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ASSISTANT CURATE

Revd. Paul Sunderland 1 Wathcote Place, Richmond 07989 178196

paul.sunderland@leeds.anglican.org

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CHURCH OFFICERS - ST MARY THE VIRGIN, RICHMOND

Mayor's Warden	Dr Peter Trewby	824468	24 Hurgill Road
Rector's Warden	Mrs Jan Jack	07725 574188	jjackuk@gmail.com
Warden Emeritus	Mr David Frankton	823531	8 Allan's Court
Director of Music	Mr Chris Denton	07817 386070	chrisjdenton@gmail.com
Bell Captain	Mrs Susan Welch	823700	8 Maple Road
11 11/			

<u>Head Verger</u> vacancy

Parish Administrator

Colin Hicks 07498 299061 admin@richmondhudswellparish.org.uk

OFFICERS OF THE PCC (AND OTHERS)

<u>Lay Chair</u> Dr Peter Trewby 824468 24 Hurgill Road

Secretary Sharon Digan 07791 426659

Treasurer Paul Carnell <u>stmarys@paulcarnell.co.uk</u>

Magazine Editor Jim Jack 07754 283161 stmarys.maged@gmail.com

Magazine Distribution Keith Robson 07866 325843

Magazine Adverts Jeanette Sunderland jeanettesunderland@outlook.com

07812 109243

Bookings Martin Clarke

N.B. Whilst public worship has resumed at all churches in the Benefice, they are still subject to diocesan distancing & music guidelines which may change.

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

8.00 a.m. Holy Communion		Every Sunday		
10.00 a.m. Parish Communion		Every Sunday apart from 3rd Sunday		
	Worship for All	(including commun	ion) Every 3rd Sunday	
4.00 p.m. Café Church		3rd Sunday (every 2 mths—Jan, March etc)		
	Fun-Key Church	La	st Sunday each month	
6.30 p.m.	Choral Evensong	Second Sunday each month		
	Free to Be	3rd Sunday (every 2	2 mths—Feb, April etc)	
9.15 a.m	Holy Communion		Every Wednesday	
10.30 a.m.	Holy Communion	Every Thursday	Holy Trinity Chapel,	
			Market Place	

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CHURCH OFFICERS

Reader George Alderson 68, Brompton Park, Brompton on Swale
DI 10 7.IP 07487 257646

Church Warden Mrs Jean Calvert 823001 Thorpe Farm, Reeth Road, Richmond

Organist Fiona Bennet

<u>Church Treasurer</u> Phil Ham 07920 884103 'Sundale', Reeth, DL11 6TX

philip.ham@outlook.com

PCC Secretary Rev Jennifer Williamson 824365 <u>rev.jenny1@btinternet.com</u>

CHURCH SERVICES AT DOWNHOLME

9.30 a.m. Morning Prayer Every second Sunday9.30 a.m. Holy Communion Every fourth Sunday

THE PARISH OF ST EDMUNDS, MARSKE

CHURCH OFFICERS

Church WardenMrs Ruth Tindale823371Skelton Lodge, MarskeOrganistMrs Jennifer Wallis8229301 School Terrace, MarskeTreasurerMr Peter Coates07801521954Orgate Farmhouse, Marske

peter.coates54@hotmail.co.uk

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

CHURCH SERVICES AT MARSK

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

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

EDITORIAL from stmarys.maged@gmail.com

I must start with profuse apologies particularly to our Downholme readers for missing the 'l' from the place name on last month's front cover. There was no particular saving in print costs achieved by this omission, nor can I attribute it to one handed typing! I just got it wrong—so once again, my apologies.

It's nearly two years since I took on this role and this was going to be my penultimate issue in charge. However, the reception which the publication seems to be getting in gaining a wider readership through people passing it on to others has led to discussions about looking to widen the circulation in order to make our churches and the work done by them and by individual members better known in the area. I have agreed to stay on for one more year to help to develop this as part of the church publicity team.

In this month's issue, you will therefore see advance information about subscriptions for 2022 (unchanged from this year). Because of COVID related factors, the system for paying subscriptions in 2021 had to be changed, which caused a bit of confusion for readers, collectors and parish administration alike. We hope that you can help for 2022 by using the system set out later in the magazine. The two ways you can help is to continue subscribing—and perhaps enrolling someone else to join our readership. Now there's a challenge!

And talking of challenges, our 'Time of my Life' series this month features some writing by Jasmine Guy and what it is like for her living with ME—a revealing and thought-provoking piece. Charity shop volunteering as embodied in the local Oxfam shop occupies our volunteers slot (other charity shops are available!). Remembrance focussed poems, another walk south of the Swale, European settlers in Richmond, Jack Finney's observations on the October fuel shortages and their role in religious conversion, hiring fairs, another 'Living above the Shop' and the usual mix of information and things to do make up your November issue.

Meanwhile, the left arm is still in its sling, the right hand is doing the work of the left as well as its own in typing (if all goes well, back in normal position mid-November) and the 'l' is back in its rightful place on lan's Remembrance cover. In an area where the garrison is an integrated part of the local community, the annual Act of Remembrance is one which resonates strongly. Support for those who support our veterans and their families is a particular focus which we will be backing once more .

Jim Jack



Martin's Message



God's time

Having spent my early years in this area (we left Kirby Hill when I was seven, to go south), I continue to delight in being back in 'God's own county'. It is hard to believe that already I have been here for over 3½ years. Whilst we have all 'lost' the last year-and-a-half to Covid19 (and we must never forget that some people have lost so much more), my perception of time passing seems to have changed. As I mentioned in a sermon a few weeks ago, I occasionally go over to Kirby Hill to admire the view across Holmedale: a timeless view; a view – like the village itself – that has not changed in the whole of my lifetime.

It is evident when exploring the ancient parts of Richmond, or just catching a glimpse of the castle, that the town has that timeless element, too. Similarly, when examining old illustrations of the Market Place and its environs we recognise places we know today. We can easily imagine being transported back a few centuries, never mind a few decades.

And if you have visited the streets of Jerusalem or other parts of the Holy Land, it is compelling to think that separated though we may be by a gap of 2,000 years, we are still somehow connected with Our Lord who will have stood on that same ground.

God's time is not chronological. Each of us will have experienced moments when we feel that the eternal God has drawn alongside us and is most assuredly with us. The theologian John V Taylor, in his classic book The *Go-between God*, speaks of an encounter with the Holy Spirit as a true 'I-thou' moment. Invariably, we feel that such a moment has expanded to fill our whole universe: it transforms us. By his Spirit God can then redeem the past, give us confidence in the future, and indeed transform the present. If we open ourselves up to receive his grace God can even 'stretch' time! What may have looked to be an impossible set of tasks for the day ahead turns out to be straightforward.

A moment outside of chronological time may be referred to as a 'kairos moment'. In the coincidence of a particular set of circumstances we might by God's grace see an opportunity for change, for growth, for transformation. If we open ourselves up to 'be still and know' that God has truly drawn alongside us in that set of circumstances then we will discern the right response. In essence, we will know that God is giving us a 'nudge' – whilst still leaving it to us to take a leap of faith

leading to transformation. And yet, if we leap in the wrong direction or at the wrong time – or fail to leap at all – we can be assured that the eternal God will never abandon us. He is always looking for new ways and moments to will us to fulness of life – which begins not at some unknown point in the future but *now*!

Remembrance

A fundamental quality of our common faith is *remembrance*: bringing the past into the present. In Holy Communion, when we obey the commandment of Jesus to 'do this in remembrance of me', we experience his presence with us. He lives in us and we in him.

November sees the season of remembrance. Remembrance Sunday follows the festivals of All Saints and then All Souls. This is a time to remember those we love but see no longer: those who live on in our hearts. On the 7th, the first Sunday of November, the annual Service of Light at St Mary's this year will be complemented by a similar service at St Edmund's in Marske.

In recent years Marske has lost a significant number of much-loved residents. It seemed appropriate to introduce a special Book of Remembrance into the church, to enable community members to remember loved ones in the place which is the peaceful heart of the village. John Hayden, a local cabinet maker, has made a beautiful oak case for the Book of Remembrance and it will be dedicated during the Service of Light. The community of Marske are invited to gather on 7th November at 11am to remember loved ones from recent years and from ages past.

Situations Vacant

Since my last Message in September, we have seen the extremely well-received appointment of Colin Hicks as our new Parish Administrator. We are similarly delighted that Jim Jack has agreed to continue as Editor of this Parish Magazine for one more year (thank you, Jim!).

Other vacancies remaining:

- St Mary's Head Verger, to take over from Leonard and Susan Scrafton
- Chair of the Friends of St Mary's, to succeed Peter Trewby who took on the role in an interim capacity
- PCC Secretary for Downholme and Marske, to replace Ruth Tindale and Jennifer Williamson who are filling the role in a temporary 'job share'.

If you would like to know more about any of these roles please do not hesitate to contact me.

"All are welcome in this place."

May our eternal God bless you always, Martín

Charity of the Month: November 2021

As we come towards the end of 2021, we return to our support for the United Society Partners in Gospel for the final time this year. Since its foundation in 1701, USPG has



looked to support communities across the world to tackle such issues as gender injustice, degradation of the environment, forced harassment, displacement or killing of indigenous peoples. The support comes from using the long-standing relationships with churches across the Anglican communion to create and support communities of resistance and hope, witnesses to the healing power of Christ's love.

