



Parkwood Methodist Church The Herald

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

The Good Samaritan re-told



Tex Sample is a specialist in church and society, a storyteller, author, and the Robert B. and Kathleen Rogers Professor Emeritus of Church and Society at the St. Paul School of Theology, a United Methodist seminary in Kansas City, Missouri,

This is a story Tex Sample recalls of a man, dying of AIDS, in a hospital on the east coast of America. When the hospital staff became clear that this man would die soon they rushed to find a pastor who might be visiting in the hospital to come and say a prayer for the man.

They found a pastor, and when he came to the room he would not enter the door but stood outside the room and shouted a prayer asking God's forgiveness for this man's terrible sins. Then he turned on his heel and left the hospital.

The staff were beside themselves. And then they began to look again trying to find someone who could be pastor to the man. They found a theological student who was doing an internship there.

And when they told her she went to the room as quickly as she could. She rushed right through the door, went over to the bed, and sat down on the bed beside the man and stayed with him the last hours of his life.

He did die that evening. And later someone asked her, "What did you do? What did you do for all those hours?"

She said, "Well, we prayed, I read the Bible, we sang songs. But mostly, mostly I just told him how much God loved him."

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Taking the Layers of Clothing Off Jesus



This is another article from Bishop Yvette Flunder, which was part of the

Quest course that the circuit ran in 2019 to take a fresh look at our faith.



'Something in my mind, I see Jesus walking around as a horribly oppressed person with a whole lot of clothes on, pressing him, just layers and layers, you know, just lots of things that as we've taken 2,000 years to turn Jesus into someone very

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different than that person who got in the water with John for baptism.

What we do to Jesus – what he's used as an excuse for?

- There's political stuff, there's economic stuff, there's Church stuff, you know.
- Everybody -- Jesus is a plank on many political platforms.
- Jesus is the reason that we go to war,
- Jesus is the reason we oppress the immigrant,
- Jesus is even mad at Mickey Mouse because -- or the Teletubbies, you know.

Take off all the layers get back to the Jesus that stood in the water with John.

But there comes a point when change is really in the air, when we have to take these layers of clothing off Jesus, we have to take all the stuff, all the rubbish that we've put on Jesus, all of these layers and layers of tradition and all of our different ideas and theologies and get back to the Jesus that stood in the water with John the Baptist.'



Letters To The Editor

Golcar Lily Day

Parkwood was always very much involved with Golcar Gala as it was run by our boys uniformed organisations, however Golcar Lily Day was a new venture for us. Parkwood was encouraged to attend the meetings and play as much of a part as we wanted and were able to. Parkwood was and

still is always up for a challenge so thinking caps went on and we decided what we could offer.

Enid and I attended the meetings and represented Parkwood. Eventually Renee took over from Enid and now we go as when we can.

We try to attend as often as possible.

Anyone is welcome to join us usually at the Rose and Crown. Please ask Elaine for details as we are still involved in a small way although it is only now with a stall as our venue at St Marks is too far away from Golcar village.

During the day we usually had two or three items of musical entertainment such as choirs, flautists and bands, which were well received. We also tried to do window displays depicting the theme of that years Lily Day, such as people in the village, hobbies and WW2 theme. People at Parkwood always took up the challenge and we had really good displays. People would ask in advance whether we were having displays and made a point of visiting. They also came for our

Catering delights of hot beef teacakes or Pat's cheese and onion pie and sometimes cream teas were popular. The ladies always excelled with the cake stall although one year the leg collapsed and all the goodies slid onto the floor!

We have always had one or two stalls in the village centre with a rota of people manning them. They were all brilliant standing on Town End in all weathers and, the fact that one of them had taught most of Golcar over the years did draw customers as people daren't walk passed!

Golcar Lily Day has its own celebration service in one of the local churches on the Sunday morning of the special weekend. Parkwood has hosted this service on a few occasions.

Well no Lancaster Bomber this year.....a virus instead.

But stay safe and well and hopefully we will all be back next year.

Thank you Golcar Lily Day for supporting Parkwood over the years.

Elaine

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Have you ever tried this:----

IMPOSSIBLE PIE

4 eggs 1/4 tsp. salt. 2 cups milk.

2 oz. margarine 1/2 cup white sugar
1/2 cup. S.R.Flour

1 cup desiccated coconut
1 tsp vanilla essence.

Put all ingredients into a bowl and mix well together. Place in well greased dish and cook for approx 1 hour -- 180 C -- gas mark 4

Quick & easy and when cooked the pie has a pastry bottom custard centre and coconut top!!!!!!

If you're brave enough, let me know if it works. (Ed!)

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The following is part of a letter and will be serialised over the next few issues as it is quite long and very interesting.

Thank you David for the information:-
(Ed!)

A Letter from America, Part II

by David Peterson, Omaha, Nebraska, USA

The other night I had a chance to watch, as I imagine many of you did, the Queen's speech. She was small on my phone screen, decked out in that bright green dress with the conspicuously placed diamond and turquoise brooch (which I later learned was Queen Mary's).

