

Bournville, Stirchley, Cotteridge & Kings Norton



# Points



The bi-monthly mini-magazine of Churches Together in Birmingham 30

## *Folklore & Traditions*



The Kelpies

## “Did Jesus have Easter Eggs at the Last Supper?”

‘Traditions’ can be very confusing – especially for a 5 year old at Easter. When did the Easter Bunny get crucified? Did Jesus have Easter Eggs at the Last Supper? Why we eat salmon on Good Friday lunch followed by lamb on Easter Sunday dinner followed by simnel cake at tea?



Part of me wants to laugh at the ridiculousness of some of our traditions, but part of me wants to ensure that my children and grandchildren have some of the understanding of our strange (Christian

in my case) customs and where they came from. It would be very difficult to read James Joyce without any understanding of the Bible. Or D.H. Lawrence without having an idea of spirituality. Or Margaret Atwood without being able to reference the meaning of a testament.

Going to Sainsburys the day before Pancake Day and finding no reference to this tradition

at all on the shopping shelves, left me somewhat sad. However, it is difficult to explain the idea of eating up all the baking goods (eggs, flour and sugar) in order that you can suffer for the next 40 days .....when the shops are open!

As someone who grows quite a bit of my own food, I understand the ‘hungry gap’, when most of the stored vegetables have been eaten, but the new season’s growth is yet to appear. I like the idea of Lent and giving up something, even if giving up chocolate, but not biscuits seems to have missed the point? My father used to give up smoking his pipe for Lent and I can assure you that my mother was extremely glad when Easter Sunday came and my father’s temper improved significantly! He was also the person who would go round the office collecting people’s dirty crockery saying, “You can’t wash their feet, but



you can wash their coffee cups”.

This year when Lent and Ramadan ran almost concurrently we had a good excuse to discuss the similarities and differences between our traditions with our Muslim friends. As a young secondary school teacher I found it difficult to understand the refusal of our teenagers to drink water in the height of the summer. When I worked for the Birmingham Multicultural Support Service and Ramadan occurred in the middle of winter, my Muslim friends were

generous in their sharing of iftar at the end of every working day. In fact, during that period of my working career, we got to celebrate every tradition we could find – and a lot of them seemed to involve eating!

So I enjoy sharing traditions, but I'm also greatly in favour of inventing new traditions. Treasure Hunts, with more obscure clues as children get older, are a great part of our family get togethers. Kim's Game, with emphasis on memory is also a favourite. In one part of my family Christmas

Eve means the cooking and eating of baked bean pie (!). I'm sorry to see the demise of Bonfire Night, although I don't regret trying to eat half cooked baked potatoes rescued from a fire. I'm not sure I really relish the rise of Halloween, but planting out the broad beans on the Spring Equinox as the year turns is really satisfying!

Helen Gale



## The Convent Nixie in Guben

On the outpost Einbecke near Guben there is a spring that 300 years ago was called Ostera Spring and was prized for its healing powers.



A nixie lives in this spring. On holy nights, especially at Easter and Saint John's Day, she can still be seen at the edge of the spring.



This nixie once loved a handsome young burgher's son from Guben, named Heinrich. She had many secret meetings with him, but in the end the young man's piety and fear of God were stronger than his love for her. He dedicated himself to the Virgin Mary, and for the sake of his soul's salvation, he resisted all the temptations of the lovely pagan woman.

Tormented by indescribable grief at the loss of her beloved, the nixie decided to learn of the powers that had estranged the youth from her. To this end she entered the service of the Holy Virgin, who, as she jealously thought, had robbed her of her handsome Heinrich.

Thus she went to the convent of the virgins and, as a lay sister, performed the meanest and hardest maid services, silently and unrecognized. However, Christ entered her soul and filled her with the blessings of the gospel. Thus holy love for her rival Mary erased the pagan resentment in her heart.



Her humility and piety were soon recognized, and with time, under the name of Paula, she became a nun, a subprioress, a prioress, and finally the abbess of the convent. Her wonderful knowledge of natural healing powers and her undaunted active love of healing the sick soon brought her a reputation for holiness.