The society is careful to respect the communities within which they work to ensure that the support and work seeks to learn about and respect the context in which that support is offered. Donations can be made through the baskets at the back of church in November or by direct donation via www.uspg.org.uk or by cheque to USPG. 5. Trinity Sreet. LONDON . SE1 1DB

The Charitable Giving Team



We have laid to rest those who have died.



10th SeptemberMary Allison19th SeptemberBarbara Hill19th SeptemberFrank Faulkner29th SeptemberJoan Irving3rd OctoberDavid Smee

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

LOYAL DALES VOLUNTEERS

For a number of years, smaller empty retail units in town centres have been occupied by charitable organisations seeking to maintain and develop their income streams and public profiles by selling donated goods direct to the public. Benefitting from favourable business rates, these units often have a paid manager but are staffed and run by volunteers – another way in which overheads are kept down.

Richmond is no stranger to charity shops of various sizes operating in the town centre. Virtually all are branches operated by national charities, with the Oxfam shop in Finkle Street being one of the larger and most longestablished in the town.

As retail parks and out-of-town shopping has taken hold over the last 30-40 years, many town centres, particularly market towns, have lost significant numbers of well-known high street names, with the vacant units being taken over by charity shops. Whilst the cry of 'Not another charity shop!' may be heard as new outlets open, the positive sides of this development include avoidance of empty units, places where good quality items are effectively re-cycled and a very public shop front' for organisations which have



been set up to improve the lot of the sector of the community they represent. This creates another income stream from which their valuable work can be resourced.

Although a number of these outlets are overseen by paid managers, the majority of work in them is carried out by volunteers. One of the largest such shops in Richmond is to be found on Finkle Street - the Oxfam shop— with Oxfam being one of the pioneer organisations in using retail to generate revenue. It was there, until her sad illness and recent death, that members of this church could find the cheerful presence of Rosemary Love, a dedicated Oxfam volunteer.

Rosemary was one of a team of volunteers who supported the fund raising for the wide range of charitable work offered by Oxfam across the world, a vast spread from small beginnings.

Oxford Committee for Famine Relief

The organisation had its origins in a meeting in the Old Library of the University Church of St Mary the Virgin in Oxford in 1942, (where a commemorative plaque can still be found. A group of academics, Quakers and social activists wanted to

relieve the famine which was starving the citizens of Greece, a famine caused by the occupying forces of Germany and Italy and the Allied decision to blockade Greece as part of their campaign to oust the invaders. Alongside other local committees working together under the banner of the National Famine Relief Committee, they persuaded the British Government to allow food relief through the blockade.

The first shop for Oxfam was opened in Broad Street in Oxford as long ago as 1948. It was run by their first paid employee, a worker called Joe Mitty, whose job was to manage the accounts and distribute clothing donations. This was said to be the start of the retailing principle, with Joe willing to take donations of practically anything of saleable quality which people wanted to give . The Oxford shop became the first branch of a national chain, creating a new and significant stream of funds so that, within 11 years, Oxfam had become a major NGO (nongovernmental organisation) giving aid across the world.

1965 saw a formal name change to OXFAM, with GB added, illustrating that it had also begun establishing com-



First Oxfam Shop

mittees in other countries. Indeed, there are now separate Oxfam-named organisations in Australia, America, France, Germany, Denmark, India and New Zealand. They are all led and facilitated by Oxfam International with the objective of coordinating and strengthening Oxfam's impact on poverty and injustice through emergency response. They also support development programmes, provide information and run 'diplomatic' campaigns at national levels.

What is Oxfam supporting?

Oxfam wants to eradicate poverty and human powerlessness based upon a belief in five human rights—1) a sustainable livelihood, (2) access to basic social services, (3) security and, from this, life, (4) have community views heard and acted upon and (5) individuals should have a clear, personal identity. It is on this basis that it acts as a campaign group at an international level



on such things as human rights, climate change, fair trade, education, health, debt and international aid'.

They also run international initiatives. One such example is 'Saving for Change' where people were taught to set up and run collective, informal credit groups . People pool their savings locally and then use the money to fund people, for example for start-up business loans, or buy seed corn now to repay when the crop is harvested and sold

The more publicly seen part of their work however is providing essential relief services during global crises— war, famine, drought, earthquake. Oxfam became known as significant global 'players' in developing water sanitation to war-torn areas. Currently, the organisation is active on a number of fronts— adding supporting coronavirus vaccination programmes and provision of medical equipment to the longer term issues of ensuring provision of clean water, providing food aid, supporting work to develop women's rights and health and education initiatives.

Finance for this work comes from two main channels —direct donations (gifts, sponsorships, legacies etc.) and a substantial retail operation, of which our own Richmond branch plays a part.

'The Oxfam Shop'

A visit to our local branch in Richmond gives a good idea of the range of items which many Oxfam shops stock. In some larger centres, there are branches which just specialise in books or music. Unusually for charity shops, the Oxfam network sells a range of its new own 'brand' goods, commissioned from Fair Trade producers, sitting alongside the donated items on the racks and shelves.



A typical Oxfam shop interior

Alongside the Herriot Hospice Homecare and Red Cross shops, Oxfam is probably one of the biggest and busiest in our town. With its large shop front onto the pedestrianised Finkle Street, it's easy to see the range of goods available. A staff of part-time volunteer staff, such as Ali Barker, give their time to ensure that the shop is well-run.

Ali describes her working environment as a volunteer. 'In Richmond we are lucky to have a large shop along with sorting rooms for books, household goods, sporting items, clothes of every imaginable shape/colour/design, linens, toys and much more..'

She became involved as a result of COVID. 'Life is funny, you never know where

you might end up next, for me it was Oxfam. Covid 19 came along, my employment stopped, and I needed a new outlet for my energy. Twelve months later, I am still here, having fun helping to sort donations, chatting to customers, combing the hair of Barbie dolls, finding out about Sylvanian families, working out why people pay so much for anything related to Star Wars, meeting old friends and sharing much laughter.'

Covid loft clearing brought a major influx of stock to all of our local shops. There is work to do sorting through the donations to select and then price those items which will find their way onto the shelves. Unused items are moved on to other uses or to recycling centres where possible so that as many 'pre-loved' items get a new lease of life in other hands. No previous skills are required.—just enthusiasm! 'The tasks are endless, be that sorting, steaming clothes, pricing, researching, lifting, re-purposing, disposing or assessing, but all valued. 'adds Ali.

This latter remark by Ali also shows how Oxfam has been moving with the times for, in addition to the walk-in shops, they have a thriving on-line retail business which expands the range and reach further. Going on-line to the Oxfam front page shows a photograph of a bridal outfit at the link into the on-line venture! And why not? Our younger daughter, when fresh out of college with London living costs and a job in which she had to dress to impress, frequently headed to Oxfam in Wimbledon for 'some really nice cast offs!'

The quality and range of items gifted ensures that Oxfam and other charity shops across the nation which drives the revenue. From the point of view of our local branch, Ali Barker is struck by much of the gifted stock which arrives.



'Our supporters provide us with a wonderful array of donations, and we need more help so that we can keep our shop fully stocked and our customers happy,' before a timely reminder. 'Please can I ask that you turn out your toy cupboards. We have had a terrific summer selling all sorts of items and ,with Christmas coming up, I really want to be able to immerse myself in stock and help make the children of Richmond happy!'



And not only for children in Richmond. After meeting the costs of their stores and central administration, 84% of every pound going to Oxfam then moves to support the wide range of causes supported by the organisation as outlined earlier. As with other charities with a substantial amount of revenue generated through their shops, the pandemic caused a large reduction in money coming in as lockdown took hold. Perhaps, with the combined effects of COVID, the publicised effects on family incomes, the ever-greater push of the green agenda and re-cycling and a recognition of the quality of much of charity shop stock, communities are seeing the community asset value of these outlets in a new light. The growth of Oxfam's on-line business and the specialist shops which are also increasing —as exemplified by Oxfam's book and music stores or the Red Cross's furniture stores - shows how valuable such assets are. Retail professionalism has come a long way since Joe Mitty's work in the late 1940s.

Reflecting on her own volunteer experience, Ali says, 'If you have a few hours to spare then I can certainly recommend volunteering at Oxfam. I find it best not to plan such days in advance as you never know what might occur — instead of stocking up the toys, a bag of vintage linen might need sorting, or a cobweb brush used to capture some of the less welcome visitors to the shop.!'

With the larger national charities, volunteering opportunities occur in other areas of work too. A number have volunteers assisting with administration, or specialising in on-line roles including social media. Also some offer Duke of Edinburgh award candidates volunteering opportunities in their organisations. All provide training for the roles on offer. 'We also need people with computer skills to add items to the Oxfam Online Shop, ' adds Ali.

And perhaps, when being aware of all that charity shops like Oxfam bring—volunteering, accessible donation of goods or cash to help foreign aid projects, recycling pre-loved items, providing outlets for Fair Trade goods—we need to think twice before saying 'Oh no, not another charity shop.!'

A TIME OF MY LIFE



As many readers will know, Jasmine Guy is the daughter of Kirstie and Alan Guy and grand-daughter of the late Ann McDonald. Jazzie's lovely jewellery, 'Beads and ME' and the 'Annie McVintage' collection grace the shelves of the Station Shop in Richmond.

'Beads and ME' is a bit of a clue. Jazzie suffers from Myalgic Encephalomyelitis (ME) since a debilitating attack of labyrinthitis in 2017 ME is cruel and heartbreaking—and it is also UNSEEN. In an effort to work through some mental health difficulties, Jasmine tells of how she is 'trying to be better about using mobility aids and show the world I need help in some areas.'

