

THE PARISH CHURCH OF SAINT PAUL

Remembrance Day

11 NOVEMBER

In Flanders Fields

poem by Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, 3 May 1915

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

lest we forget

November 2020

70p



Services at The Parish Church of Saint Paul

Sundays - 11.00 am - Parish Service

Wednesday - 10.00 am - First Sunday of month H/C
From 4th November 2020



Services at The Fell Church, Grange-over-Sands

9.30 am First Sunday - Matins (BCP)

9.30 am - Third Sunday - Holy Communion (BCP)

Fifth Sunday of the Month

Joint Service with St Paul's at 11.00 am in the Parish Church

****Saints Days and Holy Days - See Notice Board/Pew Sheet****

Team Rector

Rev'd Dr Jim Bruce (rector.cartmel@gmail.com)

Tel No

07776 821 736

Team Vicars

Rev'd Nick Devenish - The Vicarage, Priest Lane, Cartmel, LA11 6PU

36261

Rev'd Rachel Stavert - The Vicarage, Allithwaite, LA11 7QR

83187

The Revd Rachel Stavert is currently on an extended leave of absence.

Licensed Lay Readers in the Cartmel Peninsula Team Ministry

Steve Bell, Beckside Barn, Beckside, Cartmel, LA11 7SW

36789

Joyce Leach, Stoneleigh, 11 Highfield Road, GOS, LA11 7JA

35297

Jenny Leahy, Studio, Mill House, Lindale, LA11 6LF

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Diane McGuire, Cardrona Road, GOS

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32159

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Dear Friends,

Autumn is my favourite season of the year. It's still not too cold and around us we see the vibrant beauty of the leaves with their changing colours. And yet, there is also something about this season which makes my heart sink!

You can't help but notice them on adverts, in shops or in people's windows. I'm referring to all the spiders' webs, witches' hats, broomsticks and pumpkins! Halloween, alongside trick or treat, are often thought to be American imports, but their origins are more than likely to be found here in England. Halloween takes its name from All Hallows Eve, the night before All Hallows Day, now known as All Saints Day, November 1st.

Perhaps now would be a great time for the Church to reclaim this time of year by talking seriously about the saints and their stories. Colin started this as he shared about St. Cuthbert during September's lay-led service and Rosemary shared something about St. Crispin as October draws to a close.

On the 1st October the Church remembered Anthony Ashley Cooper. Never heard of him? Well you may know him better by his title – Lord Shaftesbury. This remarkable man, who had a strong Christian faith, was an MP who worked tirelessly for better housing and schools for the poor in Victorian Britain. It was Shaftesbury who was largely responsible for putting an end to women and children working in coal mines. Throughout the rest of October, we remembered such saints as Francis of Assisi, William Tyndale, Elizabeth Fry, Edward the Confessor, St Teresa of Avila, Luke the apostle, James of Jerusalem and Martin Luther. Reading about their lives and especially about their Christian witness is both inspiring and rewarding. Like us they faced many challenges; they lived their lives in the real world and they spoke about their faith in God with passion and humility. They often showed extraordinary courage and several of them paid with their lives.

Throughout my life I've met many saints. Folk in our communities who keep in contact with lonely neighbours, whose eyes behind the masks smile at passers-by, or who offer to pick up shopping for the housebound. For the last six months as, like many, I haven't been able to get out and about, I've watched the on-line service from Holy Trinity Brompton on a Sunday morning and it's really moving to hear, as the weeks turn into months, of the impact of the 'Love Your Neighbour' Scheme. Thousands of families across the country have been blessed by food parcels and meals. Watching the spread of 'Love Your Neighbour' north, south, east and west, has been like seeing the fire of the Spirit

igniting flames of hope across the land. The Old Testament talks of the saints as those who are faithful to God, who love him and are dedicated to his service. I recognise many people in our communities who fit that description. I expect you do too.

It reminded me of a song about saints of God that I sang in my primary school a very long time ago. It went like this: -

They lived not only in ages past; there are hundreds of thousands still.

The world is bright with the joyous saints who love to do Jesus' will.

You can meet them in school, on the street, in the store, in church, by the sea, in the house next door; they are saints of God.....and there's not any reason, no, not the least, why I/you shouldn't be one too.

Can we, as the coronavirus seeks to snuff out hope, be people who, as the dark days of winter approach, follow the leading of the Spirit and bring the light of Christ to those in need. You know, even if we can't go to the shops and buy food for Barrow Food Bank, or give to the local shelters, we can easily set up standing orders, to provide funds so that food can still be provided for those in need. In our own small way, can we too be part of the light of hope that is loving our neighbours wherever they may be?

Wishing you every blessing at this special season of the year,

Revd Sue

ST PAUL'S MISSION STATEMENT

Our mission is to **build confidence in Jesus Christ**
in the **heart of the community** through **prayer,**
worship and learning, in joy and practical service
to the wider world.

CONTINUING EMAILING - We have decided to continue emailing out the pewsheets and readings each week. If, however, you would prefer NOT to receive them, perhaps to avoid cluttering up your email box, then please let Penny know (pennyward01@gmail.com or 33243). They are also mounted on the web site.

NOTICES 2020

EASY FUNDING

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You name your chosen charity – in our case, **THE PCC OF ST PAULS GRANGE OVER SANDS** – and that charity will receive a percentage of the total price. The percentage varies at the different sites.

