

# HEATH LIVES

Number 17

**April/May 2025**



## **EDITORIAL**

Here we are now in another Spring with another Easter ahead of us. The turning of the seasons is one of the great pleasures of living in England although I fear that climate change is beginning to rob us of their variety. But let us enjoy it while we can.

Several of our readers have come up with articles as a result of the plea in our last issue, but we are always looking for more. If you have any contacts in fields that you think might be of interest to others, please either ask them yourselves or let me have the details so that I may get in touch with them. There is so much of interest in this small town and its history and there are always new people coming to live here who are interested to learn about it. Or send us a recipe or a puzzle or some other entertaining titbit!

Our thanks, as ever, to Derek Bridge who has provided us with articles covering a wide range of subjects over the nearly three years that this magazine has been in existence. I understand that there are many more in the pipeline.

Again, cover and other pictures thanks to pixabay and unsplash.



### **CHURCH CONTACT DETAILS**

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

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

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

Facebook: Heath URC in Halifax

Dear Friends

The 8<sup>th</sup> May 2025 will be the 80<sup>th</sup> anniversary of VE day. Europe has been largely at peace since then, this peace being known as the Long Peace, but arguably the Ukraine war brought this to an end.

I'm not old enough to remember the second world war, but it is often said that this was when people really pulled together, in their time of greatest suffering. And during the years after the war, people looked after each other too.

At the time of writing, we had recently had a burst pipe at church that had affected several of the downstairs rooms. This created work and expense that we could have done without, given our recent investment in the property, and the heavy use we have of the rooms by our many community users. There is never a good time for disaster, but they often seem to strike at the worst possible moments.

I am reminded of Boris Johnson, who won his election on the sole issue of 'getting Brexit done', but soon after he came in to office, Covid 19 meant he had a much bigger issue to contend with, that maybe he didn't feel well equipped to deal with, but he just had to get on with it the best he could.

I am also reminded of Job, and his trials that were not deserved according to anything he had done. His trials served to make him stronger in the long run, and we must let our trials do the same to us.

So by the time you read this, the problems with our building might be behind us, and we may again have full use of all rooms, freshly decorated and smelling sweetly again! But will we have coped with the trials we are given in our personal lives just as well, and moved on to be stronger people for it?

It always amazes me that when a natural disaster strikes, the secular public cannot wait to start donating to put things right. We are told that there is a cost of living crisis - that many people<sub>3</sub> are

poorer now than they have ever been. I don't doubt that this is true, but many of you will have better memories than I of how in times gone by we would all 'mend and make do' not because we were wanting to do the right thing for the planet, but because we couldn't afford to do any differently. But if disasters make people behave in a better way towards their fellow man, then surely this is a good thing to come out of disasters. It would be better, we might think, if they didn't happen in the first place. But in a world where humans have free will, it is inevitable that things will go wrong.

Interestingly, while I was in the middle of writing this article, I received two calls from Residents of the Joseph Crossley's Almshouses to say that the electrics had gone off. This affected the heating as although they are gas boilers, the ignition systems are electric. I went on site to see what the issue was, and had to contact Northern Powergrid to get the issue resolved, but we discovered that some flats weren't affected, and the Residents were contacting each other to say 'my power is on – please come round to keep warm and enjoy a coffee'. This was a perfect demonstrating of 'The Dunkirk Spirit' that is alive and well in Britain today.

I know this was a minor problem in the scheme of things, but when you see so many places suffering in the world today – Ukraine and the Middle East etc, or when you face difficult situations in the future, try not to think how terrible it all is, but instead, perhaps think about how the situation will make us all stronger, and how together we can overcome the challenges that life brings our way.

*Alan Kendall*

*(Alan is an elder at Heath Church).*



## ***THE ROLLING ENGLISH ROAD***

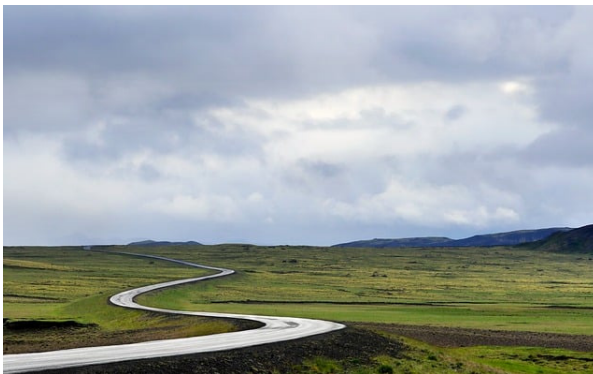
Before the Roman came to Rye or out to Severn strode,  
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road.  
A reeling road, a rolling road, that rambles round the shire,  
And after him the parson ran, the sexton and the squire;  
A merry road, a mazy road, and such as we did tread  
The night we went to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head.

