

## The July Letter

**Dear Friends,**

Throughout our lives, we learn all sorts of things in a number of different ways. It can be through watching someone else (or listening to them), through formal training, through reading a “How to” book. Some of you may remember the “Teach Yourself” books. Perhaps you, like us, have books on your shelves that have titles like “Websites for Dummies”, or something similar. The most effective way of learning something new is through a combination of methods – hearing about it, watching it done, doing it yourselves.

But what about learning how to do something old? Something that has been with us for two Millennia now, but is still a very tough thing to do, and something that needs constant practice? I’m thinking of course of living the Christian life, following the example Jesus gave us. One way we can make a start is to watch the examples set by those who truly do follow Christ’s path, and when such a person is able to meet with us face to face, we can learn so much from the experience.

On 9<sup>th</sup> June, the Clergy and Readers within the Bradford Area were expected to attend a Study Day in Shipley, so Dorothy, Richard and I duly went. Our main speaker was Carver Anderson, who has spent his working lifetime in some of the poorest parts of Birmingham, working with troubled young men and boys. As a Christian Pastor brought up in the same community, he works to turn young men in particular away from crime, violence and drug-taking, into leading lives where they can develop and contribute to society. The stories he told were fascinating, but even more so was his own story, of how he came to be doing this work.

Carver didn’t start out as good-living Christian boy who went on to do Christian work. He was born into a Christian family, but by age 11 he was stealing, bunking off school, dabbling in other forms of criminality, and being offensively rude to and dismissive of his parents. He was heading for a life of crime, prison and painful associations for himself and his family.

But in a dramatic way that taught him the truth of the Christian message, life changed for Carver one Sunday morning when he was 17. His mother, a committed church goer, heard the Holy Spirit say to her – “Don’t go to church today – I’m going to sort Carver out”. Expecting to be able to loaf about in his bedroom all morning, Carver instead heard her feet on the stairs, and a prayer being said on every step, and he knew something was going to happen, and he was fearful of what it might be. By the time she reached his door, he had fallen to the floor, and knew at once, and through his whole being, the truth of the story of Jesus. His life turned round that day, 37 years ago now, and he has lived in the knowledge that he was saved from the path he was taking by his very real experience of the power of the Holy Spirit.

But that powerful knowledge is still being shared with others—an experience so crucial to forming one’s life must go further, if Jesus’s message of love is to be experienced, and known, by all who need to hear it. Telling your own story is a powerful testimony, and one we often find hard to put into practice. As Carver showed us in Shipley, and as he had already shared with those troubled men and boys in Birmingham, when we learn through whatever method the reality of our faith, we just have to share it with others. Spreading Jesus’s love to others in our generation and beyond is not a “pie in the sky” ambition – it can be the most practical thing we can do for them. Especially if we continue to follow Jesus’s example by working alongside them, sharing burdens and continuing to develop our living faith, not content to rest until others hear Jesus’s voice too.

With love and prayers, *Jean Bailey*

**JULY PARISH DIARY**

Wednesday 1st	9.30 a.m.	Holy Communion at St. James’s
	6.15 p.m.	Cub Scouts
Thursday 2 <sup>nd</sup>	9.30 a.m.	Morning Prayer
	4.30 p.m.	K:Ing’s Way Club
	6.00 p.m.	Beaver Scouts
	7.30 p.m.	Scouts

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SUNDAY 5TH

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

	10.00 a.m.	Holy Communion
Tuesday 7th	10.45 a.m.	Holy Communion at Crossley
House	7.30 p.m.	Adult tap dancing
Wednesday 8th	9.30 a.m.	Holy Communion
	11.30 a.m.	Ing's Way Lunch Day
	6.15 p.m.	Cub Scouts
Thursday 9th	9.30 a.m.	Morning Prayer
	4.30 p.m.	K:Ing's Way Club
	6.00 p.m.	Beaver Scouts
	7.30 p.m.	Scouts

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SUNDAY 12TH SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

	10.00 a.m.	Holy Communion
Tuesday 14th	7.30 p.m.	Adult tap dancing
Wednesday 15th	9.30 a.m.	Holy Communion at St. James's
	6.15 p.m.	Cub Scouts
Thursday 16th	9.30 a.m.	Morning prayer
	4.30 p.m.	K:Ing's Way Club
	6.00 p.m.	Beaver Scouts
	7.30 p.m.	Scouts
Saturday 18th	11.00 a.m.	Vicarage Garden Party

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SUNDAY 19TH SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

