

# HEATH LIVES

Number 20

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## EDITORIAL

As winter is hastening on again and the daylight fades much earlier, Jane's words on pages 3/4 give us something to ponder on during the dark evenings. A careless word can cause a rift in a moment but reconciliation can take much longer. However, we are told in Matthew chapter 5::

"Therefore, if you are offering your gift at the altar and there remember that your brother or sister has something against you, leave your gift there in front of the altar. First go and be reconciled to them; then come and offer your gift. "

It is that important to God that we should live in harmony.

*Image on cover and on page 3 Credited to Pixabay*

JOIN US FOR  
OUR

## HARVEST LUNCH

On  
Sunday  
5th October  
In the Church Hall  
(Manor Drive  
entrance)

No booking  
required—just  
come along  
£10 per person



## 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,

I am writing this on VJ day when we remember the end of the final, brutal stage of World War II. We have also been remembering the absolute horror of the two nuclear bombs dropped on Japanese cities 80 years ago. Despite the greatness of the cause, the ultimate price for these bombs was paid by ordinary people, just like you and me, living in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Over 200,000 lost their lives and many, many more suffered life-changing illness both then and in later years, as did many yet to be born or even to be conceived.



The purpose of the Hiroshima Peace Park (left) is not just to act as a memorial, but to say to all “Never again”. Yet we know mankind has not learnt the lesson as is all too readily confirmed when we turn on the news.

I consider Jesus’ reply to the question of what the greatest commandment is, to possibly be the most important few verses in the bible.

*“You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind.” This is the greatest and first commandment. And the second is like unto it: “You shall love your neighbour as yourself.” (Matthew chapter 22)*

To Christians the two parts of this commandment are one and the same, but imagine the world if all people, of all faiths and none, at least obeyed the second part and loved their neighbours as themselves. It would totally change how Trump, Zelenskyy and Putin interact and how Netanyahu and the Hamas leaders negotiate, but what about closer to home? What about the folk in Halifax including you and me?

Is it reasonable to expect world leaders to love their neighbour when as individuals we all struggle to do so? Jesus made it clear that our neighbour is any other person, wherever in the world they are. We tend to think of loving our neighbour as being direct action such as supporting a charity, carrying out a kind act, etc. It is easy to forget that loving your neighbour is shown in the words we use and the way in which we use them.

I wonder why I find myself reading comments on social media posts in various Halifax-based groups, as I become so dismayed at the level of negativity and vitriol, and surprised that anyone has the courage to take on any form of public office or service knowing that their best efforts will lead to such abuse. I try to resist the temptation to criticise the criticsers, because that makes me as bad as they are!

I am far from perfect, as are all of us. We hurt or antagonise others through thoughtless use of words, irritable responses, ill-informed or destructive criticisms, failure to appreciate and so on. Our words and actions, or lack of them, can be our weapons. King Charles eloquently said in his VJ day speech, in reference to countries and communities coming together as part of the war effort, learning to co-ordinate across distances, faiths and cultural divides:

*"Together they proved that, in times of war and in times of peace, the greatest weapons of all are not the arms you bear, but the arms you link. That remains a vital lesson for our times,"*

When you read this, the remembrance of VJ day and the nuclear bombs 80 years ago will be in the past, but the need to love our neighbour is in the here and now and in the future. Let's all try that little bit harder to metaphorically link arms with our neighbours, both near and far, through word and deed.

**A prayer from the United Church of Christ in Japan marking the passing of 80 years since the atomic bombings:**

*We, as children of God and children of peace, continue to pray for the coming of God's kingdom.*

*We pray that the domination by force of strong governments and peoples over weak ones will come to an end.*

*We pray for the breaking of the chains of hatred between governments and peoples.*

*We pray that every weak and desperate individual be granted courage and the power to live.*

*And we pray for an end, throughout all the earth, of the nuclear threat.  
Amen.*

*Jane Simmons, Heath Church Secretary*

## ***FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE***

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,  
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;  
And charging along like troops in a battle,  
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:  
All of the sights of the hill and the plain  
Fly as thick as driving rain;  
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,  
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,  
All by himself and gathering brambles;  
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;  
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!  
Here is a cart run away in the road  
Lumping along with man and load;  
And here is a mill and there is a river:  
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!



*R.L. Stevenson*

# **SHIPWRECKS AND FLOGGINGS**

From Myra in Asia Minor a ship set sail bound for Rome. It made slow headway due to strong winds and moved along the coast with difficulty.

