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**THE BENEFICE OF RICHMOND WITH HUDSWELL, DOWNHOLME
AND MARSKE**

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 Harrison 822059

PRAYER REQUESTS

Prayer requests to pray@richmondhudswellparish.org.uk or text 07394 907924

-o0o-

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 Allans 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 | | |

Temporary Parish Administrator

Jeanette Sunderland 07394 947819 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

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 | Every Sunday apart from 3rd Sunday |
| | Worship for All | (including communion) Every 3rd Sunday |
| 4.00 p.m. | Café Church | 3rd Sunday (every 2 mths—Jan, March etc) |
| | Fun-Key Church | Last Sunday each month |
| 6.30 p.m. | Choral Evensong | Second Sunday each month |
| | Free to Be | 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> | Alastair Lunn | 2 Hurgill Road, Richmond | |
| <u>Church Treasurer</u> | Phil Ham | 'Sundale', Reeth, DL11 6TX | |
| <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 MARSK

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

We enter the final quarter of 2021 in a period of warmer weather, better than much of that experienced in high summer. This is the traditional month of Harvest Festival, although, in reality, the gathering of Nature's bounty, which is essential as a source of food for now and seed for the future, has been in full swing for some time.

The importance of sustainability for the long term future of God's world has been brought into focus sharply with the combined effects of Covid, Brexit and climate change. It sadly takes shortages of the variety of food to which we are accustomed on supermarket shelves, stories of fruit and vegetables lying unharvested through shortages of pickers and delivery drivers, closure of care homes due to staff shortage, longer waits for medical treatment for the same reasons for the nation to realise that our lives only run smoothly because of the work done by so many in service industries—many working long hours in unsocial conditions for scant reward. They really do deserve our thanks now—and in the good times too!

This month's issue offers a variety of articles. It is good that two contributions come from former members of church choir, now living family lives in other parts of the country—and one a national prize winner! Jane Hatcher reminds us of climate problems in times gone by, whilst William makes us feel at home on the ranges with a walk in Catterick. The Dykes' church journeys take us abroad, whilst Liz Kluz tells us of a 'might have been' at a church much nearer home. The mysterious Jack Finney concludes his tale of a balloon adventure for his vicar and it is good to see the gradual 'pick up' of church activities reflected in 'news'. The report of the successful Plant and Produce sale and advance notice of new group meetings indicate hope for the renewal of fellowship beyond Sunday worship.

With regard to the future of the magazine, we now have a couple of offers from people to share some of the work but at least two more would be appreciated—perhaps to take on specific responsibility for researching/interviewing/ writing on specific topics—either those which already exist or new ideas. 'The Pub in the Parish' and 'Shop Local' are two research gigs still to be filled!

Finally, a big 'thank you' to my wife, Jan, and the NHS. A idyllic mid-September walk was rudely interrupted by my foot engaging with a rabbit hole. Leg stayed put, body moved on and fell, left upper arm broken. For the care I received and continue to receive, I am full of gratitude and feel much blessed. Jan and our daughter, Catherine, have assisted with this issue and, if there are any typos, just blame the one armed typist!!



A Letter According to Paul - Curate not Saint



It's raining cats and dogs outside as I sit to write this month's magazine article, but you won't find my dog, Ralf, outside in the rain as he would walk around puddles to prevent his paws getting wet. Ralf enjoys nothing better than curling up on my office chair and watching me work, whilst occasionally snoozing and often snoring.

The weather is definitely on the turn and it is clear that Autumn is upon us, and winter is just around the corner. The light has changed, and the morning air has a crispness about it. I even pulled a jumper from my wardrobe this morning!

The looming darkness of the winter months brings with it a darkness of another sort. The end of October sees the ever-popular Halloween 'celebrations'. Social media and TV shows would suggest that this is a massive event which sees homes decorated and children of all ages out in costume shouting the well-known cry of 'Trick or Treat!'. Thankfully, the reality of Halloween in Richmond and the surrounding areas is a little more muted than the often-American street scenes of the TV shows.

However less 'in your face' Richmond's 'celebrations' may be, as we approach Halloween, the fear that we may have previously known when approached by a stranger in a mask is likely to have been quelled by the months of mask wearing due to Covid. However, these many variations of ghoulish masks hide the true nature of this age old festival held annually on 31st October, 2021. This does not remove the dread that some feel, me included, when the doorbell sounds in the early evening, and we hear the words 'Trick or Treat'.

All Hallows' Eve should not be a time of fear. This festival falls on 31st October each year, and is the day before All Hallows' Day, also known as All Saints' Day in the Christian calendar. The name derives from the Old English 'hallowed' meaning 'holy' or 'sanctified' and is now usually contracted to the more familiar word 'Hallowe'en.' All Saints Day is now a date when we commemorate all Christians, living and deceased, not just those who attained sainthood. St Mary's Church also offers a service of light which takes place on Sunday 7th November at 2pm. This Service is an opportunity for those who have lost loved ones over the preceding twelve months or more, to come together and light a candle for their loved ones at a service specially designed to give thanks for the lives of the dear departed.

All Hallows this year will offer much more to reflect upon due to the millions who have died because of the Covid pandemic, and I, for one, feel that this Hallowed time should be reclaimed from the witch hats and the ghost costumes.

Halloween has become a much more secular 'celebration' of late and many of those who take part in its events and costumes would struggle to explain the religious significance of the date. Viewed in isolation, many Christians' viewing the events may ask themselves where God is in our society. I am often challenged by those I meet when they suggest that God does not exist. As a Curate, I am sure you would expect that the thought had never crossed my mind, but you would be wrong. A mature faith goes through many cycles of questioning and reflecting. I find that taking myself out into nature is a sure-fire way of God using the beauty of creation to give me a good slap around the chops. The intricacies of the design in nature around us, the blades of grass which feed the sheep and cattle, the complexity of the bugs that keep our soils healthy, the trees, the flowers and the bees buzzing past my ear. I could go on! I am not a naturalist, so don't know the science behind it all, but I can glory in God's presence in everything.

We thankfully live in a community where the doors to our Church are opened at 830am every day and not closed until late afternoon. The three Churches which make up our Benefice, St Mary's in Richmond, St Michael and All Angels in Downholme and St Edmund's in Marske, maintain an environment where 'All are Welcome.' Much of this is done through our regular services and events, but it would not be possible without an open-door policy and the family of faith that meet to greet anyone who chooses to step over the threshold and those whom take Church out into the community.

I have the great pleasure and privilege of ministering to the congregation who meet at St Edmund's Church in Marske every week. Marske is a close knit community in this small hamlet nested in the dale. I have been reading a book called 'In the Palm of a Dale', written by David Morgan Rees, first published in the year 2000. His writing style paints a picture of words of which I would not attempt to compete. In speaking of the glory of Dale-Light he says: "This small compass of landscape becomes a light box or prism for sunlight as it darts and glances, striking at different features, emphasising the detail of stone wall or barn, boldly illuminating a group of tall beech trees, or washing quickly over meadow or woodland. It is an accentuation which gives sudden meaning in brightness, like a word underlined or in italics. Even on a sunless day, there is often a pervasive glow held within the Dale which subtly creates a mood.'

Jesus said: *I am the light of the world. Whoever follows me will never walk in darkness but will have the light of life.*

So, as the nights draw in and the light changes, I invite you to shine as a light box, a prism of faith, glowing in the ever changing world, or at the very least in Richmond, Hudswell, Downholme and Marske. Let us shine in God's own land not just on this All Hallows Eve, All Saints Day, but every day!

St Mary's will be combatting the darkness of Halloween and its trick or treat culture, with a Party of Light. Every light of the Church will be shining into the gloom and out into our communities. Come along from 7pm for music, sweets, pop, and fellowship. All are Welcome.

Paul

Charity of the Month: October 2021

The charity selected for St Mary's support this month is Samaritans, a registered charity which offers support to those in emotional distress, struggling to cope or at the risk of suicide. The support is offered by trained volunteers and usually as telephone support. Although obviously the choice of name is based upon the parable of the Good Samaritan, Samaritans is a non-religious organisation. It is part of an international organisation called Befrienders Worldwide.