I knew no harm of Bonaparte and plenty of the Squire,  
And for to fight the Frenchman I did not much desire;  
But I did bash their baggonets because they came arrayed  
To straighten out the crooked road an English drunkard made,  
Where you and I went down the lane with ale-mugs in our hands,  
The night we went to Glastonbury by way of Goodwin Sands.

His sins they were forgiven him; or why do flowers run  
Behind him; and the hedges all strengthening in the sun?  
The wild thing went from left to right and knew not which was which,  
But the wild rose was above him when they found him in the ditch.  
God pardon us, nor harden us; we did not see so clear  
The night we went to Bannockburn by way of Brighton Pier.

My friends, we will not go again or ape an ancient rage,  
Or stretch the folly of our youth to be the shame of age,  
But walk with clearer eyes and ears this path that wandereth,  
And see undrugged in evening light the decent inn of death;  
For there is good news yet to hear and fine things to be seen,  
Before we go to Paradise by way of Kensal Green.

G.K.Chesterton



## **RIPPLE EFFECT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE LIKE THIS**

*(Ripple Effect are the people through whom we twinned our garden: Ed.)*

As a farmer and father, it is heartbreaking to watch Fatuma, who farms two parched acres in Eastern Kenya, walk 2km under the tropical sun with 20 litres of water on her head, to provide for her family, chickens, and failing crops. Back and forth she walks, the water disappearing without trace into the sandy soil, before she returns with the next 20l. Her maize, a staple crop for her and her animals, has failed completely. Lack of rain, and the climate change brought on her by the Global North, asks a Herculean effort just to survive until the rains come again.

I am travelling with Riverford's longstanding charity partner, Ripple Effect (RE), visiting some of the farms we have been supporting since my first trip here 25 years ago. Fatuma is now in the first year of RE's three year support and training programme which will include water, soil, and livestock management, compost making, social and gender inclusion with its associated capacity building, and much more. Her spirit is not broken. Later on, we visit Edward who trained with RE six years ago and is now a peer farmer himself, training his neighbours and providing them with seed and plants from his thriving two-acre farm. His chickens and cows (prized as much for their urine and dung, as for their eggs, milk, and meat) drive the compost and fertility that has built his soil's organic matter, in turn boosting water retention and yields. His newfound agency has given him a quiet but infectious confidence and allowed him to become a thriving entrepreneur, selling all his surplus crops direct and locally. The complexity, integration and sophistication of his cropping, his knowledge of plant interactions and the circular, waste-free, regenerative nature of his farming is way ahead of anything I have seen in the UK – much of which I wouldn't have believed possible, had I not seen it with my own eyes.

Over the last 14 years, our generous Riverford customers have helped raise £1.2m for Ripple Effect. If you believe in this work, please consider supporting us.

Find the full-length version of Guy's letter, which includes photographs and observations from his trip, at Wicked Leeks; [wickedleeks.riverford.co.uk](http://wickedleeks.riverford.co.uk)

## ***MORE WARTIME MEMORIES***

Like Betty (last issue of Heath Lives) I was born in 1938 and my recollections of the war are very similar. I spent years at my maternal grandparents' house, because Dad was in the army and Mum was nursing Grandma who was dying from cancer. At school, I don't remember anyone who lived with a dad, not because they had left to live with someone else but because most men were in the Armed Forces. Conditions of war were natural to us and we accepted all the depredations as perfectly normal as we had no memories of anything else. I remember asking Mum whose side God was on and when she said ours, I couldn't see why people were so worried. The dangers to life were much more noticeable to me when the war was over. Suddenly street lights were on in the evenings and we no longer had to grope through dark streets with only the aid of a tiny torch which had to be pointed straight down at our feet so as not to show a light to any German bombers passing overhead. The hideous black-out curtains were replaced with pretty light cotton ones and home was a much brighter place. Rationing was still in place, though no-one had much spare money anyway. I noticed some restriction signs coming down on grocery stores: in particular the one showing 'This week's egg allowance'. When it had shown half an egg per person I wondered how this worked out for my family of five. For my 7th birthday which coincided with VE Day in May 1945, Mum dragged the wooden kitchen table into the back garden. She stuck tiny union jack flags into the plates of party food and decorated the garden with all the bunting she could find. What a day that was! When sweets were de-rationed, too many people bought huge quantities and shops soon sold out, so sweets had to be rationed again until people learned to act more sensibly. Sound familiar?

