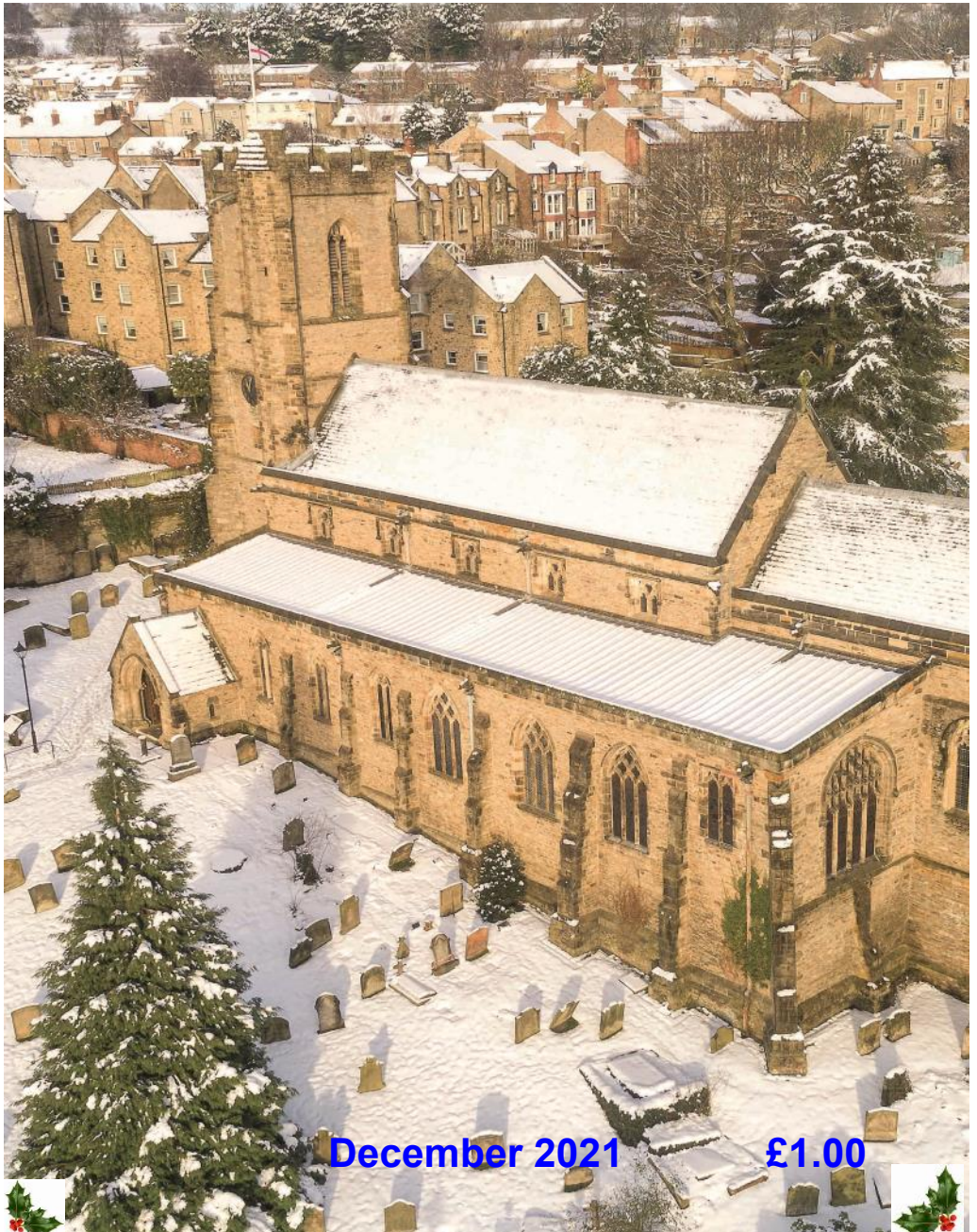


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www.richmondhudswellparish.org.uk

MINISTRY TEAM

RECTOR

Revd. Martin Fletcher The Rectory, Church Wynd 07762 440094 or 821421
martin.fletcher@leeds.anglican.org

ASSISTANT CURATE

Revd. Paul Sunderland 1 Wathcote Place, Richmond 07989 178196
paul.sunderland@leeds.anglican.org

HONORARY CLERGY

Bishop John Pritchard · Revd. Jennifer Williamson

READER

Mr Scott Lunn 01748 826895 2 Hurgill Road slunn@richmondschool.net

PASTORAL ASSISTANT

Mrs Jennifer Patrick 850693 1 Roper Court, Richmond

ACORN CHRISTIAN LISTENERS

Mrs Jennifer Patrick 850693 Dr Sheila Harrisson 822059

PRAYER REQUESTS

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CHURCH OFFICERS - ST MARY THE VIRGIN, RICHMOND

<u>Mayor's Warden</u>	Dr Peter Trewby	824468	24 Hurgill Road
<u>Rector's Warden</u>	Mrs Jan Jack	07725 574188	jjackuk@gmail.com
<u>Warden Emeritus</u>	Mr David Frankton	823531	8 Allan's Court
<u>Director of Music</u>	Mr Chris Denton	07817 386070	chrisdenton@gmail.com
<u>Bell Captain</u>	Mrs Susan Welch	823700	8 Maple Road
<u>Head Verger</u>	vacancy		

Parish Administrator

Colin Hicks 07498 299061 admin@richmondhudswellparish.org.uk

OFFICERS OF THE PCC (AND OTHERS)

<u>Lay Chair</u>	Dr Peter Trewby	824468	24 Hurgill Road
<u>Secretary</u>	Sharon Digan	07791 426659	
<u>Treasurer</u>	Paul Carnell		stmarys@paulcarnell.co.uk
<u>Magazine Editor</u>	Jim Jack	07754 283161	stmarys.maged@gmail.com
<u>Magazine Distribution</u>	Keith Robson	07866 325843	
<u>Magazine Adverts</u>	Jeanette Sunderland	jeanettesunderland@outlook.com	
		07812 109243	
<u>Bookings</u>	Martin Clarke		stmarys.mgc@gmail.com

N.B. Whilst public worship has resumed at all churches in the Benefice, they are still subject to diocesan distancing & music guidelines which may change. Please continue to check the web-site regularly for up-to-date details.

CHURCH SERVICES - St MARY THE VIRGIN, RICHMOND with Hudswell

8.00 a.m.	Holy Communion	Every Sunday
10.00 a.m.	Parish Communion Worship for All	Every Sunday apart from 3rd Sunday (including communion) Every 3rd Sunday
4.00 p.m.	Café Church Fun-Key Church	3rd Sunday (every 2 mths—Jan, March etc) Last Sunday each month
6.30 p.m.	Choral Evensong Free to Be	Second Sunday each month 3rd Sunday (every 2 mths—Feb, April etc)
9.15 a.m.	Holy Communion	Every Wednesday
10.30 a.m.	Holy Communion	Every Thursday Holy Trinity Chapel, MarketPlace

PARISH OF ST MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, DOWNHOLME

CHURCH OFFICERS

<u>Reader</u>	George Alderson	68, Brompton Park, Brompton on Swale DL10 7JP	07487 257646
<u>Church Warden</u>	Mrs Jean Calvert	823001 Thorpe Farm, Reeth Road, Richmond	
<u>Organist</u>	Fionnagh Bennet		
<u>Church Treasurer</u>	Phil Ham	07920 884103	'Sundale', Reeth, DL11 6TX philip.ham@outlook.com
<u>PCC Secretary</u>	Rev Jennifer Williamson	824365	rev.jenny1@btinternet.com

CHURCH SERVICES AT DOWNHOLME

9.30 a.m.	Morning Prayer	Every second Sunday
9.30 a.m.	Holy Communion	Every fourth Sunday

THE PARISH OF ST EDMUNDS, MARSKE

CHURCH OFFICERS

<u>Church Warden</u>	Mrs Ruth Tindale	823371	Skelton Lodge, Marske
<u>Organist</u>	Mrs Jennifer Wallis	822930	1 School Terrace, Marske
<u>Treasurer</u>	Mr Peter Coates	07801521954	Orgate Farmhouse, Marske peter.coates54@hotmail.co.uk
<u>PCC Secretary</u>	Rev Jennifer Williamson	824365	rev.jenny1@btinternet.com

CHURCH SERVICES AT MARSKE

11.00 a.m.	Holy Communion	Every Sunday except 2nd (& 5th) Sunday
11.00 a.m.	Morning Prayer	Every 2nd (& 5th) Sunday

EDITORIAL from stmarys.maged@gmail.com

Now that the occasion has passed, I can safely reveal that, since the last edition went to press, Jan and I have celebrated our ruby wedding anniversary. The entire cohort of our offspring, their partners and a clutch of grandchildren which expanded from three to five between booking a large self-caterer overlooking Windermere and taking up residence. Add in two long-standing family friends and a grand weekend was had by the party of fifteen plus one dog. Even in the mist and rain, we never fail to be moved by the beauty of our natural world in all of its aspects and the privilege of being able to enjoy it with freedom.

So here we go on another one-handed edition of our benefice magazine, into a month which promises a little more cautious freedom of activity than at this time last year. The broken arm is healing well and I am just back to two handed keyboarding as I write this editorial—always the final piece in this monthly jigsaw.

You will find two ‘inserts’—a list of the services and church activity over Christmas for easy reference and a subscription renewal form—please sign up for next year!

This month, our cover is provided by Andy Lovell, giving Ian Short a rest for a month. Some may say that the editor is simply doing this in a shameless attempt to sell even more Christmas cards—and of course, they would be right! Andy’s cards, from which the cover photo is taken, are proving very popular, with all proceeds going to the Friends of St Mary’s to enable the group to support future improvements at St Mary’s—the over door hot air blower at the South door being the most recent example.

We delve into some lesser known aspects of the season through articles on St Stephen, life on a lighthouse at Christmas in days on gone by from Rod Hall, Anne Clarke starts a two part account of her life ‘living above the shop’, and light is shed on various seasonal stories—like chasing a pig from Liz Kluz, a thoughtful article on ‘Who was Joseph?’, traditions and customs from across Europe but with a big focus on what happens in our own town in the lead up to Christmas. Interestingly, both Paul and I were drawn to use the same quote from Tom Carr’s book ‘The Christmas Parrot’ in separate contributions—which is either great minds, a happy coincidence or a greater force at work. Whatever the reason, you’ll have to read the articles to find out more. Jane Hatcher draws our attention to an international figure christened here, whilst William offers a way to blow away the cobwebs through another walk. And, of course, Jack Finney makes another appearance.

As we think of those who will not be with us this Christmas and their families, may everyone nevertheless have a peaceful Christmas . God bless!

Many thanks to Andy Lovell for the aerial shot of our church for our December cover.



A letter from Paul December 2021



I sit to write this Christmas message on the evening of Remembrance Sunday. It was my first time seeing a truly full St. Mary's Church after starting my role as Curate at the height of the Covid lockdown. Today has been a rollercoaster of emotions. Taking a moment to reflect on the day, I sit with the TV showing some non-descript game show and then it happens. Could it be? Yes, it's a Christmas Advert! I need to nip to the shops, so it is the jolt that pushes me to get out of the house. As I turn the key in the car ignition, the radio splutters into life and turning the corner onto Darlington Road— no! It's a Christmas Song!