The current organisation relies on selected and highly trained volunteers to staff contact points (telephones, e-mail, social media contacts) 24 hours per day and for every single day of the year. The volunteers themselves are trained as listeners and to be supportive and non-judgemental. Confidence in the service from its users is rooted in its strong rules on confidentiality. This is only broken in the case of bomb or terrorism threats, threats to volunteers or when the volunteer believes that the caller is not able to make rational decisions.

As with other charitable groups we have supported, Samaritans relies upon donations to finance its work. If you feel you want to support their work as our charity of the month, the usual collection points at the back of church will be available throughout October. Or you can contact Samaritans direct through their web-site www.samaritans.org/donate-now/.

The Charitable Giving Team



Baptism



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

5th September Jaxon Tuite
5th September Myles Morar

*"All are welcome
in this place."*



We have joined in Holy Matrimony



| | | |
|----------------|---------------------------------|-----------|
| 7th August | Russell Dodds & Hayley Badden | Downholme |
| 7th August | John Prescott & Philipa Fawcett | Marske |
| 1st September | Sam Sedgwick & Rachel Sawyer | Richmond |
| 18th September | James Rutter & Laura Dixon | Downholme |
| 30th September | Craig Freeman & Emma Priestley | Richmond |



We have laid to rest those who have died.



| | |
|---------------|--------------------------|
| 28th July | Francis (Frank) Close |
| 11th August | Jessie Kitchen |
| 12th August | Hilda Neasham |
| 16th August | Jean Dollimore |
| 21st August | Michael Anthony Rigden |
| 27th August | Bill Villiers |
| 2nd September | Thomas Norrie Vitty |
| 8th September | Margaret Elizabeth Roach |

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

The charity which our church is supporting this month is Samaritans, a national charity which is part of a world wide network of befrienders. In most of our volunteering 'spots' in this magazine, our volunteers often interact face-to-face with others in the community, having received a degree of training and induction. They are seen; they are known.

However, those in our community who volunteer to work for Samaritans remain anonymous and, when putting themselves forward, know that they may not have the necessary skills and personality to undertake the front-line telephone service, for, as readers will know, the people they talk with are usually at a particularly low ebb in their lives. Volunteers also receive detailed training for the responsibility they are undertaking. But how did it all start and what is the work they do today?

Runners taking part in last month's Great North Run all passed a number of signs as they crossed the iconic Tyne Bridge which they will hardly have noticed. The signs simply suggest that if people are at a low point in their lives and need help, they should call Samaritans followed by a help



line telephone number. For those who are really desperate, sometimes the 100 foot drop into the River Tyne and oblivion seems to offer the only relief from the problems they face. Yet a call to that number has offered people there and in other places throughout the UK a road back onto life's pathway—all started by the decision to make a call to an anonymous, caring, trained volunteer.

Early Days

At the organisation's inception, there was no helpline, only a seat in a church in London, the church whose vicar was Edward Chad Varah. The year was 1953. Some years earlier, Chad Varah had been a young curate in the Lincoln Diocese who had been touched by the experience of taking the funeral of a teenage girl who had taken her own life. The reason? She feared she had contracted a sexually transmitted disease, with all of the reputational and social damage likely to be attached to this in the immediate post war years. In reality and in her lack of knowledge and someone to talk to, she didn't understand she had simply started menstruation.

This avoidable waste of a young life stayed with the young curate as he took on a parish of his own. In London, he came across the same effects of isolation leading

to suicide. He placed an advert in a newspaper asking people to volunteer at his church—St Stephen's, Walbrook - with the challenging role of listening to people thinking about taking their own lives. From this small beginning, a national and the world-wide movement was born.

By 1963, there were forty branches across the UK, a number which has grown to over 200 today. However, the organisation is specifically non-political and with no religious alignments so that it is clear to everyone that what they do is across all national boundaries and has no other agenda than the well-being of individuals wherever they are.



Why 'Samaritans' if Non-Religious?

Basically, a national newspaper, the Daily Mirror, heard of Chad Varah's work and used the word in the headline to the resulting article when it was published on 7 December 1953. Although not chosen by Chad Varah himself, the name stuck. In fact, in 2004, he distanced himself from the organisation he had founded. His focus was on suicidal or equally desperate people. With a big organisation and accompanying structure, Samaritans had broadened its offering to include wider emotional support, not a direction Varah would have chosen had he been 'in charge'. In the fifty years since its inception, fewer people were dying from suicide whilst only 20% of the calls to Samaritans were from people with suicidal feelings, so perhaps the organisation was simply changing to respond to a wider need. Nevertheless, the highest profile part of Samaritans' work today is still the core purpose of 1953, namely suicide prevention.

The Samaritans Organisation Today

The core service is a 24 hour per day, 365 days a year telephone helpline. This was the first service of its kind in the UK (commercial and business operators were much later into the 24/7 helpline approach.) The lines are staffed by volunteers who sign up for shifts according to their availability.



Because of the nature of the work, each volunteer accepted receives rigorous training. This goes far beyond normal telephone answering requirements. These voluntary listeners are trained in listening skills, language use and must be totally non-judgmental, be able to be and sound empathetic to the caller. The key is to assist the caller to explore their own thoughts and feelings by asking open questions which mean that the caller has to think through their own responses. In this way, they are helped to work out their own way forward.

Readers will be aware what a great skill and discipline this is. Many of the phrases which people are tempted to use—and in fact probably do use—in everyday chat are ‘out’. So no ‘If I were you...’ or ‘Have you thought of...?’ or ‘Well, I’m not sure I would have done that. What about... ? (If you want to practice becoming aware of the difficulty, it’s often instructive to watch television interviewers and listen to how many of their questions they either answer themselves or actually only require the answer ‘Yes’ or ‘no.’)



And listeners have to exercise confidentiality—so serving police officers and special constables cannot be listening volunteers to avoid a conflict of interest between their duty to report crimes and the need to allow a caller to talk freely, which may include describing potentially criminal behaviour.

Thus staffing the helpline can be both satisfying but perhaps also draining for the volunteers concerned. Samaritans say that they respond to over 10,000 calls per day, thus totting up over one million hours each year responding to calls for help.

As a general rule, a listening volunteer would typically do a 3-4 hour shift per week and a regular shift of 4-6 hours every 4-8 weeks as a night shift but this can vary from area to area. Training is a mix of face-to-face (covid restrictions apply), group and on-line usually evenings or weekends and the first few shifts are supported by an experienced mentor.

Samaritans offer other means of contact too. Email support has been available since 1994 by virtually all branches with quite a number of approaches coming from abroad. As times have moved on, the organisation also has an active social media presence.

Other volunteer roles

As with many of the volunteer opportunities which the pages of this magazine have covered, Samaritans use volunteers in other ways, too. All charitable organisations need fundraisers, but Samaritans nationally use volunteers services in supporting marketing which might involve website or social media work or supporting the ever-burgeoning use of IT. Interestingly, although there is a network of shops across much of the UK, there is only one in North Yorkshire (Scarborough) and none in Urham or Northumberland—so retail volunteering is out unless you fancy a drive to Lancaster or Scarborough!

As with many other charities, Samaritans has its own website www.samaritans.org which facilitates donations and applications to support its work. Through

Befrienders Worldwide, the reach is international. Current figures are still showing that calls for emotional support far outweigh the suicidal—but this human contact to preserve and improve life through caring volunteers remains central to its work. And in that sense, Chad Varah's vision remains intact.

JEJ

Biographical footnote: Although Edward Chad Varah was an Anglican clergyman all of his life, his role in founding the Samaritans brought him media attention. He found himself the subject of 'This is Your Life', had a diesel locomotive named after him (Alistair Lunn will know the model) and was also involved in a photocall to herald the installation of the 20 millionth phone in the UK. Gentlemen of a certain age who are bugged by that 'I know that name from somewhere' will have seen his graphic skills as the weekly illustrator of Dan Dare's adventures in the 'EAGLE' comic!



Foodbank Reminder: Essential Items

Last year, we featured the Storehouse foodbank in this volunteers section. 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

All in the month of October

500 years ago, on 11th Oct 1521, Pope Leo X granted the title 'Defender of the Faith' to King Henry VIII of England and Ireland. It recognised the King's defence of the sacrament of marriage, the supremacy of the Pope, and his opposition to the Protestant Reformation and the ideas of Martin Luther. The title has been inherited by British monarchs since then.

