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Executive Headteacher: Mrs K. Williamson, ASTNPQH MA

Head of School: Mr B. Gatrill, NPQH

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

www.richmondhudswellparish.org.uk

MINISTRY TEAM

RECTOR

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

ASSISTANT CURATE

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

HONORARY CLERGY

Bishop John Pritchard · Revd. Jennifer Williamson

READER

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

PASTORAL ASSISTANT

Mrs Jennifer Patrick 850693 1 Roper Court, Richmond

ACORN CHRISTIAN LISTENERS

Mrs Jennifer Patrick 850693 Dr Sheila Harrison 822059

PRAYER REQUESTS

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

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CHURCH OFFICERS - ST MARY THE VIRGIN, RICHMOND

<u>Mayor's Warden</u>	Dr Peter Trewby	824468	24 Hurgill Road
<u>Rector's Warden</u>	Mrs Jan Jack	07725 574188	jjackuk@gmail.com
<u>Warden Emeritus</u>	Mr David Frankton	823531	8 Allans Court
<u>Director of Music</u>	Mr Chris Denton	07817 386070	chrisjdenton@gmail.com
<u>Bell Captain</u>	Mrs Susan Welch	823700	8 Maple Road
<u>Head Verger</u>	Mr Leonard Scrafton	824106	14 Pilmoor Close

Parish Administrator

Claire Murray 07394 947819 pa.richmondhudswellparish@gmail.com

OFFICERS OF THE PCC (AND OTHERS)

<u>Lay Chair</u>	Dr Peter Trewby	824468	24 Hurgill Road
<u>Secretary</u>	Sharon Digan	07791 426659	
<u>Treasurer</u>	Paul Carnell		stmarys@paulcarnell.co.uk
<u>Assistant Treasurer</u>	Claire Murray	07394 947819	
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		07812 109243	

N.B.Public worship has resumed, subject to Diocesan distancing & music guidelines. Please check web-site for up-to-date details.

Please continue to check the web-site regularly for up-to-date details.

CHURCH SERVICES - St MARY THE VIRGIN, RICHMOND with Hudswell

8.00 a.m.	Holy Communion	Every Sunday from 2nd May
10.00 a.m.	Parish Communion	Every Sunday apart from 3rd Sunday
	Worship for All	(including communion) Every 3rd Sunday
4.00 p.m.	Café Church	3rd Sunday (every 2 mths—Jan, March etc)
	Fun-Key Church	Last Sunday each month
6.30 p.m.	Choral Evensong	Second Sunday each month
	Free to Be	3rd Sunday (every 2 mths—Feb, April etc)
9.15 a.m.	Holy Communion	Every <u>Wednesday</u>
10.30 a.m.	Holy Communion	Every Thursday from 22nd April in the Town Hall (instead of Trinity Chapel– Covid)

PARISH OF ST MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, DOWNHOLME

CHURCH OFFICERS

<u>Reader</u>	George Alderson	68, Brompton Park, Brompton on Swale DL10 7JP	07487 257646
<u>Church Warden</u>	Mrs Jean Calvert	823001 Thorpe Farm, Reeth Road, Richmond	
<u>Organist</u>	Alastair Lunn	2 Hurgill Road, Richmond	
<u>Church Treasurer</u>	Phil Ham	'Sundale', Reeth, DL11 6TX	
<u>PCC Secretary</u>	Rev Jennifer Williamson	824365	rev.jenny1@btinternet.com

CHURCH SERVICES AT DOWNHOLME

9.30 a.m. Morning Prayer Every second Sunday

THE PARISH OF ST EDMUNDS, MARSKE

CHURCH OFFICERS

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

CHURCH SERVICES AT MARSKE

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

Although the weather may be suggesting something different at present, we are not far away from the longest day and the height of summer. By the end of this month, nights will be drawing in!! The coronavirus still dominates the news and our thoughts, although gradually the opportunity of returning to a semblance of a less restricted life is presenting itself. With vaccination and precautions, the numbers in our churches are starting to rise, although congregational singing is still not allowed (and probably not even discreet humming behind a mask!) Our first baptism since lockdown will take place at St Mary's on the first Sunday in June and banns of marriage are once again being read.

Your magazine this month is celebrating the gifts and life of Ann McDonald, a great servant of St Mary's with immense creative talents. The vestments, kneelers, cushions and banners in church are a living testimony to the beauty of her work.

As Richmond 950 finally gets under way, we also feature the new Richmond Information Centre (which is totally volunteer-led and run) - well worth a visit. After Lewis' life story a few month's back, it's Sheila Harrison's turn to look at times of her life. Another poetic 'think-piece' from George Alderson, art from Sam Watson and historical notes from Jane Hatcher and Liz Kluz this month, whilst William Gedye guides us on a level four miler around the gravel pits near Scorton, which have been returned to nature in award winning fashion.



Richmond 950 finally got under way, with Susan Welch, husband John and Alistair Lunn gamely ringing in the Market Place as rain mingled with sleet greeted the delayed launch of the 950th commemorations. Such a shame that another group of volunteers helping the town have had their plans stymied so often. Let's hope for a better second half of the year. Do keep a check on events each month on the Richmond 950 web-site.

Finally, although the COVID outbreak may be getting under control, its effects will linger for some time to come.. Our Charity of the Month is HomeStart Richmondshire which supports family life. And we must not forget to keep adding to the supplies of essential foods which the Foodbank uses to keep families well fed when incomes are shaky .

Have a good June. See you in July.

Jim Jack

Deadline for July edition - 15th June

This month's cover photo is supplied by Alan Guy and records some of Ann McDonald's fine work which was on display at her funeral



A letter from Paul Sunderand... Curate (not saint!) June 2021



Unless things have changed massively since I put pen to paper (or at least finger-tips to keyboard) hugging is no longer illegal. We have been living under so many restrictions that many of us do not even question it when we are told we cannot do something. My mind races when I realise that there are some toddlers who will have never been to the park or to a supermarket or walked around a town without seeing people wearing masks. I, like so many others, have not seen my two-year-old granddaughter in over a year now. I can't wait for some sort of normality to return to life, even if that is not the norm from our pre-Covid memory.

In my life before becoming a curate, I worked in a bank (someone had to) and I still can't believe my eyes when I see men and women in a bank wearing a full face covering with friends waiting for them outside, also fully masked up. What a strange world we have been living in! When I left the bank, I was unable to have a leaving party as life was already starting to be affected by the Covid restrictions. There were one or two people that I would have loved to give a hug to, having worked with them nine and a half hours a day, four days a week, for 23 years. Not a problem I thought, I will see them at my ordination. My ordination to the diaconate was delayed and took place in October with just family present. Those horrid, yet necessary restrictions again robbed me of a hug.

Hugging, cuddling, holding, embracing, snuggling, these are all words that are used to explain the act of throwing one's arms around another and pulling them close. There has been a great deal of scientific research done around the pros and cons of embracing a loved one, and all, with the exception of Covid transmission, have been positive. To get all 'sciencey', a Forbes article explains; 'When we squeeze each other', as we do in a really good hug, 'we provide deep pressure. Deep pressure is detected by receptors and sends a signal of safety to the autonomic nervous system. This turns down the anxiety we feel from activation of the sympathetic nerve, otherwise known as the fight or flight response'.

That feeling of 'fight or flight' was the exact reaction that I had when I walked into Bradford Cathedral on the day of my ordination as Deacon. That dizzy feeling, looking around for the exit and even feeling a little sick. Looking down the almost empty cathedral I caught the eye of my wife, Jeanette. She knows me better than anyone and knows how nervous I can get. I walked to her and she threw her arms around me. All the signals pinging around my brain told me that I was safe and more importantly that I am loved.

Love is the driving factor behind my life and ministry and as such it is quite fitting that one passage from scripture that I read more than most is 1 Corinthians 13. Normally, I read the NIV or the NRSV translation, as that is the one with which more people are familiar. However, when thinking about the last 12 months or so, I love the way 'The Message' reimagines the text. It says;

'if I speak with human eloquence and angelic ecstasy but don't love, I'm nothing but the creaking of a rusty gate. If I speak God's word with power, revealing all his mysteries and making everything plain as day, and if I have faith that says to a mountain, jump! And it jumps, but I don't love, I'm nothing.'

The passage goes on to explain what love is and is not, but as we come to the end of this passage, we have a direct and to the point reminder of the infinite power and mystery of Love. The passage continues;

'Love never dies... We know only a portion of the truth, and what we say about God is always incomplete. But when the complete arrives, our incompletes will be cancelled... We don't yet see things clearly. We are squinting in a fog, peering through a mist. But it won't be long before the weather clears, and the sun shines bright! We'll see it all then, see it all as clearly as God sees us, knowing him directly just as he knows us.'

As we slowly emerge from the fog caused by the anxiety around covid infections and the mist is cleared by the sun, we look forward. Depending on when you are reading this article, I may be a few weeks away from being ordained priest, or I may have already been 'done', but no matter when, I humbly ask for your prayers. Some of you may think it's not as big a deal the second time around as I've already done it before, however this is 'the Biggy!' When I have been ordained Priest, I will be able to lead our worship to God through the administration of the Sacrament, to preside at Weddings and to offer God's Blessing. All these acts are in their own ways a celebration of the gift of Love. In being able to lead such worship, I am being used as a conduit through which God's Love can be communicated with his children. Yes, that means you! We all need reminding from time to time, and the hardship we have seen in lockdown makes the need for this reminder all the more important.

Those of you who know me by now will know that I am not the kind of minister who throws bible verses around to justify an argument, or to make myself look smart. However, this will be the second time in about 1100 words that I will do just that. I look back to 'The Message' and indeed to 1 Corinthians 13. The passage finishes beautifully, saying;

'...but for right now, until that completeness, we have three things to do to lead us toward that consummation: trust steadily in God, hope unswervingly, love extravagantly. And the best of the three is love.'

I hope that in July the newspapers are full of pictures of newly ordained Priests throwing their arms around each other, and maybe the odd bank employee, hugging and showing the world the joy that comes from the Love of God. Equally, I hope that when you feel it is safe to do so, that you can re-experience the joy of holding someone you love close and squeezing tight. As you do, remember that God commands us all to Love EXTRAVAGANTLY!