'Read about how I'm trying to make my invisible illness visible,' Jazzie writes in a wonderful blog. We are able to share this one with you.

Making the Invisible Visible

As many of you know I admitted to myself not that long ago that actually I wasn't really ok. I'm still not really ok but I have started taking some steps to try to help me get to a better place. One of these steps is making people more aware that I have a chronic illness and need a little more time, space, help to do things. I am trying to make the invisible visible!

So I am focusing on doing two main things for now (small steps!). The first of these steps is wearing a sunflower lanyard when out and about. The sunflower lanyard is something I've been aware of for a while now being in the chronic illness community but have only just started using this aid as a signal to others that there's more

going on than what you might see.

The sunflower lanyard scheme was set up in 2016 by Hidden Disabilities Sunflower Scheme Limited, who wanted a discreet sign that someone may need a little extra help or may just need a little extra time and patience to complete what they're doing. "We wanted a discreet sign which was still clearly visible from a distance as well as being distinctive, joyful, and dynamic. We chose a sunflower as it suggests happiness, positivity, strength as

well as growth and confidence. It is a universally known flower as well as being

gender-neutral. It intends to allow everyone with hidden disabilities to choose to be visible when they need to be." (https://hiddendisabilitiesstore.com/about-hidden-disabilities-sunflower). If you don't know much about the sunflower lanyard scheme (or want to know more) please check out their website, the more people who know about this the better.

So my way of helping get over my fears and stubbornness (is that a word?) is to humanise the situation. Not just see the aids as machines and a thing, but connect with them, make them a happy part of my life. I have previously named both my cars and my instruments and they have always been such a source of joy in my life. So I would like to introduce you to Toots and Daisy, my scooter and wheelchair.





From now on, They will be as much a part of me as my car and cornet are (although they'll actually get used!). Thank you to everyone who sent me name suggestions, there were some great ones to choose from!

I never wanted to make a thing out of needing my scooter or wheelchair but my hope is that by making a thing about it in such a happy and fun way that I'll finally learn to accept them and use them to give me back some of the things I've been missing from my life. I am really hoping that by making my invisible illness visible I might allow myself to be happier, more independent and enjoy the better days so I have something to hold onto on the harder days.

It's amazing the comfort that this small piece of fabric has brought to me. I now constantly have it near me, not always on but in certain situations, I can pop it on and know that people will understand that I have some difficulties without needing to explain or justify myself to anyone. It's just a small sign but it has already had a great impact on making me feel visible.

My second focus for making the invisible visible is actually using my mobility aids. For anyone who read the blogs from ME Awareness Week this year, you may remember that some of the advice the warriors gave was to just use the aids, they're amazing and are a great help. Did I listen? Nope.

I can't quite put into words why I have had such a reluctance towards using my scooter and wheelchair. I think it's partly because I don't like the attention it brings me, it makes me different. But mostly it's because there's a very stubborn part of me that has not accepted that I need them. 'Need' is the keyword there and the word that I have had to work on for a while. I can walk; you've all seen me do it and from time to time, I choose to do it and enjoy it. As a society, we naturally associate scooters/wheelchairs with people who can't walk. That's our automatic response, so when someone gets up out of one we wonder why they are using the aid? It's been a huge block for me as I am always scared that if someone sees me get up out of the chair they'll question me!

But what my aids actually do for me is not just get me from A to B. I use them so that when I get to B I can enjoy (or endure, it depends on what it is) whatever may be happening there. If I walked to B I'd most likely be completed wiped out and not able to do anything and have to somehow get back to A! It's about preventing harm and being able to get out and about to enjoy life. I think this pandemic has made us all realise that getting out and about, enjoying life, putting ourselves and our happiness first is a huge part of what makes life enjoyable and we have to be able to do it.

Jazzíe Guy

What is ME?

My (=muscle) Algic(=pain) Encephalo (=brain) Mye(=spinal cord) ItIs (inflammation), known as ME, is damage to the central nervous system, usually triggered by an infectious disease process. But scientists have not yet identified with certainty what causes ME and it may have more than one cause. It affects the neurological system but can also affect the immune system, musculoskeletal, hormonal and cardiovascular systems. Symptoms may appear similar to many other illnesses and there is no test to confirm the diagnosis. The illness can be unpredictable and symptoms may come and go. The effects show a greatly lowered ability to do activities for a period of time, with fatigue not relieved by sleep/rest together with worsening symptoms after physical/mental activity, sleep problems, problems with thinking and memory together with possible muscle pains, joint pain, headaches. The list of possible symptoms is extensive, but, as Jazzie points out, it's the individual who 'feels' it. To the rest of us, it's invisible. Now we can be aware of that invisibility.

Your Magazine 2022

With plans now set for the magazine to continue in its current format for a further year, I can confirm that there will be a further year of monthly issues with prices unchanged from 2021. Individual copies will cost £1.00; the subscription price will remain at £10.00 for 12 issues delivered to your doorstep by our energetic team of volunteer deliverers—unless you elect to collect from church.

2022 payment system

Having to change how subs were paid and collected in 2021 due to COVID did cause some confusion. For your 2022 subscription, we will provide you with a payment slip and an addressed envelope directed to the Parish Office which will be enclosed in next month/s magazine. The payment slip will ask you to provide your current address and contact details. We are not asking deliverers to collect subscriptions this year.

If you can pay by direct bank transfer (BACS), this is the best way for you -and usto keep track of your payment and making the payment in a safe way. Please make your arrangements with your bank, following the instructions on the payments slip, but still return the slip with your details to the Parish Office by post (sorry, please provide your own stamp), hand delivery or by handing it in at church to a churchwarden.so that we can build a single, reliable list of subscribers.

If you wish to continue to pay by cash or cheque, could you please follow the instructions on the payment slip, put your slip and payment in the envelope and seal it before returning it to the Parish Office by post (sorry, please provide your own stamp), hand delivery or by handing it in at church to a churchwarden.

To help the organisation of next year's magazine, we would like all subscriptions to be paid by 28th FEBRUARY 2022 please

Content

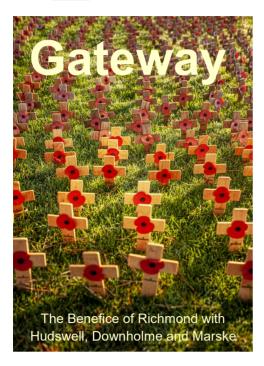
The aim is to continue with a range of content. Whilst the faith- and worship - based content and information will continue to be central to the benefice magazine, the aim is to present articles about volunteer work for society in the area, stories of people's lives and experiences, articles about the social history of our church areas , walks and activities, an opportunity for people to share places to

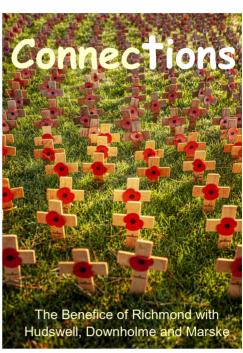
visit, humorous content—but also to bring new perspectives, perhaps on matters of current local, national or international interest which are exercising people's minds.

And what would you like to see? Your ideas and comments are always welcome, as will be any written contributions you might feel inspired to make. Please contact me at stmarys.maged@gmail.com or phone 07754 283161.

And what about a title?

One of the things we want to try in 2022 is to reach a wider audience who don't necessarily have a link to one of our benefice churches. The magazine will be on sale in a small number of outlets in the town to gauge interest. It may be that having a title for our magazine may make it more 'attractive' at a point of sale. Do you agree? If you do, what do you suggest? A couple of 'mock ups' are offered below to give the GENERAL idea of how this month's might have looked with a title. BUT REALLY WANT YOUR THOUGHTS AND IDEAS ON THIS ONE, PLEASE





Clearly, if we go ahead with this idea, we would take some advice from someone with design expertise. You will note that both of the above have a 't' which can be presented in the shape of a cross - not a necessity but an idea to get your creative juices flowing. Might even stretch to a bottle of wine or box of chocs for a design which we use Or we may just stick with what we've got. Depends on what you think! Anyway, do please get in touch with your thoughts.

Jim Jack

NEWS FROM THE PEWS

Fairly Traded Christmas Shopping—Change of Date

Fair Trade Christmas Shopping Day on <u>Saturday</u> 13^{th} <u>November</u> at Northcliffe, Gatherley Road, Brompton on Swale from 10 am -4pm. (Please note change of date from last month's magazine).

This year's Traidcraft Christmas catalogue is packed with ideas for Christmas gifts, edible treats, Advent Calendars – with or without chocolate and a wide range of Christmas cards, wrapping paper and decorations.

An opportunity to find a present that is a little bit different whilst helping to change the lives of people around the world.

Also the usual everyday food and household products.

A stress free shopping experience with a chance to chat and enjoy a cup of fair trade coffee or tea!

N.B. - Traidcraft like many other companies at present is experiencing supply difficulties and it may be that repeat orders get held up at source or at ports, so shopping early is advisable, before stocks run out.

It would be greatly appreciated to have orders in advance of the Shopping Day – please ring or email for a copy of the catalogue, see Rachel or Howard Walker, or see the Traidcraft Shop on line. Contact Rachel Walker - 01748 812015 remwalker @gmail.com

Christian Aid Coffee Morning



Christian Aid coffee morning <u>Saturday 20th November 2021</u> in Richmond Town Hall from 8.30 – noon. Please make a note of this date when we will be joining with the Methodist and Catholic churches for our annual coffee morning which could not take place last year. We are

hoping that people will crowd into the Town Hall to enjoy coffee, a chat and buy raffle tickets, tombola tickets and goods from our cake stall and Fairtrade stall.