It is as easy as that – a **WIN/WIN** situation!

The percentage you raise each time may not be very large, but it soon mounts up.

Prayer by the Cumbria Ecumenical Spirituality Group. We should use it and share it as widely as possible:

“Loving God, as your Son healed the sick
And brought good news to the needy
Be with us this day.

Loving Jesus, as you taught us to
'Do unto others as you would have them do to you'
Be with all the medical staff this day.

Loving spirit, your gift is healing,
Bring your healing fire to our homes, our hospitals and our county,
But most of all, be with us this day. **Amen”**

THANK YOU very much to all at St Paul's for your good wishes on our move to Allithwaite. We are settling very well and have a lovely view of St Mary's church. We have managed to find everything a home, just waiting for family to be able to visit. All our good wishes to everyone. Chris and Pat (Brown)

ST PAUL'S DIARY - NOVEMBER 2020

1st November - Sunday - All Saints & All Souls

9.30 am - The Fell Church, Grange - Lay-led

11.00 am - All Saints' & All Souls' Day - St Paul's, Grange - Ven Penny Driver

4th November - 10.00 am - Wednesday - Holy Communion - Rev'd James Bruce

8th November - Sunday - 3rd before Advent

10.55 am - **Remembrance Service** - St Paul's Grange - Rev'd Dr James Bruce

2.00 pm - Civic Remembrance Service at War Memorial, Grange

Bishop Nigel McCulloch

15th November - Sunday - 2nd before Advent

9.30 am - Holy Communion - The Fell Church, Grange - Rev'd George Wilson

11.00 am - Eucharist - St Paul's, Grange - Archdeacon Vernon Ross

18th November - Wednesday - 'A Concert of 'Illustrative Music' for Piano & Organ given by Charles Edmondson. Free Admission

22nd - November - Sunday - Sunday next before Advent

11.00 am - St Paul's, Grange - Lay-led

28th November - Saturday - Christmas Fair at St Paul's

29th November - Sunday - 1st of Advent

11.00 am - United Service - St Paul's, Grange - Ven Penny Driver

2nd December - Wednesday

7.00 pm - Church Wardens' Admittance Service

4th December - Christmas Tree Festival to open - St Paul's Church, Grange

FROM THE REGISTERS

YEARS MIND - NOVEMBER

Geoffrey Robin Melbourne Webster 2nd November 2015

Ian Dave Clarke 27th November 2018

Margaret Wignall 26th November 2019

John Clayton Meadowcroft 26th November 2019

***"Born of Water
and the Spirit"***

***"God is love and
those who live in
love, live in God"***

***"In sure and certain hope
of the resurrection to
eternal life through our
Lord Jesus Christ"***

OUR CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME

We are planning and making preliminary arrangements for our normal, full programme of Christmas events. These include a Christmas Fair (28th November), a Christmas Tree Festival (from 4th December), a Service of Nine Lessons and Carols (20th December), the Christingle Service on Christmas Eve, and Eucharist Services at 11.30 p.m. Christmas Eve and 10.00 a.m. on Christmas Day.

This may all seem to be somewhat fanciful as the coronavirus situation appears, at the time of writing, to be worsening and further areas of England, including our neighbouring counties and Barrow-in-Furness, are placed in more stringent lockdown situations.

However, we wish to be optimistic and have taken the view that it is easier and clearer for all to plan events and then cancel them closer to their dates than to make no plans and, if things do improve, have to put together arrangements and prepare our publicity and notices at the last minute.

So please keep the dates free if you can but please check with the Church office, one of the wardens or the Pew Sheet of the Sunday before each event that the activity is still taking place. We shall in all cases give at least seven days' notice of a cancellation but we are hoping against hope that we can safely provide a full range of activities for everyone.

We know that the Advent service at Boarbank planned for Sunday, 29th November, has already been cancelled. We shall hope to publish details of broadcast services for this day so that its significance will not be lost – and our own service in St. Paul's (united with the Fell Church) is still scheduled to take place. The Christingle service is still currently planned to take place but there will be capacity restraints in St. Paul's so it may have to be a "ticket only" event – we shall keep everyone advised.

Meanwhile we wish everyone "safe travelling" through what is likely to be a most difficult month for most of the country.

Mike

St PAUL'S CHURCH, GRANGE-over-SANDS

A CONCERT of "Illustrative Music" for Piano & Organ

given by CHARLES EDMONDSON

Wednesday, 18th November 2020, at 11 am

Admission Free

Retiring Collection

Charles will explore the natural world in sound on keyboards so expect musical descriptions of cuckoos, bees, swallows, swans and penguins, and await the boiling of a kettle.

THE VENERABLE T R B HODGSON 1926-2020

Two members from St Paul's travelled to Wetheral, near Carlisle, recently to attend the funeral of Burnham Hodgson, vicar of St Paul's from 1973-79. Burnham arrived in Grange to replace the Revd Sam Davies, and during his time here the congregation burgeoned. He instigated the Junior Church, with 6 leaders and a regular weekly attendance of about 60 children aged 3-14. Quest was set up for the teenagers, who met each week first at the Fell Church and later in the cellar at the Vicarage, preparing for confirmation. A choir of mixed voices, all robed in blue, led the worship and gave concerts, under the direction of an Organist and Choirmistress. Burnham encouraged lay participation and initiated the reading of lessons by members of the congregation. His wife, Margaret, was Presiding Member of the Mothers' Union, and set up a Young Wives group which met weekly in the Vicarage.