Paul

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



Belle Harrison
Mary Hartnell

19th April
6th May

May they rest in peace and rise in glory.

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

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

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

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

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

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

All is well

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

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

As things become clearer, it is good to be back in our church for the 10 am Communion Service and also Wednesday for the 9:15am service but **we will continue to offer on-line access through Zoom, Dial In or You Tube.** We are also still offering Deanery Compline daily at 9.00 pm and this is available online or via our Dial-In Service. Thursday Communion is now in the Town Hall but is not streamed/broadcast. Log on details in previous magazines or by contacting Revd. Paul Sunderland (details on pps 4-5)



Charity of the Month: June 2021

HomeStart Richmondshire



In June, the church will be supporting HomeStart Richmondshire as our Charity of the Month. The local HomeStart was featured in our June edition last year, just after they had heard that they had been awarded the Queen's Award for Voluntary Service for the outstanding work of volunteer workers and trustees in supporting families with young children (7 and under) going through difficult times.

With over 30 volunteers on the books (and more still needed), each family is matched with one of the team. That individual then commits to meeting with the family, usually on a weekly basis, for about 2 hours each visit. Until COVID struck, this might have been assisting with household tasks, accompanying families on visits to such places as Thorpe Perrow or indoor play spaces such as Wack-a-Days in Brompton, supporting on contacts with schools, banks and other organisations, playing with young children or reading to them to allow the parent to get on with giving attention to other family members or their own household chores, assisting with shopping—in short, a variety of things which help to make family life easier. Of course, much of the time there is interaction with parents—time in which conversation can enable the parent to take decisions which are sometimes hard when there is no-one else to bounce ideas off or give the confidence to translate ideas into action.



Much of this activity has been severely curtailed by COVID restrictions, but rather than furlough the small, dedicated team of paid co-ordinating staff, HomeStart Richmondshire kept going, supporting volunteers to carry on their work by telephone, text, FaceTime, appropriately distanced meetings in open spaces—anything which ensured that family support continued. The surveys of families regularly report huge increases in self-confidence in parenting, in running a household, in value from talking with the attached volunteer, genuine love of volunteers from children (an extra 'aunty' - for currently all volunteers are women!) and ultimately a feeling for the parents involved that, with the support, 'I did it myself!' The whole thrust of the raison d'être of HomeStart is



'Childhood cannot wait' for it is often the children whose early years experiences are inhibited when parents are worried, unsure or almost at their wit's end.

With easing of lockdown on the horizon, the activities will gradually re-start. But the staff team of Julie Teasdale, Yvonne MacDonald, Claire Robson and Anna McCutcheon are looking forward to the opportunity to resume volunteer training courses (contact via website address below or calling Anna on 07813 275345) beginning some new group activities for families and running a special group for fathers.

A new website will be launched soon with attendant social media postings which has been developed through the wonderful efforts and commitment of Louise Guy (not related to the Guys of Richmond or Swaledale as far as she knows!). One of the objects of this is to help to make the charity less dependent on donations. Currently, gifts, donations and bids to charities are the only source of income to pay the running costs of the organisation and thus the only way in which the continuation of this little-known but invaluable service for local families can be continued.

As with the other charities we support, your donations for the improvement of the lot of children in our area will be most welcome. Cash/cheques can be posted through the Rectory door, left in envelopes through the appropriate slot in the collection box on the wall by the main door, via the plate at the back of Church during June services or by visiting www.homestarrichmondshire.org.uk, the charity's website, and clicking on the 'Donate' button towards the bottom of the home page.

Charitable Giving Team



"It's not quite as bad as it looks – they're only withholding payment until we publish our expenses."



...I wonder if I could have a quick word with the flower arrangers at the end of this service...?

LOYAL DALES VOLUNTEERS

Now that lockdown is easing, why not take the opportunity to re-acquaint yourself with our town centre, supporting local traders, spending in the outdoor market .. But also going indoors to the Market Hall? Once inside, follow the 'one way system', past the café and traditional style stalls and , as you turn right at the back of the hall, you will be greeted by a sight of light, colour and warmth which is the new Richmond Information Service Centre. Staffed and run entirely by local volunteers, this inviting, professionally presented unit offers a cornucopia of information about our town and area which has been sadly lacking for a number of years.

Go in, look around, talk to staff—and be proud of how Richmond is being presented to visitors in this commemorative year of the starting of Richmond Castle. Who knows? You may even be inspired by the buzz to become one of the team. Information on how at the end of this article... but, before that, how did this all come about?

Living in any area for a period of time carries the risk of becoming aware of its shortcomings and blind to its virtues. So it can be with living in this, the oldest of all of the towns in the world named Richmond. One of its clear virtues



is the historical features of the town. Another is the number of people who willingly give their time voluntarily for the benefit of inhabitants, whether permanent residents or visitors who come to see what our town has to offer. Nowhere are these two virtues brought together better than in the recently opened Richmond Information Centre, located in the Market Hall, where a bright, attractive and welcoming space has been created as a central access point for information about our market town.

Whilst Richmond has always had periods of time where it was a focal point for visitors, the coming of the railway in 1846 made access for many much easier. Walkers, cyclists, racing fans (until 1891), students of history and more all found points of interest in the town, but it wasn't until the 1970s that a seasonal visitor information point was established in a wooden hut in Friary Gardens. The burgeoning visitor trade led to the building of a purpose-built stone centre on the corner of Friary Gardens. Paid for and led by staff of Richmondshire District Council, supported by volunteers, the centre was very successful, typically recording 75,000 visitors per year.

Even with the growth of internet searches for information, the TIC continued to provide a useful service for visitors and locals alike, with enthusiastic volunteers always giving time and help to anyone walking through the door.

Although many local businesses are highly dependent on visitors and RDC, too, understood the value of tourism, budget cuts resulting from reductions in central government funding in 2010 led to the TIC becoming a 'volunteer only' service with the closure of the purpose-built centre in Friary Gardens. A brief effort to keep a volunteer-run service at the front of the old Rodbers' building faltered, and for a time, no service existed in the town, to the annoyance of many traders. Councillor Stuart Parsons responded in his role as county councillor by arranging space for a TIC at the back of the library – again volunteer-led and staffed– and rent-free! More cuts, this time at County level, again resulting from central government funding cuts, then hit the library service and, as recounted in the April issue, this too became a volunteer service. However, this did lead to a higher profile space at the front of the library. Whilst better for visibility, the opening hours were limited and the space didn't offer a chance to generate income through sales. Furthermore, the library base was further away from the town centre than previous TICs. It was a 'centre' in terms of a 'one-stop shop' for information but not central at all! What all of the experience of volunteers did provide, however, was an understanding of what would be needed in order to run a successful information centre. Although the volunteer group had diminished in numbers, what did remain was determination and resolve to make a service work. So, led by Donald Cline and Nick Reckert, both experienced in the world of business and highly involved in the successful establishment of the Station as a local venue, town councillors were canvassed in 2019. This was based on extensive preparatory work by a small group of committed volunteers who love the town and the area and wanted a centre to work and have a solid future.

Donald and Nick, having experienced work as TIC volunteers in the Library setting from 2017 and talked with fellow volunteers and business people in the area, prepared a long-term plan to revitalise the service. Two of the regular volunteers at the time, Bev Lawrence and Pam Heseltine, agreed to join a small management team to strengthen the effort of the organisation. They assumed responsibility for staff management, scheduling and administration of the group. The centrally situated, historic Town Market Hall suffering from a reducing number of stalls and lower footfall, the mutually beneficial proposal was to establish a Richmond Information Centre there.



Richmond Market Hall

This proposal was unanimously endorsed by the Town Council, and planning consents were immediately sought to build what we can see now, namely a purpose-built, fully glazed unit within the Market Hall.

The cost of establishing the new Market Hall Information Centre was covered by Richmond Town Council, with some matched funding coming from Richmondshire District Council, the Yorkshire Dales National Park and Richmond Rotarians, plus several private donors. However, the long term aim is to generate sufficient revenue from the Centre to make it self-supporting financially.



RIC—outside looking in

But this purpose-built unit was not just creating a modern space in the middle of the town. Volunteers wanted this to be an information hub for the whole community, not just tourists so the name 'Richmond Information Centre' was chosen. They also began to prepare booklets e.g. '*Eat Richmond*' to give a guide to what was available in the area for those seeking refreshment. This was funded by business advertising. Other volunteers prepared another publication '*Little But Wondrous Guide to Richmond*' which was published in 2019, to accompany an earlier publication, of short circular walks, '*Richmond Walks*', again funded by advertising but also generating income through being sold at £1.00 per copy. A second walks collection, '*Pootling Around Richmond*', was published in December 2020, again prepared through volunteer efforts.

The new centre also has space to stock and display a wide range of leaflets, maps, trail guides and local books- some items free but others sold to generate income for the centre. It is this activity which is designed to allow Richmond Information Centre to stand on its own feet financially and not to be relying on grants – especially in the current climate with increasing requests to charitable funders resulting from the stringencies of lockdown.



Backing all of this up is an excellent website, built by one of four managing volunteers, Nick Reckert. Go to www.richmondinfo.net and we find loads of information for prospective visitors, attractively and accessibly laid out. It includes a directory of accommodation providers, whilst Nick is now leading a drive to build bespoke database software to improve the search facility of the site.

All of this is illustrative of a professional standard business plan which underpins the establishment of the centre. This includes how volunteers are recruited, trained and supported in delivering a warm, welcoming and knowledgeable information service for anyone seeking to use the Centre.

Currently RIC has 25 volunteers on its books, in general working two hour shifts and covering 4-6 hours , seven days per week. Much of the training is 'on the job', giving practical support in understanding the systems and becoming familiar with the types of enquiry received and showing where the answers can be found. Extensive 'how to' instructions and reference material is on site, giving volunteers that extra bit of confidence that most questions asked of them can be answered.