250 years ago, on 17th Oct 1771 the premiere of Mozart's pastoral opera, *Ascanio in Alba*, took place in Milan, Italy. Mozart was then aged 15.

125 years ago, on 3rd Oct 1896, William Morris, British textile designer, poet, novelist and socialist, died. Best known for his association with the Arts and Crafts Movement.

80 years ago, from 2nd Oct 1941 to 7th Jan 1942, the Battle of Moscow took place. Nazi Germany launched a massive offensive against the Soviet capital. It was one of the largest and most important battles of World War II. Soviet victory.

70 years ago, from 15th to 17th Oct 1951, the first party election broadcasts were televised in the UK. The three main parties, Liberal, Conservative and Labour, were allocated 15 minutes each.

Also 70 years ago, Snowdonia National Park was established in Wales and Dartmoor National Park was also established. Also, zebra crossings were introduced in the UK. The first one was in Slough, Berks.

65 years ago, from 29th Oct to 7th Nov 1956, the Suez Crisis took place. Israel invaded Egypt in an attempt to regain Western control of the Suez Canal and remove President Gamal Abdel Nasser from power. Britain and France joined the invasion but were forced to withdraw by the United Nations, the USA and the USSR. British Prime Minister Anthony Eden resigned in Jan 1957 and Sinai was occupied by Israel until March 1957.

60 years ago, on 6th Oct 1961, US President John F Kennedy advised Americans to build bomb shelters to protect themselves from nuclear fallout in the event of an attack by the Soviet Union.

50 years ago, on 1st Oct 1971, the first CT scan was performed on a patient at Atkinson Morley Hospital in Wimbledon.

40 years ago, on 3rd Oct 1981, a hunger strike by IRA members in Maze Prison, County Down, ended after seven months. 10 prisoners had died.

25 years ago, on 18th Oct 1996, the journal *Science* published the first study that showed a causal link between a toxin found in tobacco smoke and the development of lung cancer.

20 years ago, on 7th Oct 2001, the first US and British forces arrived in Afghanistan to launch a massive military offensive following the 9/11 terrorist attack.

A TIME OF OUR LIVES

Combining this interest with their love of travel and camping, FREDA and TONY DYKES have found many havens in churches and other places of worship in the most remote of places, buildings which are unknown to the world at large but have been vital centres. They have brought worshipping communities together, and helped to sustain and shape those very societies in their areas. Last month, their contribution told of their findings and experiences in Scotland, Wales and the whole island of Ireland.

In the second part of their reflections, they tell of some very different places of worship found in Europe and also across the other side of the world, in New Zealand. The term 'places of worship' is used advisedly, for amongst their description of fine architecture, world famous works of art and glorious settings, we also hear of the utterly memorable experience of attending the Passion Play at Oberammergau in Austria, staged every ten years—a spiritual experience of a different nature.

Mainland Europe brought many different church situations and experiences, including viewing some fine works of religious art and sculpture.

In the beautiful town of Bruges, its Cathedral is the home of the Michaelangelo marble statue of The Madonna and Child, a beautiful and priceless sculpture. What a privilege to have seen this.

In Notre Dame in Paris, another unexpected privilege awaited us. We were to be able to receive Holy Communion along with fellow Christians from across the globe—memorable because it is not always possible or welcome for 'protestants' to take communion as part of a Roman Catholic act of worship.



Obviously, as in any other Western Countries, there is a church in every village in France and, of course, cathedrals in the cities. A memorable one is on the South coast - Saintes Marie de la Mer on the Camargue. The story is that Mary Magdelene, Mary Salome and Mary Clopas left with their Uncle Joseph of Aramathea from Alexandria in Egypt after Jesus' resurrection and arrived in France – hence the name of the town and church. It has been adopted by the Romany gypsies as their spiritual home and every year for centuries they come from all over France and beyond for festival and pilgrimage to honour St Sara, the statue of whom is housed in the crypt of the church.

In subsequent years, Italy and / or Austria became our destination on our way to Slovenia where our son was living. Needless to say, there are too many churches and cathedrals to write about but Venice had probably the most notable .

Across the border from the north East of Italy lies Slovenia. This predominantly a

Roman Catholic country but with some Orthodox influences and also some Protestant denominations too. In several visits to Slovenia whilst our younger son lived there we never actually managed to go to a church service but really got the feel of the history of the country especially its Christian heritage.

Apart from the city cathedral of Ljubljana, there were three very memorable churches. Holy Trinity in the village of Hrastovlje is now a museum. It is a 12th century building surrounded by a high defensive wall against raiding Turks. The whole of the walls and ceiling is covered with frescoes dated 15th century by Janez Kastav depicting scenes from the Bible. It is renowned for the Dance of Death (macabre dance) pictures which are almost fully intact.



St John the Baptist church in Bohinj also houses some remarkable frescoes, probably the oldest in Slovenia. This church is on the shores of Lake Bohinj. Over the mountain to the north east lies another lake and town of the same name - Bled. The church is on an island in the middle of the lake. Sadly, we did not manage to get across to the island but what a beautiful sight.



Before leaving Europe for 'down under', I must mention an experience not to be forgotten. The year 2000 seemed an apt year to see the Passion play at Oberammergau. We were very fortunate to get a fairly late booking with a travel company. We had a four hour coach journey to Oberammergau from Innsbruck where we were staying. I have the most vivid memory of the auditorium for an enactment of the story of Jesus from birth to death, an event which happens every day for several summer months every ten years. The performance on the day following ours was without a donkey to carry Mary to Bethlehem because it foaled during the night.



The music and costumes put a west end musical into insignificance. Of course it was not that kind of show but the fact that every ten years the whole village participates in the performance really shows the community commitment. We were seated near the front of the auditorium on a very hot day. The audience is under cover but the play is still performed in the open.

What a picture when doves were released over the stage, with the Bavarian Alps in the background. We were moved to tears when Jesus was raised on the cross between the two felons. I stole a glance behind us and saw that, I guess, 90% of the audience was similarly affected. Words cannot describe how moving was the crucifixion scene which made Good Friday events so real. It was so hot that day and how those men on the crosses must have suffered making us face the reality of what Jesus suffered.

One Easter we found ourselves in Madeira in a hotel about 4 miles out of Funchal the capital. On Easter Sunday morning, we set out to find the English church in Funchal. It was so difficult to find and time was running away with us as we combed the streets, asking every local resident we saw 'where is the English Church' (please). Language was a problem as we had no Portuguese so we kept getting vague hand signals in a certain direction. Apparently it was built to be hidden away from the main tourist area because any other denomination than RC was not really wanted in Funchal at that time. So arriving at 10 a.m. on the dot, we were ushered to some seats almost behind the high altar as the



'house was packed out' ! Conversations with some of our fellow guests at the hotel later ran to the day's activities. Two other couples had tried to find the English church but failed. One pair went to the RC cathedral whilst the other found a Scottish mission for seamen.

Now to the Southern Hemisphere, our son, Peter, having moved from Slovenia to New Zealand. Regular visits over several years provided a good insight into the church buildings and the work of the Anglican Church in particular. As in UK there was representation of every Christian denomination you could think of as well as centres for other faiths. We were very much at home and always welcomed warmly in the churches whether in a local small town or the city cathedrals. Our first experience was in a small town, Motueka, in the north of South Island. There was a choice of 5 services each Sunday and we opted for 10.30 family service. Although made very welcome we were not enamoured with it really. The style of worship was not our style nor was the music. We felt that the Eucharist was merely an added extra in the way it was presented.

The following week back in Christchurch, where Peter was living we attended St Mary's in Addington. Built in 1867, St Mary's is a substantial wooden structure, as are most of the buildings of that era – wooden inside and out.

Again we had a wonderful welcome and all so familiar so we were so very much at home. Peters next home was in a small town, Oxford , about 40 minutes drive from Christchurch city. Unfortunately I do not have specific pictures of the churches mentioned so far but they are typically wooden as structures rather like our Victorian tin tabernacles.