During his time in Grange, Burnham was appointed Rural Dean and Canon of Carlisle Cathedral. In 1979 he was appointed the Archdeacon for West Cumberland, and moved to Lorton, as Vicar of Mosser. He was an inspirational leader, and he and his wife were both active members of the Grange community. His move in 1979 was a great loss to the parish..

The service was held in the parish church at Wetheral, after which Burnham was laid to rest in the cemetery alongside his wife Margaret. ***May they rest in peace .***

*The photograph shows Burnham with Junior Church on Mothering Sunday.
How many of the faces can you identify?*



NOVEMBER CELEBRATIONS IN OUR CALENDAR

All Souls' & All Saints' Day - 1st and 2nd November

Some churches, including the Catholic Church, hold special services with music and prayers focused on All Souls' Day on or around November 2nd each year. It is a time for some Christians, including those who attend these special All Souls' Day services, to remember and pray for deceased family members and friends. Some people visit the graves of dead family or friends. All Souls' Day is closely associated with All Saints' Day (November 1st), as both are known collectively as Hallowtide.



Remember, Remember the 5th November, gunpowder, treason & plot

Guy Fawkes Night celebrates the foiling of an attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament in London on November 5, 1605. The attack was planned by a group of Catholic conspirators, which included Guy Fawkes. The explosives would have been set off when King James I of England (King James VI of Scotland) and many parliamentary members were in the building. The conspirators were later arrested, tortured and executed.

Remembrance Sunday - 11th November

Remembrance Day in the United Kingdom honors the heroic efforts, achievements and sacrifices that were made in past wars. The main observance is on the second Sunday in November, but 2 minutes' of silence is also held on November 11th. People stop work to observe a moment of silence at 11am on November 11th, which is the time and date when hostilities formally ended after more than four years of battle during World War I. Poppies are worn as a symbol of respect and tribute on Remembrance Sunday and/or November 11th.

First Sunday of Advent

Some Christians attend special church services on the first Sunday in Advent. Some churches also hold a Christingle service for children and families. During a Christingle service, each child is presented with or carries a Christingle. Parishioners collect money for the Children's Society to help support children facing violence, neglect or poverty in their daily lives. Many people put up Christmas decorations in their homes, schools and offices on or just after the first Sunday in Advent. Some people write or post Christmas cards to family members and friends. Others bake a Christmas cake or cook a Christmas pudding on this date. The Christmas lights in town centres and shopping centres and lights on large Christmas trees in public places are also turned on in ceremonies in this week. The Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square in London is an annual present from the Norwegians to express their gratitude for the UK's support for their country during World War II.

‘THANK YOU’ TO CAROL

As we approached the end of the coronavirus lockdown which closed places of worship from March this year, and thought about re-opening our churches for Sunday worship, Carol Rhodes, our Sacristan for a great number of years, advised us that, after careful consideration and prayer, she wished to give up this position in order to devote more time to her husband, Martin, and their respective parents, as well as to her full-time job. Her intention is to continue to come to church at St Paul’s whenever possible but without the responsibility that the position of Sacristan entails. This includes monitoring and ensuring that there are sufficient quantities of wafers, wine, candles and other consumables for the various services in St Paul’s and the Fell Church; supervising the dressing of St Paul’s with the appropriate colour of lectern fall, offertory plate centres and altar linen; setting up the altar at St Paul’s with everything necessary for the officiant at services of Holy Communion; and generally overseeing everything within the sanctuary of the church building.



Carol has done all this with great diligence and care, often coming into the church on her way home from her day job or on Saturdays as well as early on Sundays, and we have all felt relaxed and confident that everything would be in good order – even on those Fridays when we have realized that an important church festival would be celebrated on the next day but one and did we have the necessary candles or other supplies? There was never any need to worry – Carol had thought about it and ordered whatever was needed.

Carol also kept an eye on the church silver – objects of some considerable value donated to the church perhaps 100 years ago in memory of loved ones but now very rarely seen except on the rare occasions when we withdraw them from their haven in the Vestry safe and display them to public view. Carol knew what we have and where to find it – the wardens duly checking their safety once a year as required by canon law – and perhaps suggesting that one paten, chalice or similar should be introduced for more general use.

Carol did all this with a cheerful smile – even when the bulky, awkwardly shaped and unwieldy altar frontals needed lifting from their storage chest in the old Meeting Room and placing in front of the altars (thank goodness they have now left us) – and she has been a veritable ray of sunshine to us all. We look forward to seeing her in church whenever she can make it. She was presented with a rose plant and a voucher in church on 25th October, as a mark of our thanks to her and of our esteem.

Carol is pictured with Rosemary, her sponsor for confirmation

And a 'Thank you' from Carol

A huge thank you for the lovely card with such kind words written in it, voucher and plant (now on my desk) presented to me yesterday in church. Not only did I want to send my thanks for the very much appreciated gesture. I wanted to say how wonderful the service was yesterday morning, sleek, friendly, engaging and Mike, a wonderfully delivered Shakespeare performance! Who needs Clergy?

I echo Rosemary's sentiment, that when time allows I can reengage, it's a privilege to serve.