	10.00 a.m.	Parade Service and Holy Communion
Tuesday 21st	7.30 p.m.	Adult tap dancing
	7.30 p.m.	PCC meeting in vestry
Wednesday 22nd	9.30 a.m.	Holy Communion
Thursday 23rd	9.30 a.m.	Morning Prayer

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SUNDAY 26TH EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

	10.00 a.m.	Holy Communion
Tuesday 28th	7.30 p.m.	Adult tap dancing
Wednesday 29th	9.30 a.m.	Holy Communion at St. James's
Thursday 30th	9.30 a.m.	Morning Prayer

## **Flowers in Churches**

The use of flowers in English churches is recorded as far back as the 12th century. Many flowers are named in honour of the Virgin Mary - Lady's mantle (alchemillia mollis); Our Lady's Glove (foxglove); herbae Sancta Maria (mint). During the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII arrangements became very lavish in churches and flowers were carried by priests and people during processions. Rosemary was often carried by mourners, possibly to mask unpleasant odours! Flowers, as a form of decoration, remained despite the removal of fine vestments, art works and artefacts from churches during the fifteen and sixteen hundreds.

We continue to use flowers to enhance our church and they greatly contribute to the atmosphere of the building. There are always at least four arrangements in church – at the altar, by Mary's statue at the rear of church, in the chapel and in the narthex. There are even more at important times like Easter and Christmas. When you realise the flowers for the main arrangements cost between £15 and £30, donations towards flowers are always welcome – as are people willing to arrange or water them! (No experience necessary!)

*Flower arrangements in celebration of special events like birthdays and anniversaries, and in memory of loved ones can easily be organised, so please ask.*

## **Violent scenes on Holiday Beach**

Many children witnessed an extremely violent argument between a couple on the beach in Scarborough, the other day. A woman was repeatedly hitting a man and he was retaliating. When a policeman arrived to bring order to the scene, he had to draw his baton, where upon the man snatched the baton and began hitting the policeman. The woman joined in, knocking the policeman down.

The fracas continued for several minutes before the crocodile arrived and stole the sausages !

## Sophia—A Victorian Love Story

*Ian Mc Alpine.*

“Wisdom (*Sophia*) is vindicated by her deeds” (Matthew 11:19)

My great-great-great-great-grandfather John Thorley (1789 - 1844) had a sister called Sophia who was born in Eccles in 1807. She was the eleventh of the twelve children of Lot Thorley, (1767 - 1847) a handloom weaver and his wife Elizabeth Darbyshire (c.1769 - 1846). 200 years ago the textile industry in Bradford was based largely on the manufacture of woollen goods whereas Lancashire’s weavers usually worked with cotton. Both industries were still essentially domestic and the first cotton mill in Eccles (Chadwick’s) did not open until two years after Sophia was born. Power loom weaving in Bradford was more developed and had begun some years earlier in the 1790s.

Sophia did not have a very promising start in life and although handloom weavers often earned as much as £3 a week - quite impressive by early 19<sup>th</sup> century standards - Lot had a very large family to feed which must have caused serious difficulties.

However, in the summer of 1826 when she was just 18 there was a sudden change in Sophia’s fortunes. She became pregnant by one Robert Bennett, a wealthy solicitor almost twice her age. How they met is a complete mystery. Perhaps Sophia was working as a servant in Bennett’s house but there is no evidence of this. Bennett was born in 1792 and had married Ann Barker, by whom he had children, at the nearby parish of Prestwich in 1814. Clearly his relationship with the teenage Sophia was adulterous and it would not have been surprising if Robert had wanted nothing more to do with Sophia after their illegitimate son James Thorley was born in Eccles in March 1827. The full details of Sophia’s quite extraordinary later life in Eccles, Salford, London, Manchester and Stockport are outside the scope of this short account and I hope to publish a more detailed article about her in a family history journal. However, it is clear that Robert paid Sophia a substantial amount of maintenance after James was born - she is described as “Independent” and living in Salford in the 1841 census - and never had to take on any paid employment for the rest of her days.

Could she have been blackmailing the wealthy Bennett for his infidelity? This hardly seems likely - who would listen to a poor, illiterate 18-year-old girl instead of a man of Bennett's social standing?

