

# HEATH LIVES

Number 12

**June/July 2024**



## **EDITORIAL**

This magazine marks the end of our second year. We started this with little idea of where it was going or how successful it would be, but the feedback has been positive and (so far!) we have not run short of material. However, we are once again encouraging you to put pen to paper and write in prose or verse, of your memories, your hopes for the world, or anything else that comes to your mind. We think of this as your magazine—for the people of Heath and of our community and written by them, by and large. People are interested in people—the parents outside the school gates, the couple chatting in the street, are probably not discussing black holes or string theory but their own lives and that of mutual friends—or the latest celebrity scandal! Or let me know of any local organisations that we could approach to write about their work or get your friends to write about their experiences. There is life at Heath—let us share it!

Once again, a number of our illustrations, including the front cover, are taken from the pixabay and unsplash websites which we are happy to acknowledge.

I am sure that we are all hoping for some warm, sunny weather after what has been a long and dreary winter and Spring. Enjoy the summer



### **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](mailto:ministerhalifaxgroup@gmail.com)  
Or ring: 01422 248957

Church Secretary: Mrs Jane Simmons: [heathchurchhalifax@gmail.com](mailto:heathchurchhalifax@gmail.com)

Website: [heathchurchhalifax.org.uk](http://heathchurchhalifax.org.uk)

Dear Friends,

Have you noticed how the world seems to have shrunk in the last few decades?



Now that the Summer holiday season is upon us once again, airports are busy with people jetting off to exotic far-away places. When I was a child in the 1960s most people spent their annual holiday in Scarborough or Blackpool, with some travelling as far as Cornwall, Wales or Scotland, but only the more adventurous going to France or Spain. Over recent months I've seen some of my Facebook friends' posts about holidays taken in Florida, Thailand, Madeira, Australia and the Caribbean. The speed of long-haul flights now makes it much easier to go further afield, and perhaps some of you will have recently been on holiday in a far-away place, or maybe you've booked to do so over the Summer.

The world has shrunk in another way too. Satellites and the internet have made it possible for us to make telephone and video calls to family members and friends living on different continents. We can see and hear them, and they can see and hear us. How much better it is than waiting for letters to arrive! We can also watch live sporting events from around the world. In June there's the European Football Championships in France, the T20 Cricket World Cup in the West Indies and USA, and Formula 1 Grand Prix races in Spain and Austria, and in July, tennis at Wimbledon.

The shrinking world brings us enormous blessings. We can enjoy our holidays in the sun, and we can also keep in touch with those living far away and support our football or cricket team without leaving our armchair.

However, it also brings new demands and responsibilities, because our news programmes often include reports of disturbing events in other parts of the world, sometimes even as they are still happening. It's not uncommon for a reporter in a conflict zone to have to "take cover" as a missile warning sounds. We know, almost immediately, when there has been a devastating earthquake, major flood or terrorist attack. We know about people whose homes have been destroyed, or who are facing famine or the spread of disease.

A lawyer once asked Jesus, "Who is my neighbour?" In response, Jesus told him the story of the good Samaritan. At the time, Samaritans and Jews hated one another but in Jesus' story it's the Samaritan who helps the man, not the two Jewish leaders who avoid doing so.



Jesus ended his story with a question of his own: "Which of these three do you think was a neighbour to the man?" The lawyer replied that it was the one who had mercy. It must have surely dawned on him that the answer to his question, "Who is my neighbour?" amounts to "anyone and everyone", and that he was being challenged to think about caring for people that he didn't know, even Samaritans. Two thousand years ago that must have sounded daunting.

Today the challenge is even more daunting because travel and the media mean that we know what is happening in other parts of the world. Daily we see images on our television screens which disturb us and so we can no longer pretend that this is none of our business. Charity may, as the saying goes, begin at home, but it can't end there, for these are our neighbours in our small and ever shrinking world. Every person in every country is our concern and ignoring them isn't an option we can take. They need our prayers, our compassion, our financial support, perhaps even our political voice.

When Jesus had finished his story and the lawyer had identified the Samaritan as the good neighbour, Jesus said to him "Go and do likewise!" He says the same to us today.

God bless,  
Heather



## ***HIGH FLIGHT***

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air.  
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue,  
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark, or even eagle flew -  
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod  
The high untresspassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

*Pilot Officer Gillespie Magee  
No 412 Squadron, RCAF  
Killed 11 December 1941*

## ***RETURNING TO SERVING ELDERSHIP***

I have recently been inducted into serving Eldership at Heath. But I realise that due to the number of attendees that have joined Heath since I was last a serving Elder, many of you will not know my history.

