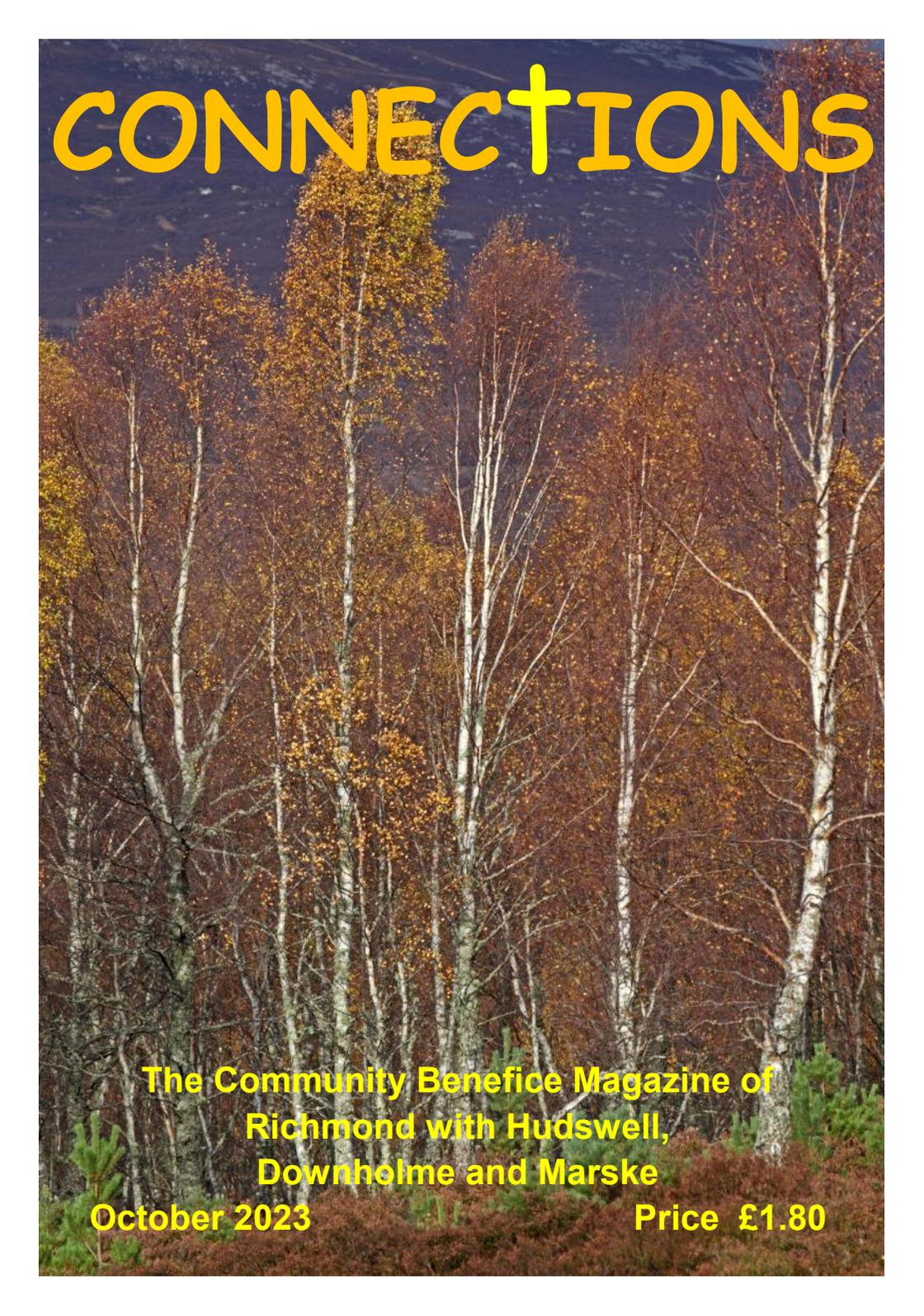


CONNECTIONS



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

October 2023

Price £1.80

THE BENEFICE OF RICHMOND WITH HUDSWELL, DOWNHOLME AND MARSKE

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CHURCH SERVICES - St MARY THE VIRGIN, RICHMOND with Hudswell

8.00 a.m.	Holy Communion	Every Sunday
10.00 a.m.	Parish Communion Worship for All	Every Sunday apart from 1st Sunday (no communion) Every 1st Sunday
4.00 p.m.	Café Church Fun-Key Church	3rd Sunday (every 2 mths—Jan, March etc) Last Sunday each month
6.30 p.m.	Choral Evensong Free to Be	Second Sunday each month 3rd Sunday (every 2 mths—Feb, April etc)
9.15 a.m.	Holy Communion	Every Wednesday

CHURCH SERVICES AT HOLY TRINITY CHAPEL, MARKET PLACE, RICHMOND

10.30 a.m. Holy Communion Every Thursday

PARISH OF ST MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, DOWNHOLME

CHURCH OFFICERS

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PCC Secretary	Rev Jennifer Williamson	824365	rev.jenny1@btinternet.com

CHURCH SERVICES AT DOWNHOLME

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

THE PARISH OF ST EDMUNDS, MARSKE

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Organist	Jennifer Wallis	(01748) 822930	1 School Terrace, Marske
Treasurer	Peter Coates	(07801) 521954	Orgate Farmhouse, Marske peter.coates54@hotmail.co.uk
PCC Secretary	Jennifer Williamson	(01748)82436	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

The darker nights are definitely with us now, as are the colder days. The harvest is safely gathered in; holidays where people have been able to take them are becoming distant memories. Children are settling into their new year groups, or even new schools, whilst those who have left have hopefully embarked on new training, new work, new studies in higher education.

The autumn and forthcoming winter also may return us to the difficult times of last year, because energy costs and fuel costs have not returned to previous levels, nor are they likely to. For the people with the means, the option of using winter fuel allowances to support others without the means is open once more.

Within the covers of this month's magazine, you will find a letter from John Ridley seeking volunteers to support the Warm Welcome space at the Methodist Church Hall (page 7). We also begin our new series spotlighting local businesses and a hope that we, as members of the community parish churches, can support such local enterprise. We often value a service most when it's no longer there.

There are so many aspects of life over which we have no control—the war in Ukraine, the floods in North Africa, famine in north west Africa, wildfires in Canada, Europe or the USA—but we can make differences within our own community—supporting local business, giving time to helping others.

In this October issue, we offer the text of a fascinating address by Henry Thompson in the September 'Worship for All' service, Carole McCormack reflects on the move to Richmond at Covid time and also reminds us of the joys of Newby Hall if seeking a different day out. Christine Porter tells of the work of a different Wordsworth, Liz Kluz describes a little celebrity's visit to St Edmunds, George Alderson rhymes about his personal trinity. John Pritchard explains why many churches of different denominations still use the same readings on the same days. Angela Dickinson and Ruth Abbey visit the Keswick Convention, Jane Hatcher 'tours' the historic yards of Richmond. Martin Clarke gives us pause for thought on climate change, Mark Beresford-Peirce looks at a little word and Wendy Prichard attends to her Autumn garden. And, as ever, we are grateful for Ian Short's image for the cover.

So there it is! My tenure as editor will be coming to an end at Christmas so there is a vacancy on the editorial team which currently comprises Carole McCormack, John Pritchard, Christine Porter and me, with John McCormack sharing the work of preparing the varied contributions for printing. Please consider if you can offer some time and get in touch. Happy reading!

Jim Jack



A Letter from Paul- Curate not Saint



Where has the year gone?! I like to tease our congregation by including within my emails to them a running counter on how many days are left until Christmas. I know some love it. However others rightly avoid the countdown as they prefer to live for the moment. That is something I need to learn to become better at. That said, I was shopping earlier today in Morrisons in Darlington and snapped a picture of their 'Christmas Section'. That picture may well be attached to this week's email!

The reality of this 'job' is that there are very few months in the year that one can describe as 'quiet'. It is often frowned upon by many of the emergency services to even utter the 'Q' word. I spent many hours working with the Police and Ambulance crews in Bradford when I volunteered as a Bradford Street Angel, and you could guarantee that as soon as someone commented on how quiet it is, all hell would break loose.

Whilst patrolling the streets of Bradford in a Hi-Viz jacket with the word 'Angel' emblazoned on the back, many people presumed it was my job to try and convert them. This was not the case; I was simply there to care for those in need.

There were more than a few occasions when people professed their undying love for me. However these were often ladies who had a few too many wine gums! I occasionally offered the retort 'Love you too', in that 'neutral' tone that we all know.

