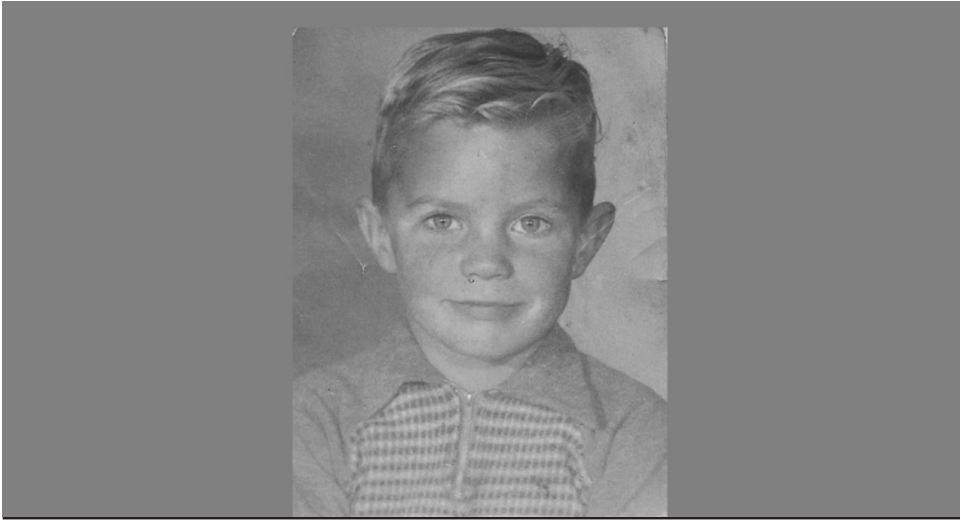


My Story



David Clarke YouTube View: <https://youtu.be/iNbmE1KFFHQ>

My name is David Clarke. I was born in 1949. The place of my birth was Boundary Park General hospital, Oldham, Lancashire. On the 16th February 1949 at 9.50 AM,



Boundary Park Hospital Oldham

My mother's maiden name was Elsie Dyson Ormrod who married to my father Thomas George Clarke, from Islington in London, some time after the war. They were both proud to be British.

He was in the army and my mum was in the Royal Air Force and posted to

work at Ring-way Airport.



Thomas George Clarke



Elsie Dyson Ormrod

She informed me that this hospital was next to Oldham Athletic football ground.



Oldham Athletic Football Club



26 Fleet Street Oldham

We lived in my granddads house that is my mother's father in his house at 26 Fleet Street, Clarksfield, Oldham.

My granddad's name was Watts Ormrod and he was a retired craftsman and senior member of a Trades Union.



Granddad Watts Ormrod



Oldham Mills

His hair was white, which I am told happened due to an accident at work

when a large rivet was pushed through his hand.

I have an older brother, born on 27th September 1946, that is was two and a half years older than me. His name is Michael John (spelt Michael instead of Michael due to my mother’s stubbornness when he was named at the registrar’s office. The official informed her that the way she had spelt Michael was in fact wrong, and my mum reacted at being corrected and insisted it would be spelt just as she had written it.

He attended Clark’s Field Infant School and here his is on the bottom row. Note his watch he is showing off.



Michael Clark’s Field Infants

David Clark’s Field Infants

I also attended Clark’s Field infant school 2 years later.

I was christened at Christ’s Church, Glodwick and my Godfather was David Maltby of 382 Barton Road; Stratford and was a sides man at the Church on Barton Road. He gave me at that time a bible with a text of scripture written on the inside cover. Prov. 3. 6 “In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths “.



Baptism Certificate



St Barnabas Sunday School

I have found a baptism certificate dated 3rd April 1949, where it states

I became a member of Christ the child of God, and an inheritor of the “Kingdom of Heaven”. This however is wrong, as I did not become a member of Christ until I was born again on The 16th January 1970, which I speak about later.

I remember attending St Barnabas Sunday school at Christchurch, which was just along the road from our house in Fleet Street. On one occasion I was so cosy, sitting on the pew, I fell asleep and woke up with a jolt wondering where I was, just as the vicar had finished his sermon. I had been lulled into sleep by the stimulating sermon. I haven’t changed even to day. I must have been about 3 or 4 years old. It was my mother’s idea to take my brother and I to Sunday school.

At Sunday school I remember we painted pictures of houses and still remember wondering why did the teacher draw the house with the door in the middle of the building and windows either side of the door. This was because I knew we lived in a house in a terrace and our door was to one side, just like the other houses in the street. I had no spiritual impressions of the Lord Jesus Christ from these times.



Roman Catholic St Anne’s



Toby Twirl Story

Just across the street from our house there was a great Roman Catholic Church building, and living accommodation, surrounded by a high wall. It was built of red engineering bricks and several stories high with stained glass windows along the long church building. I remember looking up at the crooked lightening conductor and I still get the feeling of austerity and awkwardness when wondering what was behind that wall. It produced the same feeling in me when I had the story of Toby Twirl red to me. In that story he meets a giant who lived behind a great high walled castle. I was afraid to go near, or to even think of climbing the wall, or trespass in the grounds. I did not know it was a Roman Catholic Church building until about 25 years later when my mother informed me.

At that time I knew of no other religion than that of the Church of England, I assumed my mother was right in all such matters and so the Catholics were wrong.