

**I said to the man who
stood at the gate of the
year; give me a light that
I may tread safely.....**

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January 2022

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MINISTRY TEAM

RECTOR

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

ASSISTANT CURATE

Revd. Paul Sunderland 1 Wathcote Place, Richmond 07989 178196
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HONORARY CLERGY

Bishop John Pritchard · Revd. Jennifer Williamson

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Mrs Jennifer Patrick 850693 Dr Sheila Harrisson 822059

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CHURCH OFFICERS - ST MARY THE VIRGIN, RICHMOND

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

Parish Administrator

Colin Hicks 07498 299061 admin@richmondhudswellparish.org.uk

OFFICERS OF THE PCC (AND OTHERS)

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N.B. Recent changes in national policy continue to affect how we conduct public worship safely. Please note current mask and distancing rules and continue to check the web-site regularly for up-to-date details. Things can change!!

CHURCH SERVICES - St MARY THE VIRGIN, RICHMOND with Hudswell

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

PARISH OF ST MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, DOWNHOLME

CHURCH OFFICERS

<u>Reader</u>	George Alderson	68, Brompton Park, Brompton on Swale DL10 7JP	07487 257646
<u>Church Warden</u>	Mrs Jean Calvert	823001 Thorpe Farm, Reeth Road, Richmond	
<u>Organist</u>	Fionnagh Bennet		
<u>Church Treasurer</u>	Phil Ham	07920 884103	'Sundale', Reeth, DL11 6TX philip.ham@outlook.com rev.jenny1@btinternet.com
<u>PCC Secretary</u>	Rev Jennifer Williamson	824365	rev.jenny1@btinternet.com

CHURCH SERVICES AT DOWNHOLME

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

THE PARISH OF ST EDMUNDS, MARSKE

CHURCH OFFICERS

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

CHURCH SERVICES AT MARSKE

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

As another New Year begins, Ian's cover photo reminded me of times gone by when, as primary school age children (seen and not heard) my sister and I used to visit my grandparents in their upstairs flat in Newcastle with our parents. My seat was a small, low embroidered stool and faced a piece of 'stitchery' in a frame on the wall. I became fascinated by this piece, attributed to being quoted by King George VI in his Christmas Day message of 1939. In turn, he drew on a poem by Minnie Louise Haskins.

*I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year;
'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.'
And he said; 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God,
That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.'*

The fascination was such that, in about 1958, I made an effort to learn it off by heart, and remarkably, it has stayed with me to this day. Written here from memory, as a challenge...but checked afterwards—to complete the cover words.

When the king quoted this in the first winter of war, they were indeed dark days, and, although the Omicron situation is not a war situation, it is a cause of great worry and uncertainty. The writing has relevance to both situations.

And, talking of memory, the first issue of 2022 sees Anne Clarke complete her recollections of 'Living above the Shop', whilst David Rutter's review of his twenty years as a member of our local Mountain Rescue team gives the backdrop for insights into the work of this voluntary service. We remember Joy Hornsby through the memories of the Lunn family, and also the recollection of Joy's last formal address to the congregation in St Mary's in November 2019. George Alderson's memories of things that go flap in the night leads to his poem 'Night Terrors' (not as spooky as it sounds!) Add into the mix Jane Hatcher's account of the life of a nationally celebrated Richmondian, William's Walk on the flat side near Hornby Castle, Liz Kluz gives us more history of Marske as well as a wider look at seasonal customs and the first part of a two-part Jack Finney reminiscence and you will see that there's plenty of variety again this month.

I hope that Christmas has been kind to you all and that the New Year brings peace, safety and pleasure for you and yours. For St Mary's, look out for a Friends' events programme shortly to help to bring us together again when circumstances allow.

Jim Jack



Martin's Message January 2022



Happy New Year!

These are the words we always say at this time of year. We said them a year ago, fervently hoping that 2021 would be better than 2020. We can say them again now with the same hope – because we believe and trust in the *God of history and Lord of eternity*.

The Church's new year began in November, of course: on Advent Sunday. As we work our way once more through the seasons we are reminded of how and why we can trust in God. Following a 40-day season of preparation for Christmas we are now in a 40-day season of celebration of all that the Incarnation means. Our journey through the twelve days of Christmas will take us to Epiphany (6th January), when Jesus was 'revealed to the nations', and onwards to Candlemas (2nd of February), when along with Simeon we proclaim Jesus to be the 'light to lighten the nations'.

Even at this point in the year we are already looking ahead to Good Friday and Easter. TS Eliot's poem 'The Journey of the Magi' contains these lines:

Were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
we had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,
but had thought they were different; this Birth was
hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
but no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation.

And our Candlemas service will conclude with these lines:

Father, here we bring to an end our celebration
of the Saviour's birth.

**Help us, in whom he has been born,
to live his life that has no end.**

Here we have greeted the light of the world.

**Help us, who extinguish these candles,
never to forsake the light of Christ.**

Here we turn from Christ's birth to his passion.

**Help us, for whom Lent is near,
to enter deeply into the Easter mystery.**
Here we bless one another in your name.
**Help us, who now go in peace,
to shine with your light in the world.**
Thanks be to God. Amen.



God is with us, not simply at Christmas as Emmanuel but *always*. Nothing can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Christian Unity

Another feature of the Epiphany season is the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity. In the week leading up to the commemoration on 25th January of the Conversion of St Paul, the 'Apostle to the Nations', Christians come together to pray for the Mission and the Unity of the Church. In Richmond, Christians of all denominations meet for an **Agape Meal**, a time to break bread together and enjoy fellowship as well as companionship, and to pray together. It will take place this year on **Thursday 20th January**, 7pm at Richmond Methodist Church – and it is St Mary's turn to organise it. Do please look out for further details. All are welcome, from Richmond and from further afield.

A United Benefice

Under the editorship of Jim Jack this magazine has seen a welcome and steady growth in content on and from Downholme and Marske. It has truly become a magazine for the whole Benefice of Richmond with Hudswell and Downholme and Marske. Alongside that, the range of content from our churches and the wider communities means it is also a community magazine. Our communities belong to each other; we can learn from each other, support each other: the whole is greater than the sum of the parts!

So thank you, Jim. And thank you to everyone who contributes, whether on a regular or occasional basis or has done so as a one-off. If you have something to share on your community or church, past, present or future, then please contact Jim (stmarys.maged@gmail.com or 07754 283161) It can only serve to bring us all closer together – which is making it increasingly important that we find a suitable name for our Benefice Magazine. Answers on a postcard, please...

This month, a copy of the Magazine is being delivered to every house in Downholme and Marske, to wish each resident a happy new year. It is good to have your company.

Wherever you live, and whatever your faith, I wish you a Happy New Year,
Martin

Charity of the Month



The Charitable Giving Group are meeting shortly to decide upon the recommended charities to support in 2022. This will be based on suggestions made by you over the course of the year. To start 2022, the charity to be supported through the usual donation system i.e. through baskets at the back of St. Mary's or direct donation via their web-site contact details, is USPG—the United Society Partners in Gospel—whose roots can be traced back to at least 1701. The mission is global, a message which resonates with the work of the unbeatified but saintly Mary Slessor in Africa whose life is celebrated elsewhere in this month's magazine.

Their Christmas Appeal for 2021 focussed on educational opportunities for primary age and pre-school children and also a health programme for pregnant mothers in more deprived parts of the world.

Donations can be made through the usual routes—the baskets at the back of church or direct via the 'donate button' at uspg.org.uk. Details of the proposed charities for us to support in 2022 will be posted in the February issue. In the mean time, thank you for our support last year.

The Charitable Giving Team



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



7th November	Patricia Heather Mayne
16th November	Anita Ann Sobota
30th November	Jean Green

May they rest in peace and rise in glory.

*Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.
Speak of me in the easy way in which you always used..
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effort, without the ghost of a shadow in it.
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near...
All is well*

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

LOYAL DALES VOLUNTEERS

There are many events which are featured in the news which seem to have immense importance and concern which too often slip away from the public gaze soon after the initial reports are filed. One such instance was the dreadful accident which befell volunteer Chris Lewis, a member of the Patterdale Mountain Rescue Team, which resulted in life-changing injuries almost a year ago. (An update is included following this article.). Whilst mercifully rare, this particular incident brought into sharp focus the lengths volunteer individuals are prepared to go to in bringing others in trouble safe home.

The Mountain Rescue Service of England and Wales has 49 volunteer rescue teams covering England and Wales, on call 24/7 every day - and night- of the year. One of those teams serves our area - the **Swaledale Mountain Rescue Team**. The title probably does not fully explain the wide range of search and rescue work which the team performs - for animals as well as people - and all of it funded by voluntary donations of cash to support the voluntary, unstinting giving of time, care and skills by volunteer team members.

As with any response service, no-one who turns out on a rescue call-out knows what each day will bring and what demands will be made on their time and skills. As volunteers however, there is an understanding that, when the call comes, it means stopping the current task and heading off to join the team on its mission. So it is with the 40 or so volunteers who make up our own local Swaledale Mountain Rescue Team. A call, a grid reference for a meeting point, gather personal gear and they're on their way.