Whilst my involvement at Heath has been limited over the last ten years or so, I have, in fact, held many posts and served the church in many ways prior to that.

I remember an early church meeting where Joyce Smithies stood down as Transport Secretary. A volunteer was asked for, and everyone looked at their feet. I was sat at the back, and volunteered to take over. As I recall, there were several other posts vacant, and following my lead, a number of them were filled with volunteers.

My children were all christened at Heath, and I got involved in Junior Church in my mid 20s. I don't remember who all the teachers were, but I remember Susan Travis and Mavis Law were two of them when I joined. I started with the older children up in one of the turret rooms. At that time, we had so many children that we had four groups, and the other downstairs rooms were all in use for other groups. As time went on, the number of groups reduced, and I remember teaching Julia and Chris (Gill's children), Rosie and Joe (Jane's children) and Lyndsay and Peter (Anne Boyd's children) for a number of years.

Heath used to have two major fundraisers a year – a Spring Fair and an Autumn Fair. I joined the committee that planned these events, and introduced more focus on children's activities. Frank Foulds was chair at the time, and when he decided it was time to stand down, I took over as chair. I did this for a number of years until Liz Riley took over.

I was also on the Finance and Property Committee, and when Brian Heptinstall stood down, I took on the chairmanship of this. My involvement in finances had started when we needed a Covenant Secretary (this was before Gift Aid made things a bit simpler) and I did this, supporting the Treasurer for a number of years.

I don't recall the exact dates of when I became a Serving Elder, or how long I served for, but by the time you read this I will be back in that role, and I hope I will serve the Congregation well in this position.

*Alan Kendall*

# A ROCHA UK'S EASY ECO TIPS 2024



## **JUNE**

*Join 30DaysWild. One of A Rocha U.K.'s firm beliefs is that we are more likely to nurture and defend God's creation if we spend time enjoying it. The Wildlife Trusts' 30 Days Wild Challenge is a great opportunity to engage with nature as an*

*individual, household, or with your church community throughout June. Find some wild ideas at [wildlifetrusts.org/30-days-wild](https://wildlifetrusts.org/30-days-wild)*

## **JULY**

*Taste the benefits of seasonal and local food. Plan to incorporate locally-grown produce into your diet and shopping list throughout the seasons, as it is harvested at its peak ripeness, ensuring superior flavour compared with imported alternatives that have travelled thousands of miles. If saying grace before a meal is a regular practice in your household, this month, include giving thanks for your local food producers.*



## ***FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS.....***

Although living on church premises could be exciting, with lots of people in our lives, the main thing I have taken from it is the hospitality and deep level of care my parents showed to everyone, especially to those who otherwise would be overlooked: the lonely, those struggling with mental health issues or who were far away from home (even as far as Africa) and those who found it hard to fit in. We survived on very little money but there was always room at our table for anyone who would appreciate sharing a meal. They were always listened to, *really* listened to, and often prayed with. My parents were loved by many because of the love they showed. What could have been considered in those days to have been a menial job became a life of service to their Lord and Master.

Unfortunately, Dad was not always treated with the consideration he deserved. Most evenings he would be locking up, sometimes as late as 11 p.m., and would be back at work by 9 a.m. next day. One morning, however, our breakfast was disturbed by a loud knocking on our door. There on the doorstep stood an angry church secretary demanding to know why 'Henry' was not downstairs in the church. I can't remember now what was wanted. Dad calmly but firmly pointed out that he had not finished locking up until after 11 p.m. so it was reasonable that he hadn't yet started his day's work. No more was said. When Dad first took the job on, he had been a member for quite some time of a local orchestra that brought him much pleasure, but again the deacons treated him like a servant, telling him quite definitely that he could no longer play as it clashed with the weekly prayer meeting – although plenty of people had keys! His disappointment was great but he accepted with good grace. An evening off was a rare event but he never complained. It was years later when he showed me his work-worn hands and said, "How can I play my violin with hands like these?" In that moment I realised a lot of things... Despite the daily sacrifices that had to be made by my parents they never ceased to give thanks. To make ends meet, Mum had a variety of jobs over the years, from cleaning to cooking school dinners to child-minding. Some of the children stayed overnight so although I mostly enjoyed helping with the little ones, I did sometimes wish it could be just the three of us: I missed Dad reading to us by the fire while we roasted chestnuts or a summer's evening walking in the park or by the river or going putting. I loved it when I won! However busy they might be, they always made sure we had plenty of family time. Most importantly, Dad saved up all year so we could have a two-week caravan holiday every August. sometimes with one or other of the grannies.



