

# CONNECTIONS

The Community Benefice Magazine of  
Richmond with Hudswell,  
Downholme and Marske

July/August 2026



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Silver Award 2024

# THE BENEFICE OF RICHMOND WITH HUDSWELL, DOWNHOLME AND MARSKE

[www.richmondhudswellparish.org.uk](http://www.richmondhudswellparish.org.uk)  
[www.facebook.com/StMarysRHDM](http://www.facebook.com/StMarysRHDM)

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### **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 1st Sunday
	Morning Worship (no communion)	Every 1st Sunday
4.00 p.m.	Café Church	3rd Sunday (every 2 mths — Jan, March etc)
	Fun-Key Church	Last Sunday each month
6.30 p.m.	Choral Evensong	Second Sunday each month
9.15 a.m.	Holy Communion	Every Wednesday

### **CHURCH SERVICES AT HOLY TRINITY CHAPEL, MARKET PLACE , RICHMOND**

**10.30 a.m. Holy Communion                      Every Thursday**

### **PARISH OF ST MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, DOWNHOLME**

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#### **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**

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#### **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**

How ironic that after my comment last month about the awful weather, we then had a heat-wave just as your magazines arrived! Perhaps the weather is a subject best avoided.

In this month's bumper double issue, Revd Lorna's letter is followed by an appreciation of Jane Hatcher, whose fascinating contributions have graced these pages for many years. Sadly, her recent passing means that there will be no more from her after her final article on page 27.

Pilgrimage is a bit of a theme in this edition, for we have the penultimate leg of Jim & Jan Jack's Camino Inglés walk; an article from Jim about St James, the patron saint of pilgrims; and an exploration of pilgrimage in other faiths from Christine Porter. If pilgrimage is a journey, then we also have an amazing account from Linda Drury about the return of some war 'loot' to its rightful place, and Part 1 of Judith MacLeod's recent road-trip around the sights – and sites – of Sicily.

John Pritchard follows up last month's 'What is Hell?' with a consideration of 'What is Heaven?' and Stephen Clark concludes his series on the 3 Archbishops from Marske. Carole McCormack's Nature Notes focus on Ancient Grains and complement this month's front cover; there are items about the Bell-ringers' recent success, Mothers' Union 150<sup>th</sup> Anniversary celebrations and next year's Passion Play; and, of course, the Charities of the Month for July and August.

The Friends of St Mary's are particular busy during these months, so there are posters for, and details about, the Family Barbecue in July and the Plant & Produce Sale at the end of August. The latter is their major fund-raising event of the year, so do please give it your full support and, if you can offer some help, even better. It will be so much appreciated.

Enjoy the Summer – whatever you are doing!

*John McCormack*

**Cover photo by Carole McCormack  
*Ready for Harvest***



## Lorna's Letter

### July 2026



Good greetings to all, and welcome to summer? Summer with a question mark, because I've just switched my heating back on after the temperature in my house dipped down to about 12 degrees. The entire Yorkshire heart of me recoiled madly at this, and I can assure you it's been switched off again after a halcyon evening of actually being warm. Ironic, really, as a few weeks ago, when I was visiting some friends down in Wiltshire, the mercury was topping out at above 30 degrees, and I was lying prone on the floor, mistily remembering the times when I'd be all wrapped up and cosy, eating some sort of soup.

Perhaps it's because I'm British and this is what I do, but sometimes it really does feel like I'm happiest when I'm having a little complain about something, being a bit pessimistic. Martin is well aware of this foible of mine — I'd be ranting about a difficult meeting or a service I am nervous about, only for me to turn around to him after it and go "Well, that was actually really fun wasn't it".

Natural pessimism can be useful sometimes. I find that it's always the evenings I'm looking forward to least that I enjoy the most. I always moan all year round about how much I hate New Years Eve, and yet every year I can be found surrounded by my friends having a whale of a time counting down the seconds to a brand-new year.

Hearts open, honesty all on the table, I have to admit, I'm dreading the departure of Martin in a few short months. At the time of writing this letter, we've just had a PCC Away-Day that's gone into real depth about the future of the Benefice of Richmond with Hudswell, Downholme, and Marske. I'm feeling pessimistic about it, not because I doubt the abilities of all you wonderful people, but rather about my own abilities. Now, this isn't a pity party, and I don't want you all to gather around me reassuring me of my skills and abilities: this is my full and honest thoughts in my heart. I know that I'll dread the day until it comes, and after the day has come, I'll look back on the good old days and think of the time when Martin was steadfastly at the head of the table, leading with competence and quiet assurance.

But I also know in my heart that it isn't as bad as all that, because you are all so

brilliant. I know it'll be that feeling of holding on to a railing and dreading the drop, only to let go and find that the floor was only inches beneath my feet. I do wonder if you all feel the same.

What has been lovely is the knowledge that Martin is preparing us completely for this. This won't be the boiling or freezing days that we've been waiting for with baited breath and, when they arrive, we find that we actually hate them and don't want them at all. This will be the New Years Eve. This will be something that we're all dreading, only to find out that this is a new and incredible growth opportunity for us all. Into the unknown? Perhaps, but not something to fear.

But now I will end this letter with a complete reversal of everything I've already written in it. Let's prepare for the future, but live in the now. Buy the fan whilst the temperature is cold, but leave it in the cupboard and enjoy the nights you can actually sleep in. Get your glad-rags ready for New Years Eve, but enjoy the year that precedes it. In other words, let's be grateful for Martin whilst he's still here.

Blessings,

Lorna

## FROM THE REGISTERS



**We give thanks for the lives of those  
who have died.**



Joyce Sidgwick	13th April '26
Jean Blockley	29th April '26
Elizabeth (Kit) Balls	7th May '26
Jane Hatcher	27th May '26

***May they rest in peace and rise in glory.***

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

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

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

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

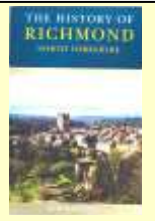
*Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?*

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

*All is well.*



## JANE HATCHER AN APPRECIATION



Regular readers of this magazine, along with many others, will have been saddened to hear of Jane Hatcher's passing in late May. She had been a diligent contributor for over 7 years and, in that time, had provided almost 70 'Notes from the Past' about people, places and events in and around Richmond in times gone by. Her knowledge of local history was encyclopaedic and, if anyone wanted to know anything about Richmond, its history and its historical figures, she was the 'go-to' person.

Jane was born and bred in York and, while working at St John's College, she met Peter Wenham, the then Head of History. She came to Richmond with him in 1974 when he retired and, together, they became a driving force in the Civic Society and the establishment of Richmondshire Museum, where Jane was of considerable help in setting up the archives. Her particular interest and expertise was in architectural heritage and this led, eventually, to her 'big red book', a definitive and comprehensive piece of work – *Richmondshire Architecture* – published in 1990, shortly after Peter's death. Subsequently, she continued her interest and involvement in the local history 'scene', writing many historical articles and several books, some in collaboration with other eminent local historians – Mark Whyman and Bob Woodings. Most of her books are now out of print, but she kindly gave her surplus copies to Richmondshire Museum, which still has a few copies available.

I gather that, many years ago, the Victoria water fountain was located in what is now the lower parking area of the Market Place. As it was being damaged by vehicles hitting it, it was taken down and the pieces just dumped in the Council yard. Sometime later, Jane and Peter discovered them there and were instrumental in getting it pieced together and re-built in the garden of Richmondshire Museum. The Civic Society and the Museum are now minded to restore it to its former glory and place on it a memorial plaque to them both.

Jane was an active member of St Mary's Church and, at one point, served on the PCC. In recent years, she was a staunch participant in our on-line worship, but I understand she did not wish to have a funeral. It is hoped that a fitting memorial service can be arranged in due course for this true Richmondian.

*John McCormack*



## A PASSION PLAY FOR RICHMOND

It may still seem ages away, but there is so much to do to get this Passion Play ready for next Easter. Many more details will follow in future editions, but if you can respond to **STEPH WILLIAMSON'S** appeal for help, please do so.

The plans to deliver a large-scale piece of street theatre in Richmond on Good Friday 2027 are progressing well and by the time this magazine appears the website might have gone live.

We now know that our fundraising needs to reach £20,000 to make this event happen safely; deliver a performance everyone can see and hear; and to build sets and props and make costumes. So no surprise that as well as seeking willing volunteers, performers and set-builders, we are providing the opportunity for donations and sponsorship.



**Christ in Finkle Street**

The scenes that are available for sponsorship include the Last Supper in the Georgian Theatre Royal, Pilate's Palace in the Castle and both the crucifixion in the market place and tomb is St Mary's Church. Please get in touch with us via the website or through me and I'd be happy to talk to you. In the meantime, thank you to two very generous donors who have kindly provided early funds to get the ball rolling.

This play is called *Something Extraordinary* and has been written specifically for Richmond in 2027, but we are keen to see this as the first passion play which leaves the way open for future productions. The cast will number at least 66 and will appear from different locations in town. Watch out for the Roman soldiers – they are not especially friendly to the locals! Casting will start in October.

[www.richmondpassionplay.org.uk](http://www.richmondpassionplay.org.uk)

Email: [info@richmondpassionplay.org.uk](mailto:info@richmondpassionplay.org.uk)

*Steph Williamson*

## CAMINO INGLES — CLOSER, EVER CLOSER

Jim and Jan Jack are nearing the end of their pilgrim route from Finchale in County Durham to Richmond, both settlements centres of religious learning in their day. The whole journey across countryside, instead of following road maps, has introduced them to unseen parts of our own area, whilst the pace of the walk has offered time to enjoy nature's sights and sounds, reflective conversation and companionable silence. What does Forcett to Melsonby hold ?

A two car job this time, one parked in Melsonby (our end point for today), the other outside the church in Forcett. We were not clear what we might meet on this leg due to some torrential rain only two days before, but the day itself was bright enough and, after a visit to the church and churchyard (maintained by North Yorkshire Council), we headed off along the road as directed by our notes.