As you, no doubt have been waiting with bated breath for December's 'Letter according to Paul', you will be well into December and these songs will be ten a penny. However, it's early November for me and I feel my forty-something years creeping up on me as I mutter to myself 'Christmas gets earlier every year!' The truth is, it has been said more than once that I may be in the wrong job, after my confession in last year's December issue of this very magazine. My confession could have been career ending. I broadcast the fact that; 'I don't like Christmas Carols'. Maybe it's the years spent being pushed to the front of Church to sing a solo of 'We Three Kings'. Or maybe it's the fact that it feels like shops and radio stations play these songs for what feels like thirteen months of the year!

Having worked for a telephone bank (which opened 24 hours a day 365 days a year) before becoming a Priest, Christmas was a time when the stress of making sure I managed to get holiday for the important days, overtook the festivities. I think my 23 years at the bank made me focus as much as possible on the little things. These little things, for me, include the smell of the Christmas dinner or that walk in the early evening, the air crisp and cold, and the Christmas lights twinkling from the plastic Santa, the fairies and -only in Richmond- a parrot!

As well as my confessions last year, I dared to question the relevance of a parrot and I must thank Bob Woodings and Jane Hatcher for their generous gift of the now rare publication of the book 'The Christmas Parrot' by Tom Carr. This book sits proudly on the book shelves in my study and makes me smile often. I had not

planned , last years 'letter' to double up as a 'Christmas List', but just in case; Please Santa, can I have a Motorbike? A Triumph if possible, but I'll accept a Harley if I must.

Back to reality, and I am constantly blown away by the community spirit that I see around Richmond, Hudswell, Downholme and Marske. As a Church family, we are always looking for ways to engage with more people and Christmas is a perfect opportunity to do that. Although Covid impacted on the Church plans last year, we are keen to bring Christmas back to Richmond for 2021! We are likely to be living with Covid for many years to come, but I for one am not going to allow my spirit to be dampened. I will actively look to create even more of those special memories, the smells, the sounds, the experiences. A first for me this year will be leading the Midnight Service at the chapel in Downholme. Why don't you try something new and join me at Downholme for this intimate service, with those present enjoying the company of the stars and maybe the eyes of a few sheep? Revd. Martin will also be leading a larger service at St Mary's, from where it's possible for some of us to stroll home afterwards, keeping our eyes open for Santa. I cannot recommend this service enough, and I would happily hand over all my presents for another few moments experiencing that feeling as this beautiful service ends and I walk out of the Church doors into God's own Christmas lights, stars lighting up the midnight sky. It's a feeling that cannot be explained, it must be experienced.

Yes, for a priest, Christmas is hectic, but I have found a new love for the season, and dare I say it, the music that accompanies it....and the Richmond Christmas Parrot!

I will leave you with a few words from Tom Carr's book;

He likes the Park, the Trees, the neat trimmed beds,

The people sitting in the winter sun,

The cars and buses, and the lively folk,

moving around as he can never do.

*But when the daylight fails he comes to life
and glows his Christmas message far and wide.*

So that children tug their mothers' arms,

"Mummy, the Parrot's back, the Parrot's here,

The Richmond Christmas Parrot!"

and he beams his Christmas happiness upon the night.

I look forward to seeing beams of Christmas happiness from you this 25th December and on behalf of all the leadership team at St Mary's, may I wish you and those you love a very Happy Christmas.

Paul x

Charity of the Month: December 2021



As the year draws to a close, our focus for this month moves away from USPG once more to a local charity with essential services for women in desperate need—Family Help—which runs a number of women's refuges. It is this charity which we are asking you to support this month.

They run the local refuge in Darlington. The charity provides safe, temporary accommodation for women (and women with children) fleeing domestic abuse. It had its origins over 40 years ago. Reconstituted in the past ten years, it provides so much more than safe shelter for victims, whose only alternatives would be to flee to rough sleeping on the streets or remain in an abusive environment.

Through donations and grants, the refuge provides peer support, as well as shelter and advice. Donations can be made via the baskets at the back of church or directly via the charity web-site. www.familyhelp.org.uk.

Overlapping this, our Mothers' Union is supporting the 16 days of Activism Against Gender Based Violence and Abuse are from 25th November to 10th December. It is hoped that we all can pray for the cessation of this violence.



We have laid to rest those who have died.



12th October	Kenneth Rowland Catlett
13th October	John Anthony Ward
14th October	Alison Jane Allsop
23rd October	Nick Dobinson
2nd November	Joy Franklin Hornsby
5th November	Carole Ward
7th November	Patricia Heather Main

May they rest in peace and rise in glory.

Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Speak of me in the easy way in which you always used..

Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.

Let it be spoken without effort, without the ghost of a shadow in it.

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near...

All is well

(Extract from 'Death is Nothing at All' by Revd Henry Scott Holland)

LOYAL DALES VOLUNTEERS



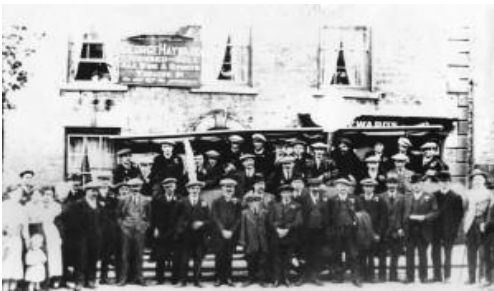
A different slant on the volunteers' section this month. With the first weekend in December featuring the switching on of the Christmas lights in Richmond, together with a number of other accompanying events, we are reminded that there are a number of people and organisations who give time to raising money for and organising events and 'happenings' in our community which simply bring joy, to our lives and, , bring our community together in that enjoyment.

Alongside these events, it is also important to recall the plans for Richmond 950, pulled together by volunteers, pulled apart by COVID and to say a community 'thank you' - thank you for doing, thank you for trying, thanks for not giving up, thanks for the very many things you still kept going. Let's celebrate the town volunteers of 2021.

'So what's a parrot got to do with Christmas?' A child's question, spurred on by its annual winter roost in Friary Gardens, made particularly evident when the parrot's internal lights are switched on each evening during the Christmas period.

On Friday 3rd December at 7.00 p.m., the town's Christmas lights will be switched on in Friary Gardens, signalling a weekend of local activity and a formal marking of the run-up to the Christmas festival. For this feast of brightness, we have to thank the combined efforts of the Duck Club for Friary Gardens, the Round Table for the Market Place Christmas tree and Richmond Town Council for the centre lights.

'First a parrot, now a duck. Why a duck and whatever next?' The original Duck Club was formed in Richmond around about 1900. At that time, it was common to organise outings for members - often trips to the seaside at a time when people would rarely leave their own streets, let alone towns for recreation. So it was



Duck Club Outing 1912 (from web-site)



... And in 1959

in Richmond. The Duck Club was a social club for working men who, amongst other things, aimed to raise money to run their annual outing. It was usually by coach and initially by open topped charabanc . The website also tells us that the name 'Duck Club', comes from those open-topped charabanc days when each time the

vehicle approached a low hanging branch, everyone would need to duck!

Although the club still retains its social side with regular monthly meetings of members a mixed group of 'mainly tradespeople', it has evolved into a charitable organisation which states that it exists 'to raise money for young people in Richmond, North Yorkshire.' The Club organises events and fundraising so that children in the town and surrounding villages can benefit—perhaps for money for shirts for a youth team, or specialised equipment for those students with additional needs.

Taking the opportunity given by the organisation's name, one major fundraising event is the Grand Duck Race which, until COVID struck, took place every May Day Bank Holiday— and will return in real form again soon. Tickets are sold in advance, 2500 plastic ducks take to the river at Green Bridge, bob down over the falls to cross a finish line at the Batts near to Station Bridge. Ticket holders of the first three ducks home—and the last— receive prizes and the money raised forms a key part of the club's charitable funds.



The race begins ...

Historically, an older annual event organised by the club is the Duck Club Sports Day. This is the club's main focus

event and takes place at the Cricket Club on August Bank Holiday Monday. Competitions for children and also parents take place, with prizes, but it's another demonstration of how the club helps to bring people together for fun and enjoyment each year. Also every year, traders are encouraged to participate in a themed shop window display competition which is judged by primary school age children



Another big community service which the club provides is maintaining the annual Christmas lights. When the Chamber of Trade was no longer in a position to support this annual illumination in the town centre in the 1990s, the Duck Club willingly took this on to ensure that this colourful focus for children and their families at Christmas was not lost to the town. In amongst the more standard lights, many people will also spot the a drummer boy as one of three soldiers, a snowman a Santa Claus - and the Christmas Parrot! So famous did the parrot become that a book was written about him by the late Tom Carr. She has also been kidnapped several times. However, the club policy of never paying a ransom and never negotiating with parrot-nappers has ensured its eventual return! The Club does point out, however and on a serious note, that the famous bird is becoming extremely fragile and do ask that no attempts are made in the future.

Along with the snowman, the soldiers and Santa Claus, our parrot arrived as part of a random bundle of illuminations no longer required as Blackpool updated its display for the year to come.

Although it started as a working men's club, it can be seen that the Duck Club's main focus in more recent times is to bring help, support and joy to the children of our area—and we adults are also beneficiaries. So, a big thank you to them for brightening up our Christmas and bringing quiet support to our young people throughout the year.



The switching on of the lights will be part of a Friday evening which sees more volunteers performing music at various points in the Market Place, whilst many of the shops will be remaining open for the evening.

The Mayor's Audit Money Distribution

On the following day, another tradition returns with the **distribution of the Mayor's Audit Money to any Richmond resident over the age of 60 at the Town Hall between 10.30 and 12 noon.** The first mention of the Mayor's Audit Money is in the Elizabethan Charter granted to Richmond in 1576. Previous charters had required the town to pay the Crown money called Free Farm Rent for the Crown land upon which the town stood. By the 1576 charter, Queen Elizabeth I said that the money should be returned to the Mayor to distribute to 'poor indigenous tradesmen and decayed house-keepers.'

Changes over the ages mean that today anyone over the age of 60 resident in the town now qualifies. In 1986, it was decided that the old format had strong echoes of the old Poor Law, so instead of giving out cash (viz. 50p), recipients would be given a specially designed coin, named the 'Richmond Shilling.' Designed by former Town Clerk, Alan Wilcox when Mrs Jane Metcalfe was mayor, the coin displays an image of the castle and the River Swale on one side and the Richmond Coat of Arms on the other with the words 'Mater Omnium Richmondiarum' (Mother of all Richmonds) on the other. The Richmond Shilling is distributed from the Mayor's Parlour and each recipient's name is recorded in a register.



Christmas Markets and a Festive Tree

Whilst all of this is going on, the town market will continue to operate in the largest cobbled market square in the country, to be **followed on the Sunday by an all-day Christmas Market** organised by the Richmond 950 committee.

