

PARISH OF KIRKLEES VALLEY

'PARISH NEWS'

JUNE 2020



Welcome to the second lockdown edition of 'Parish News I hope you are all keeping safe and well.

We have recently had information from Simon about the possibility of re-opening of churches following the government's announcement, however the Diocese and PCC will have to work out plans for our Parish on how this can happen, Simon will keep us informed. I'm sure you can't wait, as I can't to see everyone again.

We are however, still very privileged to be able to enjoy our Youtube Sunday Services for which we again say thanks to everyone involved in preparing these. (*The photograph collage on the front cover contains some shots of people who have taken part in our on-line services, including clergy, readers and musicians*).

I have been lucky to get lots of articles about what many of you have been doing during the lockdown period, a huge thank you to all those who have sent in contributions, it makes such a difference to have new and interesting articles. It also contains a couple of quizzes for you to have a try at – read right on to the end for the answers, but don't look beforehand.....

Please email and let me know anything you have been doing for inclusion in the next edition.

Lynne

LOCKDOWN BLUES ...

It seems a long time now since things felt 'normal' before the lockdown was ever made formal - what chaos, we didn't know what we were doing rushing around, not really knowing

Going to the shops - all in a panic there was so little left, folk were manic, buying toilet rolls, hand gel, antiseptic wipes bread, milk and pasta - just any old type!

Lockdown arrives, what shall we do our lists of jobs just grew and grew and despite the trying, the lists didn't last peaking too soon - doing too much too fast

The permitted walks were a daily treat - a chance there's someone out there you might meet and pass a few words, at a distance of course but many walked by, heads down, just ignored

We're lucky our church services are e-mailed around and a few weeks in, look what we found a video link done from people's front rooms with prayers and singing and wonderful tunes

We've missed our families, our friends our routine, some birthday parties - new babies not seen; But now we can visit and families can mix Social distance of course, and no more than six!

We're edging along, just not there yet they're letting us out and it's step by step; and we all look forward, and hope and pray we're all fit and well at the end of the day.

FROM THE VICAR - *A time to reconnect?*



It's strange to watch the seasons passing without being in church, but in this year of strangeness, what if we are being offered a wonderful opportunity to reconnect with God's world around us?

Way back in Lent, we began a series of linked sermons and reflections around the relationship between human beings and the wider creation around us. As we went into lockdown, I remember sharing with you how the Kirklees Valley was suddenly more alive with animal life than it had been for years.

Sadly, as lockdown went on, and people began to explore the paths and trails of the valley, gathering for illicit picnics, teenage reunions and impromptu home-school field trips, the animals retreated again into the darkest and most impenetrable thickets of the woodland. The birds, however, became more noticeable than ever, and the abundance of the plant-life ever more defiant of the numbers of people trying to take their hours of mandated exercise. Pathways crumbled with the dryness of May, and the tree branches hung heavier and lower over the hidden tracks so that you had to stoop to follow them.

When the winds came, the trees and bushes shed their blossom and then their seedlings, branches fell and whole trees shook and waved as I always imagine the spirit-blessed disciples doing in the upper room at that first Pentecost. The sunsets came later, and the cooing of the pigeons gave way to the screaming of the swifts as the last light of the evenings burned slowly in the west.

And as people walked along the Kirklees Trail, or gathered in their socially-distanced groups, or the sound of clapping echoed over the valley on a Thursday night, it became more and more obvious that we were just another part of this natural world, the teeming life of this small part of God's creation. Whether we like it or not, we are part of the created world, and however solid our houses may feel, or how built up or urbanised our streets become, that created world never goes away.

From the weeds and plants overgrowing the cracks in the walls and pavements, to the winds that battered our houses even as they shook the trees, to the frogs and other animals that continued to cross our gardens, or hide beneath our bins, the natural world never goes away here, even if we seek to ignore it. Perhaps we are luckier than many people to be able to see it so clearly here, but even in the cities the urban foxes and the rats are becoming bolder, and many of the gardens and parks every bit as unkempt as if they'd been deliberately rewilded.