It has been so ever since Swaledale Fell Rescue was set up in 1968 by twelve local men who recognised the current and emerging needs of others and felt that they had the skills and drive to make a difference.

There was already a history of organised mountain rescue in England and Wales. A joint Stretcher Committee was set up in 1936 at national level with the specific aim of designing a mountain rescue stretcher and to support the work of mountain rescue in general. This is evidence of a drive to seek the benefits of co-ordinating efforts nationally from those already operating on a voluntary basis in a number of areas.



But it was on July 6th 1968 when the newly - formed Swaledale Fell Rescue team (as it was then known then) responded to its first call. Since those early days, the organisation has grown significantly, in membership and in the range of incidents in which they assist.

Mountains, moors and caves

The service covers a vast area – 600 square miles of remote moorland in Swaledale and Wensleydale, including Great Shunner (2,349 ft) but they may also be called out of area to assist with major incidents reported to the police (or indeed direct requests to assist the police) or by emergency services or members of the public anywhere in the North of England. Indeed, the team were called upon in 1989 to attend the Lockerbie 'plane crash following a terrorist bomb.



This also illustrates that the incidents often include some which we might not normally associate with the term 'Mountain Rescue.' The team's search and rescue functions can cover seeking out the missing, the vulnerable, the injured, possible suicide cases, assisting with urban as well as rural surface searches and recovery either above or below ground.

Swiftwater training equips them for river and flood rescue. There is also a network of limestone caves so the Swaledale team includes people with expertise in caving and underground search and rescue.

What can be seen from this is that the team is often called to assist in areas that are remote or difficult to access. And it's for more than just hill walkers. High energy impact injuries to mountain bikers or paragliders, or more complex incidents involving multiple casualties could all trigger a call. Such calls can come direct from the injured person, via the Yorkshire Ambulance Service, or the North Yorkshire Fire and Rescue Service. If the object of the search is for the injured rather than the lost, once stabilized, the team is able to safely transport casualties to definitive hospital care using a range of stretchers and specialist techniques. These may involve technical rope rescue or the use of helicopters.



A Volunteer View

As David Rutter, long-serving team member points out, when the missing or injured are located, the team can be 'the reassuring and expert support for the lost and bewildered' and may be dealing

with medical conditions such as hypothermia, heart attacks, asthma, back and lower limb injuries, all requiring a good level of first aid expertise as well as casualty movement skills. This requires a high degree of training in search and recovery both above and below ground, medical skills, including the administration of medication, and as well as training on how to operate in fast-moving water. He estimates that it takes an average of two years for newly recruited volunteers to reach a level where they can operate as a fully functioning team member, active on the call-out register.



The current volunteer team is a mixture of retired and working individuals, both male and female. Dave describes the team as an 'eclectic mix' from all sorts of backgrounds. However, the common qualities which are evident are that all share an active love of the outdoors and experience of regular hill walking as well as there being individuals who bring particular relevant skills, interests and experience. When, after two years of training, the 'new' volunteer joins the 'active' register, David adds that they all are 'good to go, keen and fully prepared for any eventuality.' To build and maintain the necessary skills, the team trains for one full day per month and every Wednesday evening – as Dave says, 'a big commitment for all, but we do it because we care.'

His own background skills lie in the field of communications. In his full-time working life, he recalls time spent testing and commissioning all electronics on Eurostar as part of a career in Technical Project Management. He has brought these skills to the local team in abundance. Indeed, the team has built its own VHF radio network suitable for our remote area.

Layered into this are Dave's highly active personal interests - which are many. A love of long-distance swimming, usually in lakes and rivers, has led him to compete in a range of events, amongst which he can number all Great North Swim events except in 2020 when it was cancelled due to Covid. 'I enjoy competing, particularly the turbulent start where it gets like a washing machine!' he enthuses. Also, his love of motorcycling (and driving in general) means that his willingness to offer his services to others goes beyond mountain rescue to being a Blood Bike rider, a coach for motor cyclists to pass the Advanced bike test and a driver for the little White bus periodically ('I have some really interesting conversations with the older generation').

As far as joining the rescue team was concerned, Dave's interest was stimulated by a chat with a team member who was involved in a fundraising activity for the group in town. This led to his application over 23 years ago. As with other volunteers, he brought an existing skill set and then learned new ones. His love of the water means that he is an active member of the Swiftwater Team. This meant



SMRT Swiftwater training

going to Cumbria to support flood rescue work there, as well as being on standby to assist in the Lincoln area on another occasion. His driving skills mean that he is one of the team vehicle drivers. His experience means he is now one of the team's incident controllers and he has added casualty care to his specialisms.



A SMRT sheep rescue

The current team counts amongst its numbers several doctors as well as paramedics and clinicians ('all very much at the top of their game,' observes Dave). Also (with twice as many legs – useful on the hills!) two air scenting search dogs who are brilliant at finding folks. It is understandable that, with a range of volunteers with varied backgrounds, but who all are active 'do-ers', they share a common characteristic of relishing a challenge, coupled with a

desire to help other people.

Also, with this variety of backgrounds, recognition of the skills of others and huge positivity, it is understandable that the group has a great camaraderie. The humorous moments whilst out on the hills which Dave recounts must help to keep a positive, balanced view in most challenging circumstances, challenges where, he reminds us, 'a current call-out will end sadly. I still think about a major incident we attended where thoughts stay with me.'

On the positive side, he also gets a quiet satisfaction from a time when he was the first person to find a person intent on suicide. '(I) was able to sit beside them and be with them.. preventing the intention.'

Most of the time, the work of the Swaledale Mountain Rescue team goes unheralded and even unreported. However, they have featured in one or two of the number of TV programmes which have spotlighted Swaledale over recent years. Volunteer member Pete Rowe has been seen leading outdoor adventurer Paul Rose through a flooded lead mine shaft until unsafe air called a halt, and, in May 2021, the younger members of the Owens family concealed themselves on the

bare moorland around their Ravenseat farm home as a search exercise for the team in the 'our Yorkshire Farm' series. Whilst these appearances were able to show only part of the team's work, they do serve as a timely reminder of the team's existence.

Changing demands, changing response

Over the past ten years, the team has seen a change in the balance of their work. From a time when most of the searching was for overdue walkers, 90% of the incidents are to treat and rescue injured people from remote and often difficult locations. Here, give the paucity of mobile phone coverage, the team's VHF radios have a key role to play. Flood incidents have also increased in number. So the team is constantly having to upgrade its training and equipment to be able to fulfil their own aims of support for those in difficulties.

The team moved to a new base at Catterick Garrison in 1999. This improved facility offered garages, storage, training and catering facilities. This location is well positioned to send help to either Swaledale or Wensleydale as well as having the added advantage of having space for hire to other groups e.g. dance group, dog club for their activities. It also makes it easier to respond to the requests for help from out of area (e.g. Coverdale, Upper Wharfedale teams).

The new base was funded in part through support from the National Lottery. Other than that, however, there is no national or regional funding for the work which the Swaledale Mountain Rescue Team (or any other rescue team does.). Nor do they charge for the service they offer. It can only exist through voluntary donations from the public- either individually or through organisations which support the work of the Rescue Team.

Their most recent major purchase was a command vehicle – a specially equipped 'white van' from which incidents can be managed close to site. A major crowd-funding appeal brought in most of the money. This might prompt the overall question as to why, as a nation, we rely upon voluntary donations and volunteer time to maintain such important emergency services as SMRT or RLNI or their like. Such services which protect and preserve life would seem to warrant some form of taxpayer support.



Equally, as a nation, we must remain eternally grateful that there are people on hand who will move heaven and earth to support others in distress in our community. Clearly, as an area, we can be proud of the work done by these loyal dales volunteers.

WANT TO HELP THE SWALEDALE MOUNTAIN RESCUE TEAM?

The website www.swaledalemrt.org.uk has full details. There is a Just Giving page <https://www.justgiving.com/smart> or you might contact by phone, e-mail or post. The volunteer team of supporters also run events and collections locally and, if you don't feel up to searching and rescuing, you can still help by volunteering by becoming a supporter to collect at shows and fairs, help with presentations, fund raising activities or training - humans or dogs!

-oOoOo-

CHRIS LEWIS



Chris Lewis is the 60 year old volunteer member of the Patterdale Mountain Rescue team who was critically injured after a 150 metre fall whilst attending the rescue of a camper with chest pains at Red Screes, near Kirkstone Pass in February. His injuries are totally life changing. At the time of the Just Giving

page (still open) set up to support him and his family topping £1m (including gift aid) in May, he was still in hospital and likely to remain so for some time. He continues to undergo intensive rehabilitation therapies for spinal injuries and will need a specialist vehicle, wheelchairs and care within a modified home environment for the rest of his life. We pray for him, for his family and for all those who give their time selflessly in this volunteer service.

