

'Seeking to be the People of Christ at the Heart of the Community'.



Parkwood Methodist Church

The Herald

July 2020



St. Mark's Parish Centre
53 Thornhill Road
Longwood HD3 4UL

Dear friends,

It is good to be back! A lot has changed since I started my sabbatical on 10th March. Almost immediately the world started to change around us, plans had to be changed as we all started to realise how very differently we would need to live for the time being. During what have come to be called unprecedented times, we have watched updates on what was happening to try to flatten the peak, grappling with a huge sense of loss for the people that have died and for the loss of our regular day to day living. This includes our churches needing to close to protect people's health and lives. One of the ways in which the Church has responded to these changes is through the increased number of services being either streamed online or offered by Zoom. While the Church has had a presence online and churches online for most of the internet's history, the increase in use has been enormous and people are using the internet to worship in new ways. In a way the Church is catching up with people who have led the way for us.

During my sabbatical, it immediately became clear that I wasn't able to do what I had intended, and so my focus changed to online church. It's an area that I had found interesting from a book that I had read in 2017 where the authors reflected on what it means to be human beings online, how people understand and use the internet in the 2010s, and then what it means to be

people of faith online in 2020. From my reading I have learned that the internet has changed, mostly because far more people are using it in different ways. The internet used to be used by a much smaller group of people from desktop computers with a dial up connection. Today, especially since the advent of social media, such as Facebook and Twitter, internet use has grown enormously. As more people have a good broadband connection, and technology has advanced, more people use devices such as smartphones and tablets for their internet use, alongside smart watches, devices that record physical activity, and streaming TV and films.

The internet is no longer a small space, but a space that lots of people use in 2020 without really thinking about it as 'logging on', but just as part of life. There are, of course, people who don't want to engage with technology in that way, and that's great. There are also people who are not able to engage because of a lack of access for many reasons, such as affordability and a lack of broadband, and there are questions to think about in those circumstances. In the meantime, there are questions for us about how we continue to engage with digital worship beyond this year. From my exploration, God is as present online in digital spaces as in the physical world around us, and through those of us that use the internet in multiple ways every day. I think that there are a lot of questions that we can ask about how we live out our faith not just in the world

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around us but also in digital spaces. How can we be the body of Christ in all worlds? In my reading I came across digital reflections and the one I offer below from Meredith Gould, is one that, perhaps, we can reflect on as we go about being Church in new ways online. In it Gould's reflects on what it means to share Good News in what are, for many of us, new spaces:

'Christ has no online presence but yours,
No blog, no Facebook page but yours,
Yours are the tweets through which love touches this world,
Yours are the posts through which the Gospel is shared.
Yours are the updates through which hope is revealed.
Christ has no online presence but yours,
No blog, no Facebook page but yours.'¹

Being Church online may be new to most, if not all of us, but it is a world that is worth exploring and, in the process, meeting others there in the love of Christ. It is a challenge, but what might we learn? So, until we can safely meet face to face, in digital as well as spiritual love,

Rev Roz Page

Welcome back Roz. (ed!)

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Last month's question:-

What would Jesus say to us if he came back today?

"I don't believe it!"

Maybe an answer!

¹ Meredith Gould, *The Social Media Gospel: Sharing the Good News in New Ways* (Collegeville, MI: Liturgical Press, 2015) p. This is Gould's adaptation of the prayers of St Teresa of Avila.

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The Little Girl who Cried!

Here's another story from the Quest course that ran in our circuit last year and took a fresh look at our faith.

Peter Bertocci was Professor of Philosophy at Boston University. In one of his classes he had a young woman who was terribly paralyzed in both arms, in fact, she had so little use of those arms that about the only thing she could do was use two fingers. When she would come to class she would get a pen in those fingers, bend way over her desk and then scribble, write furiously. Bertocci was just a machine gun of ideas and so in his lectures she had to work very hard to, to keep up and to write fast enough. It was quite obvious to Bertocci that at times she was in no little pain. One day she was leaving class and Bertocci said, "Could I talk to you for a, for just a moment?" She stayed and he said, "You know you're, you're going through a lot to be here. You not only work hard, it's obvious you're in pain. What's your story? Tell me about the arms."

She said, "Well, I was one of those kids, there were a great many of us, that had polio. And I did the iron lung thing, the big hospital and all that.

And when I began to get better and got out of the iron lung they told my, they told my mother that I could actually go home but that somebody had to do the therapy. And that it is probably better for them to do it at the hospital because it's painful and because I would resent it.

My mother said, 'Can I do it?' They said, 'Yes, we can teach you but she won't like it and she will resist it mightily.' And my mother said, 'Teach me.' So, my mother learned how to do the therapy and took me home.

The first day there she took me to my room, pulled down the windows, closed the door, and started to rub. My God, Dr. Bertocci, that hurt.

At first I just began to beg her to stop, 'Please mother, please don't do this, please

stop.' And that didn't work, my mother just kept on rubbing. Then I began to cry and I mean I balled, I wailed, and I begged my mother, 'Please, please, stop. Don't do this anymore it hurts, it hurts.' And my mother kept on rubbing. When that didn't work I began to cuss her and I called her every name I knew. In fact, Dr. Bertocci, I made up some names. But my mother kept on rubbing. When she finished, my mother would leave my room, go in her room, close the door, and cry. Dr. Bertocci, that went on every day for a year." Bertocci was, of course, touched and looked down at the floor and when he did the young woman said:
"But Dr. Bertocci...I can wriggle two fingers and write my notes!"