I have to admit that, as a child, I was not always delighted to welcome our visitors, especially if I had been looking forward to watching 'Z Cars', as the television would be switched off. No streaming in those days! Often the conversations were not anything I could join in with. For more than fifty years my parents hosted one of the church's house-groups. When I was very young I found this exciting and would proudly hand round the biscuits before being sent off to bed, but as I grew older I sometimes felt it was something of an intrusion. I am thankful that I grew up learning to share and welcome people to my home. To my parents, this was a way of life, a natural expression of their faith. Mum had found herself in London in the thirties, a young lass from Middlesbrough whose father had been crushed by a crane at the steelworks, so she and my gran had no option but to go down south 'into service'. In London she found both my Dad and her Christian faith. That is the true beginning of this story. They were just ordinary folk who put God at the centre of their lives and let Him use them as He knew best.

How often have we felt that what we can offer isn't good enough, that others in the congregation have more important roles, are more spiritual, or get noticed for what they do. Yet each of us has our part to play, whether making the tea or coffee or washing up or greeting people. I will never forget the warm welcome we received on our first Sunday at Heath. It is the little things – a smile, a few words – that make such a difference.

And we must never forget the importance of prayer. After my mother died, I discovered that in the last months of her life, while Dad was at the evening service, Mum would pray with Anya, her Polish neighbour. It meant so much to them both.

Let us remember that God who made us knows our strengths and weaknesses. He knows how each one of us can best serve Him if we only listen to His voice and offer ourselves, just as we are.



'Who sweeps a room as for thy laws  
make that and th'action fine.'  
(George Herbert 1593-1933)

*Dorothy Campling*

## ***ETERNAL PERSPECTIVES FROM REUBEN***

Reuben and I were walking the dog.

'Will there be food in heaven?' 'For you, Reuben, yes,' I replied.

'Yes!' Reuben pumped the air with glee. Food, glorious food, is one of Reuben's delights.

Reuben changed the subject. 'Dad, I don't like handicapped people.' I think this was by way of a confession from Reuben. As a handicapped person with Down's Syndrome his most enjoyable times have probably been with his three talented elder brothers, who are all very supportive of him. But, because of the way the world is, Reuben has found himself often being organised and spending lots of times with groups of handicapped people. He has had a problem relating to this group.

As father and son we had been talking of God's impartial love for everyone.

'Dad, it's hard for me having Down's. It's hard.'

I marvelled at the social awareness of my dear son. 'I know, Reubs, I know.'

'Down's people have different faces. I've got a normal face.'

'You have, Reubs, Yes, you have.' It was an extremely lovable face to me.

'When we get to heaven, Reubs, none of us will have handicaps. We'll have new bodies. You won't have Down's in heaven, Reubs.'

"Yes! Yes", Reubs exclaimed, pumping the air with glee. Here was good news clearly received. It was as though a long-standing question in his heart had been satisfactorily answered.

At this time, Reuben was living in Spain with his two brothers, and he returned there now, leaving me with a new awareness of his struggles with his condition but also grateful as his parent, that he had felt free to share some of his deepest thoughts.

On his next trip to the UK, Reuben and I had a further talk. This time it



*Reuben loves Aslan and the Narnia stories*

was early morning whilst I drove Reuben to the airport for his return flight. Before he left the house Reuben, completely unaware of the time, (part of his condition) had been hurried along whilst eating his breakfast. We had to tell him the plane wouldn't wait for him if he was late.

Now on the journey, Reuben was quiet. He

has often been hurried in his life, as the youngest of a family of four boys. Many, many times it's been, 'Hurry up, Reuben!' , 'We'll be late', 'Reuben, get moving!'

I broke the silence of his thoughts. 'You won't be hurried in heaven, Reubs,' I reassured him. 'In heaven, people don't wear watches. There are no clocks and people won't be telling you to 'hurry up' all the time.'

Reuben pondered this last statement and then announced, 'I'm normal, then.'

He immediately went back to sleep while I continued the drive to the airport. Reuben had given me much to ponder as I drove along the quiet road.

He was contentedly snoring. I was also content.

*Tim Coe*

## **SMILE AT A STRANGER**

'No kind action ever stops with itself. One kind action leads to another. Good example is followed. A single act of kindness throws out roots in all directions, and the roots spring up and make new trees. The greatest work that kindness does to others is that it makes them kind themselves.'

