July 2020

THE DIARY OF ST MARY

DROYLSDEN

A welcoming all-age community growing and sharing

God's love



Associate Minister

Reverend Nancy Alexander 371 9667

Curate

Reverend Sue Ball

682 1439

Church Wardens

Pat Catterall 370 0039

Beth Cutler 285 1472

for I know the plans I have for you" declares the Lord"

Services – July 2020

Services during July can be found on YouTube on Wednesdays at 6pm and Sundays at 10am.

(Google YouTube then search St Mary's Droylsden)

Announcements about re-opening for Worship will be made on the church website

Love Thy Neighbour

Like me, you've probably been following the news first of the killing of George Floyd, then the rise of the peaceful protest movement around the world as well as the counter protests and violence. As the scale of the protests grew, there were scenes of vandalism around statues of some Britons involved in the slave trade. Even Churchill and Baden-Powell came under scrutiny. At the very least all of this anger at the unnecessary death of a man thousands of miles away, has sparked a renewed debate about that dark episode in our history.

But is it just that? The way the world was back then? A blip in our history? What is the fuss about something that happened a few centuries ago?

According to the Encyclopedia Britannica "Slavery has existed throughout the world since ancient times, and trading in slaves has been equally universal." The pyramids were built by slaves; the Romans owned and traded slaves like any other commodity. In the Old Testament, the Hebrew nation was enslaved in Egypt until Moses led them across the Red Sea. The Israelites also *owned* slaves and there were laws that were designed to protect them (See Ex 20 and 21). But the reality still included forced marriage, beatings and murder. Yes, throughout time, one group of people or another has thought itself better than those who look or behave differently from themselves.

But equally throughout time, a few have realised that this is wrong. Some prophets spoke out against slavery - Amos declared "This is what the Lord says: "For three sins of Israel, even for four, I will not relent. They sell the innocent for silver, and the needy for a pair of sandals."" (Amos 2:6)

In the late 18th century, a group led by the Quakers began to work towards the ending of the Atlantic Slave Trade (which had seen nearly half a million people forcefully taken in just ten years). In the 1833 the Abolition of Slavery Act freed some 800,000 slaves in British

colonies. But that wasn't the end of the matter. It took another ten years before slavery in India 'ended' and it was 1865 before America made slavery illegal.

I added quotation marks around the word 'ended' in the previous paragraph. Slavery hasn't ended, it is very much going on. In the UK it is reported that over 10,000 people were referred to agencies in 2019 alone, the real figure probably being much higher than that. Modern slavery in the UK can take many forms, including forced sexual exploitation, domestic slavery or forced labour in a range of settings. Forced labour is the most common form of slavery in the UK, fuelled by a drive for cheap products and services, with little regard for the people behind them. A growing form of slavery is trafficking into crime. In the UK, it manifests as the recruitment of primarily British children, who are forced into 'county lines' drug dealing and the enslaving of Vietnamese nationals forced to work in cannabis production.

So how do people in 21st Century Britain find themselves in slavery, a state that should be illegal? Vulnerable people often take big risks in order to provide for their families. Typically, they can be offered an apparently good job in the UK. Often, they take a loan from the traffickers in advance. When they arrive in the UK, the situation is completely different. Their passport might be taken away and they're told they need to pay off the debt before they can leave. Violence and threats are common. They are trapped here with no possessions, no means to return and totally reliant on the gang leaders.

