

September Letter

Dear Friends,

September has always been one of my favourite months of the year, for all sorts of reasons. It is partly because it means my favourite season – autumn – is approaching. Glorious colours can be seen, as the leaves change to gold and orange and red, among the green. Then there is the remembered joy from childhood of walking along the pavements as the leaves fell, scrunching through the dried ones as we went! I like the freshness of the daytime air, and the slight chill as it approaches dusk – I was always a natural dweller in temperate climates, rather than a yearner after Mediterranean sun!

Autumn is a time too with so many contrasts all around us; new beginnings for young people in particular as they start a new academic year, whether moving up through school or college, or moving on to the next stage of their education. All is new, and can seem very strange at first, but the promise and excitement of new things to learn, new friends to make, new experiences all round is also part of the emotional mix. But it is also the time – hence the scrunchy leaves – when all around us we see signs of nature dying back, of the annual cycle of growth coming to that point where we need to prepare for the season of hibernation, whether it be for plants or the creatures living in natural surroundings around about us. As the season draws on, and the days shorten, we can often sense that desire to hibernate in ourselves too.

For some, these shortening days and longer nights mean that autumn warns of "SAD" days to come, or "seasonally affective disorder". The depression associated with this is only alleviated when light floods back into their lives, whether naturally in spring, or with the help of special light bulbs through the winter.

So the seasons can bring pleasure to some as they change, and perhaps a darker experience altogether for others. But there are two points I would like to draw out of these experiences, which have helped me over the years, and which I hope may be helpful to others. The first is a sense of gratitude, and deepening appreciation over the years, for the cycle of the

seasons in countries like our own. Each brings its joys and its difficulties, but I love the changes we see around us, and I wonder if I would appreciate our countryside, our weather, our flora and fauna as much, if we didn't see them through a seasonal cycle. Some of you may have lived at some point in the tropics, with very little seasonal change, and will have experienced at first hand the unchanging pattern of weather and climate throughout the year.

The second point relates to that longer cycle of life, where the need for some things to come to a natural end, before they can be renewed into new life, is seen all around us too. Whether it is in the garden or allotment, or in our Christian life, or our shared church life, some things will grow for a while, and then die back. New life can sometimes be breathed into activities, or patterns of life that have become stale, and perhaps no longer relevant, but in most cases, new life comes with a desire to learn and move forward, and that may take us into new directions we haven't yet considered. Natural cycles point us to constant renewal, to developing healthy new growth, and to hibernating only in order to awake to new joys and challenges in the future.

God's blessings be on us all, through the seasons to come,

Jean Bailey

SEPTEMBER PARISH DIARY

<u>SUNDAY 2ND</u>	THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
	9.30 a.m. Holy Communion (<i>Revd. Dennis Shaw</i>)
Tuesday 4th	11.00 a.m. Holy Communion at Crossley House
	7.30 p.m. Adult tap dancing
Wednesday 5th	*9.30 a.m. Holy Communion (<i>Revd. Gloria Hardisty</i>)
	6.15 p.m. Cub Scouts
Thursday 6th	9.30 a.m. Morning prayer
	6.00 p.m. Beaver Scouts
	7.30 p.m. Scouts

<u>SUNDAY 9TH</u>	FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
	9.30 a.m. Songs of Praise

Tuesday 11th 7.30 p.m. Adult tap dancing
7.30 p.m. Section 11 PCC meeting
Wednesday 12th *9.30 a.m. Holy Communion (*Revd. Gloria Hardisty*)
11.30 a.m. Ings Way Lunch Day
6.15 p.m. Cub Scouts
Thursday 13th 9.30 a.m. Morning prayer
6.00 p.m. Beaver Scouts
7.30 p.m. Scouts
Saturday 15th 12 noon Community Fun Day at Fire Station

SUNDAY 16TH FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY/Dedication Festival
9.30 a.m. Parade Service and Holy Communion
(*Rev. Gloria Hardisty*)