20 years passed. Bennett had moved to a fashionable area of London and was clearly doing very well. His wife Ann died just before Christmas 1860 leaving several children. In 1829 Robert had cleverly named one of them Augusta Sophia, ostensibly after a daughter of George III but neatly incorporating the name of his own girlfriend! And then, with indecent haste, less than six weeks his wife's death Robert did something quite incredible. On Saturday, 2<sup>nd</sup> February, 1861 *he married Sophia Thorley by licence at the church of St Marylebone in London!* He was 68 while Sophia, still a spinster, was 53! She signed the register in beautiful copperplate writing - clearly her early days of poverty, want and illiteracy were long gone. Sophia had become middle-class! She was living in London by 1861 and had obviously gained a reasonable level of education, no doubt from Robert himself. One wonders how much Ann Bennett knew about her husband's long-term relationship with Sophia. Although she would have been less than happy with the situation divorce was almost unknown in the 19<sup>th</sup> century and there was very little that Ann could have done about it.

Later in the 1860s Robert and Sophia moved back north where they occupied various houses in the Stockport area. In 1871 when Robert was nearly 80 they made their wills at Heaton Chapel near Stockport. Sophia divided her estate among her husband, her son James and her niece Mary. Interestingly Sophia made her will "with the consent of my dear husband the said Robert Bennett". Until the Married Women's Property Act of 1882 married women were not allowed to make wills unless they had their husband's full agreement. Of course they weren't allowed to vote until well into the 20<sup>th</sup> century! Robert and Sophia both died within a few months of each other in 1873 and were buried at Newton Heath near Manchester.

Somehow Robert and Sophia's relationship had endured from 1826 to 1861, despite their vast difference in social status, Robert's first marriage, children and his move to the capital. Robert had evidently provided Sophia with an income for many years, presumably educated

her, married her less than six weeks after his first wife's death and spent twelve apparently happy years of married life with her from 1861 to 1873. Although we would condemn Robert's adultery and sympathise with Ann, the documents tell a remarkable story of enduring loyalty and love between two very unequal partners from 150 years ago.

And Sophia's name, which means "wisdom" in Ancient Greek was surely well-chosen!

### Acknowledgment.

I am grateful to Carol of Tree Tops, my 6<sup>th</sup> cousin twice removed for carrying out much of the research for this article.

### **Heavenly scents...**

There is nothing quite like the smell of freshly baked bread, it seems. That came top in a recent poll to find Britain's favourite smells. Other scents in the Top Ten were: bacon frying, newly mown grass, freshly ground coffee, cakes baking in the oven, the seaside, just laundered clothes, a Sunday roast, fish and chips – and fresh flowers.

The Top 50 favourites also included some unusual scents, such as paint, rain, new books, and petrol. The top worst scents were bins, drains, body odour, garlic breath, sports changing rooms and fish. The research by Harris, the decorating brand, also found that six in ten of us believe that certain scents remind us of particular people or places.

### **When Radio encounters the Bible**

A dramatist employed to write stories from the Bible in radio form was astonished at the end of a broadcast to hear the announcer say, 'Will Cain kill Abel? Tune in at the same time tomorrow and find out!'  
Albert R Perkins, *Vogue Magazine* 1943

## **Dem Bones, Dem Bones, Dem Dry Bones!**

A few weeks ago the Old Testament reading at the Eucharist was that marvellous story of the valley of dried bones. The author, Ezekiel, was a rather strange character. He was a priest who was among the first group of deportees taken to Babylon after the fall of Jerusalem in 587 BC. The sense of absolute desolation and desperation among the Exiles was at its deepest. We can hear the depths of their despair in Psalm 137: *By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept when we remembered thee, O Sion .... How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.* The desperation of the Exiles was so deep that they thought they would never recover.

Jeremiah, the prophet who had been left in Jerusalem, sent a letter to the Exiles, trying to give them the courage to face their new future: *Build houses and settle down, plant gardens and eat their produce. Marry and have sons and daughters ..... Increase in number there, and do not decrease. Also, seek the peace and prosperity of the city to which I have carried you in exile. (29:5-7)*

To judge from Ezekiel's writings, Jeremiah's message does not seem to have made much impression. Ezekiel himself is a very strange character, with a strong sense of God's presence and power, and given to experiencing great visions. Chapter 37 describes one of those visions, perhaps the best known – the valley of dry bones. In the vision, Ezekiel is transported into a valley where a huge battle has taken place. It is not simply filled with corpses, but so much time has passed that the flesh has rotted away and Ezekiel is confronted with piles of dry bones. In his vision God asks him if the bones can be brought back to life (Son of man, can these bones live? 37:3). He has no answer. God then calls on him to prophesy to the bones, and the result is breathtaking. The bones come together, but there was one essential missing; they had no breath to enliven them. So Ezekiel is called on to prophesy once more (come breath from the four winds and breathe into these slain, that they may live 37:9). The result is even more startling; they rise up “a mighty army”!