An example is St Johns , Wakefield, the oldest church in NZ. However the beautiful little church of The Good Shepherd at Tekapo is stone built. I realise now how similar this little church is to St Tysilio's on the island in the Menai Straits, Anglesey.

And, in a sense, that brings us back to where we started. A lifetime of travel, visiting a wide variety of churches along the way. Each one different, each one special to its own community but each providing a focal point where prayer, reflection and worship take place. How do our visitors see our churches? An interesting point on which to close.

Freda and Tony Dykes

Fair Trade Christmas

The Traidcraft Christmas catalogue has arrived and is packed with ideas for Christmas gifts, edible treats and a wide range of Christmas cards, wrapping paper

Please book **Saturday 20 November** when we hope to be able to have the Fair Trade Christmas Shopping Day at our house, with lots of goods for sale and an opportunity to place orders



Goods can be ordered from the catalogue and delivered to you or collected from us.

Please ring **0748 812015** for a copy of the catalogue or see **Rachel or Howard Walker**.



...if you have been affected by any of the issues raised in this sermon...

 **THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND**
Diocese of Leeds

Poetry From Downholme— and Richmond

George Alderson's offering this month is in a different vein from his thoughts on a 'meal with a difference' last month, but, as ever, the challenge to reflect is captured in verse. George read this out when he was in conversation at Café Church recently. This is followed by a poem from Daphne Clarke, written following the death of a good friend, Cilla Cooper.

As ever, verse can capture feelings in a way that sometimes prose does not always quite achieve.

Honest To God

If we should wish to truly pray, as we should do, from day to day,

Then we should choose the words we say most carefully, to best convey

The message that we want to send. Nit's easy for us to intend

To say a thing but, in the end the words are sometimes wrong, or bend

What we well know to be the facts regarding thoughts and also acts.

So frequently, our tongue redacts our prayers become abridged, extracts

Of what we know to be correct. Yet each of us has intellect

And human nature can detect what it believes we should select

When we are talking to the Lord, but nothing ought to be ignored.

Though many sins are much deplored, we come to Him to be restored.

Whatever words our mouths impart should always rise up from the heart.

It may be hard for us to start, but given time, if we are smart,

We'll recognise it is the lips which cause so many verbal slips.

It is the heart which far outstrips these traitors, in it's marksmanship.

God knows what lies so deep within. He sees our goodness and our sin.

We know full well where to begin, speak from the heart and not the chin.

When we feel guilty we will hide the feelings that we can't abide.

It's only to ourselves we tried to trounce the truth. In truth, we lied!

So let us go, in peace, to serve (and have no thought to dodge and swerve,)

To worship him without reserve. His love exceeds what we deserve.

George A Iderson

Nobody told me

Nobody told me, nobody told me.

Why did nobody tell me?

We'd been so close.

'My little friend,' she'd call me.'

'My dear little pal.'

But nobody told me.

I'd been to see her in the Care Home;

It broke my heart.

She murmured my name,

not looking up from her plate,

picking at the food in front of her.

I tried to help, to encourage,

tell her how good it was.

I gave her a hug, promised to return.

But nobody told me.

She loved to come when I gave a talk

enjoying the scenery,

meeting new people, helping where possible

lending her cassette-player

when mine chewed up the tapes.

And talk about her still- missed husband,

her much-loved granddaughter,

her once upon a time little dog.

I'll go again today, though she'll not know me.

But someone tells me,

'Didn't you know? She died two weeks ago '

But no-nobody told me.

Was I on holiday? Was I with the family?

My heart wept,

I would have been there,

to say goodbye to Cilla,

But nobody told me.

NEWS FROM THE PEWS

St Mary's Plant and Produce Sale

Would it happen? Would it not happen? Would be we indoors? Would it be outdoors? Would it be hybrid? What would Covid infections be? More options and decisions the story of the last 18 months, but the verdict was we would go live!



Going live during a peak holiday (“staycation”) season had administrative challenges, when key people packed their buckets and spades but there was always a back-up team continuing with the arrangements. We cleaned the church in advance to welcome our visitors; collected produce and donations, issued 1000 flyers locally which also incorporated the Curate’s brain-wave of giving information about our church family on the flip side – a masterstroke. We were inundated with donations of very high quality goods and some wonderful home made; home grown, and home crafted produce and products.

The day dawned bright and sunny; we learnt “card reader payments” and waited in trepidation. We were rewarded by a steady stream of visitors, and the welcome exchange of cash and card. More importantly we could meet and speak to friends old and new, learn from others’ experience, empathise and understand, listen and respond.

It was a bright day in what has been a gloomy tunnel and the outpouring of service and dedication shows that St Mary’s really means “All Are Welcome”.

More than £2500 has been raised. Who made this happen? It’s a long list.... Martin and Anna, Anna’s work colleague from Bilsdale, Martin and Anne, Len and Susan, Sarah and Lucy, Margaret, Wendy and John, Wendy and Carol, Graham and Judith, Angela, Pamela and Alan, Susan and John, Peter and Cathy, David, Paul and Jeanette and their parents, Isobel, Mary, Julia and Ella, John and Judith, Christine, Anne and Carol in the kitchen, Jonathan and Alexeanybody missed is a lack of memory not a lack of gratitude, so please do not shoot the messenger!

Special Services in October/November at St Mary's

There are a number of notable services scheduled for St Mary’s over the next few weeks. **Harvest Festival is on October 3rd at 10.00 a.m** , with the **Richmond Civic Service** attended by civic dignitaries taking place the following Sunday, **10th October also at 10.00 a.m.**

Advance notice of **the Service of Light at 2.00 p.m. on 7th November** and the annual **Service of Remembrance on 14th November at 9.45 a.m.**

Another Golden Fifty

Congratulations to Judith and Graham Barber on their Golden Wedding anniversary, celebrated on Saturday, 4th September. Married at South Gosforth in Newcastle upon Tyne, they moved first to Cramlington before settling in Richmond. Now with four married daughters, husbands and children— Julie in Norway. Katy in Qatar, Emily in the North East and Rachel in London, a family get-together was impossible but a trip down memory lane for them both in the Newcastle area, followed by a curry and champagne completed their anniversary day! Our very best wishes go to them at this special time.



Café Church

On **Sunday 17th October at 4.00 p.m.**, John Pritchard will be talking with Isobel Short, former Education Adviser for Religious Education in County Durham.

Calling all Men! Or those who know a man!

Perhaps spurred on by the return of the Women's Fellowship, or perhaps just an idea anyway, Leonard Scrafton and Paul Sunderland are keen to see if they can start a Men's Group. It is not envisaged as being limited to those who attend church—more an opportunity for anyone to come together over a pint (or a lemonade), or a walk, a movie night or any manner of appropriate pursuits. The only plea is that members don't try to get either Paul or Leonard into Lycra or on a pushbike (might attract the attention of English Heritage? Ed) . No idea how this could grow, but they see a need for an opportunity for fellowship after what have been a strange couple of years.

Leonard and Paul would like to gauge interest before planning an event, so if you are interested in knowing more, please let Paul know (07989 178196). Alternatively if you have a man you would like to get rid of for a few hours , or know someone who would, please contact Paul. As ever, all are welcome.



"But, Mum, if the vicar wasn't coming here Trick-Or-Treating, why did she still take the chocolates I gave her?"

200 Club Winner — congratulations!

The winner of the September draw was no.15 Margaret Merlane
Our congratulations to Margaret on winning the £50.00 prize

SEASON OF MISTS—HOW TO SUSTAIN MELLOW FRUITFULNESS

Taking advantage of the fine weather and walking the tracks and lanes around our Benefice—and also with our Harvest Festivals this month— thoughts turn to harvested fields, blackberries ripening in the hedgerows, apples, damsons, plums and other fruits hanging ever lower and ready for picking, it is easy to forget that this season's fruit is also next season's seed. Eat all of the fruit—no seed.

And yet, we are surrounded by plant, herb and tree life which can add variety and colour to a diet. In the drive for sustainability, there is an increase in interest in foraging, with some restaurants making foraged ingredients part of their menus. CATHERINE PARUMS offers some simple rules to remember if we are scouring our surroundings for the edible and enjoyable.