A group of RIC volunteers getting the 'buzz'

Here, too, a self-built intranet is available to volunteers to allow them to 'chat' to each other about things which have happened, and to log issues which have arisen on different shifts to help the learning of the whole team. It's also used for volunteers to view the roster of forthcoming shift. The commitment tends to be once a week or twice a month on average.

The main three characteristics which make a good volunteer are a love of Richmond, a desire to be a good ambassador for the town and a capacity to answer queries which come their way. A number have found that the support given has strengthened their confidence in the use of IT – also of great personal benefit during lockdown. All share the desire to make visitors who come in, for whatever reason, leave the Centre feeling positive and well-informed, as well as making their time in this oldest of Richmonds memorable.

Plans for the future include working with other organisations who want to engage with the public e.g. acting as HQ for the Walking and Book Festival, selling tickets, improving and strengthening business links, setting up a 'meet and greet' service in car parks. Crucially also, the RIC 'lead' volunteers want to create an organisation whose future is secured through strong income and a have plan to pass the baton to others in the community so that the previous itinerant years of an information service are replaced by an enduring organisation of which volunteers and our town can be justly proud.

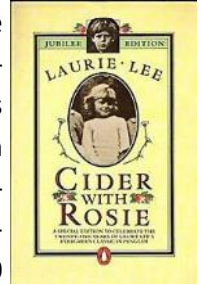
If any reader would like to lend their support to the Richmond Volunteer Centre, the team would be happy to arrange for you to 'give it a try' by coming in for a shift or two with an experienced volunteer so that you can see what's involved. Just contact Bev Lawrence by e-mail—bev@richmondinfo.net or call her on (01748) 826654.

(With immense thanks to Donald Cline who provided the information and photographs upon which this article is based— photos for RIC by John Townsend)

TIMES OF MY LIFE

In December, we featured highlights of the fascinating life of Lewis Harisson, late husband of Sheila, who is one of our pastoral team, a long-standing member of St Mary's and a former editor of this magazine for eleven years. Those who tuned in to Café Church in February will have learned that SHEILA HARRISSON has her own equally absorbing story to tell. This article follows up Sheila's Café Church interview.

Situated on a hill south of Stroud in Gloucestershire lies the village of Rodborough. Home of the historic Winstone's Ice Cream company since 1925 and on the edge of Laurie Lee country (which is the more famous, I wonder?), this was the community into which Sheila was born. This was, and still is, wool country, and the escarpment on which Sheila her mother, father and four older sisters, lived offered a distant view of the River Severn, some 20 miles away.



An early, vivid recollection from Sheila's life was standing holding her mother's hand outside the front door one November night in 1940. The sky to the South West she recalls: 'The sky was – I can see it now – the clouds were scarlet, red, black, yellow and grey. I asked my mother, "What's that?" she said, "It's Bristol burning"' It was the night after the destruction of Coventry Cathedral. German bombers were using that line of the beautiful and distant River Severn as their guide to their targets.



Bombed out Bristol 1940

Sheila's father was the son of a Polish immigrant and of the Jewish faith. His whole family had been Master Tailors. His grandparents moved from London to Stroud and set up a small synagogue where her father was the secretary at the age of 19. It was opened by the Chief Rabbi. However, her father was eventually cut off by his family and his faith group due to two marriages, each of which was outside the Jewish faith. "It took me until relatively recent times to really appreciate what that must have been like – to be cut off by your family." reflected Sheila.

Sheila's mother was an Anglican. She remembers her mother as kind and thoughtful of others, sacrificing her own active commitment out of love and care for her husband's enforced distancing from his faith. Nevertheless, with four older

sisters “much older than me”, Sheila went with them to the Congregational Church (now part of the United Reformed Church) about a mile and a half from their home – a lively church led by the inspiring Pastor Watson. It was also the home to the Scouts, Guides, Cubs and Brownies, and a Sunday School led memorably by two lovely teachers, Daisy Smith and Nellie Watts who were wonderful story tellers. “They told stories of little chaps in Africa. At the age of 8, I decided that one day I would go to Africa.” And that’s exactly what she did.



Congregational Church Building, Rodborough

As she moved through secondary school, Sheila was keen to study medicine but, with her father well into his 70s by the time she was of university age, the cost of degree study for six years was unaffordable. “Anyway on looking back, I’d have been a lousy GP,”, Sheila reflects, “I don’t have an awful lot of patience!” She was fascinated by orthopaedic work so she trained in orthopaedic nursing at the Nuffield Orthopaedic Centre in Oxford which was linked to London’s King’s College Hospital where she did general nursing training. That was followed by midwifery training in Cambridge and Portsmouth and work as a midwife in London, midwifery being essential for anyone planning to work in Africa. Friendship with a fellow midwife, Joy, whose father was a medical missionary in Uganda led them both to seek work there.

Sheila has very influential images of her time in Uganda. Working in Mulago Hospital in Kampala, the largest hospital in the country, she was one of two nursing sisters covering the entire 500 bed hospital at night; a great responsibility but enabling her to spend more time with seriously ill patients.



A picture of Mulago Hospital on Mulago Hill (undated) showing the roofs of a range of single storey hospital buildings

Three ward rounds each night involved a lot of walking between the large number of single-storey wards, always accompanied by a guard, an ex-Kenya Rifles soldier carrying an extremely large cudgel.

Night work required nurses in charge of each ward to write three reports each night for every patient. She recalls the reports about a man who was brought in unconscious and seriously ill. Report 1 said: ‘Mr Mukasa, sinking.’ Report 2 said: ‘Mr Mukasa sinking fast’. Report 3 in beautiful, expressive language said: ‘Mr Mukasa’s soul slowly and stealthily departed from his flesh at 12.05 am and he became dead.’ Those words also told her two important things, that his death was peaceful and that he was not alone when he died.

Sheila also experienced some learning about the power of prayer whilst here. "A 6'2" man from the semi-nomadic Karamoja tribe was brought in in a very confused state, partly due to sedation, partly by being brought more than 300 miles by plane. Also, as the sedation wore off, he had become disorientated because he had never slept anywhere with a roof or with beds. No-one spoke his dialect. "To keep him calm I knew I had to get him outside under the starlight so I took his arm and prayed, 'Please help me, Lord' and had an instant reply. So there we were, at 4000ft altitude, just north of the equator when two nursery rhymes plopped into my head: 'Jack and Jill' and 'Mary had a Little Lamb.' The words were useless but walking slowly, arm in arm round and round the long ward building it was the cadence of the quietly spoken words that was soothing and helped to calm him. A supersonic prayer!"



Ruwenzori Mountains, Uganda

Sheila also recalled another incident which she and her friend and colleague, Joy, were called upon to deal with as nurses on night duty which would never have happened on the day shift—doctors' work then! One dark evening, an open topped truck drew up with eight ailing Buganda (members of Uganda's largest tribe) in the back, each with burns to the front of their bodies—and it fell to Sheila and Joy to treat them. But how had they incurred such similar and painful burns?

It appeared that, in line with local custom, the men had been brewing banana beer. This involved putting the ingredients into a large container and heating it for a period of time on an open fire, whilst the native brewery team watched on, sitting in a circle. Unfortunately, perhaps unwisely, this team had selected an empty four gallon petrol can as their container but had probably not cleaned it out thoroughly. The result was an explosive, firey brew which culminated in a hospital visit. Thankfully, none was seriously injured and all made a full recovery.

Sheila clearly derived much enjoyment from her experiences abroad. One of her nightly round calls, accompanied by her trusty ex-Kenya rifleman with cudgel, was to visit the prison ward of the hospital. Getting in involved going through two doors which were opened and then locked in sequence, giving access to the ward. This, she said was one of the jolliest places in the hospital. Whilst uncertain of the offences of which they were found guilty, Sheila mused that perhaps getting a bed, a degree of comfort and two meals a day may have been part of the attraction!

Dealing with many people from the locality also prompted Sheila to embark on a series of language lessons in the local language –Luganda– but, she reflected, not particularly successfully. It seems that many words ended in a vowel and the choice of vowel could be vital. Trying to place and order for basic foodstuff one day, she received an amused and somewhat quizzical look from her Ugandan friend, pointing out she had actually ordered a buffalo!

It was in her time in Kampala that she met her future husband, Lewis who was teaching Physics at the University of East Africa. They met at the parish church, now a cathedral, attended the same study groups, played tennis and later climbed in the Ruwenzori mountains (Mountains of the Moon), a range between Uganda and the Congo with peaks rising to over 15,000 ft and on Mount Elgon. Their 61 year marriage began there. After the birth of their son, Paul they decided to return to England. But, whilst a new and totally different chapter of Sheila's life began, the influences of her early childhood and her experiences in Uganda proved to be highly formative in the years that lay ahead, of which more next time.



Sheila and Lewis—

(to be continued in the July issue)

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Another Artwork from Sam Watson—Daniel Duck and Family



Poetry From Downholme— George Alderson

Taking Stock Of The Flock – God’s Gift

I thought a shepherd’s life would be the perfect sort of job for me
The little lambs that I would see would bring my world some harmony.

As time went on I realised that I was being traumatised.

The “gentle” lambs, as recognised, are really ones God has disguised!

The reason I now go to sleep is simple. I am not Bo Peep!

I have no stock that I need keep, so never need to count my sheep.

I gave them each a bale of hay then loaded them without delay

And set off on my weary way to sell the last on market day.

Quite soon I reached the auction mart and parked my trailer, keen to start.

Reversing it is quite an art but once it’s done, I can depart

I like to wander round each pen and have a chat with all the men,

To pick up all the latest gen, the “who” and “what” and “why” and “when”.

Of course there is a lot of din, but soon the bidding can begin.

You’re never sure if you will win the beast you have an interest in,

As other people want it too. They’ve all been round to take a view

And each knows what he wants to do about the ram or maybe ewe.

There can be quite a battle royal, the culmination of much toil

To raise the sheep on fertile soil where grass grows lush and does not spoil.

These animals needs to be dipped and then, of course, they must be clipped,

Short back and sides, before they’re flipped ensuring all the fleece is stripped.