On board was a prisoner bound for trial. He could see the voyage was going to be disastrous and cause great loss to ship, cargo and the lives of all on board. He gave advice on how to proceed but no one heeded his advice.

Weeks went by with no abatement in the bad weather. A wind of hurricane force called the 'Northeaster' drove the ship along. The sailors passed ropes under the ship to hold it together; they threw cargo overboard; threw the ship's tackle overboard; then finally gave up hope of being saved.

The prisoner stood up and addressed those on board:

"I urge you to keep up your courage, because not one of you will be lost; only the ship will be destroyed. Last night an angel of the God to whom I belong, and whom I serve, stood beside me and said 'Do not be afraid, Paul; you must stand trial before Caesar, and God has graciously given you the lives of all who sail with you.'"

The prisoner was the Apostle Paul, accused of being a troublemaker, disturbing the peace and promoting a new religion that was seen as a threat to Roman authority, but he had asserted his right as a Roman citizen to be tried in Rome before the Emperor.

Being a Roman citizen granted individuals a set of significant legal rights and privileges, including a right to a fair trial and the ability to appeal against court decisions.

After continuous threatening weather, the ship was wrecked, but all on board reached land safely, either by swimming or clinging to the wreckage.

We are familiar with Paul's epistles to the various churches, but are we aware of the difficulties and dangers he encountered as he travelled around the Mediterranean world to fulfil his mission to tell people the good news of Jesus?

In his second letter to the Corinthians Paul says: "I've been flogged five times, pummelled with rocks once. I've been shipwrecked three times and immersed in the open sea for a night and a day."

One example is from his visit to Philippi. On arriving there things initially went well. A woman called Lydia responded to Paul's message; she and her household were baptised, and she invited Paul and his companions to stay at her house.

One day a female slave followed Paul and his companion Silas, shouting "These men are servants of the Most High God, who are telling you the way to be saved." She had a spirit of divination and told fortunes, which earned her a great deal of money for her owners.

Paul commanded the spirit to leave her. Her owners were furious that he had taken away their livelihood, so they dragged Paul and Silas into the marketplace to face the authorities.

They told the magistrates: “These men are Jews and they are throwing our city into an uproar by advocating customs unlawful for us to accept or practise.”

Without waiting for any formal process, the magistrates had them stripped, beaten with rods, severely flogged and thrown into prison.

The jailer was commanded to guard them carefully so he placed them in an inner cell and put their feet in stocks. At about midnight, as they prayed and sang hymns to God, a violent earthquake shook the prison, causing the doors to fly open and loosening the chains. The jailer woke up and, assuming the prisoners had escaped, drew his sword to kill himself rather than face the torture and possible death he might expect for failing his duty.

But Paul shouted: “Don’t harm yourself! We are all here!”

The jailer asked about Jesus, with the result that he and all his household, filled with joy, were baptised.

The events in Philippi are just one example of the trials and difficulties faced by Paul which his faith and determination enabled him to overcome. He admitted that he was not particularly impressive in either appearance or speech.

He writes of himself: “For some say, his letters are weighty and forceful, but in person he is unimpressive and his speaking amounts to nothing.”

Following Paul’s conversion on the road to Damascus, a vision of Jesus had appeared to Ananias and said of Paul, “This man is my chosen instrument to proclaim my name to the Gentiles and their kings and to the people of Israel.”

Let us thank God for St Paul.

*Christina Whitworth*

## **A SAILOR’S PSALM 23**

The Lord is my pilot; I shall not drift. He is my light across the dark waters, he steers me in deep channels, he keeps my log. He guides me in the way of holiness for his name’s sake. Though I sail amid the hungers and tempests of life, I shall fear no danger, for you are with me, your love and care shelters me. You prepare a harbour before me in the homeland of eternity, you anoint the waves with oil, my ship rides calmly. Surely sunlight and starlight shall favour me in the voyage I take and I shall rest in the port of God for ever.

*From: The Mission to Seafarers*



# ASIAN ADVENTURES-

## World Cruise Part 4

If I thought that the temperature would cool down after Australia, I was proved sadly wrong as we berthed at Benoa on the island of Bali in Indonesia. From what I could see, Bali looked very green and fairly flat. I knew there are two active volcanoes on the island but, luckily, they were far away from us. I could also hear music and, on looking down from the deck, saw a group of exotically-dressed dancers and musicians playing traditional percussive instruments such as xylophones, gongs and drums. They made a delightful tinkling sound and were much photographed.