We would welcome donations of **cakes/jams/chutneys** for our produce stall, **Tombola prizes** and also a **raffle prize** from our church. These can be given to Sarah Scrafton (our church rep) or Judith Barber, Richmond Christian Aid Group Coordinator, any time before the big event.

Mothers' Union Plan a Face-to Face Meeting

It is hoped to have a "live " meeting of St Marys Mothers 'Union on Thursday **December 2nd at 2:00 pm in the Town Hall**. Members please save the date. More details in the December magazine and on the pew sheet.

Gathering Winter Fuel—Allowances

The time of year approaches when the Winter Fuel Allowance notices arrive through some individuals' letterboxes. With the anticipated significant rise in energy costs, homes and buildings like our churches are going to feel a financial draught. Whilst many people will need this allowance to defray their essential heating costs, in the past some individuals have kindly gift aided part or all of the equivalent amount to a charitable cause of their choosing. Wheth-



er it be foodbanks, children's charities or your church, all will be grateful of your support in this way if you are able to do so

And speaking of foodbanks, a reminder list

Foodbank Reminder: Essential Items

Last year, we featured the Storehouse foodbank in this volunteers section. For readers who add to their weekly shop by buying items for the Foodbank based at the Influence Church, a reminder of the most useful donations;

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

Packets of: pasta, pasta sauce, noodles, cereal, porridge, rice, biscuits

Jars of: pasta sauce, sandwich fillings, jam, spreads

Also: UHT milk, squash

More information:storehouse@influencechurch.co.uk
Or please contact Suz Gregory on 01748 823161

200 Club Winner — congratulations!

The winner of the October draw was no.22 Pat Shields Our congratulations to Pat on winning the £50.00 prize

LIVING OVER THE SHOP

Following in the illustrious footsteps of Pat White and Margaret B-P, **WENDY PRITCHARD** has taken a break from her developing her considerable photographic skills to lift the lid on her own family experiences of living above the shop.



St Martin's , Bullring.
Birmingham

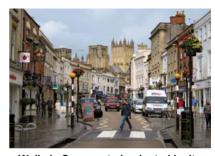
'Living Over' was literally the situation when John and I were married. I was twenty-two, had just finished my teacher training year and John had just started his curacy in St Martins in the Bullring, Birmingham. We lived in a flat on the top floor of the rectory in Edgbaston, up 48 steps. I still remember the number exactly, especially on a Friday night when after a week's teaching and an evening of the very lively youth group I had to extract myself from our Minivan and almost crawl up the stairs!

We had a water heater in the kitchen which was supposed to heat the water sufficiently for a bath (it didn't) and a low beam in the main room which I crashed into more

than once. But I'd never had a home of my own before, so it was wonderful. My lovely mother had taught me how to knit and sew, but had strangely omitted teaching me how to cook. So when we asked the Bishop of Aston round for a meal, I peeled all the grapes for the fruit salad. He was a lovely man, and wouldn't have cared if we'd just bought in fish and chips!

A few months before our first daughter was born, we moved to Wells in Somerset for John to be diocesan youth chaplain. I remember this as a time of nappy buckets and interrupted sleep, but when our second daughter was two we moved to Taunton in Somerset.

We lived next door to the church (St George's Wilton), had a golden retriever and two small girls, so what could have been better! Our gold-



Wells in Somerset, dominated by its fine cathedral

en retriever was a rescue dog – a lovely animal but given to wandering off with no idea at all of how to get back. Since the door was often left open by visitors,

Caleb seized the opportunities he'd been offered with enthusiasm. He followed a pram race through Taunton and stopped off by the fire at their last calling point, a pub on the far side of town but his most dramatic bid for independence came on one Christmas Eve. We had to put two tearful girls to bed spinning a story as to how Father Christmas had asked Caleb to help



pull his sleigh, all the while hoping that the errant hound would be found before morning. We were phoned by the first arrivals for Midnight Communion at a neighbouring church who found him asleep in their church porch. Clearly he'd heard the hells and knew this meant 'home'!

In Taunton we had lots going on — Sunday School, drama group, wives group, Mother and Toddler Group, singing groups, dance group, home groups etc, as well as Brownies, Guides etc. When our girls were teenagers, I asked them what they'd felt about being brought up in a vicarage, expecting a pretty negative answer, as is the way with teenagers in whatever setting! But their overwhelming response was that they'd loved it, particularly the way our curate used to come and watch TV with them, bringing his gorgeous collie, and the way they felt to be at the heart of things. Three cheers for the curate and for the wonderfully long-suffering parishioners! When the girls were about 9 and 7, they and two friends used to dress up as old ladies and sit on the bench outside church engaging passers-by in random conversations. Nobody ever let on that they recognised these old ladies ...

Our next move was up to Durham where John was to work at Cranmer Hall, the theological college that's part of St John's College, right behind the cathedral. We lived on the Bailey, a cobbled street running down to the river, and our house had the only bit of road where lorries could turn. I was often asked something completely incompre-



A view of the Bailey, Durham

hensible in Geordie which I interpreted as 'Could you please stand behind the lorry and check I don't hit your wall'. Whatever I did seemed to work and the wall

remained intact! This is no longer true though, as the house has been demolished and there's a lovely new learning resources centre where our house used to be.

I'd taught part-time (secondary maths) since the girls both started school, and whilst we were in Durham, I taught at St Anthony's RC girls comprehensive in Sunderland. There was always a lot of juggling to be done in making sure everyone and everything was given enough time, but we survived! By now we had a lovely border collie/Labrador cross called 'Sanna (short for 'Hosanna' as we chose her on Palm Sunday) and we would lend her to one of



St Anthony's RC Dining Hall ('My town, My Future' collection)

our students for company whilst she was studying. One measure of how good the students would be in dealing with young people in their parishes was how they interacted with our girls, particularly at Sunday lunch in college. Some students were firm favourites and some failed dismally!

From Durham we moved to Canterbury where John became Archdeacon. This was regularly confused by directory enquiries with Archbishop, and we would get phone calls in the middle of the night from America, complaining whenever the

Archbishop had done anything significant. We had a glorious old house, with a spiral staircase that Thomas Becket may have trod, with spiders to match. We used the house somewhat like a National Trust property, with various parishes having away days there or using the garden. I learned how to be a mass caterer and absorbed a lot about gardening from our brilliant garden-



Archdeacon's Houe, Canterbury

er, who amazingly came with the house. The tradition was to have the garden open for charity on one weekend a year and although I could handle doing refreshments I was out of my depth on questions about plants. In self-defence, I learned what grew where and why, what its Latin name was and how you grew it from cuttings. This proved more worthwhile than I'd imagined, for our next house when John became Bishop of Jarrow was a new-build in Gateshead, with a garden that looked like the Somme battlefield and no gardener this time except me!

I had a full-time job as a learning support assistant at a new Church of England secondary school in Ryhope, Sunderland, which I loved. Being a bishop's wife means you have to find a role for yourself and every bishop's wife does it differently. I worked during the day, put on my jeans as soon as I got home and started digging or cooking. Once John came home from a meeting and found me planting out new small plants at 10pm, with the help of the security lights!

I really enjoyed going to whichever church John was preaching at on a Sunday. Where else but in the North East would you be taken by the arm and guided to the coffee by an elderly lady calling you 'Pet'. I always used to introduce myself to my neighbours in the pews before the service started so they wouldn't be embarrassed by saying something about John that they may regret later when they found I was his wife!

After Gateshead we moved to Oxford for John to be Bishop of Oxford. I thought I was a fairly competent gardener, but the Oxford garden was the size of a small park and the house had been unoccupied for a year. It doesn't need that long for the bindweed to seize control. Many, many woman hours later, and with the help of some good friends, we opened the garden under the National Garden Scheme. I'd expected some really clev-



Appropriate choice—no discounts?

er questions from the visitors and had spent a long time making the garden absolutely pristine, but their overriding concern was the cake and cups of tea!

When John retired from Oxford, we moved into our house in Richmond. Oh, the joy of having the door key to a home that's actually your own. Mind you, I did bring rather a lot of plants with me!

Richmondshire Choral Society

St Mary's Church, Richmond Friday 19th November 2021 @ 7.30 p.m.

'Seasonal Music from 20th & 21st Centuries'

Vaughan Williams—Fantasia on Christmas Carols

Finzi— In Terra Pax Rutter—Magnificat Harrison—Cantique 950

Tickets £10 from **richchoral.org.uk** Castle Hill Books, members or on door.

Online tickets for age 16-24—£3.00 Under 16 free

A sinuous snake
Swirling and sliding
Along the floor of the dale...
River

Huddled together,
Stone built and strong,
Sheltering on the floor of the dale...
Settlements

Like patchwork pieces
And yet, irregular,
Peppering the floor of the dale...
Meadows.

Stretching in never ending line,
Criss crossing
From the floor of the dale...
Walls.

Detritus and spoil,

Levels and mills,

Looking down on the floor of the dale....

Curlew.

River and settlements, Meadows and walls, Mines and curlew... Home.



Poetry From Downholme

A timely, reflective piece from GEORGE ALDERSON in this month of remembrance

Passing On

We remember who remembered when the silence broke the noise – The proud fathers and the mothers who had nurtured their young boys And the brothers and the sisters who had followed them with pride And had sat, stone-still, for hours, when their silent tears had dried.