You have to keep your eye on them. Right from the start, each little gem

Is prone to suffer some problem like pulpy kidney, foot rot, phlegm!

From new born lamb to being shorn, all through the night until the dawn

The ovine life is quite forlorn. There was so much that I would scorn!

I’m grateful to Almighty God (who loves his children) spared the rod

And gave me His approving nod to change my work, shake off the clod

Yet marvel at the woolly beast whatever size, from large to least.

My time with them, thank God, has ceased, yet still at Easter I will feast!

I watch them gambol in the fold and pity them when it goes cold,

But you know why, as I have told, I’m happy that the last is sold.

George Alderson

A JOURNEY IN FAITH

Pat White contributed an article to the Gilling West Parish magazine about her late husband, Christopher, who many readers will remember fondly as Rector of St Mary's until his retirement and subsequent move to a bungalow near Gilling West. Christopher was ordained in 1959 and died last year. In the article, Pat offers these observations about his calling which she hopes people will find thought provoking.

Christopher studied Law in Cambridge and attended the College chapel but, I believe, with no great commitment. His tutor, a committed Christian, suggested to Christopher that it was not good enough to be 'lukewarm'. He should think seriously about what Christianity was about. 'Sitting on the fence' was not acceptable, he thought, and either Christopher should give it up or explore it more deeply.

Christopher finished his degree and was articled to a solicitor, but this did not take place as he had decided to give himself some thinking time. So, after a year of teaching and having been accepted for ordination, Christopher went to Cuddesdon Theological College (near Oxford) for two years. He was then ordained in the Birmingham, Diocese by Leonard Wilson who had been a prisoner of war of the Japanese and was known for his compassion with the Japanese officers of the prison.

Christopher then had five years as a Curate in Solihull and Leeds before becoming Vicar in Aysgarth, later spending 23 years as Rector of Richmond. From there, he retired to Gilling.

He was a highly committed parish priest and linked his life to the rule of St Benedict. He was a Benedictine Oblate. Oblates of St Benedict are Christian individuals or families who associate themselves with a Benedictine community in order to enrich their Christian way of life. By integrating their prayer and work, they manifest Christ's presence in society. The rules to be followed are firm but realistic and help the participants to have a daily pattern of worship and prayer within the daily comings and goings of a full and busy life. Christopher always said that following the Benedictine way of life gave him the religious stability which he seemed to need.

A great friend of Christopher asked him for a copy of his witness statement, wondering if he had had a 'Damascus road experience.' Typical of Christopher, he replied that he could only recall two such incidents.

The first was the reality of a real presence when he attended an early February morning candlelit sung Eucharist at King's College Chapel, and the other one was on top of a bus when he was utterly convinced of God's existence. "There have been other instances, but none quite so vivid".

In the same reply to the letter to the friend, Christopher states that, when it comes to discipleship, St Benedict said, "Prefer nothing whatever to the love of Christ," and

Paul said it all :“Nothing in all creation can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus, our Lord.”

Again and again, Christopher returns to Paul’s response on the Damascus road: ‘Lord, what will you have me do?’ As he also said to the Corinthians: ‘Consider your call.’

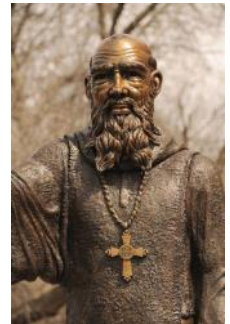
Finally, Christopher heard Bishop David Jenkins explain his faith in thirteen words , all of one syllable, except one— *God is as He is in Jesus, so there is hope.*

May hope happen.

Patricia White

The Rules of St Benedict

St Benedict of Nursia (480 AD—547 AD) is a Catholic saint who is also venerated in the Eastern and Oriental Orthodox churches and the Anglican Communion. He is the patron saint of Europe whose renown is based upon his founding of communities of monks . However, these were not overseen by a central authority but were self- governing. What bound them together into the Order of St Benedict was ‘The Rule of St Benedict.’ The reasonableness of the behaviour which ‘The Rule’ set out was such that most Christian communities founded in the Middle Ages adopted it to guide their way of living. In this way, many regard St Benedict as the founder of Western Christian monasticism.



In the Rule, Benedict tells his followers that i) their ***way of life*** should be a balance of prayer, work, study and leisure (and hospitality, added later) ; ii) the ***‘Divine Office’*** - the set of prayers (supplemented by hymns, and readings), prayed at fixed times, which mark the hours of the day- is their work and that (iii) ***their commitments*** are the vows of stability, conversion and obedience.

The ***Vow of Stability*** confirms the importance of community and commitment in life, learning to be good stewards of that which God has given.

The Vow of Conversion is seen as an ongoing experience rather than a ‘one-off’ event. This involves keeping heart, mind and ears open to the ways in which God is moving his followers. If transformation is required but is blocked, then constant conversion through renewal is being blocked also.

The Vow of Obedience comes from the Latin word for ‘listen.’ The Benedictine way requires people to listen attentively to one another. Sometimes God can speak through the youngest member of a community. Thus obedience requires a sense of humility and self-knowledge.

As an Oblate, this ‘Rule’ was what guided Christopher’s living of his faith.

JEF

Ann McDonald Remembered

A life of creativity and service to family, church and community. Set out below is a large portion of the eulogy delivered by Phil Upton at Ann's funeral last month. Thank you to Phil and the Guy family for sharing this further through the magazine and also for the photographs of Ann's design work and needlecraft which lives on in St Mary's.

Born in June 1937 in Richmond, Ann grew up in an educational household.

Her father, Leslie Allison, was a grammar school master. When he became unwell with TB, Ann, her mother Betty and her younger sister Rosemary, became residents of the boys' boarding house at The Friary, here in Richmond where Betty was matron.

During her recent hospital stay there, Ann took great pleasure in enlightening the staff about which rooms she had lived in during her childhood and the fact that her hospital room had originally been the study of the headmaster, her godfather.

As a Richmond High School student, she was so determined to pursue her love of science that she became one of the first girls to attend the Boys' Grammar School for science classes during her sixth form years. At that time, the sciences were not generally available to girls.

In her early adulthood, Ann trained as a teacher and she spent some time putting that training to good use in the classroom, first teaching high school science in Scarborough, then, after her first marriage ended and with three young girls now her sole responsibility, she taught at the Frenchgate School in Oglethorpe House so that her own children could stay close to her – camouflaged in plain sight. Her desire to both acquire and share knowledge were essential parts of her nature throughout her life.

Her robust curiosity permeated everything she experienced and her sense of wonder and appreciation for the things that interested her was tangible. Her natural inquisitiveness could be directed, in any given hour, to fungi, lichen, rocks, hedgehogs, plants, birds, trees, clouds, weather patterns and more. The interest in rocks became of such great importance that she studied geology through the Open University after her children were in school, eventually acquiring the degree she knew was within her grasp. A later trip to the Grand Canyon left her with tears streaming down her face at the opportunity to see "the world being formed".

Her girls, Dawn, Fiona, Gail, Karen and Kirsty, were taught independence and to love the natural world through full immersion. Family holidays were always about the outdoors: camping, hiking, cycling, youth hostelling, map reading, exploring shorelines, hills, woodlands and nettle filled hollows.

WELL PLAYED!



Daylight hours were spent in the garden where she instructed on growing everything from crocuses to climbers and food for the table. One of Dawn's earliest memories is planting daffodil bulbs on Bainbridge Green where Ann dug the holes and Dawn followed behind her dropping bulbs into the loamy voids. Those daffodils still flower today, so think of her when you see them.



She instilled the importance of hospitality, making people feel welcome, meeting their needs, and serving the wider community generously. Home-cooking was a skill she excelled in and shared generously - both its method and its results. Social graces were important to Ann and her grandchildren all knew to buck-up around her splendid table.

Ann had a ready giggle and a great sense of humour. Friday teatimes with her children marked the end of the school week and became legendary as a time of laughter. Friends of the girls fondly remember being welcomed and fed at the McDonald home and the house was always a safe haven. They would walk the dogs, lounge in the garden and feast on Sunday tea, or whichever meal was at hand.

Christmas dinner was always an important occasion with no need uncatered for. Certainly nobody present ever went hungry. Members of the community with nowhere else to go often ended up at her table, and the laughter continued. A favourite memory of her grandchildren is when, just a few years ago, the "Grand Duchess of Frenchgate" – adjudicator of family quizzes and matriarch of the Dining Table, engaged in a shot drinking contest with David which resulted in a fit of irrepressible giggles that made it difficult to swallow the shot and have it actually reach its intended destination!

Her intelligent enthusiasm was brought to bear on annual birthday parties for her daughters. These were combined into one happy and exhausting day in June, held on the beach where picnic tea was served, and races and treasure hunts were organised. To this day friends remember them fondly.

When the family lived in Berwick upon Tweed, beach walks and the seaside were part of the family playground. .



The old bridge at Berwick upon Tweed with swans in foreground

Living right next to the Tweed estuary, Ann observed and obsessed over swans. On stormy days when the waves were high, Ann used to pile her girls into her camper van and park at the seafront where they would shriek with delight as waves smashed and broke against the sea wall, showering the van with sea-water. True to form, Ann became fluent at reading the North Sea by coming to know its habits and particulars. In every place that Ann settled, she created a garden. In this way, she rooted herself to the earth literally and figuratively and her knowledge of plants was profound.

After her daffodil foray on the Bainbridge Green, she moved her greening thumb to Berwick where she planted not only the ground but arranged to cover the grey, imposing walls that surrounded her garden with resplendent clematis and trellised sweet peas. The small lawn was edged with beds that housed her roses and annuals. Further along the cliff, on a farm in



North Sea coast near Scremerston

Scremerston, she planted and nurtured a prolific vegetable garden that provided produce for the immediate needs of family friends, and for pickling and preserving.

Upon moving to Richmond, she created a glorious gathering space, abundant in flowers and fruit trees, a space that was above all sociable, to be enjoyed by her now considerably expanded family and friends. Never precious about her creations, they were always places intended to welcome rambunctious play and encourage hours of convivial conversation and contemplation.