As I sit here reminiscing on the 'good ol' days', I reflect on the fact that, as the song says; 'What the world needs now is love, sweet love, it's the only thing that there's just too little of.' It felt truly gruesome to hear those words through the alcohol, but they are, none the less, beautiful words when spoken together.

John chapter 3, verse 16 tells us; "This is how much God loved the world: He gave his Son, his one and only Son. And this is why: so that no one need be destroyed; by believing in him, anyone can have a whole and lasting life. God didn't go to all



the trouble of sending his Son merely to point an accusing finger, telling the world how bad it was. He came to help, to put the world right again.’ (The Message)

That’s not the translation we hear most in Church, but every time I do, I am almost overwhelmed that God loves ME that much. Eugene Peterson’s transliteration of the bible arguably could be written more eloquently, but there is no doubting the message... it’s a message originally written by the Apostle John. He penned in a few sentences the story of the greatest act of love.

But love is an overused word. It’s in advertising, it’s that throw away comment like mine to the lady enjoying the Bradford nightlife, yet on the other hand, we often sing of our love for God in our worship music and hymns.

The song I mentioned earlier, one I haven’t tried with the congregation at St Mary’s yet, is a song that many attribute to Burt Bacharach, but the lyrics were penned by a guy called Hal David. The song, beautifully sung by Jackie DeShannon, tells us that; ‘What the World Needs Now Is Love sweet love, it’s the only thing that there’s just too little of.’ (I apologise if you now have the song as an ear worm). As trite as those words may appear, no truer words could be spoken. The world had far too little love back in 1965 when the song was first sung, and the world has even less today. Just take a look at the news.

No matter where we look, there seems to be a lack of this precious commodity— with one extraordinarily important exception...John 3:16 teaches that God loves us by his mercy because of what Jesus did for us on the cross, not because of what we try to do to merit his acceptance. An in return, our challenge is to be that exception in a world where love often appears to be missing.

Paul

**Loving.
Living.
Learning.**



Baptisms

at St Edmund’s, Marske



David Jonathan Ridley Buckingham
Florence Jean Wallis
William Allan Fawcett Prescott

12th March 2023
21st May 2023
4th June 2023

‘Baptism is the door of the spiritual life and the gateway to the sacraments.’

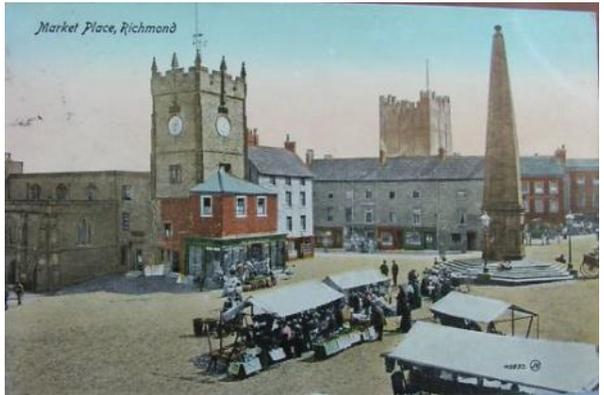
(Thomas Aquinas)

MY BUSINESS IS YOUR BUSINESS

We begin a new series this month in which we take a look at locally owned businesses in Richmond which offer us key services in the face of competition from larger organisations. How did they begin, what challenges do they face and what are their aims for their role in the community.

We start with a visit to Neeps and Tatties, run by David and Loo Morton, a business which celebrates its tenth birthday this year.

I have recently been reading a book called *'Remembering Richmond'* based upon writings by Julia Ghent and Hubert Blades. The second chapter, called *'A Walk Round the Market Place'* (approximately 1906) literally takes the reader, shop by shop, around the historic space in which 'commercial life revolved.' As a 'self-supporting town', we are told of the confectioners, saddlers, drapers, newsagents, jewellers, tobacconists, gents and ladies outfitters and more (as well as pubs and cafes) whose premises occupied the perimeter of the cobbled centre of Richmond.



Market Place, tinted postcard 1916

Reading Hubert Blades piece again alerted me to the coincidence that where 'Neeps and Tatties' made its first appearance (in 2013) was in the same part of the Market Place where there had been a greengrocer's shop (owned by a Mr T McGuinness) in 1906. This slight backwater of the Market Place also represented the first foray into retailing by Laura (Loo) and David Morton over 100 years later.

Long-standing members of the congregation will remember Loo as a member of a strong and talented church choir. She became a Bishop's Award chorister in her time there. Known as 'Loo' (because there were seven Lauras in her year group at school), she went to university in York to study nursing, broke her studies half way through to return to Richmond to help to care for her mother who had been diagnosed with cancer, before returning to complete her nursing studies at James Cook Hospital after a spell as a nursery nurse in Harrogate. It was in her time on Tees-side that Loo met up with David, who had been in the same year group as her at Richmond School.

David had worked in the catering profession after leaving school, training as a chef before leaving the kitchen for management roles in Costa Coffee in Darlington and then Teesside Park. It was at that time that his mother decided that she would like to take over running the café above Angus Morton (butchers) in Finkle Street, so David returned to Richmond to work there, with Lou helping out from time to time when she was not working in operating theatres in Gateshead (a lot of travelling) and then the Friarage Hospital in Northallerton.

Things took an unexpected turn when Parker's Greengrocers, whose shop was near the corner of the Market Place, decided to close. The café had lost its supplier of fresh produce. What to do?

Instead of seeking a new supplier, David fancied trying his own hand at running a business with Loo also keen to give it a go. So it was that they did a business plan, applied for a small bank loan (unsuccessfully) but, with financial help from family, took the lease on 34, Market Place and set up on their own in 2013.



**Parker's Veg Shop, 34 Market Place—
adjacent to The Talbot Hotel (right)**

They freely admit that they had much to learn but each had parents with experience of running their own businesses. Lou and David were determined to succeed. Alongside determination, they brought local knowledge to the venture, a network of people they knew and, crucially, their personalities which were driven by service to and support for others. Genuine interest in people and a desire to give others the quality of service which they would expect themselves still drives their approach.



Importantly, knowing what good quality produce is through David's work in catering (as well as being personal consumers of food!) meant a degree of professional certainty about the standard of produce they wanted to offer.

The new life was challenging. There were new skills to learn, e.g. how to price goods, where to buy from, how much to order, what to buy in, how to make best use of space, how to store and display, ,

what services to offer, managing cash flow – and in amongst this, caring for baby Bella (followed by the arrival of Charlie and Arthur over the next few years.)

To those who, like me, have been blessed with a secure and enjoyable job, regular cash flow (a salary) with a pension on retirement that didn't need to be self-managed greatly, it is sometimes too easy to forget the challenges facing many small local businesses run by individuals. Their family income depends upon what they can earn through charging more than they pay for what they sell. No steady cash flow here. There is also the relentless pressure of competition from chain stores and supermarkets who can negotiate hard for lower supply prices, bulk buy and still make profits whilst undercutting our small independent stores.

And what happens if you're sick? Or one of the children is ill? Or the only delivery van breaks down? None of these things were even mentioned or complained about in our discussion about the greengrocery trade, but I'm sure these things happened.



Instead, the main focus of the positive discussion at Neeps and Tatties was underpinned by a genuine love of and care for customers. They notice if 'regulars' aren't around. They hear if someone is unwell. They are concerned to ensure that what they sell is of the best quality they can. They listen to what people would like and try to supply it. By the time you read

this magazine, the middle section of the shop will have been given over to dried goods – spices, baking goods etc – 'The Cook's Nook' . Choices can be self-weighed to the quantities needed rather than having to buy fixed quantity, standard vacuum packs. This innovation was spurred by customers commenting on how they missed what the Food Weighhouse and its successor on King Street had offered.

The original shop started in 2013 had worked, but its location was out of the way, so when an opportunity came up to move to the current premises on the sunny side of the Market Place, Lou and David jumped at the chance. Helped by landlords who have a priority to see local traders succeed in this, the original Richmond, the business has been able to be seen by more people and getS more 'drop ins' than the former premises used by Parkers.

Then Covid arrived, not long after the move. And so the Neeps and Tatties vegetable box was born. A standard selection of vegetables at a fixed price, ordered in advance and collected from the shop or home delivered, met people's needs – so much so that demand rose from about 100 boxes at the outset to 600 boxes by the time it was deemed safe to open the doors once more.



It was here too that the high quality of the fruit and vegetables was demonstrated, asserts Loo. People commented on how unused purchases from the week before were still in good condition in the following week, a matter of some satisfaction to the owners, aware that they can rarely compete with supermarkets on price.