Next time you are queuing for the car wash, or having your nails done, or buying cheap and cheerful clothing, be aware of the people behind those services. They may be being exploited. During one of our (heated) discussions at home about the scenes on the news, our son expressed frustration that in this day and age, parts of humanity are still experiencing oppression in this way. Why can't we just treat everyone at face value? A person is a person. Not a colour or creed. Jesus broke with tradition when including women, tax collectors, beggars and others in his circle. He said, "A new command I give you: Love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another. By this everyone will know that you are my disciples, if you love one another." (John 13: 34-35)

If we suspect someone might be in danger, we shouldn't pretend not to see, there are agencies we can report it to. We can write to MPs to raise awareness. We can support charities working with trafficked people. We can pray. The only thing we can't do is nothing.

https://www.antislavery.org/slavery-today/slavery-uk/

https://www.refuge.org.uk/our-work/our-services/human-trafficking-modern-slavery/

https://www.ecpat.org.uk/

https://www.shivafoundation.org.uk/

Rev'd Sue

My Daily Walks.

To be honest with you, I got a bit bored with my daily walks. There's only so far you can get in an hour. And with Ian working all through lockdown I was often walking alone. So, I stopped going out at all. This, it turned out wasn't good either. I became lethargic, grumpy and put weight on.

The question became how to motivate myself to move more.

Inspired by Rev Liz Devall from St John's Hurst (see below), I resolved to count all the miles walked and virtually travel from St Mary's to York Minster. That's a total of 85 miles along a route planned from our road atlas. Each leg starts and ends at a church. To make the journey intentional and an act or worship I am contacting the clergy of each parish I 'visit' to ask what they want me to hold in prayer for them. It's striking that everyone so far has asked for prayer for similar things; how to reopen safely; for their schools; for their teams.

So far I have been to:-Middleton St Leonard's Alison says 'Hi' Rochdale St Chad's is also in vacancy Bacup St John the Evangelist, Rev'd Joanna Watson Todmorden is also St Mary's Hebden Bridge St John the Great, Rev'd Karen Marshall

And am heading for:-Halifax Minster Buttershaw St Theresa Bradford Cathedral Pudsey Parish Church Leeds Cathedral Barwick All Saints Tadcaster St Mary's Copmanthorpe St Giles York Minster

It's surprising how having this goal has motivated me to get out almost every day. It's also put me in touch with churches along the route. They are praying for us as well which is good to know.

I wonder whether anyone else has completed a project like this (or something else) during lockdown? It would be good to share stories and celebrate achievements.

(Liz Devall is making a virtual pilgrimage to Lindisfarne whilst walking around the churches in our deanery. She is being sponsored, so if you want to follow her progress and support, log onto St John's Facebook page.)

Rev'd Sue



Lonely Before Lockdown!

Some years ago, I met a man I hadn't seen for years. As I held out my hand to greet him, T'was then I saw his tears.

The one who stood before me I'd known from times gone by When he was young and strong, and I'd never seen him cry.

I put my arms around him, held him close as I could get his tears fell uncontrollably his sobs ...I feel them yet!

Into my ear he whispered some words I'd heard before. He said, "Oh It's so lonely!" Then, "I'm not needed anymore!"

l've thought about this man since lockdown came into place. I just can't forget his sorrow, and the sadness of his face.

Now I look back and wonder could I have helped this man to cope If only I'd tried harder..... When he had lost all hope!

Love xx

Jean Gaunt.

If You Didn't Laugh

We've all heard the saying "If you didn't laugh, you'd cry". I know mental health isn't a laughing matter, but this is about **my** mental health and I thought it might give you all a bit of a laugh.

Most of you are aware I am very fortunate to be able to have a couple of foreign holidays each year as well as lots of weekends away but this year like so many others, our holiday plans have been scuppered by the coronavirus pandemic. On Saturday 14th March I was almost ready to go on holiday to Madeira on Monday 16th when the text came to say our holiday was cancelled. At the time I was so ready for that holiday, things had been terrible at work one way or another and I mentally needed that holiday because I was at rock bottom. At 6.30pm that day I was reduced to tears and this may seem superficial with the benefit of hindsight, a death toll of over 40,000 and still rising but mentally I had to have time away from work. So, on Monday morning instead of being on the M60 heading for the airport, I was on the M60 going back to work. Our summer holiday looks like it might go west at the moment too.