11.00 a.m. Bacon butties, stalls in hall
Tuesday 18th 7.30 p.m. Adult tap dancing
Wednesday 19th *9.30 a.m. Holy Communion (*Revd. Gloria Hardisty*)
6.15 p.m. Cub Scouts
Thursday 20th 9.30 a.m. Morning Prayer
6.00 p.m. Beaver Scouts
7.30 p.m. Scouts

SUNDAY 23RD SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
9.30 a.m. Holy Communion (*Revd. Denise Poole*)

Tuesday 25th 7.30 p.m. Adult tap dancing
Wednesday 26th *9.30 a.m. Holy Communion (*Revd. Gloria Hardisty*)
6.15 p.m. Cub Scouts
Thursday 27th 9.30 a.m. Morning Prayer
6.00 p.m. Beaver Scouts
7.30 p.m. Scouts

SUNDAY 30TH SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
9.30 a.m. Holy Communion (*Revd. Gary Hodgson*)
11.00 a.m. Service of Thanksgiving for the birth of a child

*** Until further notice, ALL Wednesday morning Communion services will be at St. Saviour's.**

The way I see it: Ordinary blessings

David Winter—Former Head of Religious Broadcasting, BBC

‘The captains and the kings depart .. .’ They’ve gone: the Jubilee, the European Nations Cup, the Olympics. As a lady said to me at church last Sunday, perhaps one day the television will get back to normal. Well, this is ‘normal’. It’s also, funnily enough, what the modern Prayer Book calls ‘Ordinary Time’ - that means the bits in between all the great feast days and penitential seasons and so on. At the moment it’s the seemingly endless ‘Sundays after Trinity’.

‘Ordinary’ is such a lovely word, I think. Its root is that reassuring word ‘order’, and it encompasses ideas like orderliness, well-ordered, in order. Its opposite is strange, unusual, distinctive: extraordinary.

One of the odd things about human behaviour is that most of us most of the time don’t want to look strange, unusual or even distinctive. Just look at the way we dress, following fashion, deliberately trying to look like those around us. Think of the teenage uniform, male or female. Their whole ambition is to look exactly like their peers. Or think of guests at a wedding, especially the males, all looking exactly alike in bow ties and tails. Mind you, at times - perhaps at a party - we all go to the other extreme and try to be as different and distinctive as possible - outrageous colours, pink hair, funny glasses.

Where the Gospels are concerned, our tendency is to remember the extraordinary bits - water turned into wine, storms stilled, lame people dancing and blind people seeing. Yet they are only extraordinary because their context is so utterly ordinary - women preparing meals, men sowing crops, feet being washed and food being eaten. The whole setting is so ordinary that the amazing acts of power that Jesus did stand out like beacons. But they happened - and this is important - in the ordinary world, to ordinary people, in the ordinary circumstances of life.

In ‘Ordinary Time’, when nothing special is happening, we have space and time to reflect on some of the wonderfully ‘ordinary’ events that

have taken place in our lives - touches, I reckon, of the love and grace of God. I'm thinking of ordinary acts of kindness, generous words, quietly spoken prayers, memories too precious ever to fade away. I'm thinking of the 'ordinary' love of one human being for another, the 'ordinary' hand on the shoulder in time of need, the 'ordinary' serenity of a life well lived.

Or, perhaps, they're all extraordinary, really.

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Daughter-in-law

A young man rang his mother to announce, with great excitement, that he'd at last fallen in love and was contemplating marriage. He went on: "Just for fun, I'm going to bring over my girlfriend and two of her friends. I would like you to try and guess which one I'm going to marry."

The mother agreed. So the next day her son arrived with three beautiful young women. They all sat on the sofa and chatted for a while. When his mother went out to the kitchen to put the kettle on for tea, her son followed her. "Okay, mum," he said. "Guess which one I would like to marry."

She replied at once: "The one in the green dress." Her son was astonished and asked how on earth she had guessed. The mother shrugged. "That's easy. I don't like her."