Along with feeding her family three square meals a day for decades, Ann managed to produce an abundance of food for special occasions, for community fundraisers, and for friends in need of sustenance. Her Christmas cakes and puddings were made in February and allowed to soak for the rest of the year. Sundays were baking day and family tea. Ample quantities of breads, crumpets, teacakes, iced cakes, biscuits, and bars was loaded onto trolleys and wheeled to the sitting room where crumpets were toasted on the fire. All of this following close on the heels of a Sunday roast or whole poached salmon, served after church complete with potatoes, vegetables, sauces and gravies.

Ann's desserts were legendary masterpieces of design and deliciousness and included specialties such as meringue swans, piped, baked and bodied-up with balls of ice-cream.

She designed and crafted show-stopping wedding cakes for each of her daughters, spending hours finding significant artistry and symbolism for each of them.

Her long standing love of embroidery developed into teaching others the skills that seemed to come so naturally to her. After moving to Richmond, she used every available space in her Frenchgate home to share this passion and inspire it in others through weekly classes, ultimately reaching hundreds of Richmondshire residents. More than one of her “Sewing Ladies” remembers the legendary sewing parties with groaning tables, and peals of laughter loud enough to compete with the bells of St Mary’s.



When you are next in church, look down, look up, look around you - Ann’s work is evident everywhere in this church. The kneelers at your feet, the wedding kneeler, some of the seat cushions, the banners, the altar frontal, pulpit fall and vestments were each designed by her and created by her and her trusty assistants over a period of thirty years. Built on the reputation of what she accomplished at St Mary’s, Ann became regarded as an expert advisor on the restoration, creation and preservation of liturgical vestments, linens and textiles.



Ann has left behind a remarkable body of work across a wide range of art and craft skills—a mutli-talented lady.

The church was a significant part of her life. She served on the Parochial Church Council and also as Deputy Church Warden, offering wise counsel. In her hand were recorded the names of the deceased in the Memorial Book. Care for the building was of paramount importance to Ann. She established cleaning routines and rotas and provided the necessary materials to create a more comfortable and sustainable church home for its congregation, and to the glory of her God.

Ann’s impact continues to be exponentially multiplied. Her children and grandchildren were inspired by her, their friends were inspired by her, and many of you were inspired by her. Not only did she create, but she could also make YOU create so much more than you imagined, and with such joy. This is her true legacy, and through it, more than most, her legacy continues beyond a time we can currently see and in ways we cannot know. Few of us have not had our lives touched or altered in some profound way by Ann McDonald.



Let us sustain her memory through our actions, in the ways that she has shown us.

Prepared by Ann’s family with Phil Upton

NEWS FROM THE PEWS

St Mary's Hosting Prestige Concerts

As the country begins to open up again for indoor performances, the church is delighted that its facilities can be opened up in support of community activities once more. The work done by the PCC and Wardens to make sure that our practices are in line with national guidelines mean that the church is one of the largest public performance venues in the town, able to seat 90 people at one time in a suitably distanced fashion. By the time you receive your magazine, such concerts will have already taken place.

On **Wednesday 9th June**, **Richmondshire Concerts** will be presenting a **professional classical concert**, with two performances, one **at 5.30 p.m** and the repeat performance at **8.00 p.m.**

They are proud to bring the famous Gould Piano Trio to St Mary's. When not touring, or performing on Radio 3, the Goulds are often resident artists at the lovely Corbridge Chamber Music Festival. They are joined by their regular partner, the clarinetist Robert Plane.



Three works will be performed. Debussy's *Première Rhapsodie* is a whirlwind seven minutes of free-form brilliance. Huw Watkins's *Four Fables*, commissioned by tonight's artists, is mysterious, brightly coloured and languorous. Our concert ends with Beethoven's mellow and intimate E flat Trio, one of the most loved and most subtle of all his chamber works. There will be two identical performances, at 5:30 and 8pm, to reduce audience sizes and comply with St Mary's distancing policies. For the same reason, there will be no interval. Cleaning and other precautions will be as unobtrusive as possible, so visitors can relax into the familiar surroundings of a classical concert and simply enjoy the music.

Tickets are £10 (£1 for full-time students, and a penny for Universal Credit recipients, because PayPal apparently can't manage free!). Details and tickets are at www.rsconcerts.org. Tickets may also be sold at the door on the day, subject to availability.

Café Church

Is back in June, both in church (subject to national rules) and on line. 4 p.m. on Sunday 20th June. Look on the web-site and pew sheets for speaker information.

News from the Pews (continued)

Plant and Produce Sale—Advance Notice

With the usual proviso that things may change, outline plans are in place for the successful and high quality **annual Plant and Produce Sale to return from 10.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m. on Saturday 28th August.** The following items will be sold:

Jams	Jellies	Chutneys	Cakes	Plants
Fruit	Vegetables	Books	CDs	DVDs

Donations for these stalls will be gratefully received and brought to Church nearer the time. Anyone needing jam jars or plant pots can take from those stored at the back of Church; anyone with spare empties to offer, please leave them (tidily please after the great clean on 31st May.. Ed!) at the back of church.

PRIZES WANTED PLEASE for tombola, raffle/silent auction.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED PLEASE to run book/ cd /DVD stall and the raffle/silent auction

And, don't worry, the famous **BELLES CAFÉ** will operate throughout the day!

Susan Scrafton will keep us in touch through the Pew Sheet and magazine.. but if you want to help in any way, please make contact.

Keeping in Touch!



For those who remember them, a recent photo from Hannah Colbeck (now a full Colonel) , husband Charlie (transferring to the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst in September from his current post at Northwood) and 'baby' Edward (as was!) - now 5 and joined by sister Alice (3). Good to hear from them. Thanks, Alexe.

FOR ALL THE SAINTS

Mention 9th June to many Tynesiders and they will link it to the first running of the Blaydon Races in 1862, as commemorated in the well-known song. However, the same date has a coincidental and more long-standing connection with the North -East, for it marks the feast day of St Columba.

Given the fact that he never wore the Newcastle United shirt in his life, how on earth (or indeed, heaven's name) can anyone link Columba and the North -East of England? Suspecting that many readers are already ahead of me by now in making the link, this June issue is an appropriate time to look at Columba's life in more detail and how the links between two small islands off the coast of Britain are steps in a chain of events which had a significant effect on the growth of Christianity in Britain.

St Columba

Lying of the south– west tip of Mull in the Inner Hebrides and accessible only by ferry is the small and tranquil island of Iona. Measuring about three miles in length and a mile wide, the island is the location of a compact, grey stone abbey, the home of a Christian community today whose roots can be traced back to 563 AD when a monk, Colum Cille ('meaning 'dove of the church') and twelve followers pulled their boat up on its shores. They had come from Ireland, not as missionaries but as a penance. What they began there, however, became a mission, making Iona a sacred island, a place of pilgrimage and the burial place where kings from Scotland, Ireland and even Norway were buried. So who was Colum Cille?



The Abbey on Iona

Colum was born of royal blood in what we now know as Ireland (but was then called Scotia!) at Garten, Tyrconnell (now County Donegal) on 7 December, 521. Grandson of the Irish King, Niall, Colum was strong willed with a grounding in the Christian faith. He was said to be a striking figure, strong of stature and powerful with a loud melodious voice'

He studied under St Finnian of Moville and St Finnian of Clonard and was ordained priest in 551 AD. He studied Latin and also Christian theology and set off on a pilgrimage to Rome, turning back at Tours in France.

However, whilst working in the scriptorium under St Finnian of Moville, he made his own copy of a psalter leading to a quarrel with Finnian which escalated to such a level that it incurred the wrath of the then Irish king. This dispute ultimately led to a pitched battle at Cooldrevny between Colum's family, which had a

strong warrior tradition, and King Diarmait's army. Historians believe that the argument over the psalter was the culmination of a number of other disputes where Colum had felt unfairly treated, and probably with some justification. Nevertheless, whilst Colum prevailed at the resulting battle, there was much bloodshed and over 3000 deaths resulted.

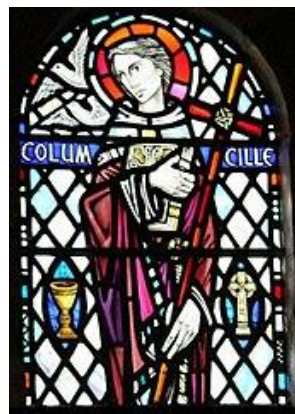
After the heat of battle had died down, the sorrow and death which had resulted caused Colum such remorse that he sought a confessor, St Molaise. As penance, the ancient hermit told Colum never to set foot in his native land again and to convert as many to Christianity as had been killed at the Battle of Cooldreveny.

The first land his small party sighted from their wicker and leather clad boat was at Southend near the tip of the Mull of Kintyre. However, as those of you who have visited this dwelling area of Sir Paul McCartney will know, Ireland can still be seen from there. So they set off again, this time arriving on Iona, owned by a distant relative of Columba's, where the condition of not being able to see his native land was met, so it was there they landed.

As part of his penance, Colum resolved to build a monastery there using the clay and wood which was available on the small island. However, in creating a building to the glory of God, Colum still displayed some odd beliefs which would find no place in later thinking. It is said, for example, that he banished women and cows from the island, claiming that 'where there is a cow, there is a woman and where there is a woman there is mischief.' The fact that a small nearby island is called Eilean nam Ban (Woman's Island) suggests that he achieved this aim or at least set space aside for doing so. He also banished frogs and snakes from Iona—no reason given, nor is there any record of his success.

More disturbing in our terms was a claim that Colum, now known as Columba, was prevented from completing the abbey until a living person had been buried under its foundations. Stranger still that a close friend, Oram, volunteered for the role. The fact that this claim says that Columba asked that his friend's face should be uncovered so that he could say a last farewell suggests that the idea did not come from our saint himself. However, hearing the blasphemies that Oram uttered when his face was exposed, it is then said that Columba ordered he should be covered up immediately!