No one suspected her origin, because the nixies completely resemble humans, although they always have a damp hem on their robes as a

sign of their native element.

No matter how carefully the abbess tried to hide the damp hem of her veil, it did not escape the spying eyes of a young, clever, and curious nun, and her secret soon became known to the whole convent.

From that hour on she was alienated from the hearts of the nuns. Cold greetings, lurking looks, and secret whispers wounded the heart of the loving abbess.

The confessor of the convent soon learned her secret. In his zeal for the salvation of the church, he questioned the abbess in the confessional. Hearing his first words, the unfortunate woman stood up, wringing her hands and lamenting. She confessed that she was the nixie of Oстера Spring and added, lamenting, that she now had to go back to her damp dwelling.

Just one more year, and her seven years of trial would have been over, and her soul would have been saved. Close to her goal, she was now farther than ever from it, because of the hasty zeal of the nuns.



She took leave of the convent, all its sacred objects, and all its inhabitants. The nuns wept a great deal, for they all loved greatly, even though she was a nixie. And then she silently went back to her former cold dwelling.

Since then she has often been seen walking through the cloisters of the convent at night in her nun's habit. She can be seen particularly well there on the night before August 15, the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. She has never done harm to anyone.



## SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY IN THE 1950'S

Throughout my childhood my family attended a Wesleyan Reform chapel in Sheffield. Our tradition on Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday was to celebrate the Sunday school Anniversary. All the Sunday School children , about 50-60 of them, would



attend 3 services on both Sundays, morning, afternoon and evening. The girls wore white dresses and the boys white shirts with dark trousers. The men of the church erected 2 platforms, one either side of the pulpit. Each platform had 4 rows reaching up high with a steep drop behind the top row. This top row was for the youngest children, goodness knows what Health and Safety would have said, but this was not a concern in those days and I don't think there were any incidents of children falling over the top. Children were selected to sing solos or recite poems or both. I can still remember the songs I sang and the poems I recited. This opportunity for solo performing, although terrifying at the time , built self confidence and the ability to memorize the words of poems and songs which were

useful attributes as we grew up. The church choir and the organist also took part and we were all ably led by Mr. Dale whose high standards meant we had many hours of rehearsal before the big days. I still recall singing Christ the Lord is risen today, Hallelujah memories of which return each Easter Sunday as we sing this



traditional hymn.

Linda Mann

## “Jenny wi the Iron Teeth”

Back in the 1950s, the Gorbals area of Glasgow was being terrorised.

Stories had been circulating in the Gorbals about missing children, believed killed, the culprit was said to be a seven-foot vampire, with iron teeth lurking in the Southern Necropolis. The adults wouldn't believe the kids, so the kids decided to deal with this monster once and for all – by themselves. In 1954, hundreds of young kids from the Gorbals area of Glasgow swarmed into the creepy Necropolis graveyard.

The police were called but couldn't move the children, it took a local Head Teacher to finally disperse the crowd.

Local historians believe the mass panic stemmed from the legend of “Jenny wi' the Iron Teeth”, a murderous ghost said to haunt Glasgow Green. There was also an American comic book at that time entitled: “The Vampire with the Iron Teeth”.

After the story appeared in the local press, it gained worldwide coverage. An unlikely alliance of Christians, communists and the National Union of Teachers blamed imported American horror comic books for the mass hysteria.

The campaign ultimately reached Parliament, resulting in the 1955 Children and Young Persons (Harmful Publications) Act which still stands today.

A stage play, and a graphic novel have told the story of the Gorbals Vampire, and a large mural of the beast guards a local railway arch.



## **The Gulf of Corryvreckan (from the Gaelic 'Coire Bhreacain')**

meaning "cauldron of the speckled seas" or "cauldron of the plaid"), also called the Strait of Corryvreckan, is a narrow strait between the islands of Jura and Scarba, off the west coast of mainland Scotland.

