

Parkinson's Halifax

NEWSLETTER

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Here Comes The Sun @ Square Chapel



It was to a full house that two groups from Halifax Branch of Parkinson's, showed their talents, on Wednesday afternoon, 16th July. Natalie Speake from Dance4Fun put on a brilliant show. She had her Parkinson's dancers and children from Northowram School, who performed a series of dances with a theme of 'Here Comes The Sun'; their work was punctuated with poetry written by members of the group. In collaboration with Natalie was Giselle Herbert, Musical Director of the group 'For The Joy Of Singing' who were also present providing fitting songs. Photographs show the dancers, the singers and Natalie Speake with the Deputy Mayor of Calderdale.

Summer Fair

This year the Summer Fair had some serious competition; namely The Football, Wimbledon and the weather! However, despite numbers being down on former years – those who did go enjoyed some lovely home-baked cakes, managed to get around the room to look at the variety of stalls and of course have a good chat. Total raised £435.50. Photograph shows Gillian Haggis and Susan Thomas.



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PARKINSON'S^{UK}
CHANGE ATTITUDES. FIND A CURE. JOIN US.

Need help? Call the Parkinson's UK confidential helpline for free on **0808 800 0303**

Opening times: Monday-Friday: 9am-7pm, Saturday: 10am-2pm (Closed Sundays / Bank Holidays)

"Trained advisers, can provide information and advice about all aspects of Parkinson's, such as:

- *medical issues, including symptoms and treatments
- *employment and benefits
- *health and social care
- *emotional support."

National Memorial Arboretum

- a personal reflection

The National Memorial, additionally titled Arboretum, lies in the Midlands and is aptly named in more than one way. It is in the midst of trees of various well-chosen species (ARBOR is the Latin for *tree*) and it serves to remember many of this nation who have died during a time of conflict. But I had always believed that it was built to remember those of our forces who had died in conflicts that were neither of the World Wars. Hence in the beautiful Memorial at its very centre the names of all men and women who died while serving in such campaigns as Aden, the Irish troubles, the Falklands campaign, Kosovo, the Gulf War and Afghanistan are inscribed on pale cream stone. Within this monument are beautifully carved figures, one an ensemble denoting a stretcher party.

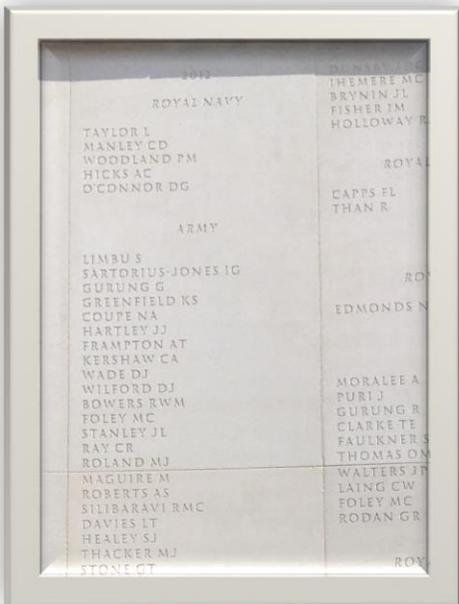


On 'the doorway' at the heart of the main memorial, suggested by the stones set slightly ajar, are inscribed these most haunting of words "Through this space a shaft of sunlight falls at the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of the eleventh month".

In my visit here, reached by an ever-winding ramp of a path, my friend Nevil, (he had described himself as my 'escort' when he reported on the day's events later) immediately said "I wonder if we'll find our local hero inscribed here".



This was a young lad from town who had both legs blown off when, serving in Afghanistan, he stood on an IED. His injuries were so severe he was flown back to the UK. Sadly, he didn't survive long. We struggled and struggled, the sunshine made it difficult to pick out names on the cream stone. Eventually I cried out "He's here, Nevil! 4th stone along, 3rd name from the bottom". There it was, clear as clear, so he took a photo to send back to town - Stanley J L, - our lad, our hero. And I do not know this young man, so I cannot imagine how much more the Arboretum will mean to the families of those whose names are inscribed here or remembered in some other way.



A vast area surrounds this memorial, though, in which are many individual memorials, each of them distinct and impressive with a singular history to tell.