There will also be a **Family Festive Fun Run** where local running group, Team Caterpillar, are inviting everyone to get dressed up in festive fancy dress (prizes available) and join the 5K run starting in the Market place at 10.45. Participation is free but people need to register prior to the event (no entries on the day). And, whilst all of this is going on, there will be entertainment throughout the day with singers, bands, a military band, dancers, all giving their time free of charge. Through the whole period, the excellent Christmas tree organised by the Roud Table, another voluntary organisation, will shine out from its corner near Trinity Chapel

The weekend on offer to us as residents of this historic market town will be there because of the commitment and time , largely freely given, by a host of people in our area. They are willing to give time to bring the community together in shared activity. Their main satisfaction is to see the pleasure which others gain through their efforts. We are grateful as a community for all they are prepared to do.



Let's end by returning to ducks and parrots. As with Paul's letter, the final words can rest with the children in Tom Carr's story.

*'When the daylight fades, he comes to life
And glows his Christmas message far and wide.
So that children tug their mothers' arms.
"Mummy, the Parrot's back, the Parrot's here,
The Richmond Christmas Parrot!"*

*And he beams his Christmas happiness
Upon the night.'*

(from 'The Christmas Parrot' by Tom Carr, p11))

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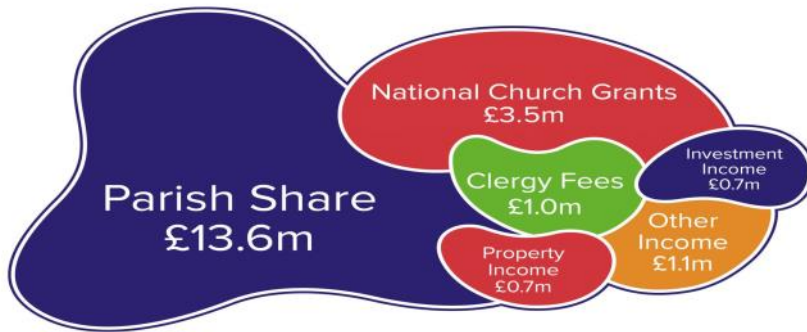
Martin's Message



Money matters

As we all know, at St Mary's the largest of our outgoings is the 'Parish Share', the money we pay to the Diocese to share on the cost of parish ministry across the Diocese. The Share request for 2021 is £95,497, held at the same level as last year. This compares with £4,259 for Downholme and £4,936 for Marske (and £49,419, the next largest Share request in our Deanery, from the Parish of Easby, Skeeby, Brompton on Swale and Bolton on Swale.

In turn, the largest proportion of the income the Diocese receives is the Parish Share, as shown in this breakdown:



And likewise, the largest element of Diocesan expenditure is parish ministry and housing:



Last year, a shortfall of £2.1m in Parish Share payments was covered by two exceptional donations of £1m, from the National Church and from a private individual. This year, the shortfall is currently forecast at £2.2–£2.9m. In covering this from reserves, and if current levels of income and expenditure continue through 2022, the Diocese would then be left with just 2 months' reserves – below the minimum workable level of 3 months. A 'Sustainability Plan' is therefore being drawn up to identify how to achieve cost savings. Inevitably, this would have an impact on parish ministry provision.

There is still time for us all to take action to mitigate the 2021 shortfall, and thereby maintain current levels of parish ministry across the Diocese. Parishes could either dip in to their own reserves or look for ways to increase giving.

At St Mary's, our reduced income last year resulted in the payment of 70% of our Parish Share request (£66,848 of £95,497). This year, we are on course to reach that same amount – leaving a shortfall of £28,649. With the value of our investments currently exceeding the minimum level of 3 months' reserves the PCC will be discussing whether to reduce our reserves, by up to £8,000.

Please will you help us close the gap further? I appreciate that at St Mary's many of us who already give do so sacrificially, and your generosity is very much appreciated. I am simply suggesting we each look for a creative way to increase our giving at this critical time.

One possibility is to consider the Government Winter Fuel Allowance of £100-£200. Some of us who do receive it really do need it, but not everyone. In the past, many have very generously given their Winter Fuel Allowance to charities, including St Mary's. Would you be prepared to consider this? Or, if you do not receive a Fuel Allowance, would you be prepared to consider making an equivalent one-off donation?

If you would be prepared to donate, please see the 'Giving' page on the Website, or contact the clergy or Churchwardens. For more information on what the Parish share is, go to www.leeds.anglican.org and search for 'Your Parish Share Explained.'

With grateful thanks,

Martin



LIVING OVER THE SHOP

Following contributions by other wives of clergymen, ANNE CLARKE looks back over her life in this 'unpaid' - and often undervalued— role as Martin's work took him to different areas and different roles. In this first part of a two part contribution (more in January!), Anne tells of her own and family life in a clergy household.

I didn't plan to marry a priest.....

I'm Anne, born in Coventry, which in the late 40s had a housing shortage, so I lived with my parents and two older brothers (and later a younger brother) in a council house in the parish of St Anne's. It was here that Sundays revolved around walking to Church a mile away, sometimes up to three times in a day. As we became teenagers, it became a regular thing that after Evensong a group of teens would gather at my parents' house for an informal, often lively chat. At the age of 13 years I was "sent" to Confirmation classes, and it was then that I really started to question, and walked out of them a few weeks later. My parents were suitably horrified, but our wise Vicar, told them not to worry, but to wait until I was ready, which did happen a few years later.

So then at the age of 17 I was working as a nanny in a "big house" near Warwick, when on a weekend off, a new member appeared at the Sunday evening get together....it was love at first sight.

Martin had been sent to Coventry to gain some experience in industry before going to theological college. His lodgings were in the St Anne's parish and the Vicar had asked my Mother to "look after" him. And so it grew, the courtship taking place by letter and phone calls when Martin was in Wells and I in Warwick. No mobiles then but a prearranged time in phone boxes. It so happened my Aunty was a telephonist and would often be on duty at the right time...so when the pips went she would keep us plugged in, until the supervisor hove into sight.

Martin was ordained in Coventry Cathedral June 1969, and it was on the rough ground used as a car park after the service that he asked me to marry him. It is now laid out as a beautiful garden.



Coventry Cathedral today

Life became easier for us. I was now working in Coventry. Martin was assistant curate at Atherstone some 30 miles away.

We married at St Anne's in October 1970, and lived in a tiny flat in Atherstone for another eighteen months.

We were rather poor.... all our furniture was cast-offs from family and friends, (including a gas washing machine!) But we did have 2 TVs, one on top of the other - the top one had no sound, the bottom one had no picture. We were happy.

Martin's second curacy took him to St Thomas's in Coventry, to which the vicar from St Anne's had just moved. Due to a muddle up with housing, we spent the first two weeks living in my parents' spare room, with me eight months' pregnant. We then lived in a borrowed miner's cottage in the local pit village for three months where our son was born, until the parish found a house for us.



St Thomas', Coventry

It was here that our daughter was born, and I was kept very busy. It then became time for Martin to look for a parish. The system was different to what it is now. The Bishop said he had no upcoming vacancies in the Coventry Diocese. However, my Father knew a former vicar of St Anne's, who knew a former vicar from the deanery, who now lived in Yorkshire, who knew of a vacancy in his neighbouring parish..... and we finished up moving to Leconfield and Scarborough, near Beverley.

Martin also served as Chaplain to the local RAF station and our Rectory was just a few hundred yards from the end of the runway. We soon discovered that when the Lightning aircraft took off, you stopped speaking and paused. Our two year old daughter would dive under the nearest chair and curl up. The sound was like a steam train about to crash into the house. The government defence cuts later required the base to be closed, with just the Air Sea Rescue helicopters remaining. It was on our son's fourth birthday that the Vulcan planes did an amazing "dance" in the sky as they left the base (which later became the Army Driving School.)



**Noisy neighbours -
RAF Lightning**



**Less noisy neighbours—
RAF Sea King Helicopter**

At this time Martin took responsibility for two additional parishes and we moved to the central village of Lockington. So we had four churches to go to on a Sunday, and by now we had a second son. Each week I would decide which service to attend with three under 5's in tow. I've always been of the thought that children should be free at church, and so they would happily play under pews, go for walkabouts, and as long as they were quiet I let them....until the day the eldest sneaked up to the organ and played a few extra notes during the sermon. The youngest would love to sit under the Altar, which had a frontal - it was his den.



When we moved to Romsley, near Halesowen, the Rectory was a Victorian monstrosity, cold, with high ceilings and vast rooms. It also had attic rooms (formerly the servants' quarters) which the children delighted in playing in. It was ideal for an electric train set, then a snooker table, followed in teenage years as a village "pop group" practice room. Due to its interesting renovations over the years, the water supply came to us overhead through what had once been the stable. During our first winter the thirty feet of unlagged pipe froze. Fortunately the Church Hall still had a ready supply of flowing water where we could fill containers. One day our daughter announced that there was snow on her bedroom floor. We told her to shut the window. She told us it was shut. The snow had come in through the window frame.



Another year, on Christmas Day, Martin was taking the early morning service and I was preparing the day's food and trying to get three children ready for the later service, when part of the roof came crashing down in front of the kitchen window, taking with it the overhead electric cables. Christmas dinner was beans on toast cooked on the open coal fire. *(to be concluded in January)* *Anne Clarke*



**We welcome those who have joined
the church through baptism**

7th November

Betsy Burrow



NOTES FROM OUR PAST

Many memorial tablets on Anglican church walls relate to local people who have served overseas often in a military capacity and this is true of our own churches. JANE HATCHER draws our attention to one particular memorial in our own church of a figure of national significance in the history of Britain abroad. Working mainly in India, **Lord Lawrence's** work was deemed of such importance that he has his own statue in Waterloo Place in London. As far as his memorial at St Mary's is concerned—anyone fancy a cleaning job to help to commemorate this man of Richmond? Jane's article explains all.

Most of the memorials in St Mary's church record someone who died in Richmond. But there is one which honours Richmond as the birthplace of a person of international importance. On the south wall is a large, black-looking tablet, which is actually of bronze, but it has tarnished so badly that it is illegible. Christopher White once cleaned it, but you wouldn't know now, and as a result this tablet is totally overlooked.

The figure commemorated was the eighth child and sixth son, of the twelve children born to Major Alexander Lawrence and his wife Letitia Catherine. A battle-scarred veteran of campaigns in India, the Major was in 1809, when England was fighting Napoleon, ordered to become the recruiting officer for the 19th Regiment of Foot, later the Green Howards, at its Richmond regimental depot.

The family moved into what is now No. 1 Millgate, where their eighth child was born on 4 March 1811. On 17 March the baby was baptised in St Mary's as John Laird Mair Lawrence, but he would much later become better known as Lord Lawrence of the Punjab. His birth in Richmond was pure chance, for soon afterwards his father was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, and posted to Guernsey, and then to Ostend where he commanded the garrison during the Waterloo campaign.

The future Lord Lawrence, following his elder brother Henry to India, joined the civilian branch of the East India Company. Having a natural aptitude for languages, he was soon proficient in Bengali, Urdu and Persian. Both John and Henry played major roles in the annexation of the Punjab in 1848, where John Lawrence was appointed Chief Commissioner in 1853. Following the Indian Mutiny in 1857, John was able to maintain peace in the Punjab through the respect in



which he was held. The recapture of Delhi after a three-month siege was a turning point in the re-establishment of British rule. Now John Lawrence was dubbed "The Saviour of India".