HOLDING ON TO THAT WHICH IS GOOD

Our relationship with nature has never been more strained than it is right now. With ever-increasing issues surrounding climate change, intensive agricultural methods and our diets, it is important that we reconnect with nature and learn how to live in harmony with it. When the country was locked down in March 2020, we were all allowed to step outside our front doors for one hour a day, and with that we truly opened our eyes to our local area, unlocking many of its hidden secrets.



As we now enter Autumn and the leaves begin to turn, the nuts and berries on hedgerows and in woods are ripening. Families across the country have been enjoying stripping the lower branches of blackberries to make delicious bramble crumbles, pies, jams and for the lucky few a tipples of sorts! Fortunately for the birds, the upper branches are still laden which will allow them the sustenance they require.

When foraging it is wise to follow some basic rules, that aren't too dissimilar to the countryside code:

- * Respect nature and always act with care.
- * Take only as much as you are able to use. Nothing goes to waste.
- * Ask for permission before foraging on private land.
- * Choose unpolluted places far from industrial land, roads, or fields, which are free of heavy metals, pesticides and other toxicants.



- * Harvest from vibrant plants in healthy sites.
- * Pick only the species that are growing in abundance, and don't take any whole plant. Instead, use a pair of scissors to snip off the plant's top parts or a knife to cut mushrooms. You then maintain the organism's ability to reproduce. A good rule of thumb is the 1-in-20 rule, which says that you should never harvest more than 5% of a particular plant or population of plants.
- * Don't harvest what you can't identify. Take home a small cutting or photograph it and use other resources to help identify the species. Educate yourself!
- * Avoid trampling down other species. Your harvesting should be spread out over a large area. The site where you foraged should look natural afterwards – as if you had never been there.



If you are not sure about how and what to forage take advantage of the help of professional foragers. They have a thorough knowledge. Moreover, they make their living with these goods and thus hold a clear interest in maintaining these wild resources. There are many courses available across the country, both private tuition and group courses that are informative and fun!

There is an entire world of unexplored flavours available to us, and learning through foraging can show us how versatile, interesting and delicious the natural world can be.



Looks like the sexton went to Spain after all, and is still in quarantine.



The previous month's Harvest Festival donation from the Genetic Modification research laboratory was proving to be a useful stop-gap until the steeple restoration fund reached its target

A Seasonal Prayer

Dear Loving, Father God,

As the season changes and we enjoy the beautiful colours of autumn, there are other changes which we don't enjoy. Changes we cannot control; changes and suffering in the world, beyond our comprehension; changes to our work routines, or health, or circumstances; changes which cause us anxiety and uncertainty.

When everything seems to be falling around us like the autumn leaves, help us, Lord, to remember that you stand firm. You are our rock. You never change. You are always faithful, always with us, as we move into each new day and each new season.

Thank you for loving us so much that you gave us Jesus, so that by putting our trust in Him, we can know the security of your love, for ever!

In His name, we thank you, Sovereign Lord.

Amen,

By Daphne Kitching

For All the Saints

Of all of the saints' feast days which fall in October, St Francis of Assisi by far the best known and was the focus of this article in October 2020. However a number of other feast days fall in October, perhaps the most 'seasonal' being St Jude. (St Jude and St Simon—28th October)

Jude, one of the twelve apostles and a martyr (c. 65 A.D in Beirut), is identified as the patron saint of lost causes. After Jesus' death, he preached widely in Judea, Syria, Libya. He warns us in his epistle that not all 'evil' comes in the form of obvious ghosts and ghoulies. He writes instead to warn the Christians of the greater danger of people who infect others with heresy and moral failure. He writes that they are nothing more than "blemishes on your love-feasts...feeding themselves. They are waterless clouds carried along by the winds; autumn trees without fruit, twice dead, uprooted; wild waves of the sea, casting up the foam of their own shame, wandering stars, for whom the deepest darkness has been reserved forever."

Such dangerous people can be frightening, but Jude also encourages his readers to remember "...him who is able to keep you from falling and to make you stand without blemish in the presence of his glory with rejoicing...the only God our Saviour, through Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory, majesty, power and authority, before all time, now and forever..."

He was reputedly executed with an axe, a symbol which appears in many icons.

NOTES FROM OUR PAST

The evidence from science is ever more indicative of the increasingly devastating effects of global heating on our climate. The damage wrought in Reeth and Grinton due to flash flooding was a recent example of exceptionally heavy rainfall joining the list of increasingly frequent incidents.

Whilst the frequency is undoubtedly increasing, JANE HATCHER highlights some dramatic local weather events and other phenomena from times gone by and their effects on the people who lived here.

Natural Phenomena

We hear a lot to worry us about climate change. As I write this, there are reports coming in of deaths after flash floods in New York and New Jersey, and the other day it was Louisiana suffering dreadful flooding. Only a few weeks ago it was Germany, and since then there have been wild fires in California. In July 2019 two bridges not far from our Yorkshire Richmond were washed away, and many readers will remember ex-Hurricane Charley causing devastation in Swaledale over the August Bank Holiday weekend of 1986.



Similar phenomena have of course occurred many times over the centuries. An exceptionally savage storm which swept across the north of England in the autumn of 1771 caused all the rivers between the Humber and the Tyne to swell into such torrents that numerous bridges were swept away. The old Green Bridge in Richmond was severely damaged, but it proved possible to patch it up and keep it in use until it was rebuilt 17 years later.

The churchyard at Marske contains a tombstone which provides a very sad testimony to that devastating 1771 flood. It occurred on Saturday 16 November, which would have been market day in Richmond. Two brothers from the hamlet of Skelton just above Marske, William and Joseph Rookeby, in their mid-30s, were returning home after visiting the market, and were drowned attempting to wade through Clappgate Beck.

Their bodies were later found locked in each others' arms, as they had tried to support each other through the raging torrent. The brothers were the only males of their generation in an old-established North Yorkshire family, and they are both commemorated on the Marske tombstone, which is a 'Listed Building'. The elder brother, William, a joiner by trade, was married and left behind not

only a wife but four young children. The old road from Richmond to Marske now crosses Clapgate Beck by a bridge constructed by the Richmond architect John Foss in 1793.

An exceptional hailstorm bombarded Richmond on a later market day, Saturday 8 July 1893. The hailstones, the size of golf balls, even up to two inches in diameter, broke hundreds of panes of glass throughout the town. Which is why few of Richmond's old buildings contain any 'crown glass', the sort made in a circular sheet which has distinctive curving ripples, as virtually none survived that storm.

Other natural weather phenomena have been recorded from times past. One of the years that the artist Joseph Mallord William Turner visited Richmond, 1816, was known as 'the year without a summer'. The sun could not be seen in its usual form due to the prolonged eruption of the volcano Mount Tambora in Indonesia, the greatest such eruption experienced in recorded history.

It continued from April 1815 for more than a whole year, sending enormous quantities of ash into the atmosphere, but it did at least result in Turner painting some spectacular sunsets. He, however, had a miserable time trying to complete the pictures he had been commissioned to produce in Richmondshire. It was a frightfully wet summer in 1816, but he made good use of a special device which could serve as both umbrella and fishing rod!



I have been looking at the diaries left by Anne Bowman, a Richmond Victorian lady who was a very successful authoress in her day. On 18 October 1870 she recorded quite a severe earthquake: "Last night I felt a great shock of an Earthquake. My bed visibly tottering and a noise like the thud of a cartload of coals under me. I learn that the earthquake has been very severely felt in the Dales."

Anne was a dutiful recorder of all sorts of weather phenomena. Each year she spent part of the summer at Whitby, with an assortment of relatives and friends, and it is astonishing how easily people could 'to and fro' between Whitby and Richmond by train in Victorian times. There she experienced good weather, suitable for 'sitting on the Cliff', and inclement weather, so cool she had to negotiate a fire being lit in the boarding house. Then there was sometimes depressingly incessant rain, and strong winds and storms which even resulted in the Richmond party witnessing shipwrecks.