The Corryvreckan is the third-largest whirlpool in the world. Flood tides and inflow from the Firth of Lorne to the west can drive the waters of Corryvreckan to waves of more than 30 feet (9.1m), and the roar of the resulting maelstrom can be heard 10 miles (16km) away.

Another legend surrounds Norse king Breacan. In various stories, Breacan moored his boat near the whirlpool to impress the father of a local princess, who wanted him to anchor by the whirlpool for three days and three nights.

The prince had three ropes made, one from hemp, one from wool and one from maidens' hair. It was said that the purity of the maidens' hair would make the rope unbreakable. However, on the first night, the hemp rope snapped, on the second it was the wool rope and on the third night, the hair rope snapped. The boat was subsequently dragged under. When the only surviving crew member dragged the body of the prince ashore, one maiden, wracked with guilt, confessed that she was not as pure as she had made out and that was why the rope broke.



# Birmingham Roller

## Introduction

Birmingham Roller is my favourite poem. It's about a very special sort of pigeon. I would like to share it with you, because it reminds me of my roots and of my grandad. It was written by Black Country poet Liz Berry. Strictly speaking, Birmingham is not in the Black Country, but roller/tumbler pigeons are bred in both regions. Liz was born in Dudley, in the heart of the Black Country. I was born just up the road in West Bromwich, in an area called Black Lake. And yes, it did have a lake, with fish, frogs, newts, and lovely bullrushes. When I was five or six, my dad and I used to fish and sail our model boat on Black Lake.

Ah, the beautiful Black Country – God's place on earth. I love the Black Country - its people, industry and all its traditions. My grandad lived five minutes away from us, and so he was Black Country, too – but more of him later. Firstly, Liz's poem:

## Birmingham Roller

by Liz Berry from her book 'Black Country'

'We spent our lives down in the blackness... those birds brought us up to the light'



Wench, yowm the colour of ower town:  
concrete, steel, oily rainbow of the cut.

Ower streets am in yer wings,  
ower factory chimdeys plumes on yer chest,

yer heart's the china ower owd girls dust  
in their tranklement cabinets.

Bred to dazzlin in backyards by men  
whose onds grew soft as feathers

just to touch you, cradle you from egg  
through each jeth-defying tumble.

Little acrobat of the terraces,  
we'm winged when we gaze at you

jimmucking the breeze, somersaulting through  
the white-breathed prayer of January

and rolling back up like a babby's yo-yo  
caught by the open donny of the clouds.

[What a beautiful way to end a poem!]

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It's a lovely poem, but I think you may have trouble reading it, because it uses a lot of Black Country words and phrases. Admittedly, there are similarities to B30 'speak', but there are a lot of differences, too. I strongly recommend you listen to Liz reading it on YouTube. Use the search term: 'Liz Berry reads The Birmingham Roller'

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## **Black Country words used in the poem and their translation:**

wench	affectionate name for a female
Oily Rainbow	oil on canal water
yowm	you are
cut	canal
owd	old
tranklement	bits & bobs or ornaments
onds	hands
jeth	death
we'm winged	captivated
jimmucking	shaking
babby	little child
donny	child's hand

## **Black Lake**

Before I introduce my Grandad, I would like to set the scene by telling you about the Black Lake area of the early 1950s:

Shops stretched for about 100 yards along Old Meeting Street and sold everyday essentials. There was a: Grocer, greengrocer, butcher, chip shop, and barber. The barber's parting remark was always: 'Do you want some lard on' - He was not joking - lard was cheaper than Brylcreem! There was also a shop that made and sold bicycles. They specialised in dropped handlebar racing bikes – every little boy's dream. On the opposite side of the road to the shops was the Ebenezer Methodist Church, built in 1839.

My school was Black Lake Infants and Junior School and was directly across the road from our house – literally 30 seconds away! It opened in 1885 and closed in 1969. Not a blade of grass! - just a tarmacked playground. The desks had cast iron frames, two inkwells, and a lift-up

desktop. Each seated two children. There were 40 children in each class, and about five classes.