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Flying bishop

The new Bishop wanted a bird's eye view of his new diocese, so rang his local airport to charter a flight. He was told a twin engine plane would be waiting for him at the airport. Arriving there, the bishop spotted a plane warming up outside a hanger. He jumped in, and shouted, "Let's go!"

At once the pilot taxied out and took off. Once in the air, the bishop spent looked round enjoying the views, and looking for local landmarks. Finally he instructed the pilot, "Fly down the valley now and make low passes so I can take pictures of some of the best of the old parish churches."

"Why?" asked the pilot.

"Because I'm the new bishop," he replied happily, "and I want some good aerial views of my diocese."

The pilot was strangely silent for a moment. Finally he stammered, "So, what you're telling me, is . . . you're NOT my flight instructor?"

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Thornton Old Road - A House for Every Century?

Until 1826 what is now Thornton Old Road was the main thoroughfare from Thornton to Bradford. This is shown clearly in the earliest known map of the area dated 1758 and now preserved at Bradford Central Library. The Brontes must have regularly used the road when travelling from Thornton into Bradford in the early 1800s. Almost the only structure shown on this ancient plan, scale 20" to 1 mile, is Crossley Hall part of which I was fortunate enough to buy nearly ten years ago. (*See illustration inside front cover*).

Soon after I moved into my "new" house I noticed the wide range of architectural periods spanned by the houses in Thornton Old Road. By far the oldest building in the old road is of course Crossley Hall itself which dates back to the late 13th century. This is thought to have been built originally as a preceptory (headquarters) by the Knights Hospitaller of St John of Jerusalem on land granted to them by Jordanus de Denby (in Allerton) in around 1270. The Hospitallers once owned many properties and extensive lands around Bradford. A couple of years ago some friends kindly tried to help me to investigate my house's supposed mediaeval foundations by drilling a hole in my 17th century stone floor. This caused serious damage to their masonry drill and unfortunately made a hole in a gas pipe! British Gas were called and

were extremely helpful - the experiment will probably not be repeated!

Sadly none of the house's mediaeval structure is visible today and the contents of the cellar will probably remain a mystery. Most of Crossley Hall, including the section which I own, was rebuilt around 1655 when the building had passed into the hands of the Crossley family. However, the western wing of the hall was demolished and rebuilt in the Georgian style about a century later and there is a small extension at the rear of the building from around 1840.

To the west and east of Crossley Hall are two very attractive groups of terraced houses built in the early 19th century and of a type frequently found in this area. A terrace of houses at the extreme east end of the road is dated 1891. To the west are some more good quality terraced houses from around 1915. There is also a variety of semis and bungalows dating from the later 20th century while Gilynda Close and some buildings just opposite were constructed very recently. One strange effect of all the building and rebuilding over the years is the bizarre numbering of the houses which has perplexed countless postmen!

The road's origins are lost in antiquity but it probably dates back far into the Middle Ages. Amazingly it contains houses dating from every century from the 17th to the 21st! Not bad for an unclassified road only a third of a mile long!

Ian Mc Alpine

Semper fidelis

An atheist professor was teaching a college class and he told the class that he was going to prove that there was no God.

He said, "God if you are real, then I want you to knock me off this platform. I'll give you 15 minutes!" Ten minutes went by. He kept taunting God, saying, "Here I am God, I'm still waiting."

He got down to the last couple of minutes as a big 240-pound Christian Marine happened to walk by the door on his way to a school recruiting meeting. He stopped and listened to what the professor said.

The Marine walked into the classroom and in the last minute, hit the professor full force, sending him flying off the platform. The professor got up, obviously shaken, and said, "Where did you come from, and why did you do that?"

The Marine replied, "God was busy; He sent me!"

Correct diagnosis

A man went into a drop-in medical centre where the diagnosis was done by a computer. The man keyed in his symptoms. The machine whirred and buzzed for a while and then presented its findings. It said simply: "There's a lot of it about."

