA 1% of corporations account for 81% of business sales and 97% of business assets and the top 0.1% alone accounts for 66% of sales and 88% of business assets. The trends in Europe and the rest of the world are going the same way.

Global Justice Now explain why this is a problem. “So monopoly capitalism doesn't simply drive higher prices..... it shifts wealth far more fundamentally from the 99% to the 1%, and from poorer to rich nations, driving huge inequality. What's more, it is shifting power – undermining our democracy and making it harder to achieve the sorts of policies we desperately need to deal with, for instance, climate change. Indeed, monopoly capitalism entails the capture of vast swathes of decision-making by and for elite private interests. Only by reclaiming, breaking, decentralising and dispersing this power can we hope to make democratic decisions which meet the public interest, both here

and around the world.” Global Justice Now see their role as being “to expose and challenge those rules, whether they are global trade rules that impose stringent intellectual property standards everywhere (the so-called TRIPS agreement) or financial rules that enable tax avoidance.”

So what has this got to do with us?

As you read this we will have celebrated Pentecost. Like Jesus’ disciples we can accept that through the Holy Spirit we are being sent out to open our eyes to see the world as it really is, to work for justice throughout the world, and to show God’s love through our actions. These actions might be prayer or giving, both important, but if we are to truly follow in Christ’s footsteps shouldn’t we, as individuals and as a Church, go that bit further? Maybe letter writing, signing petitions and participating in peaceful, Christian demonstrations?

An example of action in the words of Commitment for Life. “Billions of people across the global south are facing climate chaos, despite being the least responsible for causing it. At the COP27 climate talks, held in November 2022, countries finally agreed to set up an international compensation fund for ‘loss and damage’ due to climate change. Global Justice Now is campaigning to make sure that this compensation is paid by the big polluting corporations in the fossil fuel industry, including in the UK, which has a moral and historic responsibility to act. Global Justice Now is encouraging us to stand in solidarity with the global south in their demands. We can do this by telling the UK government to make polluters pay for loss and damage!”

A prayer

Whirlwind Spirit of God, roar through our timidities and fears, shake the foundations of our ill-placed securities, sweep away the cobwebs of our apathy, blow down the walls that separate us, one from another.

Then into all our empty spaces, breathe re-strengthened courage to challenge injustice, renewed belief in the urgency of our vocation, revitalised passion to change our lifestyles, re-dedication to speak only words that build and unite.

Let gentle breeze and still small voice become in us today mighty wind and loud proclamation. Make of us a Pentecost people! Amen .

Kathleen O’Brien/CAFOD

Information and quotes in this article are taken from <https://www.globaljustice.org.uk/blog/2023/03/the-problem-with-monopoly-capitalism/> and <https://urc.org.uk/wp-content/uploads/2022/11/Prayer-Partners-2023.pdf>

Jane Simmons

MY INVOLVEMENT WITH 'PILOTS'

Some of you may not have heard of Pilots, so I'll start at the beginning!



Pilots is a national children's and youth Christian organisation that was created by the London Mission Society back in 1936. This was in response to the children in the Congregational Churches having raised over £6,000 for the purchase of the first John Williams missionary ship back in the early 1800s. The London Missionary Society later handed over the day to day running of Pilots to the Congregational Church, and when the URC was created in 1972, it became co-sponsored by the URC and the Congregational Union. Some time later the Congregational Church withdrew its financial support, leaving it to be part of the URC. Whilst Pilots was first created for the children of the church, it has long been used to attract children to the church and to evangelise.

When I was born (in 1964) my mother ran a Pilots company in Bolton, and so I went to Pilots even before I was born! My mother was also a Provincial Pilots Officer for the North West for many years, and was on the Pilots Panel, which meant she contributed to writing material for use in companies across the UK.

So Pilots has been a part of my life from its start. In 1996 I started a company at Heath, and I got involved in Synod level Pilots, first looking after the finances, and later becoming Regional Pilots Officer for Yorkshire, and serving on the Pilots Management Committee (these had replaced Provincial Pilots Officer and the Pilots Panel). The company we started at Heath finally closed in 2015, but my involvement continues, as I am now the secretary for national Pilots, which means I manage the list of companies registered, and I look after the web site and its content. We have online meetings around three times a year.

Pilots was originally started for 7 to 14 year olds, but is now for 5 to 18 years olds. These are split into four sections – Deckhands, Adventurers, Voyagers and Navigators. However, following Covid, many companies have struggled to get restarted, and so it is now a quite small organisation. Whilst it still has the support of the URC, this is less formal, leaving the organisation as more of a mutual support group.