Two other important buildings in Black Lake were the Gas Works and Swan Village railway station. The Gas Works processed gas from coal and had two huge gasometers. When natural gas was discovered in the North Sea the Gas Works became obsolete. Similarly, the railway station closed for passengers in 1964 (Courtesy of Dr Beeching). It was replaced by a tram stop.

Rag and bone men roaming the streets with their horse and carts, yelling: 'Any old iron - Any old rags' – With a blast on a battered old bugle! Payment for junk was a goldfish in a jam-jar, or a balloon. There were few cars. And, like the rag and bone man, milk was delivered by horse and cart. Most people used public transport, rode bicycles, or walked. There were about 100 houses in our street, but only one car, and that belonged to the local taxi driver!



Finally, the factories: Five factories were within a few minutes walk from our house. Most manufacturing in the Black Country involved shaping hot metal. The work was sweaty, strenuous and hazardous so understandably there was a profusion of pubs – as many pubs as factories. Molten iron was poured into moulds. Red-hot steel was rolled into strips, such as railway lines, or squeezed between hardened steel dies in huge presses. As children, we peered through glassless factory windows or through open doors – totally fascinated. It challenged the senses: The smell of red-hot steel - the smoke, the thud of giant hammers - the groaning of metal yielding to enormous force. Noise, smoke, and acrid smells perpetrated the area. Chimney stacks directed the smoke and smell further afield.

## Grandad

Grandad was a cooper. He made wooden barrels - not the sort that you put beer or wine in, but the sort that held coal tar products, such as creosote. He worked for a company called WH Keys, which was about 10 minutes walk from where he lived. After about 100 years, the factory closed in 2005.



Grandad lived just round the corner from us, with my auntie and uncle, in a tiny two-up, two-down, mid-nineteenth century cottage. The living room had a black leaded range with an open coal fire. Most of the cooking was done in the oven, on top of the range, or using a meat

jack over the fire. Next to the grate was a tiny gas cooker on a stand. The cottage had no water supply. There was no mains electricity supply either. Lighting was by gas mantels - one in each room. The cottage adjoined a blacksmiths forge. In it lived 'Joey the motor'. Joey was used to drive the blower of the forge. When



Joey started-up grandad's house shook and cutlery plates on the walls rattled!

The back door of the house was down an entry which led to a tiny, cobbled, yard. It had a lavatory at one end and a brewhouse in the middle. It wasn't used for brewing beer - brewhouse was just a general term. Grandad had big chunky hands, from years of making barrels, despite which, he played the banjo! Fixed to the outside wall

of the brewhouse was a primitive workbench made from an old door. His tools were minimal. As far as I remember, he had: a big hammer, a hacksaw, and a screwdriver. But he made me anything I asked for: Boats, aeroplanes, cars... (nice grandad).

The brewhouse had a copper boiler, heated by a coal fire with a brick chimney. A cold-water tap served an earthenware sink. A tin bath hung on the wall. So, the brewhouse had the water supply for the cottage and was its washroom and bathroom! Grandad's cottage was much like the cottages at the Black Country Museum, but more primitive!



The yard housed my uncle's aviary, in which he kept canaries. It also had grandad's pigeon loft. Grandad bred roller/tumbler pigeons - just like the ones Liz Berry described. He also kept bantam chickens in the yard. When I was aged about four or five, I sometimes had bantam eggs on toast for tea. I used to watch grandad's pigeons a lot, I suppose he had about ten. They didn't go far - just tumbled above the cottage. When we wanted to get them back into the loft, we threw down grey peas, or, as we say in the Black Country: 'grey pays'.



Mowgli,

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The mythical kelpie is the Scots name given to a supernatural water horse that was said to haunt Scotland's lochs and lonely rivers. It has usually been described as appearing as a horse but is able to adopt human form. However, some accounts state that the Kelpie retains its hooves when appearing as a human, leading to its association with the Christian idea of Satan. Robert Burns alludes to this idea in his 1786 poem "Address to the Deil."