We are part of the creation around us – part of our world, not separate from it. This is a point made throughout the Bible, which for many years was conveniently forgotten. The idea promoted instead was that we were given '*dominion over nature*', to do as we saw fit – but what that idea ignored was that with the honour of dominion came the duty and responsibility to care and to steward, and therefore didn't mean we were somehow different or separated from the world around us and able to do as we pleased without facing any consequences.

Throughout the Old Testament, one phrase often used is '*the fear of the Lord.*' We are told '*the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom*', and all the way through the struggles of God's chosen people, those who are blessed and find favour are those who live their lives with '*the fear of the Lord*'.

Nowadays, when people outside the church hear that phrase they often criticise and reject it – saying why should you live in fear, why bow down, why follow a God who holds you as subjects? But that misses the point. The *'fear of the Lord'* is about understanding what it means to be human – which is that we are not the greatest creatures in all creation, and not somehow better than the created world around us. We are part of that world, and part of that creation.

Psalm 8 says *'you have made us little lower than the angels'* – not separate from creation but part of it, including a vast and unseen spiritual dimension to the universe. The *'fear of the Lord'* is simply a way of expressing where we fit into the bigger picture – and this is not at the top, which is where God is. From a secular point of view, it's the same as that feeling of smallness we might get from looking up at the stars on a clear night, or gazing out on lofty mountain grandeur or a crystal sea. Or over the Kirklees Valley.

The fear of the Lord is about remembering who we are and that there is something greater than us in this world, in this universe. As Christians, we call that God – and we believe that we are called to live in a relationship with God and with the entire created universe around us.

And that starts with our local area, with the streets and houses and people around us, and with the natural world alongside it, on the top of Brandlesholme Moor, along the old fields heading out to Elton, Tottington and Walshaw, with the Kirklees Valley and its brook between. This is where God has put us as part of his creation at this moment in time. And maybe, in this time of lockdown, that's something he wants us to notice, reconnect with and learn to give thanks for again.

Every blessing, Simon

From Father Luke ...

"Linda Barlow, from St James', is part of a group called 'Eagles Wing', a mutual support group for asylum seekers and refugees in Bury and they have just won the Queen's Award for Voluntary Service. As have another Bury group called 'DeCaff', which All Saints' member Trevor Eastland is heavily involved in. Members from both groups have been invited to a garden party at Buckingham Palace and an event is being planned with the Mayor.

Huge congratulations to all concerned. Linda regularly updates us at St James' with what she is doing for the ladies she helps to look after, and likewise Trevor throughout the year will during the notices at All Saints' tries to raise funds for DeCaff with events that he is involved with. This is commendable service for all concerned, helping others practically in difficult circumstances; a real example in fact of Christian orthopraxis that hopefully will inspire others."

Luke

Thank You' from Fr. Derek Akker

'Every generous act of giving, with every perfect gift, is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variation or shadow due to change. James 1.17

During April and May each Thursday evening at 8.00pm, in the UK, thousands of us went out outside and clapped for carers. It was the idea of a Dutch woman Annemarie Plas, who lives in south London. It has been a great success but she thought that after ten weeks, "it's good to have the last of the series next Thursday (28th May), because to have the most impact I think it is good to stop it at its peak". I thought Annemarie was correct. During this 10 week period we have learnt to say thank you without using words and its not been a quick affair. It's been two minutes of being thankful, making a joyful sound of appreciation.

How will we say thank you in the future when we meet people who have been kind to us or recognise their service? Will it be a quick grunt and 'thanks' and move on? What have we learnt from Annemarie? Perhaps there are questions we have not asked but perhaps now is a good time to asked them. Michel Quoist, in Prayers for Life and the chapter headed 'Thank You' says 'We must know how to say Thank You'. I can almost hear the chorus 'We know how to say thank you, we were taught as a child'. Alright, I'll go along with that but I can remember the grudging 'thank you' from a child who was reminded to say 'thank you' or the old person, who takes the kindest words with a stony face and who has forgotten those important two words.