His health now suffering, John Lawrence retired back to England in 1859 as a popular hero, and was awarded a pension by Parliament. Then he was persuaded to come out of retirement and serve as Viceroy of India, where he concentrated on agricultural improvements including irrigation, also railways and sanitation. For these achievements he was created Baron Lawrence on his return to England in 1869, and when he died in 1879 he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Thirty years after Lord Lawrence's death, in 1909, the then Rector of Richmond, Canon Neville Egerton Leigh, instigated the putting up of the memorial in St Mary's. It says:

To the memory of John Laird Mair, First Lord Lawrence of the Punjab, who, from the Civil Service of the East India Company, rose to be Viceroy. His public service began among the races of Upper India, whose hearts he won, and whose lives he inspired. In the Mutiny of 1857 he maintained the Punjab in peace, and enabled our armies to reconquer Delhi. As Viceroy he promoted the welfare of the Indian people and confirmed the loyalty of the chiefs and princes. Retiring from the East he sought at home to teach the young the secret of true authority and, as first Chairman of the London School Board, directed his experience to the cause of national education.

Born in this town March 4th 1811

Baptized in this church March 17th 1811

Died in London June 27th 1879

He feared men so little, because he feared God so much.

Jane Hatcher



Seasonal Traditions



Did you know that it is a family in Wiltshire, the Parkers, who claim to own the world's oldest artificial Christmas tree? It was bought in 1886, and is still put up every year .

Poetry From Downholme



Once again, lay-reader *GEORGE ALDERSON* brings some of the challenges of life and faith to our attention through the medium of verse.

Meaning of life? Life of meaning?

Every life's an empty box.
Each encased by many clocks.
What goes in? We don't decide!
We must take all in our stride.
We may think we're in control,
Yet like goldfish in a bowl,
Looking out upon our view,
Having little else to do,
We await the smallest change,
(Even something slightly strange?)
Anything to fill the void,
Something where we are employed,
So our minds are put to work –
give our hearts a little jerk!
Some it seems are quickly pleased!
Their discomfort will be eased
By the simplest novelty!
Great for them but not for me!
My clock's ticking! Every hour
Makes me want to hide and cower!
Maybe my box has a split!
Are things leaking out of it?
No! That simply cannot be.
If they had then I would see
And I'd try to make it strong
So that theory must be wrong!
Meanwhile things keep dropping in
Like a vast recycling bin.

Maybe as St Paul once said –
As I'm sure you will have read
There is goodness in all things.
I'll see what tomorrow brings.
After all I've come this far.
I may find my guiding star.

George Alderson

-oOoOo-



Sam Watson

-oOoOo-

Loving.
Living.
Learning.

"All are welcome
in this place."

HOLD ON
TO THAT
WHICH
IS GOOD



All in the month of December

1500 years ago, on 7th December 521 that St Columba, Irish missionary who spread Christianity in Scotland, was born. He was one of the Twelve Apostles of Ireland.

250 years ago, on 25th December 1771 that Dorothy Wordsworth, writer, poet, and diarist, was born. She was sister to the poet William Wordsworth.

175 years ago, on 21 December 1846 that the first surgical operation in Europe using anaesthesia took place. Robert Lister amputated a servant's leg at University College Hospital in London.

100 years ago, on 6th Dec 1921 that the Anglo-Irish Treaty was signed in London. It ended the Irish War of Independence and established the Irish Free State (with effect from December 1922.)

80 years ago, on 7th December 1941 that the Japanese made their surprise bomb attack on Pearl Harbour, Hawaii.

75 years ago, on 18th December 1946, that Steve Biko, South Africa anti-apartheid activist, was born. Founder of the Black Consciousness Movement, he was beaten to death by state security officers in 1977, aged 30.

60 years ago, on 4th December 1961, that birth control pills became available on the NHS.

50 years ago, from 3rd to 16th December 1971, that the Indo-Pakistani War took place. It was one of the shortest wars in history, but still between one and three million Bangladeshis were killed. Indian victory leading to the founding of Bangladesh.

40 years ago, on 14th December 1981, that Israel annexed the Golan Heights, formerly part of Syria, which it had occupied since 1967.

30 years ago, on 25th and 26th December 1991, that Mikhail Gorbachev resigned as President of the Soviet Union, and the next day the Soviet Union was officially dissolved. The 12 remaining Soviet republics became independent states.

25 years ago, on 10th December 1996, that South African President Nelson Mandela signed a new constitution, completing the transition from white minority rule to full democracy.

Also 20 years ago, on 13th December 2001, that the Pentagon released a videotape of al-Qaeda leader Osama bin Laden, in which he stated that the deaths and destruction achieved by the 9/11 attacks had exceeded his most optimistic expectations.

15 years ago, on 30th December 2006, that Saddam Hussein, President/dictator of Iraq (1979 to 2003) was executed for war crime



NEWS FROM THE PEWS



Help needed urgently with Church Flowers

One of the joys of walking into St Mary's before COVID struck was the variety and beauty of the floral displays which were changed on a regular basis by a group of people who worked on a rota basis to share the work of presenting this feature of the decoration of the church. Obviously, with lockdown, the flower rota (and the flowers!) stopped for a while, but, thanks to the continued good offices of Judith Clarke who organised a smaller team, the flowers re-appeared.



Unfortunately, the team has shrunk in size considerably. In order to maintain this celebration in nature in the Church, Judith does need more help. She has asked me to include the following piece in the magazine, but I felt that I would also like to add my 'two penn'th' to the message—and also to thank Judith and the Flower Guild for what they have provided us with over the years. It's a good reminder that, as with so much in life, there's a danger that we take things for granted because we don't see the work which goes into making them happen. Anyway—here's Judith's piece.

'Our church family could not exist without the numerous people who quietly carry out the various tasks required to maintain it. Some tasks are 'seen' - reading the lesson for instance—but others are less obvious—like cleaning ... but we all appreciate and benefit from the work of these unsung heroes.

This is a plea from the Flower Guild—an ever decreasing group of people. Flowers are placed in church fortnightly (except Lent and Advent), helping to make our building look cared for—whether put there by some people who have the skills of making lovely arrangements or by those who are less confident but simply place the flowers in a vase on the stand. Both are lovely and much appreciated.

We are presently in a situation where there are not enough people to cover the whole year **and dangerously close to not having flowers in church at all.**



Remembering that this (like cooking etc) is not just a feminine pastime, do you think that you could be one of the people who places flowers in church for just two weeks in the year? If so, **please ring Judith Clarke on 01748 826793—and thank you for thinking about this.** I am sure that everyone will be so thankful that this tradition can continue. '



From the Mothers' Union



The Mothers' Union is planning to start meeting face to face again!.

The Town Hall has been booked for **Thursday December 2nd at 2:00pm** for an inaugural, hopefully post Covid meeting.

There will be a service to make new members, including a renewal of membership for us all, followed by tea. We hope that **all** St Mary's members will be able to come and we would like to invite anyone who may be interested in the work and mission of the Mothers' Union in the parish, diocese and the world.

The Diocesan president, Josie Birley, and her successor, Margaret Crawford, have accepted our invitation to come and they will answer any queries. Membership is now open to all both married or single, man or woman, mother or father.

Our Rector Martin is an enthusiastic member and will lead our service.

The Town Hall has a lift and easy stairs but still recommends that we sanitise hands and wear a face covering until we sit at a table. Please do come, especially if you are a member or would like to support the Mothers Union in any way.

St Marys Mothers Union will have an **Advent /Christmas Eucharist service at 11:00 am on Tuesday December 14th in St Marys**. We hope that tea / coffee and mince pies can be served. All members and friends will be very welcome.

Please address any queries about these events of the Mothers' Union in general to :

Susan Scrafton -secretary

Christine Stedman-treasurer

or Margaret Clayson

The Men's Group

Without any need to navigate the maze provided in last month's magazine, this newly-formed group gathered for the first time in November with fifteen hardy souls attending an enjoyable evening of general chat and conversation. Enthused by this response, the group will assemble again on the first Thursday in December, viz. 2nd December in the Castle Tavern in the Market Place. New attenders are most welcome to join for this pre-Christmas get-together starting at 7.00 p.m. Not a Bible Study group—simply a chance to get together for a drink, a chat and a laugh with different activities promised for 2022.



Rev Paul Sunderland

Leonard Scrafton

News from the Pews (contd.)

Friends of St Mary's

Your committee met on Tuesday 16th November. A small sub-group has been formed to put together a programme for 2022, mixing some well-loved social activities with new events and the aim of running a small number of major fundraising occasions at key points during the year. Look out for more information in our January issue.

With our revised constitution allowing us to contribute to wider community causes as well as raising money solely for the improvement of our own church, it was agreed that, in addition to funding the installation of the heater over the South Door, we would offer to lead the support for any Christmas initiatives which the Influence Church-led foodbank is promoting.

And speaking of foodbanks, a reminder list—especially important as Christmas approaches and foodbank use continues to rise. Can you help?

Foodbank Reminder: Essential Items

For readers who add to their weekly shop by buying items for the Foodbank based at the Influence Church, a reminder of the most useful donations;

Tins of : meat, fish, vegetables, fruit, soup, beans, pasta, tinned meals (e.g. chilli, stew), pies, rice pudding

Packets of: pasta, pasta sauce, noodles, cereal, porridge, rice, biscuits

Jars of: pasta sauce, sandwich fillings, jam, spreads

Also: UHT milk, squash

More information : storehouse@influencechurch.co.uk

Or please contact Suz Gregory on 01748 823161



Last Sunday of Every Month !

4.00 p.m.

Why not come and join us?

Tell your family and friends—anyone with children

Who was Joseph?

The traditional Nativity scene on our Christmas cards has Mary with the Holy Babe. Around her are the shepherds and Magi. We may also see stable animals, angels and a star! While Joseph is often included, his presence seems to be of minor importance. After all, we praise God for Jesus with our familiar Christmas carols, mentioning angels, shepherds, Wise men and Mary but the name of Joseph is absent!



Joseph was a resident of Nazareth. He worked as a carpenter and his skills would have included making furniture, repairing buildings and crafting agricultural tools. Although Joseph had an honourable profession, he would not have been a man of great wealth.



The gospel writers Matthew and Luke give Joseph a few brief mentions. After the birth of Jesus, Joseph and Mary go to the temple in Jerusalem to dedicate the Baby to God. Afterwards, they flee into Egypt to escape the wrath of Herod and much later return to Nazareth. Twelve years later, Mary and Joseph go with Jesus to Jerusalem for the Passover feast. Here they lose Jesus, and find Him in the Temple talking with religious leaders!

Apart from these verses, the New Testament is silent about the rest of Joseph's life. However, we do know that Joseph was father to other children by Mary. His four sons are named Joseph, James, Jude and Simon—none to be confused with disciples of Jesus with the same name. They also believed to have had at least two daughters.

And we also know that Joseph was someone who quietly and humbly took on the role in caring for the early life of the Son of God. Joseph would have taught Jesus many things – not just the skills of a labourer, but the lore of the countryside which was evident in Jesus's teaching. Jesus grew up within a loving family and described God as 'Father', knowing also the good fatherly qualities of Joseph.

In the Christmas story, Joseph is placed into a situation that brought him misunderstanding and suspicion. But Joseph remained faithful in the knowledge that as long as God had spoken, the opinion of others mattered little

Before Jesus began his ministry, it is believed that Joseph died. It is likely Jesus took on many of his father's responsibilities before He left home.

