



St. Andrew's Psalter Lane Church  
An Anglican Methodist Partnership

# NEXUS

*Christ in Nether Edge & Us*



**August –  
September  
2020**

[www.standrewpsalterlane.org.uk](http://www.standrewpsalterlane.org.uk)

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(A District Group which meets at Ringinglow )

## **Welcome**

Welcome to the latest edition of Nexus Our cover picture is Yucca Gloriosa sometimes called Spanish Dagger. It comes from Euphie Reid's garden. She wrote 'For many years I have had a yucca gloriosa growing in my garden. It has never flowered although it looked big enough. Perhaps it simply was not old enough. Thoughts of it being unhappy where it was growing entered my head. However, during lockdown, a flowering stalk appeared. The most amazing flowers followed. Well, a flowering stalk of 132 cm made me happy and certainly cheered a number of passers by. And along the way I have heard birdsong – some tiny birds have been very vocal. Small children on the backs of their mother's bikes, or walking, waved and said a cheery hello. Adults going about their business smiled each morning'.

Readers of the previous Nexus may be interested to know that Kate Clanchy, whose students' work was featured, was awarded the Orwell Prize for political writing for her book "Some Kids I taught and what they taught me"

A major feature of this edition of Nexus is our collection of tributes to Chris Lowry, a much-loved member of not only our church community but also of local and city wide organisations and friends. You will also find a new section called Nature Notes from Mike Wildgust, two more lockdown readers, a Talking Point featuring two perspectives on Black Lives Matter, the ever fascinating gardening notes and more besides.

Items for the next edition of Nexus should reach [anne.hollows@gmail.com](mailto:anne.hollows@gmail.com) by 15<sup>th</sup> September

## **Letter from Gareth**

Dear friends,

So much of our lives has been lived at a distance over the last four months and more. People we may have been accustomed to seeing regularly in person we've now been in touch with mainly by phone, email or social media.

When we have been able to meet up with family and friends, we've needed to keep space between us. There are many places of significance to us where we haven't been able to be physically present.

As a church, our sharing of worship, fellowship and news has taken place at a distance. We haven't been able to gather as a congregation. Meetings of the Leadership Team, Ecumenical Church Council and other committees have taken place online using Zoom. There have been restrictions on visiting one another in our homes. And there's a further, particularly poignant dimension. When we lose much-loved church members, we would normally be able to share our sorrow in personal conversation, often before or after a service in church. This can't happen

at the moment in the same way, and outlets for this communal expression of sadness are much more limited. This is why it's so helpful that, as we mourn the loss of Chris Lowry, Anne has offered the opportunity for people to send their tributes to Chris for inclusion in Nexus. And yet, in spite of the difficulties and limitations of these times, there have also been unanticipated blessings. People have found new ways of keeping in touch. Contact has sometimes been reestablished between people who had almost lost touch with each other. In our online services, we have explored ways of worshipping and styles of communicating that we might not otherwise have done. Our online congregation has expanded to include new friends, which we very much appreciate. At the same time, I'm very conscious of those who don't have internet or email access, who join in the services using hard copies of the order of service.

We've used the word "virtual" a great deal during these months: virtual meetings, virtual services. When the term "virtual reality" first came to prominence in the 1970s and '80s, it had about it a sense of absence. Virtual reality referred to computer-generated simulation, and implied that what was happening was in a sense unreal and not genuinely existing. However, the word "virtual" has a more positive meaning as well. When we say that something is virtually the case, we mean that it's almost entirely the case: not completely so, but not far off either.

And this, perhaps, is what we've been learning during the current crisis. We can't have the fullness of experience that we'd become used to pre-Covid (and for many people, of course, living with limitations for a number of different reasons was already a familiar experience). But we can find ways of living as fully as possible within the constraints of current circumstances. We can't enjoy the fullness of human relating, but we can nonetheless use the means at our disposal, depending on our circumstances, to connect with one another as fully as possible. St Paul painted a

picture of the church as a community in which people lived for one another and bore one another's burdens, so part of our expression of unity and mutual encouragement will be to continue supporting one another in this.

May we continue to find ways of overcoming distance, and of experiencing as far as possible the fullness of reality.

