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**THE BENEFICE OF RICHMOND WITH HUDSWELL, DOWNHOLME
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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

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

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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	519553	6 Gallowfields Rd
<u>Warden Emeritus</u>	Mr David Frankton	823531	8 Allans Court
<u>Director of Music</u>	Mr Chris Denton	07817 386070	chrisjdenton@gmail.com
<u>Bell Captain</u>	Mrs Susan Welch	823700	8 Maple Road
<u>Head Verger</u>	Mr Leonard Scrafton	824106	14 Pilmoor Close

Parish Administrator

Claire Murray 07394 947819 pa.richmondhudswellparish@gmail.com

OFFICERS OF THE PCC (AND OTHERS)

<u>Vice Chair</u>	vacancy—to be appointed		
<u>Secretary</u>	Sharon Digan	07791 426659	12 Pike Purse Lane, Richmond
<u>Treasurer</u>	Paul Carnell		stmarys@paulcarnell.co.uk
<u>Assistant Treasurer</u>	Claire Murray	07394 947819	
<u>Magazine Editor</u>	Jim Jack	07754 283161	stmarys.maged@gmail.com
<u>Magazine Distribution</u>	Keith Robson	07866 325843	
<u>Magazine Adverts</u>	Frank Gibbon	01748 821002	23 Westfields, Richmond

N.B. Each church is open for private prayer at the time of writing; when public worship resumes as shown below, it will be subject to Diocesan distancing & music guidelines. Please check web-site 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)	3rd Sunday
4.00 p.m.	Youth Church	First Sunday each month
	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 <u>Wednesday</u>

NOTE; unfortunately, Holy Communion in Holy Trinity, Market Place, Richmond every Thursday WAS SUSPENDED DURING PREVIOUS LOCKDOWN

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		
<u>PCC Secretary</u>	Mrs Liz Kluz	825411	8 Cornforth Hill, Richmond

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>	Mrs Liz Kluz	825411	8 Cornforth Hill, Richmond

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



Your Magazine –past, present and future

It doesn't seem like a year since I took on the editorial role—and when I look back, it isn't! But not far short of this, as the December/January edition 2019/20 was Gillian's last issue after a nine year editorial stint. Partly through choice and partly circumstance, the magazine has undergone a number of changes. We have moved from an A4 format to the current A5, the size of the magazine has almost doubled and it has moved to full colour presentation.

Last December's magazine was printed and put together (i.e. 'wrapped' with a cover and then stapled) by volunteers from Church. Claire managed the printing on the church copier (which could take at least a day of time alongside other work, adding paper, clearing blockages etc.) . Additionally, the printing of the colour cover was a wholly separate and more expensive process.

Keith Robson and a team of 6-8 helpers then met at the back of Church, spending about two hours putting the bits together, stapling and batching magazines for delivery. The team of deliverers then collected their own batches from the back of church and distributed them at times which suited them.

Covid meant changes

COVID meant that in-house printing could not take place. Many of the 'collaters' and some deliverers were self-isolating and, with church locked, those of you who normally collected your magazines from the back of Church could not get them.

As ever, people stepped up to help. Keith was able to recruit some new deliverers. Most people who collected from Church were fitted into existing rounds. But how to produce the magazine for them to deliver?

Quotes were obtained from those outside printers still working during lockdown. Curiously, A5 proved to be cheaper to print than A4 (and also cheaper to post) and full colour was cheaper than mixed colour and black and white. Whilst the production cost of each issue was higher than the cost of materials for in-house production, it wasn't massively so and we had the advantage of receiving a fully printed (on semi-gloss paper) and stapled magazine ready for distribution, saving much office and collation time. To cover these additional costs and to publish 12 issues next year instead of 10, we are asking for a price increase—for the first time in at least 20 years! The annual subscription cost for 12 issues will be £10. Hope you feel able to support this.

Content— many pens (and keyboards) make light work!

As editor, I have really appreciated the willingness of so many people to contribute to our benefice magazine. The varied and fascinating contributions has always made for an interesting 'read' - as the feedback from you, the reader, has indicated. We've had tales of getting close to the Pope, music making in WW2, military service in war zones, brushes with MI5, teaching abroad—accounts which have taken us to different parts of the world. Our own members have shared their experiences of volunteering

and, in consequence, we have learned more about how volunteers sustain and nourish the human care in our community. Stories about such activities as Talking Newspapers, Homestart, Friends of the Friary and of Marrick Priory, driving the Little White Bus have all helped us to learned about and appreciate the benefits of voluntary work.

Walks from William, history from Jane, poetry from Daphne and George, music from Fionagh, Freda and Tony, news from Marske, Downholme and Hudswell, wonderful cover photos (and a couple of nature notes) from Ian Short, drawings from Sam, prayers from Joy, articles from past magazines from Sheila... the list goes on. All of these and more have added to the variety and interest, so that the magazine has doubled in size and content. Thank you so much to everyone who has taken the plunge, come forward and offered contributions or said 'yes' when asked. I should also acknowledge the contributions which an organisation called 'The Parish Pump' has made with the regular cartoons, smile lines, puzzles and the monthly 'On this Day..' articles. Oh, and to the mysterious MISTER Jack Finney (no, folks, it's not me!)

What this also tells us is that everyone in our church community has an interest to share, a story to tell, a talent to show. What's your story? What's your picture? How can you help your voluntary organisation by getting it better known through our magazine? What can you give to this magazine community? What the year has shown is that if you will do this, others want to listen, read and share. And, perhaps, we've all got to know some people a little better. Perhaps strangers have at least become acquaintances through these pages. If you are unsure about what you can give and how you can do it, please just get in touch with me and we can find a way to do it .. Or be ready to say 'yes' when someone asks you to contribute?

.... And the future

Part of the future is in your hands. What would you like to see? What would you like changing? For my part, it would be nice to add to the team of people to share in the running of the magazine. In 2021, I do aim to focus on Richmond 950, to open the door to contributions from other faith groups in the area, to link more with schools and for the community, whether attached to a church or not, to see this monthly publication as one to pick up and read as a 'doorway' to our churches.

With a final thank you to Keith, Mark Beresford-Pierce, Harry Ellis, Ann Burnett, Phil Digan, Mark Whyman, Margaret Merlane, Brett Overin, Catriona Smith, Jan Beeton, Joan Brown, Jennifer Patrick, Nick Millen, Isabel Tooze and Carol Hillyard who have got this month's edition to you .. and to Alexe Roberts and my wife, Jan, for sharing the proof reading, can I wish you a peaceful Christmas and a happier New Year. Best wishes to all.

Jim Jack

Deadline for January edition - 12th December



A Letter According to Paul-Sunderland (Curate not Saint) December 2020



I make a point of walking around Richmond as much as possible. I do tend to stand out with my bright ginger beard, with flecks of white, which I hope makes me look distinguished. The other big strip of white around my neck acts as a beacon, causing people to look at me more than I am used to, this being my clerical collar.

Walking is not just a way of getting from A to B, it is also my attempt to shed the 'Lockdown Belly' that I appear to have gained. Walking also allows me to get to know Richmond and its people better as I do my daily shop. I love shopping locally in the many amazing shops that we have. It is a joy to be able to build relationships with those whose livelihood depends on you and I continuing to support small local businesses. To many, these shops are a lifeline not just a convenience. There are more than a few shops where I will need to start visiting in disguise due to my growing appreciation of a good pork pie, the odd dairy free chocolate bar, not to mention the many lemon meringue pies which I buy from a local butcher's. I would not be surprised if one day I look in the mirror and looking back at me is a lemon meringue pie. This 'Lockdown Belly' may be here for a while yet.

The effects of the Big C (namely Covid-19) have been wide ranging and many people have seen businesses struggle and some sadly fail over the lockdown periods. I am heartened to see our community coming out to support local producers and suppliers as we are faced with yet another big 'C'. This big 'C', however, has nothing to do with Covid-19. Christmas will soon be upon us.

At the time of writing this article, I have no idea what Christmas 2020 will look like. One thing I do know is that the horrible phrase 'The New Norm' will be one that we will hear a great deal in the weeks approaching December 25th.

On the run up to Christmas, which seems to start earlier and earlier each year, global shopping giants normally prepare themselves to do battle with the consumer in their attempts to curb the public's urge to support local businesses. We see adverts offering free delivery and selling the convenience of shopping from your armchair as incentives to stay away from the highstreets and its independent retailers. This year we see these small businesses put under even more pressure by the lockdown restrictions imposed by law.

The restrictions have been put in place to protect you and I from the devastating effects of Covid-19, but have done untold harm to our community and the many families who call Richmond home. I urge you to look upon your community, the

family which you and I call Richmond, and help them by supporting local businesses. Covid-19 has proved that family, community and church are the bedrock of our existence, so help us to ensure that our community flourishes.

As Christians we often refer to those in our churches as a family. I know that I look at many within my own church as family and love them dearly. It is important to highlight that the church is not a building in the town centre; it is the 'People' who together form the Church. As a Church family, we are blessed in Richmond and its surrounding villages to have a strong community ethos.

As we approach the date on which we celebrate the birth of Christ, we do so as a family both brought together and held apart in hope that the 'New Norm' under Covid-19 will soon give way to a new horizon and a new appreciation of the real importance of Family, Community and Church.

As I walked through Richmond today, I was constantly reminded that I am a 'newbie'. I looked at the lights being hung in the Friary Gardens and dared to question the relevance of a light-up parrot? (That Parrot has many fans!). I may not understand the Parrot, but these preparations are bringing about a sense of 'normalness' like no other event. What I am seeing more and more are smiling faces, despite the restrictions on our lives, and that fills me, and should fill you, with joy.

'Happy Christmas' is a greeting which says it all. I love Christmas, but you would expect that of a newly ordained curate (trainee vicar). I would like to make one confession though, as long as it stays between us...i really don't like Christmas carols! That aside, I love everything else about Christmas. I love the fact that hundreds of people from Richmond swell the numbers of the Church family at St. Mary's, and come to celebrate together. I love the fact that people gather to share food with friends and family. I love the fact that our community spirit brings us together in hope.

The birth of a little baby brings us hope. The birth of Jesus Christ assures us all that there is hope. Look towards Christmas and your preparations for this festive season to focus on family and your community. As we all come together, in a socially distanced and appropriate manner, stop for a moment and thank God for the birth of a little baby in a stable many miles from Richmond. Thank God for this sign, a sign of renewal, a sign of hope for the future.

Have a great Christmas.

Paul

HOLD ON
TO THAT
WHICH
IS GOOD





**We have laid to rest those
who have died.**



16th October
18th October

Hilary Ibbotson
Pearl Spence

May they rest in peace and rise in glory

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

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.

-o0o0o-

Christmas Services - St Mary's (assuming end of lockdown 2nd Dec!)

In addition to the regular services shown in the front of the magazine which we hope to resume at all churches as we had pre-lockdown 2, the following additional services are planned for St Mary's.

20th December	Nine Lessons and Carols	6.30 p.m.
24th December	Crib Service	4.00 p.m.
	Midnight Mass	11.30 p.m.
25th December	Christmas Communion	10.00 a.m.