It's a message to a demoralised people: that they are to look to a future in which they will regain their self-respect and find their identity again as the Lord's people, even in a strange land.

Prophecy is often misunderstood as looking to the future. The Old Testament prophets are more concerned about the present. They are looking at the conditions of their own time, and speaking out in God's name. Their message is much more a sense of "If you keep on doing that, then this will happen." My old friend Professor Ronald Preston always used to say, "The prophets are forth-tellers, not fore-tellers." The prophets are basically a ginger group, commenting on issues of their day and reminding the people of their commitment to God, and their need to practise the principles God had laid down for them. Their message is as much political as spiritual. The two go together, even now.

Ezekiel was in this mould. His message to the Exiles was "Stop sitting on your backsides moaning and wailing! Get up and start living again, and you will find a great future is waiting for you. You will rise up again *a mighty army!*"

*R. W. Bailey*

### **Press**

For those who doubt the power of the press, here is a clip from a newspaper: 'Owing to the overcrowded conditions of our columns, a number of births and deaths are unavoidably postponed this week.'

### **Nearly omnipotent**

The curate was giving his young daughter a cuddle before she went to bed. As he picked her up and hugged her tight, she said: "Daddy, you're so strong! I really think you'll be God one day!"

### **Sky at night**

The scientific theory I like best is that the rings of Saturn are composed entirely of lost airline luggage.

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## **46<sup>TH</sup> Bradford North Scout Group**

### **Beaver Sleepover**

Eleven Beavers slept over in the church hall on Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> June. Following the church Summer Fair the children went for a walk through the wetlands and then after tea they did some creative activities - sewing puppets and making marshmallow snowmen. Prior to pitching camp indoors they watched Paddington the movie. Although all the children were in their sleeping bags by ten o'clock it took some of the little terrors a further three hours to finally go to sleep. Then, ready for the summer solstice, everyone was wide awake by 6am! The children learned how to tie some knots and also their shoelaces after breakfast before attending the church parade service at 10am. Finally they were collected by parents after bacon sandwiches, drinks and cake in the hall. A successful event which may be repeated in the future.

### **Scouts Shooting Competition**

On June 13<sup>th</sup> we entered several teams into the District Archery and Rifle Shooting Competitions held at Blackhills Scout Camp. One of our teams were overall Archery winners - well done to Ben, James, Joseph and John—the victors!

### **The Ministry of Food**

Twelve Explorers enjoyed an evening learning how to cook pizzas using fresh ingredients. Andy, the manager of the Jamie Oliver Enterprise, which is located on John Street, entertained the Explorers whilst teaching them about the properties of healthy eating and how to keep costs to a minimum.

### **Survival Camp**

This will be held from the 10<sup>th</sup> to 12<sup>th</sup> July at Blackhills. The Scouts and Explorers have been preparing for this by going back to basics: learning how to use an axe correctly; knife safety and their correct use and building bivouacs to sleep in all weekend. On camp

they will learn how to skin, gut and cook live game and trout!  
(rather than me!)

### **Chief Scout Silver Awards**

Two Cubs, Jonathan Rawlinson and Charlie Illingworth, have been invited to City Hall to receive their awards from the Lord Mayor. The Silver award is the highest accolade that a Cub Scout can gain. Meanwhile three boys will receive their Bronze Awards which they gained in Beavers: Brandon Lee Gautry, Brandon Rawlinson and Alex Parry. CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL OF THEM.

### **Duke of Edinburgh Bronze Award**

A group of Explorers have been preparing for the above award by planning and camping over several weekends. They also had to prepare menus and buy their own food, sleep in hammocks, hike over the moors to Sconce Campsite at Baildon and cook on open fires.

### **City Cub Challenge**

On Saturday 11<sup>th</sup> July a team of six Cubs will represent the pack at the above competition which is being held at Blackhills campsite. The theme this year is *ADVENTURE* - the Cubs will have to complete as many challenges as they can in a two hour period gaining points at each one.

### **Japan Jamboree**

Our two contingent members, Tamara and Dominic, will be jetting off to Japan as part of the UK contingent later this month. They will join thousands of Scouts from across the world. We eagerly await their reports on their return.