Camino marker in Forcett

The un-natural grassy mounds which we could see on our left and right were the remains of some extensive Iron Age fortifications, excavated by a team led by the archaeological icon of his day, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, in 1951-2, alongside the remains of a Roman fort.

A huge area, too large to give time to today, but we did know that this was the home of the king and queen of the Brigantes tribe until they were eventually overcome by the Roman legions in the second century AD.

Once again we were walking through history — and more, for the road ahead was completely flooded for a distance of 10-15 metres. Fortunately, the field on our right was to become part of our route, so we crossed into it, walking the edge to avoid trampling the crop. Last time we were here, it was peas being grown. Too early to say what the crop is this year, but its shoots were already showing through.

Our first target, the 'retired' church at Stanwick, was clearly visible and our pathway was headed straight towards its rather chunky tower. As we made our way towards the church, we were aware of a number of unexcavated Iron Age mounds in the distance.



**Iron Age mounds, Stanwick**

Although the pathway headed in that direction, the previous two days of rain had done its work, making the pathway somewhat boggy, but we managed to navigate a route to the excellent stile ('Why aren't they all like this?' my legs enquired), which took us into the churchyard of St John the Baptist at Stanwick.

This was a beautiful, peaceful place, particularly in the glorious sunshine

which was blessing our journey. This ancient church goes back to the time of the Domesday Book. Although no longer in use as a parish church, it is meticulously kept by the charity The Churches Conservation Trust. Its interior is indeed a place of calm, with a number of effigies in repose and the shaft of an old Viking Cross also visible. Thanks to the work of the Conservation Trust, the church does not have the feel of an unused building. We liked the church of St John the Baptist very much, but we took our leave and headed down the path to lych-gate and on to the main road. Turning right, we soon crossed over at an old stone bridge, where a less welcoming fixed ladder took us down into an open field, cut through by a small brook called Mary Wild Beck.



**St John the Baptist, Stanwick**

Easy walking here, and chance to notice Spring growth and identify the bird songs cascading down from the trees, which were themselves beginning to display their finery. A handy app called Merlin helped us to identify some bird-song, with rooks, blackbirds and chiff chaff prevalent — though no help needed to identify the characteristic sound of a jackdaw hard at work. Beak bending stuff, this. No time to sing out, although perhaps there may have been a muffled jackdaw cry of anguish somewhere, as the beak struck an unexpected hard spot. No sign either of any magpies to give a hint of Newcastle United's next result ('One for sorrow, two for joy, etc..')

Mary Wild Beck re-appeared, bordered by trees and making a delightful background soundtrack for our ramblings. After crossing the beck once more, we

eventually left it to head for a stile to cross onto the road, turn left and then, after a very short distance, turn right into another field and, blow me, there was Mary Wild again! Who was she? Why was this water feature (which, on subsequent research turned out to mark a border between the Brigantes and the outer world in former times). Why, oh why, was it named after Mary Wild? We speculated on who was Mary — and was she really wild?



**Mary Wild Beck**

Anyway, after crossing a number of fields — and stiles, all do-able — Mary finally



**Packhorse bridge at Aldborough St John**

lost her individual identity, as her beck merged with, and was swallowed up by, Aldborough Beck. We picked our way across a slightly tricky flooded bit and headed into Aldborough St John at the Richmond end of the vast village green, just before the fine Medieval packhorse bridge, which temptingly would have led us to the Stanwick Arms.

No forty days in the wilderness this, but we still spurned this alcoholic temptation to head instead for the Aldborough St John parish church, called — perhaps surprisingly — the church of St Paul. Apparently it was due to that ancient and well-respected order — the Post Office — that the words ‘St John’ appeared in the village name! Having had much delivery of mail sent to the wrong Aldborough (there’s one near Boroughbridge, for example) in the 1930s, the PO added the suffix of the ancient parish in which Aldborough was situated (viz. St John’s parish, centred on Stanwick).

It was great to find another village church open to visitors. This Victorian church (built in the 1890s) has a warm welcoming feel and seems to be active in its community, but we needed to press on.

The next section of the walk was out of the village along a metalled road which neither Jan or I had used before. It wasn’t long before we veered off left along a

farm track with a piece of farm machinery conveniently placed by its side upon which we elected sit and ‘take tea’ — and Kit Kat.

Reading our still excellent notes, we turned around to find the remains of an earth embankment called Scots Dyke, an Iron Age fortification. This must not be confused with the Scots Dike on the west side of the country, which was a 16th century construction to mark the border ‘twixt England and Scotland.

Suitably refreshed, we headed up the field boundary and crossed the ancient ditch, then up a surfaced track to some very modern gates, forcing us to bear left and up a tree-lined path. Watching our progress on our right was an excellent tree-carving of an owl (right), beside a very modern building which looked a bit like a meetings/conference centre.



On our left was Langdale Hall, a striking 19th century country house, which is said to be the centre of one of the finest equestrian estates in Yorkshire. It certainly occupies a prominent position on the hillside, enjoying views back over the countryside and on to the Cleveland Hills.



At the top of the rise, our track opened out with (left) some quirky sights — two wheelbarrows, one pink, the other blue (‘His and Hers?’ mused Jan) and a small grass-less paddock with show-jumping fences containing just one horse and one sheep (Show jumping sheep??).

This whole section of our Camino was striking, as we had not met a single person going in either direction, for the first time since we started the whole venture last July. Nevertheless, the quality of light and springtime warmth in the air was making this another grand day. Finding new things on our journey and time to talk — or simply enjoy the sounds of nature.

The track then bore left, until it joined a metalled access road to a farm. A dog-leg left and then right as we met and quickly left a main road, as the church of St James the Great in Melsonby appeared.

To begin with, the Camino route was taking us slightly away from Melsonby, but then we were heading directly towards its ‘back entrance’ into the churchyard

with spring flowers in their glory, until we arrived at the door of this 12th century church. This village church has a real community service role, not only as a place of worship, but also as a cafe and post office to the village. It is also the first church on the Camino Inglés to be dedicated to the saint whose name the whole Camino carries — all the way to Spain.



**St James the Great, Melsonby**

And so inside to stamp passports, and then on to pick up the parked car. We'll explore the church next time, before we set off on the final stage of our journey — then back home to Richmond with its own links to St James the Great of Compostella via the badge of the long-established Richmond School and perpetuated in stained glass in our own church of St Mary the Virgin.

*Jim Jack*

## **ANNOUNCEMENT**

### **THE 200 CLUB**

Congratulations to our latest Winner

June — no: 47 — Martin Clarke

## CHARITY OF THE MONTH

JULY

MARK BERESFORD-PEIRCE seeks our support this month for a Christian charity with a world-wide reach and influence.



The United Society Partners in the Gospel (previously known as the United Society for the Propagation of the Gospel) is one of the two main Anglican missionary bodies, enabling us to play our part in the life of the worldwide Church. (The other is the Church Mission Society.) The word "partners" points to how individual Christians and individual churches across the world should be towards each other. In past years, missionaries would go out to Africa, Asia and elsewhere, often with great courage and self-sacrifice, to bring the Christian Gospel to those who'd never heard it. Today, there are established churches across the world, and our relationship is to be alongside one another in mutual support.

In many places the Christian Church is growing in numbers and confidence, even if material resources and certain skills are often scarce. USPG has 60 projects worldwide, and those who train to go out and serve among churches overseas usually take with them various skills such as medical, technical, or agricultural etc. The work is underpinned by the financial



**One project in Zambia is focussing on empowering the church to advocate for gender justice and lobby against Gender Based Violence (GBV)**

and prayer support given by the likes of us. With the vision of bringing people together to learn from each other, by listening and talking and by collaborative working, the aim is to serve within the local culture. This service can involve championing causes around poverty, race, human rights and climate change, as well as being part of the ordinary life of the church, seeking together to show the good news of Christ in today's world.

Your support would be greatly appreciated.

*Mark Beresford-Peirce*

## A GREEK GOSPEL BOOK GOES HOME

Almost 50 years ago, **LINDA DRURY** discovered a treasured book, completely out of context, tucked away in the vestry of a church in Chester-le-Street. Realising its significance, it was decided to return it to its rightful place, but what an adventure it turned out to be.



**Emblem of the Northumberland Fusiliers**

Coulson Bates was a sergeant in the Northumberland Fusiliers in 1917. During the first World War, his regiment was fighting in the 'Salonika' campaign, in what is now northern Greece. The area around a village named Barakli Duma, in the valley of the River Struma, was being fought over. British and Australian troops were coming through the devastated village, then in the Turkish empire. In the ruined church were two large, ornate Greek Gospel Books. Sergeant Bates took one and an Australian comrade the other. The Sergeant survived the war and returned to Chester-le-Street in County Durham with the heavy Gospel Book. He died in 1983, but in 1964 had handed the book to the then Rector of Chester-le-Street Church.

About 1978 I was asked to list the considerable records in the church vestry and was surprised and delighted to discover the Gospel Book. The Rector, Ian Bunting, was intrigued and pleased. Michael, my husband, and I had a special interest in all things Greek – early printed books, archives, and historical research. We thought 'Wouldn't those villagers be astonished to know that their Gospel Book had survived and could be returned to them'! First, we had to identify the village. Michael located the census records of the fading Turkish Empire and discovered that Barakli Duma was now called Iraklia, a small Greek market town near Serres, about 45 miles north-east of Thessalonika and 10 miles south of the Bulgarian border. Revd Bunting wrote a letter to the priest of the church in Iraklia and Michael translated it into modern Greek. The reply, when it eventually arrived, was full of amazement and joy!



**Linda — cleaning up the book's covers**

Father Drakoudhis, the parish priest of the Greek Orthodox Church of Iraklia, and his Bishop, looked forward to the Drurys bringing back the Gospel Book in the summer of 1979.