Kind regards, Carol.



*Photographed by Judith Mitchell at Snowhill Manor,
a National Trust property in the Cotswolds*



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HELPLINE 03030030003 for any advice and practical support.

If you are interested in being a volunteer - for info on volunteering

01539728118 www.agesouthlakeland.org.uk

A BIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES EDMONDSON, DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AT ST PAUL'S CHURCH—January 2012 to December, 2020

SIXTY-SIX YEARS ON THE ORGAN BENCH

The Early Years

The story really begins just over 70 years ago when I became a member of the choir at St John's Church in East Bowling, Bradford, where my father was organist and choirmaster. In 1953, my voice was breaking and so Dad thought it would be a good idea for me to become a church organist as I was already having organ lessons. He took me to the local Baptist Church, where they required an organist and I was appointed to start on 1 January 1954 at the age of 14 with an annual stipend of £12 a year (for playing two Sunday services throughout the year). I stayed there for nearly three years after which I was "promoted" to a similar post at a nearby Methodist Church with a stipend of £20 per annum.

Shortly afterwards I was head-hunted by Bradford Cathedral (statistically the least visited Cathedral in Britain). Charles Hooper MA., D.Mus., the Organist & Master of Music (after whom I was christened in the Cathedral in 1940) had no assistant and so I found myself holding the post of Assistant Organist there while still at school and aged only 17. I was there for four years and, even though I went away to University and College, Dr Hooper would often ask me to come home (and pay my fare) to deputise for him. Each year he left me to play for the whole of August while he and his wife sunned themselves in southern France.

The Middle Years

In 1962, I became Assistant Director of Music at Shebbear College in north Devon, a boarding school for boys of Methodist foundation (known as a Direct Grant Grammar School). However, there were more Anglican pupils on roll who attended Sunday morning service in Shebbear Parish Church which they filled. I was organist there, as well as providing the parish with an all-male choir.

Two years later I was appointed to the post of Director of Music at Culford School, Bury St Edmunds, in Suffolk. This is another (larger) boarding school for boys of Methodist foundation and also a Headmasters' Conference School. The School used Culford Parish Church as the school chapel and so I played there every Sunday.

On 1 January, 1967, I took up the appointment of Lecturer in Music and Director of Chapel Music at the Ripon College of Education in north Yorkshire, which was a teacher training college for young ladies of Anglican foundation. My chapel choir comprised 32 young ladies between the ages of 18 and 22 who made a superb sound, and we sang a weekly evensong with occasional evensongs in Ripon Cathedral (where I deputised as a tenor lay clerk) and an annual Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols. There were 26 male members of staff in College; the remaining staff and 520 students were all female. In those days there was a strict dress code for students entering the Chapel, and one day there appeared on the main entrance a notice from

the Principal saying that no trousers would be worn in Chapel. As I had to walk through the chapel to get to the organ console, this initially gave me a problem!! Needless to say, common sense prevailed.

In 1974, I was appointed as a music adviser to the Local Education Authority of the newly created county of Humberside. This was my first job with no religious connections. As well as conducting one of the area youth orchestras, I created an area (SATB—soprano, alto, tenor and bass) Youth Choir which I conducted. My work was “music in education” and I served over 400 schools in what was the 13th largest county in Britain. I founded two choirs, namely the (SATB) Lydian Choir and the (all ladies) St Cecilia Singers, which were both independent of the local authority, and these two choirs continue to flourish to this day. There were two churches in the area, namely St Andrew’s, Burton on Stather, and St Paul’s, Ashby, which constantly called on me to take choir rehearsals and play for services throughout my 25 years in Humberside. The county was never a popular one with its local inhabitants, and it was eventually dissolved and replaced by four unitary authorities in 1996. I was without a full-time job so, for four years, I freelanced as an Ofsted Inspector, taking part in over 60 inspections of primary and secondary schools the length and breadth of England over a four-year period. (A week’s inspection in Ramsgate during February staying in a B & B is quite an experience!)

The Home Straight and Retirement

I completed my last school inspection in a large comprehensive school in Northumberland in December, 1999, marking the end of my professional career. Eileen and I had just moved to Kendal, when Canon Derek Jackson contacted me, asking me to take over as organist at St Mary’s Church, Windermere. This was initially to cover for three months, but I stayed for three years.

The Church of St Michael and All Angels, Beetham, was my next post where I stayed for two or three years until the church found a permanent organist. Shortly afterwards, I contacted Nick Ash who, after the retirement of Ann Waller, was advertising for an organist at St Paul’s Church, Grange-over-Sands. I offered to help out with services. As you know, Nick was a very persuasive man and I eventually agreed to take on the role of Director of Music, in a job-sharing situation, with John Falkingham who played for one Sunday per month. Following John’s untimely death in January 2019, I took on the full-time role.

Having now completed two-thirds of a century as a liturgical organist and as an octogenarian, I feel that December 2020 is a very appropriate time for retirement. In addition to all this, I’ve played countless funerals and weddings over the years, as well as giving over 350 organ (and piano) recitals in churches and halls throughout Britain.

Eileen and I have considered writing an article between us entitled “Nearly 100 Years on the Bench” as she was on the bench as a Magistrate for 30 years in Lincolnshire and Cumbria.