Back home in Richmond, she complained bitterly about the heat of the very hot summer of 1868, when the Fahrenheit thermometer hit 90 plus on several days, about 32° Celsius. The converse was of course the case as well, when there was a snowfall in May 1878, and just before Christmas 1878 there was prolonged snow and the daytime temperature was 21° Fahrenheit, about minus 7° Celsius.

A famous twentieth-century event was Richmond being on the Centre Line of Totality for the total eclipse of the sun in 1927, as commemorated by an AA plaque on a building at the bottom of Westfields. The predicted time was 5am on Wednesday 29 June, obviously at a time of year when the days are longest. Richmond was in festive mood in anticipation of the event, which lasted about a minute. The town was full of visitors, with many special trains having been laid on, and large numbers did not bother going to bed but partied instead until it was time to head up to the race-course to get the most impressive view of early morn giving way to brief night.



Twenty years later, a generation of us born, like myself, in the 'baby bulge' after men returned from military service during World War II, would be brought up on tales of the severe winter of early 1947. The largest number of Yorkshire women ever pregnant at the same time, ahead of the highest number of births ever recorded in one year, had to cope with trying to keep on their feet in an exceptional depth of snow. There were weeks of prolonged snowfall and frost. Inevitably, terrible floods followed, which seems to be where I came in, in more ways than one!



Winter's worst effects 1947

Jane Hatcher

-o0o0o-



Last Sunday of Every Month !

4.00 p.m.

Why not come and join us?

Tell your family and friends—anyone with children

NEW NATURE WRITER OF THE YEAR 2021

Fans of 'Countryfile' may know that there is a monthly magazine which is published with the same title and as an extension of the programme. It was a great pleasure to note that one of the leading choir members at St Mary's when our family arrived in 1992, Caroline Giles as was, has won this prestigious award for 2021. Caroline was a multi-talented member of the Giles family who supplied singers and musicians to worship—and to Richmond School—before study and work took them away from the town.

Caroline taught in London after graduation before moving back to the North-East to live in Alnwick. Now Caroline ('Caro') Fentiman, she continues her interest in music, running a community choir, alongside her writing and bringing up four daughters. The piece which won the award describes an area of the Northumberland coast near Bamburgh with which she is very familiar and which is a source of inspiration for her.



Poddler Pool

'A white stag is painted on a crop of rocks below the lighthouse. When I see the antlers, flecked with rust-coloured algae, it means I am nearly there. Other people might want to turn back and marvel at Bamburgh Castle and the glossy beach below, but I've been here many times and know where the real treasure is hidden.



Poddler Pool lies at Black Rock Point, just before the white dazzle of Ross Sands. Gazing north, Lindisfarne Castle juts out on the horizon, and a swivel to the south reveals the Farne Islands, swelling with puffins in the summer months and a permanent home for colonies of grey seals. When the wind is blowing the right way, the ghostly moan of seal songs drifts across the water like a siren call.

To fully appreciate the joy of Poddler Pool, it is important to visit at low tide, when the water level is well below the brim. I would argue that this is the best swimming spot in the British Isles, an infinity pool in every sense of the word. The steep edges are hung with bladderwrack, covering a blanket of barnacles. The bottom of the pool is covered with large, rounded pebbles, rubbed sea-smooth. The perfect antidote to limpets.

Though the tide must be low, the weather can do what it likes, offering a different experience each time I visit. On a calm day, I carefully edge down into the pool:

there is a natural step that makes lowering myself into the icy water a little less shocking. Rarely, the sun will have toasted my skin and taken the edge off the chill, and on those days there is nowhere nicer in the world. I push my body into the water, which possesses a strange, dense quality, and wrap it around me, rolling like a seal. Several sanderlings stand poised just metres away, ready to rise as one in an impressive monochrome display. Oystercatchers turn the world technicolour, carrot beaks glinting in the light. On these balmy days I swim up and down in a kind of trance, my heart rate dropping lower and lower, until I am completely inhabiting that moment and my whole world exists within these seaweed curtains.



In Northumberland you can't rely on the weather to be clement, but the skies are always endless and it's fun to watch clouds chase each other as gaps of blue emerge. On a slate-grey day, with the sharp wind baring its teeth, it is almost a relief to shelter in Poddler Pool, though the water has a bite of its own. Gannets smash into the waves while a crow lends me a beady eye from a nearby rock. The sea smudges into the sky so it's hard to know where one ends and the other begins. And while I am lying on my back, white toes tingling, it doesn't really matter. I am floating in a Turner painting.

There are days when even a low tide cannot protect Poddler Pool from the onslaught of splash and spray being hurled at it by the North Sea. There can be no meditative moments when I am surrounded by white noise and the Farne Islands are hidden behind a lingering mist. This is when the sea witch emerges, cackling and shrieking, diving amongst the sugar kelp, rocked by rogue waves tipping into the pool. Gulls circle overhead, buffeted by the wind, serenading me as I twist and spin in the churning brine.

Whatever the weather, I always leave a little piece of myself behind, emerging lighter somehow. As the white stag watches me walk away, I lick my lips and wear the salt on my skin like armour.'

What the judges said:

A multi-sensory experience of the natural world, which invites the reader to become both companion and witness in a timeless account of the power of the sea. **Katharine Norbury**

A powerful, luminous and beautifully-written evocation of repeated encounters with water and nature on the edge of land and sea. A worthy winner. **Stephen Moss**

Source: BBC 'Countryfile' magazine— a monthly publication www.countryfile.org to subscribe



WILLIAM'S WALKS

October 2021



I recall once seeing an article called 'The Cynic's Dictionary' in a national newspaper. It defined 'An Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty' as 'Great tank training countryside.' William's Walks have certainly shown us that there are indeed some beautiful walks on the land on and surrounding Catterick Garrison when access is available. For October, WILLIAM GEDYE offers us another interesting walk through the Garrison with great views of the Hambleton Hills. This route follows public rights of way across the Golf Course and through the MOD Training Area.

WENLOCK WOOD

Start/Finish: TESCO Car Park, Catterick Garrison.

Estimated Time: 90 Minutes.

Difficulty: Moderate; one long hill.
Take care on Golf Course!

Toilets and Refreshments: TESCO, Princes Gate or The Halfway House.

Ordnance Survey Map: OL30 Yorkshire Dales Northern & Central Areas



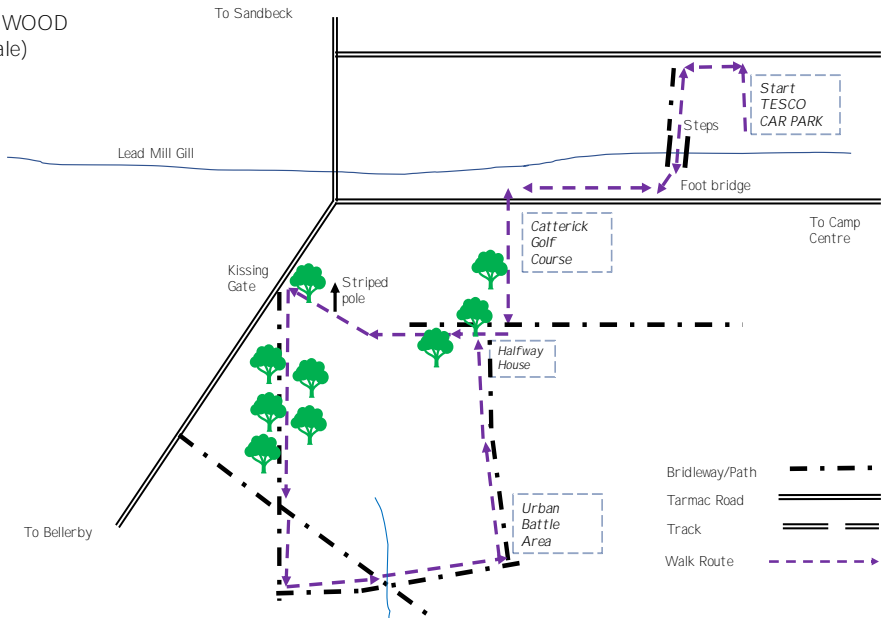
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Leave the TESCO car park by the filling station exit and turn left. After the B&M store look out for the Woodland Walk sign and follow the path left descending the flight of steps.