In our haste, we often miss the gifts that are right in front of us. During the day we are probably showered with gifts. 'Everything is a gift from God, even the smallest, and it's the sum of these gifts that makes a beautiful or sad life, depending on how we use them'. (Michel Quoist) Within Christian belief 'Grace' is the free and undeserved gift, favour of God and sometimes, perhaps often we receive this grace at the hands of others. We cannot know how to say 'thank you' unless we recognise the presence of these gifts.

How do we say 'Thank You'? Here are a few suggestions

- In the routine encounters through the day accompany 'thank you' with a smile, I'm sure you already do this!
- In our times of reflection and prayer, give thanks slowly, starting with the words 'Thank you Lord, thank you'.
- Recall your day from getting up, all those things we perhaps take for granted in the early morning. The refreshing feeling of your wash or shower, the first drink of tea or coffee.
- The clothes you wear, the variety and comfort they give and so on.
- As you go through the day recall as much as you can of the day. Nothing is too small, it's about being alert. Savouring the changes in our surroundings, the seasons and the hours of the day. It is about seeing blessings in the ordinary and at the end of the day slowly recalling and naming them.

When Annemarie Plas first suggested the clap for carers, it started with nurses and doctors but it soon grew to include all NHS staff and then all non-NHS carers. It became apparent that our lives are positively affected by so many people and the jobs they do - many of them for low pay. Our thanks go out to so many, let us slowly remember them in way that fits into your pattern of reflection and prayer, if not daily, weekly. Perhaps Thursday is a day to give thanks for all those who care for us medically, socially and add to our safety and security.

These moments of reflection and prayer can help build up a pattern of life that benefits you and others.

Loving God, thank you for blessing me with love and companionship. Let me see you in ordinary life and reach out to you throughout the day, finding my bearings so that I can provide comfort to others. Amen.
(Bruce Epperly)

Thank you, Lord, thank you, could become a mantra used at anytime.

Derek

Church Group Information

This year the **Men's Group** started on January 14th with a well-attended and lively AGM. It was agreed the programme committee would plan less meetings during 2020, with a format to encourage participation and suitable for all ages! Our first meeting on 11th February was a speaker from our group – Stuart McArthur, who spoke to us about Glass Making at St Helen's, which included a film show. This was well received and attended and thanks were expressed to Stuart.

Little did we know what was going to happen with the Coronavirus, which arrived to spoil all our planned meetings and way of life up to now! (We have already lost our meetings for April and June). I hope that the meetings lost can be re-introduced on alternative dates by using up blank months in our programme.

We also have sadly recently lost two members of our group, John Marden and John Ellins. We must try harder to find more new members, otherwise our group will be unable to function. Looking ahead we need to pray for the virus to be defeated to allow us to update our plans and decide again what we are going to do. Surely it can only get better!!

Allan Turner, for the Club Programme Committee.

The **Homegroup** had a on-line session on 20th May on '**Living for the Sake of the Gospel**' and their introduction to the session was about even in the hardest times, God's purposes can be fulfilled, whatever we may be feeling about lockdown, shielding or self-isolation at the moment, we can find in Paul's Letter to the Philippians, inspiration and encouragement for how we can live for the sake of the Gospel in any situation or circumstances. Watch out for their next on-line session...

The **Monday Walking** group has now missed our April, May and June walks and are likely to miss the July one as well. It is a pity because all the dates we had chosen were lovely walking days! However, we look forward to be able to resume our walks, and hope to pick up those we've missed next year.

The **Ladies Club** were lucky in that our March meeting was early on, and we were able to enjoy a lovely meal at the Red Lion in Hawkshaw. However, our April and May meetings were cancelled, and our planned church outing to Oswaldtwistle Mill followed by a Foulridge canal cruise with afternoon tea in June has also sadly passed us by. It is unlikely that we will meet before September now, but fingers crossed, we can hopefully have a celebration then.