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JULY BIRTHDAYS

26th Audrey Holdsworth

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What are you doing to pass the time in the lockdown?

Realising I wasn't allowed out until the end of June I knew I needed a project to keep me (us!) busy. John and I have lived in the same house, Penlan, named after a well know hymn tune, all our married life—nearly 48 years without a cross word! We have extended it three times over the years to give us a good family sized home to raise our family of Andrew and Amelia and various animals. The more space we made the more we filled it John and I are both hoarders. Teachers especially never throw anything away, you never know when you may need it or what you can turn it into. I don't think we have ever thrown anything away. So operation lockdown was clear out time. John was brilliant—and i don't often say that! He was ruthless and sometimes a bit

too much. I have had to sneak things back in and hide them. John started by clearing the garden shed in the top garden and then pulled it down before it fell down. He then moved indoors and cleared the large walk in wardrobe of clothes—mainly his I have to say. He also went into the attic and cleared unopened boxes of books which we had before we had Andrew. I attacked the other walk in underdrawing putting things to one side for the Thespians and the museum—including two gas masks and a leather hat carrying case of my grandmas. I ask you! It's brilliant having lots of storage but you just fill it. We then moved onto the bedrooms, again mainly clothes but its amazing what we had pushed under the bed—like an antique folding typewriter that must have come with Noah in the ark. The lounge was easier just the rest of the 3,000 (not kidding!) books we had bequeathed to us over 40 years ago and CDs by the bag full. The garage was John's job and I tackled the playroom. To say we had so many garden tools I don't think our garden ever benefited from them. The barbeques gone.....John never had patience with it. Also Andrew's friend's bike which he never came back to collect at least 20 years ago. Finlay, Sophie and Andrew helped us to fill two skips (observing social-distancing). We made a pile of metal for the scrap metal man and filled dozens of black bin liners ready for a collection booked for Forget me not and the bed linen for the welcome centre. Art equipment, photography gear, every board game known to man, every greetings card received.....I could go on. The house has breathed a sigh of relief and the garage has never looked so smart. Sophie wanted to clean it out and even washed the windows! We have still some to do and then we will find another project. We like to keep busy. Hope to see you all soon. Keep safe and take care.

Elaine
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I liked John's piece in the June issue of the Herald.

What do we think Jesus would say if he came back today?

This was said to me by a lady I worked with a long time ago. To my knowledge she never went to church and always said she was not a Christian, She said God never sends us anything we cant cope with and he will always go through it with us. He will never make us go through it alone.

Wise words which I have called to mind many times in my life.

Barbara R

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Continuing the recipe's, treatments from the "1883 Consult Me" Almanac.

STEW<

In a jar of cold water put a shin of beef, put in salt a few cloves, pepper, onion, celery and a few herbs. Put in slow oven the night before, simmer till noon, serve with toasted bread.

SPRAINS.

Mix a little turpentine with flour and the yolk of one egg. Warm and apply as a plaster. This cures in a desperate case.

CHERRY PIE.

Having made a good crust, lay a little of it round your dish and throw sugar in the bottom Lay your fruit on top with a few red currants and cover with sugar. Put on the lid and bake in a slack oven.

Fuel cheap.

1 bushel of fine coal or sawdust two bushels of sand, one and half bushels of clay . Make into balls and allow to set firmly. Will supply an excellent fuel and effect a great saving

WOW! I'm amazed at the quantity and variety of the ingredients. "Bushel" A measure of capacity equal to 8 gallons, equivalent to 36.4 litres, used for corn, fruit, liquids, etc.

The Andrew Sisters used to sing a song about it! (and Peck's) Ha! Ha! (Ed!)

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The following was overlooked from the May edition (Ed!)

Recently I was asked for my memories of VE Day this was what I said.

I was 9 years old, lived in a row of 1 down 2 up back to back cottages, my Dad was in the navy, I lived with Grandma, Mum and brother. When VE day was announced on our radio Grandma & Mum laughed and cried at the same time, but I didn't really understand what all the fuss was about. Later all the neighbours had "a street party" down the bottom of the yard. I suppose we had sandwiches, but do remember rhubarb and custard, perhaps jelly and buns. As the only children we were allowed to have more than one bun each!!! a big treat. Mum had made me and my brother David, who was 4, rehearse "You are my Sunshine" to entertain, but the only other song I can remember everyone singing was "Roll out the Barrel"

Sheila A

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If you have internet access and would like to join in the "Zoom" on line service on a Sunday morning @ 11.00am, or the Parkwood Catch-up on a Tuesday @ 4.30pm. Please email me for details and I will pass your mail to the relevant person.

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This "lockdown thing" has been a boon to me in some ways. It has given me time to finish a myriad of jobs started years ago. In some cases just putting the finishing touch to something I thought was completed. I've learnt a lot of new skills, some through trial and error, because I've had the time to redo and rectify any mistake.

One drawback has been the lack of "personal contact" I'm beginning to lose the art of conversation, other than with myself. Stay safe folk's and I hope to meet again soon. Meanwhile please send me your musings. (Ed!)