



HULL UNITARIAN

JUNE and JULY 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:

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

Hull Unitarian Editor:

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

CHAIRWORDS

Hi there!

Our AGM is on 27th June and we hope that as many as possible will be able to attend. After enjoying a sandwich lunch provided by the Church, we shall try to keep the meeting as short as possible.

Don't forget, if you have any business you wish to discuss, let us know well before the date of the meeting. Please feel free to contribute if you would like to. Remember this is your Church and needs your input. The lunch will be a chance to enjoy socialising with our members and friends, something we all enjoy doing, so please sign up as soon as you can to say you will join us.

The various outings arranged by Barry will be very interesting so make sure you put your names down early.

The changes we are making to our garden are progressing very slowly but negotiations are progressing behind the scenes. We still have a warm welcoming Church and this is commented upon by so many visitors and I noticed that visitors attending recently another gathering were looking at our notices so please make sure these are kept attractive and easy to read.

We welcome all our visiting Ministers and friends. Many are helping us to think more deeply and more clearly about our own Spiritual progress. Thank you all for being who you are – all different, but all so interesting. You make our church keep ticking.

Marie Penn

SPIRITUAL CORNER

May 2011 marks one hundred and fifty years since the birth of Rabindranath Tagore, the famous Indian poet and philosopher. For Unitarians, he will be remembered for his liberal and inclusive religious ideas. There are useful links to Tagore on our website, but meanwhile, below is one of his meditative texts.

Also in our corner are two poems by the Edinburgh Unitarian, June Bell. These are taken from the publications section of the national Unitarian website which provides an invaluable source of out of print texts by Unitarians. As always, these remind us of the need to revisit our Unitarian treasures.

Meditation

by Rabindranath Tagore

Stillness soars as a mountain peak,
 Seeking its greatness in height.
 Movement stops in a silent lake,
 Seeking in depth its limit.
 The fish in the water is silent,
 The animal on the earth is noisy,
 The bird in the air is singing,
 But we hear inside us the silence of the sea,
 The noise of the earth,
 And the music of the air.
 There is a point where, in the mystery of existence,
 Contradictions meet;
 Where movement is not all movement,
 And stillness is not all stillness;
 Where the idea and the form,
 The within and the without, are united,
 Where infinite becomes finite,
 Yet not losing its infinity.

GOD IS....

God is the nature of other things.
 God is the burning of nettle stings.
 God is the crashing of thunder storms.
 God is the terror of shapeless forms,
 God is the darkness of age-old caves.
 God is the sweeping of ruthless waves,
 God is the shame of loss of face.
 God is the silence of outer space,
 God is the ice-blue heart of cold,
 God is the sorrow the bell has tolled.
 God is the glint in father's eye,
 God is the fear of those that lie,
 God is the stuff of nightmare dreams.
 God is the havoc of flooded streams,
 God is the pain of an empty room,
 God is the blow of the sonic boom.
 God is in all of the here and now,
 God is in I, and God in Thou.

From *A Peel of Bells*, June Bell, 1998

SHEEP

It takes the oddest things to make me weep.
 Rounding the winding grass-verged Border road,
 I found the way was filled with lambs and sheep.

From wall to wall, a wave, the whole flock flowed,
 Meandering at more than walking pace.
 Behind, three shepherds ran with coat and crook,
 Scurrying, flapping, keeping chivvying chase,
 Determining the way the creatures took.
 I stopped the car and turned the window down,
 Better to hear the voice of baa and bleat,
 As ringstraked, speckled, white and cream and brown,
 They shuffled, pattered by on small black feet.
 Till bumping, blundering passed the last plump ewe.
 The red-faced shepherd briefly caught my eye.
 Attention unrelaxed.
 Driving on through.
 With sob-caught breath I wondered why I cry.

Also from *A Peel of Bells*.

submitted by Keith Brown

CHALICE CLUB

The meeting in April was held at the Beech Tree, when nine members and friends had a meal. It should really have been for Christmas but, of course, December weather had caused problems.

The meeting in May followed along the lines of the previous day's address on the topic of Forgiving. The discussion went well with all having an opportunity to admit their feelings, both for and against.

Kath Wilson

MORE MEMORIES OF PEARL AND COLIN LONGTHORP.

It was with great sadness that I heard of the deaths of Colin and Pearl Longthorp.

It seems ironic that Pearl stated to Colin that if he died, she would die soon after! Colin told me this when we sat together in Church, maybe two years ago now, when we held a Gift Day.

Colin's right eye was blind and he was forbidden to drive his car – so he came on his motorbike!
 My mind goes back down memory lane to the contributions that the Longthorps made to the success of many events, raising money to support Church funds. Pearl led a flourishing guide company here and went on to become District Commissioner.

Colin had two long tables at the annual sale, crammed with unwanted goods of every description – my grand daughter Anne Marie would buy the ornaments her mother, Maureen, had contributed! My husband, Taffy, nicknamed Colin ‘Steptoe’ but Colin could have sold coal to Newcastle and his voice could be heard above all the other noise in the hall. I’m sure that Mavis and Mrs Penn will recall all this very well.

So Farewell with Happy Memories, to two stalwart pillars of our Church.

Dorothy Morgan

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Deadlines

From the next issue I ask that material for the magazine is handed to be by the middle of the month or popped in the post / e mail to reach me sometime during the next five days so I can get the disk to the printer’s in Hull and still stand a reasonable chance of getting the mag into print by the end of the month. So for the August / September issue I would like stuff by the 15th August or 20th at the latest. This is because I cannot guarantee being in Church on either a Friday or a Sunday.