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Reverend Matthew Hutchinson's Charity

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Hutton Magna, Richmond, North Yorkshire, DL11 7HQ

JOY HORNSBY (11th November 1929 – 2nd November 2021)

For the many people in the benefice who will have known Joy through her active involvement in the ministry of the church, the news of her death at the end of last year will have been noted with great sadness. As well as her leading of acts of worship over many years, Joy gave help, love and a practical listening ear to many on a personal basis. One of her many virtues was to notice, seek out, greet and welcome visitors and new members of St Mary's. Those of you who recall Gillian Lunn's 'Time of My Life' contribution in 2020 may remember her saying that, when they first came to St Mary's, she and Scott had decided to sit unobtrusively at the back but they were 'Joy-ed' and 'Sybil-ed' (Sybil Reed) on their first visit and were given a warm and sincere welcome. On behalf of the Lunn family, **SCOTT LUNN** offers the following tribute to Joy's immense contribution to the life of , and lives in, St Mary's. Joy will, indeed, be remembered with warmth and fondness and we remember her and the whole family in our prayers.

JOY IN OUR WORLD



Many will remember, from a recent sermon, the welcome I said Gillian and I received when we first came to St Marys, over twenty years ago. Joy was an obvious part of that welcome. Two weeks later, I mentioned Joy again at the end of the week in which she died. I highlighted the encouragement in the day's readings to work for God's kingdom *now*, a familiar theme in many of Joy's sermons.

Here are a few more words in appreciation of our friend Joy Hornsby. Rather than a formal obituary, these are just a few selected quotations from thoughts shared at Joy's funeral by Martin, Joy's family, and from Gillian's prayers.

"When I first arrived here in Richmond 3½ years ago my first visit was to Joy and Don. The welcome I received was warmth itself, and I soon saw for myself how over the years Joy had been a catalyst at the heart of the growth of this church."

"As well as helping people feel at ease and welcome here, she played a key part in promoting spiritual growth – of children as well as adults."

"Hers was a practical faith: she knew all about hospitality, nurture, and baking! In fact, I would go as far as to say that, for Joy, all three were interconnected!"

"My precious mother-in-law was full of love.... She loved: her family; her friends. She loved: Richmond; the beauty of the dales; people, especially children; making puddings. She loved: music; words both spoken and written, and especially poetry."

Throughout her life, every day, in every circumstance, Mum loved the Lord: She walked with Him – in everything she did; He gave her inner strength and her wonderful character; his love shone through her – and she encouraged us to love Him too.”

“Our Summer holidays were planned to perfection, from the picnics, to the clothing and footwear required for us all. Tennis rackets, cricket bat & balls were a must wherever we went – something that has continued with our children too over the years. She’d organise games of cricket on the beach or any flat grass areas we could find, using litter bins or piles of stones as wickets. If anyone else in the vicinity wanted to join in – that was fine too – the more the merrier!”



“Some of the happiest and most special times of our childhood were because of Aunty Joy. She planned everything and we happily did what she suggested. It was always the best fun and she certainly lived up to her name.”

“Mum will be missed by so many whose lives she has touched. Our loss is heaven’s gain – she’ll probably be up there already organising the choir, arranging Women’s Fellowship meetings, and playing the piano for the Mothers & Toddlers! – and baking the odd cake or two of course!and as befits her name she’ll be spreading Joy wherever she goes!”

“ ‘Joy’s kitchen’ was always an interesting place to be. This year we will be very sorry to miss her Christmas pudding (with nuts included of course) – though perhaps less sorry about the annual ‘dates with marzipan’. A strange combination, but that said, they always got eaten!”

“Warm, kind, thoughtful, generous, firm (if one needed to be), wise, honest, interesting and interested. Nan was all of these things and more, and no doubt you will all remember her for these qualities.”

“As family, church family, friends and neighbours we all hold cherished memories of time spent with Joy and Joy and Don. We give thanks for the pleasure Joy took in people, in relationships, with people of all ages from tiny ones to the very old. For her time teaching, for her busy, busy retirement, for all she did. We give thanks for the time she would devote to people and situations, for her genuine interest, and for her huge support and encouragement in so many ways.

We give thanks for her ministry as a Reader, for her strength of faith in God, and her desire to grow faith and ministry of all kinds in others, for her preaching, her visiting, her praying, her support of Christian unity and social justice.”

“May Joy rest in peace and rise in glory.....”

Scott

On 17th November, 2019, Joy spoke to us on her retirement from her 'robed' role in Church. I asked her if she could let me have a copy of what she said for the first magazine I edited in 2020—and her message has stayed with me. In an edited version of that article, I feel that Joy's 'final' message then is still relevant. I hope you agree and that you will not mind if it is re-printed now.

969. 950. 930. 175.

Perhaps you recognise those numbers?

Methuselah; Noah; Adam; Abraham; the length of their days. For me, the quote will be from the Psalms; 'The days of our life are seventy years, eighty if we are strong.' So, I have passed the recommended three score years and ten by quite some margin.

It was 1993 when Don and I came to Richmond. We were welcomed here immediately, especially by the Rector, Christopher White, and Church Warden, John Blenkiron. I have recounted the following to many people, so please forgive me if I repeat it now. The Church magazine of the month we came contained the comment by Christopher, "We are sorry to acknowledge the retirement of Bill Wilmott, Reader at St. Mary's and thank him for his service in our church and the Deanery. But do not fear. Joy cometh in the morning'."

The welcome Don and I received immediately, the warmth of fellowship, gave us an instant family to belong to, which is so important in moving home to a completely new place. So I take this opportunity of saying 'Thank you' and of praying for the continuation of that welcome to all who come here. ALL ARE WELCOME IN THIS PLACE. This was the hymn chosen by Martin on his arrival here which was, and is, important to him.



Having been welcomed in to the church family, we have enjoyed life at St Mary's through times of celebration and sorrow. We have been supported through our own difficult years by so many of you here. I trust that new members of the congregation today feel the same warmth and friendship.

My own name has been a source of encouragement and of anxiety over the years. Does anyone share my name? Has that been the same for you? 'I have called you by my name, you are mine'. Names are important. ... The word JOY occurs in hundreds in the Bible, especially in the Book of Psalms. In my quiet times alone with God, I experience great strength and joy.'

My first memory of my name's importance came with a children's address given by my uncle, James, a congregational minister, when I was about seven years old. He pointed out that you can only make the letters meaningful in the order in which they are. J-O-Y.



He went on to explain how extra influence comes when we look further into that. For Christians, for our true calling, to be inspired for a life of J-O-Y, put **J**esus first, **O**thers second and **Y**ourself last.

Back to my first thought. How old am I? Have my days been wisely spent? Have I lived up to my name? All I can say is that the years have been blessed for me and my family, as I hope they have been and will be for you. It is certainly true that, the older one gets, the more swiftly time goes. So make the most of your days.

Finally, a quotation from Chester Cathedral

<i>When as a child, I laughed and wept,</i>	<i>Time crept.</i>	
<i>When as a youth I dreamed and talked,</i>	<i>Time walked</i>	
<i>When I became a full grown man,</i>	<i>Time ran.</i>	
<i>And later, as I grew</i>	<i>Time flew</i>	
<i>Soon I shall find, while travelling on,</i>	<i>Time gone.</i>	
<i>Will Christ have saved my soul by then?</i>	<i>Amen</i>	<i>Joy Hornsby</i>


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 info@homestart-richmondshire.org.uk

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NOTES FROM OUR PAST

Having alerted us to the national eminence of one former parishioner in the 19th Century last month, **JANE HATCHER** tells us of a mutli-talented vicar who gained national eminence, not for his ecclesiastical abilities nor for his undoubted musical talents, but for his encyclopaedic knowledge of butterflies.

Although he was buried outside the parish, there are some strong 'physical' reminders of his love of Richmond and his time spent here which remain in the parish today- as Jane explains.

The Butterfly Man of St Mary's

Our curate Paul is clearly very fond of his gorgeous dog Ralf, and several recent rectors have had much-loved dogs. But once upon a time, St Mary's had a curate who was an internationally-respected lepidopterist, or expert on butterflies.



This was a man who rejoiced in the name of Thomas Prinsep Levett. He was born in 1862 into a gentry family in Staffordshire, and defied the convention that it was the younger sons of such who entered the Church and the Military, for he was in fact the eldest son. Neither did he marry to produce an heir to his hereditary estate, but concentrated on his interests, of which he had many.

Revd Levett was also a gifted musician who gave lessons on the organ and violin, and he established a church choir with boy choristers. We are so fortunate that this has continued, blessed these days also by girls of course. In his time at St Mary's, in the late 1800s and the early 1900s, many poor families in the town struggled to let their boys find time for choir practices. But, being a man of some means, Levett was able discreetly to sponsor boys gifted with good singing voices to take pressure off their family finances. Indeed a charity, the Revd T P Levett Testimonial Fund, was set up in his name to benefit such boys.

