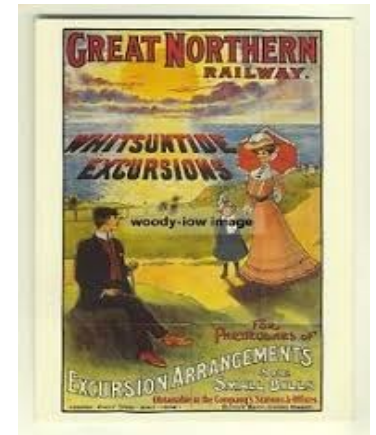


St. Mary's Dalton Holme Newsletter

Volume 4 Issue 7

May 2018



Church Wardens

The Lord Hotham 01430-810771
Mr. Giles W. Peacock 01430-810254
Mrs. J. Creaser 01430-810662

Services for May

6th	Fifth after Easter	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
13th	Sunday after Ascension Day	9.30 am	Holy Communion
20th	Whit Sunday	9.30 am	Morning Prayer
27th	Trinity Sunday	9.30 am	Holy Communion

Thoughts from Rev. John McNaughton

Dear Friends,

Please forgive me if I look back a little to March 14th to the death of Professor Stephen Hawking, for we shared a special interest. As a young man, he set out to study cosmology because he wanted to find out why we or our universe exist. He never found a place in the top ten scientists of the world, but he was much admired. When only twenty two he was given two years to live. He demonstrated that life is more than flesh and blood by overcoming massive physical adversity and lived to be seventy six. In campaigning for the disabled he showed sensitivity to the needs of others. He valued family life and for thirty years he was married to Jane, a devout Christian lady.

We shared an interest in God, although I was surprised that he clung to the ancient, pre scientific religion of atheism. Of course, that is a fundamental disagreement, but a very simple one. I am always happy to know people as they are, and enjoy their company. That goes for God as well! For thousands of years he has been trying to reveal himself as he really is, and not as we might imagine. As a result of that millions of us have come to know him as our Father in Heaven.

Various scientists, such as doctors, knew my earthly father in totally different ways from the way I knew him. He was wounded in war, suffered a bit from occasional illness, took a number of blood tests; I don't think he was ever breathalysed but a scientist might have found it interesting! You will understand that my knowledge of my Dad was quite different. I knew that man, admired him and was fond of him. I don't think that can be expressed in scientific terms.

You can see where I differ with Hawking. He wanted to know the mind of God in merely scientific terms. Perhaps that is why he famously lost a bet!. Back in 2005 he bet his scientific colleagues that they would never find what hey had named the "God particle". In 2012 he lost the bet!

He was always asking the question: "Where did the universe come form?" He tried to look back ten to twenty billion years in his never ending search for an answer. In his book " A Brief History of Time", he wrote that if we do discover a complete theory of physics we may be able to find the answer to the question of why it is that we and the universe exist. He wote : "If we find the answer to that it would be the ultimate triumph of human reason, for then we would know the mind of God".

I don't think I would have many friends if I only wanted to know them through human reason! I am happy to know them through human friendship. How lucky we are that we know the mind if God, not through cold reason trying to grope through the darkness of billions of years, but thankfully through the enlightening warm love of God, shining out from the darkness of the Cross of Calvary. It was eternally planned to happen in our human time to draw us all to him. May it inspire us to pray, and play our part in building a godly world. Your country urgently needs your prayers now. Please come and join us at St. Mary's.

June Issue

The closing date will be **Tuesday 15th May**. Articles should be sent to me in **word format only** at rac.pfl@btinternet.com

Robert Coates 01430-810504

South Dalton Ladies Club

The AGM of South Dalton Ladies Club was held on Thursday 5th April. Glynis recapped the events of last year and invited the members to suggest possible speakers and topics for the coming months. The evening was very pleasantly rounded off with a glass of sparkling liquid and a chance to have a natter with friends!