The kelpie would appear to its victims as a lost dark grey or white pony but could be identified by its constantly dripping mane. It would entice people to ride on its back, before taking them down to a watery grave. (See the picture on the front page)

## Egg Hunts are for Wimps

Easter Sunday afternoon was never spent hunting for eggs in the garden! And hoping the squirrels didn't find them before you....

Instead we boiled eggs in tea leaves which turned them mottled brown. Next, we painted faces on them. As soon as they were dry we all climbed into the car and headed for the grassy Campsie hills with a picnic in tow. One parent, usually mum, stayed at the bottom of the hill and guarded the picnic. The other parent walked up the slopes with all the children and their painted eggs usually to a prearranged starting point.

On the count of three, we all started to roll our boiled eggs down the hill. The winner was the one who arrived at the picnic first with their egg more or less intact. Rolling your egg too quickly could result in a heavy contact with a hidden boulder and total calamity. But not enough effort and the egg became buried in the grass.

When we arrived at the picnic site a winner was declared. Looking back up the hill we could see the gulls enjoying the feast of destroyed eggs strewn on the hillside. They made an excellent attempt to clean up the mess. Meanwhile we enjoyed our picnic – of cheese sandwiches. We'd had enough eggs for one day.

We repeated this egg rolling exercise with our children on the Lickeys and with our grandchildren on Box Hill in the Surrey Downs. Everyone enjoyed the fun including the birds. Alas, hidden chocolate eggs in the garden have now won the day.

However we still roll our chocolate eggs (in their wrappers, of course) and break them against the skirting boards before we eat them.

John Slevin



## The Giants Causeway

Fionn Mac Cumhaill was a great Irish warrior and giant, known across the land for his strength and clever thinking. One day, he heard that a giant from Scotland, the fearsome Benandonner, was boasting that he could easily defeat Fionn in a fight. Never one to back down from a challenge, Fionn tore great chunks of rock from the coast and laid them across the sea, building a mighty causeway so the two giants could meet.

But when Fionn saw Benandonner approaching in the distance, he quickly realised the Scottish giant was far bigger than he expected.

Thinking fast, Fionn rushed home and asked his wife, Oonagh, for help. Clever as

ever, Oonagh disguised Fionn as a baby and tucked him into a giant-sized cradle. When Benandonner arrived and saw the enormous 'baby', he panicked - if the child was that big, how massive must the father be?

Terrified, Benandonner turned and fled back to Scotland, tearing up the causeway behind him so Fionn couldn't follow. To this day, the Giant's Causeway remains on the Antrim coast - a wonder of nature with a tale of giants behind it. This playful legend shows that brains can be just as mighty as brawn, and that sometimes the best victories are the ones won with wit



# EYE-WITNESS

## Stories from Israel and the West Bank

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- *What is the Israeli peace movement doing?*
- *What can be done to promote a just peace in Israeli-occupied Palestine?*

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### **The Cotteridge Book Group**

*(members are current or previous members  
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meets in the evening about once every 6 -8 weeks in  
one of our own homes to discuss a selection of books –  
mostly fiction, both classics and modern.

If you are interested and would like a look at this year's programme, please  
email Helen Gale at  
[helenmgale@gmail.com](mailto:helenmgale@gmail.com)



# Foodbank

## Urgently Needed

- Tinned/carton instant custard
- Small jars of instant coffee (not decaf)
- UHT long-life fruit juice (not needing refrigeration)
- Liquid/bars of soap
- Tinned spaghetti
- Jam and honey
- Sugar (500g)
- Tinned fruit in juice (not rhubarb, prunes or grapefruit)
- Tinned meat /meat products
- Cereal (not greater than 500g)
- Toothpaste