However, what did arise from all of this work was the establishment of a community of Celtic Christians whose legacy was the creation of an amazing array of manuscripts, elaborate carvings and Celtic Crosses. This highly skilled stonework



Stained glass window in the Abbey on Iona—note the name commemorated

provided the model for many such works which can still be seen today, especially in the western and northern parts of Scotland. In terms of the development of the Christian faith, the significant work was by the band of Celtic missionaries who travelled ever further afield, taking their beliefs across much of Scotland and into Northern England. The Iona monastery was the starting point for their work and the monks saw their abbot as the chief ecclesiastical ruler.

Whilst taking the faith to the mainland and islands of Scotland was their mission, it appears that, as the church grew, there was no particular central organisation or 'development plan' in this, no sign that, unlike the Roman church, anyone was sent out to convert in a planned way.

However, in the early years, the evangelical role was strong. As a 42 year old, Columba began his task of converting at least 3,000 people, starting with the Scots of the ancient kingdom of Dalriada. Columba and his travelling colleagues then moved on to the more challenging task of converting the northern Picts of Caledonia.

The breakthrough moment came when Columba, accompanied by two other missionaries were barred from entry to Pictish King Brude's fort at Inverness. It is said that the gates were barred to them but, when Columba made the sign of the cross, the barred gates opened. The tale goes that this miracle amazed Brude and convinced him to be baptized and the rest of the Pictish tribes followed quite rapidly. Whilst this may not be true in its detail, Columba certainly won the king's respect to such an extent that no barriers were put up to his missionary work in the area.

One story with modern links recounts how St Columba came across Picts burying the body of a friend who had been killed by an aquatic monster which lived in the River Nesa. St Columba banished the ferocious 'water beast' to the river's depths—the first written reference to the Loch Ness Monster!



St Columba was certainly energetic in his work. He moved about northern Scotland and the Hebrides, founding churches and monasteries. A man of letters and schooled in Latin at an early age, he is credited with having transcribed over three-hundred books and written several hymns.

Columba's last years were spent on Iona at the monastery he had built. He worked at making his monastery a school for missionaries. The tradition and centre he established ultimately gave us Aidan and later Cuthbert whose work and influence was so strong in the conversion of Southern Scotland and Northern England to the Christian faith and who were responsible for the foundation and growth of the priory on Lindisfarne (at last, the link in the introduction is made!).



Lindisfarne Priory

Columba died on 9th June, 597 (now his feast day) and was buried on Iona. This made it a place of pilgrimage which it still is today. Following Viking raids on and around Iona in 795, 802, 806 and 825, his remains were removed in 849 and divided between Scotland (kept safely at Dunkeld) and the Church of Downpatrick in Ireland (to lie close to the remains of St Patrick and St Brigid).

As well as being regarded as the third patron saint of Ireland, he is recognised as the patron saint of Derry. Schools, churches and even pipe bands are named after him. As a legacy of the craftsmanship generated from his founding of the monastery, we need look no further than such artefacts as the Lindisfarne Gospels (in the British museum, interactive copy on Lindisfarne at the Visitor Centre) or the Book of Kells in Trinity College, Dublin. Adventurous travellers will see elaborate Celtic crosses in the breath-taking wildernesses of Argyll and the Scottish Highlands and Islands. It is here that they are best witnessed, set in the rural emptiness and sea-bound beauty of ancient Scottish kingdoms, carefully preserved by Historic Scotland.



**Craftsmanship from
the Book of Kells**

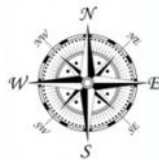
And closer to home, the link between our own region and St Columba is defined, by the transporting of a faith built in Ireland, weaned on Iona and shared and developed across the northern half of the British Isles.—witnessed on Lindisfarne, grown on Iona.

JEJ



WILLIAM'S WALKS

June 2021



For those who like to find a fairly level walk for your enjoyment, this month's offering takes us on a variety of tracks and roads not far from Richmond where we can step out and breath deeply! There is also the added attraction of a café at the end—or the beginning—or both, which should be open once more by the time you receive WILLIAM GEDYE'S latest route from the 'Walking for Health' portfolio.

The bird hide stop off suggested on the return to the café is well worth a visit, with a gentle slope down to enjoy views across the lake areas, re-stored after the gravel pits were closed. The development in this area has won awards for the sensitive return of the land to its rural setting.

Ellerton Flat on Back

Start/Finish – Ellerton Lakeside Café Car Park DL10 6AP

Time: 1 ½ - 1¾ hours.

Distance - 3¾ miles (approx.)

Difficulty: Easy. Pretty flat. Suitable for rugged pushchairs.

Toilets and Refreshments: at The Cafe.

Ordnance Survey Map 302 Northallerton and Thirsk

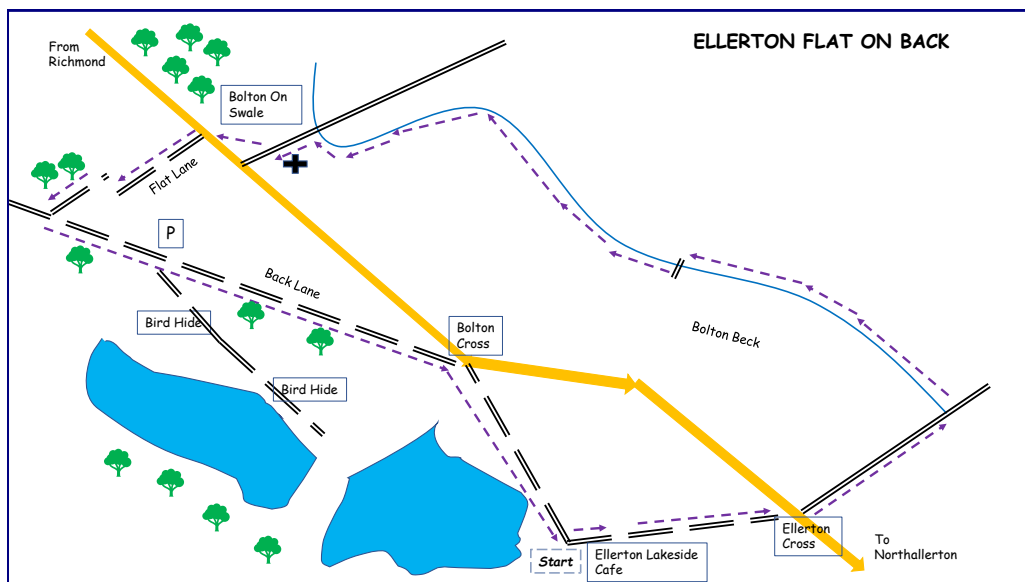
A lovely flat meadow and track walk from Ellerton On Swale with great café at the end. Car Park free for café users who walk. Alternative free car park opposite the Bird Hide on Back Lane.

-o0o0o-

From the Café turn right up the lane to Ellerton Cross. Carefully cross the main road and carry straight on crossing the bridge over Bolton Beck.

After the bridge, take the footpath off to the left, following the becksides path through the meadows. Follow the path over the bridge and then along the opposite bank to Bolton on Swale.





Turn left to the village centre. If you walk through the churchyard you can spot the grave of Henry Jenkins who folk say lived to 169.

At the main road turn right and take the first left – Flat Lane. Follow this between the fields and then turn left onto Back Lane. Keep an eye on the gravel pit lakes for waders, geese and ducks. If you have time it is worth dropping into the bird hides which are clearly marked.



Continue along Back Lane, forking right at Bolton Cross and follow the metalled lane back to the Café.

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

‘Everywhere is within walking distance if you have the time’

Steven Wright

‘It’s your road and yours alone. Others may walk with you, but no-one can walk it for you.’

Rumi

‘Walking is the favourite sport of the good and wise.’

A L Rowse

‘Walk as if you are kissing the earth with your feet.’

Thich Nhat Hanh

NOTES FROM OUR PAST

Following last month's input from Marske by Liz Kluz about the Reverend John Jackson's charity and its current activity, JANE HATCHER has offered some fascinating insights into the life and times of this ecclesiastical benefactor, including information about the original sources of the capital so carefully looked after to ensure that there is still local benefit today.

Revd John Jackson's Charity

I was very interested in Liz Kluz's 'News from the Pews' in the May magazine. How impressive that after more than three centuries, his charity could still help the children of Marske parish with home-schooling during our recent lockdowns. John Jackson might himself have remembered what it was like to live through an outbreak of plague, as he was probably a small boy during the awful outbreak in the late-1590s commemorated by the Plague Stone in St Mary's churchyard, when hundreds of people died.

John Jackson was born into a clerical family. His father, also John, was the Rector of Melsonby, who was buried in Richmond in February 1607. John Jackson senior's three sons - Timothy, John junior, and Nathaniel - all entered the church and held livings in Yorkshire.

The John Jackson of the Marske charity had links with Richmond before being appointed Rector of Marske. He must have been very clever and scholastic, as he was apparently a graduate of both Oxford and Cambridge. As a young man in 1618 he was appointed Master of Richmond Grammar School, but after two years, and having in the meantime been ordained, he was appointed Rector of Marske in 1620. He was very close to the squire of Marske, Timothy Hutton, and his wife Elizabeth, and as there was then no rectory at Marske, Jackson lived in Marske Hall with the Hutton family as part of their household.



Church of St James, Melsonby

John Jackson also spent time at the Friary in Richmond when Timothy and Elizabeth Hutton were in residence there. Following Timothy's death in 1629, his son Matthew erected the large monument to his parents in the chancel of St Mary's church in Richmond, and asked John Jackson to compose texts in Greek, Hebrew and Latin, to go on the monument. Timothy Hutton had remembered John Jackson in his Will: 'Item, I give unto my very good friend, Mr John Jackson, preacher att Marske, one twenty shillings peece of Gould to make him a ringe'.

While Rector of Marske in 1629, John Jackson married Joan Bowes of County Durham, and in 1630 they had their only child, a son, Berkeley. When Berkeley sadly died the following year, John Jackson, who clearly specialised in lengthy texts, particularly in Latin, had a lengthy tribute painted onto oak panels which were fixed to the north wall of the chancel of Marske Church inside the altar rail. When his wife died in 1639, he had another monument made which he attached to the south wall of the chancel. It was in the form of a cupboard-like recess, with doors which opened, on which he had painted figures and text relating to Joan, and on the back of the recess was a lengthy text describing Joan, her ancestry, the story of her last illness and death, and tributes to her character, such as 'Reader, if thou were about to marry, thou wouldst wish such a wife.'