Some volumes of church music, not composed by Revd Levett, but carefully written out in his own hand, were inherited by Dr Arthur Bull after he had become the St Mary's organist and choir master in 1929. The volumes include not only hymn tunes, annotated with details about their composers, but also many psalm chants.

Revd Levett died at his home, No 65 Frenchgate, on 5 January 1938, and was buried, not in Richmond, but with his ancestors in Staffordshire. Because of his

national eminence, he was afforded an obituary in *The Times* on 8 January 1938.

That national eminence was not for his pastoral or theological skills as a clergyman, or even for his undoubted musical ability, but for his fame in the zoological sciences. Indeed he was a Fellow of the Zoological Society, and of the national entomological societies of Great Britain and also of France. His scientific papers remain in the Biology department of the University of Leeds.

St Mary's does, however, still have within its safekeeping something which was a treasured possession of Revd Levett's. This was a copy of Christopher Clarkson's authoritative *History of Richmond* published in 1821, which has become regarded as the 'bible' of the town's history by later historians. Levett's Clarkson was not only a particularly fine copy of that work, but a previous owner had had bound into it a number of special items, mainly illustrations which related to the church itself.

The book was sold, presumably with others which had belonged to Revd Levett, after his death. But it was spotted by a gentleman with Richmond links in an antiquarian bookshop in the south of England. He purchased it, and presented it to St Mary's, and it has remained in the custody of successive Rectors.

Jane Hatcher

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Levett's grave at
St Mary
the Virgin,
Weeford
nr Lichfield



Sharing the Notices while keeping a
social distance was proving tricky.



"We're looking for something to
help us survive our church's
early morning Winter services"

Poetry From Downholme

GEORGE ALDERSON reflects upon the impact on our equilibrium made by small winged creatures when we're just settling down for the night!

Night Terrors

Of all God's creations that He has bestowed
From aardvark to zebra and tiger to toad
There's one that is certain to curry my wrath.
You may well have guessed! It's the clothes eating moth!
Perhaps you are trying to read in your bed.
The light starts to flicker. Your heart fills with dread,
For there in the lamp shade, a tiny form flies.
The moth has appeared in his innocent guise!
What harm can this little beast do to a man?
Believe me, my brethren, he'll do all he can!
His mission in life is to cause much distress.
As mentioned before, he will start with a dress,
Then jacket and trousers and socks and a shirt.
For pudding he'll sample a blouse or a skirt.
This monster's impartial about what he chews.
If he spots a garment, that's what he'll abuse.
You may think you're safe if you've mothballs to hand.
Try throwing them at him when he tries to land.
You might hit your target, but probably not!
He'll just fly away so you'll need quite a lot!
I know it was Noah who did what he could
To save all God's creatures from one awful flood.
He did what the Lord had instructed to do
And packed them in tightly, first one and then two
But could he have missed one to make some more space?
It would have been welcome – deserved an embrace –
If moths were excluded before he set sail
Or used them for feeding the pheasants and quail.
But no, the old sailor was true to his task.
He did what the Lord said, no questions to ask!
So here we are, people, we're stuck with the thing!
I know they are harmless when they're on the wing,
But please, mark my words, if you value your cloth,
Protect it from sunlight and rain and the moth. *George Alderson*

All in the month of January

150 years ago, on 14th Jan 1872 that Greyfriars Bobby, a Scottish Skye terrier dog died. He was famous for having guarded his master's grave in Edinburgh for 14 years.

100 years ago, on 5th Jan 1922, Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Irish-born British Antarctic explorer, died of a heart attack in South Georgia. He had led three British expeditions to the Antarctic.

80 years ago, on 8th Jan 1942, Stephen Hawking, theoretical physicist and cosmologist was born. He suffered from motor neurone disease for more than 50 years and communicated from his wheelchair via a speech synthesizer. (Died 2018.)

80 years ago, on 29th Jan 1942 the BBC Radio Show Desert Island Discs was first broadcast. It is Britain's longest running radio show, and the world's longest running weekly factual radio programme.

75 years ago, on 1st Jan 1947, the UK's coal industry was nationalised when the Coal Industry Nationalisation Act 1946 came into effect. The industry was run by the National Coal Board.

70 years ago, on 1st Jan 1952, the nuclear reactors at Windscale (now Sellafield) in Cumbria began producing enriched plutonium for use in Britain's first atomic bomb.

50 years ago, from 9th Jan to 28th Feb 1972, British miners staged a major strike over pay. This led to power shortages. A state of emergency was declared on 9th Feb.

50 years ago, on 20th Jan 1972, the number of unemployed people in the UK passed one million for the first time.

50 years ago, on 30th Jan 1972, Bloody Sunday occurred in Northern Ireland. British paratroopers opened fire on civil rights demonstrators in Londonderry, killing 13 people (plus another who died later) and injuring many others.

40 years ago, on 14th Jan 1982 Mark Thatcher, son of the British Prime Minister, was found safe and well after going missing in the Sahara Desert for six days while competing in the Paris-Dakar rally.

25 years ago, on 15th Jan 1997 Princess Diana walked through a minefield in Angola, visited victims, and called for an international ban on landmines.

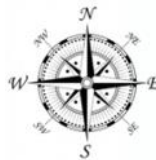
20 years ago, on 11th Jan 2002, the first prisoners arrived at the USA's military detention camp in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. They were members of al-Qaeda who **were captured in Afghanistan during the War on Terror.**

20 years ago, on 31st Jan 2002, the Larsen B Ice Shelf in Antarctica began to collapse. The whole 3,265 sq. km structure disintegrated over the next 35 days.



WILLIAM'S WALKS

January 2022



To start the New Year and with the chance to work off any excesses from Christmas, WILLIAM GEDYE offers us a flat 4.5 mile walk on bridleways through attractive meadows and parkland. It takes us back across the River Swale to the village hall car park at Tunstall, the same starting point as a walk of a similar length last Autumn. Part of the walk re-visits the Hornby Castle area, but the route is different. The other similarity is the offer of refreshment at the Bay Horse Inn at the end of a lovely journey.

TUNSTALL & EAST APPLETON

Start/Finish – Tunstall Village Hall (Honesty box parking)

Ordnance Survey Map: Explorer 304 Darlington & Richmond

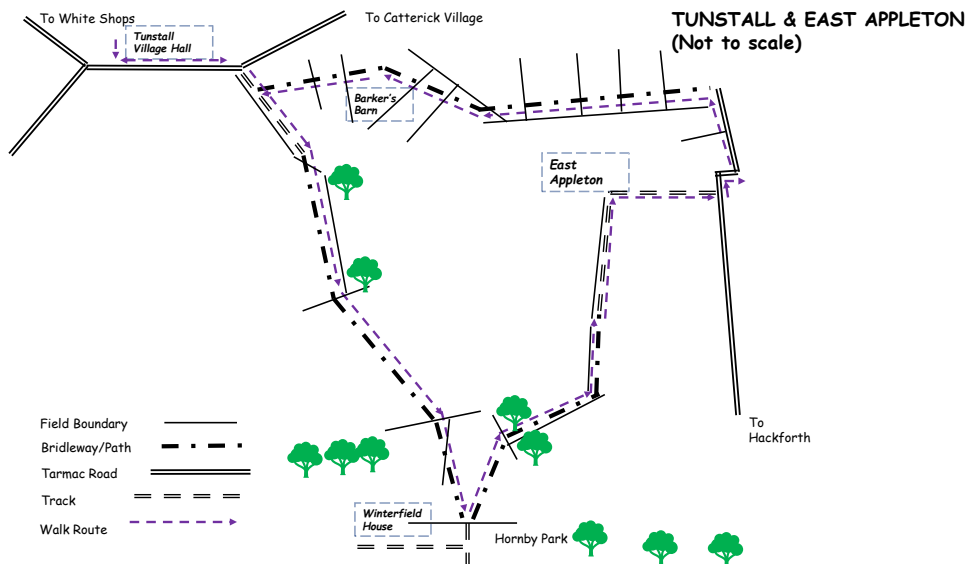
Difficulty: After heavy rain, some sections can be muddy especially crossing open fields. There are several stiles some rickety, not suitable for push-chairs. Mostly well waymarked but I have put in some of the field boundaries on the map to help navigation.

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Turn left from the Village Hall and follow the pavement to just before the bend in the road. Take the bridle track off to the right. Follow the lane and take the gate to the right, following the track with the hedge on your right. Go over the rise and head straight on across the open field (Usually marked by the farmer).

Go through the gate ahead and turn left and then through the foot gate. Follow the path diagonally half right across the next field and up the slope. After cresting the hill aim to the left of the buildings ahead (Winterfield House). When you get to the deer fence at the edge of Hornby Estate, double back to your left and head for the cluster of bushes on the right edge of the field.





Go through the foot gate and follow the track with the hedge on your right.

Follow the track through several gates and deer fence, continuing following the waymarks to East Appleton Farm. Keep the buildings to your left, and turn right down the farm lane to the road.