In terms of Loo's and David's own interest in what they sell, they do seek out opportunities to introduce people in Richmond to new products and new tastes. Candy striped beetroot, different coloured carrots were two mentioned, whilst outside, raspberry ripple coloured apples were on display with a couple of apples helpfully cut in half to let prospective buyers see the pink and cream coloured marbled interior under the skin of what otherwise looked like a fairly standard apple.



The 'Raspberry Ripple' Apples

This doesn't always work. Recently, they bought in a box of baby aubergines because there was a feeling that there would be some interest in the aubergine-buying community and amongst those who might be otherwise daunted by the size of a whole aubergine. This purchase was not the best idea in the world – but, nothing ventured....

The presentation and display of the variety of goods sold is important to Lou, as is the opportunity to talk with customers – both about what's on offer and life in general. Her nature is to generate a cheerful family feel, not as a selling ploy but through a genuine and heartfelt belief that people should be kind and nice to each other. Seeking similar qualities in people they employ (another responsibility) and encouraging staff to relax and enjoy the company of visitors to the shop is very important.



They try to respond to particular requests from the individual customers – and also the hospitality and catering establishments that account for about 30% of their business. Items are sourced from trusted wholesalers who deliver twice a week but David keeps in touch with the suppliers and the market on his weekly visits to the wholesale market in Leeds. This necessitates a 3.00 a.m. departure- ok in summer but can be tricky in the darker months.

The normal hours of work are 6.00 a.m. to 6.00 p.m. There are three delivery runs a day. The children's friends love the fact that the Mortons run a shop. However, for the Morton family, it's just normal life.

As a local business, the recent rises in fuels costs, gas and electricity prices and wages in some of the supplying sector have been driving costs up. Whilst all businesses face this to a greater or lesser degree, the small, local independent retailer has less resource to ride out such storms. However, Neeps and Tatties rely not on the lowest prices but on offering quality, choice and friendly service with the customer interest uppermost to keep working at the heart of the Richmond community. Lou carries this through in her work as a town councillor on the Community, Appeals and Donations Committee.



Involvement in best shop window competition

The *Remembering Richmond* book notes that, as a self-supporting town in 1906, the ‘grocer dealt with the butcher, the butcher supported the grocer, each tradesman kept trade in the town and all .. were to some degree friends’. Lou embodies this principle of working together for Richmond in her council work. In these difficult times, the spirit of supporting local businesses is perhaps one which we can help to foster too.

And for the present? Well, I’m off to Neeps and Tatties to buy some nectarines!

JEJ

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FRIENDS EVENT—3rd ANNUAL WINE TASTING, 14 OCTOBER

It’s back by popular demand! Dr Jamie Harrison returns to share his expertise—and wine – with us on **14th October** (the 957th anniversary of the Battle of Hastings, if you’re interested!) **starting at 7.00 p.m. at the back of St Mary’s Church**. Tickets are £10.00 each to include the sampling of the wines and ‘nibbles’.



Tickets are on sale at Castle Hill Books and from Peter Trewby or Graham Barber in church—but there are only 60 for sale so you’ll need to get your purchase in quickly. The event has sold out on both previous occasions.

GRAND DAYS OUT

CAROLE McCORMACK recounts and recommends a recent visit to one of the country houses and grounds which are worth the journey and sit within a 30 mile radius of Richmond. Whilst she points out that it is on the expensive side, it's a place for all ages—and dogs and a mixture of things, ranging from picnics to season tickets can mitigate the overall cost.

Most of all, on a fine day, there's plenty to see and do at **NEWBY HALL**.



Situated 24 miles from Richmond, this is a visit that will appeal to everyone: the site is very accessible, with options to take a picnic, or to eat at the very pleasant café, and abundant loos. It offers exceptional activities and interests for children from toddler age to early teens, and tends therefore to be recommended for young families, but the beautiful gardens and woodland walks and the very tranquil environment will certainly appeal to all generations.

I find the best way to access Newby Hall is via the A6055, then A61 from Catterick to the outskirts of Ripon. This road, which runs parallel to the A1(M) is usually blissfully uncongested and Newby Hall is clearly signed off a major roundabout on the outskirts of Ripon. The Hall and gardens are open from 1st April until 1st October every year and it hosts some special events, such as outdoor theatre, the Harrogate flower show and Sports Cars in the park .

Newby Hall is privately owned and admission prices are expensive at £30 per person (£28 online), with children under 2 going free, and children 4 -15 costing £24. Gardens only tickets are £18/£15. **However, season tickets are really good value at £45 for an adult and £25 for a child over 2 years.** (Membership of Historic Houses Association also gains uncharged admission and to other properties in the area— could be a hint for a Christmas present? Ed)

The extensive car park is situated next to the picnic area and the attractive garden centre. A short walk brings you to the visitor centre where plans of the grounds are available.



I have not yet visited the interior of the Hall, as for around 30 years I have always been accompanied by small children! But there is a wide range of options to follow in the grounds and gardens. Just looking at the amazing double herbaceous border is a complete delight, and the woodland and shrubberies which surround the house are perfect to just wander through.

There are boat trips down the River Ure, which runs through the grounds, and rides on the miniature steam railway. This is very attractive with a small-scale station and train shed, signal box and tunnel.



Both trips are extra, but are lengthy and worth the cost.

The grounds are very accessible for the less able and for wheelchair users. Although there are some steps, these are avoidable. A very well-thought-out adventure playground area caters for the full range of younger visitors – with a much more challenging range of equipment for pre-teens.

For wet weather there are two very well-presented exhibitions: a Dolls' House collection has nearly 70 varied houses which offer glimpses into a fascinating miniature world. For over 40 years two close friends have worked together to create houses of all shapes and styles together forming one of the most important private collections on display anywhere in the world. The second collection is Gyles Brandreth's Teddy Bear Collection, which has been lovingly put together by the Brandreths over a number of years and is on permanent display.

A full day can easily be spent at Newby Hall – and children are endlessly entertained here.

Carole McCormack

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PLANT AND PRODUCE SALE— A THANK YOU AND A REQUEST

A big 'thank you' from the Friends of St Mary's committee to all who supported the annual Plant and Produce sale on August Bank Holiday Saturday—by helping to set up, by giving plants, produce and raffle prizes, by helping on the day and by coming along to support the event. There was a splendid array of plants, the Belles Café was as good as ever, and many tasty offerings on the produce stall.

The current total stands at over £1,900 with a little more still to come so we may top £2,000 which virtually pays for the necessary survey work to be carried out for the planned step-free access to St Mary's.

And the request? As the fruits and vegetables usually ripen after the sale, could you already consider making jams and chutneys for next year's event please and also think in advance of cuttings and plants (or even raffle prizes) you could offer for next year? Now that Covid is more under control , the Friends are looking to restore this event to its major fund-raising role in 2024.



THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS LIKE...

Rev Paul Sunderland set **HENRY THOMPSON** the somewhat daunting challenge of completing and explaining this statement—and then sharing his reflections with the entire congregation at St Mary's at Morning Worship on 1 September. Henry is recognised by many in his chorister's robes as he stands alongside Ralph Robinson—the two longest serving current choir members.

Henry bravely accepted this challenge. How he imparted his thoughts can still be viewed on YouTube. What he had to say was most interesting and thought-provoking. He kindly agreed to let the text of his address to be printed in this magazine.

The Kingdom of Heaven is like...



Crail Harbour in the 1950s

If you head north from Edinburgh, cross over the Firth of Forth, turn right along the coast of Fife until you get nearly to the end and you'll find yourself in the picturesque village of Crail. At the far end of the main street, don't take the main road to the north heading to St Andrews but keep straight on, out towards Fife Ness- and you will come to a very large pig farm.

Now that pig farm didn't used to be a pig farm; when I arrived there on 12 August 1957, it was the Joint Services School for Linguists, training National Servicemen, conscripted for two years , to provide a body of interpreters and translators as part of our preparations in the Cold War. I arrived there a few weeks before Ralph Robinson, he in the RAF, I in the Army, both of us very lucky to have been selected for the last two interpreters' courses before the end of National Service – but still all of us keenly looking forward to the day when we would be released from our military shackles and back to the relative bliss of civilian life.