## Lower in Stock

- Tinned rice pudding
- Rice (500g)
- Tinned tomatoes
- Baked beans
- Sugar (500g)
- Tinned vegetables (peas, carrots, sweet corn)
- Pasta sauce
- Tinned fish (mackerel, tuna, sardines, salmon)
- Squash
- Tea bags (40's or 80's)
- tinned or packet vegetarian meals
- Toilet Rolls
- Tinned soup
- Washing up liquid
- Instant hot chocolate (not cocoa powder)
- Laundry powder/liquid
- Gender neutral shampoo and shower gel
- Chocolate bars
- Pastas shapes
- Instant potato
- Instant noodles
- Gender neutral shampoo and shower gel.
- UHT semi-skimmed milk

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Donations to the B30 Foodbank at the Warehouse 17 Castle Road B30 3HZ on Tuesdays and Fridays between 2.00 and 4.00p  
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TICKETS



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# The 20:26 to Assisi

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# Bournville Lunchtime Concerts



Summer 2026

- 17 Apr Alex Wyatt (piano)  
1 May Xingtian Ge (soprano) & Yizhue Lin (piano)  
15 May Eira Lynn Jones (harp)  
5 Jun Paul Carr (organ)  
19 Jun Ulrich Heinen (cello) & John Humphreys (piano)  
3 Jul *Minerva Flutes* - Emily Hicks, Christy Chen,  
Emma Brown & Su Newton Ede  
17 Jul Marek Orszulik (guitar)

- Fridays, 1:00-1:45pm, at Bournville Quaker Meeting House, 65 Linden Road, Birmingham, B30 1JT
- Free admission – retiring collection
- Tea, coffee and biscuits available from midday – bring your own sandwiches.

***Join our Concerts mailing list!***  
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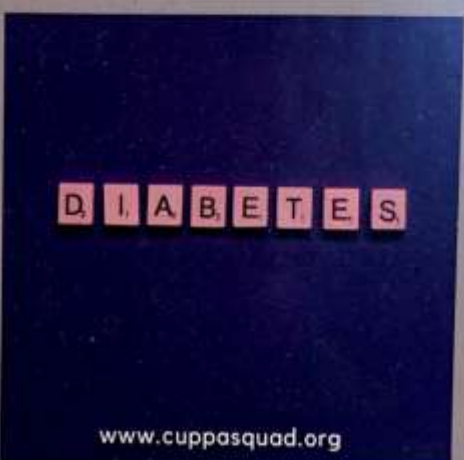
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  - £2 EACH (CASH PAYMENT ON THE DAY)
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
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
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Selly Oak

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# Tim, Mel & Friends Spirit Of Rosa

Are you interested in having a  
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Community space or venue ?



If you are interested please  
contact:

Tim - 07708382391

## Place of Welcome

Pavilion has a session every Friday morning with refreshments in the Rowheath Terrace Room.

There's lively conversation, drinks and snacks every Friday morning in Rowheath hall.



### How do you join?

You just walk in anytime between 10.30 and 12.00 on Friday! But for Covid safety you must give contact details.

### Why is this group happening?

The Places of Welcome network was set up in 2012 because of concerns about loneliness and isolation. We are proud to be part of this great initiative.



# THE BOURNVILLE SOCIETY

## PROGRAMME FOR 2025/2026

Meetings held in Dame Elizabeth Hall,  
off Oak Tree Lane, B30 1UA, Bournville  
on Wednesday evenings

<b>1 Oct 2025</b>	<b>7.30pm</b> John Billingham	Life in the 1950s
<b>5 Nov 2025</b>	<b>7.30pm</b> Michael Harrison	Bournville between the Wars
<b>3 Dec 2025</b>	<b>7.30pm</b> Nigel Metcalf	The Victorian Christ- mas
<b>4 Feb 2026</b>	<b>7.30pm</b> Paul Standford	Cadbury's Railways


<b>4 Mar 2026</b>	<b>7.30pm</b>	A.G.M
	Henrietta Lockhart	A History of Winter- bourne
<b>1 Apr 2026</b>	<b>7.30pm</b> Liz Palmer	Born in Birmingham 1914-24
<b>6 May 2026</b>	<b>7.30pm</b> Richard Cook	Roman remains in the area
		Visit to the Cadbury Archive

**Membership £15**

**Visitors Welcome £5 per meeting**

**For details contact**

rosemaryshutt@talktalk.net or  
jenny.shardlow@gmail.com



# Bournville Art Club

In the heart of Bournville  
Paint and relax in a creative  
calm environment.  
Adult beginners and advanced  
painters welcome  
Every Thursday 2pm-3.30pm  
£35 all materials included  
Refreshments available

Contact: Emma Richter  
emmarichterarty@gmail.com  
Mobile: 07549988474

# The Cotteridge Church

You are invited ...