Colin's collection of country churches to combat Covid 19 "collisolation"

Or... C.C.C.C.C.C.C

No.7 St Nicholas at Nicholforest.



The most northerly parish church in the Diocese of Carlisle! Situated a mile away from the frontier with Scottish Borders Region, and close-by to Liddle Water that forms the boundary between England and Scotland can be found the lovely church at Nicholforest. In fact, if you look on a map, you would be very hard pressed to find any reference to "*Nicholforest*", let alone identify this beautiful location. Sparsely populated hamlets and outlying farmsteads of this part of Cumbria quickly give way to the huge forest tracts that used to be known as the "*Land of the Reivers*", with names like Kershope and Kielder. Raiders from Scotland over many centuries came and went here! Virtually no one resides here where you find these huge forests, as trees completely dominate the landscapes for miles and miles.

But amongst this sparsely populated countryside is the Church of St Nicholas - greatly loved and cherished by those locals who do live (peacefully!) in this location. The graveyard was immaculately looked after and trees and shrubs were very carefully managed when I visited.

The stone building is of an unusual design. Completed in 1887, the construction took two years. The dressed grey sandstone rock-faced walls are today still in a wonderful condition and show no signs of wear and tear. The same can be said for the grey and red patterned slated roof tiles, both of which must be a testament to the Victorian masons and roofers all those years ago. The trefoiled windows fit snugly between

stone buttresses which were built sensitively into the walls, to ensure that there was not to be any future subsidence.

The church has a gable truss formation for its main entrance porch, but what really “took my eye” was the unusual timber bell-cote painted in white supporting a beautiful steeply slated spire-let. Inside this there are two bells, which are still tolled today to call the faithful, just as they were in Victorian times, with the sound in those days echoing far and wide into the surrounding countryside telling the locals of Nicholforest that a church service was about to commence!

The interior of the building is surprisingly dark, since the small panes of glass let little light into this lovely place. Some of them are of stained glass, presumably Victorian, but many are simple plain panes! Much of the inside woodwork is of fine hand-carved oak including a beautiful hexagonal shaped pulpit and, close-by, very ornate altar rails. However, it did seem quite a relief for me to exit the building and return to the sunshine and trees of the surrounding churchyard. Extensive as it appears, a very new additional graveyard had been acquired some years back now, on its north side, and here there were beautiful panoramic views over the Scottish Borders. The entire tract of land surrounding the church appeared to go no further back than headstones depicting the 1890’s, which tended to suggest that this was a new site for a church when it was constructed in late Victorian times. I could find no record of earlier buildings, nor indeed why it was associated with St Nicholas, other than the fact that “*Nicholforest*” may well be a close approximation to the name itself of “*Nicholas*”.

As I was about to leave this area, I took one last look at the chancel and altar east end of the building, admiring its rounded quality. Again, this architectural feature is quite unusual for churches in this Diocese. The masonry had certainly been built in a sensitive manner and is most in-keeping with the surrounding trees and gravestones, tending to give a very inviting look to the on-comer, almost suggesting to those passing by....do come and have a closer inspection of this lovely church? Is it worth a visit? Yes, if you happen to be in this remote location, but perhaps not if you have somewhere else to reach at a certain time; distances up here can be unforgiving with tracts of sparsely populated land that seem to go on for miles and miles! The Border forests are really massive.

Colin

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RECOLLECTION OF MARY NEWMANPART 3

My junior days were drawing to a close and so also were my days at the 'end house' where I had lived since I was 3. The move came about in a somewhat unusual way. It was my father's custom to go up to the 'Bear's Head' in Bury on occasions, and especially if there was an auction taking place. This particular evening a property by the name of 'South View' was being auctioned and, as it belonged to a friend of my father's, Dr Taylor, he was very interested to see what it made. Bidding was slow and in an effort to push up the price for his friend, my father joined in. Unfortunately, or fortunately, his was the last bid and he found himself the new owner of a detached property with stables, hay loft, saddlery room, wash houses, two garages, green houses, boiler rooms, grounds and a paddock. I have often wondered what his thoughts were coming home as he considered how to broach the subject to my mother. He obviously slept on it, because it was at breakfast next morning when my father announced with marked simplicity: 'We are moving'.

I can't quite remember the ensuing conversation, but my mother was certainly not amused. I was very excited, particularly when I had seen the place. I thought it very grand indeed and couldn't wait to move. My mother, however, never really liked it. She had a puritanical disapproval of the whole episode. She thought it too big, too high, too cold and too remote. I think it was really because every woman likes to think she has a choice in her home, and she resented this being thrust upon her. Needless to say, this made not the slightest difference, and we moved.

We also, by this time, owned a huge Great Dane, which rejoiced in the name of 'Wendy': a most inappropriate name for a very determined and self-willed animal. My father once had her out on a lead when she attacked the pony and cart of the local greengrocer. The pony reared and the cart went over, scattering fruit and vegetables all over the road. On another occasion my father and mother were entertaining the Mayor and Mayoress. They left them in the room to bring in supper as it was getting late. Wendy must have thought so too because when they returned with supper she had pulled the guests out of their seats and herded them to the front door!