I'm U.S. citizen by birth, and I suppose many of my fellow Americans would think it odd (and perhaps you, too) that I was so deeply moved by her comforting words. But I would tell them that she didn't just speak to the United Kingdom—she spoke to the entire world. So many countries, so many

people, are struggling with this COVID-19 virus. And she, in her inimitable way, rose to the moment, and told us all what we need to hear: We will survive this. We'll meet again.

Risking a problematic generalization, I'd like to think this time of year and its many spiritual celebrations as deeply engrained in the psyche of all peoples of the Northern Hemisphere, regardless of tribe, nation, or culture, reflecting thousands upon thousands of years of notions of renewal and rebirth. Grasses are greening, trees bloom and bud, the dandelions are up (seen as a pestilential scourge in American lawns, I have to respect them for their tenacity and always let at least a few grow to teach me humility before nature and to feed the early bees). Life is yearning to burst free from the confines of winter.

Yet here we humans are in a bizarre, unsettling state of stasis, labouring under a sense of arrest and retreat with no clear sense of what the future will look like. We are sheltering in place, staying at home, separated from our loved ones—some sick, some not—and the activities that give our lives meaning. We yearn to follow the pulses of Nature and break out of winter confines.

It's a sacred time of year for many, many faiths. Yet Holy week began with no church services (except those piped in over the internet). No synagogue services for Passover (by the time you read this I'll have participated in my first video-conferencing Seder)! No Ramadan fast-breaking as an extended family, no Holi celebrations, nor neo-pagan gatherings (for Ostara and Beltain) at some sacred grove or henge.

No Easter egg hunts. No spring-time concerts. No spring training (sacred aspect of American baseball). No garden centre shopping to help us start the cycle of growth in our gardens anew.

No anything. Here in Nebraska, USA, they've scrubbed the Berkshire-Hathaway

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global meeting (William Buffet isn't my neighbour, but I see him around town on occasion). They've cancelled the College World Series (baseball again, I'm afraid), closed our world-renown zoo (all those baby animals!), and nixed the Summer Olympic U. S. Swimming Trials. About \$100 million in revenues have been lost to the city of Omaha on just those three events alone! Stay in your house! Don't go to the crowded park! Avoid the malls!

Social distancing, in this time of greening, birth and renewal, has become our watchword. And masks. Not of the Easter bunny nor Green Man, but an N95, if you can even find one, or perhaps a ubiquitous surgical blue cloth number, or even something home-made (sheet? scarf? bandana? bra cup?). And just how do they expect me to get a Cadbury egg when everything's on lockdown!? Was a shipment even made? Dare I venture to the local store to find out?

Listening to the Queen's speech reassured me, though I'm thousands of miles away and a citizen of another country. The Queen promised we'd get through this, just as 'we' got through World War II. *We'll Meet Again* (and how poignant that Vera Lynn has just passed). And all these musings I've just laid out pale in comparison to what was happening during the opening years of World War II, when the Queen, at the tender of age of 13, along with Princess Margaret, were *pressed* into service to deliver a message of comfort to the children displaced by the threat of Nazi Germany.

I say 'pressed' because I imagine at 13 it would have been very hard to really imagine what was happening in terms of the full implications, what was happening. Nobody could, perhaps. And then to have your father (or whomever it was) come along and says 'You are to address the nation; it's your duty'. What a burden that must have been. Yet she did her 'duty'. At thirteen. That was 1940, eighty years ago. Eighty!

What particularly struck me in her speech was the moment when the Queen noted that this was a period characterized by a 'painful sense of separation from our loved ones'. Families cannot visit their grandfathers in the retirement home, cannot comfort their dying mother in hospital, cannot attend services honouring the dead nor participate in the other rituals of mourning and burial, in some cases cannot be in the same room with their babies or grandchildren because they are infected. Priests, Rabbis and Imams are giving final rights via Zoom. Last words to beloveds are conveyed by walkie-talkies and cell phones.

So, I was moved by the Queen's speech. And not only because she spoke of a global yearning for a return normalcy, a return, like Spring, to life.

Strange to say, perhaps, but because that 'painful sense of separation from our loved ones' has marked my family for many years after their emigration from England, colouring the experiences of both of my grandmothers and their families. One, Ruth Brearley (1913-2009), was the daughter of a Longwood emigrant (James Brearley)—whose father (John Brearley) helped build the church—and who headed for Philadelphia about 1901, following his sister, Hannah, who had married a Luke Jackson. The other, Eleanor Annie Sowden, was the daughter of an emigrant from Cornwall, William Sowden (who left the moors for Manhattan in about 1899, where he would meet and married an emigrant from Devon, Annie Amelia Harris). Ruth married a German descended man, Eleanor a man (who's still alive at 103!) of Norwegian extraction. In me, then, three great branches of English (and German and Norwegian) heritage converge: Yorkshire, Devon, Cornwall.

And though it seems as if my English ancestors' emigrations happened so long ago, and that it should not mean very much to me, I was greatly influenced by these two powerful, proudly English, women. They

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Providence "Teapot" Chapel Hillhouse



Newsome M. C.



Crosland Hill M. C.



Paddock Reformed Church



Moldgreen M.C.



Berry Brow Methodist Church



Huddersfield Methodist Mission

Happy Easter