Christmas Services—Downholme and Marske

13th December	Downholme	no service—replaced by
20th December	Downholme and Marske	combined Lessons and Carols Service led by Marske Community Choir via Zoom @ 2.30 p.m.
25th December	Marske	Christmas Communion @11.00 a.m.

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**Services at St Mary's -
On-line or Dial-In**



We hope to be back in Church each Sunday morning in December for the 10am Communion Service and also Wednesday for the 9:15am Service soon. We are still offering Deanery Compline daily at 9.00 pm and this is available online or via our Dial-In Service. We will introduce/ re-introduce more services when the social distancing allows.

If you feel unable to return to Church when we re-open, (and the possibility of different restrictions is also in the background) there are a number of ways in which you can connect with us via the internet or through our dial-in service over the phone. **If you chose to join us online**, you can find all the instructions on our website: www.richmondhudswellparish.org.uk (Previous services on YouTube)

If you chose not to use the internet, our Dial-in service may be ideal for you. It's really easy, all you need to do is dial this telephone number: **0131 460 1196** (the cost of the call will not be any more than a local call). You will then be asked for the meeting ID and Password. These are shown below and you need to use the correct one for the service you want to attend. You will be able to sign in up to 15 minutes before the service is about to start (the service will never start early).

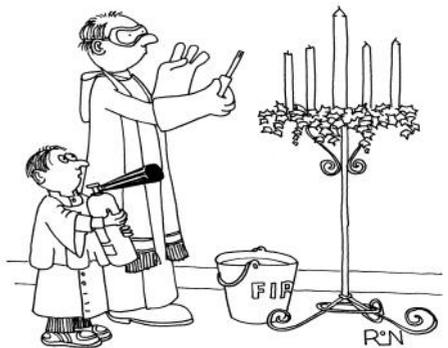
<u>To join</u>	<u>Meeting ID</u>	<u>Passcode</u>
Sunday 10.00 a.m. services	853 3603 7106	821818
Wednesday 9.15 a.m services	818 9876 3021	836664
Daily Deanery Compline 9.00 p.m.	878 8787 1612	975203

If you have any questions, contact: Curate, Paul Sunderland (07989 178196)

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The Vicar had found a nice little earner



After the first candle fiasco, the vicar took no chances

LOYAL DALES VOLUNTEERS

Our area has housed quite a number of religious centres over the centuries in addition to our benefice churches. Going out on the old road to Reeth, a sharp turn left before you get to Grinton takes you to Marrick Priory, a former Benedictine nunnery and Grade 2* listed, which was given a new life in 1970 when it opened as an outdoor education centre for young people. Although in lockdown at present, 2020 has been the fiftieth year of this different form of service to the community. Whilst it is run by paid staff, volunteers from St Mary's are part of a wider Trustees group which is responsible for the centre and helps to raise funds for its on-going activities. How did it all begin—and what does the future hold?

As we enter December and reminisce about the activities which will be missing in the run-up to Christmas this

year, quite a number of the congregation at St Mary's will be sad about the absence of a winter Sunday evening bus journey to Marrick Priory to enjoy an evening of music and a buffet, which always ensured a most enjoyable social evening as well as raising funds for the Priory. The event,

organised by the Friends of Marrick Priory, is usually one of a number spread over the year, which help to ensure that young people from different parts of the North of England can benefit from the unique experience, sometimes life-changing, which the Priory provides for those participating.



The Development of Marrick Priory

Abseiling down the inside of a church tower was not one of the activities which the Archbishop of York, Roger de Aske, probably envisaged when he licensed the foundation of a house for nuns who followed the rules of St Benedict. They were given the parish church of the Virgin Mary and St Andrew in Marrick, together with lands in Marrick and beyond which collectively totalled about 400 acres. Other barons, seeking to secure their places in heaven through their generosity, added gifts of land in such places as Ravensworth, Marske, Hurst, Carperby, Kirby Fleetham and Richmond. In 1171, Ralph, Lord Moulton, gave a hospital at Reycross at a meeting of ways on the top of the wild and remote Stainmore and a stipend for a chaplain.

With donations such as these, the house at Marrick grew in wealth, offering work to local people and having influence over a wide area. Through the hospitality they offered to travellers in Swaledale and on Stainmore, meant news was exchanged

and fleeces from their sheep and surplus produce could be sold to travelling merchants. Scots raiders diminished this wealth occasionally.

As with other such places, their fate was sealed by Henry VIII with the dissolution of monasteries in 1540, although the priory continued to be used as the parish church for many years before becoming derelict. The remoteness from Marrick itself and population decline meant that, after a number of years of being used only on Whit Sunday each year, the Church finally closed in 1948.

It was during the late 1950s and early '60s (a considerable fast forward, missing out any reference to the mystery of Isabella Beaufort, a visit by Turner and the priory housing one of Britain's oldest hearses built 1828) that the Priory began conversion to its current role as a Diocesan Outdoor Education and Residential Centre, opening its doors in 1970. It was through the foresight of a former Archdeacon of Richmond, the late Venerable Harry Graham, that a vision of its current role emerged. Together with a number of local people, he commissioned a report about Marrick's potential as a centre for young people.



'Merreck Abbey' (J M W Turner)



Volunteer work begins 1950s

The process itself involved much volunteer involvement in the practical work and much planning, fundraising and not a little 'politicking' to bring the original project to fruition. (The website www.marrickpriory.co.uk/history provides a detailed account with a number of 'then and now' pictures chronicling the changes which have been made)

The Non-Lockdown Priory

There is always a danger that those of us who live in an area start to take its benefits for granted, but seeing groups of young people from urban areas as far as Leeds and Bradford awestruck by the tranquility and beauty of the dale and energised by the range of challenging activities which the team of instructors offer evidences what a special place Marrick is—especially as it is housed not in a purpose built centre but a historic religious house adapted and up-dated for purpose.



As Judith Clarke, one of the team of Friends observes, 'There are many who are unaware of the great 'outside' which is Swaledale.' For those who have not had the benefits of families who have taken them away from home, the environment

with which many are so familiar is a new world for them. 'Milk comes from a supermarket and very possibly food is an individual microwaved meal. So, for just four or five days, life is indeed very different for all of the visitors. The Friends hope that we can support more visitors and make their time at Marrick as enjoyable as possible.'

And enjoyment is certainly built in! Youth groups and school parties who choose a residential experience will find their week filled with such activities as canoeing and kayaking, raft building, caving, gorge walking, ropes courses and zip wires, mountain biking as well as the aforementioned abseiling! Quieter activities as arts and crafts, music and environmental workshops can be built into the programme.



This is one of the areas where the work of the Friends comes into its own. A quick look at this list tells readers that much of the equipment needed to participate in many of these activities is not to be found in many family wardrobes and shoe cupboards. The activities involved also do not lend themselves to such equipment and clothing being in 'Sunday best' condition!

Through their fundraising and support, the Friends have targeted projects—sometimes equipment improvement or replacement, providing a supply of cameras for youngsters to record some of the excitement of their time away, renovating the centre's pool table, games for evening recreation. 'We even supplied a wood-burning stove to maintain a cosy atmosphere during the evenings,' says Judith.

Indeed, it is this whole residential experience which is a significant contributor to the educational experience. Whilst sometimes people whose success lies in academic achievement can downgrade the educational value of such experiences, ask anyone what their positive memories of school years are and they will often centre round out-of-classroom activities with their peers and leaders.

Overcoming fear of physical challenges in the safe environment of places like Marrick are real contributors to the personal self-confidence and growth of young people, in a world where, often for legal reasons, challenge is 'managed out' in the name of risk avoidance. To watch young people in a group encourage, applaud and appreciate the efforts and successes of others is to see real social learning take place—and Marrick's programme certainly creates the environment



where this happens. This is especially true when the participants are asked to think back over what they've done and what has helped to make things work. When learning is fun, people forget they are learning.

And it's not just people from urban centres who are the users. Our own primary school has made use of Marrick for years for its year 6 children to have a four night residential experience. Even for a number of this group, with Marrick on the doorstep, that threshold is one which they have never crossed before.

These residentially obviously come at a cost—and Marrick, like all other outdoor centres, faces many financial challenges in meeting its running costs. Here again, the Friends can step in. 'The group began as people working to raise money for the bursary fund which enabled young visitors to be at Marrick despite their parents experiencing financial difficulties.' Whilst the bursary fund continues to be the main purpose of fund-raising, the widening range of items to which the Friends contribute bears testimony to their voluntary work and its benefits.



Outdoor Classroom

The centre itself has been pro-active in its own work in attracting users by developing new facilities and approaches. Constantly upgrading the quality of the facilities, increasing the range of activities, adding new buildings such as the Outdoor Classroom have all contributed in keeping the Priory as an attractive 'offer' to the visitor. Day and half-day courses added to the mix of activity, some used by local schools, whilst the fact that organisations such as Richmondshire District Council has held its 'away day conference' at the centre shows clearly that the centre meets adult as well as teenager needs as a building to use comfortably and enjoy.



Perhaps the most challenging and exciting development in the pipeline are plans to demolish the existing bungalow and replace it with a larger new building incorporating accommodation, changing facilities, kit store and plant, as well as well as new staff accommodation. Drawings can be seen on the web-site. As well as being a major project, even in these difficult times, the plans speak of the need for

The voluntary Trustees and the volunteer Friends of Marrick Priory will be an important part of this future. Judith insists that the work is not completely altruistic. 'The Friends hugely enjoy the fund raising events where it is possible to meet other supporters and spread the word of the fun, excitement and education offered to children through their visits.' Organising coffee mornings, cake stalls, quizzes and evenings such as 'Christmas at Marrick' draws in supporters locally, but the spread is also across the whole country through such supporters.



So the firm hope is that the festive occasion which is 'Christmas at Marrick' will return as a key part of this activity, bringing a 'party atmosphere to early December which is so much part of the Christmas of many who support us—especially those who live alone—and, it has to be said, of our Christmas too.'

'So many of our events have been cancelled this year. As soon as we can, we shall meet again to initiate a 2021 programme of fundraising and feel sure that many ..will be with us to help children back into the challenges and excitement of Marrick Priory.'

JEJ with Judith Clark



A service with young people in the original chapel

Even during the difficult past few months, supporters have been in touch or continue their annual subscriptions for the work of the Friends. If you wish to help the work of the Centre with young people in this way, please send donations to 'The Friends of Marrick Priory, Marrick Priory Outdoor Education Centre, RICHMOND, DL11 7LD. (Gift Aiding forms from Judith Clark)

Donations to the new building project can also be made via the Priory website address given earlier. Please fill in the form to Gift Aid your support.

A TIME OF MY LIFE

CHRISTINE & DENNIS STEDMAN have used some of their lockdown time to look back over some of their travels. Here, they recall one particular unplanned event on a visit to Rome which made a considerable impact on them both. Had the focal point of their attention said "Take up thy crocs and follow me," they may well have done just that. If you want to know what I'm 'on about' here, read on - a lovely story.

Roma

In 2008, to celebrate my birthday which was one with a 0 at the end, Christine and I decided a few days in Rome would be just the ticket!

We duly booked for the 10th October and looked forward to it immensely as it had long been on our "to do list"

The day arrived and in no time at all we climbed out of the taxi and into our hotel which although large and impersonal had a view from the bedroom window showing us the Vatican, again it was a good omen.