These memorials are no longer in the church, having been removed in the intervening years, perhaps when the church was restored in 1830 and given new and rather plain fittings. We only know about them because they were recorded by James Raine, an antiquarian who made a particular study of Marske.

John Jackson was a Puritan, and published sermons and other writings in this persuasion. He was invited to become a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, which met in 1643 to reform the Church of England along more Puritan Lines. However, Jackson was also a Royalist, and became under suspicion as the Parliamentarians rose to power. He retired to Barwick, near Leeds, where his brother Nathaniel was Rector. He was by now in poor health, and he died and was buried at Barwick early in 1648.

Thus the Revd John Jackson Charity must first have been set up when he made his Will at a very turbulent time during the English Civil War. The original endowment, of a rent-charge on some land, was exchanged by the trustees for other land, and the charity has been reorganised several times over the years, with capital being reinvested over and over again. The money must have been well looked after all these years by the parishioners of Marske, to still bring in an income sufficient to benefit local children.

Jane Hatcher

-o0o0o-



Photographs of the window referred to by Jane in last month's article 'Grathama', but not available at the time of publication.

Musings from Marske

The historic church of St Edmund's in Marske which lies on the Coast to Coast route, attracts visitors not only on a casual tourist basis but also as a place where walkers can pick up a snack. Whatever the reason, when people set foot inside such an ancient and peaceful place, thoughts and feelings of the past are triggered, some of which find their way into the visitors' book. Such an entry prompted LIZ KLUZ to write the following about the benefice church in Marske.

The feeling of being guided at certain times in life has always been with me and often it happens in the oddest way. The final decision about what to write for the magazine each month is usually left until deadline day and even then poor Jim has to put up with last minute alterations occasionally. Having read Jim's excellent article about St. Edmund in the February edition, I wanted to put forward another theory about the place where Edmund was said to have been killed but felt it might be too soon. However, the decision to write it was finalised when I was topping up the snack stall in Marske this week. In the Visitors' Book was a new entry made by a man from Ipswich who wrote that he had recently completed a short film for YouTube about the village of Bures on the Suffolk/Essex border which also claims connections with Edmund.

So that was the guidance I needed.

Edmund—King and Martyr

The place where the young king Edmund was killed in 869 has been a hot topic for discussion among historians and academics for many years, each party being certain their theory was correct.

The Anglo Saxon Chronicle, compiled a little before 890, records the arrival of the great Danish army in 866 but it could have been in the autumn of 865 as the chronicler begins his year on September 24th. He says that "a great heathen army came to England and took up winter quarters in East Anglia; and there they were supplied with horses and the East Angles made peace with them".

As a mounted force the Danes were able to travel to York, Northumbria and Mercia before returning to East Anglia in the autumn of 869 where they took up winter quarters in Thetford. The chronicler makes a short entry saying that in "that winter King Edmund fought against them; and the Danes had the victory and killed the king and conquered all the land".

That description alone tells us very little but there is another account written about 116 years later by Abbot of Fleury, a scholar who spent some time at Ramsey Abbey where he wrote *Passio Sancti Eadmundi*, at the request of the monks, between 985

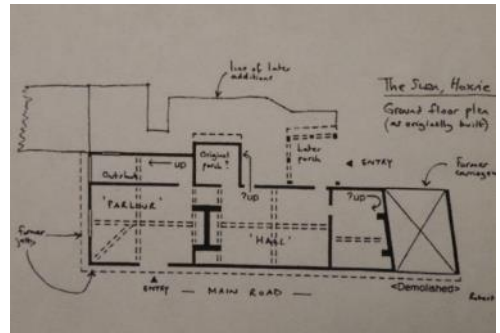
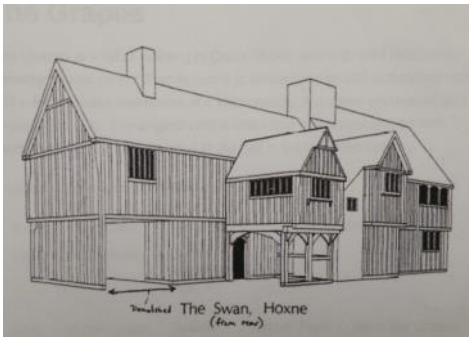


and 987. The information on which he based his account came from a man who said he was an armour bearer for Edmund on the day he was killed. The story had been passed down by Archbishop Dunstan who, as a young man, had heard it from an old man who claimed to be that armour bearer. In his description Haegelisdun is noted as the place where Edmund was captured and killed. The village of Hellesdon in Norfolk was claimed to be the only place which could possibly be Haegelisdun but strangely the village doesn't have a strong local tradition connected with Edmund.

But the village of Hoxne, some 20 miles south east of Thetford, on the Waveney border in Suffolk has a very strong tradition going back over a thousand years.



The Swan Inn



Some years ago I was lucky enough to live in Hoxne when my father fulfilled one of his ambitions and became the landlord of The Swan Inn in the village.

For 16 months we lived in the wonderful old house previously known as Bishop's Lodge built in 1480 by the Bishop of Norwich. The Swan was the hub of the village and we soon learned a lot about the local history.



Carving of Edmund hiding under the bridge

Legend has it that King Edmund had been pursued as far as Hoxne by the Danes and had hidden under a bridge in the village, now called the Goldbrook Bridge. A couple on their way to be married at the Saxon church of St. Ethelbert saw the reflection of the sun on his spurs glinting in the water and gave him away to the Danes. Edmund was dragged out and whipped before being tied to an oak tree where arrows were fired at him.

Despite the best efforts of his attackers to force him to renounce his Christian faith, Edmund continued to call out to God until the order was given to cut off his head. The severed head was thrown into a nearby wood so that his followers wouldn't be able to give him a proper burial. The head was said to have been found between the paws of a wolf, who could have been Edmund's own wolfhound, and when his followers tried to retrieve the head the wolf just followed them quietly.

According to local legend, the King's body was buried close to where he was slain and a timber chapel erected on the site. His body remained there for more than 30 years before being moved in 903 to Boedericsworth which became Bury St. Edmund's where the magnificent Abbey was subsequently built. Another chapel was said to have been built at the spot where his head was found about a mile away at the other end of the village.



**Carving of the wolf carrying
Edmund's head**

In 1990 a ploughman reported seeing the remains of a small building in a field called Chapel Piece - piece meaning a field. An archaeologist from Suffolk County Council was called in and very soon shards of pottery and pieces of stone began to appear but nothing which suggested that it had been a domestic building. Once a slab of Purbeck marble and a bronze bell were unearthed he realised that this was something different. Two years later, in summing up his findings to date, the archaeologist said that "The Chapel is 16ft by 28ft. Norman buildings had practically no foundation but here they go down five feet which is an indicator that this was a high status building put up by an architect and not by a local bodger". He also said the majority of the finds dated from the 15th century but the dig was still in progress. There is no doubt that there was a chapel, possibly on that spot, from a very early date.

Hoxne must have been of some considerable importance because Bishop Theodred of London, who was sent to revive Christianity in East Anglia after the Danish invasion of the 9th century, set up his headquarters at Hoxne. In his will signed in 926 and 951 he granted estates at nearby Horham and Athelington to St. Ethelbert's Church at Hoxne.

According to Redstone, a Suffolk historian, by the 10th century there was a small Benedictine monastery, built close to where Edmund's body had lain, which was an outpost of Norwich Abbey (Cathedral).

An early reference to the change of dedication of Hoxne parish church comes in the Charter of Norwich Cathedral in 1119 when Herbert de Losinga gave "the church of St Peter at Hoxne with the chapel of Saint Edmund" to the cathedral.

Another clue to an early chapel at Hoxne is an application made around 1110 by a wealthy man called Ralph Dapifer (Steward) of Bury St. Edmund's, to acquire the chapel of St. Edmund at Hoxne from the Bishop of Norwich in order to restore it. Ralph and his wife were granted the chapel and adjacent land for their lifetimes so they might restore and enlarge it. In 1130, the chapel was returned to the monks of Norwich Priory so that they could build a monastery at Hoxne. At first the monks were housed at the Bishop's Palace, which was possibly next to the church, and they only moved to the site of the chapel in 1226. The priory was completed in 1267 housing six or seven monks under a prior or warden. The monks remained at Hoxne until just before the Dissolution of the Monasteries when they were recalled to Norwich.



Church at Hoxne today

I wonder whether that was when the Bishop's Lodge became an inn which it still is today? And, as for the bridge where the carving was found....right up to the present day couples on their way to be married at the church in Hoxne still won't cross the Goldbrook Bridge as Edmund was supposed to have cursed the couple who gave him away.

On September 11th 1848 it is recorded that "St. Edmund's Oak at Hoxne, a remarkable tree and full of foliage, was entirely demolished without any apparent cause". The tree trunk was 12 feet high, 6 feet in diameter with a circumference of 20 feet.

"The point of an arrow was found approximately 5 feet from the ground and was covered more than a foot thick with sound wood, the annual ring of growth showing more than 1000 years as near as can be made out"

Liz Kluz



WE'RE BACK AGAIN IN JUNE!

ANNUAL PET SERVICE

Sunday 27th June 2021

(national rules permitting)

Get full details from the www.richmondhudswellparish.org.uk
by clicking on 'What's On' and going to the second page under 'Events'

**Tell your family and friends—anyone with children
and invite them to join us**

All in the month of June

175 years ago, on 28th June 1846 that Belgian musical instrument maker Adolphe Sax patented the saxophone.

125 years ago, on 4th June 1896 that Henry Ford completed his first automobile, the Ford Quadricycle, and gave it a test run around Detroit Michigan. It was a simple frame with an engine, two gears, a tiller for steering and four bicycle wheels. It had a top speed of 20mph. Its success led him to establish the Ford Motor Company.