Best of all, of course, was that Dad came home for good. Unfortunately he had worked in the Artillery firing the heavy guns with no ear protection. This had impacted on his hearing and he was to suffer from progressive deafness for the rest of his life. No compensation in those days!

Jobs were hard to find for returning servicemen and dad could only get labouring work which paid little and really did not suit him at all. How Mum managed on his wage I cannot imagine but she was resourceful and denied herself to feed us. She also drilled into us that getting into debt was not an option. 'Do without until you can afford to pay for it', she used to say. We therefore had little in the way of material goods but love was always in plentiful supply which is surely the most important thing of all.

*Dorothy Edmundson*

## ***EASTER BISCUITS***

**Ingredients:** 75g butter  
50g caster sugar + a little extra  
1 egg, separated  
175g SR flour  
Pinch of salt  
35g currants  
15g chopped mixed peel  
1-2 tbsp milk

**Method:** Heat the oven to 150C, 300F, Gas Mark 1-2. Grease the baking tray.

Cream the butter and sugar together and beat in the egg yolk.

Sift the flour with the salt and fold into the creamed mixture, with the currants and peel. Add enough milk to give a fairly soft dough, cover and leave in a cool place to become firm.

Knead lightly on a floured surface and roll out to 0.5cm thick.

Cut into rounds and put onto baking sheet. Bake in the centre of the oven; after 10 minutes, brush the biscuits with the egg white, sprinkle with the extra sugar and continue baking for a further 10 minutes, until lightly coloured.

Cool on a wire rack.

**WE INVITE YOU TO JOIN US  
FOR THESE FORTHCOMING EVENTS:**

### **APRIL 5TH: NICOLA MILLS:**

**‘OPERA FOR THE PEOPLE’**

With tea and scones

£10

### **APRIL 12TH: THE FLASHBACKS**

Big Band-style music

And refreshments

£5



# ***AN ABC OF PEACE***

Peace. What do we think of when we hear this word? Is it an absence of intrusive noise or frenetic activity? Is it the antidote to stress, anxiety, emotional turmoil, despair? If we are freed from fear, pain, poverty, sorrow, illness, loneliness—the list goes on—will we find peace? “I could be happy if.....” But is peace the same as happiness, or can it exist even in the midst of all those negatives?

As Christians, we are told that God's peace passes all understanding. We pray for its presence in our own lives, in our communities, our country, our world—God's world. His peace is a ‘no matter what’ peace. It's not dependent on external factors. It's His gift to us. We can't buy it, earn it, swallow tablets to feel its healing calm.

So what factors are there which we need to reflect on in our quest for the peace of God? Here are some I thought of:

Acceptance: God is in control. ‘Thy will be done’. If we accept that, even in the worst circumstances, He is there with us and His plan remains inviolate, we take a huge step towards peace. We don't have to understand, we have to trust.

Assurance: Our trust is reinforced over and over in the Bible. “I will never leave you nor forsake you”: “I am with you always”. How many such promises can we recall? How many times have we heard others testify to experiencing God's strength in their own weakest moments?

Being: Just being. ‘In the now’ is a current popular phrase. Leave the past behind and the future in God's care. Know that where we are is where God wants us to be. Jesus told us to ‘consider the lilies of the field...’

Belonging: We belong to Him. He cares—how amazing is this thought, reinforced by reminders such as the sparrows which do not fall unnoticed, the hairs on our heads which are numbered? Nothing can separate us from His protection.

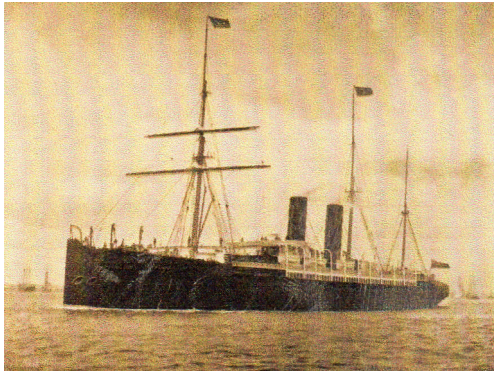
Confidence in certainty: Our times are in his hands. In a time when good news rarely makes headlines and we are surrounded by the devastation of wars, weather catastrophes, destruction of our planet, ‘man's inhumanity to man’, the effect of so many heartrending illnesses on so many lives, young and old, it's often hard to retain peace and positivity. May we continue to place our faith in the certainty that ‘Thine is the kingdom, the power the the glory’.