We changed into cooler clothes as October in Yorkshire differs quite a bit from October in Rome and set off to explore. By this time it was late afternoon so, either a late lunch or an early supper was the mutual choice and after Pizza, Salad and a couple of glasses of red wine we made our way into St Peters Square.



St Peter's Square and the Vatican

To our amazement, it was teeming with people and police directing cars into some sort of a parking system. It was indeed the great and good of Rome and beyond, all dressed up as only the Italians can do and we definitely felt underdressed wandering through the throng.

I was very curious as to what was taking place and, seeing a group of nuns standing near to us, asked them what was happening. Unfortunately they had no English and my Italian is very sparse, after much smiling and nodding, came back to Christine to report – well nothing!



It was just at that moment a young American chap, who it turned out was a trainee priest, came over to us and asked if we had a problem and could he help. We explained

that we were just being nosy and he then told us that there was to be a showing of a film commemorating the life of Pope John Paul II in a recently built hall adjacent to the square. Indeed, it was by special invitation only.

We thanked him and he said he would explain to the sisters. After chatting to them he came back across to us and said that they had two spare tickets as two of the nuns were unable to attend and would we like them. At first we said no as we were not dressed appropriately and Christine pointed out that I was in fact wearing my Crocs (for anyone not knowing what these are, they are large plastic shoes with holes in – very comfortable but extremely ugly!) Our new friend laughed and said we were fine and we could go in with him.



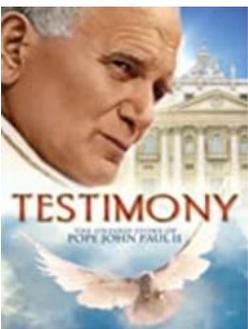
Swiss Guard, Vatican City

We went through security, passed all the Swiss Guards into a beautiful huge hall and our friend found us two very good seats whereupon he explained that he would now have to leave us and sit with his brothers.

A short while later he came back to tell us that the Pope was going to be there and would be sitting on a raised platform which in actual fact was about 20 yards from

where we were sitting.

Whilst soaking up the atmosphere a nun came and sat next to us. We fell into easy conversation and she explained that she was Polish but had been doing missionary work in Africa. She was, at present, staying in the Mother House but was



leaving that week to visit family in Poland before returning to Africa. As we were chatting, we realised that the noise in the hall was building up into fever pitch then as the doors opened and the Pope walked in the whole of the hall erupted into song standing with their arms outstretched. Our friendly nun, on realising that Christine couldn't see, insisted and assisted her to stand on the chair and to my amazement I looked round to see Christine standing on the chair and singing for all she was worth. Afterwards I asked her what she was singing and the reply was 'No Idea!.'

We watched the film, which had Michael York's voice dubbed over into Italian but we understood the gist of it. Then, after many blessings from the Pope the

evening came to an end and suddenly we were back in the square where we bid farewell to our two newfound friends.



Pope Benedict XVI– elected 2005, resigned 2013

We walked out of the square, down the street leading back to the hotel in complete silence pausing only to call into a small bar next door for two medicinal brandies. Again neither of us spoke and it wasn't until we were leaving that Christine clutched my arm and said "Eeh, we have only been in Rome five hours and already we have been to the pictures with the Pope"!

On our return to Richmond, we dined out royally on our tale of adventure and, in fact, in many houses in Richmond, I am still known as St Dennis of the Holy Cross!

Finally, and apart from all the humour, we should like to point out that this was an amazing experience which moved us both considerably. Seeing and feeling the strength and emotion of everyone gathered there and the love they felt for the Pope is something that we will remember for the rest of our lives. *The Stedmans*

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"I am looking for a Christmas Card that contains inclusive language, and yet retains the richness of 16th century English and is overtly Christian whilst being sensitive to the multi-faith patterns of our day ... any suggestions?"





A TIME OF OUR LIVES—Teaching in Botswana (part 3)

In this final part of a three part recollection, BRETT OVERIN concludes his account of life teaching abroad with his wife, SANDRA. Taken from weekly letters he wrote which have formed a journal of their experiences at Moeding College, opened in 1962 by the London Missionary Society in the town of Otse on the edge of the Kalahari desert, Brett tells of other incidents in their lives in Botswana, culminating in their departure after over two years of service in the school ...and of a surprising recent twist.



Snakes alive (or dead!)

“Steve Spawls, one of the Science teachers, is mad about snakes. He’s doing research in his spare time. He’s put a poster in the science lab window:

Now that the rains are here, please remember to report all snakes
to Mr Spawls. Rewards as usual:

Small snakes 3 Pula

Large snakes 6 Pula

Dead snakes 1 Pula

I also want lizards and will pay 20 Thebe per live lizard.

(100 thebe = 1 Pula)

“The piano tuner pronounced the school piano “past it”. Mma Kwape now has to decide what to do about it. I expect that finance will be a problem. In any case, Piano Club will not be starting for a while!”

“My Form Fives are studying “Julius Caesar”. Tomorrow we shall be raising the curtain on Act 1 Scene 1. God help us.”

“We had a little visitor over the weekend. I went into the main room yesterday and found a bat sleeping peacefully on one of the curtains. Steve very kindly removed it. It had obviously got lost and come down our chimney to ask for directions.”

“It would take a very long time to recount all the events of Sports Day. It might suffice to say that we chose to laugh instead of cry. We had races starting before the timekeepers had finished gossiping in the staff “tent”, blatant lane-changing and obstruction which were totally ignored and pandemonium at the finishing line – a dozen “first-aiders” from the Moeding Scout Troop, ready to assist any competitor who fancied a dramatic “stagger-off” to delight the crowd, and a dozen or more “stewards” arriving with packets of glucose and plastic spoons and insisting on force-feeding each competitor as he/she went over the line. Then, of course, there were the victorious House Masters and well-wishers who stormed the

finishing line to congratulate their representatives.”



Sandra’s Maths Club is well and truly established. It might take a while for the students to get used to the idea that Maths Club is not like doing extra homework, though. Most of the members at the moment are the very bright ones who come along looking forward to a smashing afternoon solving equations. When Sandra produced the peg boards, they looked somewhat bemused! They’ll get used to it.

“We played in a staff v. students softball match on Monday which was very enjoyable. Thanks to a couple of members of staff who knew the rules and could actually hit the ball, we ran out winners. A small crowd came to watch so we provided a bit of entertainment for them.”

“Sandra has been coordinating some students on a Maths project for the National Maths and Science Fair on 2nd July. This particular group are doing research on what goes on at BMC (Botswana Meat Commission) in Lobatse – the biggest abattoir in the southern hemisphere! Sandra has arranged for them to visit on Tuesday afternoon and I’m going in my role as school driver. We’re afraid that the visit will include a guided tour – we might have to forego that particular pleasure . . .”

“Staff turnover continues to increase. I can hardly keep track. If it carries on, we could find ourselves in the front row on Speech Day!”

“An “amusing” incident took place in one of my Form 5 classes this week. There was a slight disturbance about 15 minutes after the start of the lesson and when I investigated, a snake appeared to be the cause. One boy had brought it in his pocket and then proceeded to show it to those sat around him. I’m quite proud to say that I remained perfectly calm and politely asked him to remove it from the room.”

“The staff meeting on Monday afternoon was indeed long. One item of interest was a directive from the Ministry that, as from January 1 1989, all male teachers will wear a jacket and tie or safari suit whilst on duty! I’m sure it’s too hot to wear a jacket in summer . . .”

“Sports Day was an absolute scorcher, like last year. All went smoothly, our High Jump supervision was fine, the staff refreshments under the shelter were

marvellous and Sandra's house won again! She's not best pleased as the students did no training whatsoever and didn't deserve to win."

"An awful scandal has rocked the college to its foundations. The Bursar's secretary was arrested at the end of last term, suspected of embezzlement of college funds! All the clubs and societies are worried about where their money is."

"This week has been totally taken over by the Open Day. Everyone has been frantically organising displays and things, sheets of backing paper being ferried from room to room and glue and scissors everywhere. Sandra, as Chairperson of the hugely important Decorations Sub-Committee was busy organising plants, flowers, vases, tablecloths, streamers and balloons, etc., while I was organising the photo display and generally transporting decorations to various locations. The Maintenance Dept. have been extremely busy erecting shade-netting, laying out a car park and other things. The students cleaned the classrooms on Friday morning and the Catering Sub-Committee started their marathon."

"I was the official photographer for the Open Day and so was spared the agony of sitting on the platform. The Guest Speaker, the Chairman of the Botswana Meat Commission (a Moeding benefactor) was an hour late and so everything was pushed back. All staff wore ID rosettes and processed onto the platform where they stayed for 3½ hours."

"We ate lunch outdoors under the trees, and then there was more entertainment. First, a parade of all the Clubs, including "Mr and Mrs Moeding" on the back of a truck, then the traditional dancers, various choirs, a display by the Karate Club and, most unbelievable of all, a display by the Ballroom Dancing Club! After that tea and sandwiches (without the crusts) were served and that signalled the close of the day. Over 200 parents came – a good number, considering how many of our students come from remote villages."



"Here we are, with not much longer left in Botswana. We have a few errands to do before catching the airport bus at 1.30pm. The last week at Moeding was just fine. We finished our reports and tied up all the loose ends with our work. The end of term went very smoothly and without a great deal of fuss, just how we like it – no tearful farewells!"

By way of a postscript, a few weeks ago our daughter received a message on Facebook asking if she was the daughter of Brett Overin – a student from Botswana was wanting to get back in contact with me. I was her class teacher over 30 years ago! She is now a dentist and working in Gaborone. In her message to me she wrote: "The thing that triggered this response was finding one of my old school reports with your signature on it, and a remark that still holds true for my life today." I shall try and keep in touch.

Brett Overin

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ANOTHER TIME OF OUR LIVES

The marriage of Lt. Col. Mike Smith & Capt. Hannah Swaford; lovely photos of a most happy occasion. We wish them well in their new life 'down South'!





NEWS FROM THE PEWS



St Mary's Annual Vestry and Parish Meetings 2019

No, the date isn't wrong! The annual meetings to review, report upon and look ahead from 2019 had to be postponed earlier in the year for reasons which are familiar and well-known. So it was held belatedly after morning worship on 15th November via Zoom.

Elected roles: The meeting was a suitable occasion to mark the retirement of David Frankton as Mayor's Warden after 12 years of yeoman service, an event marked with well-earned thanks and the presentation of a 'Mousey Thompson' cheeseboard, which left him 'grateful but speechless'. He was almost immediately elected as Churchwarden Emeritus, so will still be serving the church in a similar but less demanding way. Peter Trewby and Jan Jack were formally elected as Churchwardens, whilst Andy Lovell and Pamela Holland joined the PCC. David was also elected to the PCC, having previously held an ex-officio position on the PCC as Mayor's Warden. Susan Welch, Claire Murray and Jonathan Roberts were re-elected as Deanery Synod representatives, leaving one vacancy for anyone interested (please contact the Rector for more details).

The sad loss of both John Dickinson and Ann Simpson since the last meeting was remembered; other members of the parish have stepped up to take on the roles which they carried out so well and conscientiously.