90 years ago, on 13th June 1931 that Jesse Boot, 1st Baron Trent, British pharmacist and philanthropist, died. He had turned his father's Boots Company into a national chain of chemists.

80 years ago, from 22nd June to 5th December 1941 that Operation Barbarossa took place. It was the German invasion of the Soviet Union, the largest military operation in history. In the end, it was a Soviet victory, for the German invaders were repelled when they reached Moscow, and then driven out of Russia by a Soviet counter-attack.

65 years ago, on 13th June 1956 that the first European Cup final (soccer) was held, in Paris. Real Madrid (Spain) beat Stade de Reims (France) 4-3. The European Cup is now known as the UEFA Champions League.

60 years ago, on 6th June 1961 that Carl Jung, Swiss psychiatrist and psychologist, died. He was the founder of analytical psychology.

50 years ago, on 16th June 1971 that John Reith (Lord Reith), 1st Baron Reith, Scottish business executive and politician, died. He was Manager and Director General of the BBC in its formative years. He also formed BOAC (now British Airways).

40 years ago, on 5th June 1981 that the first report of AIDS took place. The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention in the USA reported that five homosexual men in Los Angeles were suffering from a rare form of pneumonia found in patients with weakened immune systems. These were later recognised as the first official AIDS cases.

Also 40 years ago, on 22nd June 1981 that American tennis player John McEnroe earned the press nickname 'Superbrat' when he threw a tantrum during his first-round match against Tom Gullikson at Wimbledon.

25 years ago, on 4th June 1996 that the Second Severn Crossing was officially opened. The bridge spans the River Severn and links England and Wales via the M4 motorway.

20 years ago, on 22nd June 2001 that two British schoolboys who murdered two-year-old James Bulger in Liverpool in 1993 were released from secret custody after 8 years. They were given new identities and moved to secret locations.

FROM A RECTORY GARDEN

You will recall that MISTER Jack Finney had begun to recount the tale of his vicar getting increasingly excited about the prospect of winning the £50 prize for the clergyman or woman in the diocese growing the biggest marrow. Some exceptional seeds had come up trumps and one marrow, in particular had grown bigger and bigger, so much so that the vicar became convinced that he and MISTER Finney (and, of course, Lucky the dog) were onto a winner.

However, as its size increased, so did the risk of damage by inclement weather and, whisper it softly, even the possibility of a rival clergyman or woman sabotaging his work or stealing it. So, as show day approaches, the excitement is building to fever pitch. Now read on....

The Vicar's Giant Marrow (slice 2)

Well, each day , that marrer got bigger 'n' bigger and I must say, even I was impressed by its size and so were ol' John Mennil when he came for a look. He scratched his head, said he'd never seen anything loik it since that Zeppelin flew over Scarborough and threw turnips down on folks' heads. Even the laydeez from the church just had to come and have a peek and they was amazed too – although when they asked what I puts on it and I said 'Manure!', they was a bit shocked and a o' couple them complained to the vicar about my vulgar language. Well, he said, they was lucky 'cos it had tekkin' him years to get me to say 'manure.'



Anyroad, weeks passed and the vicar got more 'n' more excited and he said I was a jeenius and should be given the O.B.M. (Order of the Biggest Marrow). I sez 'Nah, fanks.' I didn't want them pepperoni from the papers comin' down here an' traipsing all over me taters, although that Gerry Jackson from 'Look North' had a bit o' class about him when he reported on the zip wire – bein' from the BBC an' all that.

'Course. I was startin' to get a bit worried as to how we'd get the marrer to Ripon for the show an' the judgin'. His nibs had an idea and asked for that chappie who wears shorts and drives a fork lift truck around Richmond if he wud tek it forrus and he said it would be 'no problemo' (or somethin' foreign sounding like that, 'cos his gran lived in Ripon and he could call in for a cuppa with her.)

The vicar was never away from the allotment now, fussin' and measurin' an' polishin' his marrer most days. I reckoned that if that marrer hadna got roots, he'd a had it in a pushchair, tekkin' it round the Batts to show it off to all the mums. 'Ee, doesn't he look like his Dad?' 'Doesn't seem to have any teeth yet.'

Mind you, as time went on and we knew we'd got a winning marrer, we had to be right careful and allus keep a watch on it. There can be some dodgy people around – includin', sad ter say, some unscrupulous vicars who wanted to win the comeptishun and whose marrers had failed. If they didn't nick it, they might still nobble it by scratchin' inappropriate religious tracts on the skin.

So we started tekkin' turns to sleep in the allotment overnight to man the tripwires and replenish the tin tacks around the marrer. This was when ol' Lucky cem into his own. Why, that ol' fella can smell a man o' the cloth miles orf!

Well, time passed and the marrer grew and grew and even I was pretty sure that between me and ol' Lucky and the vicar, we had a marrer to beat any marrer in Yorkshire.

The night before the show, the three of us was admirin' our work, when the vicar nips orf to watch the weather forecast.

Suddenly, we hears this gnashin' and a wailin' and the vicar comes runnin' down to ol' Lucky and me and he is as white as his surplice. He tells us that ol' Paul Mooney (a friend of Gerry Jackson's so he must be orl right) had said that severe frost were forecast for Yorkshire and speshuly for the Richmond area.



Now frost and marrers don't go together. Frost can turn marrers inter mush so the vicar were in a right two and eight and he can see his fifty pund prize disappearing in front of his eyes.

Well, I calms him down and I says that as it was his turn that night to sleep in the shed, **he** would have to protect the marrer if it got frosty. He asks me to help but I had ter say sorry 'cos it were the final of te Richmond All Stars Domino Competition and Carryoakee that night between the King's 'Ead Chappers and the Black Lion Crooners. With me bein' the captain of the King's 'Ead team (' Double Six Finney' they calls me), there were no way I could miss it – prize marrer or no prize marrer.

So that night, the vicar comes down to the shed carrying his Brownsea Island camp bed, autographed by Lord Baden-Pole or sum such, two harmy blankets, a duvet, his Church Times fleece (on speshul offer 'cos of a mis-print) and a copy of ol' Fred Nietzsche's hundred best jokes book, while I got the turtle stove roarin' for him. He was already wearin' his Church Times pjs.

They had Noah's Ark animals on them, a rainbow up each traaser leg and had Velcro fastenings in case he were late getting up for eight o'clock. 'Ol Lucky and me says good-night, closed the door and left him to it. His nibs gets himself snuggled down with his Three Kings hot water bottle with its star of wonder stopper and goes t'' sleep.

About midnight, he wakes up and looks outer the winder – aaahhh! Frost! Paul Mooney was right. In the pale mooney light (heh, heh says ol' Lucky), he sees a thin layer of forst all over the allotment. So he panics, grabs one of the harmy blankets, goes out inter the cold and puts it over the beautiful prize marrer.

Although he was still a bit worried, he goes back ter sleep. Well, when the clock chimes one (do them bellringers stay up there orl night?), he looks aht again and the frost is thicker. So he gits the other harmy blanket and nips aht and puts that one over the marrer too and tucks it in.

Right worried now, his nibs stokes up the ol' turtle stove, has a cup of Bovril (no veganarian drinks tonight even though Himalayan Tea might have been better, given the weather an' all) and tries to go back to sleep. But it were no good.

At two o'clock, he looks aht the winder and the frost were a thick white fur over everythink. AAAHHH! So he goes aht, a bit like Capitani Hoates, teks his duvet and he puts that over the two harmy blankets and, ter keep the marrer warm, he crawls underneath, lays down next to it and snuggles up to it, right cosy.

And that's how me and ol' Lucky found him next morning – frozen to the marrer!! Heh, heh!



THE WIT AND WISDOM OF MISTER JACK FINNEY

I heard on the news that there'd been a terrible accident in the Atlantic when a ship loaded with red paint collided with a ship loaded with blue paint. Both ships sank and the crews were marooned!



A friend of mine has given up his job in the City to become a mime artist. I haven't heard from him since.

My friend Tony said I must never say his name backwards.. I said 'Y not.'



INFORMATION POINT- ALL ARE WELCOME.

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

Situations may change during Please check our website or use the contact number for information.

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

AFTER THE CARDS AND VISITORS

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

Starting again on your own is even more difficult.

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

WE ARE STILL AVAILABLE THROUGH TELEPHONE CONTACT

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

PASTORAL CARE— A CONTINUING SERVICE

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

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

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

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

St Mary's Groups Waiting to Resume—continued

Bible Study Groups

After the successful groups run in Lent, we are continuing the Book Group which met on a Thursday afternoon. See information at the end of Martin's message for details. Watch this space for when other groups will resume or check the website.



KNIT2GETHER

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

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

200 Club Winner — congratulations!

The winner of the May draw was Jan Beeton
Congratulations, Jan!

Sudoku - Easy

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

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Sudoku - Medium

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

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Word Search

From the Parish Pump Ltd

Many of us know the song 'Day by Day' – the folk-rock ballad from the musical Godspell. It ran: Day by day, day by day, Oh dear Lord, three things I pray: to see thee more clearly, love thee more dearly, follow thee more nearly, day by day. But did you know that the lyrics are based on the prayer of Richard of Chichester, a bishop in the 13th century? Richard was greatly loved. He was charitable and accessible, both stern and merciful to sinners, very generous to those stricken by famine, and a brilliant legislator of his diocese. He decreed that the sacraments were to be administered without payment, the clergy to be chaste, and the laity to attend Mass on Sundays and holy days.

Richard was also prominent in preaching the Crusade, which he saw as a call to reopen the Holy Land to pilgrims, not as a political expedition. He died in 1253. In art, Richard of Chichester is represented with a chalice at his feet, in memory of his having once dropped the chalice at Mass!

Day
Rock
Ballad
Musical
Godspell
Dear
Lord
Three
Things
Pray
See
Clearly
love
Dearly
Follow
nearly
bishop
sinners
generous
famine
sacraments
laity
crusades
pilgrims
chalice



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

Puzzle Solutions

Sudoku — Easy

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

Sudoku—Medium

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

Wordsearch

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

Deadline for the July edition - 15th June

Stay safe.

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

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