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Bradford Food Bank

Over the weekend of October 20th/21st, we will be celebrating our Harvest Festival. On Saturday 20th there will be a jigsaw challenge, with Cornish & Pea Supper, and on Sunday 21st we will have our Harvest Service. We have again decided to support Bradford Food Bank by asking for donations of dried, tinned and non-perishable foods for their stocks. Supporting the Food Bank is an ongoing project at St. Saviour's, and below is a letter of thanks for the goods we have recently donated:

I am writing on behalf of Bradford Metropolitan Food Bank to thank the congregation of St. Saviour's again very much indeed for the donation of 5 carrier bags full of food you gave recently.

The Annual General Meeting was a success and saw a room full of people all very interested and committed to our work - it also brought several new volunteers which is most heartening! There are so many new volunteers that we have started a fortnightly rota so that we don't fall over one another! One of the volunteers runs a warehouse and had a lot of good ideas about how we should arrange the shelves and tables for food packing - we have had a complete change around and it makes things a lot more practical and helps the backs of our volunteers. You will also be pleased to hear that the young man with a brain injury who we offered a placement to has become a regular volunteer during the day with the support of our committee member, Frances.

We will be looking to local churches, schools and other organisations to support us with the forthcoming harvest festival time - as it remains one of the best times of year for us to collect enough food to keep us going through the winter.

*You can keep in touch with us through the following links:
www.bradfordfoodbank.com <http://facebook.com/pages/Bradford-Metropolitan-Foodbank/16250847116383>*

*Thank you so much for your continued support - it is truly valued
Helen Bradshaw, Secretary, Bradford Metropolitan Food Bank*

Diamond Jubilee: Elizabeth - pt 8. : A MATTER OF SECURITY

1977 saw the first of a string of Jubilees - albeit stretched out over a period of 35 years - which the Queen would enjoy. This first one, her Silver Jubilee, honoured a mere 25 years on the throne. It was marked with public celebrations, though few, perhaps, would have suspected that we'd be doing it all over again in 2002 and 2012 - and may well be doing it once more in 2022! After all, the Queen's mother lived past her century, so the signs are promising.

The Irish Troubles had highlighted the need for efficient security for all public figures, including the Queen. In fact, she and the Duke of Edinburgh had never paid much attention to it, happily walking through crowds of well-wishers, accepting flowers and presents and generally looking relaxed and at ease. However, during the Trooping of the Colour in 1981 a young man fired six shots at the Queen as she rode her horse, Burmese, down the Mall in London. Happily, the shots were blanks, but the Queen needed to demonstrate her equestrian skills in controlling the frightened horse. The assailant was arrested, tried and imprisoned, but those responsible for royal security were alerted to the real dangers in the modern world associated with such public appearances.

However, one might have assumed the Queen would be safe in her own home. Yet the next year, during the Falklands Conflict, an intruder, Michael Fagan, managed to make his way into the Queen's bedroom in Buckingham Palace. Despite her two phone calls to the Palace security desk, it took seven minutes for staff to arrive and arrest the intruder. In the meanwhile he sat on the end of her bed and they talked.

The Falklands Conflict saw her son Andrew serving as a helicopter pilot in the battle zone, so safety was also a family issue. The IRA had carried their bombing campaign into the towns and cities of England, and security at every level became a paramount issue. It's interesting to see how the Queen herself responded. Of course she had security officers standing nearby at public events, but she never allowed security issues to erect barriers, physical or psychological, between herself and the public. The impression she gave was of a woman of remarkable

personal courage and calmness. And beside her, always, the calm, tall figure of her 'rock', the Duke of Edinburgh.

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Church Mouse

I don't go in for the current craze for "tweeting" and have refused all invitations to become a "friend" on Facebook, but there are one or two blogs that I read from time to time. In particular, Bishop Nick's blogs are well worth reading, and always contain nuggets of pure gold.