Finance: Paul Carnell, Treasurer, paid tribute to the work which William Gedye had done in the role for a number of years, saying he'd never experienced such a smooth and well-organised handover of accounts. The difficult financial situation of 2019 had been relieved by the generous giving by parishioners, supplemented by gift aid from the 100+ parish donors who give on a weekly, monthly or annual basis and by a variety of fund-raising efforts. However, the loss of collection income and fees from services which could not take place following lockdown, plus the effect of not being able to hire the church as a venue or run fund raising activities such as the very successful Plant and Produce sale will have had a significant impact on revenue for 2020 and will probably mean that, for the first time, the church will not be able to make its full contribution to the parish share paid annually to the Diocese. A rough estimate would be 30% down, which would form a deficit to be carried forward to 2021. This is common across the Diocese and it is not yet known how the Diocese will respond to this unique situation.

Thanks: However, the spirit, faith and positiveness of our church community remains strong and we look forward to a better year ahead. Martin was thanked for his leadership and care as the meeting closed. All documents are available on the web-site.

200 Club Winner — congratulations!

The November prize winner was Mavis Dozey (no.76)

Your magazine subscriptions—2021

The feedback on the new format of the magazine has been much appreciated. As was highlighted in the editorial, circumstances also brought about a switch to an outside printer with some increased costs, partly through paying for a professional service and partly because the number of contributions has led to an increase in size to its current maximum A5 size of 56 pages.

When the Finance Committee looked at the price per copy (currently 50p), it turned out that it had been 50p when Gillian took over in 2011—and 50p when Sheila Harrison took over in 1999!! In other words, the price has stayed unchanged for at least 21 years!

As from **JANUARY 2021**, the cover price will be increased to £1.00 per copy with an annual subscription charge of £10.00 p.a. However, the magazine will become a **monthly publication**, so it's **12 copies instead of the current 10**. We hope that you will be able to support this decision and keep on buying, reading and contributing.

PAYMENT: the current COVID situation, **we feel that it's not good to be asking your deliverer to be collecting your subscription direct from your doorstep**. So, to pay your 2021 subscription, could you please use one of the following methods:

i) **By Direct Bank Payment (BACS):** Payment to
Account Name; Richmond with Hudswell (Yorks) PCC

Bank Sort Code: 40-38-19

Account No: 93005798

Reference: MAGAZINE (very important to add this)

(note: some online banking may not allow the full length of the account name.

Paul, our Treasurer, says that you might get a warning that the account name is not recognised but as long as the other details are there—sort code, account number and reference—then the payment will still go through.

ii) **By cash or cheque**; can be posted to Claire Murray, Parish Administrator, The Rectory Office, Church Wynd, RICHMOND, North Yorkshire DL10 7AQ. **Please ensure that you include your name and address information in the envelope**. Alternatively you can hand your envelope to a churchwarden for passing on to Claire.

Unfortunately, it is not possible to use card payments currently as there is no means of adding your address details.

New subscribers should contact Claire direct to place their order. We would welcome new subscribers and also intend to sell surplus copies through a retail outlet to increase revenue. If you can enlist new subscribers, all the better! Looking forward to your continued support please!



THE 12 DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

For several years in the very early 2000s the December issue of the Parish Magazine included the following article about the 12 Days of Christmas. Here it is again.



When most people hear the words 'twelve days of Christmas', they think of the song. The song was a means of teaching the Christian faith. From 1558 to 1829, Roman Catholics in England were not able to practice their faith openly, so they had to find other ways to pass on their beliefs. The song 'The Twelve Days of Christmas' is one example of how they did it. The song goes:

"On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me..."

The 'true love' represents God and the 'me' who receives these presents is the Christian.

The '**partridge in a pear tree**' was Jesus Christ who died on a tree as a gift from God. The '**two turtle doves**' were the Old and New Testaments - another gift from God.

The '**three French hens**' were faith, hope and love - the three gifts of the Spirit that abide (1 Corinthians 13).

The '**four calling birds**' were the four Gospels, which sing the song of salvation through Jesus Christ.

The '**five golden rings**' were the first five books of the Bible, also called the 'Book of Moses'.

The '**six geese a-laying**' were the six days of creation.

The '**seven swans a swimming**' were 'seven gifts of the Holy Spirit.'
(1 Corinthians 12:9-11, Romans 12, Ephesians 4, 1 Peter 4:10 -11.)

The '**eight maids a milking**' were the eight beatitudes.

The '**nine ladies dancing**' were the nine fruits of the Holy Spirit (Galatians 5:22-23).

The '**ten lords a-leaping**' were the Ten Commandments.

The '**eleven pipers piping**' were the eleven faithful disciples.

The '**twelve drummers drumming**' were the twelve points of the Apostles' Creed.

The next time you hear 'The 12 Days of Christmas', consider how this otherwise non-religious sounding song had its origins in the Christian Faith. *Sheila Harrison*

Meet Imote



Imote loryue, 21, sadly lost both of his parents at a young age and was left to care for his nine siblings, alone.



Due to the devastating coronavirus pandemic, he has been unable to sell the produce from his farm, leaving him unable to buy food or basic household supplies.

Thanks to the faithful and generous giving of our supporters, Imote received cash support from Christian Aid so he can continue to support his young family.

Let's help more families like Imote's this Christmas.

This Christmas, we can still donate to Christian Aid, albeit in a slightly different way from previous years. Please donate what you can, with or without physically putting up a card at the back of church to greet your friends at St. Mary's. Last year, we took such things for granted; who knows whether we will be able to come together this December.

We are setting up a Just Giving page for on-line giving, details of which will be in the pew sheets in December. However, if people prefer to give cash or a cheque, please contact me on (01748) 824656 or email judithbarber8@gmail.com for details of how to proceed.

Many thanks for your support.

Judith Barber

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A Psalm of Lament

How long, oh Lord, how long.
 How long must we suffer this world-wide pestilence,
 this virus which attacks the very roots of our society.
 How long, oh Lord, must we see our loved ones die
 without being able to stand beside them,
 to hold their hand, to stroke their fevered brow.
 How long, oh Lord, how long must we cover our faces,
 become anonymous so's not to spread this evil virus.

Oh, Lord, you know us in our joys and in our sorrows.
 Deliver us from self pity and lack of concern for others.
 Give us strength to face the unknown days ahead
 and remind us that, whatever the circumstances,
 You are with us, your right hand will protect us.
 We are your people who look to you for help.
 In You, oh Lord, do we put our trust
 and praise you, our Saviour and our God.
 Amen.

Daphne Clarke

FOR ALL THE SAINTS

A number of saints days fall in the month of December. However, as Christmas approaches, it seems appropriate to focus on St Nicholas whose feast day falls on December 6th. Mediaeval representations of our 'saint of the month' show him in robes and carrying a decorated Bible. No signs of a jolly smile, a white beard, red garb and a degree of corpulence which would see him off the scale on the body mass index and therefore on a strict diet, a demanding exercise regime and suitable medication for cholesterol. Surely there can't be a link between these representations?



The saint, Nicholas whose given feast day is 6 December is generally known as St Nicholas of Myra. By tradition, his birth date is allocated as 15th March, 270 A.D. and his place of birth was the maritime city of Patara (now known as Demre) in modern day Turkey (no, this isn't the Father Christmas link!).

His parents were fairly wealthy and of Greek origin, who both had a belief in the Christian faith. As with a number of other saints, little is known of his early life and what has been written down was recorded many years after his death, probably based on verbal accounts handed down over generations. However, his alternative title of Nicholas the Wonderworker gives a strong hint of the nature of the stories which were carried after his death.

Some tell of his calming a storm at sea, others of him saving some innocent soldiers from execution and recounting how he pushed away the executioner's sword, released the men and prevented Eustathius (the governor who it was said had accepted a bribe to find them guilty) from fleeing the scene and causing him to repent. Another story is of him chopping down a tree possessed of a demon.

Yet another tale, by far the most gruesome, was of him resurrecting three children who had been murdered and pickled in brine by a butcher who had planned to sell them as pork during a famine! A good topic for a mediaeval painting – and also stained glass windows, tapestries and frescoes as the tale grew in folk telling – so much so that it was assumed that Nicholas was the patron saint of children because paintings showed him with three young children, and also of brewers because the resurrected children



of brine! This whole tale was shown later to be a late mediaeval addition to St Nicholas' story. But it is a different tale which provides us with a link to Christmas—of which more anon.

It is known that Nicholas went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and, on his return, was appointed Bishop of Myra to succeed his uncle who had just died. No patronage here however; the priests are said to have decided that the first priest to enter the church that morning would be the new bishop as a sign from God. Nicholas was that priest.

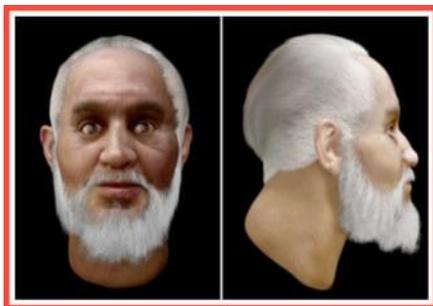
During the persecutions of Diocletian which affected St George too (see our April edition), Nicholas was imprisoned but released when Constantine became emperor. Nicholas is said to have died on 6 December 343 AD at the age of 73. His remains were buried in Myra and moved to a sarcophagus in the newly-built St Nicholas Church in the town less than 200 years after his death. Threats to their security emerged in the 11th



Basilica San Nicola, Bari

century, causing a group of Italian merchants to move his major bones to Bari, some of which still remain in the Basilica San Nicola. Other smaller pieces were given away as relics to promote worship and so are claimed to be found in many parts of Europe. Venetian sailors removed the rest of the fragments from Myra and took them back to Venice. It is said that these relics gave off a miraculous watery substance known as 'manna' or 'myrrh' which was believed to have supernatural powers.

Unusually, in the late 1950s, the archdiocese of Bari gave permission for the remaining bones in Bari to be scientifically surveyed by a professor of Human Anatomy at Bari University. His tests revealed that the bones belonged to a man of 70+ years of age of average height and slender to average build, but afflicted with severe arthritis in his spine and pelvis. In 2004, the professor's findings were used by researchers to reconstruct the saint's face which showed amongst other things that he had had a broken nose, probably sustained during his imprisonment. Other tests on bones in different parts of the world have also been consistent with the Bari findings, suggesting that the 'after

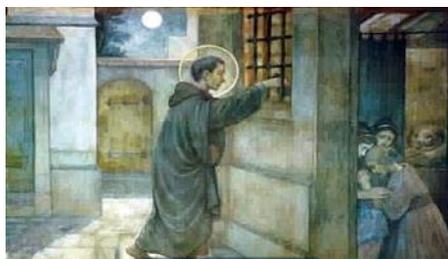


death' tales of St Nicholas remains are true and we even have a scientific reconstruction of what he looked like.

But still no red cloak—and definitely not the corpulent image which is Santa Claus.

The so-far untold tale provides the link.