Peace and love,

Gareth



## **Chris Lowry 31st January 1954 – 21 June 2020: memories and tributes**

Many of us have found it hard not to be able to say our farewells to Chris so I hope the following may help a little. The first, by Ruth Burgess, is a responsive prayer which you may wish to say out loud or quietly to yourself. The second, by Kate McIlhagga, is a blessing. One day we hope we will all be able to celebrate Chris' life together. Marilyn

Into the darkness and warmth of the earth  
We lay you down  
Into the sadness and smiles of our memories  
We lay you down  
Into the cycle of living and dying and rising again  
We lay you down  
May you rest in peace, in fulfilment, in loving

May you run straight home into God's embrace.  
Into the freedom of wind and sunshine  
We let you go  
Into the dance of the stars and the planets  
We let you go  
Into the wind's breath and the hands of the star maker  
We let you go  
We love you, we miss you, we want you to be happy  
Go safely, go dancing, go running home.

Go gently on your voyage, dear Chris.  
Slip away with the ebb tide,  
rejoice in a new sunrise.  
May the moon make a path across the sea for you,  
The Sun provide a welcome.  
May the earth receive you and the fire cleanse you  
as you go from our love  
into the presence of Love's completeness.

Chris was a person who always knew she was part of a greater whole. She knew that she was part of the planet, and expressed this in her championing of green matters and her tremendous commitment to SAPLC's Eco group. She rejoiced in being a member of the human race with all its wonderful diversity, summed up for her in the Nguni Bantu term *ubuntu*, often translated as "I am because we are." She had great respect for people of all faiths and philosophies, exemplified in the annual Passover Seder which Chris organised at



SAPLC in consultation with friends from the Jewish congregations. She was totally committed to social justice. She was always great company, and a supportive friend to so many. Most of all, Chris fully lived out her values.

Gareth Jones

Chris the Caroller

When we arrived in Sheffield ignorant of the Sheffield Carols, Chris (and Martin) speedily filled this gap in our education. Chris obtained a copy of the Book of Village Carols for us, and took me singing in pubs at Oughtibridge and elsewhere. We are now seasoned Carollers, and the annual SAPLC Sheffield Carols Evening is partly due to her!

Jean Allen

Chris Lowry was lovely, inspirational, warm and caring with a wonderful zest for life. I can only say things about her that everyone else knows - including her amazing courage, her wonderful faith, so modest but with such an impressive intelligence, her humour, and the TIME she gave to those causes of which she was passionate.

Jan Birch

Chris was always a pleasure to meet, whether in church or by chance in the street, occasionally on her way home from Weston Park Hospital having had some blood tests. Despite her predicament she remained cheerful and continued to care for others and the environment. She was an example to us all.

It was a privilege to have known her, and sad that she has left us so soon. We were unable to join others at SAPL on Friday afternoon, but our thoughts were with Martin and those of you who were there.

Mary and Peter Mitchell



Chris cared for us with so much love and kindness. She was such a friend and we will always miss her.

Angela Hooper and Billy Silver

Chris led our house group. Throughout her illness she continued to work for so many things and people and I have so much admiration for her for doing so. We will miss her.

Euphie Reid

Chris was such an inspirational person that it's difficult to know where to begin, but here are some personal memories.

Chris taking the trouble to write to my father (whom she did not know) to thank him for some of his jigsaws that I had lent her when she was recovering from her operation.

Chris supporting me when I was training to be a Reader. Once she accompanied me all the way to Tickhill to observe me preach on MHA Sunday.

Chris singing with so much joy and enthusiasm in church.

Chris opening her home for Church Links 'Tea and cakes' afternoons: tea in lovely china cups, homemade scones and good conversation.

Chris challenging us at Church Links meetings: nothing was ever too much trouble.

Chris rescuing me when I arrived at Clifford far too late to take assembly one snowy morning and plying me with coffee and cake.

Chris was such a wonderful friend to so many of us, she will be greatly missed.

Judith Roberts

It was with great sadness that I learned that Chris had lost her final fight. Although I had been aware of Chris for some years through her interfaith activities, it wasn't until she undertook to hold a mock 'Seder Service' for St Andrew's that I really got to know her. We sat together in my home for what seemed hours, and had the fun of going through the Orthodox Jewish service and deciding on the

essentials- the bits that everyone should know. It seemed to me that everything Chris did had to be thorough, relevant and, most of all, fun.

And when, in conjunction with the Reform Synagogue she put together her final version of the Seder she delivered it with enthusiasm and understanding so that everyone present not only learned about it but enjoyed the experience.

