

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



Parkwood Methodist Church

The Herald

No. 4 APRIL 2020



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

Who was Jesus?

Last Year the Huddersfield Circuit ran two 'Quest' courses – one at Holmfirth Methodist Church and the other at Lindley Methodist Church.



These courses presented an opportunity to look at our faith in a fresh way and to ask questions about our faith.

One of the videos was presented by Bishop Yvette Flunder, who presented a challenging picture of who Jesus was. Tell us what you think about her talk.

Bishop Yvette Flunder



Bishop Yvette Flunder is an American singer and senior pastor of the City of Refuge [United Church of Christ in Oakland, California](#) and Presiding Bishop of The Fellowship

of Affirming Ministries.

Bishop Yvette Flunder, a native San Franciscan and 3rd generation preacher, is a world renowned gospel music artist, She has raised her voice for social justice from the church house to the White House and steps of the Supreme Court.

Jesus is, first of all the son of a teenage girl who became pregnant under what many would call dubious circumstances, right? Jesus was the son or the adopted son of a blue-collar person, a manual worker. Jesus was not born in a city or to a family that was upper class.

Jesus lived his life and his experience among the people who were the most marginalized both by church and society. He was a religious and political subversive.

That's who Jesus really was.

They didn't kill him because they thought he was the son of God, they killed him because he was mobilizing people on the hillside and away from the synagogue.

They killed him because he liberated women, because he gathered Gentiles.

They killed him because he was, in many ways, an example of what the table of the Lord really needs to look like.

That's really who Jesus was.

He was arrested, he was tried, he was convicted and he was executed.

And most of us would not consider people who fall into any of those categories worthy of being the saviour of the world.

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James Berry: "Benediction"

**Thanks to the ear
that someone may hear**

**Thanks to seeing
that someone may see**

**Thanks to feeling
that someone may feel**

**Thanks to touch
that one may be touched**

**Thanks to flowering of white moon
and spreading shawl of black night
holding villages and cities together**

John O'Donohue

**This is the Time to Be Slow
This is the time to be slow,
Lie low to the wall
Until the bitter weather passes.
Try, as best you can, not to let
The wire brush of doubt
Scrape from your heart
All sense of yourself
And your hesitant light.
If you remain generous,
Time will come good;
And you will find your feet
Again on fresh pastures of promise,
Where the air will be kind
And blushed with beginning.**

John O'Donohue (1956-2008) was an Irish

poet, author, priest, and philosopher, best known for popularizing Celtic spirituality.

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Thought of the day:

**Don't tell me what you believe.
Tell me what you do.
I'll tell you what you believe.**

**In this time of Lock Down I'd like to share
the recipe for the Potato Based Quiche:**

Potato based Quiche

**Potato, very thinly sliced
Cheddar or similar cheese
Olive Oil, Butter,
Eggs (5),
Onion,
Bacon,
Mushroom, Tomato.**

**Thinly sliced potato soaked in Olive Oil.
Line the dish along the bottom and sides.
Making sure the dish and potato is covered
in oil.**

**Bake @ 140C for approx 40 mins until just
starting to brown.**

**Remove from oven. Using any left potato to
"repair" any bare spots in the dish**

**Lightly fry in butter; onion, bacon,
mushroom. Or whatever filling you are
using, until soft not brown. Let it cool a
little.**

**Mix eggs, with a little milk add grated
cheese.**

**Add the onion etc and mix thoroughly
Place in potato base and spread evenly
Bake @ 140C for approx 45 mins until set.**

For garnish

**Add a little grated cheese to top and
garnish with a little chopped tomato and
grill until cheese Starts to melt.**

Can be served hot or cold



**Do enjoy
and I
promise
I'll make
another
if they
find the
key for
this lock
down.**

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR!