We remember who remembered that the lads had fought for choice –
That their country and their hamlet might retain a forceful voice;
That their world should sleep in freedom and awake refreshed and game
To reject all that is selfish and destructive and brings shame.

We remember who remembered that they'd never known their dad
But who saw the gleaming medals that had made their mother glad
That her husband had been plucky and had done *more* than his share
And they wondered, should they have to, if they'd have the nerve to dare.

We remember who remembered when the Saviour took the tree
And who walked the way of villains to the site of Calvary.
We remember how they praised him for the work that he had done;
How they thought his life was over when, in truth, it had begun!

We remember who remembered when they found his tomb was void; When they met him in the garden, they were scared, then overjoyed!

Though we cannot touch stigmata, we can think of him who could And who then believed the wonder of the resurrecting blood.

We remember who remembered, so we know how we should live
To bring order and agreement and to take as well as give.
Will the legions who come after think of those who thought before
Of people they remembered, and, who, in their time, adored?

George Alderson

Tommy Not Forgotten

Can you hear me?

I am a name carved in stone You cannot look, no use to see I talk to you in distant tone.

I am not dead, yet I have died
To be alive with hopeful voice;
Went in youth with determined stride,
Proud to arms, my loyal choice.

Look back and see your sweetheart wave, Pleased to leave but tugging remain, Beating heart, chin up, be brave, Why this happy and aching pain?

I did my bit on foreign soil
With comrades close and spirit high,
Clinging mud, on and on, this eternal toil,
No reason yet to ask Sarge why.

In nature's game of human will
Where survival screams unnatural ways,
How wrong it feels to live, to kill;
Seems never ending sacrificial days.

Pals are gone, to heaven they walk,
Real life gives a muddy grave,
My friends in rows with faces chalk
Yet I am honoured, they were so brave

Where's this victory I long to see Eternal push and relentless toil This septic life that clings to me Howl this scourge of death to foil. Yet I fail in life's great pain
To live and tell the story of tears;
Too late to hold that love again,
All forgotten now, those relentless years.

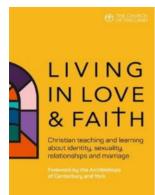
Good pal, you know me not, nor will,
There is no sad and deathly voice.
It is YOU, so strong to remember still
Tommy's in your heart, a beating choice.

David Johnson (Richmond Branch, Royal British Legion)

Deep peace, pure white of the moon to you; Deep peace, pure green of the grass to you; Deep peace, pure brown of the earth to you; Deep peace, pure grey of the dew to you, Deep peace, pure blue of the sky to you! Deep peace of the running wave to you, Deep peace of the flowing air to you, Deep peace of the quiet earth to you

-00000-

LIVING IN LOVE AND FAITH



This is another key programme across the Church of England nationally and is the focus of groups based on St Mary's at present.

This book is available and there is also a course guide. Also by visiting churchofengland.org, you can find a wide range of resources of interest.

If you want to know more, please contact Martin or Paul. Groups are meeting on Wednesday afternoons and Thursday evenings..







FOR ALL THE SAINTS

Looking for some sea air and flat walking, my wife and I took a trip to Seaton Carew on a bright October day, enjoying the beautifully kept promenade, the buildings which spoke of wealthier times with their views over the North Sea and the well-kept gardens and borders. But, walking northwards on the beach, our eyes were drawn to a point of land heading out into the North Sea which cried out to be investigated.

This is the Headland, east of Hartlepool centre and a self-contained community which itself demanded further investigation. In the streets behind the 18th and 19th century terrace and the First World War battery stands an extremely large church, its imposing grandeur marking the centre of an active Christian community, a church dedicated to 5t Hilda. We knew who she was .. but why here?

When speaking of St Hilda, the clifftop building which springs to mind is not the one we found in Hartlepool but of the imposing ruin which stands silhouetted against the sky on the land above the fishing port of Whitby. 199 steps from the town take you to the place where St Hilda (or St Hild) carried out her mission of leadership of an influential Christian community in 7th century England.



Whitby Abbey

The monastery at Whitby was founded by the Abbess Hilda, one of a number of monasteries of which she was abbess. In her lifetime she became known for the wisdom of her advice. This led a number of kings to seek her counsel and their influence was one of the reasons that her monastery was chosen as the site of the Synod of Whitby in 664 AD. You will recall that this meeting, called by King Oswiu, was the one at which the choice between the Roman and the Celtic traditions of the Christian faith was made. This choice set the direction of Christian development in England which led to where we are today.

Hilda was another saint of the time born into a noble family in 614 AD. Her father, Hereric, was a nephew of King Edwin of Deira (later to become part of the kingdom of Northumbria). When Hereric was poisoned whilst living in exile, Edwin brought his daughter into his court as she was a family member of the Deiran royal household. This was the same Edwin who created the kingdom of Northumbria in 616 AD.

In 625 AD, Edwin married a Christian princess from Kent, Aethelburh, who travelled North bringing with her a Roman Christian faith and a personal chaplain, Paulinus. Clearly, Aethelburh influenced her new husband. In 627, King Edwin was baptised

along with his entire court, including a 13 year old Hilda. However, the death of Edwin, defeated in battle by the pagan Mercians, caused Aethelburh to flee back home to Kent, taking Hilda with her. There, the Queen founded her own convent which she oversaw as abbess, It was in this strong Christian way of life that Hilda grew up.

Little more is known of her until she emerges in records at the age of 33 when called by Bishop Aidan of Lindisfarne to return to the re-established kingdom of Northumbria to live as a nun. Readers who recall previous articles about Aidan and Cuthbert will be aware that life in her first convent on the north bank of the river Wear meant exposure to Celtic Christianity, rather than the Roman style in which she had been raised.

Hilda must have been an energetic adopter, because within a year she was appointed to Hartlepool Abbey as its second abbess. There, she dealt with errant behaviour of monks successfully through establishing clear routines. Although nothing remains of the abbey itself, its cemetery has been located—in the grounds of the previously mentioned St. Hilda's Church on the Headland. A small bronze plaque on a wall overlooking the sea acknowledges the location of the abbey itself.

It was in 657 AD that she moved in order to found Whitby Abbey where she remained until her death on 17 November, 680 AD. In common with the abbey at Hartlepool, the archaeological evidence shows a settlement in the Celtic style. People would live in small, simple houses, each for two or three people. Men and women lived separately in these dwellings but on the same site and worshipping together in the same abbey church (not the one whose ruins we see today—the site of the original church itself is unknown).

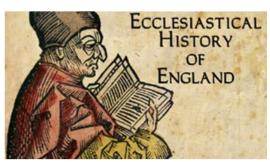


St Hilda

Life at the abbey under Hilda's leadership is depicted as part of the narrative in Melvyn Bragg's weighty fictional work *Credo*. All property was held in common and the Christian virtues of charity and peace were particularly espoused. Rigorous bible study and doing good works outside the confines of the abbey were emphasised. Caring for the animals, farming and woodcutting gave employment to people of the area.

One of the characteristics of Hilda often emphasised was her great wisdom, which perhaps was one of the reasons King Oswiu chose her abbey for the momentous Synod of Whitby in 664, hosting Christian churchmen from far afield and representing both traditions of the faith to be found at the time. Here it was that Oswiu decreed that Roman practice would be the norm in Northumbria. The wise Hilda was among many who accepted the decision, learning and practicing the new ways. The monks from Lindisfarne refused and ultimately withdrew to Iona.

The Venerable Bede describes Hilda as a 'woman of great energy' who had skills both as a teacher and as an organiser. Whilst we have made mention of the respect she earned from the nobility of her time, equally she had concern for and love from ordinary folk. 'All who knew her,' says Bede, 'called her moth-



er because of her outstanding devotion and grace.'

Hilda continued her great works until her death in 680, in spite of having a recurring fever for the last seven years of her life. Only a year before her death, she set up a new monastery at Hackness, about of fourteen miles from Whitby. It was said that, when she died in Whitby, the bells of Hackness began to toll, whilst a nun there said she saw Hilda's soul being borne to heaven by angels. The abbey she founded was destroyed by Danish invaders in 867 A.D. The ruins of the abbey we see today are of a re-founded Benedictine abbey for men, an institution which survived until 1539.

There are a number of legends attached to her memory. If you are fending off sea birds eating your chips at Whitby, pause a while to see is sea birds flying over the abbey are dipping their wings to salute St Hilda! Or look for ammonites on the shore which tell of St Hilda turning a plague of snakes to stone. It is also said that a wraith of St Hilda can be seen in the ruins of the abbey, wrapped in a shroud. Furthermore, when the later abbey was dismantled after the Dissolution of the Monasteries by order of Henry VIII, the bells were to be taken to London by sea. The ship sank off Whitby but it is said the bells can still be heard ringing under the water.

After her death, her relics are said to have been transported either to Glastonbury or Gloucester. She is seen as one of the patron saints of learning and culture. This is reflected in the choice of name for a number of places of learning—schools, religious communities (e.g. community of St Aidan and St Hilda on Lindisfarne) and most notably in our area, St Hild's College in Durham. 'Hild's' had a high reputation for the training of female teachers for well over one hundred years before being merged with neighbouring Bede College to form the College of St Hild and St Bede at Durham University. Indeed, colleges bearing he name can be found in Oxford, Melbourne, Toronto, Connecticut, Singapore, Jamaica... to name but a few. Snakes and ammonites are often to be found in coats of arms and badges of these institutions.