Chris was an active and supportive member of the Council of Christians and Jews. She would attend the meetings whenever her health allowed and we were always pleased to see her and appreciated her contribution to the discussions. She was a great friend to me and to our Jewish community and will be greatly missed

Kath Lawrence

I remember Chris as we all do, as inspiring, passionate, super-intelligent - and great fun. I struggle to think of an area of church life Chris did not take part in – she was a Church Warden, a member of the Ecumenical Church Council, Chair of the Property & Finance Committee, SAPLC rep on Deanery Synod – the list is endless. She served at Communion services and was on the Notices team - Chris, Clare and I thought of ourselves as the Northern Irish Mafia in these roles! More recently I was involved with Chris in Eco-Group, Housegroups and the annual Seder meal, all of which Chris felt so strongly about and organised so well. We must not let these fade away now Chris is no longer here to inspire us and focus our minds! Chris was brilliant at recommending books, and lending them – she introduced me to many new authors. One of my particular memories is of the fun Chris and I had when the Concise Ulster Dictionary was published in 1996 – we lent her our copy, then she got her own, and we exchanged Ulsterisms regularly.

I feel so lucky to have known Chris. She was so very special.

Janet Loughridge

I found this poem by Malcolm Guite and remembered her Irish roots out west under the setting sun.....It is called “Westward”...from his

book of poems called *The Singing Bowl*. I am particularly drawn to the setting and the rising to a new day, and “already somewhere else are voices praising”. Mike Wildgust.

### **Westward.**

*We're looking west to where our setting sun,  
Already out of sight, looks back at us, to fling  
His dying splendour to these clouds . They burn  
With borrowed gold and crimson, not their own  
Like strips of silk torn from his royal robe,  
These flags of hope left by our solar king,  
Who sinks for us below the dark horizon  
That he might yet encompass all this globe.*

*He leaves us with the promise of his rising  
For all we face the west of his decline  
Already somewhere else are voices praising  
As on the east they glimpse a kindled line.  
His setting is a herald of the morn,  
We watch the sunset, but we tread the dawn.*

### **When walking with grief**

(From *Common Prayer: A Liturgy for Ordinary Radicals*)

Do not hurry as you walk with grief;  
It does not help the journey.  
Walk slowly, pausing often.  
Do not hurry as you walk with grief.  
Be not disturbed by memories that come unbidden.  
Swiftly forgive, and let Christ speak for you unspoken words.  
Unfinished conversations will be resolved in him.  
Be not disturbed.  
Be gentle with the one who walks with grief.  
If it is you, be gentle with yourself.  
Swiftly forgive; walk slowly, pausing often.  
Take time, be gentle as you walk with grief.

## **Mike's Nature Notes**

Introducing Mike Wildgust who has become a much-valued member of our congregation and will be contributing a series of musings on the natural world. He writes: ‘

For nearly two years now I have written an occasional piece entitled “For my Friends”. It is quite simply the musings on an idle mind, or the rag bag of experiences, people I have met, places I have visited, things other people have written that have influenced me etc. etc.... it has not been terribly religious, no churchy language, because some of my friends are not that way inclined. I sometimes link what has interested me with a story from a piece of spiritual writing...or a poem because I like poetry. I hope you get my drift. It is not intellectual, and as I say more the musings of a rag bag mind. It seems to be welcomed by my “friends”

### **Vaughan Williams's ...The Lark Ascending...at 3.45am.**

In the June of 1989 I worked in the Iona Community on the island for six weeks. It was a glorious period of weather, and the whole experience changed and enlarged my thinking both in theology and environmental issues and set me on a new course that I have pursued ever since. I lived in the Abbey precincts and was given a single room with a dormer window view of the Sound of Iona and the massive Ben More to the east on Mull. Looking south down the Sound were the infamous Torran Rocks where David Balfour was shipwrecked in Robert Louis Stevenson's novel Kidnapped, and beyond in the hazy distance the Paps of Jura. Turning to the north was Staffa and Fingal's Cave, the Treshnish Islands, and beyond to Tiree and Coll. Awesome. I just wanted to bottle the view. Since then I have become very familiar with the Hebrides, sailed its seas, explored its many islands, and immersed myself in the lyrical literature of the Celts.

The month of June that year was warm, and I slept most nights with my windows open, falling asleep to the sound of bleating lambs, and waves in the Sound of Iona gently lapping the foreshore. By a quarter to four in the morning the sun was up shining brightly in the east, the sky was a silky pale blue, with a wisp of white cloud caressing the summit of Ben More, and the skylarks mantling the foreshore with a high pitched musical outpouring, glorious and invisible to the searching eye. They had truly ascended. Capturing bird song in words isn't easy, but George Meredith's nineteenth century poem which in turn inspired the well known musical piece by Ralph Vaughan Williams *The Lark Ascending* comes closer than most and called me each morning to a new day of work, early though it was. I am also reminded of Tennyson's words in his poem *In Memoriam Section CXV*, "Now rings the woodland loud and long // The distance takes a lovelier hue, // And drown'd in yonder living blue // The lark becomes a sightless song".