Badge of the Joint Services School for Linguists

The morning after my intake arrived at Crail, we were addressed in turn by the Chief Instructor, who briefed us about the 18 month language course we were about to begin and by the Regimental Sergeant Major about the military side of things in this unusual Joint Services Establishment. The Chief Instructor was a civilian, a

distinguished academic whose day job was as a professor at nearby St Andrew's University; the Regimental Sergeant Major was a soldier of many years' service, a figure of undoubted authority but not (shall we say) a man of letters. Nevertheless, though I can recall nothing of what the Chief instructor said to us that morning, the opening words of the RSM's address remained indelibly imprinted on my memory. "They tell me," he said, "that your Russian will be very useful in the after life."

Well, I understood what he meant by the 'after life' – simply, for us conscripts, life after the Army – but I've always retained, and enjoyed, an apocalyptic vision rooted in those Cold War years, of the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven, surmounted by the Soviet Union's symbols of the hammer and sickle, with Messrs Lenin and Stalin at the receipt of custom, a vision now sadly refreshed with Mr Putin in that role.

The Kingdom of Heaven is like....

So, what is the Kingdom of Heaven like? Well, surely it's not like my Cold War vision. Surely it's more like *All Things Bright and Beautiful* – all heavenly sights and sounds and sensations and smells and nice people and nice animals (sorry, no skunks allowed.)



Jesus pondered how to explain and convey the concept of the Kingdom of Heaven to his disciples – and he often did it by making them laugh. He knew full well that it's very difficult for the human brain to imagine such an abstract concept in other than concrete, earthly, human terms. So, to this mixed and largely unsophisticated group of men, he offered widely exaggerated examples: the Kingdom of Heaven is like a mustard seed. Like a mustard seed? Preposterous! Or like a spoonful of yeast. A spoonful of yeast? Ridiculous!

Well, you've got to laugh – and laugh they surely did. Like a valuable pearl. Well, all right, valuable and shiny, but, come off it, ridiculously small. Like a man having his debts forgiven? Ha! A likely story! Like labourers in a vineyard getting paid their contractual wage for a day while others who came in late got the same amount? That's outrageous!! We'll jolly well have to invent trade unions.

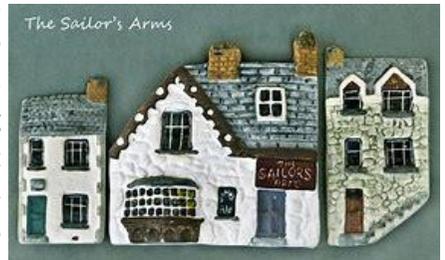
It must have been an amazing experience for this group of men to be provoked into laughter and discussion and argument, to be made to think and speculate about what the Kingdom of Heaven is like.

And think and speculate he still provokes us to do – though we tend to forget the laughter because we've heard the stories so often, and, unlike the reports of parliamentary debates in Hansard, the Bible doesn't say 'Laughter' in brackets on its accounts of what was said then – perhaps it ought to.

So maybe the Kingdom of Heaven isn't just a compendium of those nice sights and sounds and smells, the limits of what I can imagine – limits laid down by what I can feel with my senses (at first- or second-hand) restricted by the words in the dictionary and the entries in Wikipedia; a vast panorama, but still not vast enough to show me the Kingdom of Heaven. And, in fact, I live and thrive not just on static words and ideas but on variety and growth and change, all of which depend upon the passage of time.

Everything I do takes time. All action needs a verb, in past or present or future. I drank, you drink, we shall drink. I love, you loved, we shall love. And I can't imagine the Kingdom of Heaven without some drinking and some loving, both of the processes needing time – needing a time to start and to stop – opening time and closing time.

You may remember that Dylan Thomas gives us a helpful glimpse in *Under Milk Wood*. "The ship's clock in the bar of the Sailors Arms says half past eleven. Half past eleven is opening time. The hands of the clock have stayed still at half past eleven for fifty years. It is always opening time at the Sailors Arms." A helpful glimpse of what the Kingdom of Heaven may be like – though not very encouraging without the guarantee of time after half past eleven.



No, I can't imagine the Kingdom of Heaven without time, without verbs with tenses, without the hands of a clock moving, without asking what day it will be? Shall I need to shave? How old shall I be? Which of my five successive beloved cats will be with me? Or shall I just have to sit on a cloud for ever, trying to tune a harp? And, if so, won't that be Hell rather than Heaven, endless and beginningless? Oh no, not ambrosia and nectar for breakfast again! Longing for bacon and eggs and a cup of tea.

Oh, and by the way, if **my** sins are all forgiven, will Adolph Hitler be there? And will Lucy Letby arrive in due course?

Indeed, I can only imagine what the Kingdom of Heaven is like in earthly terms, with the help of Jesus' outrageous earthly suggestions. I can only ask questions, ponder the possible and marvel at the mystery. And, of course, as a linguist, I have to wonder what can be the working language of the Kingdom of Heaven.

"They tell me your Russian will be very useful in the after life," said the Regimental Sergeant Major that morning in 1957. If you head north from Edinburgh. Out on Fife Ness. Where there is now a pig farm.

THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

In this new occasional series, individual members of our benefice community give their own thoughts on current national and international issues and how Christian teachings apply to such significant matters which affect daily lives.

Just as Henry Thompson responded to Paul's challenge (see pages 15-17 if you don't read this publication from front to back!), so **MARTIN CLARKE** was willing to share some of his thoughts on a key issue which will affect future generations as well as our own—climate change.

Climate Change - It's a question of love



I have recently learned that what was known as Global Warming is now referred to, much more accurately, as Climate Change. It seems to be a hot topic these days and one question that could be asked is this: Is there any religious dimension that can be applied to what is in essence a very scientific debate?

Although I have had a little theological education, in retrospect I realise that any aspirations I might have possessed towards scientific expertise were thwarted from the moment of my first day in the school science laboratory. The tubing from the gas point to the Bunsen burner suddenly, and quite inexplicably, developed a mind of its own. It twisted around one leg of the tripod and sent the liquid experiment cascading across the pages of the chemistry textbook. The result was

that the school opted to direct my studies into other subjects.

I have since lived in blissful ignorance of science. The poster in the classroom had been a diagram of the universe. No one ever told me that more had been discovered. The school bibles in those far off days had 4004 BC printed in the margins of page one of Genesis, to let us know the year when the world was created.

A few weeks back my wife, Anne, spotted a reference to a forthcoming television series, *Earth*, which sounded as though it might be quite interesting. We watched it together. It was indeed a set of fascinating programmes, but unfortunately the combination of the dulcet tones of the narrator, coupled with the seemingly continuous soft background music, had a very soporific effect upon me. I had to arouse myself from frequent slumbers to ask Anne for a catch-up on what I had missed. However, writing as someone who once fell asleep in the middle of one of his own sermons, I do appreciate that I am in no position to criticise.

I learned that the earth is 4.5 billion years old. That is a number way beyond my ability to comprehend. The longest amount of time I think I could reasonable understand is a thousand years, approximately equivalent to the well-documented history of the monarchy from William the Conqueror to Elizabeth II. Therefore, I have to think of the age of the earth as being four and a half thousand million times longer than that.



Now I recognise that there is a distinction between scientific theories and scientific facts – reasonable conjecture as opposed to something that can be proved — but I am prepared to accept using a well-supported theory as a working hypothesis.

The television series taught me that there has been a number of climate changes in the lifetime of the earth to the present. I shall not attempt to be precise about the number due to my proclivity for somnolence. I understand that each climate change was a catastrophe threatening to terminate the history of the earth, but that each time, somehow, the earth miraculously survived.

It reminded me of my Hebrew lecturer's observation that although the opening words of the Bible in almost all English translations are rendered "In the beginning God created", they can equally well, and probably better, be translated as "In the beginning of God's creating". It seems a small difference, but it does emphasise the point that God did not create the world and then sit back and do nothing else about it. Rather, creation is an on-going activity. Using the terminology of Genesis,

the seventh day is not a time for stopping and giving up, but simply a moment for pausing. One thing I did notice was that author of the first parable of creation manages to summarise with some considerable accuracy 4.5 billion years of the history into one notional week.

The story of the earth so far makes it seem quite reasonable that we should not be surprised to find more climate changes happening in the future. Some of the apocalyptic passages in the Bible could be interpreted as expecting this as well.

However, it does seem clear that the next climate change will happen earlier than it might otherwise have been expected. This is because of the effects of industrialisation. It may be possible to rectify this situation, if we can do our very best to offset the damage that was innocently caused by the Industrial Revolution, and are able to reduce those effects as far as possible.