Nicholas' generosity is said to have saved three young women from prostitution through mysterious gifts of gold. Hearing that a father with three daughters could not afford to pay dowries for them all, Nicholas went out in the dead of night and lobbed a bag of gold through the open window of



their house. This allowed the father to pay the dowry for his eldest daughter. So Nicholas went out on the next night and repeated the gift, allowing the father to pay the second dowry. Determined to find the identity of his benefactor, the man hid and saw Nicholas drop a third bag of gold through the open window. This led to the association with St Nicholas being an unseen donor of welcome mystery gifts. Three oranges are often shown on images of St Nicholas representing the three golden bags of money, —not to mention a similar, stylised three golden balls adopted as the sign for pawnbrokers and St Nicholas' elevation to the rank of their patron saint!

Some versions of this tale also have the bags of gold landing in stockings, hung up to dry overnight by the fire—hence the custom of hanging stockings up for gifts.

Perhaps it was on account of St Nicholas' generosity that in recent centuries children began to write little notes some time before 6th December, to tell him about the toys they specially wanted. These notes were then left on the windowsill at night – or else on a ledge in the chimney.

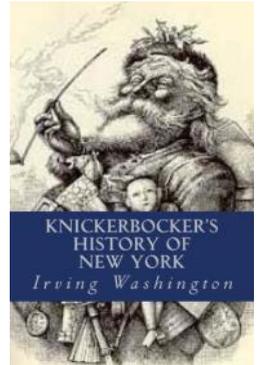
But St Nicholas Day, 6 December, chanced to lie in the same time period of a much more potent festival and after a time his activities were moved towards Christmas, merging the theme of giving with the gifts of the wise men. Then in Bavaria the children still left their notes on the windowsill, but they addressed them to Liebes Christkind – Krish-kinkle as they knew him – and the saint's part in the matter was simply to deliver the letters in heaven.



Similarly, the custom grew in the Low Countries of giving presents on his feast, again linking St Nicholas, children and giving. In the Netherlands and Belgium 'St Nicholas' would arrive on a steamship from Spain to ride a white horse on his gift-giving rounds.

‘Santa Claus’ reached his zenith in America, where the Dutch Protestants of New Amsterdam (New York) united to it Nordic folklore legends of a magician who both punished naughty children and rewarded good ones with presents. They brought Saint Nicholas, ‘Sinterklaas’, with them to the New World, together with the associated customs.

But 19th century poets and writers built their own picture. Washington Irving has St Nicholas flying over rooftops in a flying wagon, smoking a pipe and giving presents to good children and punishment to bad ones as early as 1809. In 1821, an anonymous poem, ‘The Children’s Friend’, was followed in 1822 by Clement Clarke Moore’s poem ‘A Visit from St Nicholas’ (which starts “Twas the night before Christmas...” - recognise it?). These two poems marked the shaping of the modern Santa Claus, according to Gerry Bowler, University of Manitoba historian and author of ‘Santa Claus; A Biography.’



“They’ve taken the magical gift-bringing of St Nicholas, stripped him of any religious characteristics and dressed this Santa in the furs of those shaggy Germanic gift-bringers.”

‘The Children’s Friend’ has the flying wagon pulled by one reindeer; Clement Clarke Moore adds another seven to bring the accepted total of eight known today. The red with white fur trimmed corpulence, leaving the North Pole in a reindeer-powered sleigh and watching over children’s behaviour were more or less standardised by the late 19th century in North America before re-crossing the Atlantic to Britain as Father Christmas—or France as Père Noël.

There has been resistance to this revision of St Nicholas. Whilst the influence of America troops inevitably spread the New World version, Stalin had already abolished Christmas, gift bringers and therefore Santa Claus. Grandfather Frost was revived as a New Year bringer of gifts (complete with blue coat— interesting juxtaposition of political colours here?) but failed to eradicate the other version.

The example of St Nicholas has never been forgotten – in bygone years boys in Germany and Poland would dress up as bishops on 6th December, and beg alms for the poor. To this day, 6th December is still the main day for gift-giving and merry-making in much of Europe. Many feel that simple gift-giving in early Advent helps preserve a Christmas Day focus on the Christ Child.

There are anti-Santa movements in a number of places which seek to bring St Nicholas and his works back to their own place on 6 December. The generosity, humanity and care for children and the poor which marked his lifetime are his legacy. No need for reindeer, red clothes—or excess weight! Wiry, 5’ 6” and a broken nose were no barrier to sainthood for St Nicholas of Myra.

THE CHURCH ABROAD

Last month, **ALAN JUDGE** told us of his experiences of visiting Church in Mallorca. This month, he describes visits to Southern Spain, to Anglican worship again housed in a Catholic Church. What about your own experiences of such visits? Do please write in with your thoughts and photos of what you have seen and heard.

Over the past few years Pamela and I have spent a few months in winter driving down to Almuñécar in Costa Tropical, Southern Spain, via Pamela's daughter's family who live near Cognac in France. As in Mallorca, the Anglican community in Almuñécar is able to worship in a Catholic Church called the Fisherman's Church in an hour before the Catholic service. Again after the service we proceed down the road towards the beach and enjoy drinks (unfortunately coffee, because 10.30 is a bit early even for me).

One of the ladies in the congregation was advised by her doctor to live in warmer climes as a result of her poor health when she was in her 60's and she's now 94 and plays a major part in the life of the church.

A younger man in his 50's saw a travel show in his home town in Northern Ireland and thought Almuñécar looked so good he sold up in Ireland and came out never having visited previously and now lives there permanently in an apartment overlooking the bay.

Nigel, the vicar, is very friendly as are the whole congregation. His wife, Pilar, is Spanish, and their eldest son is at Sandhurst.

Nigel lives with his family in Nerja where again the Anglican Church is in a Catholic Church.... Iglesia de San Miguel (St Michael's Church). The church also has a charity shop in the town.

Nigel has been in this area for nearly five years and it is almost ready to move on. The challenges of leading an ageing congregation and coronavirus seem to be the same in Spain as in this country, even if the weather is sunnier. In a recent letter, sent to Alan, Nigel writes;



Undemonstrative entrance to the Fisherman's Church, Almuñécar



Catholic worshippers parade icons and candles in front of the Fisherman's Church at Easter



'Our lives have been shaped by the stop-start nature of the Coronavirus restrictions that have been imposed on all of us. Our plans, whether holidays, short courses, or perhaps something more long term such as a house move or some serious travelling, have all been placed firmly on the back burner. Our lives feel very much as if they are 'in limbo'... we are in charge of our lives, or are we? Of course, as Christians there is always an element of 'in limbo' to our lives but the past few months have placed us as perhaps never before in a situation where the structure of our lives is visibly fraying at the edges.

I say this as Pilar and I are beginning to look towards the end of our stay here in Nerja. At the beginning of this year we had begun to make plans, but they rapidly dissolved as Coronavirus began to affect all our lives, and they are now on hold as we look blankly into the future.

The first couple of years here enabled us to come to terms with life on the Costa del Sol...if one ever comes to terms with the Costa del Sol! I still find it hard to be with so many Brits who cannot speak even the simplest Spanish. Be that as it may, the parishioners here have made us feel very much at home and we have made some very good friends.

The congregation here in Nerja and Almuñécar is for the most part elderly and it has been very difficult to try and attract younger people into the church community. The main reason for this, of course, is that people come to the coast to retire and so the average age of the English-speaking population that come to church is 65+. The compensation for this is that we have a Church Shop run by volunteers who have plenty of time on their hands. The shop opens every morning, six days a week. The volunteers are a mixture of both churchgoers and non-churchgoers, who help us to promote the Church and Church activities to everyone who ventures in. So not only is this a very good marketing tool, it also keeps us financially solvent.

At Eastertime and Christmas, the church community congregates on the Balcón de Europa to sing hymns and carols. These occasions are usually very well attended as the Balcón is in the heart of town and is always busy. The annual Carol Service in December is also very well attended with well over 200 people coming to sing carols in San Miguel church every year.

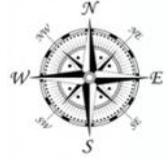
However, since March, all these events have been (and will be) severely restricted. Sadly, we have also had to stop our Sunday morning services in Almuñécar; both illness and the age of the congregation have meant that numbers have dwindled considerably over the past 12 months. But as a community we are resilient, and although we are struggling financially, we know that we have the means to overcome these problems provided visitors return ' Fr Nigel Thomas Priest in Charge of Nerja & Almuñécar

Have you any experiences of churches and worship in other lands? In other Richmonds? Please write and let us all know what you've seen. Ed.



WILLIAM'S WALKS

December 2020



Until the second round of lockdown, the 'Walking for Health' programme had found ways of organising their popular walks whilst maintaining the government's physical distancing criteria. Organised by **WILLIAM GEDYE**, with each walk led by a team of experienced voluntary leaders, a pre-booking system and enthusiastic walkers and participants saw a busy programme re-instated—only to be stymied by the November lockdown period. There will be a resumption at some stage. In the meantime, William offers this interesting route which starts near St Edmunds Church at Marske as one to try on a frosty clear day, or, if delayed until spring, a route sprinkled with an abundance of snow-

MARSKE AND TELFIT

Start/Finish – Lay-by below Marske Church.

Ordnance Survey Map OL30 Yorkshire Dales Northern and Central Areas

Distance 4 Miles

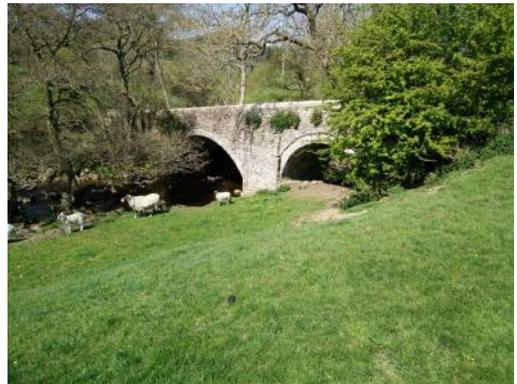
Difficulty: moderate with a few inclines.
(Optional moorland return adds a mile and 400ft of climb.)

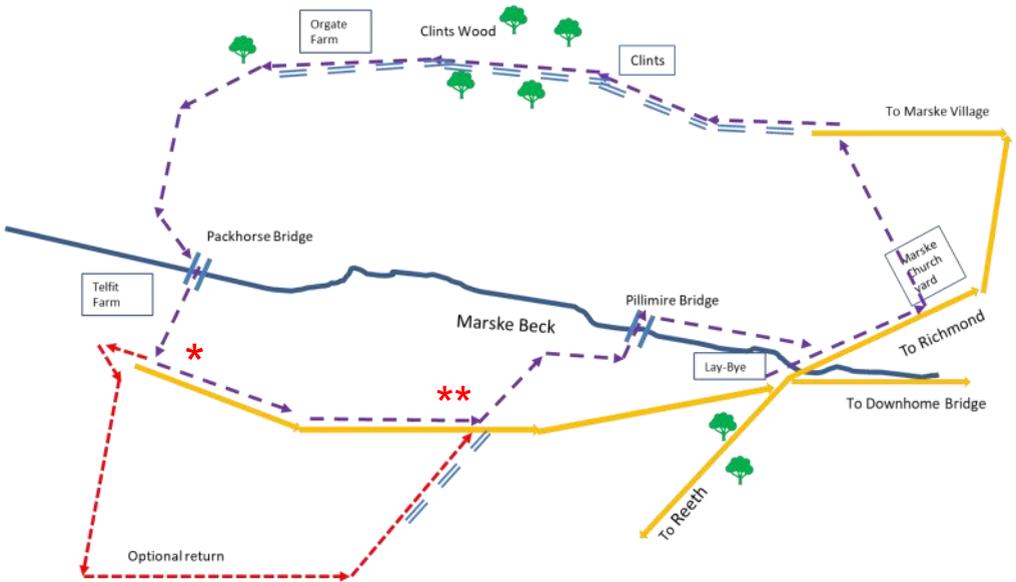
Start by walking up to the church and through the churchyard. Carry straight on up the wall side across the field, and turn left up the lane. Follow the lane across another field and through the hamlet of Clints. Keep on this same track through Clints Wood.