So many of the sights and sounds of my time there are indelibly printed on my soul, and it has been a joy and delight to return to those haunts over many years since, and become more familiar with the wonderful and bewitching Hebrides.

Another sound that fell on my ear that year, happened as I was walking back the short distance from the north end of the island to the Abbey. I heard what is an unforgettable metallic grating, or scissors scraping on a stone. It was the Corncrake which is heard but hardly ever seen, and a migrant visitor to the island. I will always remember that moment and place when I first heard it call from deep within the field of wheat. A sound that would often keep the locals awake in the early hours of the night. Then months later in the dark days of December when all was cold and wet, and the bird had fled the islands for warmer climes, that sound would grate in my head, and want me back to the island of wild orchids and skylarks.

I haven't visited the island for several years now, but soon I must return if only for a couple of days to see again its turquoise waters, and smell the air of that blessed place. But one day I shall finally return, for I hope my last resting place will be on the white sand at the north end of Iona, a place dear to my heart, and within sound of the skylarks and the Corncrake.

## The vulture

Many good news stories have caught my eye whilst we have been isolated from one another these last four months, which incidentally have passed amazingly swiftly for me. The latest good news story is that a European vulture the Lammergeier, has decided it rather likes our part of the Peak District. Not a parking spot was to be had at the Strines Inn earlier this week, so I'm reliably informed. Twitchers from all over the country have descended upon us here to see this visitor to our countryside which has a three meter wing span. We hope it decides to stay awhile, or even take up residence in our glorious Derbyshire Dales, which Jane Austen thought was the best of all English counties.

Another good news story is the re-introduction of the bison, last seen roaming in this country 6000 years ago. An area of Kent has been set aside for three or four to see how successful they might be. I think it is one male and three females, so whose the lucky boy then ? This is all planned for the spring of 2022. They will be brought from the Netherlands and Poland where their introduction has been a success story, and brought great benefit to the natural environment. Then in the Forest of Dean they are trying to re-establish a small colony of pine martin's. A secretive animal but seen quite regularly in the west of Scotland. This too would be a wonderful addition to an area where once, I think, they lived quite happily. The other news item that caught my attention comes from Yellowstone Park. The Trump regime have rolled back many of the conservation laws initiated by President Obama this last four years to the detriment of biodiversity in the area. However a judge this week ruled against the hunting of grizzly bears across the region, so protecting them from the likes of Donald Trump junior and others like him who want trophies for the walls of their mansions. Not least, the beaver has been re-introduced into England again, after successful trials in the west of Scotland. Of course these are tentative steps, and we shall have to wait for results of such experiments with the beaver. Last but not least of these stories of the natural world, is the

increasing range of the mighty White Tailed Sea Eagle across the UK. It was re-introduced to Scotland thirty or so years ago on the island of Mull. I remember seeing it there for the first time in 1992 when sailing with my friends around the Hebrides. It is huge, as they say, like a barn door, and since then has bred very successfully. A couple of weeks ago one was spotted on the Yorkshire coast near Whitby, and it was also seen over the North Norfolk coast. I find these stories very encouraging and add to a growing awareness of how much we have lost of the wildness of our natural world through our life time, and how precious it is. I sometimes wonder if the greater populace can't bear wilderness and wild things, and prefer a more controlled and emasculated wildscape. These wild creatures, and the wide open spaces they inhabit, we desperately need, because they contribute overall to our inner wholeness and contentment. The tragedy is, that it is the human predator we are unable to control, witness for instance, the number of poisoned raptors found recently in the Peak District. And not least the build, build, build, call from government, and the concrete jungle which continues to roll out apace, so that people today are more aware of virtual reality than the threat to the natural world all around us.

As human beings we have done, and continue to do, so much to destroy. Yet we have the capacity within us to care and give back, and to take the brokenness, and make the known world new again.

Mike

## **Talking Point: Black Lives Matter**

Two contributions to Talking Point for this edition. The first, shared by Patsy Cunningham of the Reform Synagogue, comes from Rabbi Allan Berkowitz, in California, written on 5 June 2020. The second from Catrin Harland Davies (previously Methodist Chaplain at Sheffield University and now at the Queens Foundation for Ecumenical Theological Education.



## Turning a Blind Eye to Racism Allows It to Exist

I accepted a painful self-realization last week. There is a gap between the person I thought I was and the person I've actually been. I thought I was a person who believed every human being is *kadosh*, sacred. And yet I have been silent as people of color have been traumatized right in front of me my whole life. The truth is that most of you reading this are white and you have been silent, too. The truths are excruciating, but if we want to live up to our own ideals, we must confront them.