'Bad Girls and Bonnets'- Lucy Adlington on Thursday 12th April

Lucy delivered a highly informative and entertaining description of the emergence of trade in valuable materials to Britain in the 1700-1800s. Merchants needed to import their silks, alcohol and other desirable items here and women were often coerced into carrying them beneath their dresses. It was not unheard of for a woman to attempt to smuggle small kegs of brandy etc under her skirts! Lucy described the clothes worn as clear signs of wealth eg silk dresses, waistcoats, handkerchiefs, pockets and reticules (embroidered handbags that hung from the wrist). As a consequence, pickpockets and cut-purses flourished! Anyone convicted of stealing a relatively insignificant item, such as a pair of gloves was subjected to the harshest sentence- transportation to the colonies for seven years.

Lucy brought with her a printed cotton dress and a man's silk waistcoat from the 1840s which we could admire but not touch! She was dressed in clothing faithful to the design of the time but made for her to illustrate her talk. She brings history to life with her description of events, using letters and books written at the time and she always manages to inject her passion for her subject in a humorous way.

An appreciative audience was then able to ask questions, examine some of the materials at close hand and have the chance to buy any of the numerous books Lucy has written. An excellent evening!

Jan Nettleton

Clay Shoot Fund Raising Event.

The 38th Annual Clay Pigeon Shoot will be held on Saturday 16th June at Beverley Clay Target Centre starting at 2 pm.

Last year £2,500 was raised and divided equally between the two churches forming the United Benefice of Etton and South Dalton.



Prize Winning Caption Competition. No. 1

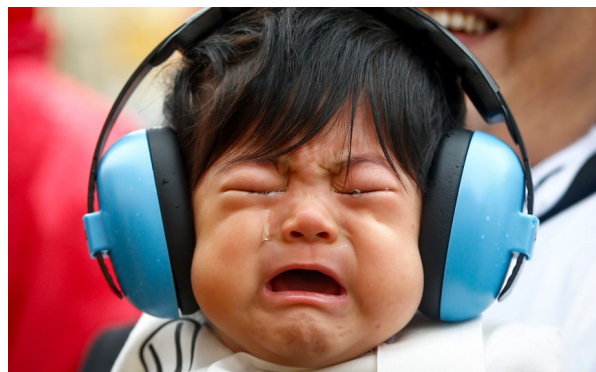
The winner is Sharon Simpson who exceeded all expectations by providing three answers: “Thinking outside the box”; “Good place to hide keys. NOT!!” and “One armed bandit, “Hands up”.



A special prize will be presented to Joseph Thomas (aged 5) for his submission
“I think Kev is hiding in here!”

Prize winning Caption Competition. No.2

The challenge is to produce the most original/amusing caption in no more than six words. **Submit your entries to me by email before 15th May** and the winner of the prize will be announced in the June issue.



DAFFODILS

If William Wordsworth is the most famous English Poet, then his “I wandered lonely as a cloud” must be our most famous poem – and he comes face to face in it, as everyone knows, with a “host of golden daffodils”. The poem was written around 1804 (the same year that Blake wrote “Jerusalem”) but refers to a specific incident, on a walk with his sister Dorothy, which had a date attached of 15 April 1802.

It is no coincidence that this was an April poem, because the daffodil has always been the most exciting and most unexpected herald of spring. It is of course the national flower of Wales, but also has special significance for the English as demonstrated by the sheer diversity of its names.

It is known as daffydowndilly, or the east lily, or fairy bells. It was known as goose-flop in Somerset, as Lent pitcher in Devon, as Queen Anne’s flower in Norfolk, as churn in Lancashire, as well as other West Country variants like cuckoo-rise or cowslip.

As for the poem, it was published in Wordsworth’s 1807 collection, which was roundly condemned as puerile by Lord Byron. Even Wordsworth’s great friend and fellow pioneer of Romantic poetry, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, called it a mental bombast. But the English feel otherwise. All that contemporary contempt has not prevented it from becoming one of the nation’s best-loved poems.

There is something rather wonderful about daffodils themselves, and not just for their visual cheerfulness. It’s a little known fact that they are traditionally used as an emetic to create vomiting- they’re mildly poisonous- and these days are a key ingredient to combat Alzheimer’s disease.

When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow park we saw a few daffodils close to the water side, we fancied that the lake had floated the seed ashore and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more and at last under the boughs of the trees we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful they grew among the mossy stones, and about them some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow for weariness and the rest tossed and reeled and danced and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake, they looked so gay ever dancing ever changing.

Dorothy Wordsworth’s journal 15 April 1802

RAC