The heavy book, made for use during church services, was published in Venice at the expatriate press of St. George, because northern Greece was then still in Turkish hands. The text was divided into readings for use throughout the year. The cover was older and more interesting, as it was of purple velvet, besmirched with wax and travel stains. In the corners of the cover, both front and back, were four crowded



**The Rector and Deaconess of Chester-le-Street display the Gospel Book before its departure for Greece**

silver (or plated) plaques of the four evangelists and four prophets. These plaques were probably 18<sup>th</sup> century Macedonian work. In the centre, also front and back, were plaques of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, again probably 18<sup>th</sup> century work, but from Asia Minor. The eight gaps were filled with cherubim and everything was of extremely competent workmanship. The short dedicatory inscription, a memorial, was curious for its mistakes, having been made in Greek by an engraver, educated perhaps in Serbia and therefore familiar with Cyrillic script, for a customer who probably spoke Greek but could not check its written form. The whole volume is of a type not uncommon in Greece and so, in spite of its appearance, not very valuable in monetary terms.



**The restored Gospel Book, with its new wooden box**

When re-discovered, the book was not looking at its best and needed some 'smartening up' before it went home. Inside the book was a list of people's names — members of the congregation, prayed for at one of the last church services before the ruin of the village. As well as cleaning off general dirt, the silver plaques and velvet needed cleaning and brushing up. While this was being done, a glass-lidded wooden box was made to hold

and display the Gospel Book and Revd Bunting chose a vestmental gift for Father Drakhoudhis. Once all this was done, the next step was to transport the book across Europe to Northern Greece.

In August 1979, Michael Drury, who lectured on the Balkans at Durham University, was visiting Albania – then under the dictator Enva Hodja – and had parked his car at Titograd. We arranged that he should drive to Dubrovnik Airport to meet me, where I would have the Gospel Book in my suitcase. Fortunately, luggage was not scrutinised very thoroughly in those days, but I had the documentation ready. I was also carrying with me an elaborate, diversionary, strawberry flan in a box with a transparent cover, of which I encouraged the customs men to take every care!

After the usual, interminable delays, Michael and I passed through the frontier between Yugoslavia and Greece and headed for Iraklia. Our journey took us through a mountainous and low-populated area, where the roads and tracks did not match the maps, but eventually we arrived.

A scout waylaid us in the outskirts of Iraklia and escorted us to the church. There was a crowd outside and a packed church which just erupted with excitement. My suitcase was seized and opened, my clothes scattered, and the Gospel Book held on high. A service of joyous celebration followed, but that was just the beginning of an unforgettable weekend. Michael and I were kissed on both cheeks by scores of people, and it was touching to receive such thankfulness. That night we slept at the house of a village family, specially chosen as having a modern bathroom – so welcome after such a momentous day.



**The Mayor of Iraklia's presentation to Michael Drury**

Next morning there was another church service as it was 28<sup>th</sup> August – the feast day marking the Beheading of John the Baptist. We presented Revd Bunting's gifts and were given a modern Gospel Book, handmade lace items, embroideries and some hand-knitted socks for Sergeant Bates! Then we were taken to the crowded Town Hall for the Mayor's Reception, where there were many toasts.



**Father Drakhoudhis (behind Linda) reads greetings to his congregation from the church in Chester-le-Street**

That afternoon, Father Drakhoudhis took us, and a large party, on a remarkable excursion, northwards to the Bulgarian border which was closed and guarded. We all lined up and shouted, and soon people began to gather beyond no-man's-land. These were members of families from Iraklia, who had been unable to meet for years. After shouted conversations, prayers and blessings, we departed reluctantly, having witnessed at

first-hand the misery and heartache brought by the Iron Curtain.

Plentiful local sausages, grilled skewers of meat, salad, wine and tsipouro – the local spirit – were consumed that evening at a spirited feast in a local restaurant with local musicians. We certainly slept well that night!

Next morning, a local jeweller engraved a medal for Revd Bunting from Father Drakoudhis to mark this exciting event. Then there were lengthy farewells, more photographs and embraces. We had been treated royally and, as we drove away southwards towards the Cyclades, we just felt so glad that such a complicated undertaking had been completed successfully. The whole endeavour had been thoroughly worthwhile, and we thanked God for the opportunity to return such a treasured item to its rightful place.



**In Iraklia Church, Linda is given lacework and Michael some books, while a smiling, bearded Father Drakhoudhis looks on**

As we left, a last call rang out behind us – 'Next time, bring the Elgin Marbles!'

*Linda Drury*

## HARD QUESTIONS

Last month, **JOHN PRITCHARD** suggested that Christians tend to duck the question of heaven and hell. Having addressed Hell last time, it is appropriate that he should now invite us to consider Heaven.

### WHAT ABOUT HEAVEN?

There's lots of misunderstanding about heaven. How could it be otherwise? Heaven is entirely beyond us even to imagine. We can be sure of some things, however. From a Christian viewpoint:

- Heaven isn't little more than earth with the bumps smoothed out. It's utterly different.
- Heaven isn't people sitting on a cloud with harps, around a white-bearded father-figure old man.
- Heaven isn't the continuation of our soul. That's a Greek idea, not a Jewish-Christian one where body/soul/spirit are all one.
- Heaven isn't our re-absorption into the infinite, as if Christ died and the resurrection did nothing. Fine for Buddhists (absolutely), but not for Christians.
- Heaven isn't the reconstitution of our physical bodies. That's resuscitation, not resurrection.
- Heaven isn't 'eating pate-de-foie-gras to the sound of trumpets.' That's the famous 18<sup>th</sup> century cleric Sydney Smith, not mainstream belief.

But let's look at why we might believe in heaven at all, before we look at what it might be like. Isn't it a bit of a fairy story, made up to give us something to aim at and to keep human behaviour in line? Surely, I don't want 'pie in the sky.' I want 'ham where I am.'

Well, as ever with ideas of this magnitude and at another level of reality, nothing can be proved. It



Is this what you imagine heaven will be like?

can only be suggested on the basis of reasonable evidence and supposition. For myself, I find these arguments helpful:

- I find it philosophically unsustainable that such a superb creation as a human person could just be thrown away at the end of his or her life like a piece of screwed-up paper. Our lives are too amazing and complex to be so worthless and meaningless.
- I find it morally abhorrent that there be no redress of the awful imbalances of our lives, where so many have to suffer blamelessly because we live in a finite, evolutionary universe where bad things happen to good people. There must be some final justice.
- Jesus very often spoke of life after death, using images such as a heavenly banquet. Many of his parables refer to this finality with clear confidence. If it was good enough for Jesus, it's good enough for me.
- The resurrection of Jesus showed that he had defeated death on its own territory and that the future is open eternally. If Christ is risen, so are we.
- As CS Lewis said, 'If I find in myself a desire that no experience in this world can satisfy, then the most probable explanation is that I was made for another world.' The instinct for heaven has been irrepressible across aeons of time and countless cultures.

But how can we imagine heaven when we are mere actors on the stage, not the playwright who wrote and produced the play? Two monks agreed that, when one of them died, he would try to communicate what it was like to the other. One died and the other managed to ask him what it was like. He said (because monks speak in Latin, don't they?) 'totaliter aliter' – 'entirely otherwise.' Like nothing we can imagine.



**C S Lewis**  
(1898—1963)

Basically, I see heaven as being in company with God with all the richness of life and joy and variety that implies. It won't be stagnant and immobile – a spinning top has such an intense, poised movement we call it perfect. Heaven is perfect and time is irrelevant.

This world is a kind of kindergarten, and children in kindergarten don't have much idea what university is like. Or, as CS Lewis puts it in the Narnia books, this life is

like living in the shadowlands; the ultimate reality we are made for is inexpressibly full of light and clarity.

Because some of the highest and most precious experiences we have in life are in relationships, I think it must be the case that our most special relationships are somehow fulfilled, incorporated. But what does that mean? I've no idea.

What do we do? I've no idea. What does it feel like? I've no idea. I trust God for all that. I think Paul was on to something when he wrote in his letter to the Ephesians that God's plan for the fullness of time is 'to gather up all things in Christ, things in heaven and things on earth.' I'll leave God to work that out.

In the meantime, 'eating ham where I am,' I can go some way with Winston Churchill, who said that 'there may very well be two worlds, but I prefer to take them one at a time.' There's plenty to be doing as we lay the foundations of the Kingdom of God, of love, justice and peace. That's enough to be going on with.

Ultimately, I believe with St Augustine that 'heaven is our destination, and all the way there is heaven.'

*John Pritchard*



**The Last Judgement — Michelangelo — Sistine Chapel**

**Friends of  
St. Mary's Church Richmond**

# **Family Summer Barbecue**

**In aid of Church Development**

**St Mary's Church & Grounds  
Saturday 11th July 12pm-4pm**

**Food and Drink**

**Garden Games**

**Barbecue**

**Raffle**

**Music**

# **Welcome to All**

**Free Entry**

**BBQ only £5 (Under 12's free)**

## FRIENDS OF ST MARY'S

### CORRECTION — JEZ LOWE FOLK EVENING

First of all, an apology for any confusion caused.

Jez Lowe's concert date is **Friday 25th September**, not Friday 26th, as I put in last month's magazine. Tickets can be obtained from the Bookstop in the Market Hall; from Friends Committee Members; or on-line from [www.eventbrite.co.uk](http://www.eventbrite.co.uk).



### BUSY TIMES AHEAD — SO PLEASE HELP IF YOU CAN

#### TOWN HALL COFFEE MORNING — Thursday morning, 9th July

Can you help by providing some tombola prizes and/or home-baking etc. for this event? We do hope so. Or would you be prepared to help in the kitchen with washing-up or serving for part of the morning? This is always very welcome, particularly later in the morning when the pace picks up. If you can give an hour or two, please contact David Frankton. But most of all, please turn up and support this event.