WORK SPACES AVAILABLE

BOARD GAMES

WELCOMING

FAMILY FILMS

24 Pershore Road South  
Cotteridge  
Birmingham  
B30 3EJ

**The Cotteridge Church**

0121-433-5518

administrator@thecotteridgechurch.org.uk

#warmwelcome #wearecotteridge #community #thecotteridgechurch

## Warm Spaces

where people can gather for free in a warm, safe, welcoming place and enjoy a hot drink and some company.

Cotteridge Church  
Monday -Friday

9.30 am –1.30 pm



# Click on the different links below to find out what's happening in your church

(Ctrl + click on link)

<https://www.facebook.com/rowheath.pavilion/>

<https://ssiandh.org>

<https://bournvilleparishchurch.org.uk/>

<https://www.facebook.com/BournvilleParishChurchStFrancisOfAssisi/>

[www.ascensionstirchley.com](http://www.ascensionstirchley.com)

<https://www.facebook.com/share/1AcRNVQWxJ/?mibextid=LQQJ4d>

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/category/Religious-Organization/Bournville-Quaker-Meeting/>

<https://www.facebook.com/Cotteridge-Quaker>

<https://cotteridgequakers.org.uk/>

<https://www.thecotteridgechurch.org.uk/>

<https://www.facebook.com/TheCotteridgeChurch/>

<https://www.birminghammethodistcircuit.org.uk/church-page/st-andrews-b30>

<https://www.weoleyhillchurch.org.uk/links.php>

<https://www.birminghamvineyard.com/>

<https://www.facebook.com/vineyardbham/>

<https://b30.foodbank.org.uk/>

<https://www.birminghamchurches.org.uk/news/>

<https://ctb30.org.uk/>

## CHURCH CONTACTS

*For further details of worship and/or activities at any of the churches please contact the people below:*

- St. Andrew's Methodist Church  
Rev Ping Ting Chen 448 9619
- Society of Friends, Bournville  
Claire Bowman - 07753 635438  
Room Hire,  
bqmroombookings@gmail.com  
[https://centralenglandquakers.org.uk/  
room-bookings/bournville](https://centralenglandquakers.org.uk/room-bookings/bournville)
- St. Francis Church, Bournville  
Rev Canon Richard Wharton - 472  
7215
- Rowheath Pavilion Church  
Office - 458 1711.
- Society of Friends, Cotteridge  
Chris Martin - 475 2088
- The Cotteridge Church  
Revd Tariro Mukoja - 443 1371  
Revd. Roger Collins - 459 4009  
or Church Office - 433 5518
- Ch of the Ascension Stirchley  
Revd Tariro Mukoja - 443 1371
- Catholic Church of Ss Joseph and  
Helen
- Catholic Church of St Paul's  
Father David Barry - 458 1236

“Points” is published by Churches Together in Birmingham 30 for the exchange of ideas and news. Opinions do not necessarily reflect the official policy of the churches as a group or individually.

Contact **“Points”**: c/o Mr John Slevin (Editor) 54 Bunbury Road, Northfield Birmingham, B31 2DW. E-mail: [johnslevin@blueyonder.co.uk](mailto:johnslevin@blueyonder.co.uk) Or ring the Editor, Mr John Slevin on 0121 476 1942.

*Roger Bunce*

*Gill Broadhead*

*Editorial Committee:*

*Linda Mann*

Next Issue's Focus will be

Living with Change

All are invited to submit an article. If you wish to do so please send to the Editor by:

15 May