Leave the woods and keep on the track to Orgate farm. Follow the 'dog-leg' to the left of the farm and keep on up the track. Look out for the tree covered in several yellow path indicators and fork left across the wall following the path across the field as the valley slopes away to your left.

Find a safe way down the steep slope to the lovely old packhorse bridge which you need to cross and head up the field to the cottages on the lane, with Telfit farm on your right.

Main option *Turn left down the lane and follow this back down the valley, admiring the steep-sided valley topped with a limestone escarpment on the left hand side.





****** After about a mile, a rough track joins from the right and the road dips across a stream. Watch out for the footpath sign to your left and cross the field diagonally and then follow the fence-line down to the old water wheel at the bottom.

(This was one of the first hydro electric schemes intended to provide electricity to Marske Hall, but sadly according to the story, the owner's daughter was drowned under the wheel, and the scheme was abandoned.)



Go through the narrow gate up onto the lane and turn left over 'Pillimire Bridge'. Turn immediately right and follow the riverside path back to the start.

(The option to extend this walk if you feel fit:

shown on the map above in red : turn right at * and follow the road in front of Telfit Farm, forking left up the steep track through 2 gates and out onto the moor. Pick up the track to the left and follow this along the edge with the great sweep of the valley on your left. Rejoin the main route , as described at ** above)

This is a Richmondshire Walking For Health route. For more information email:
walk.for.health@btinternet.com

'An early morning walk is a blessing for the whole day' Henry David Thoreau

NOTES FROM OUR PAST

At this time of year, we are often being reminded that a dog is for life and not just for Christmas. Having contributed articles about the legacy of people in our parishes during 2020, **JANE HATCHER** ends the year with a tale of a local dog, a Chow-Chow (representative picture below) whose life was so well remembered that he even merited a unique article in the local press. Jane would also like to hear from anyone who can help to solve a mystery which the tale below relates.

The Surprising Story of Nang Chu



People are used to me writing about interesting stories gleaned from tombstones. Some people also know me as someone who re-homes oldish cats. Not someone who has ever had a dog. So why did I suddenly become fascinated by a memorial to a chow-chow? Well, local research takes me in some very strange directions, and when I came across a Richmond-born dog that merited an obituary in the local press, I was intrigued. I had found the following press cutting, sadly undated but probably from about 1938:

We regret to have to announce the death of Nang Chu, one of the North's best know Chows, in his eleventh year. He was shown only in October, when he was a winner. He had to his record over 500 awards, including best of sex and cup winner. He had been shown since he was six months old and hardly ever missed a show. He was bred by the Mayoress of Richmond, Mrs. C.D. Robinson. Only this year he sired a winning litter that was shown at Bradford open show. Also last year he sired many winners, including the big winner, Kwong of Hyford. Many of his puppies will be exhibited in the near future. The Bishop Auckland C.S. has been presented with the Nang Chu Memorial cup by his owner, to whom we offer sincere sympathy on her loss. Mrs. E. Smith.

The cutting had been kept among many others relating to William Robinson, who served the town as Mayor for the whole duration of the Second World War, 1938-1945, with his wife alongside him as Mayoress. I remember Dolly, as she was known, from when I was first in Richmond in the 1970s. A very elegant lady, she was often present at civic functions, I guess still highly regarded for the sterling contribution she had made to the town's life in wartime, and later. She was

awarded the B.E.M. for her work with the Women's Voluntary Service, but how did that compare with her success as the breeder of the famous Nang Chu?

Near the entrance to St Mary's, there is a stone recording the burial of William and Dolly Robinson's ashes. They were 'pillars' of St Mary's, and although Nang Chu presumably never visited the church himself, one can perhaps imagine some of Mrs Robinson's friends asking after her dogs, or their litters, after morning service. She was a native of Bishop Auckland, and had moved to Richmond when she married William, who owned Robson Woods drapers shop in Finkle Street. I assume it was through Dolly's origins in Bishop Auckland that Mrs Smith had come to own the champion. I have tried to find out if the Nang Chu Memorial Cup is still awarded in Bishop Auckland, presumably to a prize dog. If anyone knows, please let me know!

Jane Hatcher



St Mary's Special Offer

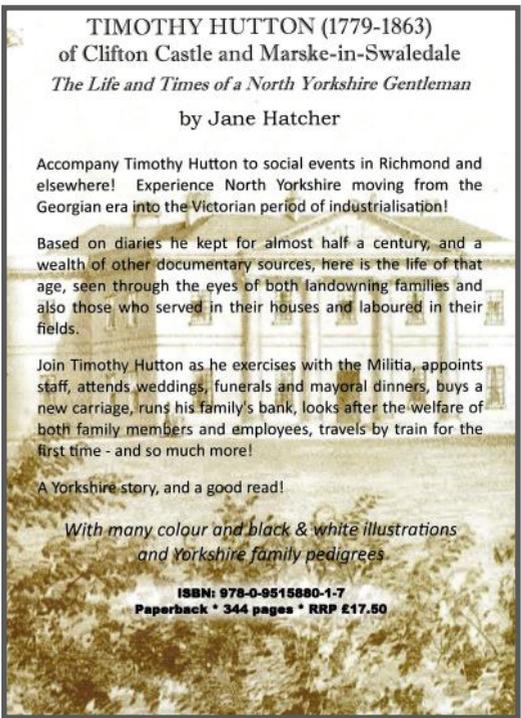
After lengthy research, Jane recently published this fascinating account of the life and times of Timothy Hutton. It can be obtained from Castle Hill Books, **but Jane has generously donated some copies of the book for direct sale, with all proceeds going to St Mary's Church funds.**

There are **only five** remaining!

Looking for ideas for Christmas presents? Interested in learning more about local life about 200 years ago?

Simply e-mail the magazine address or text 07754283161 with your name and contact address. The first responses received will get one of these special copies—payment on receipt of the book.

Thank you, Jane!



TIMOTHY HUTTON (1779-1863)
of Clifton Castle and Marske-in-Swaledale
The Life and Times of a North Yorkshire Gentleman
by Jane Hatcher

Accompany Timothy Hutton to social events in Richmond and elsewhere! Experience North Yorkshire moving from the Georgian era into the Victorian period of industrialisation!

Based on diaries he kept for almost half a century, and a wealth of other documentary sources, here is the life of that age, seen through the eyes of both landowning families and also those who served in their houses and laboured in their fields.

Join Timothy Hutton as he exercises with the Militia, appoints staff, attends weddings, funerals and mayoral dinners, buys a new carriage, runs his family's bank, looks after the welfare of both family members and employees, travels by train for the first time - and so much more!

A Yorkshire story, and a good read!

*With many colour and black & white illustrations
and Yorkshire family pedigrees*

ISBN: 978-0-9515880-1-7
Paperback * 344 pages * RRP £17.50

News from Hudswell

The community spirit in Hudswell is as strong as ever, as **FIONAGH BENNET** relates in this look back over November and description of some innovative ideas for the season of Advent in which individual acts contribute to the well-being of all. An update, too, on plans for the church building of St Michael and All Angels.

The village managed some Halloween treats and fun for the children, despite the current circumstances. The Hudswell bakers made suitably decorated cakes and biscuits to sell in the shop. Many pumpkins with carved faces appeared in the village, along with scarecrows and other cobwebby and ghostly creations. People made up bags of sweets for children to find, hidden amongst pumpkins, hanging from trees etc. It made a fun alternative to trick and treating, with torches flashing all over the villages as children hunted for the goodies!



Talking of sweet treats, Hudswell honey, produced by the Hudswell apiary, recently went on sale and very quickly sold out. It is absolutely delicious, with a lovely flavour, straight from the hive. Our jar is diminishing rapidly – can't wait for the next batch!

Now that we are in Lockdown 2, the shop has added vegetable box orders, in addition to the bread and quiche orders. The pub is also be offering take away beers and special take away food nights. There are Hudswell residents who are isolating, and the Little Shop team plus pub are an invaluable resource for these people.

Advent and Christmas are approaching fast, and once again residents have suggested even more ideas. We are to have a 'Living Advent Calendar' for which residents draw a date and, on that date, decorate their window(s). The decorations then stay up until Christmas, giving the village some seasonal cheer and anticipation as each window is added day by day. Another proposal has been made for a reverse Advent Calendar. During December, households add an item each day to a box, to be taken to the local food bank a few days before Christmas.

The plans for Hudswell Hostel @ St Michael's are progressing, albeit slowly in the present circumstances when nobody can meet. The architect is working on final designs, which are being discussed with fire engineers regarding fire regulations, as there is an open plan area. The land between the church and the road has just been transferred to the church commissioners, who now will transfer it to the Hostel. There is on going help with producing a business plan and the necessary fundraising. It is hoped that, any lockdowns permitting, there will be an exhibition in the village hall early next year, to provide information. The plan is for sixteen beds only, aimed at attracting walkers and hikers who are here to enjoy and appreciate the countryside. And we would like them to frequent our lovely pub and partake of the delicious food as well! *Fionagh Bennet*

A Donkey's Tale



It must be thirty years or more
since I bore Mary to the door
of some old stable, lined with straw
where she gave birth to Jesus.
Though bearing child, she seemed so light
as she, and Joseph, holding tight,
left on the journey, into night
to reach our destination.

When he was born, Three Wise Men came
and angels sang aloud, "Proclaim!"
"This child will take away our shame!"
"Sing! Glory! Alleluia!"

Now Jesus sits upon my back.
I take him down a crowd-filled track
and people cheer. There is no lack
of love and admiration.

Yet something makes me ill at ease,
it's not *just* that they push and squeeze
or that there's no refreshing breeze
to cool us as we journey.

The baby now, of course has grown,
and rarely seems to be alone.
He teaches, and in learnèd tone,
he thrills all those who listen.

Yet some who heard began to fear
this gentle man, this loving seer
and they began to hate, then sneer,
whenever he had spoken.

So they have plotted to destroy
the king, whose message may annoy
the unbeliever, but the joy
will stay with those who listen.

I'm old, and so my burden weighs
so much. Can it be *just* my days
are numbered and my noisy brays
will not be heard much longer.

Or is it that my Lord, like me,
a man who should be light and free
and eager for his destiny
is carrying a burden?

I've heard he will be crucified
by those he has ignored, defied,
and those who cheated and who lied
and those who simply fear him.
Can one man carry *all* the sins
of all the world and, if he wins
will he go free? New life begins?
his fate seems quite uncertain.