*Merle Wilson*

## ***AMERICAN HOLIDAY—1893***

In amongst my mother's books and papers, I found a tatty little notebook with nearly-illegible handwriting, so I put it on one side. Eventually I picked it up and studied it and I was amazed. It was all about a holiday in America in 1893. The ship that took them across the Atlantic was the RMS Aurania so my daughter Jill looked at the passenger list and found Mary and Charles Henry Hey were on it. They were my Mother's great-grandmother and her grandfather. This is the story told by Charles:

"We left Liverpool on Saturday August 5th at exactly 4 o'clock with a strong wind against us. We passed a steamer going to America, passed Wales, and got out of sight of land. We turned in at 10 o'clock and mother was sick but I have not been sick yet. We have a piano in our saloon and I have been playing.



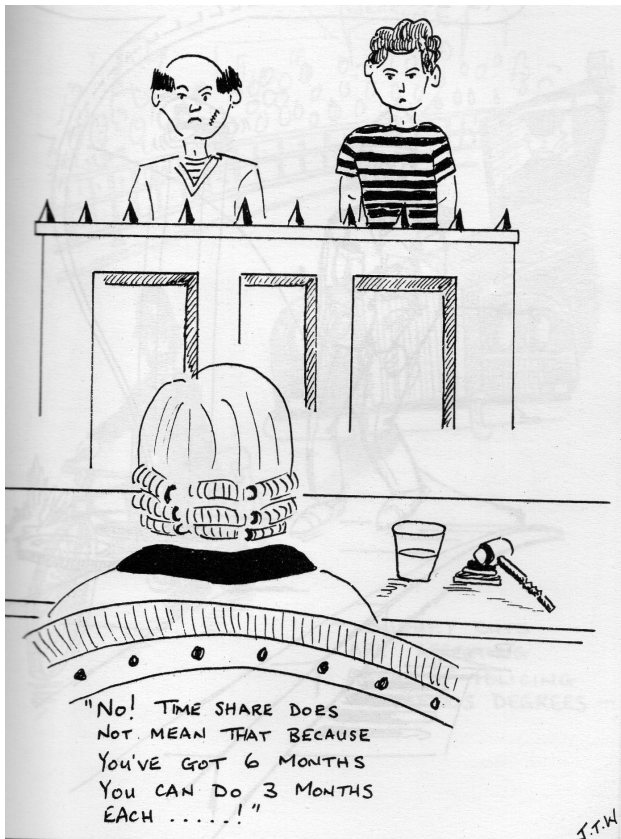
We have all sorts of people on board. Children under 1 to old men of 70 years of age. We have Germans, Swedes, Scandinavians, Indians. I was alright till Sunday night and then I was sick proper. The sea fair boiled and the wind roared and our boat rocked nearly throwing us out of our berths. On Thursday I was well again and have enjoyed it well. We saw a little boat in the middle of the Atlantic with only one man in it who was doing it for 20,000 dollars. We have got to Friday and the time is passing very pleasantly. We have songs on deck and read books and do nothing but eat. Saturday morning at 5 o'clock the pilot came on board and in the evening we had a concert for the benefit of the Sailors' Orphans. I was playing and we got £3-1-0 in a collection.

When we arrived in New York, Jane and Mr and Mrs Wright were waiting for us. We had to take the Elevated Railway and then a ferry and then another railway and at last we got to New Brighton on Staten Island. Mr Wright's house where Jane is stopping is a fine house. They have 13 rooms in it so you see it is not a small house!"

When I read this there were so many questions I wanted to ask. How could my great-grandfather and his mother leave their confectionary business? I wonder what my great grandmother thought about being left at home with the shop and two children aged 7 and 3. Who are Jane and Mr and Mrs Wright? I also never knew that my Mum's gift for piano-playing came from her grandfather. He must have been good because that £3 would have been nearly £500 now! I will never know the answers.

To be continued.....

*Elizabeth Riley*



## ***A DIFFERENT VIEW OF ANNE LISTER***

Recently we have heard a good deal about Anne Lister (1791-1840) but unfortunately it all seems to be centred on her sexual preferences. Certainly she was a lesbian but that was only one facet of a multi-sided character. There was so much more to her life than has been credited to her.

Anne was a highly intelligent young woman and probably better educated than most young ladies of her time. She taught herself Greek, no easy task for anyone to attempt, and she had a clear understanding of business and of world affairs. In a society run by men, this served her well and strengthened her case when dealing with them.