At 8 am it was already around 32C and the air was becoming very steamy so I was glad to board the air-conditioned coach for a “highlights” excursion. The first noticeable thing was the traffic; the roads were filled as far as the eye could see with scooters. We learned later that almost everyone from the age of 16 buys a scooter, mainly because public transport is so infrequent and unreliable. As a result of the heavy traffic our progress to the town of Ubud was slow but allowed us a welcome opportunity to view daily life in the lush landscape of rainforests and terraced rice paddy fields. Despite Indonesia having the largest Muslim population in the world, Bali is a Hindu nation of four million people and it seemed every house had a temple of some size. On arrival at Ubud, we stepped off the coach into the heat and humidity to visit a largely ruined temple with its ancient statues of fantastic gods and limpid pools amid the incessant background noise of cicadas. Afterwards we walked along a narrow pavement to the local handicraft market selling carved wooden ornaments, sarongs, religious articles and, of course, assorted tat. The people are extremely friendly and, unusually, do not pester you to buy anything. I bought two fridge magnets. We then travelled on to a Balinese home where we were served a light sandwich lunch by friendly locals. Nearby we visited a cloth-making enterprise and finished up at Klungkung, a large town containing the old Royal Palace with its ornate temple and fountain-filled gardens – an end to what had been a hot, humid but ultimately a delightful day.

We next docked in Jakarta, the capital of Indonesia on the island of Java. There, too, we were greeted by local dancers and musicians. It's a bustling city suffering yet again with overwhelming traffic problems. We first visited the Istiqlal Mosque, the 3<sup>rd</sup> largest in the world – very beautiful inside with a massive silver dome supported by five pillars. They





were preparing for the free meals they serve during Ramadan. Opposite was Our Lady of the Assumption RC Cathedral which was celebrating Ash Wednesday as evidenced by the exiting congregation marked with crosses on their foreheads. This area is called “The Harmony” symbolising the mutual tolerance of the two faiths here. Lunch called and we went to a hotel in bustling Chinatown where we were greeted by dancers and ate largely unidentifiable dishes! A visit to a local temple and market followed, the latter extremely smelly, especially the fish part. Our last stop was to the old harbour where they were busily loading traditional old fishing boats with sacks of rice for villages in outlying islands.

On a misty morning we arrived in Singapore (from the Malay word Singapura meaning Lion City). Crime- and litter-free, it was a pleasure to return after seven years. Having done a specific “Temple” tour previously, I took a “Highlights” one which started with a visit to the Botanic and Orchid Gardens. There were lots of exotic, colourful flowers and plants, many found only in this part of Asia, as well as small streams and waterfalls. There is also a dedicated children’s garden with a farm, an orchard, and a forest with its own stream and ponds. It was truly delightful but we had to move on to Marina Bay and the Singapore River. If anyone has watched Formula 1 races from Singapore they would readily recognise this area with its huge statue of a Merlion (half mermaid, half lion) the city’s symbol. It was really busy there with crowds of young, cheerful, Chinese students taking selfies. We finished what had been a half-day tour in Chinatown with its bustling indoor market incorporating clothing stalls and cafés. Compared with Indonesia, Singapore is more expensive but if you haggle you can usually foolishly persuade yourself you’ve found a bargain!

After a terrific thunderstorm, which cleared the air at least for a while, we left Singapore around 9 pm and arrived early next morning in Port Kelang, Malaysia, the gateway to Kuala Lumpur (which means Muddy Confluence, not especially flattering). Our young tour guide, Jasmine, was a school teacher and delightful company. We started at the beautiful National Palace, the ceremonial home of the King of Malaysia. This post is occupied by one of 9 Sultans in rotation on a five-yearly basis. It was guarded by smartly dressed soldiers, both mounted and foot, similar to Buckingham Palace. Like BP, we could only peek through the railings to see the impressive lawns and flower beds sweeping down from the crest of the hill on which the Palace stands. We next visited the massive National Monument, one of the most incredible war statues I have seen with its gigantic, and very realistic, figures of fighting men. On to Independence Square in the heart of the city where Malaysia first raised its own flag in 1957. In the middle of the square are the lush Selangor Cricket Club grounds which was a surprise. The large, colonial style, Independence Building, like a number of buildings which were formerly part of the Empire, has a beautiful Victorian clock tower. Lastly, and what many of my fellow passengers wanted to see, we viewed the 88-storey Petronas Towers, two gigantic steel buildings joined halfway up by a walkway. Interestingly, each building, although they look identical, was designed by a company from a different country: one Japanese, one South Korean. Once the tallest in the world, they

have now been overtaken by the huge Burj Khalifa in Dubai.

