



HULL UNITARIAN

AUGUST and SEPTEMBER 2011

**Magazine of Hull Unitarian Church
Park Street
Kingston upon Hull**

Founded:1672

**A Proud Tradition of Over Three Hundred
Years of Freedom, Reason and Tolerance.**



WHO'S WHO AT PARK STREET

Chairman:

Marie Penn Tel.: (01482) 508024

Deputy Chairman:

Michael Tracey Tel.: (01482) 833143
michael.tracey@hemscott.net

Secretary and Bookings:

Pat Clappison Tel.: (01482) 343353

Treasurer & Reaching Out:

Mavis Lake Tel.: (01482) 353752

Music:

Dr. Adrian Worsfold Tel.: (01482)

Board of Trustees:

Keith Brown, Pat Clappison, Barry Cundill,
Mavis Lake, Marie Penn, Michael Tracey.

Hull Unitarian Editor:

Barry Cundill Tel.: (01964) 624101
barry@compton12.karoo.co.uk

CHAIRWORDS

Hello there!

What a lovely few weeks we have had. The weather though mixed, has been good for the gardens, for barbeques and for relaxing. The flowers are so perfect in shapes and colours. All these things make us feel better.

We have had a good variety of services recently, most, thought provoking, all very different but interesting. Everyone appears much happier and less worried

Happiness Keeps You Sweet!

Some of us have had problems, health and otherwise. We particularly think of Joyce at this time, she has had a long time in hospital. She has been very much in our thoughts, particularly as we could not 'catch up' with her. Believe me Joyce, we tried! At last we found her and now she is back in her own home and feeling good. It is good to see Stuart looking much better and brighter.

Trials Keep You Strong!

There are still feelings, concerns and sorrows, many too deep to be shared. Some do not wish to share them yet.

Sorrows Keep You Human!

We have all failed at many things. Just now with me it is the spelling which goes wrong on the various posters and messages I send out. It isn't me! Adrian's computer keeps going wrong. It isn't Adrian, honestly. It's the computer which makes the music mix-up. Yes we are all human and make many mistakes.

Failures and Mistakes Keep You Humble

We have many successes too. Our financial situation at the Church has improved, and with the regular small contributions we can make, we shall be helped by this. The music and the microphone system are working well. The flowers brought into the Church by members and friends are so uplifting. And the garden situation is on the move.

Success keeps You Glowing

The care and warmth which is shown to each other

and extended to any visitors we have is much appreciated. Visitors always remark on the atmosphere within our Church and this is due to the efforts of each one of us. In our 'down days' we need each other.

Only Friends Keep You Going!

Keep Going Everyone!

Marie Penn

SPIRITUAL CORNER

A Blessing

I wish you the beauty of Nature
The joy of the sun on the sea,
The wonder and magic of Springtime
And all that tomorrow can be.
I wish you fresh hope every morning
And friends who will share a new day,
A rainbow to shine through the stormy clouds
And flowers to dance on your way.

I wish you deep peace and contentment
Warm memories lifting your heart,
The courage of all your convictions
Whenever you make a new start.
I wish you these gifts and these blessings
And strength to go on, walking tall,
And love in abundance around you
For love is the greatest of all!

Iris Hesselden

CHALICE CLUB

The meeting in July was at 944 and was on the topic of Trust. This was a follow-on from a service held a fortnight before. There was an interesting discussion when various opinions were expressed. People felt it is hard to trust everyone and the meeting ended with a general discussion.

Kath Wilson

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Firstly, many thanks to everyone who contributes to the magazine.

Michael has kindly agreed to collect the mags from the printer's on Newland Avenue and send them out. This has cut my workload down a lot and is greatly appreciated. I like compiling the mag (I'm told there may be a few vacancies soon within News International so you never know!) but groaned at the prospect of another trip to Hull and the tedium of despatch that followed.

I didn't set out to comment on the current fast moving crises at NI, the Met and in the government but perhaps if I sprinkle the piece with an 'alleged' here and there, I might just get away with it. What a week! The NOTW has allegedly folded, Rapunzel has allegedly been 'helping the police with their enquiries, an octogenarian has allegedly been assaulted with shaving cream and Buzz Lightyear has allegedly pointed out that the previous lot were just as bad as this lot when it comes to toadying. Wow!

At the moment, the whole tangled web smells something like Chester's favourite manure heap but there's hope for a better, cleaner future as lengthy procedures get underway to divert those public enquiry rivers through the Augean Stables of 'Fleet Street'. The country must be a better place, once we know the wrongdoers have been brought to account. Finally, I was touched by the genuine enquires about Chester and the good wishes sent. I have passed the messages on! He was particularly impressed by the card with the wounded cat on the front!

To anyone not familiar with the great work which is done in our name at the Nightingale centre at Great Hucklow in Derbyshire, then Saturday 13th August is your chance to find out. I am running a trip there on that date when it is Gala Day. Well-dressing is also on view in this charming village. Places on the minibus will be limited so hurry.