In the eyes of the world, Joseph was a nobody. He was not a man of valour, fame and fortune. But he was the one who had parental responsibility for the greatest person who has ever lived!

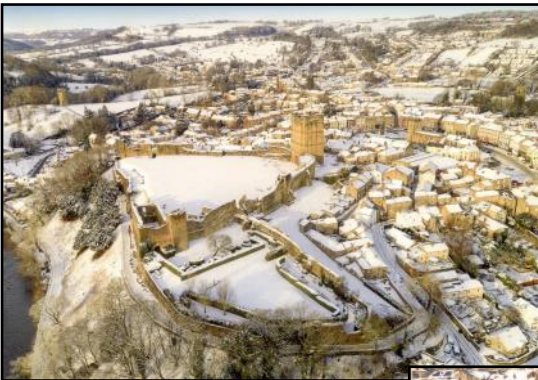
In modern times, there is a danger that we equate 'ordinariness' with ineffectiveness. Down the ages, many 'ordinary' people accomplish great things. God continues to use ordinary people. Like Joseph, we need to know that doing God's will is the most important thing in life.

(from 'The Parish Pump Ltd')

-o0o0o0o-

Christmas Cards—selling fast!!!

Andy Lovell has produced two beautiful cards for sale for Christmas. Taken as drone shots over Richmond, the iconic castle and our church are captured dusted in snow. The cards are A5 size (the same size as this magazine) on high quality card, with all profits being donated to St Mary's.



SPECIAL OFFER FOR BENEFICE

5 for £3.00

20 for £10.00

Contact Andy Lovell

07974 766020

or collect & pay at back of
church



A TIME OF MY LIFE

For those members of the church who attend Worship for All, or have seen local folk band FOURUM in concert, you may well have been drawn to the excellent musicianship of **ROD HALL**, whether playing the double bass, mandolin, banjo, classical guitar, harmonica or electric guitar. Sitting quietly in the background, his contributions to music can go un-noticed.

What will not be known by many is some of the other pathways in his life. Before becoming a primary school teacher, initially via self-study for A levels, he had worked on trawlers, served as a grave digger and also spent time as a lighthouse keeper, in the days before the lights around our coastline were fully automated. Although some of these amazingly durable buildings are on shore, over twenty run by Trinity House around the English coast are rock lights, built in treacherous locations and in the middle of the sea. Rod recalls a Christmas when he was posted to Wolf Rock Lighthouse—a different sort of Christmas.

Christmas Lights

Dylan Thomas called them 'sea shaken houses' which is a fair description of the tower lock lighthouses that stand sentinel over our coastline.

I had a good view of one of them—the Wolf Rock lighthouse— as I dangled from a rope in a Breeches buoy, thirty feet above the Atlantic Ocean on a freezing day in December 1967. Made fast to the Trinity House launch beneath me and a derrick on the 'set-off' of the lighthouse above, the rope slackened and tightened playfully as the launch entered a trough or surged upwards on the peak of a wave.

As the rope slackened, I descended into the cold water. As it tightened, I was 'pinged' aloft and spun merrily round, observing on each revolution the cheery waves of the keepers standing safe and dry on the 'dog steps' in the doorway.

But I was a youngster and swinging above the sea was far more exciting than Latin declensions at my grammar school—although slightly more dangerous. There was no Health and Safety in those days. No hard hats, no hi-vis jackets etc. Nowadays, such ways of working which we accepted then would be incomprehensible.



Eventually, the combined efforts of the keepers and a saucy little breaker beneath the launch conspired to deposit me onto the base of the lighthouse. With surprising presence of mind (for me!) and with 'cricketing speed', I slid out of the harness seconds before the breeches buoy was catapulted back over the waves.

I was on Wolf Rock lighthouse which was to be my home for the next two months. What I had just experienced was normal procedure for effecting the relief of the three keepers on a tower rock. It is rare for the sea to be calm enough for a boat to come alongside the rock.

Of all of the lights I was stationed on, 'the Wolf' was the most dramatic. Firstly, its bleak position—eight miles from land off the coast of Cornwall and in the Atlantic. The tower itself is only 110 feet high which is short for a tower light. Then, because there are no other rocks around the Wolf, it has the potential to experience the largest wave impacts of any of the other twenty rock lighthouses. Colossal waves which gather momentum over three thousand miles of uninterrupted ocean hurl themselves at the first object in their way—the Wolf Rock Lighthouse. Such is the power of these waves—'growlers' we keepers called them—that, as they strike the base of the tower, they curl completely over it.



It was quite exhilarating for me to be in the lantern at the top of the lighthouse when one of these gigantic waves struck. The light would suddenly turn a greenish hue as the wave passed over. If it happened at night, the light would be obliterated for a second or two.

And, of course, lighthouses are not rigid structures. Skilfully constructed by Cornish tin miners, each stone is dovetailed with the next using joints of molten lead. This makes the lighthouse 'pliable' and able to move perceptibly with the impact of large waves. If it was a rigid structure, it would disintegrate—as Winstanley on the Eddystone light found to his cost.

But on Christmas Day 1967, the sea was a 'still, small voice of calm,' mill pond flat, like glass and reflecting an azure sky—quite different from the mad, roaring beast of two days previously that howled, raging and shrieking, trying vainly to extinguish

Touchingly simple gifts like pencils, rubbers and notebooks (presumably for our memoirs) oranges, toffees, a tin of treacle and, of course, packets of 'Fishermens' Friends. All sent with that precious commodity nowadays—love.

Wolf Rock is on a pinnacle, so on calm days, it is possible for vessels to pass quite near the tower. As we sat with the range glowing warmly and the kettle on the hob singing that Christmas Day, we were surprised to see the mast of a boat pass by the window of our small, round kitchen. A French fishing boat hove to in the lee of the tower and we could see the crew waving up at us and beckoning.



We scrambled down the dogsteps onto the 'set-off' to hear 'Bon Noel' from the crew in their reefer jackets and French fishermen's hats. One of them heaved a line to us and, as we hauled it in, we found a net tied to it, containing a huge sea bass and three bottles of French wine.

With cheery waves and a puff of smoke from its smokestack, the little green and white fishing boat steered away—but it has never left my memory. I have never forgotten an act of kindness by strangers on Christmas Day in the morning.



And a nice sequel. That evening, when we switched on the radio transmitter for the coastguard's report, we found that the emergency (Mayday) channel was jammed—by a very French skipper's voice singing Charpentier's Christmas music—Agnus Dei, to be precise- with gay abandon. Was it our French visitor, I wonder? Each Christmas morning, I always hum Charpentier's and I am back once again on Wolf Rock Lighthouse.—a special time of my life.

Rodney Hall

-oOoO-

If you're interested in getting a further glimpse of Rod's life 'on the rocks', go to https://youtu.be/ofp_4dY5dll to see a British Pathe news film 'Wolf Rock,: The World's Loneliest Christmas (1950).' Although filmed 'pre-Rod', things hadn't changed much by the time he served. There are no keepers in any lighthouses now—all lights 'go in' automatically. Servicing is done using helicopters as much as possible.

Your Magazine 2022



Your feedback on our magazine has been most welcome and encouraging. It is good to know that it seems to be enjoyed by quite a number of people, including those to whom you pass on your copy to read.

We hope that you will continue to support your church magazine by renewing your subscription for 2022. **You will find a form and an envelope enclosed with this issue and would appreciate registration and payment soon and certainly before 28 February 2022.** We are still trying to avoid deliverers having to knock on doors to collect subscriptions so please could you help us by using one of the payment methods set out on the enclosed form.

Thanks in advance for your support and help.

Jim Jack (Editor)



Christian Aid at Christmas



I have just received this e-mail from central office of Christian Aid which is both a 'thank you' and a reminder/appeal. For those of you who feel able to support Christian Aid at this time of year, the details of how to donate via our bespoke page are set out below. Thank you.

Judith Barber

Dear Judith

During this challenging year, thank you for your continued support of Christian Aid. The commitment of churches like yours has made a real difference to the lives of our sisters and brothers around the world.

*As we look towards Christmas, we are all hoping for a year of celebrations with our church, family and friends. **This Christmas, could Richmond (N. Yorks) CA Group also remember mums like Adut, described on our website, facing the impossible choice of giving her children dirty water or none at all?***

Your gifts could help build boreholes, providing clean, safe water, and protection for families from the climate crisis.

*I know that Christmas is a busy season, so I wanted to offer your church a simple way to support mums facing impossible choices for their children. Below you'll find a **unique page to share with your church**, to share the story of Adut and show your support through a gift this Christmas. <https://rb.gy/61rlku> or use QR code ➡*



FOR ALL THE SAINTS

When singing of Good King Wenceslas at this festive season, we are alerted to the fact that he went out 'on the feast of Stephen' and may even know that this was 26th December. The question of who **St Stephen** was and indeed, who Wenceslas was and why on earth he should choose to go out on Boxing Day when the weather was clearly inclement are not really answered by the hymn/song/ballad. Fear not, dear reader. For those keen to know, answers follow below.

St Stephen—the First Christian Martyr

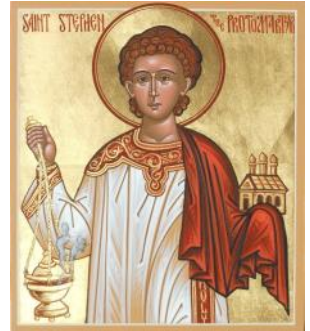
First of all, Stephen. He is reputed to be the first Christian Martyr. The only source of information we seem to have about him is what is written in the the Acts of the Apostles. In Acts 6, we are told that he was 'full of faith and the Holy Spirit' and performed miracles.

Stephen was a Greek speaking Jew and a deacon in the early church. The appointment of such deacons from the 'Hellenistic' community was to overcome a belief that the Greek speaking members were being overlooked in preference to Hebrew widows in the distribution of food.

He was chosen by the Apostles as one of seven deacons to help with the fairer distribution of welfare to Greek speaking widows. This was part of their work giving charitable aid to poorer members of the community in the early church. As the eldest of the seven, Stephen was termed 'archdeacon.'

It is probable that he taught in the synagogues of the Hellenistic Jews. However, within this broad community, there were a number of different groups based on race – Cyrenians, Alexandrians, Cilicians from Asia to name but a few, demonstrating that there were sub-groups within the Greek-speaking community.

It is said that Stephen had disagreements with them about their beliefs. He angered members of a number of synagogues by his teachings, which were based on his following of Christ and his understanding of his teachings. In the debates which took place, he is said to have bested them. Angry at this perceived humiliation, Stephen's opponents drew together false evidence saying that he had been preaching in a blasphemous fashion against Moses and God. Thus it appears that it was his fellow Greek-speakers who had him brought before the Sanhedrin, the supreme legal court of Jewish elders. Accused of blasphemy, he bravely used the trial to make a speech denouncing the Jewish authorities who were sitting in judgement against him.



In Acts chapter 7, Stephen's speech to the Sanhedrin is recorded, setting out his view of the history of Israel. He argued that Jesus' teachings did not subvert the laws of Moses but fulfilled them. He himself then described his listeners and judges, asking them 'Was there ever a prophet your ancestors did not persecute?' – brave, principled – but tactically unwise if trying to save your own life! (It appears that this record of Stephen's speech in Acts still causes differences among academics to this day – from those who agree with Stephen's view to those who, on the basis of the same text, see it as 'anti-Judaic.')