Interior, St Hilda's Church, the Headland

And so we return to the Headland in Hartlepool, to the grade1 listed building which is St Hilda's Parish Church, still active in the community and standing on land adjacent to the Abbey at which St Hilda began her significant leadership role in the shaping of the Christian faith in Britain. A living monument to the wise and kind role of a saint of quiet importance. Promoting peace, learning, charitable works is some gift to society.







NOTES FROM OUR PAST

JANE HATCHER's regular contributions to these pages has made us more aware of how the graveyards which surround our churches are a repository of INFORMATION ABOUT social history. Time spent examining the tombstones which sit at the head of those graves tell us about those who lie beneath the earth.

At St Mary's , Jane alerts us to another two headstones, each of which tells us of people from afar who found a new home in this town many years ago.

Richmond's history of welcoming strangers

As I write this, the Yorkshire Dales have been re-adjusting to being open for visitors once again. But it's not been all plain sailing. During 'lockdown' many food outlets recruited staff laid off from other work, but such people are now returning to their 'proper' jobs. Hoteliers in the Lake District say they are having a particularly severe staffing shortfall, as the European seasonal staff they have relied on for several years are no longer available post-Brexit.

It is not so many years ago that we had here in Richmond so many locally-based

employees from Poland that Ken Warne's shop had a special area of shelves carrying Polish delicacies. Musicians bemoan that it is no longer easy to have 'gigs' across the Channel, but wasn't it in Hamburg that the Beatles first found fame? Cottages in Richmond are being snapped up for holiday homes because the 'staycation' market is booming as cheap holidays in most overseas sunspots are out of reach due to the 'traffic light' system of countries safe to visit.



Alan Rufus kneels before his cousin and sovereign, William of Normandy

So my thoughts turned to what we know of Europeans who in the past have come to Richmond. And in this year of celebrations of our 950th anniversary, I suppose our founder Alan Rufus might be considered the most obvious case, and perhaps also his nephew Conan, who built our splendid castle keep. But St Mary's churchyard contains evidence of at least two later Europeans who came to live here, one as a refugee, the other through work.

On the north side of the church, not far from Plague Stone, south of the path which runs up to Church Wynd, is a large tombstone to a Roman Catholic clergyman who fled from France during the French Revolution. I don't know precisely when he arrived in Richmond, presumably some time in 1793, and by then he must already have been guite an elderly man.

The tombstone has a lengthy inscription which reads 'Here are deposited the remains of the Revd. Peter Delaire, Rector and Prior of Bazouges la Perouze in the diocese of Rennes in Brittany. He departed this life on the 16th Febry. 1800 aged 82. He was a clergyman of the most irreproachable manners, of true piety and devotion, and one of the many thousands of French Ecclesiastics who sought and found asylum in this kingdom when they were reduced to the necessity of emigrating from their own. R.I.P.'

The late-18th century did indeed see many thousands of French clergy flee from their homeland to settle other countries, with particularly large numbers arriving in Great Britain. I wonder where in Richmond he found refuge. In the Rectory perhaps? There was as yet no Roman Catholic church in Newbiggin, although the Lawson family of Brough Hall had property in that area, and supported the Roman Catholic cause in Richmond.

It would seem from the generous wording of the tombstone that Richmond residents took this old man to their hearts. Doubtless they had made collections to help fund him in his time here. It would seem they also felt he deserved a tombstone, and on it they used the name by which they knew him, although his name, according to French records, was actually Pierre de Laire.

Near the east end of the church, just north of the path which crosses from Station Road to Lombards Wynd, is the tombstone of Rica Taschella, who died at the age of 27 in 1855. Her grieving husband, an Italian music teacher working in Richmond, had this fulsome inscription carved: 'Deeply bereaved affection erected this memorial over the last earthly home of the beloved Rica whence at the sound of the archangel's trumpet she shall rise immortal.' Rica had probably died giving birth to their daughter Angelina, who died at Milan in 1873, and who is also commemorated on the stone.



Rica Taschella's Headstone

Our churchyard was the only place in Richmond where Roman Catholics could be buried until the new cemetery on Reeth Road was opened in 1886. The only religious group who had their own burial ground before then were the Quakers, whose chosen resting place has given us the street name of Quaker Lane.

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Last Sunday of Every Month! 4.00 p.m.

Why not come and join us?

Tell your family and friends—anyone with children



With the advent of Winter, the vicar's thoughts turned to the urgent study of arcane and esoteric texts



...his constant droning from the pulpit is really getting on my nerves!

Heaven

An elderly couple died and were received by St Peter through the Pearly Gates into heaven. They found it a wonderful place. The husband said to his wife: "If you hadn't fed us such healthy food all our marriage, we could have reached here years ago."



WILLIAM'S WALKS

November 2021



After a cooler than usual summer, September seems to bless us with some unseasonably warm and dry weather—not good for reservoirs but days which have made walking a real pleasure. The result also seems to be thattrees have been 'turning' a little later than usual so we may have some wonderful autumn colours to come. WILLIAM GEDYE offers us a walk promising interesting autumn tints through the Garrison residential areas and some lovely woods.

HARLEY HILL WALK

Start/Finish: TESCO Car Park, Catterick Garrison.

Time: 90 Minutes.

Difficulty: Moderate one easy hill. Can be muddy after persistent rain.

Toilets and Refreshments at TESCO.

Ordnance Survey Map OL30 Yorkshire Dales Northern & Central Areas

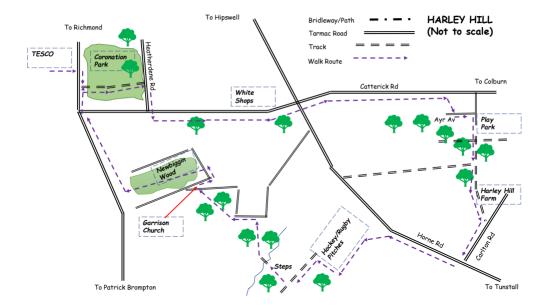
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Leave the TESCO car park past Greggs going down the steps and cross Richmond Road at the Pelican Crossing. Turn right along the pavement and turn left into Coronation Park just before ALDI. Go straight across the park with the play area on your right and up the slope opposite. Turn right along Heatherdene Road.

At the main road, cross carefully and follow the path through the open area in front of Cambrai Primary School. Keep straight on down the slope beside the fence, and along the track to the White shops traffic lights. Cross straight over and continue on the right hand side of Catterick road next to the fence.

Look out for the path to your right through the trees and follow this onto Ayr Avenue. Turn left and then right onto York Rd. Almost immediately bear left between the houses and follow the lane to the right, keeping the play park on your left.

Go straight on into the woods and follow the bridleway along, crossing the bridge over Burrel Beck and up the other side. Keep left through the woods and follow the



path up Harley Hill. Bear right onto the Harley Lane and turn right onto Carlton Road. At the main road turn right and cross over to the far pavement. Follow this with the Welfare buildings on your left, and look for the paved path off to the left leading to the sports pavilion.

Turn left along the edge of the sports pitches and follow the edge round to the right. Just before the end of the pitches go through the dip into the woods (Can be muddy). Follow the track for about 250 metres and take the path off to the right, going down the steps and cross the bridge over Scotton Beck. Keep right and go up the path through the woods and across the grassy area to the houses ahead. Turn left along the path and left again onto Wensleydale Rd. Keep left and take the path off to the right just before the barrack fence.

Follow the path through the wood emerging opposite the Garrison Church. Walk across the church car park and bear right along Church Road with the woods on your left. Look out for the interesting Millennium Stone circle on your right. Follow the road round to the left and after the dip, take the footpath off to the left through Newbiggin Wood, with a second smaller stone circle.

When you emerge from the wood turn right along the path and follow this back to TESCO.

All in the month of November

150 years ago, on 10th Nov 1871 that Welsh journalist and explorer Henry Morton Stanley located the missing missionary and explorer Dr David Livingstone near Lake Tanganyika in present-day Tanzania. He might or might not have greeted him with the words: "Doctor Livingstone, I presume?"

100 years ago, on 11th Nov 1921 that Remembrance poppies were sold for the first time in British and Commonwealth countries to commemorate military personnel who died in war. In the UK they are sold by the Royal British Legion to raise funds for current and former members of the British Armed Forces.

90 years ago, on 30th Nov 1931 that the Crystal Palace in London was destroyed by fire

80 years ago, on 13th Nov 1941 that the British aircraft carrier HMS Ark Royal was torpedoed by a German submarine in the Mediterranean Sea near Gibraltar.

65 years ago, on 5th Nov 1956 that Premium Bonds went on sale in the UK. They were designed to encourage people to save, and they offered cash prizes instead of interest.

50 years ago, on 14th Nov 1971 that NASA's Mariner 9 spacecraft (launched that May) reached Mars. It was the first spacecraft to orbit another planet.

40 years ago, on 12th Nov 1981 that the US Space Shuttle Columbia was launched on its second flight into space, becoming the world's first reusable manned spacecraft

Also **30 years ago** on 18th Nov 1991 that the Church of England envoy Terry Waite and American educator Thomas Sutherland were released by Islamic Jihad in Lebanon after being held hostage since January 1987 and June 1985 respectively.

25 years ago, on 30th Nov 1996 that England officially returned the Stone of Scone to Scotland after 700 years. It was the coronation stone of the Scottish and (later) English and British monarchs. Scotland agreed to loan the Stone to Westminster Abbey for future coronations.

20 years ago, from 12th to 13th Nov 2001 that the Afghanistan's ruling Taliban abandoned the capital without a fight, as a coalition of US/NATO and Northern Alliance forces entered the city.

Also 20 years ago, on 29th Nov 2001 that George Harrison, British rock guitarist, singer and songwriter with the Beatles, died.