So herewith are some thoughts and rhetorical questions I'm grappling with, and I invite you to do the same.

Of course, looting is wrong and terrible. It is, however, situational. The systemic racism upon which our nation is built is 400 years old, woven into every piece of our nation's cloth, and is experienced on a daily basis by every person of color in our country. Focusing on other things (like the looting or elements of the Black Lives Matter rhetoric you don't like) is how we white people continue to avoid taking responsibility for the historic racism and daily racism people of color live with. How much time are you spending focused on the news about looting — and how much time are you spending learning the truths about the country you think is democratic, a land of the free, and how our acceptance of it until now has contributed to the traumatization of people of color?

There is a difference between racism and being racist. It is absolutely possible to not be a racist and yet tolerate racism. Want proof? I know most of us are not racists. But I also know that most of us have turned a blind eye to the rampant racism that exists around us.

George Floyd was not the first, he was not the 100<sup>th</sup>. We have tolerated this behavior until now. If you truly want to find a way forward, start by reflecting on that. If you really didn't know until recently that this goes on, that tells you a lot about where your blind spots are. And if, like me, you did know, then it starts with the

question: Why have I not fought like hell to change systems that brutalize people of color?

The starting point is to admit that we have a *lot* to learn if we are serious about affecting change. Do you know what white supremacy is (no, it does not refer to neo-Nazis)? Do you know what white privilege is? Do you understand that you benefit from white privilege and white supremacy at the direct expense of people of color? Here's an example: Do you think redlining was a problem once upon a time but no longer? (And if you don't know about redlining, point proven). Redlining prevented home ownership for millions of people of color. It prevented them from developing generational wealth. We whites pass our accumulated money to our children. People of color disproportionately use their money to sustain their elders who couldn't accumulate wealth (because we didn't/don't let them buy homes; we paid/pay them less for equal work; we incarcerated/incarcerate them at disproportionate rates; and we denied/deny them equal access to medical care). If you didn't know this, doesn't that foster more of the same?

This is a moment of reckoning and change. Many of us are discomfited beyond anything we've experienced before. So how do we move forward? As Jews, we talk about *teshuvah* (repentance). It starts with self-acknowledgement that "I need to change." Admit to yourself that you likely are naive about the historical facts and that you have passively accepted the horrible reality. Admit to yourself that you've known that extreme racism exists. Reflect on why you've not fought for the humanity, dignity, and basic rights of other human beings while they were being brutalized, demeaned and traumatized right in front of us.

It says something pretty great about you if you have the courage to own that and the heart to never go back. It also says something about you if you don't. If you are experiencing emotional pain in this moment, be willing to deeply learn the truths. Be on a journey of self-discovery because black lives are still being taken and they are

as *kadosh* as white lives. Together we can show up to the world as the people we think we are and definitely want to be.

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## **The Black Lives of History Matter Too**

Yesterday was Racial Justice Sunday, and it has never felt more urgent – at least to those of us with the privilege of whiteness, who have been able not to notice its very real urgency until now.

A significant question over the last few weeks has been the appropriate way to mark and commemorate our history. A lengthy controversy over a statue of Cecil Rhodes in Oriel College, Oxford, and the dramatic toppling of a statue of Edward Colston into the harbour at Bristol, have focused attention on this issue. Despite arguments that to remove such monuments is to erase the troubling parts of our history, surely it is time for us to recognise that memory and celebration are different things. To remember is not necessarily the same as to honour.

But what, then, is the place of corporate memory, and how do we react to our history? Or, to put it another way, what is our responsibility for the sins of our ancestors? There tends to be a strong reaction against the idea of inherited guilt, and for good reason. Part of God's gracious new covenant, in Jeremiah 31, promises that: "In those days they shall no longer say: 'The parents have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' But all shall die for their own sins; the teeth of everyone who eats sour grapes shall be set on edge."[\[1\]](#) We are responsible for our own deeds, but not the actions of those who have gone before. So then, the logic goes, apologies or public acts of contrition are out of place. We should not feel guilty about the past, because it was not, by definition, ours to feel guilty about.

And yet, within both the church and wider society, corporate memory of the past, as a lived experience of the present, is deeply ingrained. We gather (in 'normal' times!) around bread and wine, and,

in remembering, experience the presence of Christ in our midst. We celebrate key events from our Christian or denominational history, with pride, gratitude and joy. In 2007, on the 200<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the abolition of the slave trade, many of us took the opportunity to congratulate ourselves on Methodism's place in this. It spoke to us of the best of who we are – our heritage, charisms and honour. And yesterday, many clapped for the birthday of the NHS, and even those of us not born at its foundation felt pride not only in its current workers, but in the vision that created it.