A letter from America, so to speak:-

Greetings from 'across the pond' (Omaha, Nebraska), Joe:

An American descendent of several Parkwood families (Beaumont, Brearley, Brook, Crowther, Hanson, Schofield, Shaw), I've always enjoyed getting the Parkwood updates over the past few years. I was able to visit the church and my cousins, Dorothy Green (nee Brearley) and Stephen Beaumont, back in 1990. I've been working on genealogy, and was wondering: would folks be interested in hearing some stories of what happened to some of the families after they emigrated? Also, when Parkwood closed I started working on a poem about all my family--and the families generally--who were associated with the Church...do you think folks would be interested?

My grandmother, Ruth Kiefer (nee Brearley), was so proud of her Yorkshire heritage and was thrilled when I came back with photos of her family (courtesy of Dorothy Green) and a Parkwood Family Histories booklet put together by Stephen Beaumont; her father, James, was the son and grandson folks who helped build the Church (John & Benjamin, I believe). There used to be a Brearley memorial plate on the altar--back in 1990 I think--and their names are inscribed on the lintel over the door that lets out to the lower Church yard (as far as memory serves).

Regardless, my thoughts are with you all back 'home'. Hopefully when all this is over I'll be able to make a return visit. I've gotten to England several times of late (London & Nottingham), but have never been able to make the trip back to Longwood.

Cheers for now, with my wishes for everybody's good health and happiness!

David Peterson

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Now a letter from closer to home:-

Not many people know this because it happened a long time ago and not at Parkwood but I was Brown Owl, Guide Captain and Akele for a year.

It all began with a neighbour called Monica who was a Brown Owl at New North Road Baptists. I mentioned to her I might be interested and before I knew it the District Commissioner came to see me and I was on a training course. And I became Brown Owl at St Andrews church Leeds Road, not there now. Talk about thrown in at the deep end. My DC was also new to the job but was an enormous help. Always at the end of the phone or there in person. And if she wasn't her deputy was; Beatrice Ankers.

The Brownies were in the main from a poor part of Huddersfield. Leeds Road area including the council estate. But they were brilliant as Brownies, each having a different skill to share. The 2 West Indian girls could make tea to perfection and learnt to bake. 2 girls were excellent with a needle. We had 2 girls who were spina bifida and in wheelchairs and 2 Brownies took it upon themselves to care for these. The group started small but spread by word of mouth at school and we soon reached our quota of 24. I had to take them to St Andrews church once a month. I soon realised they were not putting anything in the offering plate and I thought they hadn't brought any but a word with the Vicar solved this. The offering was taken at the beginning of the service, not in the middle or at the end and that stopped the Brownies calling at the sweet shop on the way home. Part of the craft badge was undertaken by making things for Leeds Road Day Nursery. also not there now. We made large pom pom balls, rag books, dressed 2 dolls, made bedding for cots and prams and pram toys out of empty cotton reels. In the school holidays we spent an enjoyable half day at the nursery where we were given lunch and the Matron presented the Brownies with their badges.

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Another incident which is worthy of a mention was our trip to London, bearing in mind that none of the Brownies had ever been to Greenhead Park let alone further afield. We were left some money by a lady who had been a Brownie there 70 years ago. The future of the group was always in doubt as there was no stand in for me. I decided we would spend the money on taking the Brownies to London for the day, British Rail came up trumps. Seated us all together in 2 carriages, put small bottles of pop and packets of crisps on board and off we went. I had a friend in London and she mapped out a days itinerary for us starting at Kings X station. Saw all the usual. Buck Palace, fun and games in Green Park. Walked down the Mall. Saw Piccadilly Circus and then we had a choice. Go on the river or go to Trafalgar Square. She even told us to buy wild bird food in Boots and not pay the exorbitant prices charged by the sellers in the Square. We also ate our packed lunches in the square. From there we caught a red bus to Westminster Abbey and the Houses of parliament and then it was time to go back to the station for the train home. Most of the girls fell asleep on the train after buying crisps and pop and nearly all had bought small souvenirs for someone at home.