Predictably, although the charges were trumped up, the listening crowd and judges were angered by what he was saying in court. Only one verdict was going to follow – death by stoning. Those about to cast the first stones took off their coats and laid them at the feet of one Saul of Tarsus, (a Pharisee and Roman citizen some time before his 'Damascus road' experience) who approved of the verdict. As Stephen stood awaiting his fate, he cried, 'Look, I see Heaven open and the Son of Man standing by the side of God.' He sank to his knees and prayed that the Lord would receive his spirit and that his killers would be forgiven.

His death, in 35 AD, at either the northern or eastern gates of Jerusalem, caused the remaining disciples to flee to different lands well away from this centre of persecution.

His exact place of burial is not known but in 415 AD, a priest called Lucian dreamed that they were located at a place named Beit Jamal. Relics were duly found and ceremonially taken to the Church of Hagai Sion on 26th December, 415 – hence the date choice for St Stephen's Day, before being moved in 439 to a new church built in his name north of the Damascus gate to Jerusalem. This was destroyed in the 12th century.

In the meantime, the Greek Orthodox church had built a church in honour of St Stephen at the Eastern gate. Also within this period, the supposed relics were moved to Rome to lie alongside those of St Lawrence in his basilica – where it is said, Lawrence's relics miraculously moved to one side to make way for St Stephen (known as the Golden Legend).



'The Stoning of Stephen'
(attrib. Orazio)

Stories associated with St Stephen's Day

St Stephen's Day is sometimes known as 'Wren's Day' An Irish legend recounts how St Stephen was betrayed by a wren when in hiding from his enemies which led

to his capture, arrest, trial and death. Another Irish legend tells of a wren betraying the whereabouts of Irish soldiers on St Stephen's Day by alerting Viking raiders of their presence before an ambush in 750 AD. This led some Irish people to hold these small birds in contempt and felt they should be stoned to death the way Stephen was. Young boys would hunt the wren and parade its body around their neighbourhood to collect money in return for a wren's feather. The money raised was used to throw a party for the village. This custom didn't fade out until the early 1900s, although in some places, the custom of children going from door to door with a small toy wren, collecting money for charity or school projects still exists.



Wren's Day, Dingle

Our more usual descriptor of St Stephen's Day being called Boxing Day.. In past centuries, there was a custom in England where people gave small gifts of money to all those who provided them with services through out the year. These tips were known as 'boxes' – hence Boxing Day.



Across Europe, some countries have Stephen as the patron saint of horses, although there is no reference to horses in any stories about Stephen's life. On 26th December in rural Austria, people decked their horses in ribbons and had them and their feed of oats blessed by the local priest. In some communities in Germany and Austria, this went as far as making a small cut in the horse's skin to 'bleed' it,

which they believed promoted good health if done on 26th December. In Nordic countries, horse racing was common, whilst groups of men called 'Stephen's Riders' would go from village to village singing folk songs which commemorated the saint.

In southern France, fields of straw may be blessed, leading to this being known as 'Straw Day'. In past days, some Welsh communities celebrated it as 'Holming Day' when boys and men struck each other on the legs with holly branches! (unlikely to be a Christian custom, I feel). Some people saw the resultant bleeding being a reminder of the painful death of St Stephen. In Poland, the slightly less damaging custom of throwing rice or oats at one another to symbolise Stephen's stoning was common.

And what about King Wenceslas?

This song describes the actions of a 10th century Bohemian duke who was later beatified. Vaceslav (Wenceslas) was born of a Christian father and pagan mother. The early death of his father led to a pagan influence across their lands from his mother. However, Vaeslav believed in Christianity and wrested power from his mother. The song is a Victorian representation of the good deeds of his life which led to his sainthood as patron saint of Bohemia whose feast day is 28TH September.



Sadly, Wenceslas met an early death at the hands of his brother, who seized back power on his mother's instigation in 935 AD. It took an Englishman, John Mason Neele (1818-1866), to capture the saint's Christian charity in verse, setting it to a 13th century tune 'Spring Has Now Unwrapp'd the Flowers.'

JEJ

Seasonal Traditions



Did you know that the word 'mistletoe' means dung on a tree? The Anglo-Saxons thought that mistletoe grew in trees where birds had left their droppings. 'Mistel' means dung, and 'tan' means twig

"A Remembrance of the Choral Tradition"



Remembrance Sunday Evensong saw a performance of the Fauré Requiem conducted by Chris Denton, accompanied by Andrew Christer, and, to complete the triumvirate of organists, with Colin Hicks singing tenor.

Singers came from Aldborough St John, Eppleby, Forcett and Melsonby, including Camilla Campling Denton, and the wonderful soprano soloist in the Pie Jesu, Samantha.

St Mary's church choir members, Ralph, Henry, Judith, James and Andrew Lunn, and the Denton trio, were joined by Jan Beeton and Jonathan and Alèxe.

There were memorable readings from Scott, Judith and Henry and a moving singing of "O Valiant Heart", chosen by the late Duke of Edinburgh to be sung at his funeral.

After the pomp and ceremony of the Civic Service, the day ended in quiet reflection accompanied by fitting music.

Christmas Services 2021



December 8th;	St Mary's;	Mayoral Carol Concert	
December 12th:	Downholme:	Lessons & Carols	3.00 p.m.
	St Mary's.	No choral evensong	
	'God Bless us Everyone'	Seasonal readings and music (see panel advert)	6 p.m. start . Retiring collection for Friends of St Mary's
December 19th:	Marske:	Carols & Crib service	2.30 p.m.
	St Mary's ;	Lessons and Carols	6.30 p.m.
December 24th;	St Mary's ;	Crib Service 1	4.00 p.m.
		Crib Service 2	5.30 p.m.
		Midnight Mass	11.30 p.m.
December 25th:	St Mary's :	Holy Communion	8.00 a.m.
		Christmas Communion	10.00 a.m.



Seasonal Tradition—the Fir Tree



St Boniface, who went to Germany in the 8th century as a missionary and found people sacrificing a child to their god under an oak tree. Boniface was appalled, and rescued the child. He then chopped down the oak tree and found a tiny fir tree growing nearby. He gave this to the people and said: "This is a symbol of life. Whenever you look at this tree, remember the Christ-child who is the One who will give you life, because He gave His life for you."



WILLIAM'S WALKS

December 2021



In this month of December with the shortest of days, WILLIAM GEDYE offers us a short, local walk to prepare for the festive season—or to save to work of the excesses of a hearty Christmas. This one is an interesting flattish walk through fields and passing gravel pit lakes, with plenty of birdlife over winter and in the spring. It's important to note that, although a level walk, after heavy rain, some sections can be muddy. Enjoy the walk and have a good Christmas.

Start/Finish – Northern end of Gatherley Road, north of Brompton On Swale. Ample parking in the old A1 exit approach road.

Distance : 3.5 miles

Ordnance Survey Map Explorer 304 Darlington & Richmond

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Head east following the farm track passing through High Gatherley Farm through the bridleyway gate. Cross the field and go through a second gate in the far hedge. Cross the next field and go through 2 further bridleyway gates.

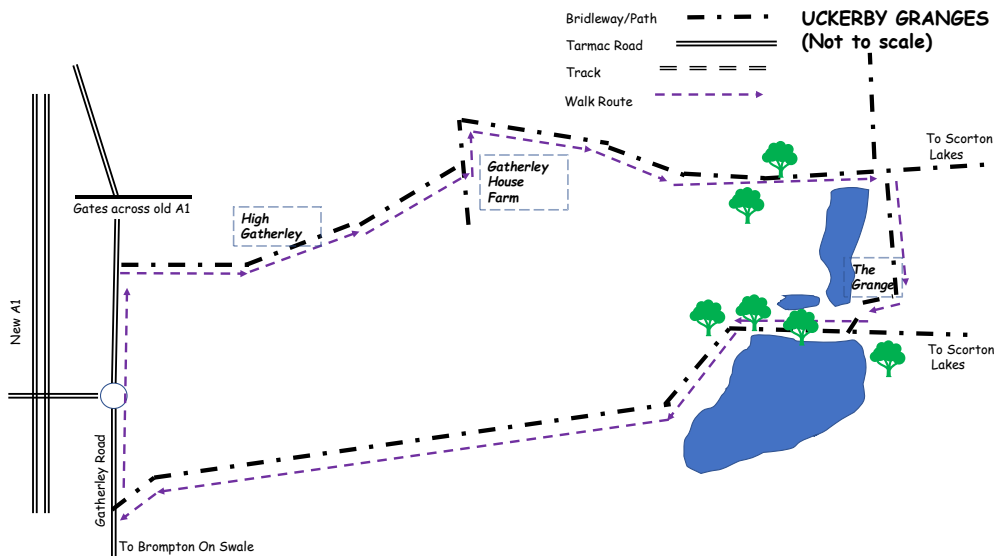
Just before the next farm, Gatherley Grange, turn left and go through another bridleyway gate. Follow the hedge line around the field edge to your right and go past the farm and through the gap in the hedge onto the farm lane.

Turn left along the lane, heading north. At the next hedge turn right at the bridleyway sign. Follow the track and hedge line for several fields crossing another track.

Go through a small copse and up the slope ahead.

Go through the field gate and turn right through the bridleyway gate and immediately left along the hedge side. You should be able to see a long pond on your right, in the next field.

At the end of the hedge keep straight on through the red farm gate. Turn immediately right through a bridleyway gate and follow the hedge around the field anti-clockwise. Pass an old caravan building and cross the farm lane to join the lakeside track to the right. Go through the gate beside the cottage.



This is a lovely section of path bordering the lake. At the end of the lake, turn left up the hedge line and diagonally up the field to join the bridleway again. Go through several bridleway gates and fields keeping the hedge on your left. Turn left following the signs and cross the field to Gaterley Road.

Turn right up Gaterley Road back to the start.

This is a Richmondshire Walking For Health route. For more information email: walk.for.health@btinternet.com or call William on 07710 739192

Reverend Matthew Hutchinson's Charity

Do you live in:

Richmond, Gilling West, Eppleby, Eryholme,
 Hutton Magna, South Cowton, North Cowton,
 West Layton, Hutton Magna, Cliffe, or Barton?

You may be eligible for a small grant towards:
 educational courses
 necessary medical equipment
 household appliances
 and many other expenses

For further information please contact:
 Mrs M Morris (Clerk to the Hutchinson Charities), Stonehaven,
 Hutton Magna, Richmond, North Yorkshire, DL11 7HQ

MUSINGS FROM MARSKE

In this closing article for 2021, LIZ KLUZ ventures further afield than Marske to pursue an interesting legend which involved the Greyfriars of Richmond being led to pursue a large animal with the promise of fine meat at the end. All they had to do was catch it!

With Marske's legendary fame in providing sustenance for weary travelers on the Coast to Coast path, we also have a culinary bonus from Marske of some traditional foods in recipe format. If anyone tries these, do write in and let us know how they worked out. But first, the legend of the Rokeby Sow!