I've known him since I was a foal,
and we have both fulfilled our role,
yet now it seems the only goal
is pain and death, for certain,
and yet my master travels on
and as for doubts and fears, has none.
All thoughts for compromise have gone
from those who would accuse him.

He will endure his Master's will
and let the wicked have their kill
upon the top of some "green" hill
they use to do their business.

When he has gone, I will retire
and stand beside a warming fire.

I'll think of him, the angels' choir
and Three Wise Men, who love him,
and I will know that we have served
and travelled on and never swerved,
no matter how the way was curved,

My love for him? Eternal.

George Alderson

-o0o0o-



 THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND
Diocese of Leeds

HOLD ON
TO THAT
WHICH
IS GOOD

All in the month of December

400 years ago, on 21st December 1620 that the first landing party from the British ship Mayflower arrived at what would become Plymouth Colony (now Plymouth Massachusetts). They began building houses there two days later.

300 years ago, on 31st December 1720 that Charles Edward Stuart, commonly known as 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' was born. Stuart claimant to the British throne and leader of the unsuccessful Jacobite rebellion of 1745-46. Grandson of King James II of England and Ireland (also known as James VII of Scotland).

250 years ago, on 16th December 1770 that Ludwig van Beethoven, German composer and pianist was born.

80 years ago, on 29th December 1940 that Germany dropped thousands of incendiary bombs on London, causing the worst fire damage since the Great Fire of London in 1666. About 200 people were killed.

75 years ago, on 27th December 1945 that the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development were formally founded.

70 years ago, on 14th December 1950 that the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (also known as the UN Refugee Agency) was established.

65 years ago, on 1st December 1955 that African American civil rights activist Rosa Parks refused to give up her bus seat to a white man in Montgomery, Alabama, violating the city's racial segregation laws. This incident led to the birth of the modern American civil rights movement.

60 years ago, on 9th December 1960 that the first episode of the television soap opera 'Coronation Street' was broadcast in the UK.

40 years ago, on 8th December 1980 that John Lennon, rock musician and peace activist and a member of the Beatles, was shot dead, aged 40, outside his New York City apartment by Mark Chapman, a deranged fan.

30 years ago, on 1st December 1990 that British and French construction workers on the Channel Tunnel broke through the last wall of rock separating the two halves, and Britain and France were linked for the first time in thousands of years.

25 years ago, on 13th December 1995 that the Brixton riot took place in south London. Hundreds of youths rioted on the streets following the death of a black man in police custody.

15 years ago, on 19th December 2005 that the Civil Partnership Act came into effect in the UK. The first civil partnership under the act was formed in Belfast, that same day. The first in England and Wales were on 21st December.

10 years ago, from 18th December 2010 to December 2012 that the Arab Spring took place in North Africa and the Middle East. The leaders and governments of several countries were overthrown and ousted

News from St. Edmund's, Marske

As Christmas approaches, thoughts turn to how we mark the festival through the way we decorate our towns, our homes—and our churches. Whilst none of us know what this Christmas will actually look like, **LIZ KLUZ** reflects on our current customs and practices, how they came about and how they link with the Christian celebration of Christmas.

WARMTH AND LIGHT IN DARK DAYS

During lock down one of the things we have found most difficult is not being able to see our friends and family or just a friendly face. Communication is one of our basic human needs which is why festivals, especially in the darkest part of the year, have always been so important. Getting together with others to share food, conversation, light and warmth is as vital to our well-being now as it was thousands of years ago.



Yuletide—the blending of Norse and Christian practices

YOL, pronounced Yool, is listed in *The Shetland Dictionary* by John J. Graham who recorded Shetland dialect which he encountered at first hand in the mid 20th century. He notes that from the 9th century, when the Norse colonisation of Shetland began, until well into the 16th century, the people of Shetland spoke a form of Scandinavian known as 'Norn' from which the word 'Yol' has survived. This was the midwinter festival celebrated by Norse settlers throughout the British Isles which lasted for up to a month from about December 12th.

Preserved in the Venerable Bede's *Historia Ecclesiastica Anglorum* is a letter from Pope Gregory I to Mellitus a priest, or possibly an abbot, whom he had sent to Britain in AD 601 to help with the Gregorian Mission to convert the Anglo Saxon people to Christianity. In the letter, Pope Gregory suggested that conversion of the indigenous population would be more easily achieved if they were allowed to continue to celebrate their own traditions, in an adapted form, whilst incorporating the teachings of the Christian Church. This would have met with much less resistance and made the transition to Christianity more acceptable to the people. So our celebration of Christmas incorporates a much older festival.

The Yule Log—light and warmth in the darkest part of the year

The ancient tradition of bringing in The Yule Log was absorbed into the Christian celebration and continued in Britain, France, Germany and Eastern Europe until fairly recently. At dusk on Christmas Eve a large log of oak, ash or fruit-wood was brought into the house with great ceremony and laid on the hearth. A piece of last year's log, which had been preserved, was used to light the new one and in some areas the log was kept

burning throughout the 12 days of Christmas before being extinguished ritually. This was a domestic version of the great communal fires of the midwinter festival.

Decorating the Halls...

Evergreen plants and trees have always held a special significance as they represent undying life when all other all plants wither and shed their leaves in autumn. Holly, ivy and mistletoe have been especially prized as they produce berries in the winter.

The early Christian Church banned the use of greenery to decorate peoples' homes and places of worship at Christmas, as it was seen as a heathen practice, but over time that rule was relaxed. Even today simple, unadorned greenery is the most subtle and beautiful kind of decoration for our churches from the end of Advent....with one exception. Traditionally mistletoe has not been allowed inside a church at any time. It has never quite lost its pagan association and was equally important to the Celtic Druids and Norsemen. For the latter it represented a weapon which, in their mythology, was used to kill Baldur the Beautiful. By some it was also known as the plant of peace under which enemies had to stand and vow to cease fighting, albeit temporarily. Could that be the origin of kissing under the mistletoe...the kiss of peace?

Here we come A-Wassailing

To drink to someone's health by saying "wassail" is generally accepted as coming from the Anglo Saxon "wes hal" meaning to be whole or of good health. The Shetland Dictionary also has "hale" meaning whole as in "hale and hearty" so it may have some roots in old Norse.

The time for wassailing was between mid December and 12th night on January 6th. The wassail bowl was traditionally made of wood and filled with a drink called 'Lamb's Wool' made from roasted crab apples dropped into hot mead so that they burst. Later variations included spices, eggs and cream. The bowl was then handed round like a loving cup or individual cups were filled if it was too heavy to be passed round and the toast of "wassail" was shouted. In some areas the bowl was carried from house to house, decorated with ribbons and evergreens, by a group of young people after dark led by the Captain of the Wassailers.

This well known song was sung by north-country wassailers probably on New Year's Eve.

Liz Kluz



Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green
Here we come a-wandering
So fair as to be seen.

Love and joy come to you
And to you, your wassail too
And God bless you and send you
A happy new year.

From a Rectory Garden

One of the dubious privileges I have as editor of this monthly publication is the opportunity to meet up with **MISTER Jack Finney** and his faithful three-legged, one-eared dog called Lucky. As he has no mobile phone and keeps his home address secret, I seek him out each month in one of his known haunts in the hope that I can share some of his rich life experiences with you, the faithful reader. With winter approaching, the allotments shed is always a good bet—and indeed, that was where I found him, staring at the embers in his tortoise stove and reminiscing in puzzlement about a key moment in his life in his last job. It was then that I got the explanation of why on earth a one-eyed, one-eared, three legged dog with no tail could be called Lucky.

Lucky's Tale (Tail?)

Now then, ladies and gentlemen, I suppose you all know me by now – Jack Finney, gardener to the rect'ry allotment – and me ol' dawg, Lucky. 'Course the Bishop of Ripon dunna really approve of Oi. Says Oi am a irasherbul an' curmujonly ol' man and says ol' Lucky is a bad-tempered critter and the vicar shouldn't let him inter church with Oi on a Sunday, just 'cos he'd nipped at his gaiters the last time he were here. Well, his nibs, the vicar, says 'Phooey to that' and seein' that it's his church and ol' Lucky is a member of his congergation, so t' speak, he can jolly well come in and welcome!

So he do come in, mask an' all, and e' goes to sleep under my seat during the sermon. And, well, Oi know he do whiff a bit, but he's the best chum I ever had. 'Course some folks wonder where ol' Lucky came to be the gardener's dawg and, to be quite honest and truthful, only his nibs do know. So, I s'pose I oughta explain in case he gets flattened by another of them churchyard trees fallin' all over the place.

It were some years back – can't remember 'zactly when, me havin' sawdust for brains nowadays – but Oi knows it were one night in the middla December and Oi remembers that it were a right rainy windy night – wetter than an otter's pocket, as me ol' pa used to say. Proper Noah's Ark weather, it were.

Oi were snug in the ol' rect'ry shed that night, tortoise stove goin', mug o' cocoa, coupla gipsy cremes in me hand and me seed catterlogs to read. Yeah, bliss! Yer see, me ol' darlin' had been called away to Whitby to her sister's – the one what has the wet fish, winkles and whelks stall on the quay. Seems one of 'er lobsters escaped, bit her on the ankle and she slipped on some batter. HA! Good for the lobster's what I say. I hope it made it back into the harbour, poor critter.

Well, bein' a person of- er, generous proportions, she went down like a sack of spuds and pulled a muscle – pulled a muscle – ha! Get it?



Pulled a mussel? Oh, never mind. So me ol' darlin' said she'd go and help her in her stall. Oi says 'Yeh, darlin'. Don't be shellfish. I'm sure you'll be whelkome " an' we both fell about , laffin'.

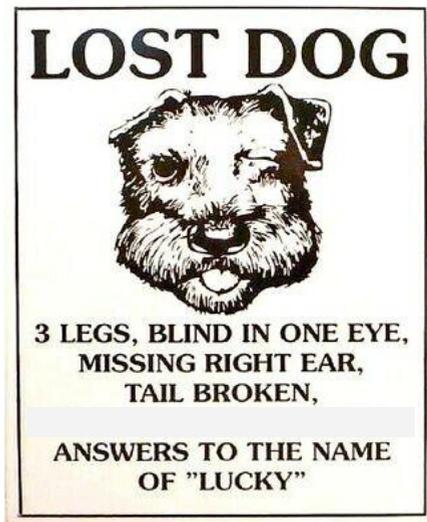
So, that night, after finishin' in the allotment and seein' as it were so wet, Oi decided to stay put in the shed for the night, like Oi does after a big do at the King's Head. Well, there didn't seem no point in gettin' drowned afore Oi gits home. That's why Oi were snuggled up on Ratty's chair with me ol' Ma's crotcheted blanket and me feet up on a couple of seed boxes, all cosy.

Well, Oi were just thinkin' Oi would rather be here than even in one of them posh hotels in Lunnon when Oi musta dozed off, 'cos a knock at the door woke me up and a voice outside said, " Jack. Jack." Now Oi were a bit flummoxed as to who it could be 'cos Oi knew it couldn't be the vicar. He'd be well asleep by then with his reduced Bob Marley hot water bottle (a 'Church Times' offer in the 'World Religions' section) and wearin' a matchin' Rastafarian night cap. And it were too late for them Jonah's Witnessess. Anyways, Oi picks up me dibber, just in case it were someone dodgy and Oi opens the door. Well, the rain and the wind cem rushin' inter the shed like a mighty tempest and the tortoise stove puffed out a fair bit o' smoke in the draught. Blow me! There was this person, standin' there in the dark, all wrapped up in a cloak and hood so Oi couldna see his face and he just steps in , bold as brass, drippin' on me shed floor.