Our last stop in Asia was delightful George Town on Penang Island. George Town was previously known as Port Swettenham (and mentioned in Nevil Shute's "A Town Like Alice"). It's so varied, containing, in one city block, an Anglican Cathedral, a Mosque, a Chinese Temple and a Hindu Temple. There is also an attractive shoreline containing the jetties previously used by Chinese Clans' fishing fleets but now incorporating small stalls and cafés. Well worth visiting if only for the cooling sea breezes! There is also the white painted Eastern and Orient Hotel, second only to Singapore's Raffles in style and fame, but although feeling thirsty I wasn't dressed for so grand a place! Having enjoyed my three-hour walk and passing yet another Victorian clock tower I returned to the ship. We departed around 8 pm for our six-day sea-voyage across the Indian Ocean to Mauritius.

*Stephen Wassell*



## ***A PRAYER FOR REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY***

We remember, Lord, the slenderness of the thread which separates life from death, and the suddenness with which it can be broken. Help us to remember that on both sides of that division we are surrounded by your love. Persuade our hearts that when our dear ones die, neither we nor they are parted from you. In you may we find our peace and in you be united with them in Christ, who has burst the bonds of death and is alive for ever more, our Saviour and theirs for ever and ever. Amen.

## ***PRAYING FOR OTHERS***

A few years ago I wrote an article called 'Learning to Pray.' It was a very simple account of what I had learned about prayer over a period of about two years. In this article I want to share some recent experiences in prayer with you. To some they will be very elementary, but others I hope may be helped by them.

I have called this article, 'Praying for Others' because I have been learning from God in the last few months how to pray for others. I have always found intercessory prayers very difficult, although I divided people and things to be prayed for into groups and prayed for them on certain days. How does one pray for others? I knew it was wrong to dictate my personal wishes for them to God, but it was often a great temptation to do so. I tried to pray the prayer of Jesus for them 'Thy will be done...' but again my prayers seemed to be vague.

Then one day I suddenly found a new way of praying for others. I was talking to a friend about Christianity and, as we talked, I prayed for her. As I prayed and talked my eyes were held by a picture on the wall of the room - a children's picture. It showed Jesus leading children by the hand along the road - His road. At that moment my prayer became much more real for I realised that I was one of the children in the picture; a child who knew and loved Jesus bringing another child to Him. It sounds so simple, but I had never seen it before; that our prayers for others are simply bringing them to Jesus.

And we can bring them in so many different ways! When we pray for the sick, for example, how much more real our prayers become when we carry them, as did the friends of the paralysed man, and lay them at the feet of Jesus, who can give them healing, not only of the body, but of the mind and spirit. Then there are those enquirers after truth whom we all know - even as Jesus was ready to listen to Nicodemus and Nathaniel, so he is ready to help those whom we bring to Him in prayer.

If your prayer list is like mine it includes many non-Christians. How do we bring them to Jesus? Do you remember the picture of the Good Shepherd reaching over the precipice to save the sheep which was lost?

*Laurie Dyer*

## How Buddhism informs my life

I became an ordained Buddhist in 1987 and was interested in meditation and Buddhism for quite a few years before that so I've been a Buddhist now for almost all of my adult life. The attraction for me in 1983, when I first staggered into the Glasgow Buddhist Centre, is the same attraction for me now. Buddhism seemed a very practical and effective way of addressing suffering and introducing spaciousness and simplicity into my life. And the challenge for me then is the same challenge for me now: how to do this while earning a crust and living in the city with all its attractions and distractions.

I'm a writer and I love literature and drama. So, as well as my computer, I have stacks of books and DVDs. I have a fairly cluttered house and a relatively busy life. But I have a regular meditation practice and manage to get on retreat fairly often, so this provides the spaciousness which keeps me sane and healthy. The Buddhist path is really about subtraction rather than multiplication. Put baldly like that, it might seem unappealing, but as I have become more and more interested in the silence in my mind, rather than in the noise and the drama, as I've become more and more interested in awareness itself rather than the in objects of awareness, I have found that silence and simplicity has its own great joy and attraction. And I've found that silence and simplicity can be accessed amidst a busy city life. It just takes practice. I've also found that more and more pauses and empty spaces help me appreciate the objects, words, friends and belongings which are part of my life.