Her courage and determination were clearly demonstrated when she returned to Halifax from a journey and arrived at North Bridge, the old one, to find it covered in snow. As the bridge was designed to slope gently to the middle for drainage, this meant that it was virtually impossible for her to cross. Undeterred, she climbed onto the balustrade at the side, which was about a foot wide, and, disregarding the deep drop to the river, she walked across without ruining her dainty shoes. This amazing incident is, I believe, recorded in her diaries, although I have not seen it personally. The Reverend Pauline Millward, who was curator at Shibden Hall for some years, assured me when I discussed it with her that she had read it there,

Anne's coal-mining business is well known. The mines were mainly cut through from the Siddal side of the hill and yielded a fair profit. She was one of the chief investors in the Calder and Hebble Canal and had shares in the Turnpike Trust. In Halifax, she had numerous interests and on Northgate she built a large hotel with a casino which replaced a house which she owned there. This was Northgate House and it stood almost opposite the former Council offices and public library which took its name. The Theatre de Luxe was later built on the site.

Over a number of years, she improved the Shibden Hall estate, creating the lake and landscaping the park to better effect, including the construction of a new carriage drive and gatehouse. She made considerable changes to the hall itself, adding the square tower at the western end, which she did not live to see completed. Her famous diaries of some four million words were kept diligently and she noted there everything of interest which happened, much of it in her own code. The entries always included a note on the weather and extremes such as flooding, and the very deep snow on some occasions was recorded. She related one episode when a thunderbolt struck a local house, killing a young man of sixteen, severely injuring a young woman and stupefying for some minutes an old woman. In December 1836, she tells of

mail coaches buried fifteen feet deep in snow.'

Anne's travels abroad with Ann Walker are of special interest. It was highly unusual for two ladies to travel with no male chaperone or protector, but this did not deter them. Their travels took them to several European countries. One excursion took them climbing in the Pyrenees, a daunting project in itself and considering the number of heavy skirts and petticoats which they wore and the tightness of some of their garments, it could not have been easy for them. Although they were alone, however, they were not without some protection. Anne invariably



carried two pistols and was ready to use them as circumstances dictated.

It was on a later journey to Russia that Anne contracted a fever which led to her death there. It was left to her distraught companion to arrange for transferring her body all the way back home. In those days that must have been a very difficult business to plan; it was very expensive and took seven months to accomplish. The burial finally took place at Halifax Parish Church on the 29<sup>th</sup> April 1841.

All the things which Anne Lister did in her short life show beyond doubt her quickness of intellect and positive attitude in all things. She was not one to stand on the side-lines but one who took her own course and determinedly surged ahead regardless of the opinions of others.

*Derek Bridge.*

### **Image by permission of Calderdale Museums Service**

There is a display of some of the costumes used in Gentleman Jack alongside other costumes from film and TV in an upcoming exhibition at Bankfield Museum (1/2/25 – 24/12/25),

## ***LIFE ON A CRUISE SHIP***

Shortly after the Editor packed me off round the world on a ship, foolishly I said I would write a few lines about the beginnings of my three and a half months' journey. She showed much interest but the cynic in me thinks she just wants to fill up space in "Heath Lives". For many, it's life on board that they crave and some rarely even go ashore; for me it's primarily the destinations that attract. This journey, for example, takes me to such exotic places as Hawaii, Samoa, Tonga, Bali, Mauritius and Namibia, all new to me. The journey starts: leaving West Yorkshire's snow and rain behind for a couple of sunny days in Southampton I then boarded P&O's MV Arcadia on 3 January and with fireworks lighting the sky we set sail.

Arcadia was built in 2005 and holds 2,000 passengers and 800 crew. The crew, mainly Indians and Indonesians, are very friendly and polite. George, my cabin steward, is a Christian from Kerala in Southern India. The Captain however, like most Officers, is British. It is a small-to-medium sized ship which is almost an anachronism nowadays in an industry where 5,000+ passengers are fast becoming the norm. Two-thirds of the mainly British guests, rather than completing the full world cruise, will be cruising only one of four parts e.g from Southampton to Sydney (the most popular leg) combining exotic locations with opportunities to visit relatives in Oz. They will be replaced by newcomers from Australia, Singapore and Cape Town along the way. About 700 will circumnavigate the world, arriving back in England in mid-April. In general, the ages of my fellow cruisers seem to range from mid 40s to upper 80s and beyond. The majority seem fit enough, some definitely don't! Unfortunately, the sea state down the Atlantic was pretty rough with strong head winds but the ship coped more than adequately, as such ships invariably do. However, not the best start for seasickness-prone travellers. Mind you, despite adverse conditions, passengers have so much to do that most barely notice they are even at sea. Good and plentiful food together with a myriad of activities can occupy the mind constantly throughout the days and evenings. How much or little you participate in is entirely up to you. Many just sunbathe, swim and read. Others do daily quizzes, dance, join a choir, play the ukulele (popular if a little strange), go to the spa or the gym or learn to play bridge etc. I enjoy the almost daily guest lectures which are a regular feature of cruises and often cover subjects such as the media, travel, maritime history or life experiences. Minor TV people are generally popular and this first week Diane Janes, a crime author, has related some 20thC murder cases and it's been the most packed every time (can't think why!).