 ${f 15}$ years ago, on ${f 13}^{th}$ Nov 2006 that Google acquired the video-sharing site YouTube

MUSINGS FROM MARSKE

One of the fascinations of historical research is that looking into a single incident leads to more questions which need answering. Following Jane Hatcher's account of the death of the Rookby brothers, drowned in Clapgate Beck during the Great Floods of 1771, the hiring fair which they had attended became a subject of research in its own right, linking in with an article offered by Peter Trewby about the effects of the plague in the 14th century. LIZ KLUZ sets the scene by describing how hiring fairs developed to meet a need for labour (lorry drivers, anyone?) originally caused by the Black Death before returning to the local event in the parish of Marske.

The origin of the hiring fair dates back to 1351, during the reign of King Henry III, when there was a serious shortage of labourers following the Great Pestilence which killed between thirty and forty five percent of the population in Britain between 1348 and 1350. For those able-bodied workers who had survived the plague, it signalled the end of the feudal system and freedom to choose who they worked for and how much they could ask for their labour.

In an effort to stabilise the movement of labourers and kerb their often excessivedemands, a Statute of Labourers was introduced on February 7th 1351. This gave magistrates the power to set the rates of pay and publish them at the Statute Sessions which took place in towns and cities at Whitsuntide (seven weeks after East-

er), Michaelmas (September 29 th) and Martinmas (11 th November). Fixing the rates of pay was extremely unpopular amongst the labourers and the Statute was abolished during the reign of Elizabeth I, but the Sessions, which had become very useful, continued and became known as "the Statty" among workers.

People seeking employment and employers looking for workers would gather at the Sessions to hear the going rate for the year.



Michaelmas Hiring Fair, Bedale

A painting by Joseph Appleyard for his book (unpublished) 'Riding through the Ridings 1947

It was usual for employers to take workers on for one year but, if at the end of that

time, the employer did not renew the agreement or the employee wanted to find work elsewhere, they went to the Hiring or Mop Fair. There workers would stand in a line, usually in the market place, with all their belongings in a bundle, wearing something which advertised their skills.

For example a shepherd would have a tuft of fleece on his hat or he would carry a crook, a man who worked with horses would have a piece



of whipcord tied around his hat or carry a whip, a milkmaid would hold a pail and a housemaid would carry a mop. Employers would then walk up and down the row of hopeful facesand ask questions about previous employers, whether the person was married or had children and how much they were hoping to be paid. If the rates of pay and conditions suited both parties an agreement was made and the new employee received a "fastenpenny" to seal the deal. By the beginning of the nineteenth century that had increased to a shilling.

However not all agreements were satisfactory for either master or worker so in those cases there was another chance to try their luck at the next Hiring Fair two weeks later. In some areas, the name 'Runaway Mop' was coined for those occasions. Another chance to find some kind of work at the next fair would also have been welcomed by less employable folk, such as those who were unfit for manual

work because of old age or disability and had nowhere to go and nobody to support them.

But, of course, where there was money there were people happy to help the gullible spend it. Stalls selling all sorts of tempting things like ribbons, trinkets and food became attached to the hirings as well as sideshows—and tricksters. How many youngsters were relieved of their pennies by pickpockets or the slight of hand of the man asking which hand the walnut shell was



in? Alehouses did a roaring trade and the hirings soon became known as a good day out for everyone, not just those looking for work, but unfortunately the events acquired something of a bad reputation nationally.

The Rookby Brothers

It was to one such hiring fair in Richmond that two brothers, William Rookby (37) and Joseph Rookby (33) of Skelton in Marske had travelled in November 1771.

On Saturday 17th November, the first of two Martinmas Hiring Fairs was held in Richmond and, being the principal hiring session of the year, it would have been a popular gathering. Not having the benefit of reliable weather forecasts or warnings nobody could have known that torrential rain would fall that day, nor the devastation it would cause

It is quite possible that William and Joseph had gone into Richmond earlier in the day and that, when the rain started, they had waited for it to pass before setting off for home again. However, the rain did not stop, in fact it grew heavier and continued throughout the night not clearing until Sunday morning. The brothers probably thought they would take a chance and decided to walk home in spite of the weather. Whichever route they chose to take, either through Applegarth or along the top road and down Clapgate Bank, at some point they would have to cross Clapgate Beck. Normally crossing the beck would not have been too difficult but the rains had caused it to swell to a raging torrent which they will have heard before they reached it. Visibility will have been poor as the heavy rain clouds must have obscured any possible light from the moon and even if the men had started out with lanterns they may have been blown out or damaged. Having reached the beck and being within reach of home the brothers must have risked crossing the swollen beck with disastrous results. We can only imagine their fear when they were overwhelmed by the sheer force of the water and their final thoughts.

Their bodies were discovered on Monday morning still with their arms wrapped around each other. The Great Flood of 1771, as it became known, destroyed bridges, houses and lives across the north of England.

19th Century Hirings

"As Martinmas is approaching, when farm labourers are usually hired for the ensuing year, I wish to add my experience to that of many other Christian ministers to the evils arising from the present practice. The farmers usually hire their servants without characters. This causes great immorality. Every respectable resident in our country villages knows the consequences of this system. Young men and women, as they get places without characters, are not afraid to lose them. However badly they behave at this time of the year, they know they can get fresh places at Martinmas. Scenes of great wickedness and self indulgence occur in all our villages at this season. The consequences to female modesty is most heart-rending. Drunkenness and licentiousness abound and those young people who have been carefully trained in our Sunday schools too often fall into vice and infamy. While the evil is admitted, the great difficulty is to find a remedy."

Thomas Myers. (A letter to The Yorkshire Gazette in October 1856)

Something had to be done and, in 1861, The Yorkshire Society was established to try to improve the experience of women who were seeking or offering employment.

"The Yorkshire Society is making a third effort to supplant the bad system of hiring farm and other servants at statute hirings or fairs which are too frequently scenes of riot and debauchery. The society now provides the largest halls and rooms obtainable in the various agricultural districts as registries where female servants and mistresses are invited with transactions costing servants nothing. Fire and shelter the society provides free and refreshments are provided at cost. The society was pretty successful last year and it is hoped will eventually master the evils of the statute hirings in open markets" (Ripon and Richmond Chronicle, November 14th 1863.)

The changes were put in place fairly quickly and The York Herald reported that in Bedale, the May Day Hirings of 1864 were held in the Town Hall with refreshments and "every attention being paid to the comfort of those attending."

The Yorkshire Gazette reported that at the Richmond May Day Hirings of 1880 "the town was fairly crammed with shows and booths of every kind but there was not much drunkenness and everything passed off with tolerable quietness."

It's interesting to compare the situation the country is facing at the moment with a shortage of workers in many sectors and times in the past when there have been similar shortages.

At the Richmond Hirings in May 1869 The York Herald tells us that "good agricultural men servants were scarce and wages were high at £20 - £25 per annum. Boys who could plough were fetching £10—£12 with younger boys at £6 - £9. Stout women servants from £12 - £16 and second class servants from £8 - £10 with young girls fetching from £5 - £8. There were a number of stalls but very little money spent and great complaints of scarcity of money".

The May Day Hirings of 1876 in Richmond were well attended as the weather was particularly good but with high wages being asked not as many people were taken on. The York Herald tells us that "Good, useful men servants were hired at £30 - £33 in some cases, with second class men obtaining from £24 - £27, strong boys £18 - £20 and women £17 - £22."

However, five years later in November 1881 "Good weather in November meant farmers were able to make good progress with agricultural operations and coupled with the fact that so many unemployed people are wandering about the country employers were not in a great hurry to make engagements, hence wages were on the decline." (The Yorkshire Gazette)

In most areas the Hiring Fairs were abandoned at the start of the First World War and after the war fewer men returned to working on the land so employers began to use local newspapers to advertise vacancies and those seeking a post could do the same

There is, however, an odd exception to that in The Lancaster Evening Post dated November 15th 1930.

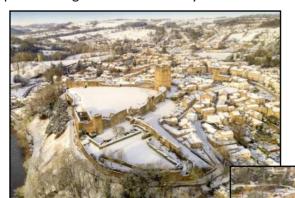
"Men were plentiful at the Lancaster Martinmas Hirings today but girls and women were less plentiful. First class men asked £30 for the term of 27 weeks up to Whitsuntide and second class men up to £20. Youths £15 - £18 and lads £5 - £8. Experienced women wanted £20 - £27 and younger girls £10 - £18."

In fifty four years, the pay for 27 weeks had become roughly equal to that paid for a full year in 1876.

Liz Khuz

Christmas Cards

Andy Lovell has produced two beautiful cards for sale for Christmas. Taken as drone shots over Richmond, the iconic castle and our church are captured dusted in snow. The cards are A5 size (the same size as this magazine) on high quality card, with all profits being donated to St Mary's.





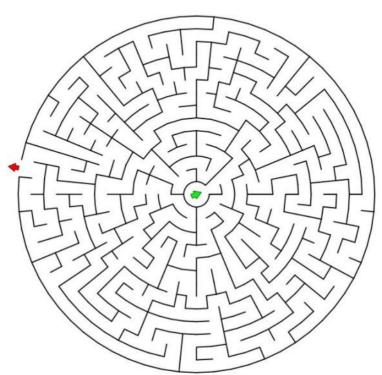
SPECIAL OFFER FOR BENEFICE

5 for £3.00 20 for £10.00 Contact Andy Lovell 07974 766020 or collect & pay at back of church fter-

Stop Press—The Men's Club

Leonard and Paul are reportedly 'blown away' by the interest in a Men's Club and are now testing resolve by organising a first meeting at the Castle Tavern on Thursday 4th November at 7.00 p.m. (and monthly thereafter). It is stressed that this is not a Bible Study Club but simply a chance for a group to get together for a drink, a chat and a laugh—plus the possibility of organising different activities as the club develops.