#### CHURCH FAMILY BARBECUE — Saturday, 11th July — 12.00-3.30

The format will be the same as before, with great burgers and sausages served up by John Challis, with sides by David Frankton and yours truly lurking alongside them providing a vegetarian alternative. Tables will be inside to guard against the unlikely event of rain, and all set against a backdrop of garden games to test your skills for fun. Entry is **FREE**, with food on a pay-as-you-go basis. It's just a great social occasion for family and friends. First serving at noon; last serving at 3.00p.m. Burger, bun with salad and optional fillings and sauces just £5.00. Children under 12 accompanied by an adult, free.



# Plant & Produce Sale — 29th August

## How you can help — please

Have you been saving your jars of preserves for the produce stall? Have you been keeping completed or unwanted jigsaws and games to donate for sale?



What about preparing to bake like fury to stock our home-baking and produce stall? Or unwanted gifts for raffle or tombola prizes?



And what about the gardeners who have been preparing cuttings and plants for sale? Yes, it's that time of year again. The Friends' major fund-raiser of the year. **Please**, can you make a big effort to help us this year to surpass our record takings from last year. £3,000 may be a step too far, but £2,500 is achievable. By the time your next magazine arrives, it will all be over! Call **Jim Jack on 07754 283161** with offers of help, or any questions, etc.

**Helpers would be really welcome to staff the range of stalls on offer.**

The brilliant Belles café will be operating again, selling tea/coffee and stupendous cakes, whilst John Challis will have moved his barbecue from the North Door for the event in July to the South door for this event.

There will be a new emphasis on the **Crafts and Homemade stall** this year, with Christmas wares included, so knitted, embroidered, painted gift items will all be accepted for sale. We are also accepting good quality 'pre-loved' items for a separate **bric-a-brac stall**, and Ann Richardson will welcome items for the popular tombola.

Oh, and don't forget the ever popular jigsaws, books, CDS, unused video games and DVDs. A separate flier will be in church, and a box for donations will be available at the back of church for non-perishable items to be deposited for us to sell. As ever, please keep perishables — cakes, biscuits, plants etc. — until Friday 28th August and bring them along to church between 3.30 and 7.00 pm.

So, all in all, a busy July and August lies ahead. Have a wonderful summer — but please spare some time to support the Friends of the Church in these social and fundraising activities. They all help to bring our church family together, to welcome in the whole parish, and provide for the future of our Church.

## RECENT EVENTS

Many thanks to John and Alice Challis for hosting another very successful **Coffee Morning** at their home. Church members and friends and neighbours from outside the church family called in at various times during the morning of the last day in May to chat, drink coffee and eat cake. A bonus was that the morning raised over £400 towards our current main project of upgrading the decoration in the church, which will be needed after the repairs highlighted in the Quinquennial review have been completed. Thanks also to Pamela Holland and Alan Judge, who stayed behind to share washing up duties after others had left.

Members of the Friends also shared the work of hosting and providing refreshments (for this, read 'bar' in some cases!) during the **Swaledale Festival**.

There was a variety of excellent musical events, ranging from improvisation by students from Richmond School, led by performers *Ladies of the Midnight Blue*, who had people dancing in the aisles, to a performance of Verdi's Requiem by the Swale Singers. We hosted more events than ever before, so thanks must go especially to Andy Lovell and David Frankton who attended and worked hard at all the events, frequently supported by Peter Trewby, Wendy Pritchard, Kath Griffin, Tony Griffin, Bob Hill and Val Worley, with others lending a hand at some of these occasions. The bar profits from each of these events also contribute to our decorating project, whilst the hire fees go to the PCC to help meet the day-to-day running expenses of our church.



Dancing in the aisles

That's about it folks! With a folk concert, quiz, curry night and fashion show to look forward to in the Autumn, there's lots going on. Please help us to make this a real summer of enjoyment to remember!

*Jim Jack — Secretary to the Friends of St Mary's*

**St. Mary's Church Richmond**

**Grand Annual  
Plant and Produce  
Sale**

**Homemade  
Chutneys Cakes Jams  
Crafts Plants Books CDs  
Fruit and Vegetables  
Raffle and Tombola  
Barbecue Music  
And much much more...**

**Cafe open all day**

**10am - 3:30pm**

**Bank Holiday**

**Saturday 29th August**

## NOTES FROM THE PAST

The article below will be **JANE HATCHER'S** last contribution to this magazine. It was kindly submitted by her some months ago and has been kept in reserve until an opportunity arose to publish it. It is about St Mary's pulpits, and is a fitting testament to her immense local knowledge and scholarship.

### **“And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic.....”**

“Before Covid we used to.....”, “during Lockdown I heard from.....”, “that didn't start up again after Covid” etc. How many times have you heard such statements, or made them yourself?

As things resumed post-Covid, changes had to be made to many activities, including to church worship, and many things didn't quite go back to 'normal'. One of the changes that has so far continued, is that we still have the Gospel being read from the pulpit.

This observation has led me to wonder about the various pulpits that have been in use in St Mary's. The present one is a memorial to Dr Angus Dalrymple-Smith, FRCS, a highly-respected Richmond doctor who had moved to Richmond in 1934, when there were already, as now, two medical practices in the town.

One was that of “Dr John”, as he was always referred to, or more properly Dr John C B Williams, of No 41 Frenchgate, who had succeeded his father, Dr Howell Williams, as Richmond's Medical Officer of Health. The other was that of Dr Hugh Middleton-Eyres, who had joined the established practice of Dr Clarence B Whitehead. Dr Eyres had based himself at Millgate House, and was remembered as a man who never smiled!

It was Dr Eyres's practice, however, that Dr Dalrymple-Smith joined, and he took over that practice and moved into Millgate House when Dr Eyres retired to Keswick. The doctor's surgery was in the basement, and patients used the side door in Millgate to access it along a sloping cobbled passage. Mrs Dalrymple-Smith was a keen gardener, and the garden behind the house would, of course, in time become the well-known Millgate Garden under the ownership of Tim Culkin and Austin Lynch. Visitors to their garden used that same cobbled passage.

Dr Dalrymple-Smith became ill in 1948, and, when he died at the age of only 47 following unsuccessful surgery, it was a great shock to Richmond. Over 300

people attended his funeral in St Mary's, where he had been a devout member of the congregation.



And so it was decided to install a new pulpit in the church as a tribute to him. Of English oak, it was carved in the workshop of the famous Robert Thompson (1876-1955) at Kilburn near Coxwold in the North York Moors, and bears 'Mousey' Thompson's famous carved mouse (left). He had adopted this trademark because he said that before he became famous he was as poor as a church mouse! The furniture in the Green Howards Chapel, by the same maker, also has mice-a-plenty.

The new pulpit (right) arrived in 1949, and replaced the stone one which had been part of the large-scale Victorian restoration of the church of 1858-60, overseen by the famous architect Sir George Gilbert Scott (1811-78). This Victorian pulpit is just visible in old postcards of the church interior.



As far as I know, the Victorian pulpit had directly replaced a wooden one installed in St Mary's in 1738 at the expense of Robert D'Arcy, the 4<sup>th</sup> Earl of Holderness (1718-1778), of Hornby Castle. Lord Holderness was then an up-and-coming young peer, who would become a significant courtier to the Hanoverian kings. He also was to hold various public offices in Richmondshire, and was even Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding from 1740.

In 1738, he clearly felt it was a suitable thing to do to enrich the parish church of Richmondshire's most important town, as a sign of his own rising importance. It would also be a contemporary reflection of the increasing emphasis that was then being placed on preaching, and it is this which had earlier led to the enigmatic quotation which I have given to this piece. It refers to the likelihood of a rousing preacher of the Restoration period thumping with his fist the cushion which normally rested on the ledge of the pulpit.

The actual quote\* is:

*And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.  
As if religion were intended  
For nothing else but to be mended.*

Lord Holderness also gave St Mary's a reading desk, at the same time, and for similar fashionable reasons. Sadly, I am not aware of any record of what these early Georgian fittings looked like.

I don't know if St Mary's had had a pulpit in medieval times, before Henry VIII broke away from the Church of Rome. Pulpits were not standard fittings in those days, although there is evidence that some churches were starting to install them before the liturgy changed so dramatically. Medieval pulpits do survive in other parts of the country, but I have not come across any, or records of them, in the North.



**Robert D'Arcy**  
1718-1780

Sermons were starting to become popular in some quarters in the later medieval period, especially those preached by the various orders of friars. So perhaps our house of Greyfriars was one of the places with an early pulpit.

Trinity Chapel also had more than one pulpit during its active life as a church. Archdeacon Francis Blackburne, the rector of Richmond 1739-87, had Trinity refurbished and fitted out for the 'Low Church' services prevalent in his time. Then it was 're-Gothicised' in 1864, until it closed and the building became the Green Howards Regimental Museum in 1973. All its fittings were thus removed, although a few small items such as hymn boards found a new home in St Mary's.

I wonder if there was a second-hand market for old pulpits? Were they offered for sale in newspaper advertisements? We know that some of St Mary's old bells quite recently found new homes elsewhere, but has that applied to pulpits in the past? Perhaps these tended to be broken up so that their panelling and carved details could become part of furniture? Or were they chopped up for firewood?



**Samuel Butler**  
1612-1680

\*By Samuel Butler (1612-1680), a poet unknown today, but with *Hudibras* (the comic adventures of a Presbyterian knight) he wrote one of that century's most popular poems. But he's not to be confused with the Samuel Butler who established our Georgian Theatre in 1788!

*Jane Hatcher*



## CHARITY OF THE MONTH AUGUST

This month, **PETER TREWBY** invites our support for a foundation which seeks to support some of the most vulnerable and under-privileged members of society.

We all know and love Argentina (real name Deda Gheorge), Richmond's *Big Issue* seller in the marketplace, but not everyone knows of the Foundation that supports her and other vendors.

The Big Issue Foundation supports the vulnerable and encourages sociability and a work ethic and helps those that many perceive as being near the bottom of society's ladder achieve some sort of financial stability through their magazine sales: Big Issue vendors buy magazines for £2.50 with their own money and sell them for £5.00. The Foundation helps overcome homelessness, poor health and addiction and other symptoms of poverty and social exclusion. It offers emergency shelters for the night, day centres,



food banks and warm clothes, housing support and health services and, in the longer term, helps vendors tackle addiction, manage their finances, apply for college courses, set up a bank account, register at an address and progress into employment. But all this costs money.