LCAC

On 17th July, Bishop-elect **Mhoria Lauer-Patterson** of the **Liberal Catholic Apostolic Church** led our worship. It was a shame that not more members were available to attend. I personally, found the

content interesting, revealing and surprisingly in tune with our traditional Unitarian views. The five hymns selected by Mhoria were well known and we were able to sing heartily despite being thin on the ground. The fast order of presentation took a few by surprise but the whole I found thought provoking and pleasing. The jokes went down well, particularly the one at our own expense. It was refreshing to know we can laugh loudest when the joke is on us! As you may just have noticed, I'm a fan of humour myself but there are potential pitfalls when introducing wisecracks into a church service. However, Mhoria carried it off well. I look forward to her next appearance at Park Street.

Barry Cundill

TRIP TO YORK

On 12th June our normal service was cancelled and we went to St Saviourgate as guests of the York congregation. For several of us this was the first time we had seen inside the historic building. It was good to meet old friends and for us to get a flavour of how other churches are organised.

After the service we went a few yards to the Black Swan in Peaseholme Green. This is truly an ancient pub and we enjoyed a good Sunday lunch. Our luck ran out when the rain set in and we had to forego sightseeing.



Some of the happy band who went to York .
L- R Bernard & Jenny McHugh, Stuart Grant, Keith Brown, Fay Spendlow, Barry Cundill, Mavis Lake, Michael Tracey, Marie Penn, Kath Wilson, Eileen Copeland.

Photo Adrian Worsfold



Keith chats to Celia

Photo Adrian Worsfold

SLIMMER'S DIET

Strict is my diet, I must not want.
It maketh me to lie down at night, hungry.
It leadeth me to pass the refrigerator; it tireth my willpower.
It leadeth me in the paths of starvation for my figure's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the aisles of pasta
I will buy no chocolate éclairs for they are fattening
The cakes and pies they tempt me.
Before me is a table set with green beans and lettuce.
It filleth my stomach with liquids.
My day's quota runneth over.

Surely, calories and weight charts will follow me
all the days of my life
And I will dwell in the fear of the scales forever.

Author unknown.

CHESTER CHAT

Hi Fans

My regular readers should have appreciated by now, that I tend to have a rather lopsided take on life. The reasons for this are twofold. Firstly, unless it has actually escaped your notice, I am the big hairy thing that blocks the aisle on Sundays in a blissful state of deep snooze before waking up just in time for the

bickies. (No! - Barry is the other one who usually stays awake right through the service).

The second reason for this is because at the beginning of the month I had a rather traumatic and experience which resulted in the loss of a considerable portion of my right ear. (Well, an inch is quite considerable from where I am lying).

The story goes as follows. There we were enjoying the country air (I am particularly partial to the smell of manure heaps, but that is by the by) - I don't wish to digress when a 'gripping' yarn is in the 'offing'. I was off the lead, as is my wont, when HWMO spots a troublemaker in the distance in the form of an Alsatian (very) cross (on this occasion I will not even give him the correct appendage of German Shepherd). Even the very name Riga makes my hackles rise and no mistake. Anyway, I'm put on the lead and so is this Riga who is about the size of a small Shetland pony because he has a penchant for (yes you are ahead of me - snapping at other dogs' ears) when he's not actually chasing the postman, that is!

So, as the two owners are friendly towards one another (as opposed to their Best Friends, between whom there is no love lost) they met and chatted as we walked along. When we got into the public field and while those two were chatting, Riga spotted his chance and lunged at me, grabbing my right ear, part of which became separated from me on account of the fact I decided to lunge in the opposite direction to the other fella. It was like an Exocet missile. I could see it coming but any action was futile.

For those of you with a delicate disposition I will cut to the chase and leave the messy details at the vets. It was deemed necessary, that to assist healing, even MORE of my appendage be removed. However, the result, I am assured, is aesthetically acceptable and any short sighted persons observing me head-on, as it were, might just about overlook the shocking mutilation.

In short, (where *do* I get them from?) Paul the vet, has done me proud. I wouldn't be at all surprised if he were a dab hand at crimping the edges of mince pies.

I was taken to a service the other Sunday. The subject was along the lines of Are we Dogmatic? I was under the impression it was something sold by Hotpoint which, by the way, I'm told brings up Alsatian crosses a treat!

A Lesson in Patience

I remember one morning when I discovered a cocoon in the bark of a tree just as the butterfly was making a hole in its case and preparing to come out. I waited a while but it was too long appearing and I was impatient.

I bent over it and breathed on it to warm it. I warmed it as quickly as I could and the miracle began to happen before my eyes, faster than life. The case opened, the butterfly started slowly crawling out, and I shall never forget my horror when I saw how its wings were folded back and crumpled; the wretched butterfly tried with its whole trembling body to unfold them.

Bending over it I tried to help it with my breath. In vain. It needed to be hatched out patiently and the unfolding of the wings needed to be gradual process in the sun. Now it was too late. My breath had forced the butterfly to appear, all crumpled before its time. It struggled desperately and a few seconds later, died in the palm of my hand

From Zorba the Greek Nikos Kazantzakis

Submitted by Bernard McHugh

The views expressed in Hull Unitarian magazine are solely those of the contributors and do not necessarily represent the views of Hull Unitarian Church.