*(Amelia Earhart)*

## ***SPIRITS OF LEGEND***

The origin story behind most spirits begins with a legend. Some are more fanciful than others, but none is as mythical as that of tequila, or rather, its ancient predecessor, Pulque. Pulque dates back to around 300A.D. It is the fermented sap of the maguey agave plant which grows indigenously throughout central Mexico's rocky and sandy plains. Maguey was worshipped by the Aztecs for its wide-ranging medicinal properties, which are said to have been bestowed upon the flowering desert plant by the culture's gods. This included its use as a fertility drug. The sap they extracted from the plant was fermented. It was also considered a serious aphrodisiac, as associated with some drinks today. The Aztecs also found that pulque was quite effective in ritual sacrifices as it helped the victim to clear their mind while it numbed their body before the inevitable knife-drop. Pulque was considered the drink of (and a gift from) the gods and therefore was not to be taken or sipped lightly.

The legend most associated with pulque and the maguey involves an angry goddess, a flying serpent and a damsel in distress. Tzitzimitl was an angry skeletal god of the sky. She kept the Earth dark, only permitting intermittent light with each human sacrifice she received in her name. Hoping to put an end to her evil doings and bring back the light, a 'feathered serpent' named Quetzalcoatl flew up to the sky to confront Tzitzimitl. Upon his arrival, he became enamoured with her imprisoned grand-daughter Mayahuel. The two escaped to Earth where they disguised themselves as trees. Enraged by this betrayal, Tzitzimitl searched for and ultimately found the pair and ordered their deaths. Mayahuel was torn apart. A wounded Quetzalcoatl gathered her remains and buried them. The maguey grew from this spot and contained sap which was the origin of pulque.

The Aztec people revered the fermented mixture centuries before the Moors and then the Spanish arrived on the continent and conquered the land. Few will dispute, however, that pulque was the mother of what we now know as tequila.

When the Spanish arrived in Mexico in 1519, they found the taste of the viscous pulque appalling. The brandy they brought with them eventually ran out, leaving the conquistadores with no other choice but to distill their own spirit by whatever means necessary. The Spanish found that fermented agave sap, when distilled first using clay pot stills, made for excellent wine. The name 'mescal' was given to the new wine which



became the conquistadores' drink of choice. The clay pot still was later replaced with stills made of copper. The native people, however, still preferred pulque to the conquerors' mezcal wine. Mezcal is still produced today, as one of the tequila family.

During Mexico's golden age of cinema, a film director says, movies regularly depicted stars shooting tequila, wincing and reaching for lime and salt. In fact, Suro, a film director, also says that for years the Mexican

elite did not even drink tequila; they looked to European spirits and French wines, dismissing their native spirits as the stuff of peasants. It took the investment and approval of wealthy foreigners to make many Mexicans give agave spirits a deeper look. These days, interest is surging and drinking mezcal is a point of national pride. The cocktail Margarita is said to have been created by David Daniel 'Danny' Negrete, in 1936 when he was the manager of Hotel Garci Crespo in Tehuacan, Puebla, Mexico. His girlfriend Margarita apparently liked salt in her drinks and the story goes that he created the drink for her as a present. Margaritas are often served with a salt rim on the glass.

*Peter Oates*



Christ has given us a platform more central than any political party has ever written...when He condensed into one commandment those of the ten which relate to man's duty toward his fellows and enjoined upon us the rule, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' He presented a plan for the solution of all the problems that now vex society or hereafter arise. Other remedies may palliate or postpone the day of settlement but this is all-sufficient and the reconciliation which it effects is a permanent one.

*William Jennings Bryan 1860-1925*

## ***“I WOULD RATHER BE A DOORKEEPER IN THE HOUSE OF MY GOD....”***

Dorothy’s recollections of her caretaker father made me think about all the people who work to keep the church functioning as it should. That means – all of us! The spiritual and the practical are so bound together as to be indivisible: each contributes to the other, each supports and amplifies the other.

For someone coming to the church for the first time, the welcomers, or doorkeepers, are the first contact. The stranger may be someone who is lonely or has been recently bereaved: it may have taken him some time to summon up the courage to come at all; he may be apprehensive and unsure what to expect. Or it may be a busy mother, who has prepared breakfast for her family and seen her son, with full kit, off to his football match and is feeling rushed and uptight and wanting some time for herself; or it may be someone who has had a negative experience at another church and is looking for a new spiritual home; or it may be a regular member of the congregation who is just feeling generally out-of-sorts with the world. For all these and more, a friendly smile and a warm word can go a long way to soothing apprehension and flurry, and creating a mood conducive to worship.