By Wednesday that week, ridiculously, this had taken a toll on my physical health and I became unwell at work and had to go home, I spent the following week at home cleaning, knitting (I don't even really like knitting) painting rocks, sorting my drawers, wardrobe and cupboards out. Exactly the same as the rest of the country. You can't move in our back

bedroom now for black bags for the charity shops. Just before lockdown lain moved into a new house and we acquired bags of his stuff that he needed to sort through, a friend asked me if I knew of anyone who wanted towels and bedding? I gained another couple of bags, then my sister and niece filled my car boot with stuff (thanks Barbara for taking that off my hands)



One week later I returned to work and the real lockdown started. However, my job is considered to be a key worker job, so I've been at work all the time, we just haven't worked Saturday mornings. Something in my mental make up however made me continue to knit, clean (extra) garden, sew, write letters, bake – I've baked more stuff than I've ever done. My neighbours have had coconut biscuits, lemon drizzle and chocolate orange cakes. Every time I baked I did double, the week before VE Day I did enough stuff for us to have a virtual garden party with lain and his family and dropped his half of the stuff off on my way home the night before. I've sent WhatsApp messages every week to a friend who is shielding, emailed friends exchanging family news, a new baby expected, elderly parents keeping well that sort of thing. What made me think I had the time to do all these extra things? My life hasn't changed except we can't hug our grandchildren or go out on a Saturday night. Derek and I have even sorted through stuff belonging to my mum and his dad that we've put off sorting through since they both died within a few months of each other **6 years ago**!

Now there's another thing...... at one point, although we've had WhatsApp phone calls with our grandchildren, and we'd seen them through the car window, I got panicky that I wouldn't let go once I could give them all a hug again. Those of you who have been able to see my Facebook posts will know that we have been all round the world on Saturday nights cooking food from places we've visited on our travels, it's become a bit of a contest who can come up

with the most imaginative "Saturday night out". I've put my lippy on, a nice outfit but still kept my slippers on and we've had fun. We tried playing roulette one night with a tiny wheel and cloth and the smallest roulette chips you've ever seen, Derek had to put his glasses on to see what the amounts were and to read the rules – he won but I'm convinced it's only because he had the rules.

I've looked forward to the Sunday Worship on YouTube (I don't get home early enough on Wednesdays for the evening prayer unfortunately) but if my internet connection is playing up I start to worry I can't get online and set up for 10am, I feel like I'm going to be late for church. I know Sue won't mind, it's a video after all, and I can watch it anytime, but it's not right to be late for church see there's that mental thing again.

There have been reports of people who are isolating unhappily having real mental issues and my heart goes out to them, my daily routine has hardly changed but my mental health certainly did, what made me think I needed to do all these extra things? Don't get me wrong I've enjoyed writing to people and I've enjoyed their enjoyment at receiving letters. I've enjoyed knitting the little hats for the MU to eventually take to the hospital but what made me think I could knit a "grown up" hat? It's driving me mad, it doesn't grow quickly enough

I don't mind if you've laughed at me, let's face it if you didn't laugh you'd cry and I do hope I haven't made anyone cry and in some way it's made you feel it's OK to be just a bit mental in these trying times.

God Bless

Christine

PS - just writing it down has been a tonic

In These Uncertain Times

In these uncertain times We know you might feel unsure But flowers still grow, birds still sing And waves still sweep the shore.

> And with the rising And setting of the sun, Nature reminds us all That brighter days will come

Submitted by Jill Kennaugh

QUIZ SEARCH

From Kate Kershaw

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L	Т	Т	М	Ε	L	А	S	U	R	Е	J	А	М	Ε	S	В

Answers will be forward backward up or down or diagonal but always in a straight line.

Find the follow

4 apostles

6 books

3 women of the OT

4 places in the NT

3 letters

4 men of the OT

4 Archangels

4 women of the NT

Answers in next month's diary