

78th
ANNIVERSARY



WINDRUSH SUNDAY

Poem

Windrush – what does it mean?

Windrush, Windrush!
What does it now mean to you?
What does it now mean to me?

Those old sepia coloured movie-tone
images of Black women and men in their
Sunday best,

disembarking from that boat,
after weeks being afloat,
all smiling and unstressed.

They all had a dream and a five-year plan,
alongside a Bible, and the 'grip' in
their hand.
Some even believed the tales they
were told,
that the streets of 'inglan' were paved
with gold!

Most were not prepared for a welcome as
frosty as the weather,
in a country where the sun could shine, but
still be cold,
a land where many people believed all that
they heard about those newly arrived
people from across the sea,
who had come to take their jobs by working
for free.

Yet, the Windrush Generation was resilient,
determined, steadfast and faithful,
who looked to God for succour and

courage, when the times were dreadful.

Their Christian faith helped to revive a
church that was known to reject them.
I wonder how it feels to be told,
that your face is better suited to the worship
space down the Road?

Yet, the Windrush Generation were
pioneers who blazed a trail,
which those who followed could not fail
to build on.

Yet, one of their legacies has been
a 'scandal':
the threat of their deportation and exile
due to political policies that were hostile.
Implemented by governments that failed
to appreciate
all that they had worked so hard to create.

Windrush, Windrush
here's what it should mean to us!
It should see us celebrate a generation,
who changed this country for the better,
who changed this country for ever.
We see this in culture, religion and more,
Eclipsing everything that went before.

Let us remember those titans with pride,
and may we never forget them or
their contributions.