I have forwarded a copy of the last issue to the editor of the **i** newspaper and so will fully expect some national coverage in his daily column in return! (he’ll probably write us off as strange people who talk to dogs but there you go – they say that any publicity is better than none!)

LCAC

It is a long time since we held an inter-faith service at our Church. We will be holding such a service on **17th July** when Bishop-elect **Mhoria Lauer-Patterson** of the **Liberal Catholic Apostolic Church** will be leading our worship. Until recently I knew nothing of the LCAC and was surprised by their liberal theology. Until then the words Catholic and Apostolic had given a different impression. In summarising what the members of the LCAC believe, I thought it best to quote what they say about themselves....“The Liberal Catholic Apostolic Church is non-dogmatic in nature, traditional yet relevant for today, and is open to the insights of all faiths and philosophies. This openness means that

the LCAC has a unique spiritual character and appeal, and that its mission reaches beyond conventional boundaries to embrace a genuine universality. We see our work as firmly grounded in the wish of Jesus Christ that His church strive to attain unity in the face of differences, and thus conceive the LCAC as a primarily ecumenical mission church.’

Michael Tracey

HYMNS AND THEIR WRITERS No.4 The Best Things

*I learned it in the meadow path,
I learned it on the mountain stairs –
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.*

Lucy Larcom 1824 – 1893

Lucy was the ninth of ten children born in Beverly, Massachusetts. Her father, a sea captain, died when she was only very young. In 1835, at the age of eleven, she went to work in the cotton mills at Lowell. * It might be thought that the long hours, the tedium of work and the din of machinery would stifle the creative spirit of a young girl but it was while working in the cotton mills until the age of twenty-one that Lucy wrote and published many of her songs, poems and letters describing her life at the mills.

Her poems caught the attention of John Greenleaf Whittier author of *Dear Lord and Father of Mankind*. Later, Lucy taught at a school in Illinois and went on to pen one of the best accounts of American childhood in *A New England Childhood*. From 1854 to 1862 she taught at Wheaton, Norton, Massachusetts. Her subjects included English, Philosophy, Logic, History and Botany. On leaving Wheaton she spent the rest of her life writing. She never married.

Further quotes from Lucy Larcom....

I defied the machinery to make me its slave. Its incessant discords could not drown the music of my thoughts if I would let them fly high enough.

If the world seems cold to you, kindle fires to warm it.

Lucy’s hymn *The Best Things* is No.84 in *Hymns for Living*. It is a simple but eloquent comment on sharing and the spiritual life.

* **From Ed.** Lowell was one of Charles Dickens's stop-off points on his 1842 tour of America. His object was to meet some of the Lowell Mill Girls whose fame had spread far and wide via their publication of poems and literature in their *Lowell Offering*. Lucy would only have been nineteen and the magazine had been in operation about two years or less. Dickens was immensely impressed by the creativity and self-emancipation of the women he met at Lowell and whose number probably included Lucy Larcom. The average factory tour for the girls was four years only.

The indomitable spirit of Lucy Larcom puts me in mind of her compatriot, my heroine, the deaf and blind Helen Keller (1880 - 1968).

CHESTER CHAT

Hi Folks

I have never really understood what is meant by the expression 'It's a Dog's Life'. In order to give my fan base some idea of what this dog's life is like here is a run-down of a typical day's proceedings.

I should explain that I sleep shut away in my own little room while the cats Sooty and Sweep sleep shut off in the kitchen (but they can go outside but I can't!) Sue would have them on the bed all night if she had her way but Barry say's they kept him awake and so are banned. I see his point. I don't know whether I could relax with felines on the prowl. And Boy, do I like my relaxation!

Until recently the central heating would click on about 7.0 am but I do not have a radiator in my space. So, just in case Sue's alarm is broken (it is supposed to go off at 7.30) I would give a moderate sort of bark (nothing too robust - I know my place) about 7.15 just so they know there is about fifteen minutes before the alarm is due to go off. It's all logical you see!

Hopefully, HWMB0 will then come down (I usually give him two minutes before I yelp again - just in case he's nodded off) and let me on to my comfy bed in front of the lounge radiator before he feeds the cats and takes up the morning cuppas.

I will happily snooze to around eleven if it's raining (I try not to do rain) or otherwise make it known I would like to be taken out sometime after Sue goes off to work at 9.

Barry will probably work on the computer all

morning after tidying round unless we go walkies which is a trot round the grassy fields.

In the afternoon we have a longer walk which might, if I'm lucky, be a visit to Paull, Burstwick or even Withernsea (I like going on the bus best - 50p for me while he goes free)

We all eat around fivish and then it's back in front of the rad until around 6.30 when (bless' em) I do 'tricks'. This might be sniffing out hidden treats, bringing slippers and a play around. Humouring humans is a big part of it all you see. But it's good fun as well.

Then it's the last short walk before bed. Bedtime for me is officially around 9.

It's not all a bed of roses though - only yesterday I had to be hosed down (the thing I hate most!!!!) due to my purely natural canine disposition to rolling in most stuff of a disgusting nature. It's a tough life and I trust I have your sympathy.

Next issue I will tell of some of the goings on at WI meetings when Barry gives his talks. As the fat boy says in Pickwick 'I wants to make your flesh creep!'

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