There are cabaret and speciality shows every evening with guests flown in for a few days or performances by the in-house group of singers and dancers. These youngsters usually put on the most memorable shows.

Our first port of call was Funchal, the capital of the Portuguese island of Madeira. It is aptly named "The Garden Island". There are tropical flowers everywhere thriving in the temperate climate and we enjoyed warm sunshine for our day's visit. Although it was now January 7th Christmas was still present with trees and street decorations throughout the town. If you're a football fan you will know the island is the birthplace of Cristiano Ronaldo and he has done much for his homeland including funding a great number of local needy causes. He is a true hero to Madeirans. Funchal is a popular winter destination and is perched, seemingly precariously, on the side of coastal mountains with a large harbour and busy cruising traffic throughout the year. Reid's Hotel, often mentioned in 1930s novels, is the place for an afternoon tea on the sweeping lawns and, although perhaps a throwback to a more genteel age, is none the worse for that. One thing I try to do ashore after lengthy sea days is to find a local church to offer thanks for a safe arrival and prayers for the days ahead. The small, almost homely, Cathedral in central Funchal is one such example. I have now visited it on two separate occasions and have always found a real feeling of being in God's presence which is a strong, comforting and uplifting sensation. Another thing I have to do, and arguably the most important, is to buy the Editor a fridge magnet wherever I go. As anyone who has visited our house may know, we have enough already to open a small shop! But oh no, I must buy more, including those from countries I have visited before, to pacify her. Fortunately, I found something in Funchal that I hope will please - phew!

As I write we arrive tomorrow (13 January) at the beach paradise of Barbados, so named by the Portuguese due to their seeing a local tree with large dangling fronds like a beard which grows on the island. This will be followed by the Dutch island of Curacao, home of the famous blue liqueur. Afterwards we head to the Pacific via a day's transit of the Panama Canal which is an experience like no other. Onward!

*Stephen Wassell*

"The most difficult choices in life are not between good and evil but between the good and the best."

*George Caird*

## PSALM 23

The Lord is my Shepherd—That's **RELATIONSHIP**

I shall not want—That's **SUPPLY**

He makes me lie down in green pastures—That's **REST**

He leads me beside still waters—That's **REFRESHMENT**

He restores my soul—That's **HEALING**

He leads me in the paths of righteousness—That's **GUIDANCE**

For His name's sake—That's **PURPOSE**

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil—That's **PROTECTION**

For He is with me—That's **FAITHFULNESS**

His rod and his staff they comfort me—That's **COMFORT**

He prepares a table before me in the presence of my enemies—That's **HOPE**

He anoints my head with oil—That's **CONSECRATION**

My cup runs over—That's **ABUNDANCE**

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life—That's **BLESSING**

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord—That's **SECURITY**

For ever—That's **ETERNITY**

**LORD, THANK YOU FOR YOUR BOUNDLESS LOVE**

*Source Unknown*



## ***A REFLECTION ON THE LORD'S PRAYER***

Our Father in heaven, please help us.  
We, your children, learn slowly.

So often we say nothing when your name is mis-used.  
Often our lives do not reflect your ways,  
Mostly we do what we want on earth,  
And this can make heaven unimaginable.

We expect so much more than we actually need each day.  
Sometimes we think we don't need forgiveness,  
Sometimes we think we are unforgivable,  
And we forget that other people make these same errors of thinking.

When it comes to temptation, we find our own ways.  
We are confused about what is and is not evil.  
We are confused about deliverance.  
We are confused.

And here is the wonder, the grace and the mystery.  
That you know us completely,  
Our failings, our secrets,  
And still love us forever and ever.

Amen.



## HOPE

In one memorable passage St Paul linked faith and hope together. They do not, indeed, differ much from each other, but are like different aspects of one quality. Hope is faith looking forward into the future, across it matters not what darkness and terror. Where religion is concerned, hope finds a wide field in which to range. We see what God has done for us, so we are justified in hoping that He will save us from the power of sin and bring us at last to Himself. Religious hope differs from every kind of foolish optimism. It is fixed on God, therefore based on certainty. We have a good hope because of His word.