TALES FROM THE LOCKDOWN

The Sugden's Reminisce

Last month we wrote about the Sugden's typical week during lockdown, one of the things that we did not mention was the greater opportunity that was now available to reminisce about more pleasant times in the past. We were extremely lucky to be able to squeeze in a super holiday in Sri Lanka as recently as February of this year.

Many of you will remember that our son Matthew, his wife and two little girls went to Sri Lanka for 8 months during January to August in 2019 to do voluntary work there. They worked for two charities: Manacare initially and then The Foundation of Goodness. Our church family and Ramsbottom Choral Society were extremely generous in helping us to raise a lot of money for this venture which Matthew took with them to spend directly on projects with these charities. During the last 5 months of their stay their main work was to fund and build a new 'house' to replace a mud hut which had a roof which was open to the torrential rains, for an impoverished family of a mother, an ailing grandmother and 3 young children, her husband having left her destitute.

Matthew and his wife visited this 'homestead' and immediately concluded that it was beyond repair and the only way forward was to knock it down and build a new one, which they did. The budget for the build was just over £2000,

We had planned to visit them whilst they were doing this work, but we had to cancel our trip due to the Foreign Office ban of travel to Sri Lanka because of terrorist bombing in the country.

Matthew and family are now safely back in Lytham, but we decided to visit Sri Lanka on a package holiday this year and, and if the itinerary allowed, to see the house that they had built. As luck would have it at the end of a very packed fortnight of sightseeing we had the good fortune to be within an hour's drive from the place where the house was, and we had a spare free day to locate and visit it. This was easier said than done because the house was in a remote area in a small unnamed village up a very narrow dirt track. We will not bore you with the complicated details about how we found it but needless to say we had an excellent, patient driver who could speak little English but fluent Sinhalese.

Our holiday tour guide had previously told us about the importance of auspicious days in the religions of Sri Lanka, these are determined by local fortune tellers and our son Matthew had also mentioned the problems of building a property to fit in with auspicious times and days which were far more problematic than complying with building regulations in England. When we finally arrived at the house, we found that it was for them an auspicious day, there was a celebration for the eldest daughter who had reached puberty, and everyone was getting ready for a big party. They had erected an awning and an old lady was preparing food, (unfortunately the grandmother had died just before the new house was completed) We met all the family and showed them and their guests photographs that Matthew had taken when he had been there, so they knew who we were. It was an incredibly happy and extremely moving occasion for us and the highlight of our entire holiday. Someone interpreted what the mother of the house said to us, which was "Every day I get up I am so grateful for my lovely house" By sheer coincidence we had arrived on an auspicious day when special things are supposed to happen, we had brought the mother an envelope with some money to buy clothes for the children. We had previously been very sceptical about Sri Lankan auspicious days but now we were having second thoughts about this, as we had become a part of this auspicious day for the family by our sheer chance visit.

Matthew noticed afterwards from the photos we had taken that the mother was wearing the sweatshirt he had left behind for her after he had built the house. We then left to visit the headquarters of the Foundation of Goodness in a nearby town, but that is another story.

It was wonderful and heart-warming to be able to see how the money that had been raised by you all had been faithfully applied to very good use and had changed the lives of a very poor family for the better.

Pictures in the first column show the exterior and interior of the original mud hut house that was demolished. Column 2 shows the progress in the new build, with Matthew and his wife Charmila outside the house after completion and inside with the mother and her youngest child, and finally our visit to see the house and the family.



Anne and Barry

How was it for you? ...

As we were preparing for lockdown, I sustained a back injury. I didn't think much of it as this was the 4th time in a short period that I'd suffered a similar injury.

I made plans for lockdown. I was going to get the house spick and span – you probably remember how much I dislike housework but needs must! I was going to finish Brooke's cardigan – 18 months and counting. I could tidy the garden as long as I took it steady. I even thought I might make a start on crafting some Christmas cards. The best laid plans and all that.

The back pain didn't improve. In fact it got worse and worse and I could hardly bear to stand up. So I spent most of the first 6 weeks either flat on my back or reclining in my chair. Fortunately, I had a stash of prescription painkillers [codeine based] though they didn't help a great deal. But the pain dulled my brain and I forgot the golden rule – drink more water. Consequently there were consequences, which I won't go into. Suffice to say I spent a great deal of time in the smallest room.