If you would like to learn more, go to urc.org.uk and type 'Pilots' in the search box, or you could always ask me.

Alan Kendall

THE 13/- INFANT

For me, May has always been a time of reflection when my thoughts turn to the circumstances of my birth; the pain it brought to one woman and the joy to another.

The year was 1947 and the shadow of war and its consequences hung heavily over everyday life. In a mother-and-baby home in a London suburb a new-born baby lay in its cot, unaware of the impossible situation its mother faced, or the shame



she was made to feel. A few miles away, a couple desperate for a child were put in touch with this very home.

And so, the couple arrived at the home and made their choice: a blue-eyed, blond little girl who lay contentedly in her cot sucking two fingers while all around were crying and screaming their demands.

The day for the change over arrived some weeks later in August. Not only would the new parents be leaving with their new daughter but also the birth mother would leave at the same time. Sadly, they found themselves on opposite platforms of the small suburban station. How painful it must have been for Lilian, my birth mother, and how horribly awkward for my new mum and dad. Such insensitivity is hard to comprehend these days. Henry was filled with a sadness at Lilian's plight, which stayed with him for the rest of his life.

My new life had begun. I was no longer Carol Anne. The familiar face, smell and warmth of my mother had gone for ever and a new, unfamiliar face held my gaze while I sucked on my bottle. I was now Dorothy Olive.

Then followed court procedures to legalise the adoption. Lilian felt unable to attend so was represented by her sister. These procedures cost my new parents 13/-: hence 'the 13/- Infant.'

I don't remember a time when I did not know that I was adopted. It seemed quite natural, a part of who I was, but from very early on I created an image in my head of my birth mother, always surrounded by sunlight, the face that was missing even though I had a very happy and loving childhood. The first time it hit home was when my first daughter was born and the midwife held her up for me to see. Through a pethidine-induced haze, I saw a tiny profile that I recognised. It was the first time that I had seen someone of my own flesh and blood. However, I was in my late 40s before I thought about searching for Lilian. Kath was the mum I had always known and loved, so why look for another? But the idea grew, and I searched. An adoption agency made the initial contact for me and oh, the joy when they told me my mother had replied, 'I would very much like to meet my daughter.'

We met from then on quite regularly for ten years until she died. My last visit with her was in the care home where she lived, having had several strokes which had caused a degree of dementia. We spent a happy afternoon together and towards the end of the visit, she looked at me with bleary eyes and whispered, 'nice daughter.' And then I just knew.....

In recent years we have been made aware by television programmes, films and newspaper articles of just how many people during this post-war period have suffered the pain of the loss of their children, and children have grown up without knowing their natural parents or their origins. A gap in their lives that they cannot fill.



I feel so thankful and humbled to have known the love of two mothers.

Dorothy Campling

WHAT IS MOTHERSHARE?

Mothershare is a registered charity (1185295) based in North Halifax and was founded in 2014 by two sisters who recognised the lack of help in the local area. Our mission is to help end child poverty by providing essential items and equipment for vulnerable families in a crisis.



We cover agency referrals throughout the Calderdale area whereby a vulnerable family has disclosed information to a professional care agency, a friend or in extreme cases directly to us, which indicates they are at crisis point. Generally, we will provide any number of essential items for families with children that have been requested ranging from nappies and wet wipes to full pram travel systems and cots. We will also deliver the majority of the referrals to the clients unless an agreement for collection by the agency worker can be arranged.

Mothershare works very closely with a number of agencies, both local and national, throughout Calderdale and holds Multi-Agency Working as a core principle of our operation. We receive referrals from cases right through the social care ladder from Midwives and Health Visitor visits to the top end of Social Workers working with people in some devastatingly bleak conditions.

We do not discriminate in any form and attempt to help families no matter the background, gender, sexuality or ethnicity and liaise closely with the workers at the origin of the referral to ensure the families receive the correct items they require.



Thanks to the kind and generous donations of the good community of Calderdale we are able to succeed and deliver in our mission. Thank you so kindly to the Heath URC Church for donating us a whole bundle of Easter Eggs to help our struggling families this Easter.

CONTACTUS:EMAIL:mothershare@outlook.com OFFICE 01422 763998 :
mobile 07383 440050



Disturb us, Lord, when we are too pleased with ourselves; when our dreams come true because we dreamed too little; when we arrived safely because we sailed too close to the shore.