The initial suggestion of an inaugural meeting in Magaluf or Majorca has been put on hold in the interests of shopping local. There is an open invitation to bring along a friend; the only stipulation is to bring some money if you want a drink! Apparently you are also welcome top bring glow sticks and whistles, although there is a concern that this may lead to the summary ejection of participants—so perhaps low key is the answer. Anyway, it's up and running as they say. To test the quality of the evening, please complete the challenge below after 10.00 p.m.!



TALES FROM A RECTORY GARDEN

Ever since the incident with the observation balloon, MISTER Jack Finney and his old three-legged dog Lucky have been keeping a lower profile, Jack maintains that there's less to do at this time of year, but, given his high level of inactivity, it appears that there's less to do all of the year round.

As he hadn't delivered his usual monthly ramblings on schedule, I decided I would have to seek him out and headed for the well-hidden allotment shed.

At the time of my visit, there was difficulty in obtaining fuel. Jack was in the process of knitting a harness to fit ol'Lucky to pull his ride on lawnmow-

er. His only other solution was to await the Bishop's next visit so that he could siphon petrol from his fuel tank.

I pushed the door open gently, brushed the cobwebs from my advancing forehead and thus began to hear Jack's tale. It turned out that he had been much moved by a news re-

port told to him by his vicar in one of their 'put the world to rights' sessions beside the tortoise stove.

Jack Finney and that ol' Spenser—Edmund not Frank

Ladies and gennelmen—Autumn is here! Yeh, me and his nibs and ol' Lucky, we



love Autumn, us. Speshully arter we got the mess from that there Bishop's hobservashun balloon cleared up. Right mess, that wire caused, I can tell you. It dealt me chrysthanths a mortal blow when it comes back to earth.

Not a lot to do in the vicarage alloment o' course, now I've dealt with me brassicas, so us baggins time can last all mornin' if we loiks. Yeah, and loadsa smells and sounds, like a bonfire o' weeds n' leaves and that ol' robin chirpin' around—and, o' course, the hissin' o' the kettle on the tortoise stove. Ah, bliss!

And all the noo seed cattylogs to read too!

His nibs says that one of them poet chappies he reads says that autumn is mistly and melon fruitfully or summat. 'Course he reads all that stuff, bein' eddycated—as well as readin' the 'Church Times'. He must love that 'os he's always got a copy under 'is arm and is sendin' orf for them bargains.

But this particular baggins time, he cem struggling down to the shed, puffin' an' blowin' carryin' this gurt 'normous book that he said he'd just started readin' by this chappie called Spenser. Well, I surprised his nibs, cos I knowed who he were talkin



about. I'd just seen an old episode of him on telly sayin' things like 'Ooh Betty, the donkey's done a whoopsie in the corridor.'

Well, it turns out it weren't him at all but this feller wot wrote the book were called Edmund, not Frank, and the book were called the Fairy Queen or summat. I asks if he weren't a bit old for fairy stories, but he says 'No' and it were spelt 'F-a-e-r-i-e' and it were about Queen Elizabeth.

Well, at the mention of Her Majester, me and ol' Lucky stands to 'tension, us being Her most loyal crumpets. Yeh, I even as Her Picture on the shed wall—on of her drivin' a hamblyance and singin' "We'll meet again."



But no, the vicar says it were about the fust Queen Elizabeth and, to his knowledge, she never had an hambylance, them not bein' invented then—but then neither had Vera Lynne ever been borned.

'Ah, sorry,' I says, gittin' back to me page of 'Bootiful Brassicas', but he says, 'Listen to this; 'Sea Shoulderin' Whales,' Now, weren't that a marvylus bit o' writin?'

Well, I'm not sure if I hears that right, but I didn't want 'im to think I wasn't well



read. Mind, I never did see a whale in the Swale—only bull-heads—but sea shoulderin' bull heads didn't seem as posh to me. Anyway, his nibs soon gits fed up of ol' Spenser without the beret, puts his feet up on my ol' trog an' starts scanning' his *Church Times* for this week's bargains and to see if any of his chums from Vicar School were bishops yet—or doin' fund-raisin' ideas he hadn't fort of - or if there were any pictures of the ol' hobservashun balloon floatin' over Lambeth Palace—or 'Win Your Parish Share For life' Spot the Differ-

ence compatishuns.

So, we just sits there, all quiet, good chums together, the stove cracklin' and ol' Lucky nibbling on a shin bone that ol' Hamilton 'ad sent down. Suddenly, his nibs looks up from 'is *Church Times* and starts readin this harticle out to me an' ol' Lucky.

Seems there was this nice nun Sister Mary Ann, from a convent who was a carer for poorly folks what were housebound and stuff, bless her. Yeh, she goes round,



visitin' folks, cheerin' them up and bringin' their medicine. Well, I says that she was a great gal, wunt she, and his nibs says 'Yeh, and there is lots o' people like Sister Mary Ann, lightin' up darkness in the world.' An' we all gets a bit reflective—even ol'Lucky starts lickin' the bone, gentle like, rather than givin it a good gnash an' gnaw.

Well, 'pparently, doorin' this petrol crisis thing, she were out on her visits when she runs out of petrol, but luckily, there were a

filling station up the road so she gits out o' her car and walks in and asks the boy chap bloke if she cud borrer a petrol can. 'Well,' he says, fixin' his till roll, 'Sorry, Sister, we only got one and it's loaned out.'

'But Sister Mary Ann was resaucefull,' reads his nibs,' so she goes back to her car to see if that were if there were owt amongst her medical equipment to carry petrol in. Luckily, she had a bed pan to deliver so she thought 'Just the job' an' goes back to the fillin' station, fills it up and goos back to her car.'

'Well, she was just pourin' it into her tank from this bedpan, when two ladies were watchin' from across the street. One turns to the other and says, 'Well, I never believed that water into wine parable, but if that car starts, I'm off back to join the church again.'

The Wit and Wisdom of Mister Jack Finney

I know the clocks were supposed to go back last month but, for the life of me, I can't remember where I got mine from.





I've just joined a dating agency for arsonists, They send me new matches every week.

If you know of anyone who corrects cosmetic surgery that has gone wrong, I'm all ears.





Me ol' darlin said if I take one more picture of me, then she'd leave me! Well, that's when I snapped.

She was also really angry with me when I went to a fancy dress party dressed as a jelly baby. I said, 'All right—no need to bite my head off



INFORMATION POINT- ALL ARE WELCOME.

Some groups which used to meet on a regular basis as part of the church family before lockdown are beginning to emerge whilst others are looking at ways of meeting but nothing is fixed as yet. Knit2gether is now Knit and Natter (see next page) and a new Men's Group is about to start. Also, Friends of St Marys is making a welcome return. Please continue to check our website or use the contact number for information.

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

AFTER THE CARDS AND VISITORS

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

Starting again on your own is even more difficult.

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

WE ARE STILL AVAILABLE THROUGH TELEPHONE CONTACT

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

PASTORAL CARE— A CONTINUING SERVICE

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

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

To ask for prayer you can either telephone, email or text Rev Martin on 821241, <u>fletcher martin@yahoo.co.uk</u> 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

KNIT & NATTER

A new name—but still a group of people who love to knit, sew, craft and chat.

> **Every Friday** 9.30am to 11.30 a.m.

We meet in the Restaurant at Grevfriars, Oueen's Road Refreshments available

Evervone is welcome

Contact Anne Clarke 07982 658991

FRIENDS OF ST MARY'S

After a successful Plant and Produce Sale, we are now looking to plan activities and events for the vear ahead.

We need YOUR help and ideas.

You are automatically a Friend!

Could you please consider giving some time to get things qoing again?

Interested? Please contact the Secretary, Jim Jack at stmarys.maged@gmail.com (07754 283161)







Sudoku - Easv

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

Sudoku - Medium

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

Word Search

From the Parish Pump Ltd

St Andrew (Feast Day 30th November)

St Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland, though his only connection with the country is that some of his bones were reputedly transported in the 8th century to Fife and preserved at a church in a place now named St Andrews.

Andrew was one of the first disciples of Jesus, and the very first to bring someone else to Christ - his own brother. Like many fervent Jews at the time Andrew and an unnamed companion had been drawn to the prophet John the Baptist. When one day John pointed out Jesus to Andrew and his friend, and described him as the 'Lamb of God', the two young men assumed that the next stage of their spiritual search was about to unfold. So as Jesus made off, they followed him.

When Jesus turned and asked them what they were 'seeking', all they could come up with was a lame enquiry about his current place of residence: 'where are you staying?'

The reply of Jesus was the most straight-forward invitation anyone can receive: 'Come and see'. So they did, and the results of their response were life-changing. For Andrew brought his brother, Peter, to Jesus, and soon the little apostolic band who would carry the message of Jesus to the whole world was formed. And right at the front of the column, as it were, was Andrew, the first disciple of Jesus.

Andrew Patron Saint Scotland Fife First Disciple John **Baptist** Lamb God followed Jesus Come See Peter **Apostolic** Band Message

world

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Advertisements



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

Sudoku-Medium

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

Wordsearch



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

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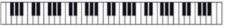
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