Turn left up the road, round the bends, and after 2 fields take the signposted bridleway off to the left. Follow the track with the hedge on your left through 4 gates.

Turn right following the hedge line. Watch out for the path veering left across the field to the gate. Cross the next field and go through the next gate.



Bear left up the field keeping the barn on your left and go through another gate.

Go straight across the next field and head for Tunstall village visible ahead. Go through the last gate onto the bridleway and retrace your steps to the village hall—for refreshments at the Bay Horse Inn!

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

NEWS FROM THE PEWS

A Successful Christian Aid Coffee Morning



On Saturday 20th November it was the Christian Aid coffee morning in the Town Hall. This is run by the Richmond Christian Aid group comprising St Mary's, the Methodist church and St Francis and St Joseph church and has been an annual event for several years. Helpers from all 3 churches work together to staff the stalls and make and serve the coffee.

We were unsure how it would go this year after all the Covid restrictions but we had no need to worry. The weather was beautiful so the Town Hall was cheerfully busy between 10 and 12 and it worked very well as usual - thanks to all the volunteers who turned up to help and all the customers who supported us, including a family from Lincoln and a couple from Norfolk, all of whom were just visiting Richmond that weekend and presumably looking for some hills to climb.

The Town Hall looked inviting with a well stocked cake stall, a craft stall manned by Anne Clarke, tombola stall run very efficiently by Sarah Scrafton, our church rep for Christian Aid. The Traidcraft stall was run by Rachel Walker, who also donated the Fairtrade coffee, tea and sugar, and Daphne Clark joined in with a small table selling her greetings cards and donating a percentage of her takings. Out of sight in the kitchen, but absolutely crucial: Maggie Heap from the Methodist church continuously washed up (with a bit of help when it got very busy) and Jan Beeton made the coffee and didn't once boil the pan over! Many others walked huge distances throughout the morning carrying trays of drinks and clearing tables, so thank you everybody, including Martin Clarke (our treasurer) and Grace Allen (from the Methodist church) on the door and raffle.



Everything ran like clockwork. Controversially we sold raffle tickets singly, not in strips of 5. And it seemed to work! Just saved having to fold extra tickets. Not to mention saving paper. We were delighted to make a total of £354.60 on the day and there were a couple of donations to add afterwards so all in all a successful morning's work.

*"All are welcome
in this place."*

Judith Barber

Richmond Christian Aid Group coordinator

News from the Pews (contd)

Magazine subscriptions—a reminder

A big ‘thank you’ to those of you who responded so quickly to the request for subscription payments for 2022. Some of you may have had a difficulty on the BACS direct payment system as some attempts do not recognise the account name we gave you. If you have had this difficulty, please enter ‘Richmond with Hudswell PCC’ without including (Yorks). This seems to solve the problem. Also some banks do not allow the use of brackets in the reference so just put “MAG” followed by a single space and your surname.

We also have some new subscribers which is great. If you lend your magazine to someone on a regular basis and they enjoy the read, why not suggest they become subscribers in their own right—or make it a birthday gift or late Christmas present!!

And if you haven’t quite got round to subscribing for 2022—what about this being New Year Resolution number 1!

And, in case you’ve mislaid the form, the payment details by BACS are £10.00 to Richmond and Hudswell PCC; Sort Code 40-38-19; account no; 93005798; reference MAG followed by your surname.

An Apology

A layout error on my part meant that the last couple of lines of Liz Kluz’s piece last month on the tradition in Yorkshire of eating cheese with fruit cake was missing. My apologies to you and to Liz. The item is printed in full below.

The tradition of eating fruit cake with Wensleydale cheese is usually thought to be a Yorkshire peculiarity but we have the Cistercian monks, who came to Britain after the Conquest, to thank for the recipe. In 1158 a monastery was established at Fors near Aysgarth but about 15 years later the brothers were forced to move to Jervaulx as the land there was more fertile. The first Wensleydale cheeses produced by the brothers were made from ewe’s milk and “blued” by the introduction of mould spores in the French way. As time went on the monks passed their skill on to their tenant farmers and the cheeses they produced became payment in kind as part of their rent. Henry VIII’s determination to dissolve all the monasteries left the monks of Jervaulx without a home in 1539. The recipe for their delicious, crumbly cheese was apparently handed to a local innkeeper but by that time it was made with cow’s milk with just a little ewe’s milk added to help with the texture.

News from the Pews (contd.)

Friends of St Mary's

The Friends Committee decided to underwrite the cost of contributing the cost of 50 Christmas cakes—one to each Christmas food hamper provided by the Foodbank, as was done last year. If any individual would like to contribute to the cost of this through a donation to the Friends, please contact Peter Trewby (Chair) ; Graham Barber (treasurer) or Jim Jack (secretary). Thanks for Edwina's Cakes who supplies the cakes at close to cost price for us.

A programme of events for 2022 is being drawn up including quizzes, coffee mornings, two barbecues, the annual Plant and Produce Sale, one off events and a possible Platinum Jubilee special. Full details next month .

The Friends have agreed to meet the cost of the hot air 'curtain' over the South Door which will be within the planned contribution when VAT is recovered.

Foodbank use continues to rise. Can you help, please? Particular need

Foodbank Reminder: Essential Items

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



Last Sunday of Every Month !

4.00 p.m.

Why not come and join us?

**Tell your family and
friends—anyone with children**

Men's Group Meeting—an update

The St. Mary's Men's Group...(we need to get a better name than that)...is going from strength to strength. Numbers are increasing each time we meet, with 19 joining us for a pint (non-alcoholic drinks are also available) at the last meeting. We are currently meeting on the first Thursday of every month, and our venue is The Castle Tavern. We can't guarantee intelligent conversation or high brow discussions on politics or faith, but we can guarantee fellowship and friendship. There is little or no planning and we hope to keep this group like that, allowing for changes to venue, attendance at other events, or just a bright idea. Our aim is that you will see it as simply a group of friends getting together. All are Welcome... but please note the title.

Paul

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The Mission to Seafarers, South Tees **"Love in a Cold Climate" – with apologies to Stella Gibbon**

Another year of pandemic, of closed centres, of masks and self isolation, rising infection levels, hospitalisations and deaths - what good can come out of that? The answer is Love - the First Coming; Advent and the Birth of Our Lord. The answer is Love – the generosity of all those who work on the River Tees to give us our monthly Port Levy and the regular bonus payments. The answer is Love – the sudden emergence of Existec, a local marine company, with £750 ,unbidden, to provide toiletries for seafarers. The answer is Love – the dedication of marine and health service professionals to find a way to vaccinate seafarers – all seafarers – not once, but twice. The answer is Love – to wear a mask, to drive in front of a screen, to transport seafarers. The answer is Love – to collaborate with Stella Maris as the ship visitors go out every day, every single day, to deliver parcels to the gangway. The answer is Love – to give up time to develop a new strategy to bring practical mental health support to seafarers entering our port.

Through the Love of Christ and the Grace of the Holy Spirit we work together every day to keep everyone safe, but, more importantly, to continue to SERVE *Alexe*

The Mission to Seafarers Tees (South) offers a facility to all seafarers visiting the port a centre where they can access books, CDs, DVDs and games, free clothing, free wi-fi, phone cards and top-ups, free use of computers, heli with money transfer, transport, as well as access to snacks, drinks, Bibles, free Rosharies and the support of the Chaplain. *Ed*

LIVING ABOVE THE SHOP (part 2)

At the end of part 1 in December, we left Anne Clarke and her family in a particularly chilly vicarage setting with snow coming through the window frame and a collapsed roof near the kitchen window on Christmas Day. However, older vicarage properties also had benefits for younger families as Anne goes on to relate.

We also had a cellar which ran under the house, accessed from outside through a hatchway. The children loved to don wellies - it was always wet - and take their friends down on guided tours with torches. They were quite convinced that there was a secret tunnel to the Church which was a mile away.

It was a wonderful house for children and of course parish events. Parties for a hundred plus, garden events, and lots of meeting space.

The garden had plenty of trees and bushes, and a particular group of laurels became the Den, not just for our children but their friends as well, where sausages were cooked on a fire and games played. Later when mountain bikes were acquired a large area of the garden was turned into a bike track. The “top” lawn was big enough for regular games of cricket, but in fourteen years only one window pane was broken!

St Kenelm's lay a mile out of the village along a lane that rises up towards the Clent Hills. It was tucked into a cleft of the hill with a very steep path from road to door. Beautiful in the summer, but when it snowed, as it did most winters, only the foolish would venture there. The Rectory was the last house on the road to the Church so we created a large wooden notice that would be propped outside our gate for all to see... 'No Church today...service in the hall in the village. '



Just after our youngest went to university we moved to Suffolk. Martin took on the care of three parishes, with five more added a few months later. So with no youngsters at home I took on the role of benefice secretary, magazine editor and general dogsbody.