As I am writing this article on a grey November day a variety of smells are coming from the kitchen, some more appealing than others. My husband is in squirrelling mode, preserving everything from tiny onions and herring to crab apples and wild mushrooms, not to mention pullets eggs which are probably responsible for the worst smell.

That ancient instinct to store food for the winter months is something we share with our ancestors even though we are not dependent for our survival on a jar of pickled onions. For us, it has become recreational but before the invention of freezers, food was preserved by being dried, smoked, pickled or salted and nothing would have been wasted. Surplus livestock was slaughtered to save using precious fodder to keep them going during the leaner months and then it was all hands to the pump to get the meat butchered and preserved as quickly as possible. Sides of bacon, sausages and hams would have been smoked in chimneys and on rafters with meat and fish being salted in barrels. Where space allowed, certain varieties of apples called "keepers" were laid out in rows, in some cases lasting until the following spring when food stocks were at their lowest.

The Grey Friars of Richmond, being a "mendicant" order which relied on the charity of others, must have been very grateful to be offered what seemed to be a most generous gift of a sow to supplement their stores for winter. According to tradition the following story of the chase to secure the sow took place during the reign of Henry VII (1485-1509) and was written as a ballad in the language of the time. Interested readers can see the whole ballad online.



'THE FELON SOWE OF ROKEBY AND THE FREERES OF RICHMOND'

At that time a certain Ralph de Rokeby, known by his contemporaries as "a man of

infinite jest”, was the owner of Mortham Tower to the south of the river Tees and the Rokeby estate near Greta Bridge. Ralph found himself with a problem

Rokeby wood was home to a wild sow who was so vicious that very few people who entered the wood came out again in one piece, so hunting was out of the question. To rid himself of the felon sow and under the guise of kindness he offered the sow to the Grey Friars of Richmond “with full good wyll”. One of the brothers, “Freer Myddleton by name, he was sent to fetch her hame” along with two strong men, Peter Dale and Bryan Beare. Carrying ropes and sticks, they travelled on foot along the old Roman road presumably intending to walk her back to Richmond. When they arrived at Rokeby Wood, Ralph was nowhere to be seen and it was soon obvious that he had been rather economical with the truth.



Rokeby Hall – (From ‘A New And Complete History of the County of York’, Thomas Allen (1828-1830)

They found the sow lying under a tree. When she stood up she was the size of three sows put together with a “great, grey head” and as soon as she saw them she “rave the earth up wyth her feete, the bark came fra the tree”. Peter and Bryan, both armed with swords and knives, struck at her but with no effect at all. She ran off into a hollow in the ground where there was a kiln, probably for burning lime. The men followed her and standing on a beam above the kiln they lowered a rope and managed to slip it over the sow’s head like a halter. They dragged her out of the hollow but she was “in no mood to be led” and “made them such a fray that had they lived ‘til Domesday they could nere forget”. They were clearly no match for her strength. Seeing what was going on, Friar Middleton, crossing himself, took out a book and began to read St. John’s Gospel in the hope of calming her down! “The sow she would not Latyn hear but rudely rushed at the Freer” which made the blood drain from his face. Screaming, he leapt into the safety of a tree just in time. The sow was so furious that she ripped up bushes and saplings by the roots. She tore the rope from the other two men and ran off so at that point they made their escape, hot-foot, back to Richmond where the friar recounted his story to an eager group of brethren. Having listened to the tale and seen how distressed the friar was, the Warden said he was sorry that the friar had been so tormented but that “had wee been there, your brothers all, we would have garred (seen) the” sow “falle”. Friar Middleton replied “ Naye in faythe ye would have ren away. Ye all can speke safte words at home, the fiend wolde ding yow doone”.



Realising that Ralph had played a dirty trick, and not wanting to let the chance of such a good prize slip through his fingers, the Warden approached “two of the boldest men that ever were born”, Gilbert Griffin’s son who had gained a good reputation on land and at sea and a Spaniard who had made his name fighting Saracens. The men agreed to take on the challenge and went in search of the sow. True to form, when she saw them she “made at them sike a roare, that for her they fear it sore and almaiste bounde to flee”.

The Spaniard was quick to draw his sword and tried to strike her but she “strake it fro hys hande and rave asunder half his shield and bare him backwerde in the field. She would have riven his privich geare” but “Gilbert wyth his swerde of warre” struck her on the shoulder but to his horror the sword broke in two. Bravely he hung on to her but she got hold of his shoulder and “byt thro ale hys rich armour”. Although in terrible pain from his wound he managed to inflict the final injury, which is a bit too gruesome to mention here, putting an end to her reign of terror. The felon sow was lifted on to a horse and tied to panniers “made from a tree” then transported back to the grateful friars in Richmond who sang the Te Deum “most merrily”. I bet they did...all that meat must have kept them going for months! I like to think that they saved the best joint for their feast at Christ’s Mass, maybe with a little crab apple jelly.

A Yorkshire Christmas Custom - Frumenty

This ancient recipe has been used for centuries as a filling breakfast and was traditionally eaten in Ripon instead of porridge on Christmas morning and in Whitby on Christmas Eve with cheese and cake.

75g (3oz) of wheat boiled in 2 litres (3 ½ pints) of water then strained and served with hot milk, sugar and nutmeg.



A Yorkshire Christmas Custom—Wensleydale Cheese with Fruit

The tradition of eating fruit cake with Wensleydale cheese is usually thought to be a Yorkshire peculiarity but we have the Cistercian monks, who came to Britain after the Conquest, to thank for the recipe. In 1158 a monastery was established at Fors near Aysgarth but about 15 years later the brothers were forced to move to Jervaulx as the land there was more fertile. The first Wensleydale cheeses produced by the brothers were made from ewe’s milk and “blued” by the introduction of mould spores in the French way. As time went on the monks passed their skill on to their tenant farmers and the cheeses they produced became payment in kind as part of their rent. Henry VIII’s determination to dissolve all the monasteries left the monks of Jervaulx without a home in 1539. The recipe for their delicious, crumbly cheese was apparently handed to a local innkeeper but, by that time, it was made with

An Old Yorkshire Christmas Recipe—Pepper Cake

Borrowed from Theodora FitzGibbon's book "A Taste of Yorkshire", for a tasty-sounding cake made around Christmas time and given to carol singers when they called. The pepper takes its name from allspice or "Jamaican Pepper" used in the 18th and 19th centuries.

½ lb (225g) butter

1½ lb (675g) plain flour

½ lb (225g) soft brown sugar

½ oz (10g) ground cloves

1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda

1½ lb (675g) black treacle

4 well beaten eggs

Rub the butter and flour together

Add the sugar, cloves and bicarbonate of soda.
Mix well.

Pour in the treacle and eggs and a tiny bit of milk if necessary.

Pour the mixture into a greased, lined baking tin and bake at 180 C, 350 F for 1½ – 2 hours.

This little rhyme was said as it was offered around and it includes the traditional Yorkshire custom of serving cheese with cake.

"A little bit of pepper cake,
A little bit of cheese,
A little drink of water,
And a penny, if you please."



Happy Christmas, One and All

Liz Kluz



*We don't sing carols no more...
you 'ave to listen to 'em off me iPod!*



Barry was secretly proud of his part in the Nativity play

It has been great to return to some sort of normality this term, with children being able to mix together again. The highlight for staff has definitely that they have been able to have all the children back in the hall for collective worship and being able to sing! With the easing of restrictions, we have been able to take part in a number of sporting events arranged by Richmond School, including Cross Country on a very wet and miserable day! Despite the weather, the children were an absolute credit to the school and some great results were achieved. We have also attended multi skills events. Our Year 6s have attended a residential at Robinwood, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. They took part in a number of activities and enjoyed working together as a team.



Our youngest children have settled quickly into school and are enjoying the opportunities and challenges that being at school brings. They have enjoyed exploring their emotions, learning about Remembrance Day and finding out about Diwali. KS1 have been looking at 'Great and Ghastly Events' finding out about the Great Fire of London, Bonfire Night and the Moon Landing. Their learning was supported by a trip from the Fire Brigade. Lower Key Stage 2 have been exploring buildings, from 'Mud Huts to Megastructures', really enjoying having ago at their own cave art. Upper Key Stage 2 have spent the term comparing the lives of rich and poor during different times in history with the theme of 'Affluence and Poverty'. They took a trip to the Ripon Workhouse to find out what life was like in Victorian Times. They were also fortunate to take part in a Newswise workshop, led by the Guardian, to develop their news reporting skills.

This term has seen us role out forest school across the school, with a number of classes taking part in weekly sessions that might include shelter building, mini beast hunting, tying knots and the highlight for most – hot chocolate and toasted marshmallows! It is providing great learning opportunities for the children and developing a range of skills.

Preparations are well underway for the Christmas season and we hope that we will be able to perform our Nativity and Christmas Carols to parents and carers this year.

Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas, we hope that you will be able to relax and spend time with family and friends.

Lucy Hodges



TALES FROM A RECTORY GARDEN



Well, the festive season is upon us once more, and I ventured into the rectory garden to find MISTER JACK FINNEY tying up his brussel sprouts and corn-feeding a rather large chicken for Mrs Finney. Jack himself had developed vegan tendencies ever since he'd been to see a farmer friend who had a three legged pig wandering round the farm yard. Noting the similarity to ol' Lucky, Jack enquired as to why the pig only had tree legs, to which his friend replied, 'We fancied a leg of pork for Christmas but didn't have the heart to kill it!' Which led him to tell me the tale of three legged Lucky's search for fame at a dog show.

Me an' ol'Hamilton had a right good do the other morning in the butcher's shop. Yeh, I haven't seen him for a bit and, as you know, ladies and gennelmen, we is known as the Flannagan and Allen of Rosemary Lane, so we goes straight into our routine over the pork chops and brawn.

Me: (pretendin' to be a p'liceman); "Knock! Knock! Bad news, Missis Critchley, your 'usband's bin run over by a steam-roller"

'Amilton (talkin' in a high voice): "I'm in the bath, hossifer – just slide him under the door."

Ha, we was right on form – laffin' and slappin' our thighs and ol' Lucky rollin' on the floor, waving his three legs in the air. 'Course them people in the queue was raisin' their eyebrows and lookin' at themsis watches, but we was on fire and there were no stoppin' us.

Me:" I goos to a restaurant and I says to the waitress, 'What's the duck like?' an' she says, quick as a flash,' It's like a chicken only it can swim!' .

Well, 'ol Hamilton laffs so much, he drops a bag of porkie scratrchins all over the floor. He wipes his eyes and he says,' Well, when I was a nipper, we were so poor, I was made to walk the plank. Yeh, we couldn't afford a dawg!"

Ha, that was a good 'un; we was laffin' so much we coulda carried on all day, even though there was folks standin' right down Noobiggin, waitin' to be served.

Then the vicar who were in the queue, cem in and read us a little bible readin' that sorta went ' Go forth into the wilderness and verily, I say unto you – let these poor folks git served." So me and ol' Lucky scarpered back to the allotment shed, wiv ol' Lucky draggin' a line of off-date chipolatas, like a proper dawg and waited for his nibs to join us. Yeh, got the stove goin' and the kettle hiss'n – pure bliss, that sound.