I tried to keep cheerful and made an effort when friends and family rang or texted but I could feel myself wallowing deeper and deeper in self-pity. I scolded myself but took no notice! Personal hygiene took a back seat too. Well, I wasn't going anywhere and nobody was coming to see me [don't they know how poorly I am?] so there didn't seem a lot of point. Eventually, the pain started to ease and I began to feel more like myself.

The thing that kept me going was saying Morning Prayer before I ventured out of bed in the morning [whatever time that was] and Night Prayer before I settled to sleep [not that there was much of that in the beginning]. It was a real comfort and I apologised to God for not being strong enough to cope until the penny dropped and I asked Him to strengthen me instead of trying to do it alone. You know, you do only have to ask!

The reason for this article is not to make you feel sorry for me but so that anyone else who has been unwell and/or feeling depressed realises that they are not alone. AND IT'S OK TO NOT BE OK! But, please share how you are feeling with somebody else or, better still, share with the

Lord. He loves you and will care for you. You only have to ask.

What's that? How am I now? Well, my back is still a bit stiff but I've been able to resume my exercise regime [excluding some twisting movements] and join an on-line weekly Candlelight Meditation which relaxes me. The house is clean-ish, the garden looks OK though I haven't done much to it, the cardigan is "nearly" finished but Christmas cards were a step too far.

Ann Redding

The Jones' have been quizzing ...

During lockdown we have been doing a quiz every Tuesday night with the family. We have failed miserably as we are the only oldies and the quiz makers are 20 to 40 years old. But last week, we were asked for photographs of us as children and that is when we realised the earliest photos we had we were when we were about 9. I can only think that this is because we were born at the beginning of the Second World War and they had other things to think about. Though we did do quite a bit better as we knew the family photos - obviously and we even beat one grandson aged 31. Can only get better. Stay safe, and hope to see you all soon!

Sylvia and Phil

The Eastland's have been busy ...

We have been very busy during lockdown the first few weeks we spent most days in the garden moving plants adding plants! The spare bedroom got decorated. We especially enjoy the Sunday services and Barry's piano and organ playing. And Anne leading us in the hymns god job no one could hear us!! When we were able to go out it was lovely to go for a walk and knock on some doors and chat to friends! We have also learnt about Zoom another new technology for us oldies! We look forward to the day when we can give our families and friends a hug something we are missing VERY MUCH! Best wishes to every one.

Trevor and Dawn

The McFarlane's have been out walking and exploring ...

I was born and brought up to living opposite Heaton Park Prestwich so the park was our playground in the daytime and also when it was locked up at night we used to just climb over the park wall. We were chased by many an old parkie waving his stick at us but we had young legs. Wonderful memories of misspent youth and wonderful friendships.

Everyday since lockdown began Jim and I have taken a safe distance walk in Heaton Park which is only 10 minutes away from us. I have educated him of some aspects of my youth, we have covered every corner of the park I think, looking at all the historic buildings and feeling blessed with all the beautiful trees in the woods and listening to the birds sing without any traffic noise. I have shown him where the bandstand used to be, where the fountain was and where the old tram used to run, we even found the outline of the lido where my dad used to swim when he was young.

This week we have met daughters and grandchildren for a walk in the park for the first time in weeks, very emotional but my heart is full, I know how lucky we are.

Kath and Jim

John Small has been waiting for weeks to get out in the church gardens to cut the grass, and last week his waiting was over! John said it was hard work with the grass having grown such a lot with

the good weather and he had to put a lot of effort into it, but he said it was very enjoyable – and – it helped him lose one of the few pounds he has put on over lockdown! Well done John, we thank you for all your efforts on our church grounds you make the whole place look so nice. John and Elaine have also been hard at work doing jigsaw puzzles and their own gardening over the past weeks.