I am reminded of yet another occasion involving another Councillor, whose daughter came to our house with her very small boy. He (*the boy and not the councillor!*) was in a brown romper suit crawling round the room as she talked to us. No one noticed anything amiss until a cry was heard from the garden. When we rushed to the window, we were astounded to see Wendy carry the child into the garden in her mouth, lowering him gently onto the lawn, and commence to wash him thoroughly! We assumed she had mistaken him for a puppy as he crawled round in his brown suit. Eventually, we had to sell Wendy. She was becoming increasingly independent of mind, and her size made her difficult to manage.



Other changes were also afoot. With the end of the war, my parents began to consider boarding school education for me. I was completely happy with this idea, and so it was that I first came to Arnside. Little did I think as we came to view the school, that this little village would become, for me, the dearest place in the world. I loved Arnside from the first day I saw it and still do today. Though I was not actually born there, for me Arnside is home and I am loathe to leave it. So began my days at Westholme School. I enjoyed it on the whole. Miss Fowler, the Principal, was a Quaker and very good with children, but the person who meant most to me was Miss Cluelow, a severe, religious woman whom I admired tremendously. I always say that my religious education at least was, even in those days, 'comprehensive'.

The school, having a Quaker background, attended the local chapel on Sunday mornings. I still remember the smell of garlic wafting through the windows. In the afternoons, Quaker meetings were held at the school and the senior girls sometimes attended. This in itself was a fairly religious Sunday, but I had been confirmed in the Church of England and so had Miss Cluelow. She therefore considered it her heaven-sent duty to make sure that the only girl in the school who was confirmed attended 8am Communion with her at Church as well. I still laugh when I hear people worrying about denominations uniting! I was Church of England at 8am, Methodist at 10.30am and Quaker at 3pm.

Of all my memories of those days, I remember Mr Proctor's overcrowded taxi, bumping us from the station. Mr Roberts, who was Riding Master at the Inglemere Riding Stables, had been a jockey and we all adored him. Dr Matchett was a young man, and it was almost worth being ill to have his undivided attention when you were 13! The other person I remember was Mrs Lawson, my history teacher, who was such a wonderful person and completely wasted on a group of inattentive schoolgirls. Like most schools, there were good and bad times, but at least I was happy there and did quite well in my final examinations. I left when I was 16 and came home to a troubled and unhappy time.

My father left home very shortly after my examination results came through. I learned later that my mother had asked him not to leave prior to this in case it should affect my results. I doubt if this would have been the case. My parents had lived in unease for many years and were clearly unsuited to each other. The situation was aggravated by one particularly unscrupulous family, mother and daughter vying for my father's (a) attention; (b) affection; but mainly (c) money. To me their motives were transparent then; to my father only years later, too much later.

After this break, I continued to live with my mother in a semi-detached house called 'Holcombe'. We were reasonably happy, though my mother retained her critical attitude to me throughout her life, giving more credence to her family's views on things than to mine. This was to prove to be misplaced. Her younger sister, Jenny, conspired to defraud my parents in business. Her brother's sister-in-law, Alice, did the same after her husband's death, and Gertie, her elder sister, showed complete indifference when my mother became ill, though she herself had been nursed many times previously.

By and large, they were a mercenary lot and though I forgave them after my parents died, I could never forget the parts which I am convinced their treachery played in the untimely deaths of both my father and my mother. Now they too have followed, and I reflect on the sheer folly of it all. What good did it do them or my parents? None, no one gained anything, but misery.

I do not intend to dwell on the deaths of my parents. Sufficient to say that I had no regrets in my treatment of them, and that they both wished they had taken more trouble to get to know their daughter sooner. However, one good thing has come out of this tragic relationship. It taught me to value my daughters and the best friends I am ever likely to have, and to treat them accordingly. I haven't any relations now except Liz and Jim, who still soldier on, and some cousins whom I have no wish to know.

I seem to have acquired two daughters in this story without the usual formalities, so I must go back to 'Holcombe' where I was living when I met Bryan. That is not exactly correct; I never 'met' Bryan—I grew up with him and I can't remember ever not knowing him since he was the most angelic looking smallest boy in the church choir. We first took a closer interest in each other at the dramatic society. This ever-fertile ground for romance proved effective and we were married two years later to the disapproval of my father, the apprehension of my mother, and the mutual relief of his parents, who saw in me a hope of turning him from a dissipated life. I subsequently proved unequal to this task, but that is far in the future and there were many joys and sorrows before then.

Our first house was in Shortlands Avenue, Bury. A small cul-de-sac with more drama to the square yard than Peyton Place! Most of the 'colour' came from our next-door neighbours, the Drinkwaters. This rather inadequate couple had inherited the property and with their four daughters, one granddad, son-in-law, baby, one dog and nine pups, lived in a constant state of uproar. Their battles were a regular feature of our lives and provided great amusement for ourselves and our friends. Several 'classics' come to mind. One in particular was when first the eldest daughter, then the second both left the house to drown themselves in the river. Mother followed declaring her intention of using Blackpool Pier for the purpose. However, they returned together half an hour later and threw the father out!

My mother thoroughly disapproved, and waged war with DDT to make sure that voices were the only things that found their way through the wall! Mrs Drinkwater was a 'borrower' and she would always say as she carried away the goods 'I'll see you right'. I never found out what she meant by this, unless she meant that for the rest of her life she would greet me like a long-lost sister whenever we met, saying how much she missed me and it wasn't the same with us gone. If I ever thought she meant she would reimburse my stock cupboard, experience soon taught me that I was wrong! Strange that I have only kindly feelings towards this motley crew. I met them once when I was in Bury with my daughters. The looks on Lib's face expressed sheer disbelief I could know these people, and on Sue's too. Seeing the filthy pram and its grubby occupant, there was a look of unparalleled disgust; yet they stood there smiling at us and expressing such

delight at our meeting. I must admit that the memory of it has also given me great delight ever since. It was the last I ever saw of them.