Well, when his nibs cem in, all dressed in a Church Times special Autumn ganzy for men of the cloff with a slip-in clerical collar for them with dicky boilers, he were holdin' this poster and he showed it to I. It were about the first ever Richmond Dog Show to be held in the Town Hall, 'First prize for the most obedient dawg, £50 to be given to the charity of the owner's choice.'

'Well,' says the vicar. 'We could enter ol' Lucky and if he wins it, the bishop would be pleased because it would be another first to put Richmond on the map – and the money could come in handy for the parish share.'

I could see ol' Lucky prickin' up his ears at this and he didn't look too happy, I can tell you! I says, 'What about the fact that ol' Lucky only has free legs?'

But his nibs says, 'We can mek him a pathetic leg outer loo roll tubes from the vestry that the choristers frow about at each other doorin' choir practice.'



"And", he says, not to be deflected, "we could always mek sure that ol' Lucky only showed his left side to the judges – that side bein' the one that has the required number of legs on one side for a dawg. And one of us allus standin' on his other side to hide the missin' one."

Now, I don't know what Lucky's life were like afore I rescued 'im, but I don't think he were ever trained or owt, so he wouldn't do very well on the obdejugt bit. But his nibs said we had a week or two before the show so we could at least train him and mebbe beg for a bone. Well, I could see that Lucky weren't impressed at all. He weren't havin' none of that! He just turns his back on us and went to sleep by the stove.

But the vicar had already entered Lucky and he didn't want to lose his fifty pence entrance fee so we began a proper trainin' routine for Lucky. Each day, we tries 'Sit', 'Lay down', 'Beg', 'Leave' and all that stooped stuff that folks do wiv their dawgs but ol' Lucky weren't havin' none of it. Nah – and the only one he were good at were 'stay' of course, which he did – by the stove!

He wouldn't even do nuffink for the vicar's ol' darlin' - and he likes her 'cos she gives him the vicar's vegan lentil burgers when he's fed up o' them. Nah, ol' Lucky just turns his back on us doorin' baggins times and not even a bone that 'Amilton swore belonged to the traffic warden cheered 'im up.

So, enyroad, the evening of the dwag show came and still the only command that Lucky could do was 'Stay.' So we spruced him up all proper. I gives him a shampoo wot I pinched from my ol' darlin's bafroom cabinet – 'Head and Smoulders' it were called and his nibs borrowed a hair dryer from the churchwarden – the one they

uses to boost the heatin' in church when it gets a bit chilly – so that ol' Lucky were fluffed up nicely, fur 'soft, shiny and manageable, bringin' out highlights in every strand' – or so it promised.

His nibs said seein' as Lucky were a St Mary's dawg, he should wear a clerical dawg collar instead of his own and one of them embroidered hassock covers that were spelled wrong, wot were left lying in the crypt – like the one that says "Go fifth in peace.'

Well, we knew ol' Lucky weren't talkin' to us but all free of us turns up at the Town Hall. There were dawgs all over the place, of all sorts a sizes and breeds. Then one of the judges blows a whistle and we all had to walk round in a circle with our dawg beside us. I made sure that I was on his one-legged side all the time, concealin' his pathetic loo roll leg nonchalantly as I walked.

Then it were time for each dawg to go into the middle of the floor for them's obedience show. Well, the free of us watched, getting' more and more depressed, 'cos summa them dawgs could sit up and beg, roll over and lie down when they was told to. Ol' Lucky were watchin' them and lookin' right bored but I was getting right sorry for the poor little fella and I whispered to his nibs that we should scarp-er afore it were our turn.



But it were too late. 'And now, from St Mary's Church, we have Lucky Finney' sez the judge with the whistle, sittin' up on that high bench in the ol' council chamber, and we knew we'd just have ter git him out on the floot wiv everyone starin' at him and mekkin' him look riddiculus' cos he could only do 'Stay'.

Well, I gently nudged him with me dibbin' stick and he sauntered out inter the middle of the floor. I must say he looked a bit suave – like a doggie James Bond – yeh, and he stood there all nonchalant, wiv everyone starin' at him.

There was a hushed silence – as many silences are – but I could see the judges sittin' at that high bench, all important loik, puttin' their heads together. One woman of the femal kind were countin' free fingers and shovin' them under the noses of the other two. I could see them shakin' their heads and you coulda heard a pin drop.

Then all three judges held up their paddles what said' Disqualified!' 'Disqualified!' Disqualified!' and the woman of the female kind holds up a notice saying, 'Incomplete number of legs!'

Well, I were roiled, I can tell you, ladies and gennelmen, 'cos that WEREN'T one of the stippleations on the poster. Nah, it never said all dawgs had ter have a full compleiment of legs. I was getting' ready to have a right go at them judges. You see, his nibs and me, we loves ol' Lucky. He's one of us baggins chums and we suddenly felt bad that we'd put him froo all of this and made him a laffin' stock – all just for a bit of parish share and a happy bishop.

But, blow me, I wuz not prepared for what happened next and, if it were not for the fact that there were an 'undred folk watchin' too, I fort I'd a dreamed it. Yeh, ol' Lucky, in the middla the room just looks around, gev a little sniff – then he does a triple backwards summer salt with a perfick three legged landin'. Yeh! All the folks gev a great gasp -it were unbelievable! Then – gets this, ladies and gennelmen- ol' Lucky gits up on his back legs and chassés over the floor to the judges' bench; then he walks up the wall, across the ceiling, down the other wall and outa the door! Well, we wuz amazed wiv our mouffs open.

Just then, one of the judges comes down orf the bench and sez, sorta sniffy loik, 'Does he always go out like that?'

Quick as a flash, I gives a little smirk and says, "Yeh, he's right rude. He never says goodnight!

-oOoOo-

Seasonal Traditions

Did you know that mince pies have been traditional English Christmas fare since the Middle Ages, when meat was a key ingredient? The addition of spices, suet and alcohol to meat came about because it was an alternative to salting and smoking in order to preserve the food. Mince pies used to be a different shape – cradle-shaped with a pastry baby Jesus on top



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INFORMATION POINT- ALL ARE WELCOME.



Some groups which used to meet on a regular basis as part of the church family before lockdown are beginning to emerge whilst others are looking at ways of meeting but nothing is fixed as yet. Knit2gether is now Knit and Natter (see next page) and a new Men's Group has started. Also, Friends of St Marys is making a welcome return. Please continue to check our website or use the contact number for information.

However, some one-to-one support is still operating, either in person or using telephone or Facetime/Skype contact

AFTER THE CARDS AND VISITORS

Bereavement is a very difficult time for the spouse/partner left behind.

Starting again on your own is even more difficult.

Carrie and friends would like to help you with the next step.

WE ARE STILL AVAILABLE THROUGH TELEPHONE CONTACT

Please phone **Carrie on 850103** if you would welcome any more information. The approach is very informal and relaxed

PASTORAL CARE— A CONTINUING SERVICE

The St Mary's Church community wishes to do all we can to support, listen and love all in our parish whether members of our church or not.

The Pastoral Team at St Mary's has a **Prayer Circle** at St Mary's. If you have something which you would appreciate prayer for, whether for yourself or for someone you care about, we would be privileged to pray about it. No prayer request is ever too small or trivial. Whatever you wish to share, in confidence, we will support you in prayer.

To ask for prayer you can either telephone, email or text Rev Martin on 821241, fletcher_martin@yahoo.co.uk or 07762 440094; or Paul Sunderland (07989 178196) paul.sunderland@leeds.anglican.org—or speak to any member of the Pastoral Team and they will place your prayer in the circle. Please be assured your requests are confidential.

- ◆ *To be a praying member of the circle or a member of the Pastoral Team, please speak to Rev Martin or Paul. They would love to hear from you.*

Sudoku - Easy

		9	6		2		
8				1	2	7	5
	2	5	7	9		4	3
			4		9	8	5
		2				9	
	5	3	1		7		
	1	4		7	6	3	8
2		7	8	4			9
		8			1	5	

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Sudoku - Medium

1	5		3				9
2		4			8		5
6							
	1				6		2
	9		5				4
							8
8			7			6	4
4					2		1
							7

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St Mary's Groups

FRIENDS OF ST MARY'S

After a successful Plant and Produce Sale, we are now looking to plan activities and events for the year ahead.

We need YOUR help and ideas.

You are automatically a Friend!

Could you please consider giving some time to get things going again?

Interested? Please contact the Secretary, Jim Jack at stmarys.maged@gmail.com (07754 283161)

KNIT & NATTER

A new name—but still a group of people who love to knit, sew, craft and chat.

Every Friday

9.30am to 11.30 a.m.

We meet in the Restaurant at Greyfriars, Queen's Road Refreshments available

Everyone is welcome

Contact Anne Clarke 07982 658991



Word Search



From the Parish Pump Ltd

The nearly four weeks leading up to Christmas is Advent. It means 'coming'. It refers to Jesus' first coming as a baby, but it also looks forward to a day when Jesus is expected to return in triumph at his 'second coming' to establish perfect justice and a new order of peace. Originally Christians marked Advent as a time when they refrained from excessive eating and drinking. Then Christmas Day reintroduced them to the joys of feasting. Christmas celebrations lasted for twelve days, with gifts exchanged as a climax at Epiphany (6 January). Today, however, Advent is more likely to be associated with accelerating festivity, with the days following Christmas something of an anti-climax until 'twelfth night', on which decorations are removed. Many Christians worldwide are trying to revive the spirit of Advent by setting aside time to pray and address global poverty.

- four
- weeks
- advent
- coming
- Jesus
- first
- baby
- return
- triumph
- second
- establish
- perfect
- justice
- new
- order
- peace
- eating
- drinking
- celebrations
- days
- gifts
- epiphany
- twelfth
- decorations
- revive

H	T	E	P	I	P	H	A	N	Y	E	S	J
C	P	N	Y	E	S	S	E	C	O	N	D	E
B	E	M	E	B	Y	I	I	I	O	U	E	S
K	T	A	U	V	A	L	L	I	A	E	I	U
R	W	C	E	I	D	B	T	N	C	N	A	S
C	E	L	E	B	R	A	T	I	O	N	S	K
P	L	T	F	F	R	T	T	F	M	E	S	E
E	F	U	U	O	R	S	G	N	I	T	A	E
A	T	A	C	R	U	E	T	U	N	R	V	W
C	H	E	E	J	N	R	P	J	G	I	S	R
E	D	R	I	N	K	I	N	G	V	M	S	T
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I	F	R	U	K	N	E	R	T	W	H	R	I

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8	4	6	3	1	2	7	9	5
1	2	5	7	9	8	4	3	6
7	6	1	4	2	9	8	5	3
4	8	2	5	6	3	9	7	1
9	5	3	1	8	7	6	2	4
5	1	4	9	7	6	3	8	2
2	3	7	8	4	5	1	6	9
6	9	8	2	3	1	5	4	7

Sudoku—Medium

1	5	7	3	2	4	8	6	9
2	3	4	9	6	8	1	7	5
6	8	9	1	5	7	4	3	2
5	1	8	4	7	6	9	2	3
7	4	6	2	3	9	5	8	1
3	9	2	5	8	1	7	4	6
9	7	1	6	4	3	2	5	8
8	2	3	7	1	5	6	9	4
4	6	5	8	9	2	3	1	7

Wordsearch



Deadline for
January edition - 12th December (revised date)
Stay safe.

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