

# Parkwood Methodist Church

## The Herald

### March 2021



**St. Mark's Parish Centre**

**53 Thornhill Road**

**Longwood HD3 4UL [www.parkwoodmethodistchurch.org.uk](http://www.parkwoodmethodistchurch.org.uk)**

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#### Parkwood Herald March 2021

Over the past few days it has been really nice to see the weather warming up a bit, and the appearance of snowdrops and crocuses. It feels, at least to me, that Spring is on its way. That's not to say that we've left the cold and snowy weather behind, but there's something nice about longer daylight and the promise of new life.

I still tend to associate the nicer weather and longer time of daylight with childhood and being able to go out on my bike, travelling to places under my own steam.

I learned how to ride a bike in my back garden in east London. It wasn't an ideal place to ride a bike because it wasn't safe to ride out on the road. We lived next to an underground station and I remember the roads around our house being so busy. Moving to the Isle of Man opened up opportunities to cycle all over the place and I loved riding my bike there. It was safer, quieter and there was so much to see.

My parents bought me a BMX bike after I came off my first bike and twisted the front wheel as it was a bit more hardy, and everyone seemed to have one. I loved it, because I could go where I wanted to go, explore, meet up with friends as we all cycled to school that year. I have fond memories of doing my cycling proficiency, and a group of

us cycling along the spring tide submerged riverside path before school to see who could get through without falling off or getting our feet wet.

We lived near a harbour with a stone pier and a stone ramp, and I couldn't resist the idea of speeding down the ramp onto tide smoothed, beautiful sand. I straightened my helmet, placed my feet on the pedals and soon I was zooming down the ramp. I held my breath as I anticipated cycling onto the beach, the fulfilment of my plan- and then it happened. My front wheel immediately sank into the sand and the next thing I knew I was lying on my side next to a very stinky bit of seaweed. I had gone clear over the handlebars. Being all of ten years old I got to my feet, no harm done except for being a bit winded. My bike was also okay so I slowly walked it back up the ramp and cycled home, praying that no one had seen me.

Safe to say that I haven't cycled into any harbours since then! Those childhood memories of cycling to school are such treasured ones. I am fortunate to have them and to have only needed to cycle about a mile to school on safe roads. That's not everyone's experience and, for many people, having a bike can mean getting to school safely, or having means to run a business, or to have mobility. That's why the Circuit have started a project to support *All We Can*, also known as

the Methodist Relief and Development Fund, called *Change Comes With a Bicycle*.

This project works in partnership with people in Butagaya, in rural Uganda, where children, families and communities can face significant challenges, and where having a bicycle can make an enormous difference. For more information, there is a section on the Circuit Website where you can read stories and find ideas of how to support this project- you might even have a bicycle story that you would like to share! You can find the pages here: <http://www.huddersfieldmethodists.org.uk/change-begins-with-a-bicycle.html>

May God bless us as we continue through Lent and into the joy of Easter.

Reverend Roz Page

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**Kenneth ROTHERY** On February 11th 2021, peacefully at home in Linthwaite, Kenneth aged 95 years. Dearly loved husband of the late Mary, dear father of Paul and Nigel, dear father in law of Georgina, much loved grandad of Lucy and Andrew, and Liam and Sarah and loving great grandad of Jack, Phoebe, Ava and Ted. Ken was a well known Huddersfield musician, conductor and life long member and organist at Parkwood Methodist Church. Family flowers only please, donations in lieu if desired to The Kirkwood, c/o 21 Albany Rd, Huddersfield HD5 9UY. Due to current restrictions a private cremation will take place. All enquiries to The Taylor Funeral Service. Tel. 01484 656156. Kenneth's funeral service will be streamed live via webcast. Please contact the funeral home for further details

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**As promised details of Barbara's Funeral Service.**

**Service order for Barbara Rushforth Service**  
Date 11-Mar-21 at 12:15 Service Chapel -  
Huddersfield Website  
<https://www.obitus.com/> Username Kate0007  
Password 680697 Webcast: Live Webcast &  
Watch Again

<https://www.obitus.com/>

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**The following was written & submitted some month's ago. (Ed!)**

**The Lord's Prayer and the Caribbean - 4**

'Black Lives Matter' is all around us. The traditional history of our nation has created 'heroes' out of 'profiteers' and it is hard for large numbers of the population to come to terms with this. Only time will tell if 'right' prevails. We must all pray that it does!

Many of the black faces we see on our streets originated from the 'Empire Windrush' Era. Their antecedents were forcibly transported to the North American continent during the Slave Trade. Over time, each Caribbean island developed its own character and traditions – not just influenced by Africa but by many other nations around the world.

Rhythmic music – at least 25 different styles - has found a home on the Caribbean islands and has subsequently spread around the world. Of these styles the music that was first associated with the 'Windrush' era was 'Calypso'. Several European composers have tried to imitate this style and incorporate it into their music.