My experience in PE is limited, but I have produced several dance dramas with the children. We are at the moment engaged in one based on the stories of Beatrix Potter. In my present post, I am the class teacher of a group of 34 9-11-year-old children. Within the class are a remedial group, two 9+ groups and two 10+ groups. As we still have selection in this area, there is also the responsibility for 11+ examinations. For two periods during the week, I have a remedial class drawn from my own and other classes in the school. I play the piano and have a particular interest in art, craft and display.

In my previous post, I was class teacher to a group of 14-15-year-old girls in the remedial department of a large secondary school. I was invited to devise a suitable curriculum for these girls, and found the work challenging and rewarding. This curriculum included industrial and educational excursions, visits from speakers and demonstrators, child care, personal and home hygiene, and money management. By involving the girls' families in the child care course, a link was made between ourselves.

(We are grateful to Nevil for sharing with us this piece of social history that he came across when clearing out some cupboards. Those of us who remember Mary with affection have enjoyed this insight into her early life.)

We will Remember them



NEWS FROM AWAY

Hello Everyone!

Greetings from the riverside county town of Shrewsbury where I have been living since moving from Grange in June 2019. For nearly 15 months I was staying with family here. I was gazumped when trying to buy my first choice of home, then had to wait until the end of August this year for my new-build property to be completed. At long last I have my own four walls again, although with the removal/



Julia Gilchrist

storage company having lost and damaged a number of pieces of furniture and boxes of possessions (how can they have lost half a bed ?) I am still negotiating over insurance and trying to replace items. I ordered blinds for all windows in August but unfortunately the well-established company which advertises on tv has had problems with the suppliers of raw materials so I still have no window coverings and the nights are drawing in. The garden is a project which will take at least twelve months to landscape. Progress is slow but positive.

March onwards has been challenging for us all with the Covid lockdown plus ongoing restrictions, and I have certainly missed the friendship and fellowship of everyone at St Paul's and The Fell, as well as my ex-neighbours in Greenacres. The historic Abbey church in Abbey Foregate Shrewsbury, a 15-minute walk from my new house, has many similarities to standards we were accustomed to: a middle-of-the-road Anglican Church with a smaller sister church, both looked after by a fairly new vicar. There is a strong musical tradition with choir and weekly sung Sunday Eucharist. Unfortunately it has been mostly shut of late, with structural issues and a five month battle with pigeons. (I think that Mike Hill will be delighted that he hasn't had such a problem vying for his time!) However, a grant of nearly £100,000 from the government's Culture Recovery Fund has enabled work to make the whole building safe, and it will reopen in November. That will make a substantial difference to me as I continue to establish myself there.

My daily Grange prom walks have been replaced by a rural route beside the River Severn, when the tow path isn't flooded ! I am able to walk to my GP surgery, my dentist, and the town centre is only 20 minutes away on foot. Grandson George, now 5 and a half, is only a 5 minute drive from me and after spending lockdown together he is happy to stay with me at least one night each week.

My thoughts and prayers are with you all in these uncertain times. It is inspiring to hear how you are caring for each other, even if just in regular phone calls, and how strong and talented members of the congregation are continuing to organise and lead you with such little diocesan help. The Musketeers' motto 'one for all and all for one' comes to mind.

Take care everyone, may your faith and fellowship continue to sustain you.

AND FROM SYLVIE MORRISON

First of all, thank you for your good wishes and lovely cards you have all sent me.

I am settled into my lovely flat here, thanks to Debbie, Ian and Sophie. We are very safe, it's gated and if anyone calls they must press a button at the doors which rings a bell in my flat. I lift the phone and they have to say who they are before I let them in.

My family are all close by and call to see if I need anything and that I am alright. I wonder when this Coronavirus will end, as my friends who know me here all want to visit. I have very nice neighbours, and I look out on beautifully kept gardens. We don't have to do anything, nor do we have to touch our bins—it's all done for us which is great.

Since I arrived here another great grandchild was born in May, 'Willow'. Another is expected in January and another in April, so that makes 13 great grandchildren. I already have 11 grandchildren! At least I will be able to see them as they all live close by, that is, of course, when the virus has gone away.

There is quite a lot I miss from Grange—of course, the church and all my friends, especially on a Wednesday. I belong to a St Paul's here. It's quite a way from here so I have to wait for someone to take me. We all went to the cenotaph last year. One of my grandkids is in the army so she came in uniform. This year's service has been cancelled.

Hope you are all well. Love and blessings.

News OF DAVID AND BARBARA ELLIS

Michael Fieldhouse has just heard from the Revd David Ellis and his wife (formerly from St Mary's, Allithwaite) who send their love and good wishes to all who remember them.