Our history makes us who we are today. But if that is true of the best of our history, why would it be less true of the worst? If we are permitted – positively encouraged, even – to share in the glory of our predecessors' achievements, why do we feel excused from sharing in the shame of their sins? A reason for the celebration and pride is to inspire us to follow in their footsteps, surely; no less, then, should we draw inspiration (of a different sort) from the pain and inhumanity that is so often a part of the historical mix – in our Church, as much as in our society. If we rejoice in the innovation and technical achievements of the industrial revolution, should we not also take time to remember that the wealth that enabled it was founded on imperial entitlement, enslavement, exploitation. And, for that matter, should we not remember that the structures of labour which fuelled it at home were also often exploitative. History is not just the stories of great men, but also of the nameless people who were trodden underfoot in the cause of such 'greatness'.

And one more reason why we should, perhaps, feel invested in the less, as well as the more, glorious parts of our history: If our history has made us who we are, it should be no surprise that its effects are with us still. That I can go about my life, knowing that my skin colour will not be noticed and will not disadvantage me is not a coincidence. It is the product of centuries of prejudice lived out in slavery, apartheid, segregation, exclusion, marginalisation, overt and insidious racism. That I can live comfortably, in a nation that can afford health care for all, is not an accident – it is the consequence of imperialistic

enrichment at the expense of nations whose resources we felt ourselves entitled to. The consequences of history are real now. We do not live in a fair society. Inherited privilege leads to inherited accountability. It is not enough not to discriminate; we need to work actively to dismantle the structures that privilege us. The guilt of our ancestors *should* set our teeth on edge, because we benefit from it still. It is therefore our guilt, too.

The consequences of our history are real now. The consequences of our present will be real in the future. So it is our responsibility to build a better present – one in which there is equality, generosity, a celebration of difference, but a celebration also of a shared humanity. We do this by remembering, acknowledging and owning our history, warts and all.

[\[1\]](#) Jeremiah 31:29-30

## **Lockdown readers**

**Our lockdown readers for this edition are Janet Loughridge and Peter Mitchell**

### **The book I am reading at the moment**

Because Sheffield City Libraries are closed and I have finished all the books I had stockpiled for a rainy day, and most of the books Clare passed on, I have gone back to some old favourites, so at the moment it is the collected Mapp and Lucia books by E.F. Benson for reading in bed. I am also sorting out the church archives, so my downstairs reading is lots of old papers, from old St Andrew's and Psalter Lane Methodist as well as SAPLC – there is one very interesting notebook with notes on the history of old St Andrew's written (I think) by May Walker.

### **The book that changed my life**

Silas Marner by George Eliot - a set book at grammar school which opened my eyes to the classics and the mysteries of literary criticism

### **The book that had the greatest influence on me**

The poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins - it is so beautiful

### **The book that is most overrated**

All fantasy! I simply cannot read it.

### **The book that made me cry**

Most recently, a biography of C.S. Lewis which Chris Lowry gave me last time I saw her. C.S. Lewis came from Belfast and went to Oxford which made me think of Brendan, and I was reading the section on the death of his wife when we heard that Chris had died.

### **The last book that made me laugh**

Mapp and Lucia – though I had forgotten how very nasty Mapp is to everyone around her, which does not really seem so funny at the moment.

### **The book I couldn't finish**

Ulysses by James Joyce – shameful admission for an Irishwoman!

### **The book I give as a gift**

I don't have a book I routinely give, it depends on the recipient

### **My earliest reading memory**

I remember my mother reading to all four of us – AA Milne's When we were very young and Now we are six, but not Winnie the Pooh! Then comics (Dandy & Beano – we got both as there were so many of us) and Christmas annuals; and Enid Blyton (the Famous Five) and Richmal Crompton (Just William) from the public library. Oh how I loved Just William!

### **My comfort read**

A good old-fashioned detective story, preferably Lord Peter Wimsey. It was a good day when I found out that Jill Paton Walsh had written several sequels – and they are very good.

## **My Comfort Read**

### **Swallows and Amazons series by Arthur Ransome**

From the age of seven to about fifteen I read and re-read all twelve of the Swallows and Amazons books. I loved the setting in actual places: the Lake District (albeit a lake compiled from Coniston Water and Windermere), the Norfolk Broads, and the East Anglian coast. Detailed maps were always included. Ransome explained everything such as how to light a fire, how to sail, how to make a map, how to use homing pigeons for messages, and so on. Then there were the accounts of how charcoal burners worked, glimpses of life on a Norfolk wherry and a Thames sailing barge, and the work of an eel-catcher. On re-reading as an adult, I appreciate the careful plotting and the many touches of humour. The writing flows beautifully, and it was a pleasure to read aloud to our children. My favourite? Probably Coot Club, set on the Broads and including lots about birdlife. I find these books a perfect escape into a slower and gentler world.