Hats for Carers from Margaret Anderton

Our daughter-in-law got us interested in making hats for carers to wear when the PPE shortage was at its height. She gave us a pattern and instructions. We sorted through all our sheets and pillowcases and found quite a number that we didn't need. Ken cut out the pieces and I did the sewing. He got very keen and I had trouble keeping up with him! When we ran out of material a neighbour gave us some more pillowcases.

I wanted some more glass-headed pins and borrowed some from Sheila Walker who then got interested and she made a number of hats as well.

As far as I know they have gone to Marie Curie carers who are visiting people in their homes.



Margaret Anderton

The Power of a Good Song

by Stuart McArthur

During these unusual times when we are isolated in so many ways from our friends and from our normal way of life, many of us turn to music for comfort, solace and spiritual renewal. As those who know me will testify, I like a good sing ... and a good song. Obviously, I have certain preferences in musical style but I like to think I can appreciate the quality of any performance in which a well-crafted musical piece, solo, ensemble or choral, is delivered with a technique and artistry appropriate to the genre. This can range from the “highbrow” such as opera and lieder (art songs) to the allegedly lowbrow such as music hall, jazz, comic songs and even some modern-day popular music. However, I have to admit to a not-so-secret liking for the Victorian / Edwardian ballad, so popular between, say, 1860 and 1914, with a bit of leeway before and after those dates. This period coincided with a general increase in living standards among the working and lower-middle classes and the availability of affordable pianos which found their way into many if not most pubs and parlours. The phonograph or gramophone only appeared in the domestic arena towards the end of this period and was something of a luxury, so music in the home was usually accomplished on a DIY basis. Even in the theatre, or concert hall, amplification was unheard of and performers needed a sound technique in order to project their voices to the back of the auditorium and to last out the performance without tiring. The popular ballads of the day were composed in their thousands and performed to a public whose appetite for these pieces seemed endless. In turn rousingly patriotic, shamelessly sentimental, side-splittingly amusing or heartrendingly sad, the best of these ballads made fortunes for music publishers and, if they were lucky or commercially savvy enough, for their composers and lyricists also, and sales of sheet music rocketed. Sadly, the advent of recorded music at the end of the 19th century, followed by the Great War of 1914-18 with all the accompanying changes in society presaged the end of the road for the well-crafted well-sung popular ballad. The bulky piano was replaced in the parlour (sorry, living room) by the gramophone and the “middle-of-the-road” musical taste drifted away from classical vocal projection to the new art forms personified by the jazz singer and the crooner. By the beginning of World War 2, few singers persevered with the Victorian style ballad.

Move forward then to the late 20th century and the music scene saw a resurgence of interest in these old songs. The best of them were rediscovered by some of our top singers of the operatic stage and the concert hall and these artists, being masters of their craft, were able to adapt their classically trained voices so as to communicate every nuance of emotion from the music and meaning from the lyrics that the original composers had intended. What’s more, you can actually hear the words and appreciate the accompaniment without being deafened!! In particular, I am thinking of such artists as baritones Sir Thomas Allen and Benjamin Luxon, tenor Stuart Burroughs and soprano Felicity Palmer, to name but a few, all of whom brought out delightful recordings of the old songs, enhanced by expert and sympathetic piano accompaniment from musicians such as Malcolm Martineau, David Willison, John Constable and André Previn. I can listen to these peerless performances over and over again, each time hearing something new to delight me.

Today, when we are constrained from our normal lifestyles and are mentally screaming in desperation for release from our self-imposed confinement, allow me to give you two examples of songs which I believe say so much to help us at this time. Performances (of varying quality) of both these songs may be found on YouTube or by downloading from the usual online sources.

Dorothy and I try to get out for a walk each day to remind ourselves that the world outside still carries on, the birds still sing and the trees are still full of spring blossom or early summer leaf. Our journey through the current crisis towards a goal of a return to some sort of normality may be a long one, but the writer of the following song also faced a similar struggle and came through in the end.