Recently, our daughter directed us to a blog by "Church Mouse", when it dealt with the resignation of Archbishop Rowan. Church Mouse's most recent piece (18th July) concerned a fuss over "creationism" in schools. Mouse makes his position clear: *Right thinking Christians are in the business of truth, and this means being supporters of science, not opponents.* I am right with him there. When I first retired I was introduced to the Society of Ordained Scientists by the late Bishop David Young (himself a mathematician) and, having trained in engineering and had some experience in astronomy, I was eligible for membership.

Mouse was concerned in his blog about a recent report in The Guardian, a paper I read, that three new schools backed by Michael Gove would be run by creationist groups. Mouse was interested in this story, and proceeded to take it apart to discover the truth. It appeared that nothing of the sort had been proposed. You will need to read Mouse's blog yourselves to see how he demonstrates by reference to the published material from the schools, the lack of truth in this assertion. The whole story had been whipped up by the British Humanist Association and fuelled by a poorly constructed headline.

Creationism is normally held to be the view that Genesis 1 is to be understood literally, though proponents of this position overlook a very different account in Genesis 2. In Mouse's view, the British Humanist Association is trying to pin the name "creationist" on anyone who says: "God made the world".

For my money, science is the best tool we have for investigating and understanding the world and, even, the Universe, but neither can be

seen simply as an aggregation of their physical parts.

We all know that many of the things that make life more enjoyable (e.g. art, music, poetry, literature) are more than simply the sum total of their constituent parts. When we respond to a painting we are seeing more than brush strokes on a canvas. When we enjoy music (whether it is pop or classical) we are not just hearing noises strung together. When we respond to such things we often feel that we are being taken out of ourselves; something is going on which is tantalisingly just beyond our grasp.

It is the same with science. There is something more going on just beyond our grasp. Our world and our universe are marvellous places, and not just the sum of all the atoms and molecules and their interactions. So I'm with Mouse when he says: *...let Christians stand up for the truth. We stand against creationists. But also let's stand against this paranoid attack on Christians in education.*

You can find Church Mouse at churchmousepublishing.blogspot.co.uk and Bishop Nick at nickbaines.wordpress.com

I have a printed copy of Mouse's blog if anyone wishes to read it.
R W Bailey

Operation Christmas Child

It is now becoming a tradition at St. Saviour's for us to support the Operation Christmas Child shoebox appeal! Once again, we are asking you to bring a little joy into the heart of a child who would otherwise get nothing, or very little, at Christmas. Last Christmas, nearly 1.1 million children from 12 countries across the world received a special shoebox gift thanks to the commitment of supporters and volunteers across the UK.

One headmistress in Kosova greeted the shoebox distribution team warmly. She said: “The shoeboxes bring kindness and some warm light into the lives of our children. Some of them have huge emotional needs, and who can meet these? They need love so much. This is real friendship, and we appreciate it!”

To prepare your shoebox, wrap the base and lid separately with bright Christmas paper and fill with small items of toys; hygiene items; sports things; educational items; hats, scarves, gloves; non-chocolate sweets etc. To continue the Olympic theme the organisers suggest a tennis ball, skipping rope, baseball hat, small football, inflatable beach ball, stop watch, sweat bands, swim goggles, toy medals or some other sports related gift that would bring a smile to a child! Please ensure all items are new, and don't include anything that could be harmful or controversial. Full details can be found at www.operationchristmaschild.org.uk

Finally, fill in the form from the leaflet indicating the age and sex of the child the box is intended for, and complete the instructions for donating sufficient postage so your box can actually be sent. If you prefer, individual items can be brought into church – or donations towards the cost of sending boxes. The deadline is SUNDAY 18TH NOVEMBER (though we can accept them any time after October half term.)

We have a good supply of shoeboxes, so if you would like one to fill, please collect one from the back of church. Offers to wrap boxes which can then be filled with the loose items which people bring in, would also be welcome! It's great fun hunting down suitable items, choosing the paper and wrapping the boxes in the knowledge they will bring such happiness to an unknown child. Please join in!