Many hopes have proved to be illusions; that can never be said of our hope in God. No one who has lived long but knows how hopes have often mocked him in the end - hope of comfort, success, fame, of this or that. But man lives by hope, and our essential hopefulness tells us that the human heart can have a hope which will never delude it. We lost hope to regain it in another form. The failure of worldly hopes should make our hope in God, Who can never fail us, all the more bright and confident. Such a hope gives us power to see the sun behind the cloud, to hear the still, small voice of God amid the wreck of our customary world.

Hope in God can alone give us courage to fight against evil and confidence that effort for good is worth while. However much is wrong with the world, hope in God bids us be sure that there is a Divine Power working to set it right. Over all towers the Cross, the token that God strives unendingly to save men from sin. A world which is being set right, human hearts over which God is watching and for whose return to Him He is waiting, and on whom His love is ever directing itself - all that bids us hope that all is well. 'God's in His heaven, all's right with the world' - the words might seem mere foolish optimism to those who see only evil. But let us also see and trust in God, Who is not an 'absentee God', as Carlyle called the remote Deity of the Deists. He rules, therefore the earth may be glad.

To those who have warm hope in God, the world need never appear a mere vale of tears. With one who wrote saying that 'this world seems drained of all its sweets' - Charles Lamb remonstrated. 'I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets, are yet in the earth. The sun and moon yet reign in heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings.' The genial humorist who had known deep trouble himself, goes on enumerating many more blessings. That is the

right spirit; we are too apt to lose hope, or to overlook the goodness and kindness of which so many lives are compacted. Despair and pessimism are bad companions for the Christian. God should be for him his best hope, and God's world the scene in which hope can play its part. 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul' cries the Psalmist, 'hope thou in God.'

Stevenson tells of the great peril of his engineer grandfather on board ship off the Bell Rock in a storm that had raged with fury for twenty-seven hours. There was danger of the ship breaking from her moorings and being swept on the rocks. At great peril he made his way across the deck and saw a solitary seaman keeping watch, lashed for safety to the foremast. As he watched him, the sailor smiled. He was so much relieved by that smile, that 'from that time he felt himself at ease; at any rate he was resigned to the ultimate result.' In all the storms of life, we may look out upon the face of Him Who ever watches over the destinies of man, and that face will seem to us to smile, smiling on us when we have no confidence.

*Author unknown  
From the Mancroft Review October 1935*

*Great faith is not the faith that walks always in the light and knows no darkness, but the faith that perseveres in spite of God's seeming silence, and that faith will most certainly and surely get its rewards.*

*Fr. Andrew SDC*

### **PRAYERS SHARED**

In March, Christians worldwide began their Lenten observances with reflections and repentance; penitence and prayer. In different ways, we seek to share in Christ's own road to Calvary, to remind ourselves of the journey he took to purchase our salvation. It may be through 'giving up...', acts of self-denial, or 'giving more...', acts of charity for those in need, more time spent with God in spiritual reading and prayer. To this end, our booklet, Lent Challenge 2025, is being used not only by members of our own congregation but those of another local church and online by readers as far away as South Africa. Sharing these beautiful and inspiration prayers is a blessing both for us and for those who find their spiritual lives enriched by them, too. Thank you, Heath.

*Merle Wilson*

## ***TROUBLED BY LISTS***

It may be the way we 'organise' ourselves but nearly every day we make a list of things that have to be done and there is a great feeling of fulfilment when a line can be drawn through a particular task completed. It's rather more disappointing when new jobs are added to the bottom of the list! The trouble is that lists have their own life and breed other lists. What begins as a reminder to go shopping produces a list of things to buy, or what starts as a Greetings Card list triggers a long list of birthdays and anniversaries that need attention.

Lists also have a habit of getting lost. It's almost a deliberate act to make things even more difficult than they already are. They hide away in the most unexpected places—especially when you have put them somewhere special so that you will not forget them. Then, when you find the list and re-read it, you have to re-edit it when you return from shopping and find you have bought something not on the original list and some items you have failed to buy.

I understand that some very organised people have permanent lists for particular challenges. A good example is the Holiday List which details everything needed for the time away. I imagine that it has to have some potential for flexibility since the length of the holiday and the place where you are going will differ during the year. That in itself presents difficulties and the danger that changes will bring the possibility of missing out something vital or including something totally irrelevant to your needs.

No list is ever foolproof or entirely accurate. Is there ever an occasion when the list has been totally correct? I suppose it depends on the purpose of the list or the number of items included, but do you ever get home and find that something vital was needed and the excuse for forgetting it is that 'it wasn't on the list'?

Nowadays I imagine lists are going high-tech and appear on the gadgets which are almost part of the modern anatomy. They are either stuck to the ear or sealed in the hand. However, there are still shoppers clutching paper lists as they shop so, despite the difficulties lists can present, they are still being used and we continue to support them.