There's a long, long trail a-winding

(Words: Stoddard King / Music: Alonzo "Zo" Elliott (1913))

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long,
I'm a-growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Thro' my memory
Till it seems the world is full of dreams
Just to call you back to me.

Chorus

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

All night long I hear you calling,
Calling sweet and low,
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,
E/ry where I go.
Tho' the road between us stretches
Many a weary mile,
I forget that you're not with me yet
When I think I see you smile.

Chorus

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

At such times as these, something we miss very much is close contact with our friends. Communication by "tech" of one kind or another is all very well, but nothing can beat face to face contact at home, church, pub, coffee shop or wherever, and we long for this to resume. This two-way relationship of companionship and trust helps us all to overcome any temporary difficulties and we come out feeling stronger. The following song illustrates the point perfectly.

Friend o'mine

(Words: Fred E Weatherly / Music: Wilfred Sanderson) (1913),

When you are happy, friend o' mine,
And all your skies are blue,
Tell me your luck, your fortune fine,
And let me laugh with you.
Tell me the hopes that spur you on,
The deeds you mean to do,
The gold you've struck, the fame you've
won,
And let me joy - with you!

When you are sad and heart a-cold,
And all your skies are dark,
Tell me the dreams that mock'd your ho
The shafts that miss'd the mark
Am I not yours for weal or woe?
How else can friends prove true?
Tell me what breaks and brings you low
And let me stand - with you!

So, when the night falls tremulous,
When the last lamp burns low,
And one of us or both of us
The long, lone road must go,
Look with your dear old eyes in mine;
Give me a handshake true;
Whatever fate our souls await
Let me be there, let me be there,
There, with you!

Here is a poem sent in by Margaret Carter, that was emailed to her by an old school friend and is attributed to Pam Ayres – Margaret thought you might all enjoy this...

I'm normally a social girl
I love to meet my mates
But lately with the virus here
We can't go out the gates.

You see, we are the 'oldies' now
We need to stay inside
If they haven't seen us for a while
They'll think we've upped and died.

They'll never know the things we did
Before we got this old
There wasn't any Facebook
So not everything was told.

We may seem sweet old ladies
Who would never be uncouth
But we grew up in the 60s –
If you only knew the truth!

There was sex and drugs and rock 'n roll
The pill and miniskirts
We smoked, we drank, we partied
And were quite outrageous flirts.

Then we settled down, got married
And turned into someone's mum,
Somebody's wife, then nana,
Who on earth did we become?

We didn't mind the change of pace
Because our lives were full ...
but to bury us before we're dead
Is like red rag to a bull!

So here you find me stuck inside
For 4 weeks, maybe more
I finally found myself again
Then I had to close the door!

It didn't really bother me
I'd while away the hour
I'd bake for all the family
But now I've got no flour!

Now Netflix is just wonderful
I like a gutsy thriller
I'm swooning over Idris
Or some random sexy killer.

At least I've got a stash of booze
For when I'm being idle
There's wine and whiskey, even gin
If I'm feeling suicidal!

So let's all drink to lockdown
To recovery and health
And hope this awful virus
Doesn't decimate our wealth.

We'll all get through the crisis
And be back to join our mates
Just hoping I'm not far too wide
To fit through the flaming gates!

I hope your coffee collections are going well! My little teapot was getting full of coins, so I've swapped it for notes, hopefully this will be easier for our Treasurer to count when they are handed in!!



Coffee Time



A couple of quizzes for you

Quiz 1 from Malcolm ..