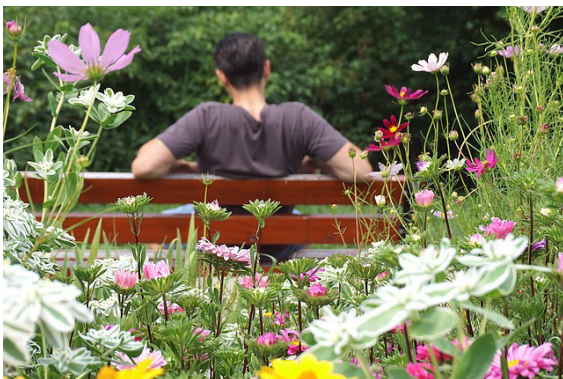
The cleaners tend to do their work in the dead hours, when the church is closed, like the elves who helped the shoemaker in the old story. But ‘unseen’ should not mean ‘unappreciated’. It can be very distracting during a service to watch the cobwebs fluttering in the breeze from the open window, or to notice a layer of dust on the window-sill. The neatness and order produced by those who sweep, wash up, clear out the cupboards and generally keep things tidy all promote a feeling of calm and serenity of soul whereas untidiness, lack of cleanliness and overflowing storage spaces can leave us frazzled (the ‘vexation of spirit’ of the KJV of Ecclesiastes) and do nothing to encourage the peace in which one can talk with God.

Like the cleaning, the administration of the church takes place ‘off-stage’. The collection is counted and entered into the ledger, gift aid is claimed, bills are paid, the woodworm checked, the rotas and notice sheets produced, lettings arranged and countless other tasks performed that the congregation probably never thinks about. Secretary, treasurer, elders and safeguarding officers all contribute their bit to the smooth running of the whole. The rest of us can relax and turn our attention to God.

Those who make the coffee and set out the tables and biscuits for after the service give us all an opportunity to relax, to get to know one another a little better, to exchange news and views and build up a feeling of community, of togetherness. Some have to hurry away for reasons of duty or family concerns but it is always sad to see them go so soon. Milling around or sitting round a table with a comforting drink which, on cold days, warms the hands as well as the heart, is a peaceful interlude before facing the outside world again. A pause between the time spent in worship and the demands of the world outside can be very necessary to many.

Even if someone has no specific role to play in the running of the church or the service, just smiling at one's neighbour or sharing a hymn-book with a late-comer can create a friendly atmosphere and encourage a feeling of belonging. Spiritual values are created and passed on in very simple ways!

Those who tend the garden areas not only encourage wildlife to come and make their home with us, or at least come for their lunch, but create spaces where we can sit in the sunshine and enjoy the beautiful colours and shapes of the flowers and bushes, watch the birds feeding or hopping around, watch the vegetables growing in the raised beds and the apples on the tree and then, in season, take the courgette or tomato or mint or whatever it may be home to eat. This area is available for anyone walking past on Manor Drive, to stop and rest and enjoy their surroundings and, just perhaps, to get talking to a stranger who is also taking a rest: who knows what relationships might spring from this?



It is easy to think that the 'spiritual' life of the church is the province of the preachers, the readers, the prayer-makers and the musicians: but the welcome, the ordered surroundings, the community feeling engendered by each and every one of us bringing the gifts that God endowed us with are as much part of the spiritual life as anything else: they are necessary to the calm and peace and joy that enable us to worship the Lord who made us all.

## ***A LIGHT ON THE PAST***

It is so easy as we go from one room to another to switch lights on or off but it brings to mind a time when lights were not so easily managed. When I was a small boy, our house was lit by gas from the town supply and there was one hanging gas jet in the living room, which was set not-quite-centrally but slightly nearer the fire. The other rooms each had a gas bracket on the wall, one in the kitchen and one in each bedroom. However, an unfortunate incident occurred when my brother Ewaine, who was only a toddler, somehow managed to stand on his cot and, reaching the wall bracket, turned on the gas. Fortunately, the smell of gas was quickly noticed and father cut off all the gas supply for lighting except for the living room.

In my parents' bedroom was a small paraffin lamp, known to us all as a Kelly lamp for some reason, and this was always lit for the night but turned so low as to leave only a little blue flame which could easily be turned higher when needed. In addition candles in candlesticks were also in use.

On a winter's evening the gas light in the living room gave out a certain amount of warmth which added to the heat from the coal fire blazing comfortably in the hearth. Gas light was softer than electricity, more akin to candle-light really, but a pleasant glow and adequate for reading or whatever we had in mind. Lighting the gas was not as easy as pressing a switch but involved gently pulling on a chain to begin the flow of gas while applying the flame from a lighted taper or match to the mantle which diffused the gas. These mantles were very delicate and had to be treated with great care. There were times in the early evening when, instead of turning on the gas, we would sit happily in the light of the blazing coal fire watching the flames flickering and popping from little jets of coal gas and a variety of colours, blue, green and orange, which denoted the presence of minerals, and mesmerised by the glowing red cave in the centre of the coals. This was particularly pleasant when we acquired our first wireless set in about 1937 when I was five years old and we could listen to it in the soft light.