And, by the way, this article and anything else we write for the magazine has always started on a list.

## ***HAND AND ARM***

Said the hand to the arm,  
'Do you feel fit?'  
said the arm to the hand,  
'I'm ready for it!'.  
Said the hand to the arm,  
'get moving, then.'  
said the arm to the hand  
'you tell me when.'  
said the hand to the arm,  
'I don't know how!'  
said the arm to the hand,  
'the muscle might know.'  
said the hand to the arm,  
'Oh, no, no, no.  
In order to solve  
the problem we face  
we must appeal  
to a higher place.'  
said the arm to the hand,  
'we must make haste  
to find our way.  
If you say so  
we might do well  
to let Brain know.'  
***THEN THE BRAIN SPOKE.***  
'Stop this chatter, use your wits,  
work together, get on with it!'

*Michael Collins*

*Inspired by three and a half years at Woolworths in the 1990s*

## ***ON THE THIRD DAY***

On the third day of creation  
God gathered together the waters  
And on the dry land created life –  
Seed-bearing plants and trees.  
Fruitful vegetation that would cover the earth;  
The dividing was over and the gathering had begun.

On the third day  
Abraham's hand was stayed  
As he prepared to sacrifice his son,

On the third day  
Jonah reached dry land,  
Saved by the fish from the depths of the sea,  
And, restored to life,  
Continued his reluctant ministry to Nineveh.

On the third day  
Jesus blessed the wedding at Cana,  
A new beginning, a new life for the couple,  
And wine made from water in the jars of purification.

On the third day  
Jesus was raised from the dead  
And the tomb was left empty.

*Gemma Wassell*

### **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 May 9th 2025**

We welcome all contributions but publication is not guaranteed.

Send to: [garnetnr@outlook.com](mailto: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 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 those with 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 Autumn 2024

All activities and hire times are subject to change.

TT = Term time

S = Seasonal

V = Variable

O = Occasional

Day	User	Time	Location
Monday	Coccinelle French Class	11.30-3 TT ellie.fitzgerald1@outlook.com	Lounge
	Janet's Eazi Dance	2-3 JanetFletcher5@yahoo.com	Hall
	Steph's Community Choir	2-3 no need to book	Upstairs
	Beavers	6-7 Beavers @49thhalifax.org.uk	Lounge & Hall
	Cubs	6.30-8 Cubs@49thhalifax.org.uk	Hall
	Halifax Symphony Orchestra	7-9.30 S roybiggs@halifaxorchestra.org	Upstairs
Tuesday	Kim's dance class	10-12 07747 867706	Hall
	Community Coffee Club	10.30-12 (3 <sup>rd</sup> Tuesday) heathchurchhalifax@gmail.com	Lounge
	Yvonne's Tai Chi	1.30-3.30	Hall
	Halifax Philatelic society	1-3pm (2 <sup>nd</sup> Tuesday)	Lounge
	Kim's music lessons	4.15-8.15 pm TT	Upstairs
	Scout District Meetings	7.30 – 9.30 V	Lounge
Wednesday	Northern Lights House Group	10.30-12.30 fortnightly 07929 372498	Lounge
	Heidi's cardiac rehab	2-3 07791 869594	Hall
Thursday	Heath Study Group	10.30-12 S heathchurchhalifax@gmail.com	Lounge
	Kim's dance class	11-12 07747 867706	Hall
	Halifax Young Singers	6-9 TT halifaxyoungsingers2@gmail.com	Upstairs
	Laura Morrell Singing	8-9 TT 07425 893945 (in hall on 2nd Thursdays)	Lounge
	Thursday Club	7.30-9 (2nd Thurs) heathchurchhalifax@gmail.com	Lounge/visit
Friday	Heidi's cardiac rehab	10-12 07791869594	Hall
	Kim's music lessons	10-11 TT O & 4.15-6.15 pm TT	Upstairs
	Janet's Eazi Tap	6-7	Hall
	Scouts & Explorers	7.30-9 Scouts@49thhalifax.org.uk	Hall & Lounge
Saturday	Artful Stars - children's art	9-11.30 TT 07791 954274 julie@artfulstars.co.uk	Lounge
	Kim's music lessons	9-11 TT	Upstairs
	Calderdale Chess League	2-7 O 07504 598590	Hall
Sunday	Heath's Worship	10-12 Service 10:30-11:30 07748988161	Upstairs
	Northern Lights	2.30-6 07970 256243 (Independent church, not linked to Heath)	Hall/Lounge
Variable	Jason's 1:1 Boxing skills	V 07929 372498	Meeting Rm 2

For further details, please see page 23