The first task after the five were added was to visit each church and its village. In

Hunston this proved difficult as we could see the church, but could not work out how to get to it! We eventually found a farm track that took us there, and discovered that the power source for the organ was a cable running from the farmer's barn to the church, which itself was lit by oil lamps. On Christmas mornings it was usually so cold that the Churchwarden's wife handed out blankets and hot water bottles. The organ was in a transept and one year as Martin walked up the aisle he glanced across to let the organist know that the service was about to begin. This was when his head then crashed into one of the oil lamps (which, having been lit, had not been pushed back up on its chain high enough) and so the service was delayed while the pieces were picked up and Martin given a cold compress.

The church in another village, Langham, was located in the middle of a farmer's field. Access was gained by just driving across the field, hopefully following a safe route which cars had previously successfully used. This church had no power at all, and services generally took place only in the summer months.



Bats were a big problem in many Suffolk churches, and sometimes made it quite hard to concentrate as they swooped down during services, often causing the odd shriek from those not used to it. Martin became adept at picking them up from the altar and placing them elsewhere.

Sundays were quite busy and had to be well planned. The 8.00am service was held in the village we lived in. Then a quick breakfast and off to another church, which could be up to five miles away. All would go well as long as a) you did not get behind a tractor, b) get behind a hare or pheasant and c) go the right way in the first place!! I would always check the rota and remind Martin which one we were going to. The benefice had three Readers, so when it came to festivals we could manage to include all eight churches. Then there were all the annual events, - flower festivals, open gardens' weekends, Trash and Treasure weekends, fetes, Epiphany Singers' visits, village pantos. My job was to try to keep track of the eight churches/villages events so that dates did not clash - not always easy.

One of the biggest challenges we faced was to bring the eight churches together as a benefice. So in the first year we organized a benefice banquet - a meal, all home-cooked, for all the eight congregations, in the largest farmhouse we could find.

At Rogationtide we arranged a tour of all the churches, by car as the distance was seventeen miles. A short act of worship was conducted in each church and we finished in a farmer's barn for a benefice picnic.

We had a bi-monthly magazine, all home produced, and a copy put through every door in the eight villages. I would put it together, checked by Martin, then a morning spent printing 1500 copies. This was then stapled and folded by a great group of volunteers. The morning became a social event with often up to fifteen people, chatting, drinking and eating copious amounts of cake and biscuits. There was of course the odd hiccup, printed piles the wrong way up, pages getting missed out, but it was always treated with a smile and lots of laughter.

Anne Clarke

—o0o0o—

The minister came home after church one Sunday morning looking very satisfied. "Many people in church?" asked his wife, bustling around the kitchen. "Yes, and we had at least three strangers, though I didn't see them." "Then how do you know?" "Because there were three £10 notes in the collection plate."



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FOR ALL THE SAINTS

From the start of this new year, the 'Saints' series will be broadened. So far we have focussed on the better known and most celebrated saints in the month of their recognised feast days. However, historically, this selection gives an inordinately imbalanced highlighting of men who have lived and died for Christ in doing God's work. As history also shows, there have been many women who have not been beatified but have led equally saintly lives and have also died in the service of the church doing the work they have felt called to do, often as missionaries in far off lands.

SO, starting as we will go on in 2022, we look at the life of a Scottish missionary from humble beginnings—**MARY SLESSOR**—and the impact of her work in Africa.

Courage, vision and leadership are found in the most unlikely of places.

Mary Mitchell Slessor was born on 2nd December 1848 in Gilcomston, near Aberdeen into a wretchedly poor family. Her father, Robert Slessor, became an alcoholic and lost his job as a shoemaker, so took up a job as a labourer in a jute mill. Mary was the second of seven children, and in 1859 they moved from Aberdeen into the slums of Dundee. Her mother, as well as her father, worked in the jute mills, and Mary joined them there when she turned 11 as a 'half-timer' in Baxter Brothers mill—half a day at the millowners school and half a day in the factory.



When Mary's father and both brothers died of pneumonia, Mary's mother struggled on to keep Mary and her two sisters alive. By the time Mary was 14, she was doing a 12-hour day as a skilled jute maker.

But life was not all drudgery. Mary's mother was a devout Prebyterian who read the family Bible to her daughters, and also the *Missionary Record*, a monthly publication from the United Presbyterian Church. The stories of the missionaries captivated Mary. When she heard that David Livingstone, also a Scot and a great missionary explorer, had died, she decided that she would follow in his footsteps. She wanted to devote her life to taking the gospel to Africa. She was 25.

In 5th August 1876, Mary set sail on the *SS Ethiopia*, together with a relation and fellow missionary, Robert Beedie. The United Presbyterian Church Foreign Mission Board were sending her out to Calabar, Nigeria to the land of the Efik people, an area where no European had ever yet set foot.

Arriving a month later, the red haired and blue eyed Mary grabbed attention wherever she went, but despite recurring illness and constant danger, Mary settled happily among the tribes. She learned their traditions, quickly becoming fluent in their language, Efik. Soon she won the confidence of their tribal leaders. She taught their children and was soon determined to put an end to some of their barbaric practices, such as the killing of twins. The native reasoning is that one of the children must have been fathered by the devil and that the mother must have been guilty of great sin. Unable to determine which was the devil's child, both babies were put into separate clay pots to die

Human sacrifice didn't end there. If a village elder died, then his servants and retainers were also despatched to serve him in the after-life—though not the after-life proclaimed by Mary's faith!

Her first stint as a missionary was cut short in 1879 when she contracted malaria, which forced her to return home to Dundee to recover. When she recovered her health, she returned to Calabar but to a different missionary compound. When she did this, she also economised by learning to eat native food which enabled her to send a significant portion of her salary back to Dundee to support her mother and sisters.

Over the years Mary put an end to many witchcraft practices, and she adopted every twin child she found abandoned. In one particular case, she adopted one girl as her daughter, calling her Janie. Mary took Janie back to Scotland with her on at least one visit and eventually adopted another three children

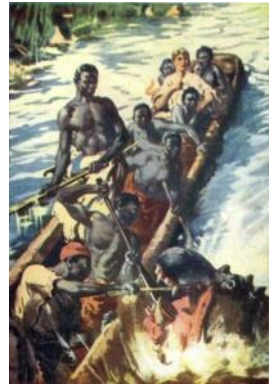


And she talked endlessly about Jesus Christ, the passion of her life. Her determination to become fluent in Efik was also significant in her ability to preach her faith, but also led to a great trust and acceptance in the native community. When Board inspectors visited in 1881-2, they reported 'she enjoys the unreserved friendship and confidence of the people and has much influence over them.' They attributed this to her fluency in the language.

Another health problem caused her to return to Scotland after 3 years, much of that time spent looking after her mother and a sister who were both ill, but she used this time to tell congregations in many churches about her work and about the land which had become an adopted home. This feeling strengthened when, shortly after returning for a third spell in Calabar, she heard that both her mother and sister had died, causing her to feel loneliness. 'I have no-one to write and tell

my stories to, ' she said, but equally she now knew that there was no-one at home worrying about her which gave her a greater sense of freedom and independence.

Mary was tough – she made long trips through the jungles and took canoes up remote rivers. When her shoes gave out, she went barefoot. Her great passion was to go to 'the regions beyond' with the Gospel. She thrived in places and among people who would have terrified most women in her day—remember , this is well over one hundred years ago.



It has been written of her: “Practically singlehanded, she tamed and transformed three pagan communities in succession. It is a question if the career of any other woman missionary has been marked by so many strange adventures, daring feats, signal providences, and wonderful achievements.” (Dr Robert H. Glover, *The Progress of World-Wide Missions*.)

In 1892, Mary became vice-consul in a province called Okoyong where she was working. In this role, she presided over the native court. Indeed, in Britain, she was heralded as the 'white queen of Okoyong. When in 1901 Southern Nigeria became a British Protectorate, Mary was appointed the first ever female Magistrate in the British Empire. She became a skilful diplomatic emissary. In 1913, she was awarded the Order of St John, instituted in 1888 by Queen Victoria.

She was known for saying: “It is not Mary Slessor, but God and our united prayers that have brought the blessings to Calabar. Christ shall have all the honour and glory for the multitudes saved.”

Mary had intermittent fevers for the last four decades of her life from her bouts of malaria, but she never gave up to return to her native Scotland. Eventually, she could not walk for long distances and had to be pushed in a handcart. When she finally died of fever in January 1915 the native Christian girls and women wept bitterly: “Our mother is dead. Everybody's mother has left us.” She was given the colonial equivalent of a state funeral when she died

Mary Slessor once wrote to a friend who had long prayed for her: “I have always said that I have no idea how or why God has carried me over so many funny and hard places, and made these hordes of people submit to me, or why the Government should have given me the privilege of a Magistrate among them, except in answer to prayer made at home for me. It is all beyond my comprehension.”



MUSINGS FROM MARSKE

Last month, LIZ KLUZ lifted the lid on the origins of some Christmas customs and recipes which were common in the rural parts of North Yorkshire as well as further afield in the county. With the coming of a new year, she turns her attention to some British folk customs associated with this time of year.