And incidentally, if you don't do so already, please do buy and read *The Big Issue* which has so many excellent features and interviews covering the critical social issues of the day. There is always with an excellent article by John Bird, the founder, and the current editor Steven MacKenzie. Buy it, but even if you don't buy it, please say hello to Argentina.

So please do give generously to the Big Issue Foundation, which is the August charity of the month. In these divisive times, with increasing inequality and mental health issues, there can surely be few more deserving charities than the Big Issue Foundation. Thank you.

*Peter Trewby*

## PILGRIMAGE IN OTHER FAITHS

Christianity is not alone in having pilgrimage as one of its practices, for, as **CHRISTINE PORTER** found, it is an important aspect of all other major religions around the world.

For many sports fans around the world, their national stadium is a place of pilgrimage. Primarily, however, a pilgrimage is a religious practice, a special journey, often a long one, made to a sacred or highly significant place. Pilgrimage is important in all the world's major religions, often undertaken to seek spiritual transformation, show devotion, ask for healing, or fulfill a vow. It can be either a solitary undertaking or can involve crowds of millions – when it is not without risks.

**Hinduism**, the world's oldest surviving religion, has roots and traditions dating back to 4,000 - 5,000 years ago. During this time Hindus have made pilgrimages, known as yatras, to purify themselves in sacred rivers and wash their sins away; to give thanks to a deity for blessings received; or to simply stand in the presence of their revered gods. Some Hindus believe that the river Ganges (which Hindu scriptures refer to as Mother Ganges) flowed from Heaven with the aim of purifying humans through ritual bathing.

Amol Rajan, who presents *University Challenge* on television, made a highly personal documentary last year entitled *Amol Rajan Goes to the Ganges*. This followed his pilgrimage to India for the massive Hindu festival, the Kumbh Mela. The pilgrimage was spiritually transformative for Rajan, but also emotionally devastating due to the dangers of mass crowds.



**Mahakumbh Mela 2025**

During his trip, there was a crowd crush immediately ahead of him, with dozens of people crushed to death and many injured, leaving him traumatised by the tragedy he witnessed.

The Kumbh Mela has been held every twelve years for centuries, and Hindu leaders declared the 2025 yatra to be a highly significant event, citing a rare celestial alignment that occurs every 144 years. For 45 days in Prayagraj, at the

confluence of the rivers Ganges and Yamuna, the event attracted an estimated 663 million visits, making it the largest human gathering in recorded history.

Hindus also make pilgrimages to seven ancient cities, considered to be the ultimate gateways to spiritual salvation, especially to Varanasi on the banks of the Ganges in Uttar Pradesh, the holiest city in Hinduism. Many Hindus aspire to visit the Ganges at least once in their lifetime to bathe in the sacred waters, and it is considered a deeply auspicious place to die and achieve liberation. In addition to the seven cities, there are major temple towns across India, visited by millions of devotees every year.

**Judaism** traces its roots back nearly 4,000 years to the time of the patriarch Abraham and God's subsequent revelation to Moses and the giving of the Torah at Mount Sinai around 3,300 years ago. The Torah, the sacred text of Judaism, covers the first five books of the Hebrew Bible, corresponding to the first five books of the Christian Old Testament.

Jews are commanded in the Torah to make three annual pilgrimages to Jerusalem, in order to celebrate major harvest and historical festivals. In biblical times, all able-bodied Jewish men were required to travel to the Temple in Jerusalem for three major festivals: *Passover (Pesach)* commemorating the Exodus from Egypt and the spring barley harvest; *Pentecost (Shavuot)* marking the wheat



**The remains of the temple wall in Jerusalem**

harvest and the giving of the Torah at Mount Sinai; and *Tabernacles (Sukkot)* celebrating autumn's fruit harvest and the 40 years of wandering in the desert.

Jesus travelled to Jerusalem for the Passover on many occasions, most notably during his early life and at the end of his ministry. Luke's gospel (2: 41-2) records Jesus as a 12-year-old boy travelling to Jerusalem with his parents for the festival of the Passover, which was their annual custom. John's gospel (2: 13-17) describes an adult Jesus going to Jerusalem for the Passover, and subsequently clearing the temple of money changers. John also describes (11: 55 - 12: 15) the final pilgrimage of Jesus, his arrival in Bethany on the journey, and his later triumphal entry into Jerusalem, where large crowds had gathered for the festival.

Today, while the obligation to fulfil these three annual pilgrimages no longer

strictly applies, many Jews still participate in pilgrimages, including visits to holy sites in Israel or travelling to the graves of revered rabbis.

**Buddhism** was founded around 2,500 years ago by Siddhartha Gautama, a spiritual teacher later known as the Buddha — "the enlightened one". The religion originated near the border of India and Nepal, where Gautama was born, lived, and taught. Pilgrimage is a central and deeply revered practice, and the main sites connected to Buddha's life are important places of pilgrimage for both Buddhists and Hindus. Buddhists also do pilgrimages to important mountains and temples (stupas), to deepen their spiritual understanding. Buddhism gradually spread throughout Asia and the majority of countries have Buddhist shrines and places of pilgrimage.

The principal Buddhist pilgrimage sites are known as the "Eight Great Places". Buddha designated four pilgrimage locations, one in Nepal and three in India: Lumbini (Nepal), his birthplace, now a UNESCO world heritage site; Bodh Gaya, where Buddha found enlightenment under the Bodhi Tree and where the Mahabodhi Temple houses what is believed to be a direct descendant of the Tree; Sarnath where Buddha delivered his first sermon; and Kushinagar where he spent his later years and died. Later Buddhist texts identify four more sacred sites in India where miraculous events are reported to have occurred, including Rajgir where Buddha subdued an angry elephant through friendliness, and Vaishali where Buddha was given a bowl of honey by a band of monkeys.



**Maha Bodhi Temple at Bodh Gaya**

A few years ago, we visited the most famous pilgrimage site in Northern Thailand: Phra That Doi Suthep, near Chiang Mai. Founded in 1383, the gleaming golden stupa (known as a *chedi*) houses a sacred relic of the Buddha's shoulder bone. Pilgrims climb the 306-step Naga staircase to the temple grounds at the top, where visitors must be appropriately dressed and remove footwear as they enter the site. Inside the main chedi, we had to bend low or kneel, to make sure we were always lower than the resident monks sitting on a low dais. Thai pilgrims made their way across the temple floor on their knees to present offerings to the monks, mainly baskets of food which was their sole sustenance, or cash, and received a blessing in return.

**Islam** dates back to the early 7th century and originated in Mecca, Saudi Arabia, the holiest city for Muslims, where they believe the Prophet Muhammad received his first revelations. Making a trip to Mecca to attend the annual Hajj pilgrimage is a religious duty for Muslims. It is one of the Five Pillars of Islam, required at least once in a lifetime for all physically and financially able adults.

The five-day event of the Hajj takes place in the Islamic month of Dhul-Hijjah, and in 2026 occurred from 25<sup>th</sup>-30<sup>th</sup> May. By comparison with hundreds of millions of Hindus attending last year's Kumbh Mela, the annual Hajj draws 2.5 million Muslims in peak years. During the Hajj the pilgrims perform the tawaf-e-ifadha, circling



**The Kaabah in Mecca**

the Kaaba, a massive, cube-shaped stone building at the centre of the Grand Mosque. Another mandatory ritual of the Hajj is the Sae'e, when the pilgrims walk briskly back and forth seven times between the two hills of Safa and Marwa near the Kaaba.

In September 2018, Mahwish Faiyaz, a Canadian Muslim, posted an account on CBC News of her family's Hajj pilgrimage, describing the various rituals which "make you ponder your existence and the blessings you have". It included this passage: "We walked to Jamarat Bridge to perform the ritual of stoning the devils. I picked up seven pebbles to stone the devils. As I threw each one, I thought about seven bad traits that I wanted to rid myself of. I felt a sense of relief leaving behind the negative traits, and a sense of hope that I could replace them with positive ones." She concluded by explaining what pilgrimage meant to her: "When we pray side-by-side, there is no race, no status, no wealth, no fame – everyone is equal in the sight of Allah. I returned home with a new sense of tranquility, and hope that we will treat each other with respect and dignity and look beyond race, social status and fame."

*Christine Porter*

## MARSKE'S THIRD ARCHBISHOP

To complete his trilogy on the Archbishops with connections to Marske, this month **STEPHEN CLARK** turns his attention to *George Errington*, a Roman Catholic, whose family, nevertheless, were benefactors of the Parish Church.

This is the final article on Archbishops from Marske (see January and May). The third Marske Archbishop, George Errington (1804 to 1886), was Archbishop of Westminster and Trebizond (on the Black Sea).



George Errington c. 1860

The Erringtons were a land-owning Yorkshire Catholic family. The family had ducked and dived since the reformation; one ancestor narrowly missed execution after the 1715 Jacobite uprising.

George Errington was born in 1804 at Clints Hall (now demolished) in the hamlet of Clints, just beyond Marske. Over the preceding 200 years, the manor house had been the home of several Catholic families (or families with Catholic members) including the Willances, Bathursts and Stapletons, and Clints Hall had been provided with a priest hole and tunnel to

allow escapes onto the hillsides above. In 1791 Miles Stapleton gained legal

permission to use a chamber in the Northeast corner of Clints Hall as a “place of congregation and assembly”, and by the early nineteenth century it is possible that up to 60 Catholics lived at Clints. The estate the Errington’s purchased in 1800 ultimately included around 3000 acres upstream along Marske Beck, almost as far as today’s Helwith Tea Garden.