In some ways I would prefer to live in the country and get on retreat much more. But for practical reasons, this isn't possible. There are things about living in the city that I love and things I hate. But the city is where I live and practise. When we moved to our new Buddhist Centre over ten years ago we commissioned an unusual painting for our shrine room – a Buddha sitting in front of the city. The image is a constant reminder to me that spaciousness, tranquillity and calm are possible in my life here.

*Saravananda*

## ***START FROM THE INSIDE AND WORK OUTWARDS***

At a recent group discussion on 'climate justice', and how to offer practical help to those in distressed parts of the world, someone mentioned that the phrase 'charity begins at home' is not a Biblical sentiment. The phrase is often used by someone to justify their refusal to contribute to a fund for overseas aid, or, indeed, to any other cause nearer at hand, but this is a great misunderstanding of the phrase.

In Dickens' novel *Bleak House*, we meet Mrs Jellyby, who is described as "a lady of very remarkable strength of character, who devotes herself entirely to the public. She has devoted herself to an extensive variety of public subjects, at various times, and is at present (until something else attracts her) devoted to the subject of Africa; with a view to the general cultivation of the coffee berry – *and* the natives – and the happy settlement, on the banks of the African rivers, of our superabundant home population." The price for this devotion is paid by her husband and young family, who are living in a state of neglect: the house is untidy and dirty, the children uncared-for except by their older sister Caddy and it is impossible to get the mother's attention for more than a minute at a time. Mrs Jellyby can see nothing nearer than Boorio-boola-Gha. It may seem more 'meaningful', more 'romantic', more 'important' to look afar off to a distant land and agitate for reform: writing letters, organising fund-raising, speaking in public, writing in the newspapers and magazines to 'raise awareness': but the phrase, 'charity begins at home' is saying that looking to the far horizon and ignoring the need on one's own doorstep is not the right way to go. Please note: it does NOT say, 'charity ends at home', but that it should begin with one's local responsibilities and spread out from there. There is a song in the 1960s musical *Hair* that says, 'Do you only care about the bleeding crowd? How about a needing friend? I need a friend.'

Charity' is a lovely old word, which, with Faith and Hope, used to be used as a girl's name. Today it has become so restricted in its meaning that it now simply seems to mean 'raising money to help those in need' (leading to phrases such as 'as cold as charity') and in church language, mostly I think because of modern translations of 1 Corinthians 13, has come to be a synonym for 'love'. The main problem with this is that 'love' is such an over-used word in our culture and refers to everything from a taste for black forest gâteau to one's feelings for husband and children. Also, human love can only too often lead to jealousy, anger and worse. But

whilst encompassing them both, it is a state of mind, a loving-kindness, a lack of judgmentalism, a 'giving the benefit of the doubt', a tolerance, a desire to offer a helping hand, a reflection of the agape Christian love which shows empathy and desire for the good of others, intended for everyone and which extends God's grace to everyone we meet, even if originally it did just mean Christian love for other Christians. Charity can never lead to negative consequences. It may well demand sacrifice, whether practical in money or time, or abstract in accepting that we may not always get our own way, but it is the only way to bring God's kingdom to reality here on earth.



*Gemma Wassell*

## ***THE THURSDAY CLUB PROGRAMME***

October 9th: Christian Aid Quiz

November 13th: Steven Midgley. Kingfisher photographs etc

December 11th: The Remingtons Barbershop Group

January 8th: New Year Party

February 12th: Ken Robertshaw

March 12th: David Cant's talk on Castle Carr.

April 9th: AGM

May 14th: Sylvia Hartley. A different look at life part two.

June 11th: Lunch. Details TBA

EVERYBODY WELCOME: 2nd Thursday of each month at 7.30

## LESSONS FROM THE PAST

Everything I need to know about life I learned from Noah's Ark.....

- 1: Don't miss the boat.
  - 2: Remember we are all in the same boat.
  - 3: Plan ahead. It wasn't raining when Noah built the Ark.
  - 4: Stay fit. When you're 600 years old, someone may ask you to do something really big.
  - 5: Don't listen to critics; just get on with the job that needs to be done.
  - 6: Build your future on high ground.
  - 7: For safety's sake, travel in pairs.
  - 8: Speed isn't always an advantage. The snails were on board with the cheetahs.
  - 9: When you are stressed, float awhile.
  - 10: Remember, the Ark was built by amateurs; the Titanic by professionals.
  - 11: No matter the storm, when you are with God there is always a rainbow waiting.
- Now, wasn't that nice? Pass it along and make someone else smile too.