I imagine it would be 1938 when we had electricity installed. There was a central light in the living room, slightly further from the fireplace than the gas jet had hung, and a light in the kitchen, the cellar and each bedroom. How very modern we seemed! There was a meter in the cellar which accepted only shilling coins, which meant that we had to make a point of always having some on hand for whenever the last shilling expired, the



lights immediately went out and someone had to pick up a torch and go to put another shilling, or possibly two, into the slot.



I have not mentioned gas lamps in the street, have I? There was a time when a lamplighter used to go the rounds at dusk with his long pole, lighting each lamp as he came to it. Later, this was done automatically, which was more practical, and the lamps then became electrical. During World War Two when the black-out was

in force, the lamps were partially painted over in black leaving a relatively small area of clear glass for the light to shine through. There were, of course, the green-painted iron lamps with a crossbar on which to rest a ladder, which were later replaced by concrete standards.

These were just some of the changes over the last hundred years; now things change so quickly as to pass almost unnoticed. 'Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose'. Changes of this nature may not be earth-shattering and many things go on just the same as before, but it is pleasant to look back in memory to how things used to be.

*Derek Bridge*

## **MUSTARD TIPS FROM COLMANS**

Give your cooking a lift with these tips from the experts!

When you are next frying bacon, sprinkle a little mustard powder on the bottom of the frying pan. This will bring out the flavour of the bacon and make it much more interesting.

Mustard, when combined with wine, beer, citrus fruits, or olive oil, makes a delicious basting medium for grilled meats and poultry. To make the baste, combine half a cup of the mustard of your choice with half a cup of olive oil and one third of a cup of wine, beer, fresh lemon, lime or orange juice. One or two cloves of crushed garlic and two tablespoons of fresh herbs or spices will also improve the flavour. Mix well and cover the meat or poultry as it cooks on the grill.

Bon appetit!

## ***HEATH'S WELFARE FUND APPEAL***

Many readers will know that individual people contribute to what has become known as Heath's Welfare Fund. Last year we made a significant donation to Noah's Ark which is a small charity helping people struggling with poverty and debt. Heath's funding paid for some Debt Relief Orders (£90 each) which truly transform lives as illustrated in case studies that have appeared in recent editions of Heath Lives.

Amazingly, the Government has now made these Debt Relief Orders free. That is great news, although it is painful for Noah's Ark to total up their expenditure on these over the last 6 years!

Their need for funding is still there, and there is a specific project that Heath can help with. Anyone who would like to contribute to this via our welfare fund can do so using the bank details at the end of this article.

Andrew from Noah's Ark had a phone call at 5am one day, from a woman who needed a taxi fare from Bradford to her home in Brighouse. She was in Bradford because her 10 year old son had a long splinter inside his toe nail that A&E in Halifax had been unable to remove. He was transferred by ambulance to Bradford where it had to be removed under anaesthetic. She and her children had been given a Together Housing Flat, following their escape from domestic abuse. The housing association is only obliged to provide kitchen and bathroom floor covering, so this family, like many others, found themselves with bare floors in all other room. This mother did manage to hire a carpet for the living room. Unfortunately, the boy stubbed his toe in his bedroom which is how he came by the large and painful splinter.

This family featured in a Look North film about the work of Noah's Ark, and the film was seen by the boss of the UK's largest carpet company, Mercado, which is based in Leeds. He contacted Andrew from Noah's Ark to say they could help with this problem. They send large quantities of carpet, mainly roll ends, to landfill and could offer some to Noah's Ark. They now provide Noah's Ark with carpet, underlay, gripper, and doorplates. To date around 140 homes have been carpeted, costing Noah's Ark £1000 to £1200 a week in fitting cost, as well as the lease on a warehouse in Halifax to store carpet etc. between delivery and its being used. This is where you and Heath Church Welfare fund can help.

Should you be willing and able to donate please make a bank transfer, giving the reference as 'Welfare Fund' to: Sort Code: 40 52 40 Account No.: 00030950. If you are a taxpayer, and wish Gift Aid to be added to your donation, please email Gill, our treasurer [heathtreasurer@gmail.com](mailto:heathtreasurer@gmail.com) giving your name, address and amount donated. Cheque donations should be to Heath United Reformed Church, with 'Welfare Fund' written on the back. Alternatively, please speak to Gill about making a cash donation.