2 girls were due to go up to Guides but we had no Guides so I became Guide Captain for a while and I became Akela when the real Akele broke his leg and a stand in had to be found.

I left after about a year when I became pregnant and my mum got fed up of babysitting.

The girls were a joy to work with and to this day, 55 years later I have fond memories of them. When one of my sons went on a school trip to Majorca, they shared with Rawthorpe School and 2 girls from that school came up to me while they were waiting for the coach and said do you remember the day we went to London?" Yes I did. Apparently they all had to write about it at school.

Barbara R.

Chase the Rainbow

I have been thinking about the idea of making a rainbow picture for your window to lift the spirits of children and adults during their Government-



sanctioned daily walk. What a symbol of hope a rainbow is with its sunshine after rain connotations. We remember the story of Noah when, after the flood, God made a rainbow to remind us of his promise never to flood the whole earth again.

I think the rainbow is such a meaningful image for us that it crops up much more in human life than in nature. What springs to mind? Maybe the long-running kids TV programme (what did they call the hippo?); certainly Nelson Mandela's Rainbow Nation and its colourful flag; the association of the image with the LGBT community perhaps. Also not to be forgotten are the leprechauns' pot of gold at the rainbow's end and the lovely song "Over the rainbow" from the Wizard of Oz.

Rainbows are a bit special to our family too. Mum used to make rainbow jelly which I think my sister still makes for her grandchildren. My daughter Carol used to draw them in lots of her pictures, correctly remembering the order of the colours from a very early age. Her son Zach has a rainbow painted on his bedroom wall and my husband is a member of the Royal Ark Mariners, who take a rainbow as their symbol being based on the story of Noah.

The fact that all these associations spring so readily to mind shows what a powerful image the rainbow is so let's Chase the Rainbow with hope and joy in the beauty of God's creation.

Sheila Whittam

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**Archbishop Oscar Romero Prayer:
A Step Along the Way**

It helps, now and then, to step back and take a long view.

The kingdom is not only beyond our efforts, it is even beyond our vision.

We accomplish in our lifetime only a tiny fraction of the magnificent enterprise that is God's work.

Nothing we do is complete, which is a way of saying that the Kingdom always lies beyond us.

No statement says all that could be said.

No prayer fully expresses our faith.

No confession brings perfection.

No pastoral visit brings wholeness.

No program accomplishes the Church's mission.

No set of goals and objectives includes everything.

This is what we are about.

We plant the seeds that one day will grow.

We water seeds already planted, knowing that they hold future promise.

We lay foundations that will need further development.

We provide yeast that produces far beyond our capabilities.

We cannot do everything, and there is a sense of liberation in realizing that.

This enables us to do something, and to do it very well.

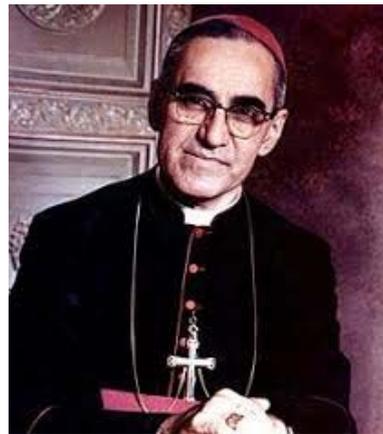
It may be incomplete, but it is a beginning,

a step along the way, an opportunity for the Lord's grace to enter and do the rest.

We may never see the end results, but that is the difference between the master builder and the worker.

We are workers, not master builders; ministers, not messiahs.

We are prophets of a future not our own.



Oscar Romero was Archbishop of San Salvador. He was assassinated on Monday March 24th 1980 as he was celebrating Mass in the chapel of the Divine Providence cancer hospital

where he lived. Thirty five years later, he was declared a martyr of the Church, killed out of hatred of the faith, and was beatified on May 23rd 2015. He was canonised by Pope Francis on October 14th 2018.

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This seems rather appropriate. (from 2017)