When Ken Rothery, now in his 90's, was our Choirmaster he wisely introduced us to alternative styles of church music. This included the 'calypso'. Many of us will be familiar with the 'Calypso Carol' – written by Michael Perry ('See Him lying on a bed of straw'). Ken also introduced us to a West Indian 'Calypso' version of the Lord's Prayer which can be found in the 1969 supplement to the Methodist Hymn Book (Hymns and Songs).

To access from the 'Net' type –

YouTube, Our Father, Scottish Festival Singers

Gareth,

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**How about a little bit of fun:**

**Send me a photo of when you were very young and let's see who can recognise you!**

**It should prove very interesting.**

**Don't be shy.....**

## **To:- Parkwood Methodist Church**

Thank you so much for your wonderful donation of £236.00 towards our Match-It Appeal. Being supported by the One Community Foundation this year means that your donation will be doubled.

We set a target to raise £20,000 - with half of this coming from the Match-It scheme, this has surpassed all our expectations! We still want to use these funds to help our work over the winter to provide:

- Low cost meals from the café
- Free meals to those in significant need over the winter – our alternative to the Evening café this year
- Provision of Furniture and other welfare support
- Christmas Day Ready Meals
  - Christmas Treat Box

Please could you pass on our heartfelt thanks to everyone at Parkwood Methodist Church for your continued support.

Stay safe and best wishes

Nicky

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## **Childrens' Activity Bags**

Roger and John have delivered another 27 activity bags to children from our Messy Church and the Thursday Club at the Drop By Centre. Thank you to both of them. The bags arrived in time for the children to be busy with them during the half term holiday. They had things to do, things to make and things to play as well as goodies and treats. They are always well received by both the children and the adults alike so it encourages us to carry on doing them. The next delivery will be for Easter, so let's hope the Easter Bunnies (Roger and John) deliver some chocolate goodies as well as sending the Easter message. Perhaps they could dress up to be a bit more authentic!

The youngest recipient is 2 years old and the oldest is 13 years so it can be time consuming trying to differentiate with the activities but we get there in the end and seem to please all! If you have any brain waves or suggestions for contents do let us know.

Again a big thank you to our delivery boys  
Elaine

## **A few words from David Harris from his home town Sheffield:-**

John prepares the way in Sheffield

And behold, a man called John arrived in the place they call Sheffield. He was a cool looking guy, wearing a distinctive fur coat held together with a with a leather belt. He was expecting to find a wilderness where he could eat fresh food growing freely in the ground. Instead, he found himself on a Moor with not a sign of locust or wild honey to eat.

As he looked around for fresh food growing in this Moor, he spied unfamiliar names- Primark, T J Hughes, and Next. He was surprised to see all the people were eating and drinking outside in the street, despite it being a freezing cold day in December.

Some of the people were looking *tiered*, indeed *thrice tiered*. They had collected their food, and were told to 'take it away' by men called Costa and Gregg, and they were not even permitted to stay in the ancient Roman eating place called Cafe Nero. The people seemed happy enough to be eating and drinking outside in this land of the Moor, and they blew into their hands to cool down their food, and to keep warm.

But, John was a man with a mission. Where to start? Here was a land of people fighting to find sitting places before someone else got to the elegant marble seats. Seeking a place out of the cold, John headed towards a Subway where he believed he would be able to find shelter. But lo, when he entered the Subway, he was not offered shelter, but a foot-long Meatball Marinara on Honey Oat bread- if he was prepared to give the keeper of the cave 6 Pounds and 49 Pence. John had entered the Moor with nothing other than what he had on his back, and no way was he going to take off his fur coat in a Sheffield December. He was not surprised to see that one of their bartering places was called Iceland.

Back out on the Moor, he travelled from the place they call Moorfoot. He walked past shops that were 'to let,' as he pondered what this might mean in a land flowing with milk cartons and cans. He was seeking a place of peace, and behold- there, by the Town Hall, he did indeed find gardens of peace- a place of tranquillity where water flowed freely along concrete turrets.

There were not too many people in this garden of peace, save for members of their sacred

**Council, putting up bright lights and coloured trees. Two of them wore hard hats and had red faces, and John assumed them to be the most senior members of the sacred Council.**

**“Would you like me to baptise you?” John asked the two elders.**

**“Tha’ what?” came the reply.**

**“Right here,” said John, “in this concrete stream.”**

**He explained how he had come to Sheffield to prepare the way. He was not ‘The One,’ but there was One who would follow him, and he would be ‘The One.’**

**The elders of the sacred Council looked confused.**

**“Sorry, mate,” the most elder said, “I think there’s a bye- law about baptising in the Peace Gardens. It’s more than my jobs worth to let you use this water.”**

**John looked downcast.**

**“But don’t worry” the elder continued, “I’m sure your mate will find a right warm welcome here in Sheffield when he arrives- whoever he is!”**

**David Harris.**

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**A little bit of probably forgotten about history.**  
**Still there and was/is well used**

**Remember when we used to be able to do this!**

**Well if all goes well we can start again.**

**YIPPEE!**



**<:STAY SAFE FOLKS:>**

**I NEED THE READERS**