*Submitted by Margaret Crowther*

## HONESTY

Live by old ethics and the classical rules of honesty. Put no new names or notions upon authentic virtues and vices. Think not that morality is ambulatory; that vices in one age are not vices in another; or that virtues, which are under the everlasting seal of right reason, may be stamped by opinion. And therefore, though vicious times invert the opinions of things, and set up new ethics against virtue, yet hold thou unto old morality; and rather than follow a multitude to do evil, stand like Pompey's pillar conspicuous by thyself, and single in integrity. And since the worst of times afford imitable examples of virtue; since no deluge of vice is like to be so general but more than eight will escape; eye well those heroes who have held their heads above water, who have touched pitch and not been defiled, and in the common contagion have remained uncorrupted.

*From 'Christian Morals' by Sir Thomas Browne*



## ***WHO? WHAT? WHERE? WHEN?***

Working as Reference Librarian, I encountered all kinds of questions from the public. They were many and wide-ranging. Some could be answered in half a minute, others could take half a day to research. Some were technical, others historical, many were general in scope. The important thing to remember was that, no matter how simple the enquiry, it should never be answered from memory but always from referring to printed resources. The following are culled from records of enquiries received over the years:

During the war, a soldier found that he could not remember the date of his wedding anniversary and came in desperation to ask the date of Easter Sunday, 1932.

In what year was the full moon on the same day as Easter Sunday? (1927)

Which wood is used to smoke kippers? (Oak)

What is the height of Beacon Hill? (850 feet)

What does the inscription 'decus et tutamen' mean on the edge of a U.K. pound coin? (An adornment and protection)

When was the Blackpool Wheel demolished? (1929)

What is 'a day's work'? (Two-thirds of an acre, applicable to hay-making).

What is a 'Bath Oliver'? (A biscuit named after the physician William Oliver (1659-1716) ; an authority on gout).

Who wrote 'The Sea Cook'? (R.L. Stephenson's Treasure Island was serialised in 1881 as 'The Sea Cook').

When did Tommy Handley die? (9<sup>th</sup> January 1949)

Which is the oldest inn in Halifax? (The Union Cross, formerly The Cross, built before 1535).

When was the statue of Prince Albert moved from Ward's End to Sparrow Park? (17<sup>th</sup> May 1901).

Why was sugar mixed with cement when the Palace Theatre was built? (To prevent the mortar from freezing during an exceptionally cold spell. It was sometimes referred to as 'the sweetest theatre in England').

What was a 'pot 'o four'? (The iron stove used by woolcombers for heating combs. A stove or 'pot' could be shared by up to four combers, and was termed a 'pot 'o three' etc.)

People often asked about the sundial in People's Park. This was donated by Alderman Matthew Smith in 1873 and was the work of John Smith, a farmer of Crayke, near Easingwold. It is dated 1858 and bears several mottoes, so beloved of the Victorians, in English, Latin and Greek. These read: 'Time by moments steals away, First the hour, then the day'; 'Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for on thy eyelids is the shadow of death'. The comes the famous Latin quotation, 'Tempus edax rerum' ('Time is the devourer of all things'). The Greek text is taken from Ephesians Chapter 5 v 16: 'Make the most of your time, for the days are evil'.

What is the meaning of the five rings on the Olympic Games flag? (These represent the five continents brought together in the fraternal spirit of the games).

Why is a flag flown at half-mast as a sign of mourning? (The true origin of this tradition is not known but goes back to the 16<sup>th</sup> century as a custom of the sea which has spread to the land. The flag is never raised to that position but is hoisted mast-head-high and immediately lowered.)

What was the passenger capacity of the Queen Mary? (642 first-class: 758 cabin: and 562 tourist).

What is the meaning of the following flowers: daffodil (deceitful hope): iris (a message): red tulip (a declaration of love); yellow carnation: (disdain).

Clearly there was a great deal of variety in reference work and when we add to that the work of the Local History Department it became even more diverse and absorbing.