Cross Lead Mill Gill using the bridge and keep right up the short bank to the road. Follow the footpath parallel to the road keeping left until opposite the Golf Course entrance.

Cross the road and go up through the Car Park, skirting to the right of the clubhouse and straight on across the course. Look out for golfers left and right. Head on up the track through the trees and turn right at the top. Pass the Halfway House on your left and follow the track onto the golf course. Keep straight on up the rise with fairways left and right. Keep an eye out for stray golf balls!

WENLOCK WOOD
(Not to scale)



About half-way up the rise look out for the black and white striped pole on your right which marks the right of way. Pass the pole and then keep half left to the kissing gate in the trees ahead.

Go through the gate and turn left up the track and go through the gate into the wood. Follow the track through this lovely wood emerging onto the training area. Keep straight ahead to the big flat area where the tracks meet.

Carry straight on down the slope look out for the footpath signs to the left after about 200 metres. Turn left along the narrow path and follow it down through the slight dip and then a better path up the other side.

When you get to the corner of the wall/fence surrounding the Urban Battle Area turn left along the track. Follow this through several fields passing the odd Druggon Hill with its shed on top, and re-enter the Golf Course through a rickety gate.



Cross the course with care to the Halfway House.

(Coffees and bacon butties for hungry walkers and golfers every day except Monday).

Retrace your steps to TESCO.

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

MUSINGS FROM MARSKE

We are certainly blessed with some fine buildings in our benefice where worship can take place or has done so in the past. The small but beautiful Trinity Chapel in Richmond Market Place still has a weekly role to play, whilst the church in its lovely setting in Hudswell is in the process of serving the community and visitors in a different way. Exploring St Mary's reveals different parts of the building from different ages, but it is the churches of Downholme and of Marske which speak loudest of more distant times.

In this month's focus on Marske, LIZ KLUZ tells us how closer inspection of a familiar and oft ignored drawing in St Edmund's showed how much different the church might have been. In doing so, she discovered links to other towns, evidence of the importance of the profession of church architect and also some deficient stewardship by an incumbent (deficiency which was probably not unknown in other churches too.)

You might remember the article I wrote for an earlier edition of the magazine in which I had only just noticed the beauty of the stained glass windows in St. Edmund's Church even though our family has been going to church in Marske since 1986. Well a similar thing has happened with what appeared to be a copy of a hypothetical sketch showing the inside of the church, so grand that it hardly resembled the present building. A dusty old frame containing the drawing, which was definitely showing signs of the damage caused by the ever-present dampness, hung unnoticed and unappreciated beside the bell ropes. I have no idea how long it has been there or who put it into the church but my son, Ed, spotted it and pointed out that it is a very fine original drawing by an accomplished architect and should be treated with much more respect!



Point taken, the frame was removed gently, the cobwebs brushed away and the glass cleaned. I took it out of the fragile frame and looked for a name or date...there was nothing. In beautiful script at the bottom of the sketch it says "St. Edmund's Church, Marske: View of Interior as proposed looking East".



Big Changes Proposed at St Edmunds

So this wasn't just hypothetical. Someone with vision, a love for the church and money to carry out the work had commissioned the plans. But who was the benefactor and where did the architect come from? Then I remembered the list of church documents held in the Records Office at Northallerton and under the heading 'Maps and Plans' it says:

1. St. Edmund's Church, Marske ground plans showing proposed repairs and re-fitting. Architect - A. Crawford Hick, 3 Arcade, Newcastle upon Tyne. No date.
2. Elevations as above. No date.

Bingo!

In 1832 Robert James Johnson was born in Stokesley and in his early teens trained to become an architect in the office of John S. Middleton of Darlington. At the age of 17, Robert became an assistant in Sir George Gilbert Scott's practice in London where he studied and became a proficient ecclesiastical architect. In 1865, he bought the established practice of John Dobson with fellow architect Thomas Austin but, as his business partner was in poor health, Robert was the sole practitioner until 1867 when Thomas died. William



Searle Hicks joined the practice as the business grew and, in 1871, Robert became Diocesan Architect for Durham. In the early 1890s Robert's own health began to fail and he was forced to take two new partners one of which was Arthur Crawford Hick.

Did the Cameron Family have a Role?

I wonder whether the person who commissioned the plans was John William Cameron, owner of Cameron's Brewery in Hartlepool. He is known to have loved Marske and spent much of his leisure time in the village. His business had made him a very wealthy man and as he had no children I wonder whether he had decided to use some of that wealth to repair and refit the church. If that is so then the plans must have been drawn between 1890 and 1896 when John died at Marske Hall on December 28th. His wife, and possibly his brother, had the beautiful stained glass window behind the altar made in his memory but the planned alterations were

never carried out. In 1899 permission was granted for a second stained glass window to be fitted, on the south wall below the pulpit, possibly by the Cameron family.

Thanks to the 1911 census, we can see where Arthur was living and what had happened to him in the intervening years. It tells us he was born in Byers Green, Durham in 1862 and had been married to Ella, who was born in Northumberland, for 25 years. They had moved to London and were living at 3 Lower Parkfields, Putney with three of their daughters and one son. Arthur was still noted as an architect. I wonder how many other churches or even cathedrals he drew the plans for.

Earlier Decline

Over the years, Marske Church's fortunes have been mixed and its incumbents not always as efficient as they should have been. In the early 1600s, possibly in the hands of Revd. John Price (1603 – 1623) or Revd. John Jackson (1623 - ?) things seemed to have slipped quite badly and church registers were not kept for some time. In 1633 the Rector and Churchwardens were summoned to appear before the Archbishop of York to explain why the building had become so neglected with only beaten earth floors covered with rushes and no seating. Following their reprimand improvements were made but by the beginning of the 19th century the church was showing signs of neglect again.

The Bishop of Chester wrote a report entitled "Things to be done at Marske" in 1822 in which he complained about the sorry state of the seating, paving and exterior fabric and suggested that it would be cheaper to rebuild the church rather than spend good money on the repairs. Fortunately that idea was not taken seriously and thanks to John Hutton the chancel was rebuilt, the porch erected and the box pews, which we still have today, installed. Sadly some gravestones behind the altar rail were broken up as they were considered to be too ugly and it is quite possible that they were the ones associated with a 13th or 14th century priest mentioned by Whitaker in his "History of Richmondshire" published in 1823.

Fast Forward to Today

Once again we have reached the point where St. Edmund's is in need of major refurbishment if it is to survive but I don't think it will ever be on the scale that Arthur Crawford Hick envisaged. His delicately drawn vision of our church will be copied and the original put into the Records Office at Northallerton before they miss it....see point 2 on Maps and Plans!



TALES FROM A RECTORY GARDEN

The regular reader who rushes to this point in the magazine first will recall that we left his latest tale at a particularly tense moment. 'His nibs' - as he fondly and somewhat forwardly calls his employer, - and his wife had devised a simple but effective communication system to alert the vicar to his next task, there being no mobile phone signal inside the allotment shed where MISTER JACK FINNEY and his ecclesiastical guide would meet to discuss life and its meaning. This consisted of his wife vigorously banging a saucepan with a wooden spoon.

The vicar's call to arms which Jack Finney was describing to us was to warn him of the arrival of the bishop on an unannounced visit. Mister Finney, as you will recall, has harboured suspicions about the schemes which the senior cleric was devising to raise funds for the diocese. When the bishop announced that he had devised a scheme for putting Richmond on the map, whilst his nibs could see an award with a reduction in parish share as the prize, Mister Finney could sense an ulterior motive. As the bishop threw open the rear doors of his white Transit van to reveal a WW1 observation balloon, all that Jack Finney and his old three legged, one eyed dog, Lucky could sense was trouble. Was our horticultural hero right? Read on.

So, there we were with this First World War hobservashun balloon and loadsa other bits, lyin' on th ground an' the bishop stars explainin' what he wanted the vicar to do. He'd got a canister of helium and wanted him and 'that old gardener' (Oooh, that made me real mad, it did!) to inflate it, paint summat on the sides and float it up above me allotment and it would put Richmond on the map and mebbes get Richmond World Heritage status now that the scousers had lost theirs.



'Good idea' says his nibs,' But what does we hafter write on it?'