## **Gardening Notes : Summer Weather**

After that hot weather we had at the start of lockdown this summer feels more and more like those I remember as a small boy in the 50's. The cold air when it wasn't raining meant that the raspberries did not go mouldy. But children of all sizes struggled to eat them without added sugar. The





gooseberry crop has been better than I have ever known it. I even made some jam! My onions appreciated the sun in spring and are doing very well. Swallows and Swifts are still few in number but then we haven't been bothered by flies so they are short of food. The grass-cutting regime now employed around the church has given some insects more space. As I cut the grass on the 1<sup>st</sup> July I was delighted to see a Ringlet butterfly. I stopped and looked more closely around the apple trees we planted in spring. There were about 10 of them flitting over the long grass. Comma, Speckled Wood & Ringlet are all said to be moving north because of global heating. I used to have to go to Devon on holiday to see these and I was 30 before I did. And now they have extended their range up here. They were coming anyway, but this long, meadow like, grass gives the Ringlet an appropriate habitat to colonise. Walking on Common Lane Open Space mid July there are larger areas left uncut. The butterflies were there too. There is Yellow Rattle mixed in with the grass. I collected a teaspoon or so of seeds from there and sprinkled them around the oak tree by the church. My grandson saw Ringlets on his holidays this year, just north of Berwick on Tweed. Another remarkable arrival from the south this year is the Bearded Vulture that arrived in the Peak District. So far doing better than the one that came to England in 1868. That was shot in Essex by a man who claimed it was killing his geese. It is now stuffed in a museum in Brighton. During the lockdown the nation has become aware of our need for gardens and green spaces. With all these strange changes we are experiencing what are we to do? Well start with the small things. Plant open flowers, like daisies, as a food source for bees and other insects. Fill the spaces in your garden that are created when you have lifted your potatoes, onions and garlic with Phycelia, Coriander or Buckwheat. Then move to change things locally. There is a "Local Electricity Bill" that needs support to make its way through parliament. It aims to create green jobs locally in power generation. Sign up to the campaign: <https://powerforpeople.org.uk/sign-up/> Copy and paste this into the search bar of your internet browser.

And please also write to our MPs and councillors with your own ideas and requests so that the regeneration makes the "new normal" more sustainable than the old normal. We have very little time left to

get this right and we need to change more powerful opinions to get sustainable decisions made for the sake of our children & grand children.

Bill.

## **Church and Community**

***These groups and activities are currently suspended but we look forward to continuing as soon as we can safely do so.***

### **Regular Groups**

#### **Knit and Knatter**

Mondays 10-12 noon Knit and Knatter. In Shirley House. Contact: Alison Gregg, 266 5638.

**Parent and Baby Group: New baby in the family?** Join our friendly group of parents - Mums and/or Dads with babies up to 12 months. Friday mornings during term time 10.00 – 11.30 at St Andrew's Psalter Lane Church. It's a chance to meet other new parents in friendly relaxed surroundings. Refreshments teas, coffees, other beverages and home made cakes. Cost: £2.00 per family per week Contact Muriel on 2551473 or Jean 2550198

#### **17<sup>th</sup> Sheffield Monday Brownies**

Mondays at St Andrew's Hall from 5.45pm – 7.15pm. If you are at all interested, please contact Chris Venables. 07950 432487 for further information.

#### **The Tuesday Café**

The Tuesday Café, our café for people living with memory loss or dementia and their carers opened in the middle of March. The café takes place in the narthex in church on Tuesday mornings between 10.00 a.m. - 12 noon . We intend that it will be open every Tuesday of the year (except Christmas Day!) The café offers hot drinks, biscuits and homemade cakes, music, memory activities, and the opportunity for a chat. The café already has a good group of volunteers from the congregation and we are also grateful to those who have offered to bake for us. If you know anyone who might be interested in coming to the café, do please take flyer with all the

information. If you are interested in helping, please speak to Judith Roberts.