In Genesis we can find two separate verses that challenge us to decide and colour our attitude towards the earth. In Chapter one, verse 28, God is depicted as saying “Be fruitful, multiply, fill the earth and subdue it”. In chapter two, verse 15, it says that “God took the man, and settled him in the Garden of Eden to cultivate and take care of it”. Herein lies our choice – is the earth ours to dominate and do as we wish, or are we to nurture it?

Jesus’ summary of the Ten Commandments includes an instruction to love our neighbours as ourselves. His parable of the Good Samaritan is designed to show us that our neighbour is everyone else. I think it not unreasonable to develop that idea to include the people of future generations as well. If we enjoy the beauty of our present earth and do not wish to spoil it for ourselves, should we not do our

best to ensure that it is not destroyed but preserved as far as is possible for our descendants to appreciate and enjoy it also? The choice is ours – to love or not to love

None of us, I am sure, wish to see nuclear weapons being used to destroy our earth in an instant. Yet the current threat of climate change will have the same effect. It will simply take a little longer.

A study of the history of the earth to date could be said to indicate that at some time in the future another climate change will almost certainly happen. It is possible that the earth would yet again overcome the catastrophe, albeit probably without the survival of humankind.

But nowhere have I found anything to say that we have a God-given encouragement to selfishly hasten the coming of such a catastrophe. *Martin Clarke*



-oOoO-

A Magic Word?

Well, maybe not, but the little word, "Amen" punches well above its weight! Coming at the end of a prayer, it says, "May it be so", a bit like adding our signature. Jesus often used it to emphasise what he was about to say, meaning, "This is so" or "Truly" ("Verily" in the old version).

What I like about "Amen" is that it not only marks our input but it also asks God, through Jesus, to make something good from our prayer, trusting his forgiveness and understanding of us, together with the loving power of the Spirit. So may our "Amens" be a way of reaching out our hand and taking hold of the strong hand of God. Amen! *Mark B-P*

POETRY FROM DOWNHOLME

GEORGE ALDERSON reflects on a slightly different Trinity

The Silence of the Trinities

If I could remember the day of the week,
I might find a time when I'm forced not to speak,
Or listen to chatter from those all around
Who seem to delight when they're making some sound!
No matter the context or content – they talk
And check that I'm listening – they watch like a hawk.
Now, Sunday is special – it's just You and me
(Of course, there's the Rector, amounting to three).
I know there are others who sit close at hand,
But each of us joins a triangular band.
Each 'trinity' prays for the world and the Church,
Each asks for some guidance they need in the search.
Perhaps one is lonely, a second one sad;
Another confessing that (s)he has been bad.
But everyone present brings silence with thought,
The reasons they're happy, contented or fraught.
Why must it be Sunday before I find peace?
Not Tuesday or Thursday before my release.
There ISN'T a reason why I have to wait
To shut out the world, Lord, so we can relate.
The hymns and my prayers which I offer to you
Are seemly reminders of what is Your due.
The time of the day (or, for that matter, night)
It's NEVER too early or late that is RIGHT.
Please, Father, keep talking and listening to me,
And make me the servant You want me to be.
Make MY tongue redundant and block up MY ears
Unless they are needed to obviate fears.
I don't need to watch for the days of the week,
I just need to listen whenever You speak.
And try to take forward Your message for me
Until I return to my Church trinity

NOTES FROM OUR PAST

One of the interesting things about **JANE HATCHER's** regular pieces about our history is they open our eyes to fascinating local stories, the evidence of which we pass by on many days with never a thought- like the yards!

Richmond's Yards

The many interesting monuments within St Mary's mainly commemorate 'the great and the good' of our town, and the even more numerous tombstones in the churchyard mostly represent a relatively prosperous former population. The majority of poorer erstwhile parishioners have, of course, no memorial.

I was reminded of this recently when asked if I could identify a 'yard' where the enquirer's ancestor had been born, and sadly I could not. There were once many such 'yards' of cottages inhabited by mainly poor families, built behind larger properties, to accommodate a growing population in Georgian and Victorian times.

Such yards often took their names from the tradesmen responsible for these little developments. Some of these historic yards still exist, their cottage dwellings transformed for modern life.



Carter's Yard

Carter's Yard off the south side of Newbiggin was restored as a conservation project in 1981 and is quite bijou. Also in Newbiggin is South Row, which is in effect a yard. Flints Terrace, between Frenchgate and Pottergate, was once Flints Yard, named from ironmonger James Flint. It is a highly desirable place to live, so close to the town centre.

Off it was Young's Yard, with four smaller cottages.

Parkinson's Yard, off Ryders Wynd, once belonged to a large family of joiners and cabinet makers called Parkinson.

Mason's Yard on Castle Hill belonged to Edward Mason, a successful leather merchant, and Bell's Yard near the Green

Bridge belonged to Fred Bell, who used to smoke kippers.

Bank Yard, behind the Market Place, recalls the name of Richmond first bank, founded in 1792 by Sir John Lawson of Brough Hall, Miles Stapleton of Swaledale, and Messrs. Kay and Robinson, two local entrepreneurs. The original Georgian houses behind the Market Place bank have long been demolished, but modern social housing has replaced them in Bank Yard.



Nineteenth century census returns mention many small yards which are difficult to locate, including Hamilton's, somewhere in Frenchgate, which was the one I was recently asked about. It is one of 17 yards in Richmond mentioned in the 1871 census, and recently I discovered yet another, and seemingly unknown yard, Bishoprick's, in Gallowgate. It was not alone in being outside the town centre: Fielding's Yard, for example, is along Reeth Road.

Most yards would contain only a handful of cottages, typically two, three or four, but some were surprisingly large. Reynoldson's Yard, behind the Edinburgh Woollen Mill shop in the Market Place, once had 10 houses, and The Wood Yard, formerly in St James' Chapel Wynd, had 11. But it is not only yards of small cottages which have disappeared. There was once a row of eight cottages known, somewhat euphemistically as Paradise, off Bargate at right angles to the road.

Among areas of housing which are no more, two are particularly worthy of mentioning. There was a whole street of houses in Waterloo, stretching off New Road behind Bargate. Street numbering, introduced to Richmond about 1900, allocated no fewer than 41 house numbers running along Waterloo! They occupied both sides of the street, but the plan was very complicated as some houses on the west side sat on top of others, with access either from street level or by down steps to a lower level nearer that of Bargate. Only a few of Waterloo's houses remain, but evidence of this unusual arrangement can be seen in the surviving part-demolished walls of others.

The street name 'Waterloo' implies that this area was developed for housing around the time of the famous 1815 battle, so some of these modest houses were no doubt minor examples of Georgian architecture. But another 'lost' area of Richmond's housing was a very fine example of Georgian architecture, designed by no less than the famous York architect John Carr. This was Yorke Square, where the car park is now at the west end of The Green. Originally the stable block for Yorke House (the mansion of the Yorke family, which stood nearby), the stables were converted into cottages after the mansion was demolished in the 1820s.) Austin's *Directory* of 1932 lists 19 householders who were living in its 16 numbered dwellings.

But finally, mention should be made here of some very prominent dwellings in the town centre which we no longer see today. Trinity Church was, from the early 18th century, completely surrounded by many shops and houses, of which only a few remain today. Most, particularly at the Obelisk end, were demolished about 1927. The large commercial Georgian building nearby, the Toll Booth, lasted until 1947.

Jane Hatcher

A TIME OF MY LIFE

Most of the articles in this series have involved people taking us back in time some way and often some way from home. **CAROLE McCORMACK** looks back only three years, to the times of Covid and moving to a new part of the world. She shares her reflections with us.

March – May 2020



Remember this? 22nd March 2020 and we were asked to light a candle in our windows as a sign of hope in the new darkness and fear that had entered the country and our consciousness with Covid-19. We had arrived in Richmond only two months earlier and, apart from neighbours who have since become dear friends, we knew no one and, quite frankly, it was like running into a brick wall. From a very busy life in Dorset, where we were familiar with every road and short cut, every track and bridleway, we arrived in the beautiful place that we had chosen to relocate to – but without any reference points, contacts or networks.

I imagine that most people certainly would **not** choose the first (and second and third) Covid lockdowns as a time they wished to recall. Until very recently I would have been included in this sector of the population seeking to forget, rather than remember, those extraordinary days and weeks. But time and reflection has encouraged me to share how transformative the lockdowns were for me personally.