The Land Train, so thoughtfully booked for us and which is available to all visitors, provides a guided tour which describes in detail these memorials as the visitor passes and takes 45 minutes to complete its journey. The land train is not enough however! Any visitor whose real intent on coming to the Arboretum is to absorb as much as possible needs to spend much, much more time, preferably a full day.

The little train started by passing by a Sensory Garden. Such gardens are often used now in therapy, to aid the recovery of anyone injured. They can be seen in hospital grounds, nursing homes/hospices and trauma units. Todmorden, where I live, has long had such a garden where anyone can go. A secluded area dedicated to children stillborn or who died soon after birth lay not far from the Sensory Garden. It was a very tranquil place, the heart of it accessible by a winding path, which made it very peaceful. A haven for any family grieving after such a bitter loss.

There were memorials to the Fire and Rescue Service and Ambulance Service who had protected London in the Blitz and throughout the war. I found the Memorials to the RAF and the Royal Air Force Regiment together not far away. This discovery meant much to me. My father had served in the RAF and spent most of his wartime service in the Middle East, in Mosul in Iraq. The RAF's job there was to prevent the oilfields from falling into German hands. (Strange how history seems to repeat itself).



A magnificent sculpture of Pegasus, the winged horse of Classical mythology, mounted high so it couldn't easily be missed, served as the Memorial to the Parachute Regiments. In fact, on the day of our visit a troop or two of Red Berets could be seen around the site. I wondered if new members to regiments were brought routinely to the Arboretum to make them even more aware of the history of the forces in the defence of our country. It would be encouraging to think so.

The most chilling memorial, for me at least, was that of "Shot at Dawn". It is a memorial to all those soldiers, thought to be cowards, who were led out before dawn and shot, white marker placed on breast pocket so the firing squad couldn't fail in its aim and treated with ignominy. This Memorial was represented by a grey-white figure standing in front of 307 wooden posts, each one representing a member of the British and Commonwealth Forces sentenced for Desertion or Cowardice in WW1. Very moving, very memorable.



There were rows and rows, sheltered groves and leafy pathways, all holding a Memorial of some kind or other, be it a sculpture or Regimental crest or simple carving; the protection of the trees and the serenity of the site has made the Arboretum a very special haven of lasting memory.

Inside the main concourse is a tiny chapel, squarish in nature with tree trunks acting as supports for the ceiling. It is a humble place in which to pray. Every morning at 11am a short service of Remembrance is held, reminding me of the Last Post Service taking place nightly in Ypres at 8pm.

Another 'treat' awaited us before our all-too-soon departure. We all enjoyed a most delicious Afternoon Tea, a tasty selection of crust-less sandwiches and an array of fresh cream delights to finish. With all this came of course a choice of good refreshing tea or tasty coffee, all served in the most delicate chinaware. What better way to end a magnificent day!

Thank you so much to the Committee for such splendid organisation!

By Helen Lunt



Members Coach Trip

Oswaldtwistle Mills

Wednesday 12th September 2018.

Departs Elim Church prompt at 10am
Returning approx. 6pm (subject to traffic)

Meal, Entertainment plus a little shopping!

Menu choice required when booking.

Tickets £10 each.

Please call
Margaret Lambert 01422 256347
or
Ian Barraclough 01422 256521

All issues of the Newsletter can be viewed online at,
www.parkinsonshalifax.org.uk

Poetry Corner

True Friends

True friends are always there.
A shoulder to cry on,
they come when you call;
they're the ones you rely on.

They listen to everything you have to say.
But do not judge you in any sort of way.

They give advice and give it to you straight,
whether you listen to them; it doesn't matter,
they'll always be your mate.

They will cuddle you when you need a hug.
You can give their hearts a right hard tug,

Because they'll always love you, warts and all.
They will hold you up to help you stand tall.

I've got a lot of good friends;
only some of those I class as true,
but I know without a doubt,
one of them is you.

Mark A Wilson

Dates For Your Diary

8th September
Singer Colin Whitaker

12th September (Weds)
Coach Trip – Oswaldtwistle Mills

29th September
Comedy & Dinner @ The
Shay

13th October
Singer Giselle Herbert