Oi were about to say, 'Ere, wot's your game, pal?" when he takes this bundle outa his cloak and gev it to me, sayin' "Finney, this needs you." Not even MISTER Finney! Well, you know how that roils me but Oi was so surprised, Oi just took it, like, and, blow me, it weren't an animal, all wet and shiverin'. It were some kinda dawg – well, only just a dawg 'cos it were on its last legs – well, free of them least, ' cos one were missin'.

So Oi takes it to me pottin' bench to have a good look at it and Oi couldna believe me ol' eyes! The little chap looked as if he'd has a right good kickin' – he were in a 'pallin' state – bits a fur missin' and cuts an' all. So Oi gits some warm water from the kettle on me tortoise stove an' me ol' hankychief and Oi cleans 'im up good an' proper, bein' as gentle as Oi couldm dabbin' the mud and gubbins offa him.

Now Oi knows I'se a silly ol' codger an' people say Oi'm a grumpy ol'....- oops, sorry, vicar- but when Oi saw the state that dawg were in, well, Oi nearly made a fool o' meself. Good job Oi had me back to that fella 'cos Oi did have trouble – me ol' eyes kept



at

waterin'. Oi were more upset than when sire worm got in me prize parsnips.

Well, Oi turns round to the fella and maybe offer 'im a brew and a fat bacon sandwich and Oi nearly fell over – 'cos he'd gorn!! Oi'd never even heard the door goin'! Not only that, but there was no wet footprints nor pool o' water where he was stood. Nuffinck! Give me a right turn, that did and if it hadna bin for that poor critter shivrin' away, Oi'da fort Oi'd menagerind it.

So Oi wraps that poor little fella in my ol' ma's crotcheted blanket and I puts 'im in Ratty's chair by the tortoise stove. Then Oi warms 'im some milk from me baggins. Well, he loiked that all right and already he were beginnin' to dry orf an' fluff up a bit. He looked up at me and licked my hand and, d'ya know, that ol' lump in me froat came back again – pah! silly ol' codger. Oi thinks, well, if he meks it froo the night, Oi reckon he'd survive, but if he didna, then at least he were with someone who cared about him and he were warm and cosy.

Well, that night, Oi sits wiv 'im and, by the mornin' he were loads better and Oi knowed Oi'd seen im froo and he would mek it. 'Course, when the vicar came in for his baggins next mornin', he didna see the dawg at fust. He were goin' froo a Scottish phase. Yeh, he'd 'pparently discovered that way back, he'd had Scottish ancestors – his grandad had been on a day trip to Dunoon – so he'd been made pastor of the Caledonian Society and was gettin' 'imself all set for Hognamamany after the Chrissmass services. He'd got another bargain from the 'Church Times' – a second hand epsicopalean dress kilt in the Edimbru Wooden Mills tartin with pictures of bible folk on the sporrin.

'Well, NOO, MacFinney' he says (well, that got me roiled again), 'Look ye hee-urr at whit I've got the morn's morn - the noo.' An' he pulls out organic porridge oatmeal harvested from the banks of Lock Lowmon and dandelion coffee from the Isle of Barra, picked by the forebears of Rob Roy – well, three o' them any ways – an' he's just about to pour a wee dram of whisky into me kettle when 'e sees the daawg, all cosy by the stove.

'Och, whit's that sleekit', cowrin', tim'rous beastie, MacFinney? ' he says, hitchin' up his sporrin. Tryin' not to notice him not callin' me 'mister', Oi said I would tell 'im if he would stop talkin' like Frazer off that 'Dad's Harmy.' So he sat down wiv his wooden spoon and coffee from Barra on me upturned barra and listened. Well, when Oi cem to tell it, Oi felt loik a proper stoopid ol' gardener, Oi can tell you. Anyway, Oi telled him everything and ,all the while, Oi was stroking the dawg's head. He were enjoyin' the company and the warmth and seemed to quite loik 'is nibs, too.

Well, when Oi finished the story, Oi looks at the vicar and 'e had a beetifick smile on 'is face, not one of them professional vicar smiles they lern at collidge to use when the ba-bby frows up on his clean surplice at a chrissening or whatever. Nah, it were a 'I believe



you, you silly old chump' type of smile. So Oi says 'Wot about that chap whose face Oi never did see an' no wet footprints and disappearin' loik that with no noise as if he'd never been there.?' Well, his nibs said there were fings that sometimes we just don't understand but they happen, so just believe it did and leave it at that.

Well, says Oi ' Oi just can't understand how anyone could leave a dawg out in the rain like that, an' Ol'd like to get a hold of 'im.' But the vicar knowed that me ol' dad had been a boxin' champ and taught me a bit to stop big 'uns nickin' my potatoes.

Why, he said that when that ol' Peter who thought he were a hard man cut that bloke Malchus' ear orf in the garding at Jeffsesame, Jesus were not happy at all an' he 'pologised to Malchus.. mind you, he had to put Malchus's ear back on 'afore he could hear him.



And he said that someone somewhere knew that, despite me being a grumpy ol' git, Oi had a good heart and would lokk arter a poor orphaned little dawg and he said Oi had 'lit a small light in a dark world.' Well, Oi started ter get all teary again so Oi told 'im to stop all that stuff and what should Oi call the dawg, as Ol meant ter keep him.

Well, the rain had stopped and we looked out of the winder and it were snowin'. Big flakeser snow – very peaceful – and we could just hear that bloomin' ol' horgan from the caril practice in the church, driftin' over me parsnips. So his nibs pours hissself another mugga dandelion coffee and said that the dawg were lucky to have got me – so why not call 'im Lucky. And that were it! Lucky it were.

So there we are. Three chums; tortoise stove cracklin', kettle singin' and the snow fallin' outside. And Oi'm sure that, if Lucky coulda spoke, he woulda said ' God bless us, every one.'

-o0o0o-



The Ultimate

A picture by
Sam Watson

A Recipe for Enjoyment

Well, the festive season is nearly upon us and I have been persuaded to submit a favourite and relevant concoction which I usually put together for consumption on Christmas Day. It's a recipe which comes from the Reader's Digest Farmhouse Cookery Book, driven by my own enjoyment of cooking with a preference to home produce (admittedly with bought ingredients) rather than buy the finished product. It doesn't have many ingredients but will fill in an hour or so of lockdown time in the preparation. So, if you want to produce your own **chestnut stuffing** and haven't seen this version before, you may want to give it a go... and it freezes well if you're looking for a lockdown activity. First published in the 'Art of Cookery' (1747— or just before 6.00 p.m. if you prefer!). No piccy, 'cos I haven't made this year's supply yet!

J E J



Ingredients

1.5 lb (700g) chestnuts

4 oz (125g) melted butter

2 heaped tablespoons
chopped parsley

Salt & pepper to taste

Optional

Turkey liver

Beaten egg

Cranberries

Practical note

I use a Stanley knife with a clean blade for 'slitting' on a wooden chopping board and have a draining spoon and tongs handy to extricate hot chestnuts from

Hannah Glasse's Chestnut Stuffing



- * Make a slit along each side of each chestnut, using a sharp knife, place chestnuts in a large pan, cover them in water and bring to the boil.
 - * When the water is boiling, reduce heat to simmer for about 20 mins.
 - * Remove pan from the heat, take lid off but do not drain.
 - * Take chestnuts out of hot water a few at a time, remove shells (and skins if possible). Mash/ chop finely, keeping a few whole if you wish.
 - * Put all in a mixing bowl, add melted butter, parsley, salt and pepper (plus any optional ingredients) and stir.
 - * As an alternative to stuffing the 'fowl of choice' you can transfer the stuffing to roasting dish. Lightly cover and place in oven 180° C for c 40 mins. **NOTE:** I tend to do this and amend ingredients to cater for vegetarian needs. Can also be placed in loaf tin (double the quantity) and served sliced.
- 

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 September. Please check our website or use the contact number for information.

However, some one-to-one support is still operating, 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 have established 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 Waiting to Resume—continued

Bible Study Groups

These groups were suspended whilst engaged in the Lent course. . Your group leaders will stay in touch with you over this. You can also seek information from the Church web-site or your group leader .

KNIT2GETHER

A weekly knitting, crocheting and hand sewing group. This group usually meets in the coffee shop/restaurant at Greyfriars every Friday between 10.30 a.m. and noon. All will be made very welcome when meeting restrictions are lifted.

Please check the church web-site or contact **Claire Murray** on **07737482611** for further information when the lockdown is over.

EDGES OF FAITH

A new group whose inaugural meeting was unable to take place will now seek to start after the summer, depending on national circumstances.



Christmas Puzzles



Sudoku - Easy

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

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Sudoku - Medium

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

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Word Search

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

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



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For further information, please contact either Mrs Christine Bellas, Oak Tree View , Hutton Magna, Richmond, DL11 7HQ or our Rector.

Puzzle Solutions

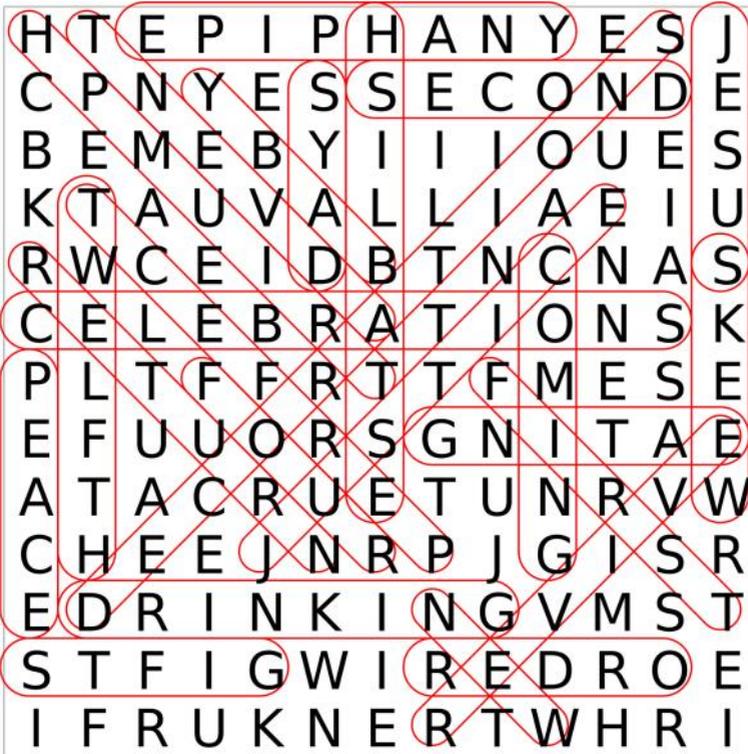
Sudoku — Easy

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

Sudoku—Medium

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

Wordsearch



Deadline for January edition - 12th December
Stay safe.

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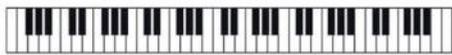
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