Locked in a world which had suddenly become so much narrower was like looking at a miniature painting, rather than a grand and sweeping landscape. My face-to-face daily contact was with John, my husband, and my dogs, and being thus delimited made me appreciate the tiniest nuances of behaviour, thought and change. My dogs' unquestioning happiness that, whatever the circumstances, the sun rose every day, they had their (hour's) walk, and were fed and loved and stroked, led me to appreciate the smallest of things too. There is much to be said about being grateful for what you have and not bitterly regretful about what you can no longer enjoy. The fact that I didn't catch the virus in these early stages (although I have had it subsequently) was a cause of real celebration. The fact that my yoga and Pilates classes were still accessible online was a matter of rejoicing, as I could catch up – albeit virtually – with friends.



I learnt to look at the smallest detail in my environment, as that glorious spring developed. What an incredible natural world we live in! Unaware of the hundreds of thousands dying from this unknown virus, flowers bloomed and butterflies opened their wings to the sunshine – just as they had done from time immemorial. Violets and primroses gave way in due course to wild garlic and foxgloves as the reassuring succession of flora and fauna continued unimpeded.

Once I had learned not to long for the unattainable, I found peace and beauty everywhere – even a woodpigeon gained the status of a mythical bird in the glory of a late spring sunset.

The only thing that I could never come to terms with was that my daughters, who remained in Dorset, were so far away that it broke my heart. But we talked on the phone at least once every day and I treasure the love that they sent to me in cards and flowers.



Chin up, Mum!’ wrote my eldest daughter, Laura, in one card – ‘we’ll soon be together again!’ We weren’t, but the sort of love that parents and children share never ends or fades, despite distance or absence.

So, why have I chosen this as a ‘time of my life’ to remember? The chief one, I think, is that I learned patience and acceptance – things I have always been hopeless at achieving. I saw unconditional love in the comforting presence of my dogs; and the steadfastness of John’s support. Since that first lockdown I have appreciated the beauty and reassuring renewal of the seasons and the natural world as I never have before. I have been reminded of the preciousness of contact between human beings and the joy of friendship and family. But perhaps the most thought-provoking thing that has occurred to me is that we need to really listen and be aware of the lessons that God is teaching us – all the time. We had the opportunity as a human race to reflect on how we can be kinder and more helpful to each other, how we can cherish our beautiful creation, how we can value each opportunity to interact with another human being kindly and positively.

I wonder now, well into the ‘post-Covid’ era, what you think our response as a human race has been to the challenge presented to us by the virus ?

Carole McCormack

THE KESWICK CONVENTION 2023

This annual event in the Christian Calendar has been running since 1875. **ANGELA DICKINSON** and **RUTH ABBEY** attended this year's event and look back on their experiences.



Keswick ministries exist to inspire and equip Christians to love and live for Christ in His world. The convention has brought together Christians from across denominations under the banner “All one in Christ”. It has a heart for mission and has been taking place annually for 175 years from mid July for 3 weeks. One of the attractions is the high quality biblical exposition. There are various seminars and also programmes for young people and children. Each week is attended by approximately three thousand people. The beauty of the mountains and lakes always give joy.

Ruth Abbey, worship leader at Melsonby and Angela Dickinson went to the first week this year and discussed it afterwards.

Angela : As Bishop John always asks “ What are you taking away?”

Ruth: The teaching that God loves us and accepts us as we are.

Angela: I liked the speakers comments on 1 John 3 “How great is the love that the Father has lavished on us that we should be called the children of God.” The speaker works in USA. Apparently the President can pardon a criminal. BUT the pardoned criminal cannot go to the White House and say “What is for dinner?”

Ruth :The highlight for me was to see all the outreach exhibitions both in the UK and internationally. It is good to see how the church is seeking to serve people in very practical ways, demonstrating God’s love and concern for all.

Angela: I did a short stint on the Interserve stall. My husband and I worked with Interserve in Nepal. It was then known as the Bible& Medical Missionary Fellowship. It took me a while to find my patch, there were so many stalls. It was encouraging to meet young people mostly University students, marching up and asking “What’s Interserve doing these days?” Did anything surprise you?

Ruth : I have not been since 2010 having been there the previous ten years. There have been lots of changes, the major one being the venue. The Keswick convention

used to have adults in the tent and the children’s activities half a mile away. At the cost of £8m they bought the pencil factory and all events take place in one spacious compound. What about you?

Angela: I was impressed with the facilities for the disabled. I spent one morning with my blind friend. We had reserved VIP seats and on my friend’s chair, there were papers with everything she needed in braille. A braille bible would have occupied many seats. We were with about 30 deaf people. Someone translated everything that was said into sign language and when there was hymn singing they all worshipped in sign language. This was a new experience for me. I found it moving.

Ruth: There are a huge number of Christian books for sale, always an attraction. There are books for all ages and interests as well as stationery and gifts. I bought two books. And you?

Angela: I bought a book called “ The last Lap “ !

It is possible to go to the convention for a day from Richmond as the bible study begins at 11.15, then climb Skiddaw or walk by the lake or shop in the afternoon, and then possibly take in an evening event making yet another Grand Day Out— but it is more enriching to stay for a few days

Ruth Abbey

Angela Dickinso

OCTOBER 29th—BIBLE SUNDAY AS UKRANIANS REQUEST MORE BIBLES

The war in Ukraine has led to a dramatic rise in the demand for Bibles, as people ask existential questions about life and death. The Ukrainian Bible Society reports that, in the last 15 months, some 700,000 Bibles have been distributed across the war-torn country. This is a five-fold increase on numbers handed out before the war. In 2020, some 136,767 Bibles were distributed in Ukraine.

Anatoliy Raychynets, deputy general secretary of the Ukrainian Bible Society explains, “The experience of this time is that so many people are looking for Bibles and churches. “We are doing everything possible to reach all the needs, but more Bibles are needed. With the help of the Word of God, we can bring the love of God to those who need it.”

Bibles are distributed around the country, including to soldiers and civilian communities on the front line, and to those in hospital. “Wherever the Bible is taken, it is very much appreciated,” said Anatoliy

ALL IN THE GARDEN GREEN

As we have moved firmly into the season of Autumn now, **WENDY PRITCHARD** explains why we are treated to such a brilliant display of vibrant colours at this time of year—at least when the weather conditions are favourable!

As with last month, Wendy also provides her own photographs, displaying her burgeoning skills in photography, honed through attendance at cover photographer **Ian Short's** three-weekly classes at the Station

'Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness' (To Autumn, John Keats) – and impatient wasps, colder nights, the first frosts and lifting out our warmer jumpers. But Autumn is a glorious season when the sun shines on leaves that are in the process of turning colour, and raindrops sparkle on bright red berries.



So why do leaves turn colour in Autumn and what can we grow in the garden that will look good at this time of year?

The leaves of deciduous trees are preparing to drop off to conserve energy as the weather gets colder. They won't need their leaves to make food from sunlight, water and carbon dioxide so they stop replacing the green chlorophyll in the leaves that has been vital to this process. We start to see all the other chemicals in the leaves now that the green colour is less dominant. The length of daylight and the night temperature together trigger this change

A warm dry 'Indian summer' followed by colder nights is the best combination, keeping the leaves working later and then shortening the leaf drop process. That way, more compounds remain in the leaf and there is less time for them to slowly break down to brown before the leaves drop. These chemicals are orange, red, purple and any mixture of these – producing the gorgeous ranges of autumn colours.





There are a number of plants that have good autumn colour in their leaves. Some hardy geranium leaves develop attractive red tinges but the most striking shades come from the shrubs and trees. I have a small maple called 'Orange Dream' in a pot and it's breathtaking. If I had room, I'd plant a euonymus alatus 'Burning Bush' – which looks like its name suggests in autumn!

There are berries too in abundance – red, orange, yellow, white, all contrasting beautifully with autumn leaf colours and blue skies (we hope). The botanical definition of a berry is a fleshy fruit without a stone produced from a single flower containing one ovary. So this includes grapes, currants, tomatoes, cucumbers, aubergines and bananas – but not strawberries, and raspberries as they don't quite fit the definition. I'm just happy to ignore this, and call all roundish red things at this time of year 'berries'!

Many berries are edible, but please be careful, as - for instance - the small round black berries of deadly nightshade are highly poisonous. Roses can have big red hips, hawthorns have red haws, pyracantha (firethorn) is overloaded with orange, yellow or red berries - but its name gives it away – it has huge vicious thorns too!



So, as John Keats wrote of Autumn – 'Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they? Think not of them, thou hast thy music too'. Enjoy! *Wendy Pritchard*

A FOLLOW UP TO 'LIVING OVER THE SHOP' BY SALLY RIDLEY
(July/August edition)

Since my article appeared in the July / August magazine, several people have asked me, "So what was 'blue coal'?" I followed my own suggestion and looked it up. However on this occasion the good old internet was less than helpful. Apologies.