*BEV HOWARD Group Scout Leader*

## **July 31st: St Joseph of Arimathea – the man who buried Jesus**

Have you ever suffered from gossip? Ever discovered that people are saying some really wild things about you? If so, Joseph of Arimathea would understand – and sympathise with you. This decent, godly man of the gospels seems to have fired the imaginations of all sorts of odd people down the centuries.

Joseph was a rich, prominent member of the ruling Jewish council – the Sanhedrin. Mark’s gospel describes him as having been ‘waiting for the kingdom of God’ for years, and even being a secret disciple of Jesus. He played no part in the trial or crucifixion.

When Jesus was pronounced dead, Joseph had the seniority needed to approach Pilate for the body – and get it. Near to where Jesus had been crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new tomb, cut deep in the rock. Joseph himself already owned it – and it was still new and empty. So Joseph laid Jesus there, and wrapped him in a linen cloth, according to Jewish burial custom. Joseph did not bury Jesus alone - Nicodemus helped him, while some women who had followed Jesus trailed miserably behind.

Matthew tells us that the last thing Joseph did for Jesus was to sadly roll a big stone across the entrance to the tomb, and then go away. With that, Joseph passes out of history - and into legend. For in the centuries that followed, Joseph was swept up into the Legend of the Holy Grail, the Legend of Glastonbury, and even bits of the Arthurian legends. It was said that the Holy Thorn, which flowers at Christmas, had sprung from his staff.

The mind boggles at what Joseph would have made of it all. One suspects he would have preferred to stick to the simple, but far better, true story: as having had the immense, unique privilege of laying the body of Jesus Christ in the tomb. Even if Jesus didn’t stay very long!

## **Of men and medals**

*Canon David Winter, Former Head of Religious Broadcasting, BBC*

Those of you, like me, who often watch 'Flog It!' on BBC1 will know that recently military medals have frequently come up for sale. Sometimes it's relatives who have found a few medals in a drawer and wonder if they might be valuable, or someone who picked up a collection of old medals in a car boot sale and now wants to sell them. Sometimes it's children, grand-children or nephews and nieces who are bringing to the auction medals that have been in the family a long while, but now they are simply clutter - strange relics of a bygone era.

The odd medals found at car boot sales are seldom of much monetary value. The valuer always explains that it is the story, the person, that creates the value rather than the medal itself (unless, of course, it's a VC or DFC). If a medal has a name connected to it, and especially if there is some documented evidence about its origin (a newspaper cutting, or a War Office citation) then it often sells for considerable sums.

I find it both moving and disturbing to watch this trade in people's stories. Every medal, even the so-called 'ordinary' ones, represents a human story, a man or a woman whose routine life was disrupted by the brutality of war. The medals are simply tokens, but they are tokens of important and often traumatic events in a person's life. I realise that with the passing of time the story can get disconnected from the medal. The memory has long faded away.

Probably no living person now can remember 'Uncle George' or 'Aunt Grace' who served in the deserts of North Africa or drove an ambulance up the beaches of Normandy. Yet, surely, those funny bits of ribbon and a kind of coin thing are so much more than just a piece of merchandise? For the sake of memory or out of sheer respect for these shadowy figures of the past, let's try to keep their precious memorials safe - even if it's in a regimental museum. 'We will remember them', we say. And keeping their medals may be a fitting part of that.

# Vicarage Garden Party

Saturday 18th July

11.00 a.m. to 1.00 p.m.

Caribbean Steel Band; Refreshments

Games; Stalls

Caribbean produce—  
Fruit punch, Blue Mountain coffee, Grater Cake,  
Sweet Potato Pie, Jamaican Patty—plus recipe  
cards to make them yourself.

(In the Church hall if wet)

## July Roll of Remembrance

1st	Katherine Harker	(1978)
2nd	Irene Hammond	(1982)
3rd	Marion Dixon	(1999)
5th	Victor Surtees	(1983)
7th	George S. Jones	(1944)
10th	George William Griffiths	(1980)
11th	Sydney Ryan	(1994)
14th	Francis Lloyd	(1981)
	Priestley Waddington	(1968)
16th	Hannah Ayres	(1991)
	Gwendoline Perrie	(2003)
17th	Amy Metcalfe	(1975)
	Margaret Ann Singleton	(1971)
	Jack Birkby Sugden	(1976)
	Richard Hartley	(2003)
20th	Beatrice Alice Renton	(1981)
21st	Philip Chater	(1969)
	Tom Smith	(1983)
	James Ernest Newsome	(1984)
	John Wilkinson	(1970)
27th	Amy Chapman	(1983)
	Beatrice Chilvers	(1992)

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