View of Marske Hall, Marske Bridge, Clints Hall, Rectory and St Edmunds Church, painted by George Cuitt (1743-1818)

There is no sense that the Errington family did not get along with their downstream Protestant neighbours at Marske Hall, the Huttons (see articles on the previous Marske Archbishops). They exchanged notes on agricultural improvements; on the best species of grasses to plant on their estates; and later in the century collaborated on re-roofing the Parish Church in Marske. One third of the pews in the Parish Church in Marske were provided for those from the Clints Estate, though doubtless all Catholics living at Clints were expected to fill them on Sundays!



**Ushaw College in 1828**

George Errington was sent as a boy to Ushaw College, a Catholic seminary, near Durham. He continued his training in Rome with his schoolfriend Nicholas Wiseman, where they got to know each other's strengths and weaknesses. Errington was an impeccable administrator, manager of money, and a stickler for canonical (church) law; whereas Wiseman was flexible and biddable.

Wiseman was appointed as the first Archbishop of Westminster in 1850. A year later, Errington became the first Catholic Bishop of Plymouth – having established the Catholic hierarchy there. By 1855, however, Wiseman was struggling with running Westminster and pressed Errington to come and help him. Reluctantly, Errington took on the role as Wiseman's deputy and was known as the Co-adjutor Archbishop. For good measure he also became the titular Archbishop of Trebizond.

Predictably Wiseman and Errington fell out, and their difficulties were only resolved following the intervention of Pope Pius IX. The result was that in 1860 Archbishop Errington (who remained Archbishop for Trebizond) became a parish

priest on the Isle of Man. He was a diligent minister there, hard-working and content, but had refused the offer of an Archbishopric in Trinidad, and the opportunity to set up a Catholic hierarchy in Scotland.

In 1868 invitations for the First Vatican Council were sent out worldwide to cardinals, archbishops, bishops and a parish priest on the Isle of Man – Archbishop Errington. When the Council met it was a big deal – red-caped figures descended on Rome to define Catholic doctrine for the next 100 years. The agenda for the Congress had looked quite dull until Papal Infallibility was added to it, leading to serious controversy. Errington sided with a minority of clerics who felt that there should be limits on the areas in which the Pope could be considered infallible. They withdrew from the Council so as not to be seen voting against the Pope. Errington’s second defeat to Pope Pius IX followed.

Errington ended his days at Prior Park College (a theological college then) near Bath. He was liked by the students and was always at prayer or working. He retained his external interests and took boys with him on his horse “Fossil” to visit the navvies on the Somerset and Dorset railway, with whom he would haggle for geological specimens. Despite twice losing arguments with the Pope, he was lauded by his peers. He always fully accepted the Pope’s authority and never showed any signs of rebellion or malice.

Errington had continued to visit Clints Hall during his lifetime and was last recorded there in the 1830s. Alas, in 1840 the Estate and buildings were sold to the Hutton family, who promptly demolished it. The Hall itself stood where today there is a green, surrounded by its remaining outbuildings. One of these was repurposed to become a Catholic Chapel (and later a Methodist Chapel) and still stands on the site. The places mentioned in this article are interesting to visit, including Ushaw College, Westminster Cathedral, Helwith Tea Garden, and almost certainly Trebizond.



**Westminster Cathedral.**  
**The current building was completed in 1903. It was only consecrated once the debt was paid off in 1910. Errington would have liked that.**

*Stephen Clark*

## TO BE A PILGRIM

As **JIM and JAN JACK** come towards the end of their walk along the County Durham (and a bit of North Yorkshire) section of the Camino Inglés, it is an appropriate time for Jim to tell the story of the Saint after whom the route is named – especially as it is his Feast Day this month.

### St James of Compostella Feast Day – 25 July

It is almost a year since this magazine started carrying accounts of our walk from Finchale Abbey to Richmond on the recently instituted Camino Inglés, and this month marks the feast day of St James the Greater, to whom the pilgrimage routes are dedicated. But who was this St James – and why Santiago de Compostella as the destination?

Firstly a 'health warning' about Google. Type in 'St James The Great', and up comes 'Great Saint James is a 165 acre island in the US Virgin Islands, located just southeast of St. Thomas and formerly owned by financier J\*\*\*\*\*y

E\*\*\*\*\*n ....' (A little quiz there, with no prizes for filling in the blanks in the name!) No, no, NO ..... this is not what I want to know! So on to seek out more suitable sources. <sup>(1)</sup>



Camino route marker



St James the Great

Following other search routes, they are as one in telling us that Saint James (Iago is Spanish for James) was beatified as the first of the Apostles to be martyred. One of the first four called by Jesus to follow him, James, the brother of John, was a fisherman. He was a son of Zebedee and Salome, who was a sister of Mary, mother of Jesus, thus making him Jesus' cousin.

James was styled 'the Great', or 'Greater', not as a mark of status, but probably in the sense that he was older or taller than the other apostle, James, who is known as James the Lesser. Both of the sons of Zebedee are reputed to have been fiery by nature

and were nicknamed ‘Sons of Thunder’ for that reason. He, his brother and Peter were all present at some of the more significant moments of Christ’s life and work (e.g. raising of Jairus’ daughter; the Transfiguration; Jesus’ agony in the Garden of Gethsemane), when other apostles were not.

This feeling of being in Jesus’ ‘inner-circle’ may have been an underlying reason for them to ask to be seated, one at Christ’s right hand and one at the left, when he rose in glory, thus earning a rebuke from Jesus, saying that this was not in his favour to grant. The resulting indignation of the other disciples at the brothers’ request led Jesus to teach them all the lesson of humble service. The purpose of authority was not to dictate or impose their will on others, but to serve others.

Tradition tells us that after Christ’s death, James travelled to modern-day Spain to preach the gospel, before the Virgin Mary appeared in a vision guiding him to return to Judaea. This he did, only to be arrested and then beheaded on the order of King Herod Agrippa I of Judaea in 44 A.D.



**The massive incense burner in the Cathedral of St James, Compostella**

The same tradition also relates that his body was taken to Galicia in north-west Spain by boat and buried there. It is said that his tomb was not discovered until the early 9th century at the place now known as Santiago de Compostella. In 813 AD, a strange star is said to have appeared, hovering over the same spot on successive nights. On investigation, the lost tomb was re-discovered. (Campus Stella is ‘the field of the star’ in Latin).

As seems to have been the custom of the time, a church was built on the site of his tomb. Because of his significant martyrdom, the town became a focal point for pilgrimage to the supposed site of his relics, pilgrims travelling from many different parts of Europe.

During the Crusades (late 11th-mid 16th centuries) when Spain was the centre of Moorish rule, a common representation of James was of a knight on horseback brandishing a sword and known as Santiago Matamoros — St James the Moor-Slayer. This was to inspire Christian knights in their battles with Muslim Moors, and St James remains the patron saint of Spain today, as well being the patron saint of pilgrims to the Holy land.

The tradition of pilgrimage to Compostella for the more peacefully-minded began

to diminish from the 14th century, only to be revitalised towards the end of the 20th century as a place of Christian pilgrimage. For a wider audience, a number of long-distance footpaths, with routes beginning in France, Germany and Portugal were established. More recently, a route in, and from, England was created, although the waters of the channel made walking the whole way somewhat ambitious! Nevertheless, a start was made by earmarking a Camino de Santiago ('Way of St James') from England, starting in Reading and going to Southampton before boarding a ferry for northern Spain to pick up a waymarked route to Santiago from there. The part of the route we have been walking recently on the Camino Inglés is being designed to link Finchale Priory to the original section via Richmond, Ripon, York, Hull and onwards to Reading.

No sword carrying knight is this, for the St James of this pilgrimage is represented by a rather footsore traveller carrying a staff, as an aid to walking and climbing and as protection against wild dogs or bandits; a gourd, hollowed out to carry water; a scallop shell (to scoop water or eat food, but later adopted by pilgrims as a lightweight badge of achievement, worn in the hat, to mark completion of the pilgrimage). It is the last of these which appears symbolically on every waymark of the walk Jan and I have completed so far.

The link with the badge of Richmond School is that, among the gifts and bequests which funded the original Richmond School, was a ruined chantry in Chantry Wynd dedicated to St James the Greater. On the re-establishment of the school under an Elizabethan charter, the school adopted St James as its patron saint and the familiar design seen on the uniform is based upon the school seal designed in the 1560s. Unfortunately, the whereabouts of the original seal, which was known until the mid 20th Century, is now unknown.



Great St James island

<sup>(1)</sup> **Footnote:** Great Saint James is still a private island, now owned by billionaire Stephen Deckoff, who has plans to turn the island into a luxury resort. At present, apparently, you can charter a boat from St Thomas Boat Charters and go swimming and snorkelling in the pristine waters of Christmas Cove, on the west side of the island, although the island itself is not open to the public.

*Jim Jack*



The St Mary's branch of the Mothers' Union has been celebrating the 150th anniversary of the organisation, especially during May and June, and will continue to do so as the year progresses.

On Sunday 24<sup>th</sup> May, we were privileged, as the branch representing Ripon Episcopal Area, to be present as the prayer capsule, which contains a prayer from every diocese in the Northern province, was handed from Durham diocese to the Diocese of Leeds at a service in St. Michael and All Angels Church, Middleton Tyas. Canon Martin, acting as Deanery chaplain for the day, led us in a lovely service, which included Mary Sumner's story.



**The prayer capsule with the diocesan presidents of Durham and Ripon, together with our members and some from other Leeds branches.**

The capsule was then taken round each episcopal area in the Leeds diocese with a service and a prayer added in each location, before being handed on to York diocese in Ripon Cathedral on Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> May. From York, it was taken – by bicycle! – to the celebration service at St Paul's Cathedral on 10<sup>th</sup> June. Our Patron – the Archbishop of Canterbury – was the preacher, and we were able to watch the service in St Paul's on Facebook, although this was not as easy as had been anticipated!

Our own celebration service was on Sunday, 7<sup>th</sup> June, when Canon Martin again led a lovely service for us. Various members of the Branch assisted him with prayers, readings and the story of Mary Sumner. After the service, our wonderful team of bellringers rang a celebratory peal called Plain Bob Minor, which was heard all over the town, while the congregation celebrated with cake.