- 1 She played a nun in the film *Heaven know, Mr Allison*, who was she?
Was it Shirley McLaine, Beryl Reid or Deborah Kerr?
- 2 Which actress played Gladys Aylward in *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness*?
Was it Katharine Hepburn, Ingrid Bergman or Hilda Ogden?
- 3 Who was the leading actor in the film *Ghost*,
(he played the ghost throughout most of the film)?
Was it Patrick Swayze, Peter Sellers or Humphrey Bogart?
- 4 Who played Moses in the 1956 film *The Ten Commandments*?
Was it Yul Bryner, Les Dawson or Charlton Heston?
- 5 Who played Kris Kringle in the 1994 film *Miracle on 34th Street*?
Was it Burl Ives, Norman Wisdom or Richard Attenborough?
- 6 Which actor played 'the man in the barn' that Hayley Mills thought was Jesus in the film *Whistle down the Wind*?
Was it Oliver Reed, James Mason or Alan Bates?
- 7 What "WONDERFUL" film starring James Stewart is shown every Christmas time?
Was it *The Wizard of Oz*, *White Christmas* or *It's a Wonderful Life*?
- 8 Which musical duo wrote the music and lyrics to the musical *Jesus Christ Superstar*?
Was it Flanders and Swan, Rodgers & Hammerstein or Andrew Lloyd Webber and Time Rice?
- 9 Who played Joseph in the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat **first**?
Was it Donny Osmond, Peter Kay or Jason Donovan?
- 10 Who played the role of *Barabbas* in the 1962 film of the same name?
Was it Charlie Chaplin, Anthony Quinn or Gregory Peck?
- 11 Which Actor played the part of **Noah** in the 2014 film of the same name?
Was it Kevin Costner, Tommy Cooper or Russell Crowe?
- 12 Who played Joan of Arc in the 1957 movie *St Joan*?
Was it Elizabeth Taylor, Joanna Lumley or Jean Seberg?

Find that tune ... have a go this June

The following clues are to find a place (i.e. countries, towns, rivers etc.). The clue should be a piece of music which will lead you to the destination.

Quiz 2 from John Fox

Some well visited places might keep popping up !!

| | | |
|-----|---|--|
| 1. | Do you know the way to? | |
| 2. | Where the man broke the bank | |
| 3. | Yo heave ho.... | |
| 4. | Y viva | |
| 5. | Sur le pont | |
| 6. | The state of my old home | |
| 7. | Tulips from here | |
| 8. | It's a long way to | |
| 9. | Where the wind comes right behind the rain | |
| 10. | And did those feet walk here? | |
| 11. | Thank you very much for the iron | |
| 12. | The blue Strauss waltz | |
| 13. | From here with love from James Bond | |
| 14. | Where the flying fishes play | |
| 15. | Speed bonnie boat | |
| 16. | Rule | |
| 17. | That toddling town | |
| 18. | Where a mouse lived | |
| 19. | Keeps rolling along down to the mighty sea | |
| 20. | Where I left my heart | |
| 21. | Winifrid Atwell's poor people | |
| 22. | The yellow rose of | |
| 23. | Smiling eyes | |
| 24. | The tall young girl with a pigtail from | |
| 25. | Start spreadin' the news, I'm leavin' today | |
| 26. | All by myself alone | |
| 27. | By yon bonnie banks and braes | |
| 28. | Farewell to old England for ever | |
| 29. | Deep in the heart of | |
| 30. | How still we see thee lie | |

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Quiz Answers

Hope you all did well!

Malcolm's Quiz 1

- 1 Deborah Kerr
- 2 Ingrid Bergman
- 3 Patrick Swayze
- 4 Charlton Heston
- 5 Richard Attenborough
- 6 Alan Bates
- 7 It's a Wonderful Life
- 8 Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice
- 9 Jason Donovan
- 10 Anthony Quinn
- 11 Russell Crowe
- 12 Jean Seberg

John's Quiz 2

| | | | |
|--------------|----------------|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. San Jose | 2. Monte Carlo | 3. River Volga | 4. Espana (Spain) |
| 5. Avignon | 6. Kentucky | 7. Amsterdam | 8. Tipperary |
| 9. Oklahoma | 10. England | 11. Aintree | 12. River Danube |
| 13. Russia | 14. Mandalay | 15. Skye | 16. Britannia |
| 17. Chicago | 18. Amsterdam | 19. River Thames | 20. San Francisco |
| 21. Paris | 22. Texas | 23. Ireland | 24. Ipanema |
| 25. New York | 26. China | 27. Loch Lomond | 28. Botany Bay |
| 29. Texas | 30. Bethlehem | | |