*Derek Bridge*

*So now we know! Ed.*

## ***THE END OF MY AMERICAN ADVENTURE 1893***

Tuesday we left Chicago at 3.30, came along splendid scenery along Hudson River. Got to Brooklyn 10.30 on Wednesday night and got to Jane's at 12.15 midnight. Thursday store-gazing and seeing friends and bidding them goodbye. Thursday night we had a fearful storm. The rain came down in torrents and the thunder and lightning were fearful, something once seen never forgotten. Friday packing up ready for the Express man. Went to Staten Island to see Mrs. Wright and then went to dock and got on board at 8.30. Went to bed at 10 o'clock. Sunday morning, a splendid morning, we sailed at 4 o'clock. Sea as calm as a lake. Had singing at night, Sunday had service on board. Had a good address on prayer and at night we spent over three hours singing Sankey hymns, I playing all the time. Had a grand time of it and at supper time.

Monday began to be rough and at supper time my appetite left me and the next day I could not get up for breakfast. I was so sick and I got worse and had to stay in bed till Thursday morning on a hard mattress, my back being sore. I had two more companions, one even worse than myself. This morning one passenger died, a Spaniard. He never ought to have crossed in his state as he looked the picture of death when he came aboard and they buried him today at 12 o'clock having a short service of about five minutes. A lot of sailors were at the funeral. The corpse was brought to the side of the ship in a bag loaded with iron and covered with the flag. All work was stopped, even the engines ceased working, and after the minister said "we commit him to the deep" the sailors pushed it off the plank into the sea and then work commenced again as if nothing had happened. Directly after, the dinner bell was heard so we went down and had a funeral dinner. It rained nearly all day so there was no pleasure on deck. We passed our time as well as we could. Went to bed at 10.15 and had a good night's rest. Friday got up at 7 o'clock, the sea was calm and a nice day. Got on the Irish coast by dinner time and have seen land since. Fishing boats and pleasure boats and we saw the Pavonia going out to Boston and gave her a cheer. We see thousands of gulls now and got into the river at 5 a.m, had breakfast at 6 a.m. and then had to wait for the tender till 9.30. At last we got on the tender which took us to the custom house to get passed which we did after a long time. We got away by 11 o'clock, had dinner, took train at 1.30 and arrived at old Halifax by 3.30 thus finishing the best and longest trip of my life having travelled above 8,000 miles in six weeks.

*Elizabeth Riley*

## LOOK TO THIS DAY

Look to this day:  
For it is life, the very life of life.  
In its brief course  
Lie all the verities and realities of your existence.  
The bliss of growth,  
The glory of action,  
The splendour of achievement  
Are but experiences of time.

For yesterday is but a dream  
And tomorrow is only a vision;  
And today well-lived, makes  
Yesterday a dream of happiness  
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.  
Look well therefore to this day;  
Such is the salutation to the ever-new dawn!

*Sanskrit poem by Kalidasa*



Someone once turned to a full-time mom and said, "And what is it that you do, my dear?" She responded, "I am socializing two *homosapiens* into the dominant values of the Judeo-Christian tradition, in order that they might be instruments for the transformation of the social order into the kind of eschatological utopia that God willed from the beginning of creation." She then added, "And what do you do?"

**EXCERPTS FROM ‘THE HEATHEN’**  
***(The school magazine of Heath Grammar School)***

An agreeable shock awaited the bus-drivers and conductors – now, even more than before, inclined to lose their tempers – on the routes adjacent to the School as, pouring forth from their glazed fastnesses they saw not a yelling, fighting, shoving, screaming and thoroughly disgusting mass of grimy schoolboys surrounding the vehicle, but an orderly queue controlled by an haut prefect resplendent in cap and authority. So travellers to the Infirmary can now get off the bus without being defiled by the contamination of the lower fourths and being knocked over by the Remove; loud had been the complaints – silent, alas, will be the praise.

*April 1942*

Several reasons spring to the mind for the decline in both the quantity and quality of the original material that a boy is able and prepared to write. There have sprung up popular amusements which tend more and more to divert people’s interests and energies to barren ends while demanding less effort, less imagination. We notice, too, the paramount position of the classics in education here thirty six years ago and observe that their decline has kept pace with that of our own mastery over our own language and with the dwindling size of this magazine. It would seem then that writing has become a lost art. But not only the ability is necessary but also the will. Nowadays we are tempted to think, “Why bother with a School Magazine at all?” We look upon it as something we could easily do without.

September 1954

*(Or a church magazine? If you really have nothing to write about, do you know anyone who could be encouraged? Ed.)*

**AGEING WELL SESSIONS**

Badminton, table tennis and pickleball 10 a.m. to 12 noon  
Most Tuesdays

More sports to be added soon.