Please encourage friends, family and neighbours to join us to sing some favourite hymns, and to hear about hymn choices and biographies of hymn writers, and listen to some interesting readings.

**The service will be at 9.30 a.m. on 9th
September**

and takes the place of our usual Holy Communion service.

(There will be a 'Cream Tea' after the service - 'Cream Elevenses' is possibly more accurate!)

Wednesday Service

For the next few months,
whilst the roof is being repaired at St. James's,
Thornton,
there will be a

Holy Communion Service at St Saviour's
in the Good Shepherd Chapel
EVERY Wednesday at 9. 30 a.m.

Ask advice, but use your common sense. Yiddish proverb

Kind: someone who could tell you all about his operation – but doesn't.

Government expert: one who complicates simple things.

Notes from the PCC

At our meeting on Tuesday 14th August, we began the process of setting out our requirements for a new Priest-in-Charge. We will meet with the Archdeacon on 11th September to discuss our initial thoughts and then finalise our Parish Profile, which will be used by the Diocese to prepare the advert and job specification. At a subsequent meeting on 7th November the Bishop will talk over with us all the various options and set out a timescale for the whole process of advertising, interviewing etc. Your prayers that the right person for the job will be found speedily would be very much appreciated.

At the last APCM Eric Heywood agreed to do an additional year as Churchwarden as no one came forward to replace him after his initial 6-year stint. We urgently need to find a new candidate and were asked to consider the situation in our prayers.

We are still pursuing a new leader for the King's Way Club, but progress is slow.

Fairweather Green Fire Station are holding a **Community Fun Day on Saturday 15th September from 12 noon to 4.00 p.m.** at the station on Thornton Road. We have accepted an invitation to have a stall there to publicise the church and to raise funds. We will be running a tombola, and should be grateful for items to go on this. Please bring any offerings into church by Sunday 9th September. There will be all sorts of activities available, so do go along and support the firemen (and us!)

Preparations are in hand to tackle the most pressing of the repairs outlined in the quinquennial inspection. Finances are still a worry, but the hiring of the hall (and church) by a Slovak Christian Group on a regular basis does ease the burden somewhat and we are pleased to be able to provide a place of worship and fellowship for a group which has no permanent "home".

Hilary Davis - PCC Secretary

Volunteers needed!

Do you have some free time to spare to help with the collection of shoeboxes from schools, churches, clubs etc. in the Bradford area during November?

It involves either driving your own car, or the Operation Christmas Child van, to collect filled shoeboxes and take them to the warehouse.

Even a day's help would be appreciated - and the support of a friend to navigate/help carry would be even better.

Please see Margaret Baker for further information.

September Roll of Remembrance

6th	Doris Cooper	(1987)
7th	Mabel Holdsworth	(1978)
9th	Laura Dare	(1982)
	Bill Holdsworth	(2004)
10th	Lynton Ward	(1995)
12th	Beatrice Marshall	(1991)
13th	Annie Bell	(1983)
	Margaret Alexandra Watson	(1986)
17th	Walter Jennings	(1974)
	Dorothy Lloyd	(2005)
23rd	Philip John Chater	(1988)
	Albert Bateman	(1992)
24th	Fred Ingham	(1981)
28th	Harry Wilkinson	(1962)

What is prayer like?

Effective prayer seems to require a heart that desires to please God, even when there's no commandment involved. A child who loves a parent or grandparent will occasionally do something totally unrequired, just in order to please them. Any parent or grandparent is delighted when a small child gives them something – be it only a crayon drawing, and totally undecipherable. What matters to parents is that the young child gave it spontaneously, from their heart, without any prompting.

Perhaps this is the kind of communication with us that pleases God—when we simply learn to enjoy his presence, and find our rest in him, and not ask him for anything. Our love and delight in him allows him to bless us fully.

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