Disturb us, Lord, when, with the abundance of things we possess, we have lost our thirst for the waters of life; having fallen in love with life, we have ceased to dream of eternity and, in our efforts to build a new earth, we have allowed our vision of the new Heaven to dim.

Disturb us, Lord, to dare more boldly, to venture on wilder seas, where, losing sight of land, we shall find the stars.

We ask you to push back the horizons of our hopes; and to push back the future in strength, courage, hope and love.

This we ask in the name of our Captain, who is Jesus Christ.

Prayer of Sir Walter Raleigh

MAGAZINE DEADLINE

Please ensure that all contributions for the August/September issue of Heath Lives are received by the editor before

9a.m. on Friday 7th July 2023

We welcome all contributions but publication is not guaranteed.

Send to: garnetnr@outlook.com
or hand to Gemma or to Anne Boyd

Please note that inclusion of an article does not necessarily mean that the Editors agree with the sentiments expressed.

ACTIVITIES IN HEATH CHURCH

On the third **Tuesday** of each month at 10.30 a.m., a **Coffee Morning** is held in the Lounge (using the Manor Drive entrance). Everyone welcome.

On the second **Thursday** of each month in the evening, we hold meetings of the **Thursday Club** . We welcome new members.

Jason Whitaker Boxing Fitness.

Boxing padwork sessions available for all fitness levels and abilities including group classes, 1-to-1s and 2-to-1s.

FB: Jasonwhitakerboxingfitness

Tel: 07929372498

Kim's Dance and Movement:

Tuesdays 10am - Adult Beginners' Tap Class. Suitable for complete beginners or a little bit of tap experience in the past and needing a basic recap.

Tuesdays 11am - Adult Intermediate Tap Class. Anyone from 18-80 with previous knowledge or experience in tap dancing. Fun class.

Thursdays 11am - Move & Groove Dance fitness. Over 18's Aerobic-style fitness class. A nice feel-good class with a mixture of songs/routines including salsa and Cha-cha. All abilities as you can take it at your own pace.

Contact Kim on 07747 867706 or Facebook @kimsmoveandgroove

***Move to Improve* standing and seated exercise classes with Heidi.**

Help Improve your balance and posture, and strengthen muscle & bone plus improve your overall fitness.

Wednesday 2pm Back to Basics Gentle keep fit.

Friday Gentle keep fit 10am & 11.10am.

Please contact Heidi 07791869594

Email heidimolle@googlemail.com



WEEKLY ACTIVITIES AT HEATH

Regular bookings at Heath United Reformed Church September 2022

All activities and hire times are subject to change.

TT = Term time

S= Seasonal

V = Variable

O = Occasional

Day	User	Time	Location
Monday	Janet's Eazi Dance	2-3	Hall
	Steph's Community Choir	2-3	Upstairs
	Kim's music lessons (may vary)	4-5.30 TT V	Upstairs
	Laurie's music lessons	4-5 TT V	Lounge
	Beavers	6-7	Lounge/Hall
	Cubs	6.30-8	Hall
	Halifax Philatelic society	7.30-9 (2 nd Monday)	Lounge
	Halifax Symphony Orchestra	7-9.30 S roy-biggs@halifaxorchestra.org	Upstairs
Tuesday	Kim's dance class	10-12 07747867706	Hall
	Community Coffee Club	10.30-12 (3 rd Tuesday)	Lounge
	Yvonne's Tai Chi	12.45-3.45	Hall
	Kim's music lessons	4-8 TT V	Upstairs
	Scout District Meetings	7.30 – 9.30 V	Lounge
Wednes day	Kim's music lessons (may vary)	10-12 TT V	Upstairs
	Heidi's cardiac rehab	2-3 07791869594	Hall
	Jason's Boxercise	7-8 V 07929 372498	Hall
Thursday	Kim's dance class	11-12	Hall
	Thursday Club	7.30-9 (2nd Thurs)	Lounge/visit
Friday	Sign and Sing	9.45-12.45 TT	Lounge
	Heidi's cardiac rehab	10-12	Hall
	Kim's music lessons	4-5.30 TT V	Upstairs
	Janet's Eazi Tap	6-7	Hall
	Scouts & Explorers	7.30-9	Hall/ Lounge
Saturday	Kim's music lessons	9-11 TT V	Upstairs
	Calderdale Chess League	2-7 O 07504 598590	Hall
Sunday	Worship	10:30-11:30	Upstairs
Variable	Jason's 1:1 Boxing skills	V 07929 372498	Meeting Rm 2

For further details, see page 19

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