Many of you, like me, will probably not have thought about the unpleasantness and social stigma of not having floor coverings. Andrew has given me several examples of people for whom receiving carpets for their home has transformed their lives, such as in allowing children to return to their parent(s) or a disabled child to be discharged from hospital. Please give generously.

*Jane Simmons*

## **EASY MICROWAVE CHOCOLATE CAKE**



Ingredients:

10 oz self-raising flour  
2 oz cocoa powder  
8 oz sugar  
2 eggs  
190 ml milk  
5-6 oz melted butter

Topping: 180g dark chocolate  
3 fl oz whipping cream

1 x 8" silicone cake pan

Mix all the cake ingredients together. Place a piece of parchment paper in the bottom of the cake mould and oil sides. Pour the mixture into mould, then cook in the microwave at 75% on medium power for 7-8 1/2 minutes.

Melt together the topping ingredients for 2 minutes, then pour over the cake and leave to cool.

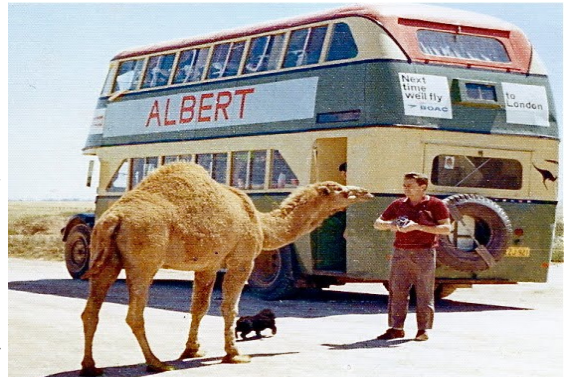
Sprinkle with sugar strands.

## ALBERT AND I

Sitting in a café in Halifax, watching the rain through the window, I remembered enjoying a Turkish coffee in Sirkeci railway station many many years ago, and thinking how much I would miss Albert. Our parting had been an especially sad one as I had had to leave him behind in Istanbul.

I first came across him in New Delhi when I was taking the first few steps on my journey home back to England. I had been working in India for a number of years but it was time to leave and a 5,500 mile overland journey - all the rage in the 1970s - seemed to excite my soul. I heard about Albert and how, although not in the first flush of youth, he had experience of a number of these trips and was, indeed, well known in many towns and villages along the route. In theory, it seemed he would be an ideal companion and, indeed, so he proved.

We didn't meet until the day of my departure but, when we did, it wasn't long before I was being entertained by stories about his previous adventures in the places we were to visit. In the next 45 days, together with some Australasian companions, we travelled throughout India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran and Turkey. We were fortunate to view the Buddhas of Bamiyan in Afghanistan (now sadly destroyed), the Persian Crown Jewels in Tehran and Mount Ararat, although the Ark was not visible due, perhaps, to the heavy mist covering its upper slopes. We suffered monsoon rains, desert heat and snowstorms along the way but he kept us safe.



That journey together, my first but incredibly (as I later found out), his 13th, was truly memorable. Judging by some people's joyous reaction on our journey it was obvious Albert was a bit of a celebrity. Not surprising, perhaps, as he was a 1923 ex-Sydney, red and green painted, double-decker bus!

*S.D. Wassell*

## ***THE BLUE HOUR***

In the blue hour of evening  
the poet puts his work aside  
and sets his mind at ease;  
in the blue hour of evening  
he dips into a well of words,  
enjoys the rhythm of other voices;  
in the blue hour of evening  
ideas settle in his mind  
like boats drawn up at dock  
to rest on a silver beach.