## **Church Family**

**We remember with gratitude and sadness**

**We remember with gratitude and sadness**

Chris Lowry, whose life is celebrated elsewhere in Nexus, and hold Martin and Chris's sister Audrey in our thoughts and prayers

Jean Callin, a member for many years of Endcliffe/Horizon

Methodist Church, and recently of SAPLC

Dorothy Bryars, a resident of Southcroft and recent member of the SAPLC congregation who often attended with her daughter Claire

**Our thoughts and prayers are also with**

Richard and Sarah Ross, following the death of Richard's mother Jean; others who have recently suffered family bereavements;

those with health concerns: John Kenward, Peter Rothwell, Pam

Frost, Pat Tang, Marilyn Godber, Chris and Tony Venables, David

Pierce, Essie Bentley, Margaret Abbey, Lisa Solk and Fiona Needham

## **Young SAPLC**

**Junior Church:** (Pebbles 3-5, Stones 6-10,) is during the main service at 10.30. Children between 2 and 3 can join in the youngest group (Pebbles) with a parent/carer). Our Sunday 2 service is for children and their parent(s) or carers

## **About our services**

**As you will know, we are currently unable to worship together in church but for anyone new to Nexus , we include details of our current arrangements, followed by our usual arrangements, to which we hope we will soon return.**

## August - September 2020 ONLINE SERVICES

*The link to services will be sent by email on Saturday evening or early Sunday morning to all on our list, and will also be on the Home Page of the SAPLC website. We hope you will enjoy these services and feel connected to your St Andrew's Psalter Lane friends as we join in worship.*

*We are very grateful to the team who work so hard to bring these services to us when we need them, and do it so beautifully*

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<b>August 2<sup>nd</sup></b>	<b>Eighth Sunday after Trinity</b>	
10.30 am	Holy Communion	Revd Gareth Jones
<b>August 9<sup>h</sup></b>	<b>Ninth Sunday after Trinity</b>	
10.30 am	Sunday2	Judith Roberts
<b>August 16<sup>th</sup></b>	<b>Tenth Sunday after Trinity</b>	
10.30 am	Holy Communion	Revd Anthony Ashwell
<b>August 23<sup>rd</sup></b>	<b>Eleventh Sunday after Trinity</b>	
10.30 am	Morning Worship	Chris Sissons
<b>August 30<sup>th</sup></b>	<b>Twelfth Sunday after Trinity</b>	
10.30 am	Holy Communion	Revd Gareth Jones
<b>September 6<sup>th</sup></b>	<b>Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity</b>	
10.30 am	Holy Communion	Revd Gareth Jones
<b>September 13<sup>th</sup></b>	<b>Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity</b>	
10.30 am	Sunday2	Imogen Clout
<b>September 20<sup>th</sup></b>	<b>Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity</b>	
10.30 am	Holy Communion	Revd Gareth Jones
<b>September 27<sup>th</sup></b>	<b>Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity</b>	
10.30 am	Morning Worship	John Harding

### Wednesday services

There is also a Zoom service at 11.00 am on Wednesdays. The format of the service is readings with pauses, a led meditation, a psalm and prayer, with some music at the beginning and the end. There is also some time for conversation together at the end.

The links to these services are sent in a separate email message the day before.

*We are very grateful to Imogen Clout for organising the Wednesday services.*

## **When we are able, we will resume our normal pattern of services as follows:**

### **Sunday Services**

**Normal pattern:** 10.30 am Service: 1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup> Sundays Holy Communion service; 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday, Morning Worship

Please note that the bread used in our Sunday communion services is gluten free. Both fermented and unfermented communion wines are used.

**Monthly services:** 2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday: Sunday2 – Breakfast and family service from 9 am

4<sup>th</sup> Sunday – Holy Communion at 9.15 am (using Common Worship and the Book of Common Prayer)

2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday – Holy Communion at Southcroft, 6.30 pm

### **Wednesday Services**

At the 10.00 Communion service on Wednesdays, we reflect together on a piece of spiritual writing. This may be from one of the Christian traditions, or sometimes from another tradition of faith. The person leading the service will make copies of the piece of writing to give out to everyone. Come and enjoy an oasis of reflective calm in the middle of a busy week, and join us for coffee or tea afterwards. The Wednesday Service will recommence in September.

### **Church open for private prayer**

The church will be open for private prayer for part of Monday afternoons 1.30- 4.30pm and Friday mornings 9.30am – 12.30 pm in August. The church garden is also open for prayer. Please observe social distancing and instructions if you attend.

## **Last words.**

You may not always have a comfortable life and you will not always be able to solve all of the world's problems at once but don't ever underestimate the importance you can have because history has shown us that courage can be contagious and hope can take on a life of its own.

**Michelle Obama**

Do your little bit of good where you are; it's those little bits of good put together that overwhelm the world

**Desmond Tutu**



**Holly blue , photo by Bill Atherton.**