During the miner's strike 1984, although our pits were closed, the deputies and safety officers still had to go down to monitor safety from flooding etc. below ground. Occasionally small blue bags of coal would appear, each finding it's way to someone in particular need. It became known in the community as 'blue coal'. We never knew from whence it came.

Sally Ridley

I'VE OFTEN WONDERED....

Having 'done' an Old Testament reading at St Mary's one Sunday in August and then discovered that a Roman Catholic church on Tyneside had the same reading on the same day, I was surprised that this should be the case. And so I wondered, was this co-incidence or something more? **JOHN PRITCHARD** provides the answer

The short answer is that they come from the Revised Common Lectionary (RCL), a lectionary of readings used by many denominations including Anglicans, Roman Catholics, Methodists, United Reformed Church etc. It's been in use since 1994 as the result of a joint ecumenical consultation in the United States.

The longer answer would give more detail on its origin than most people would be interested in, so lets think about what's in it. Readings are prescribed for each Sunday, typically from the Old Testament (or the Acts of the Apostles), the epistles (or Revelation), and the gospels.

The RCL gospel readings run on a three year cycle – Year A coming from Matthew, Year B from Mark and Year C from Luke. This ensures we get the richness and diversity of the different story-tellers. John's gospel is obviously different in character and is fed into each year at particular seasons e.g. Advent, Christmas and Lent.

Because the Old Testament is so much longer than the New, a smaller proportion is included so that, for example, you'll struggle to find much of Leviticus, Numbers, or 1 and 2 Chronicles. On the other hand there are two 'tracks' in the Old Testament readings, one which follows the relevant book through whatever it has to say, and the other track choosing material that relates in some way to the gospel of the day.

It all makes for quite some perplexity for readers and the innocent member of the congregation. Fortunately Colin Hicks makes sure we all know what we're supposed to do. Ideally of course we'd do what Christians did of old and keep last week's Newssheet so we can look up and go through the chosen readings the night before....

Now there's a challenge!

John Pritchard

200 CLUB

The winner of the September draw was no. 181—Nicola Scrafton.

Congratulations, Nicola!

MUSINGS FROM MARSKE

We have noted the Christian service which is offered by St Edmund's in Marske through the availability of refreshments for sightseers and walkers alike with an honesty box approach for taking payment. The comments made in their visitors' book bears testament to the appreciation for this thoughtfulness. **LIZ KLUZ** reports on how things have gone this year post-Covid, including conversations with some very special visitors

By the time this month's article has been edited, printed, delivered and distributed to our readers, The Tuck Shop at St. Edmund's in Marske will be coming to the end of another very busy season.

As I have said before, the initial idea of selling drinks and a few snacks to walkers to help with our building fund has blossomed into something much more satisfying and at times spiritual. I often pop up to church to



Liz Kluz re-stocking the Tuck Shop

replenish the snacks early or late to avoid the busy period between 11.00 am and 2.00 pm, when most walkers are passing through the village, simply because a couple of hours can easily pass chatting to visitors and time is something I've been short of this year.

But it's often during those quieter times that I meet people who leave a bigger impression on me and we both benefit in some way from the brief time we spend together. One such occasion was when Sarah, Andy and their 12 year-old-son Harry from St. Albans came in for a break. They were doing the Coast to Coast Walk in memory of their daughter Emily who had become ill on holiday last summer and died two weeks later, the day before surgery to remove a brain tumour. All were wearing T-shirts with "Walking for Emily" on the front and they wanted to talk about her to as many people as possible and for those people to ask about her. Their grief was so raw and palpable. On their journey so far they had met a surprising number of people who had also lost children and who wanted to share their experiences and offer support. We talked for nearly an hour and then they were gone. Maybe the family, or possibly just Harry later in his life, will come this way again in happier times.

The second notable occasion was after our Sunday morning service on August 27th. As usual a few walkers had popped in to buy snacks or join us for coffee when in came a little fellow called Ollie Sainthouse with his dad Paul. Ollie was just five years old and a real character. He told me that he and his dad, who is a teacher, had left mum - also a teacher - and his two-year-old sister at home in Sunderland while they embarked upon their “Dadventure”. They were camping some nights, dad carrying all they needed in a backpack including the tent, and then staying at B&Bs every couple of nights. He declared that the bed at their previous stop in Reeth had been the most comfortable he’d ever slept in!



Ollie and Dad, Paul, on their walk.
(photo: Evening Chronicle)

Having completed a gruelling 14 miles on the first day, Paul said Ollie was up and ready to go again the next day and had been keen every morning since. They were meeting mum at Danby Wiske along the way and Paul wondered whether Ollie would take the opportunity of calling it a day and going home but not a bit of it. Those sturdy little legs walked all the way to Robin Hood’s Bay over the next week or so and, as I’m sure many of you will have seen, the story of his remarkable achievement was reported on BBC and ITV news channels as well as The Times.

Liz Kluz

Comments
Made to feel extremely welcome upon arrival where Ollie was treated to a much needed apple juice and flapjack.
Hopefully this will be just the ticket to fuel us on to Ribblesdale.
Paul Sainthouse and Ollie

From the 2023 Visitor's Book at St Edmund's

Restful stop while walking the Coast to Coast path. May God bless you.

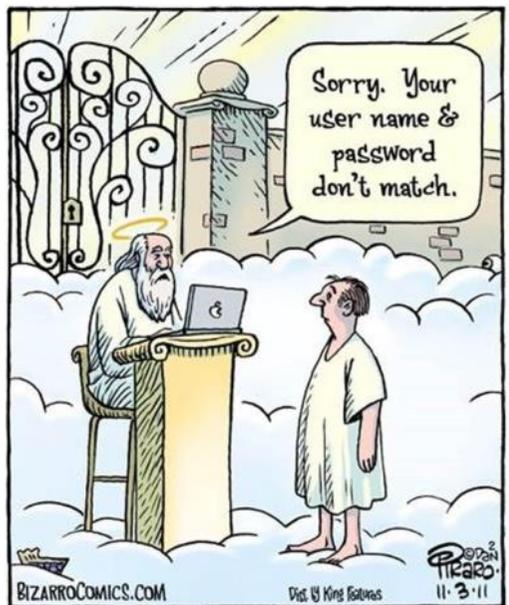
Thank you so much for the pick me up!!

Lovely peaceful church with a warm welcome.

A lovely little find whilst we were exploring. The building is beautiful and the atmosphere was so warm and welcoming—a perfect place for a pit stop!!

Hello. I wanted to pass on huge thanks for all who organise the honesty tuck shop and for allowing your church to be used as a place to briefly rest for weary travellers. As part of a group of Coast to Coast walkers, we really did greatly appreciate all the efforts which are made to organise this. Many thanks again. Katie

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RECIPE OF THE MONTH

CAROLE McCORMACK offers us a quick and easy soup recipe as colder days move in on us.

Butternut Squash Soup

Ingredients:



This soup is reasonable, quick and very warming – perfect for October.

Method:

- Ideally in a cast iron casserole, fry chopped onions, 3 cloves of garlic and as much fresh chilli as you like until soft.
- Seed and chop the flesh of the squash. For the quantity above, I would use about 2/3rds of the squash. When soft add the chopped parsley.
- Top up the casserole with vegetable stock and bring to the boil.
- Cook at 150° for about 2 hours, then blitz. Serve with cream.

Get cooking!! Have you got a favourite recipe to share, especially a Christmas one? Please send to stmarys.maged@gmail.com

BEHIND THE HYMNS

Until recently, **CHRISTINE PORTER** and husband John owned a holiday home in Greece. Their first visit presented a problem but a neighbour with a well-known name helped them out. Having recently sold the property, their neighbour in Greece and more particularly his forebears had a relevance to this series which Christine researches.

Christopher Wordsworth, Hymn Writer

We were hot, hungry and grumpy. The July day had been scorching. Our groceries and luggage were sitting on the searing hot paving, and we were locked out. After the early flight from Manchester we'd spent all afternoon at the notary's, getting title deeds and documents translated and signed, and had finally got our keys. There were only three rooms at Το Σπιτάκι (The Little House), each with a door to the courtyard. But we couldn't open any.



The House at Skopelos

“Hello, welcome to Skopelos!” said a refined English voice behind us. “I’m Chris Wordsworth, your next door neighbour. There’s a knack to opening old Greek locks, let me show you”. Then: “Why don’t you pop round in a bit for a G&T?”