But first she draws attention to a beautiful piece of craftsmanship for the use and remembrance of people in the parish of Marske.

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT

In November Martin mentioned the Book of Remembrance which has been placed in Marske Church to enable members of the community to remember their loved ones. It is displayed in a beautiful oak case made by local cabinet maker John Hayden. So far there have been requests for 75 names to be written in the book but anyone who lives, or lived, in Marske can have the name of a friend or relative added to the book no matter whether the person to be remembered lived in Marske. Please contact **Jennifer Williamson** or **Ruth Tindale** if you would like to add the name of a loved one.

BLAZE, SPIRIT, BLAZE?



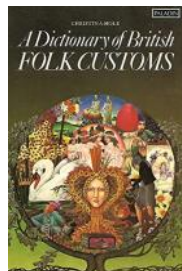
At the risk of sounding like a pyromaniac, I, like most other people, love a good fire or as the Norman French called it a “bon feu”.

There is something primeval about being part of a crowd of eager folk standing around a large communal bonfire as the first match is struck and thrown onto dried grass and twigs to ignite it, the initial, tentative sparks and crackles, with the possibility that it might fizzle out altogether, and then exhilaration once the flames take hold. As the fire spreads and warms the crowd, physically and emotionally, have you ever noticed how silence descends as people become mesmerised by the flames? Once the fire has died down and most onlookers have drifted away for a warm drink and something to eat almost the best part is just standing and absorbing the last heat from the embers and feeling an extraordinary sense of peace and well being.

Before the invention of electricity, the warmth, light and companionship which midwinter fire festivals provided must have made them very special occasions indeed for folk living in the northern hemisphere.

Before the invention of electricity, the warmth, light and companionship which midwinter fire festivals provided must have made them very special occasions indeed for folk living in the northern hemisphere.

Somehow a few of these ancient celebrations have survived, despite the best efforts of health and safety officers, and thanks to my trusty volume of Christina Hole's Dictionary of British Folk Customs here are just a few which I thought you might enjoy as we approach the new year. All these events have been filmed and can be seen on the internet in the warmth and safety of your own home.



Burning the Old Year Out

Every year great bonfires are still lit at Biggar in Lanarkshire and at Wick in the north of Scotland on December 31st. This is a survival of the ancient practice of driving out evil to ensure that crops and cattle would be fertile in the year to come.



The folk of Comrie in Perthshire burn their old year out with the very colourful Flambeaux Procession where men wearing strange and exotic costumes leave the town square on the stroke of midnight carrying long, thick birch poles with burning tar-soaked rags attached. They parade around the village and then back to the square where the flambeaux are thrown in a pile on the ground and the bearers,

with their followers, dance around the torches until they are burnt out.

At Stonehaven, in Kincardineshire, the folk there have a unique tradition which doesn't involve bonfires or torches but fireballs. These are bundles of inflammable material soaked in tar and held in wire-netting cages on the end of long pieces of wire rope. They are carried by young men who appear at midnight and parade up and down the main street swinging the blazing balls in great arcs above their heads with startling effect.



At Allendale in Northumberland just before midnight on New Year's Eve another strange and scary fire festival takes place. Nobody is really sure how far back in time this very popular tradition goes but a group of forty five locally born men,

known as Guisers, wearing colourful costumes with soot-blackened faces to disguise themselves, process through the town with half barrels of burning tar on their heads. When they reach the town centre they gather round a laid bonfire and each man in turn throws his burning headgear onto the bonfire to ignite it causing a shower of sparks and smoke! At the stroke of midnight the church bells ring out to symbolise the supplanting of Paganism by Christianity.

Burning the Clavie, another ancient fire ritual, is performed at Burghead in Morayshire on January 11th, the old New Year's Eve. Traditionally the clavie should be prepared according to very strict rules by a group of young men, all from long established local families, whose leader is called the Clavie King. Everything needed to build it should be given or borrowed and no stranger may take part in the work



or handle the tools used. A half barrel is filled with tar-soaked wood piled up in a pyramid shape and fixed to a pole called a spoke. Once lit, it is carried round all the old boundaries of the town and then up on to a mound called Doorie Hill where the pole is slotted into a socket in a stone pillar. More wood and tar is added and then the clavie is left to burn itself out as tar and embers tumble down the hill.

The tar used by the ancient peoples who initiated these customs would have probably been made from the resin of Scots pine or birch trees both of which were indigenous to the north of England and Scotland as well as Scandinavia.

New year celebrations are both a time for looking forward with hope to the coming year and yet looking back, sometimes wistfully, at the events of the year just ended.

At the final stroke of midnight, people all over the world will link arms and sing the first couple of lines of Auld Lang Syne, humming along to the rest, even though they don't really know what it means. Literally translated it means "old long since" but more logically "for old time's sake".

First Footing

The first person to enter a house on New Year's morning is commonly known in Britain as the First Foot but in Yorkshire sometimes The Lucky Bird. Traditionally the attributes of a First Foot were quite specific. Only men could perform the task, preferably young, dark haired and good looking... if available. If he was flat-footed, cross-eyed or lame, if his eyebrows met across his nose or he was dressed in black that would not bode well for the coming year.



The First Foot should arrive as soon as possible after midnight bringing with him gifts of food or fuel such as a piece of bread or cake and a piece of coal, turf or wood as tokens of prosperity for the coming year. He in turn would be offered a drink and something to eat. In some parts of Scotland the First Foot doesn't speak and the household remains silent until he has laid some coal or turf on the fire and then everyone shares a drink called Het Pint made from hot spiced ale, sugar and whisky. Definitely a winter warmer!



Liz Kluz

News from Trinity Academy

We were delighted to be able to have some normality this Christmas, with our younger children being able to perform to their parents. It certainly helped put us all in the Christmas spirit and was enjoyed by pupils, parents and staff. We ensured that there was plenty of Christmas fun in school with Christmas crafts, Christmas Jumpers, Christmas Lunch and an online pantomime. This was all helped by the donation of a very large Christmas Tree by Matt Ball Architects and the friends of the school who organised a Christmas Funday for the children. We also ensured that we thought about others over Christmas, with the help of our Kindness Elf. The Kindness Elf visited a different classroom everyday and helped us reflect on how we could show kindness to others. The Kindness Elf inspired us to show many acts of kindness, including make cards and send biscuits to the Terrace Care home and make cakes for the friends of the school.

The end of term was tinged with sadness as we said goodbye to a number of members of staff, most notably Mrs Newcombe, a familiar name and face to so many of our families past and present. Mrs Newcombe has worked at the school for over 20 years and has been a great support and help to us all. We will certainly miss her friendly face at the office and ability to solve any problem you have! We wish her well for the future and her **very** early retirement. We also said goodbye to our Executive Headteacher Mrs Williamson, who has had such a positive impact on our school over the past few years. We look forward to welcoming Mr Simon Robson from Croft Primary School as our Acting Executive Headteacher in January.

Looking forward to a new year, a new term and new exciting opportunities for our children.

Lucy Hodges

TALES FROM A RECTORY GARDEN

Having worked off an excess of brussel sprouts, Christmas pudding and ginger wine, I realised that I had neglected to visit MISTER Jack Finney for at least three weeks—not quite the spirit of Christmas—and I got to wondering, somewhat shamefacedly, what he and his ol' darlin' had done at Christmas. So I wandered down on a crisp winter morning, past a copse of trees near the church land which were dusted with the morning's hoar frost, to see smoke curling out of the chimney stack on the allotment shed.

Knocking tentatively on the door, I got the call to enter. There was Jack and ol' Lucky on another baggins session. To break the contented silence, I commented on the copse where upon Jack roused himself and began a long tale about where it came from. True or the product of a good Christmas? Judge for yourselves

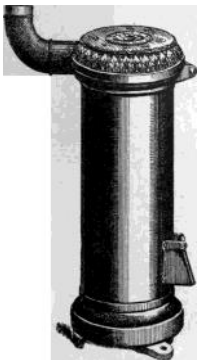
**' When Finney delved and ol' Lucky span,
Who was then the gennelman? ***

Well, I remembers that time real clearly. Ol' 'Amilton weren't in his butcher's shop that mornin'. He were at a 'Saucey Saizzlin' Sausage' conference so he'd got a new assistant to help out. He'd said she were a 'stunner'—it turned out she worked in an abbatoir. However, she done her best to slip into ol' 'Amiton's comedy shoes, goin' straight into a butcher's joke when I walks in.

Her: ' Sometimes I enjoy my steak underdone but that's rare.'

Now, it were a nice one-liner but not much chance o' reparty. But I comes back, quick as a flash and says to her: ' Can I pay by card?' and she says, 'No problem. What card do you have?' and I sez, 'Six of spades!!'

Well, she laffed at that. I cud see she were ready with another one but I had to get back to the shed 'cos the vicar had called an extremely important board meeting of all employees at the allotment. It were orl written on posh paper but it were a bit daft 'cos there were only me and ol' Lucky.