'Ah,' sez the bishop, lookin' all shifty loik,' Richmond 950 years in very small letters and, in gurt big uns 'Cafedral Used Cars' on the other,' and with that, he gits in his van (afer blowin' up the tyres wot had mysteriously deflated ,if yer get me meanin', heh, heh!) and drove off.

Well, ol' Lucky an' me and his nibs didn't want to upset the bishop—speshully as his nibs always goes in fer 'Best Vicar of the Year' competition for 20% off the parish share but never wins it. He thought this might be a chance this year if he's done what the bishop asked. So we lays down in the allotment, basket an' all, plugs it in to the helium bottle and tsrta to inflate it up.

'Course, we all got a whiff of th gas and started talkin' like Pinky and Perky and

even ol' Lucky was goin 'yip, yip, hih,hih' - all squeaky like and we' all fallin' about laffin , speshully when his nibs sez, squeakily, 'I allus talk highly of you , Jack!'

We got that beefy bloke what drives the fork lift truck ter bang a couple of long metal stakes inter the ground to hold the winch and we set to paintin' the balloon wiv what the bishop had asked us. It were hard work n' even Lucky got tired so, after a bit, I said we should have a baggins break. His nibs said he'd just have a sit down where we was workin' and he would join us in the shed later.

Well, I'd poured us out a coupla cups of tea and Lucky had a 'Amilton special dean and chapter leg bone, but 'is nibs never turns up. I fort mebbie the ol' saucepan signal had gorn orf, so me and ol' Lucky fort we'd just carry on without him. We todles outa the shed, Lucky draggin 'is bone wiv him. Just as I gets to the balloon (and I swear I never touched a drop since last Friday's darts match), I trips over the end of the bone and goes arms over backwards inter me beetroot. Now, I knows it weren't my fault but I grabs hold of the brake lever on the winch gear to stop meself fallin'.

Blow me, there was a-creakin' and a whirrin' like an old granfer clock and the balloon and the basket lifted orf! I tried to stop it, but me and ol' Lucky could only watch as it floated upards! It just went up and up and up wiv, the barsket swingin' all jaunty like, till there was a 'Poing!' and it were at the end of its cable.



Me and ol' Lucky just looked up open moufed at it, speshully as we'd only painted one side of it, so we fort we'd better clear orf and hide in the shed.

Well, at that moment, the bangin' of the saucepan signal started so we peeked out to see if the vicar had heard it, but he weren't nowhere to be seen. 'Bang! Bang! Bang!' it went again—but still no vicar. So me and ol' Lucky crept outa the shed to find him and let him know he was wanted back home but even ol' Lucky couldn't sniff him out. He weren't nowhere! Just vanished off the facer the earth.

Just then, 'is missus appeared wiv the saucepan in her hand, lookin' for the vicar. 'E had an appointment wiv' the Ladies Sewing Circle an' they weren't used to bein' kept waitin'. Then comes the secretary of the Ladies Sewing Circle, arms folded and engin' runnin' , sayin', 'Where is he?'

Well, my ol' pal Lucky gives a strangled 'gruff, uh,oh' and, sittin' back on his two good back legs, he points upwards wiv his one good leg. At the same time we hears a squeak from the heavens and, blow me, just below the clouds, we saw the white and queasy face of his nibs, swingin' in the basket in the sky. He musta gorn inter the basket for a rest and fallen asleep! When he woke up, he musta been far nearer heaven than he coulda imagined.



But, even from that height,, he musta bin able to hear the pan lid bangin' and we knew what he musta been thinkin'. Yeh, absent from dooty!

By this time, 'is missus 'ad gone to placate the visitors an', luckily, the secretary were pokin' about in the bushes, lookin' for 'im and mutterin', 'I know he comes down here to have tea with the old gardener instead of tending to his flock's spiritual needs' (Old gardener indeed! She must be related to that there bishop fella.).

Just then, my phone rings and it's the vicar. 'Keep her talking please, Jack. I'll be down in in a second.' In a second? What did he mean? It would take at least half an hour to wind him down, even with the beefy bloke in shorts what drives the fork lift truck!

Well, the secretary woman comes outa the bushes, trampling' all over me holly-hocks, and stands in front of me. 'Well, Finney, where is he?' lookin' all menacin' and tappin' her leg with her Mary Poppins umbrella like a sergeant major. I couldn't tell her he were abit above her at that moment, so there was an icy silence! And she'd called me 'Finney' - not even MISTER Finney which, as you knows, roils me something awful.

Anyway, I has often had shocks in my life—like when me ol' darlin found a mouse in her dressing gown pocket—but nuffin like what happened next. Outa the corner of me eye, I sawa little speck comin' down from the balloon the a 'pouff!' as a parachute opened. It were his nibs. He'd put on the parachute, just loik them First World War blokes—and he'd baled out.

Luckily, the secretary had her back to him as he came down and I must say I were right impressed how suave he was. Yeh, he lands perfect on his feet, just loik James Bond, , takes one step



forward and taps her on the shoulder. 'Looking for me, my dear,' he says, all cool like. 'Sorry, I'm a little late. I've been coming down to earth after an uplifting out of body experience.'

Well, she turns round and I were quite expectin' her to take a swing with her broly—instead of which she goes all simpery and praising the vicar for his spiritual leadership and his desire to lead the flock closer to heaven! Then orf they go, smiling an' chattin'.


Well, ol' Lucky an' me is just standin' there, open mouffed, when we hears this hiss-ing sound like a gurt big snake. It were the cable from the balloon coming down. It had brokken off from under the basket. Well, we runs for cover inter the shed and the cable lands like a 'normous pyfon in the allotment, next to me Jerusalem arti-chokes. The balloon and basket disappeared inter the distance and we fort that were the end of that adventure.

Well, not quite. Two days later, the vicar got a letter orf the bishop with a siffycut for 'Best Vicar of the Year' Award and a prize of a year's subsripshun to the *Church Times*. Seems the bishop[was right pleased as the balloon were flyin' all over York-shire advertising 'is Cathedral Used Cars and business had never been so good. And me and ol' Lucky went home to the shed for us well-earned baggins.

The Wit and Wisdom of Mister Jack Finney


I was in that new restaurant the other day and the waiter came up and whacked me over the head with a prawn cocktail. He said 'And that's just for starters.'



 I went to the doctor yesterday and said 'Doctor, I'm addicted to Twitter'. He just looked at me and said, 'I'm sorry, I don't follow you.'

I bought my wife a swivel chair for her birthday but she doesn't seem to like it. Never mind, I'm sure she'll come round.



 That restaurant I went to for a meal—well, half was left over. The waiter said, 'Do you wanna box for the leftovers. I said 'No, but I'll wrestle you for them.'

The boss said he was going to fire the employee with the worst posture. I have a hunch it could be me.



INFORMATION POINT- ALL ARE WELCOME.

There are a number of groups which used to meet on a regular basis as part of the church family before lockdown. As things ease, some are looking at ways of meeting but nothing is fixed as yet. These groups which cannot meet at the time of writing are still listed below. Situations may change during the next few weeks, Please 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.*

St Mary's Groups

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Sudoku - Easy

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Sudoku - Medium

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Word Search

From the Parish Pump Ltd

HARVEST

October brings us Harvest Thanksgiving, when we thank God for all the bounty of Creation. If you ever doubt God's generosity towards us, just stroll down the aisles of your local supermarket: they are groaning with food of a vast variety, of every colour, texture and taste that you can imagine. Our God is a hedonist when it comes to food - He could have provided just a few basic edible things for us to eat; instead, the choice seems endless. But in the midst of all this bounty, take time to remember all the millions of people worldwide who are starving this month, desperate for any kind of food. Before God in prayer, decide how much you can give this month to one of the many charities who are trying to help people in need, and be generous.

October
Harvest
Thanksgiving
bounty
God

creation
generosity
supermarket
food
vast

variety
edible
choice
endless
millions

starving
pray
give
charities
eat

help
desperate



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Sudoku — Easy

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Sudoku—Medium

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Wordsearch



Deadline for November edition - 15th October
Stay safe.

For letters & articles, contact stmarys.maged@gmail.com

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