Later on Chris and Andrea’s roof terrace, with our G&Ts and watching the sunset over Skiathos, Chris answered our curiosity: “Yes, I’m a Wordsworth and a bit of a writer myself. Descended from William, the poet. I’m named after William’s nephew, Christopher, who also wrote poetry - and hymns.”

Christopher Wordsworth, nephew of the celebrated poet, came from an intellectual and literary family. His father (also Christopher) had been Master of Trinity College Cambridge. An older brother, John, was a classical scholar and another brother, Charles, became Bishop of St Andrews, Dunkeld and Dunblane.

Wordsworth was born in London in October 1807 and educated at Winchester and Trinity College, Cambridge. Like his brother Charles, he was a distinguished scholar and athlete. At Cambridge he won the prestigious annual Chancellor's Gold Medal for poetry in 1827 and 1828. He was elected a fellow and tutor of Trinity in 1830, and shortly afterwards took holy orders.

He toured Greece in 1832–1833, and published various works on its topography and archaeology, most famously: *Greece, Pictorial, descriptive, and Historical* (1839). In 1836 he became Public Orator at Cambridge, and in the same year was appointed Headmaster of Harrow, quite an achievement for a young man not yet thirty! At Harrow he totally reformed the school's manners and discipline.



Harrow School

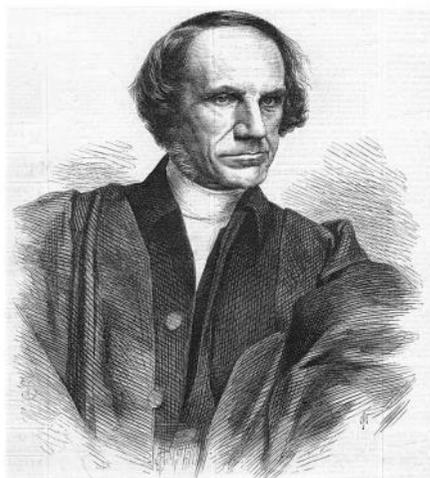
He left Harrow in 1844 to become a Canon of Westminster, his first ecclesiastical post in what was to be a distinguished career in the Anglican Church. For nineteen years from 1850, Wordsworth was vicar of a country parish in Berkshire, with the striking name of Stanford-in-the-Vale-cum-Goosey. During this time he was promoted to Archdeacon at Westminster in 1864.

Except when on duty at the Abbey, he remained living in Stanford where he produced an enormous output of scholarly work. His theological works included: *Theophilus Anglicanus: a manual of instruction on the Church and the Anglican Branch of it* (1843), *Commentary on the Whole Bible* (1856–70), *Prayers in Time of War* (1870), and *Church History* (1881–83).



**St Denys Church,
Stanford-in-the-Vale**

Wordsworth also wrote many hymns. He believed that "it is the first duty of a hymn to teach sound doctrine, and thence to save souls", and was critical of many earlier hymns. He profoundly regretted that "Hymnology has been allowed to fall into the hands of persons who had little reverence for the Authority and Teaching of the ancient Christian Church, and little acquaintance with her Literature." "The consequence has been," he said, "that the popular Hymnology of this country has been too often disfigured by many compositions blemished by unsound doctrine, and even by familiar irreverence and rhapsodical fanaticism; or else it too



often rambles on in desultory and unmeaning generalities, or sparkles with a glitter of tinsel imagery and verbal prettiness, or endeavors to charm the ear with a mere musical jingle of sweet sounds, not edifying the mind or warming the heart, nor ministering to the glory of Him to whom all Christian worship ought to be paid."

Wordsworth insisted that the purpose of hymns was to set forth plainly and emphatically the teachings of the Scriptures and the Prayer Book. Hymns should teach the people the facts and doctrines of Christianity, and

make "these glorious truths . . . the subject of public praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God." Wordsworth's idea was that the hymns for each day for which the Prayer Book provided services should reflect the biblical readings for that day. Consequently he published *Holy Year; or, Hymns for Sundays, Holidays, and other occasions throughout the Year* (1862), containing 127 hymns. In the *Common Praise* hymnal used at St Mary's we have his: *Songs of Thankfulness and Praise, Alleluia! Alleluia!, Gracious Spirit Holy Ghost, Lord Be Thy Word My Rule, and O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea.*

As a man of very decided opinions, Wordsworth said that several songs in our hymnals confuse the Jewish Sabbath with the Lord's Day. However his hymn *O Day of Rest and Gladness*, in praise of the Lord's Day, does not fall into that trap. This hymn celebrates Sunday, the first day of creation, and the day of Christ's resurrection:

O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, most beautiful, most bright;
On Thee, the high and lowly, through ages joined in tune,
Sing holy, holy, holy to the great God Triune.

On Thee, at the creation, the light first had its birth;
On Thee, for our salvation, Christ rose from depths of earth;
On Thee, our Lord, victorious, the Spirit sent from heaven,

Wordsworth also thought that many hymns were too egotistical and made too much of ourselves and our personal feelings, and not enough of God and his glory. In Wordsworth's opinion, hymns of personal experience were appropriate for private use. But he disapproved of them for public use in church worship.

Church hymns should be 'churchly', expressing the worship of the congregation as a body and not as individuals. He felt that we should drop the pronouns "I" and "mine" from our hymns. We should forget ourselves and thank God for his great glory, and praise him, not for mercies to us as individuals, but to the whole company of faithful people.

In church matters Wordsworth was for strict and unbending adherence to the Church of England pattern. He could be cordial with his Methodist neighbours, but he could not agree that their ministers should wear the title "Rev."

Wordsworth had already gained a high position as church-man and scholar, writer and preacher, when he was appointed Bishop of Lincoln in 1869. He was consecrated at Westminster Abbey by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of New Zealand and six other prelates. He was known as a man of fine character, with a high ideal of ecclesiastical duty, and spent his money generously on church objects. His administration of the large diocese of Lincoln was successful and strenuous, until his strength failed in old age. He died on March 20th 1885 and is buried near the Shrine of St Hugh in Lincoln Cathedral.

Christine Porter



The ornate Shrine of St Hugh at Lincoln Cathedral

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Thursday 5 October



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INFORMATION POINT- ALL ARE WELCOME

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

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

AFTER THE CARDS AND VISITORS

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Do please get in touch.

PASTORAL CARE— A CONTINUING SERVICE

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

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, martin.fletcher@leeds.anglican.org or 07762 440094; or Paul Sunderland (07989 178196) paul.sunderland@leeds.anglican.org—or speak to any member of the Pastoral Team and they will place your prayer in the circle. Please be assured your requests are confidential.

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



Sudoku - Easy

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

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Sudoku - Medium

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

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Word Search

To St Luke, whose feast-day is 18th October, we owe a beautifully written gospel as well as the Book of Acts. He was a Greek physician and faithful travelling companion to St Paul. Under house arrest near the end of his life Paul noted, 'only Luke is with me'. Luke's gospel focuses on the compassion of Christ, and offers us moving parables, such as the Good Samaritan and Prodigal Son. Women figure more prominently in Luke's gospel than in any other: look out for the extended story of the Virgin Birth, and stories of Mary, Elizabeth, and the woman who was a sinner. His gospel also features more poor people, more lepers, more 'sinners', who are all shown to be 'inside' the love of Christ. In Acts, Luke skilfully links sacred and profane history, as subsequent archaeology has shown. He tells of how the early Christians moved away from Jerusalem into the pagan world, and especially on to Rome.

Luke
physician
companion
house

arrest
Paul
compassion
parables

Good
Samaritan
Prodigal
Son

women
Virgin
Birth
poor
lepers

sacred
profane
pagan
early

Christians
Jerusalem
Rome



Puzzle Solutions

Sudoku — Easy

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

Sudoku—Medium

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

Wordsearch

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

Deadline November edition; Sunday 15 October

To contribute letters, articles, etc

contact stmarys.maged@gmail.com or 07754 283161

How we can support Richmond's Food Bank

For readers who add to their weekly shop by buying items for the Foodbank based at the Influence Church, this is an updated list of the most useful donations

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

Packets: pasta, pasta sauce, noodles, cereal, porridge, rice, biscuits, spaghetti; flapjack

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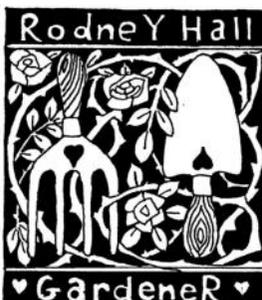
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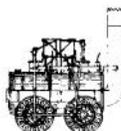
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