**AND**



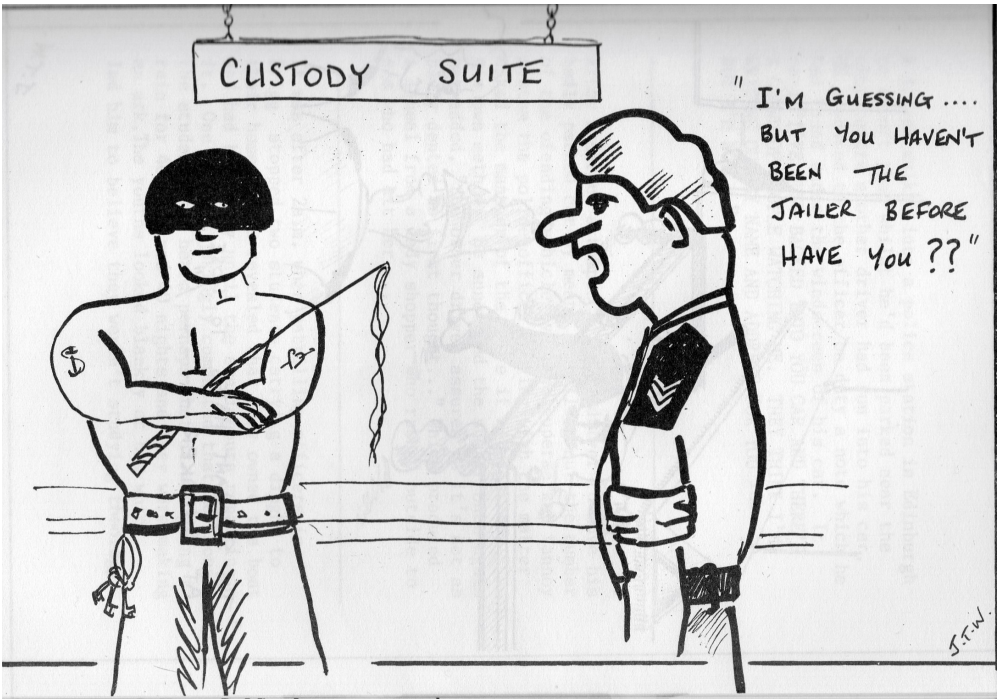
## ***A SNAIL'S TALE***

The snail in the spout  
of my watering-can  
looked far from glad when I poured him out;  
his shell shone and his tiny horns shook  
like an irate driver  
the police had just booked!

*Michael Collins*



*A look at a lighter view of police life!*



*Jim Walker*

## **MAGAZINE DEADLINE**

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

**9 a.m. on Friday 5th July**

We welcome all contributions but publication is not guaranteed.

Send to: [garnetr@outlook.com](mailto:garnetr@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 at 7.30 in the evening, we hold meetings of the **Thursday Club** in the lounge . 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](mailto:heidimolle@googlemail.com)



## Regular bookings at Heath United Reformed Church May 2024

All activities and hire times are subject to change.

TT = Term time      S= Seasonal      V = Variable      O = Occasional

Day	User	Time	Location
	Coccinelle School of French	12.30-3 07868 279513	Lounge
	Janet's Eazi Dance	2-3	Hall
	Heath Community Choir	2-3	Upstairs
	Kim's music lessons (may vary)	4-5.30 TT V	Upstairs
	Beavers	6-7	Lounge & Hall
	Cubs	6.30-8	Hall
	Halifax Philatelic society	7.30-9 (2 <sup>nd</sup> Monday)	Lounge
	Halifax Symphony Orchestra	7-9.30 S	Upstairs
Tuesday	Kim F's dance class	10-12 07747867706	Hall
	Community Coffee Club	10.30-12 (3 <sup>rd</sup> Tuesday)	Lounge
	Yvonne's keep fit & Tai Chi	1.30-3.45	Hall
	Kim A's music lessons	4-8 TT V	Upstairs
	Kim F's dance class	6.15-7.15	Hall
	Scout District Meetings	7.30 – 9.30 V	Lounge
Wednesday	Kim A's music lessons (may vary)	10-12 TT V	Upstairs
	Heidi's cardiac rehab	2-3 07791869594	Hall
	Artful Stars children's art	3.30-5.30 TT 07791954274	Hall
	Jason's Boxercise	7-8 V 07929 372498	Hall
	HBLO (March -June)	7.45-10	Hall
Thursday	Balance Yoga	9.45-10.45 07808726702	Hall
	Kim's dance class	11-12	Hall
	Artful Stars children's art	3.30-5.30 TT 07791954274	Hall
	Thursday Club	7.30-9 (2nd Thurs)	Lounge/visit
	HBLO (March -June)	7.45-10	Hall
Friday	Heidi's cardiac rehab	10-12	Hall
	Kim A's music lessons	4-5.30 TT V	Upstairs
	Janet's Eazi Tap	6-7	Hall
	Scouts & Explorers	7.30-9	Hall & Lounge
Saturday	Artful Stars children's art	9-12 TT 07791954274	Hall
	Kim A's music lessons	9-11 TT V	Upstairs
	Calderdale Chess League	2-7 O 07504 598590	Hall
Sunday	Worship	10:30-11:30	Upstairs
	Northern Lights Church	2.30-6 07970 256243	Hall
Variable	Jason's 1:1 Boxing skills	V 07929 372498	Meeting Rm 2

For further details, see page 23

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