Tai Chi 12 noon to 1 p.m.

Inspire Centre, Calderdale College.

Book on the app or via a receptionist at Sowerby Bridge pool or  
Brighouse pool.

## ***PASTORAL CARE AT HEATH URC***

The United Reformed Church, including Heath, has a well-developed system of providing pastoral care to members and adherents. In addition to the minister (when we have one), we have 7 members chosen by the whole church and ordained as elders. Their many and varied duties include befriending and caring for a group of their fellow members, congregation and others using the building. In this way it is hoped that at all times there will be someone to whom each member of the congregation may turn in time of joy, sadness or personal difficulty. An elder may offer a listening ear, spiritual support or even simple practical support. Elders are not trained counsellors nor do they have any expertise in giving advice, although they may be able to help people find the right advice. Our elders are Alan, Betty, Elizabeth, Gemma, Gill, Jane and Rosemary.

There is no 'one size fits all' or 'one person suits all' approach to pastoral care. Someone feeling in need of pastoral support may consider that a different elder is more suited to support in their particular situation, or maybe they might prefer to talk to someone who is not an elder. If the latter we have a member, Dorothy, who has trained in offering Pastoral care and has been approved by Heath to offer support, alongside the elders.

We understand the traditional expectation of the minister being the person to turn to in times of need, but it should be remembered that even when we appoint a new Minister at Heath, she/he will be shared with 3 other churches so the care provided by our own pastoral care team will always be important.

Pastoral care is open to all who use our building; you don't have to be on someone's pastoral list, just to be in need of a friendly and non-judgemental listener who respects confidentiality.

Please be aware that if you disclose information that suggests that you or someone else is in danger from a safeguarding perspective, then confidentiality is overruled by the requirement to pass such information to our safeguarding officer, Anne Boyd.

If you are on a pastoral list, you will know who your elder is and can contact them directly. Otherwise, to speak to an elder please email [heathchurchhalifax@gmail.com](mailto:heathchurchhalifax@gmail.com). Only if you are unable to do this, call 07748988161



## **THOUGHTS TO PONDER ON**

Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
Where the race of men go by;  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,  
Wise, foolish – so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
Let me live in my house at the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

*Anon*

Lord of the nameless people,  
The ones we pass by and do not see  
and the ones we choose not to see,  
You saw them.  
You walked and talked and dined with them.  
You shared their sorrows and healed their pain.  
You taught them to pray,  
You showed them the way  
To your Father God, their Father too.  
Give us the grace to see you in each face,  
To find you in every smile,  
To show them, as you showed us,  
Love without border or boundary,  
The love of God.

*Merle Wilson*

### **MAGAZINE DEADLINE**

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

**9 a.m. on Monday 10th November 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 2025

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@outlookcom	Lounge
	Janet's Eazi Dance	2-3 janetfletcher5@yahoo.com	Hall
	Steph's Sing for Fun	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	Community Coffee Club	10.30-12 (3 <sup>rd</sup> Tuesday) heathchurchhalifax@gmail.com	Lounge
	AGK3 meditation	10.00 – 12.00 <a href="mailto:hello@agk3.uk">hello@agk3.uk</a>	Lounge
	Yvonne's Tai Chi	1.30-3.30	Hall
	Kim's music lessons	4.15-8.15 pm TT	Upstairs
	Kim's dance class	6.15-7.15 07747 867706	Hall
	Scout District Meetings	7.30 – 9.30 V	Lounge
Wednesday	Northern Lights House Group	10.30-12.30 fortnightly 07929 372498	Lounge
	WoW! Worship on Wednesday	2.30-3.30 (1st & 3rd Wednesdays) 07748988161	Lounge
	Heidi's cardiac rehab	2-3 07791 869594	Hall
Thursday	Heath Study Group	10.30-12 V 01422 431424 heathchurchhalifax@gmail.com	Lounge
	WAM choir	10-12	Upstairs
	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	Private dog training	7-8 am	Hall
	Heidi's cardiac rehab	10-12 07791869594	Hall
	Kim's music lessons	4.15-6.15 pm TT	Upstairs
	Scouts & Explorer Scouts	7.30-9 Scouts@49thhalifax.org.uk	Hall & Lounge
	Kim's music lessons	9-11 TT	Upstairs
Saturday	Kim's music lessons	8.15-11.15 TT	Upstairs
	Calderdale Chess League	2.00 -7.00 07504 598590 O	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