So when us gits back to the shed, his nibs had got the old tortoise stove goin' and he'd made a nice potta, too. None o' that herbal stuff from the foothills of Ashby de la Zouche. Then he sez, 'I'm bringin' this meeting to order. Those present: Mister Jack Finney (I loiks that respect) and ol' Lucky, the ecclesiasticated dog. I think his nibs musta been on one of them diocesian conferences on

'Good Governing in Parishes' or summat. Anyways, it appeared that the vicar had



had one of his eekil-illogical ideas and he wanted to 'share it with us' (he said, all official and important, like.) Seems it were about the old patch of ground over the fence at the bottom of the allotment , called 'Church Piece' that hadn't seen a spade in it since me ol' Da's time. Fuller tussocky grass, brambles and nettles and wot not. I'd just let it grow rampant and forgets about it – a nice

home for all God's tiny insects an' that.

Well, the vicar said how he had heard they was choppin' down te trees in Amazon when they was in their prime (he started ter chuckle at that point as if there a joke there, but I couldn't see it) and them monkeys had nowhere ter live and if we cleared that bit o' ground, we could plant trees there and also mebbie grow a few more plants fer his vegan grub – but he weren't sure about havin' monkeys- apart from them that drinks tea and shift planners.

I like the 'we' bit – I suppose he meant ol' Lucky an' me – him bein' busy goin to meetins with the Ladies Sewing Circle or the W.I. learnin' how to crochet adorable booties for babies or mekkin marrer jam. I also got ter thinkin' that this weren't so much about savin' the planet an' more about savin' on the parish share ' cos the bishop was offerin' 20% off the share for goin' green.



Well, ol' Lucky and me looked at each other -meanin' to just go along with him, cos he'll of thought of another project by tomorrer – like introducin' walruses inter the River Swale. So, anyways, we said we would make a start in the mornin' and we poured another cuppa tea and had a shortbread finger or two and after 'Henny Uvver Bisnes' (which were another cuppa tea and a shortbread biscuit), his nibs 'brung this meetin' to a close.

Next morning, it were a lovely day so we fort we'd mekka start on the ol' Church Piece, so ol' Lucky and me got a spade and a pick and we started diggin'. It were right hard work, so we had to have lots of baggins to keep up our strength but we had only cleared a bit the size of the shed carpet by the time of big baggins – as us gardnin' folk calls lunch.

The vicar comes down and said he would come down and help in the afternoon but he had to go and deal with the old boiler first and , 'cos I were still warmed up from the banter in 'Amilton's yesterday, I said, saucy like, 'Don't talk about Mrs Critchley like that, vicar!' and we both has a bit of a laff.

Any road, I took me ol' 'arris tweed jacket orf and dug with me braces and corduroys – well, I dug with me pick acksherly – and then his nibs turns up, rolls up 'is sleeves and said he would 'show us how it was done', 'cos when he were a boy scaht, he got his 'Dig A Trench ' badge first attempt.



So he picks up me spade, flexes his muscles, lifts it up over his head and chucks it inert the ground. Boing! What were that noise? His nibs lifts up the spade and does it again – twice. 'Boing! BOING!



Well, we peers inter the trench and clears the soil a bit and- blow me! – there were something metal and roundish there. What on erf could it be? It looked a bit like an ol' tortoise stove- similar to the one in the shed, all round and metal and longish. Then it dawned on me.

My ol' Da had told me that he had replaced the old stove in the shed wiv the one we got nah when th' old one burnt out. I reckon the crafty ol' chap had buried it in the Church Piece to save luggin' it to the tip an' we'd just found 'im aht.!

We scraped away the soil and the vicar said he could mek out writin' on the side so he puts his specs on and read it out. 'From Fritz; to Tommy; love you lots!' No idea what that were orl about.

'Well,' says his nibs, 'that'll have to come out cos it will interfere with the tree roots. 'Yeh, well ,easier said than done,' says I , thinkin' of me back and the darts match at the weekend.

Then the vicar, who o' course is eddicated, tells us that them ol' stoves was made of cast iron what is brittle, just like the ol' bath in the vicarage. Well, when they got a noo one, instead of luggin' that hefty piece o' metal dahnstairs, the buidler just brok it up with a lump hammer and fetched it out in buckets. 'So,' he



says, ' we could bust this one up the same way and put the bits in the grey bin' – to avoid payin' at the tip, I shouldn't wonder.

So then, he teks off his Johnny Cash jacket, and with the 'Help the Aged' ticket for £3.99 on his shirt, he picks up the hammer and lifts it above his head. He wobbled a bit, then brunged it down with an almighty swing. BOING! He wipes his face and then gev it two more whacks- Boing! BOING!. Nothing. It didn't even dent too much – mebbes a bit where it sez 'Fritzi'.

He were fair jiggered then so we both sat down on the edge of the trench for a rest

and to decide what to do next. It certainly weren't cast iron. Mebbe's we should wait ter ambush that beefy bloke in shorts as he drove past on his fork lift truck to dig it out.

Mind you, it were pleasant there in the Church Piece with the bees floatin' about, and it were a warm day so we stretched out with our hands behind our heads an ol' Lucky puts a paw behind his and enjoyed the sunshine. After a bit, 'Is nibs takes a piece of grass outa his mouth and says, ' You got yourself a new pocket watch, Jack?'

'Nah,' I sez, 'No need to have one. I just listen to the church clock.'

'Ah,' sez he. 'I was just wonderin' if you had and had dropped it in the trench.?'

'Fancy that,' sez I . 'Now that you mention it , vicar, I can hear tickin too....'

Aaah! We both sat up an' gev a great shout, sayin,' We can hear tickin! We can hear tickin'!! Run! Run!!!' (to be concluded next month)

-o0o0o-

Is the ticking what we think it is? Will they find refuge in time? What was the impact on our historic market town? Will it have a happy ending? Will Britain win the Eurovision Song contest? Will Jack get to his darts match? Will Perky Ferret win the 2.30 at Cheltenham? What is the meaning of life? Why? Why not? These are just some of the questions which may or may not be answered in the February edition. Don't miss it!!

* Title is a corrupted version of the writings of Rev John Ball, 'seditious' priest who was a leader of the Peasants' Revolt in the 14th century .. Which shows that Jack is better 'edikated' than he would have us believe!!

A Christmas 'Thank You' to the benefice



As memories of Christmas fade, a final thank you to all of those in our benefice churches who worked hard over the festive period to lead our services and decorate our churches. To the clergy and readers, to the singers and musicians, to refreshment providers, to cleaners and those who decorated; to Zetland estates for tree provision.

At St Mary's, a thank you to Rod Hall who brought together a musical and literary 'first' with the leading of 'God Bless Us Every One' - a selection of seasonal music, carols and readings which was attended by over 70 people and looks set to be part of Christmases to come. He's already started on next year's offering.

So thank you to you all, whoever you are. May the blessings of Christmas extend into a brighter New Year.

Ed

-oOoOo-

A Christmas 'Thank You' for Town Events—and an apology!

Thanks once more to all who gave time voluntarily in the run up to Christmas to give our town a festive feel. Great stuff! My apology goes to the members of the Richmond Town Christmas Market Committee who are a small and independent group of volunteers who work really hard all year round to organise the market and are not part of any other organisation. I mistakenly attributed the work to the 950 Committee. Whilst they have worked equally hard at other events across the year, the Christmas Market was not their doing. So, don't stop thanking the 950 committee— but do also heartily appreciate what the Richmond Town Market Committee brought once more to this year's celebrations—and what they will do, no doubt, in the future. Well done, one and all.

Jim Jack

200 CLUB WINNERS

November; Rebecca Lyon

December: Jennifer Patrick

Congratulations to both!!

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

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

Sudoku - Easy

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

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Sudoku - Medium

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

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St Mary's Groups

FRIENDS OF ST MARY'S

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

We need YOUR help and ideas.

You are automatically a Friend!

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

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

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 Greyfriars, Queen's Road
Refreshments available**

Everyone is welcome

Contact Anne Clarke 07982 658991

Word Search

From the Parish Pump Ltd

Where did the Wise Men come from?

Magi from the East – it isn't a lot to go on. The Magi were a religious caste devoted to astrology, divination and the interpretation of dreams. Some scholars believe these magi came from southern Arabia, where the Queen of Sheba had lived. She would have learned about the coming Messiah from Solomon.

In Matthew's gospel the Magi ask Herod: 'Where is the One who has been born king of the Jews? We saw His star in the east and have come to worship Him.' So it is possible that Queen of Sheba's story of Messiah for Israel had survived.

One thing that supports the theory that the magi came from southern Arabia is this: if you study any map of Palestine as it was during biblical times, you will find that the old Arabian caravan routes all entered Palestine 'from the East'.

Magi
East
Religious
Caste
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5	1	3	6	9	7	2	4	8
8	4	6	5	2	3	7	9	1
7	8	4	9	1	2	6	3	5
9	3	5	4	7	6	8	1	2
6	2	1	8	3	5	4	7	9

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

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