Today, the Mothers' Union is a world-wide organisation with 4 million members and consultative status at the United Nations. It is still serving families at home and abroad, transforming lives through faith, compassion and service, but also campaigning for human rights, the status of women, and against human trafficking

As a branch, we thank Martin for being a Mothers' Union member and also for all his support. We will continue to celebrate this significant milestone, especially in August when we always celebrate Mary Sumner's birthday.

An interesting footnote is that a young Colin Hicks was actually playing the organ in Guildford when the Mothers Union centenary was celebrated. The Mothers' Union had sponsored his organ lessons!

*Margaret Clayton*

**JUST ONE OF THE SEVERAL SWALEDALE FESTIVAL  
EVENTS HELD IN ST MARY'S THIS YEAR**



**Richmond on Song — Saturday, 6th June  
The Dales Community Choir with Catterick Service Children's Choir**

## ST MARY'S BELL-RINGERS ARE THE TOPS

We are very fortunate at St Mary's to have a peal of 8 bells in the tower, and enough ringers to ring them. Sunday mornings, and special occasions, just would not be the same without the sound of the bells.

Many congratulations, therefore, to all the ringers on their recent success in an area competition — the art, or is it a science, of campanology is clearly thriving in Richmond.

For those not aware of the organisations behind bellringing, we still have the Victorian era of geographical associations (or guilds, as some areas call them). You may be unsurprised to learn that there is a Yorkshire Association (formed in 1875) which includes our tower at St Mary's. As you can imagine, a geographical area the size of Yorkshire would be a bit unwieldy on its own, so the Association is split into branches, of which ours, The Cleveland and North Yorkshire, is one of the largest.

Each year the branch organises a bell-ringing competition on 6 bells. This is bizarrely called a striking competition, because the accuracy of the striking (when the clapper hits the bell) is the sole basis for how well you're ranked. This might seem a little strange, as the complexity of what is rung has no bearing on the outcome, but when you understand that the bell takes around 2 seconds from when the bell-ringer pulls on the rope, to the bell making a sound, it shows that getting the striking exactly right is really difficult. Then take into account that bells can be odd struck — i.e. it rings earlier or later than you might otherwise expect, compared to the other bells in the tower — and lighter bells often swing more quickly than heavier bells, and you have a real challenge.

This year's competition took place at Swainby on 6th June. Richmond had quite a number of ringers available this year, so we were able to enter two teams, one into the Method section, and



Swainby Parish Church

one into the Call-changes section. While this is an entry level competition, the method section had teams from Northallerton and Ripon which included ringers who have rung in the national 12-bell contest. Even Ormesby contained a ringer who has rung in the 12-bell contest! So with that kind of competition, we were quite happy to have finished 4th in the Method section, and we were thrilled to have won the call changes section!

Call-changes Team Winners (out of 6 entries) with a percentage of 77% were:

1. Kath Stenton
2. Carol Donne
3. Sue Fielder
4. Glenys Roger
5. Chris Jones
6. Susan Welch (C)

The Method Team, 4th out of 5 entries, also with a percentage of 77%, were:

1. Graham Rogers
2. Kath Stenton
3. Jan Jack
4. John Welch
5. Susan Welch
6. Beri Instone



**The Winners' trophy**

If you would like to join our successful and enthusiastic team, or would just like to see what we do and have a go at ringing, please get in touch by speaking to one of the team, or emailing [richmondbellringers@gmail.com](mailto:richmondbellringers@gmail.com). Richmond's normal practice in on Tuesday evening between 7.30pm and 9.00pm, and we ring for the 10.00am Sunday Service from 9.30am.



**In the belfry at York Minster**

*John Welch*

## NATURE NOTES

Years ago, I visited the then Plant Breeding Institute near Cambridge and marvelled at how the breeders were able to create different varieties of wheat. This month, **CAROLE McCORMACK** looks into the background of some of the crops we see in our fields today.

### Ancient grains

I was inspired to focus my nature notes this month on ancient cereals, after a wonderful walk through a wheat field. The simplicity and timelessness of the view made me think about the origins of cereal cultivation. What this article is *not* is a guide to visual cereal identification; its focus is rather historical and nutritional.



Having said that, a few pointers may possibly help in identifying which sort of crop one is looking at, or walking by.

- **General field appearance:** **barley fields** often appear lighter green and the spikes bend; whereas **wheat fields** are a glaucous blue-green colour before ripening, darkening as the ears mature. The spikes remain straighter, and modern wheat tends to have minimal or no spikes.
- The **bristles/spikes (awns)** of **barley** are long and stiff; they are short or absent in **wheat**.
- The **Seed arrangement** is solitary in barley, and arranged in triplets in wheat.
- The **spike shape of barley** is flatter and broader; in wheat it is cylindrical and compact.

In his fascinating book *The History of the World in 100 Objects*, Neil MacGregor writes of the global transition from nomadic to settled, farming life around 10,000 years ago:

*'this particular chapter of the history of humanity occurred simultaneously in many different places. Wherever people were farming, they began to concentrate on a small number of plants, selectively harvesting them from the wild ... In the Middle East, they chose particular grasses – early forms of wheat; in China, wild dry rice; in Africa, sorghum; and in Papua New Guinea, the starchy tuber, taro.'*

The list of ancient grains is long and often area-specific, so in this article I am going to focus on those familiar to us in this country: Spelt, Barley, Rye and Wheat.

The story of ancient grains is the story of human civilization itself. Every major society that emerged in the last ten thousand years — from the city-states of Mesopotamia to the terraced empires of the Andes — was built on the foundation of grain cultivation. These crops did not merely feed people, they enabled the transition from nomadic hunting and gathering to settled agricultural life. Archaeological evidence suggests that the transition from foraging to farming unfolded over centuries, perhaps millennia. Early humans had been managing wild stands of grain — burning areas to encourage re-growth, and selectively harvesting certain plants — long before formal agriculture emerged. But at some point, the balance tipped: people began saving seeds, clearing land, planting in rows, and staying in one place to tend their crops.

The earliest domesticated grains were emmer wheat and einkorn wheat, along with barley. These ancient cereals are short – growing to less than 70cm. It is really difficult to distinguish between the four types of cereal I am focussing upon in this article, although for completeness I have included images of each. These early types of wheat are certainly no exception, and visually are not easily distinguishable. In the re-discovery of the nutritional benefits of ancient grains over the last twenty years or so, both are used today — emmer in pasta and bread-making, and einkorn, with its higher protein content, as a wholegrain in salads.



**Emmer**



**Einkorn**



**Barley (with rogue wheat !)**

Archaeologists have found charred grains of einkorn at sites in south-eastern Turkey dating to roughly 8,500 BCE. Emmer appears at sites of similar age across the Fertile Crescent, the name of which stems from its favourable geographical

features. Bounded by the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, and blessed with a Mediterranean climate of wet winters and dry summers, it provides ideal conditions for wild grasses to flourish. Among those grasses were the ancestors of modern wheat and barley.

Barley was arguably more important than wheat in the earliest civilizations. It tolerates poor soil, drought, and salt better than wheat, making it a more reliable crop in the unpredictable conditions of early agriculture. The Sumerians, who built the first known cities in southern Mesopotamia around 4,000 BCE, used barley as currency, as food, and as the primary ingredient in beer— which was safer to drink than untreated water and provided essential calories and B vitamins.

Emmer wheat became the grain of ancient Egypt. The annual flooding of the Nile deposited rich silt across the floodplain, creating some of the most productive farmland in the ancient world. Egyptian farmers grew emmer on a massive scale, and the grain was used to make bread and beer — the two dietary staples that, along with onions, fed the labourers who built the pyramids. Emmer remained Egypt’s primary wheat for over three thousand years.

Spelt emerged later, probably as a natural hybrid between emmer and wild goat grass. It became the dominant grain of Bronze Age and Iron Age Europe, particularly in the Alpine regions and what are now Germany, Switzerland, and northern Italy. Roman legions carried spelt as a marching ration, and it remained a European staple until the medieval period.



**Spelt**



**Rye**

During the covid lockdowns in 2020 and 2021, it was impossible to obtain wheat flour and, as someone who loves baking, I had to resort to buying rye and spelt flour online. These types of flour produced much denser results, and the products took longer to eat and digest.

If ancient grains are so nutritious and well-adapted, why did they nearly disappear? The answer is — yield. Beginning in the medieval period and accelerating dramatically in the 18th and 19th centuries, farmers and plant breeders selected wheat varieties that produced more grain per acre. Modern bread wheat is a complex hybrid that emerged from crosses between emmer, einkorn, and wild grasses.

Starting in the 1940s, agricultural scientists developed semi-dwarf wheat varieties that, in conjunction with synthetic fertilizers and irrigation, could produce yields three to four times higher than traditional varieties. These high-yield wheats spread across the world, and by the 1970s, had largely replaced traditional varieties in commercial agriculture.

Einkorn, emmer, spelt, and other ancient wheats could not compete on yield. Farmers abandoned them for economic reasons: modern wheat produced more grain per acre, which meant more income. Ancient grain varieties survived mainly in small pockets — mountain communities in Italy growing farro; Andean villages maintaining quinoa terraces; Ethiopian farmers tending teff fields — where tradition, geography, or both kept old practices alive.

It is interesting that modern trends — for those who can afford them — of buying scarcer niche products with greater health benefits have resorted to the original wild grains, once freely available to all.

*Carole McCormack*

The 'Welcome Hub' has now been running successfully for three years.

If you would like to learn more about joining the volunteering team, please contact:

Dr John Ridley,

Welcome Hub Coordinator

on (01748 818653 or

[JohnRidley7449@aol.com](mailto:JohnRidley7449@aol.com)).



## TIME OF MY LIFE

A recent holiday in Sicily enabled **JUDITH MacLEOD** to fulfil a long-held ambition and provided plentiful photogenic opportunities, some of which are included below. This is an account of the first part of her 'road-trip: parts 2 and 3 will follow in future editions.