"We haven't been out of Stratford-on-Avon for over a year now, as David decided to give up driving before his 'attention deficit' began to cause trouble to others. Our car sits in our driveway awaiting collection by our grandsons, Jamie and Sam. At present, however, they are trapped in the Leicester lockdown. Being in the Methuselah category (82 and 86) we ourselves rarely emerge from home. We have Tesco deliveries fortnightly. Stratford, whose economy is almost entirely based on entertainment and hospitality, has become a ghost town. The two churches to which we relate - Holy Trinity and the Baptists - are just opening up for limited numbers, but with over seventies being advised to stay away.

Nevertheless we have remained quite cheerful, greatly valuing our garden and the wonderfully sunny summer. Our only visitors have been Julie and Sue before their re-imposed lockdown. We are fully into zooming, especially with the Baptist Church where Mandy, a dynamic young minister, arrived a year ago. She prepares an online service for Sundays and we zoom into a home group on Thursday evenings. I write

a monthly article, based on our travels, for *Trinity Times*, and I am now editing the first issue of a new magazine I have dreamt up for the Baptists. Its title is 'Voices', compiled of snippets from as many members as I can persuade to contribute by way of increasing their knowledge of each other, with the premise that you can only really love people you know.

We are not sure how long we will stay here. Our families very much want us to move to a bungalow in Leicester but we are fond of Stratford and the garden which Barbara has worked hard to develop”.



Lighting a candle is a prayer

When we have gone, it stays alight, kindling in the hearts and minds of others the prayers we have already offered for them and for others, for the sad, the sick, and the suffering—and prayers of thankfulness too.

Lighting a candle is a parable

Burning itself out, it gives light to others.

Christ gave himself for others.

He calls us to give ourselves

Lighting a candle is a symbol

of love and hope, of light and warmth.

Our world needs them all.

Prayer used in Salisbury Cathedral

Mother Teresa Co-workers' Prayer for Peace

(said by co-workers at noon through the world)

Lead me from death to life,

From falsehood to truth.

Lead me from despair to hope,

From fear to trust.

Lead me from hate to love,

From war to Peace.

Let peace fill our heart, our world, our universe.

PEACE PEACE PEACE

A SPECIAL DAY FOR ME

This day was an experience maybe not too many may have had and I consider it to have been a great privilege and unforgettable .

My special day was spent aboard a Nuclear Submarine. The date eludes me, probably around the year 2002. My son took a short commission in the Royal Navy and eventually became a Submariner on the Vanguard class of Nuclear Subs, in fact on HMS Vanguard itself.

HMS Vanguard along with three others in the class, was introduced in 1994 at a total cost of £15 Billion. Each one had Trident Nuclear Missiles named from the Trident of mythical Neptune.

The opportunity for this visit came by invitation to a crew family day. Vetting was very strict, tracing back to grandparents, so no skeletons could be lurking in the cupboard.

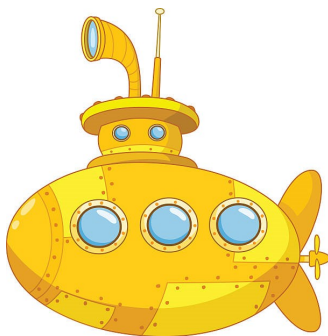
As usual the Sub was based at Fastlane and the Navy picked us up at Helensburgh and ferried us out to the Vanguard in the Clyde. Armed Naval personnel were on top of the boat monitoring the boardings. Quite disconcerting. Once aboard we were given a full guided tour of the entire sub, including the Commander's quarters. The only non-permitted area was the communications room. We viewed the missiles, which looked evil, and the sleeping quarters which were claustrophobically cramped. The crew operated a system of 4-hour shift watches.

Next we set sail down the Clyde and watched the monitor with wonder as the Sub dived after passing through the Cambria Gap. Then we were able to look through the periscope as it sailed off the Isle of Arran. Further excitement was a mock demonstration of firing the missiles. Only two crew members were privy to receiving and issuing the order to fire, in a hostile situation.

Following re-surfacing came a climb up to the conning tower, high above the waves, up a slim vertical iron ladder. A stretcher is permanently situated at the base of the tower, for obvious reasons - it was very hairy and high.

The excitement over we were treated to a buffet and socializing in the Officers' Mess along with them and the Commander of the Submarine. My son was Navigation Officer so we saw little of him all day.

Finally we were delivered back to Helensburgh after a most memorable and privileged day.



Eileen Burke

GRANGE OVER SANDS MONTHLY RAINFALL (MM) - ANDREW LITTLE

	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020
January	122	78	163	154	141	98	142	73	107
February	62	45	115	76	125	91	69	99	263
March	4	55	61	110	107	162	60	182	75
April	78	40	58	46	72	15	98	39	12
May	98	55	62	165	32	75	37	52	26
June	208	68	28	34	185	135	19	91	99
July	142	164	70	69	113	126	33	134	169
August	125	152	124	112	168	86	108	180	188
September	216	98	6	29	118	177	133	177	66
October	136	173	156	60	31	172	131	160	90*
November	165	118	97	246	118	189	62	85	
December	194	131	103	352	65	109	160	155	
Annual									
Totals	1,570	1,177	1,043	1,453	1,275	1,435	1,052	1,433	1093*

** means incomplete total till next month*

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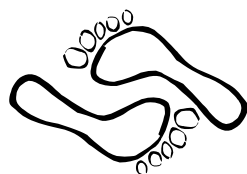
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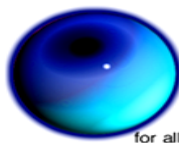


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