In April I fulfilled a long-held ambition and visited Sicily for the first time. In the days when A level Italian included the study of literature, 3 of the 4 prescribed texts on the syllabus were set in Sicily – short stories by Luigi Pirandello, *'The Leopard'* by Tommaso di Lampedusa and *'The Day of the Owl'* by Leonardo Sciascia, with topics ranging from the Unification of Italy, emigration to the USA and the Mafia. As a teacher of Italian for many years, I had experienced Sicily vicariously from adult learners describing the geography and history, but I wanted to discover it for myself.



Sicily is the largest island in the Mediterranean Sea and has been a natural hub for trade, and a meeting point for peoples, cultures and ideas, for millennia. The island is roughly triangular. The ancient Greeks called it 'Tinacria', meaning 3 cornered. Its enduring symbol is the Triskele (left), depicting 3 bent legs radiating from a central point.

Our 12-day road trip started in Palermo on the NW coast. We travelled anti-clockwise, visiting first Segesta, then Agrigento on the west coast; passing through the middle to see the Roman Villa del Casale; wending our way from Portopalo del Passero on the SE tip, up the east coast via Noto, Syracuse and Taormina; before returning to the north coast to see Cefalù, Palermo and Monreale. The account of our trip splits neatly into 3 neat parts, each following the 3 main coasts of the island.

As we arrived in Palermo at night, we did not realise until the following day that it is surrounded by mountains. The air was pervaded by the sweet scent of orange blossom. If you have good weather in April, it is an ideal time to visit.

Before recorded history, Sicily was home to indigenous peoples – the Sicani, the Elymians and the Sicels who gave the island its name. In the 9<sup>th</sup> century BC, Phoenician traders from Tyre in present-day Lebanon established trading posts on the western shores. They were followed by the Greeks in the 8<sup>th</sup> century BC, who founded the powerful city states of Empedocle, Akragas (now Agrigento) and Selinunte.



The first stop on our itinerary was Segesta, an hour's drive SW of Palermo. Segesta was the main city of the Elymians. Although it was almost constantly at war with the Greek city of Selinunte on the west coast, it is home to one of the island's best-preserved Greek-style theatres (left), as well as a Doric temple attributed to an Athenian architect. The ruins of the city of Segesta are located on the top

of Monte Bàrbaro, facing the Gulf of Castellammare on the north coast. Plays are still performed in the theatre.



**The Doric Temple**



**with fennel in foreground**

The city was protected by steep slopes on several sides and by walls on the gentler slope towards the nearby Doric temple, which is thought to be unfinished.

Our next destination was Agrigento, half-way down the west coast. We could see the city perched high on the hillside from a long distance away. You need to keep your wits about you, as driving in the old centre is exacting. After a visit to the cathedral, we were glad to stop



**Mouth-watering!**



for our first taste of proper Sicilian food. The antipasti were delicious – caponata made of aubergine, tomato and capers, chickpea fritters, potato croquettes and salty cheese.

On our way to the Valley of the Temples, a short bus ride away from the city, I was delighted to find this statue of Andrea Camilleri (left), the author of the Montalbano stories on which the popular TV series are based.

Originally, the Valley of the Temples consisted of 15 Greek temples built in the Doric style between 530 and 430 BC. The remains of 7 are still visible, of which



**Judas tree, with goat**

the best preserved is the Temple of Concordia. This has 6 columns on the short sides and 13 on the long ones: originally the building was covered in polychrome stucco both inside and out. When the temple was transformed into a Christian basilica in the 6<sup>th</sup> century AD, the inner structure, known as a cella, was modified and became a nave.

On our way along the Valley we enjoyed seeing the indigenous Girgentan goats with their curly horns. We also admired the flowering Judas trees, so-called because Judas is said to have hanged himself on one after betraying Christ.

Inland from Agrigento, to the west of the town Piazza Armerina, lies the site of a remarkable 4<sup>th</sup> century Roman villa – The Villa del Casale – which was the country residence of a Roman senator. By this time, Christianity had been established in Sicily, but mainly in the cities, as some rural landowners refused to convert and remained unwitting protectors of Hellenistic (Greek) as well as Roman culture. The villa boasts the largest, most intricate, and best-preserved collection of mosaics in the world (see below). It was covered by a mudslide in the 12<sup>th</sup> century and not re-discovered until about 700 years later. Some subjects of the remarkable mosaics are Greek mythological figures, but there are secular ones too: hunting scenes depict rabbits, boar, deer, but also lions, elephants, ostriches, tigers and a rhino on their way to Rome. The female athletes running with weights and playing with a ball are modelling the first bikinis!



Here ends the first part of our trip. Part 2 will start on the SE tip, the Capo del Passero, from where we explored the east coast.

*Judith MacLeod*

# WORD SEARCH

It was 250 years ago, on 4<sup>th</sup> July 1776, that the US Declaration of Independence was adopted by the Second Continental Congress. The original signed parchment still exists, behind bullet-proof glass at the National Archives in Washington.

An original draft of the Declaration was made by Thomas Jefferson, and was amended by Benjamin Franklin and John Adams. It runs for only 1,320 words. The Declaration included the phrase: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

- July
- Fourth
- Declaration
- Independence
- Second
- Continental
- Congress
- Washington
- Draft
- Thomas
- Jefferson
- Benjamin
- Franklin
- John
- Adams
- Truths
- Created
- Equal
- Creator
- Inalienable
- Rights
- Life
- Liberty
- Pursuit
- Happiness



## Sudoku - Easy

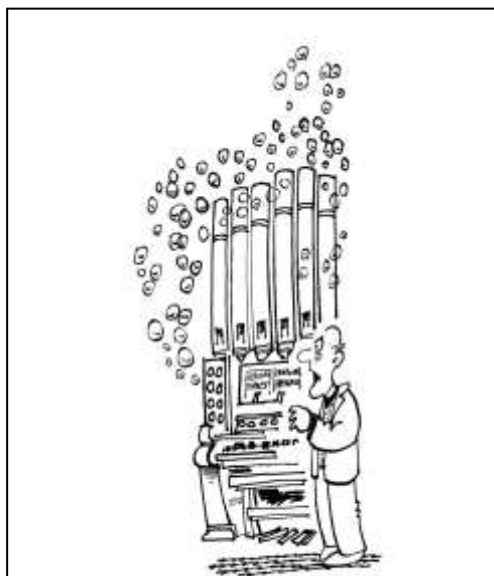
			6		2	3		
9				8	6		5	
	6	3			9	1		
			4	7	1	8	9	
1			8	5				3
2	7	8	1	9				
	9	6			4	7		
8		1	9					6
	5	7		6				

## Sudoku - Medium

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



The boys on the substitutes' bench knew their only chance of a sing was if one of the first team was injured



For the last time! - Which member of the Junior Choir put bubble mixture in the organ-blower?!

Are you at school? Love Singing? Want to learn to read music?

## Join the St Mary's Song Squad

We meet on **Mondays during term time**, 4-5pm in St Mary's Church, Richmond  
As well as having lots of fun singing and learning a wide variety of songs, there will be opportunities to perform at occasional services/events and to participate in the Royal School of Church Music's highly acclaimed 'Voice for Life' Scheme.  
Juice & biscuits will also be available & tea / coffee for any parents / guardians wishing to stay during the rehearsal time.

**For more information or to sign up for the Song Squad**

**Contact Chris Denton 07817 386070**



Usually last Sunday in every month  
Next service — **26th July '26**,  
For children and the young at heart.  
Why not come and join us?  
[www.richmondhudswellparish.org.uk](http://www.richmondhudswellparish.org.uk)

## LOUNGERS!

(The Ladies' Group)

Usually, last Friday of each month

From 7.30pm in the **BLACK LION**  
Finkle Street, Richmond

Next meeting:

**31st July '26 (Not in August)**



## THIRST!

(The Men's Group)

Meets first Thursday of every month from  
7.00 p.m.

Next Meeting at

The Town Hall Pub & Dining, Richmond

**2nd July & 6th August '26**



## INFORMATION POINT — ALL ARE WELCOME

There are a number of groups working in the church. All are welcome if you fancy contacting the group and being part of what they do.

Keith Robson reminds us that the Happy Bodgers are operating once more for help with odd jobs. Keith's contact number is (07866) 325843

## 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.

*Our informal meetings are on the first Wednesday of every month at the Morro Lounge, Richmond Market Place starting at 1.30 p.m.*

Please phone Carrie Stephenson (01748) 850103 if you would welcome any more information. The approach is very informal and relaxed

TELEPHONE SUPPORT IS ALSO AVAILABLE.

Do please get in touch.

## 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.

We are refreshing the **Prayer Circle**, an email-based anonymous group of church members who commit to pray when specific prayer requests are made, usually for named people. These can be relatives, friends or acquaintances, who may not even live in the area, but who would appreciate confidential prayer. No prayer request is ever too small or trivial. Whatever you wish to share, in confidence, we will support you in prayer.

If you would like prayer (or to be a pray-er), please contact **Anna** via [boycead11@gmail.com](mailto:boycead11@gmail.com)



"All are welcome  
in this place."

## Puzzle Solutions

### Sudoku — Easy

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

### Sudoku — Medium

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

### Wordsearch



**Deadline for September '26 edition; Friday 14th August '26.  
To contribute letters, articles, etc. please contact  
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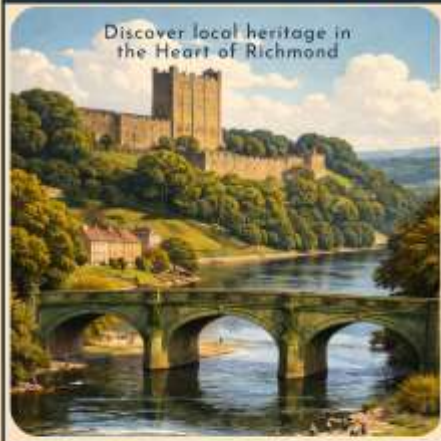
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