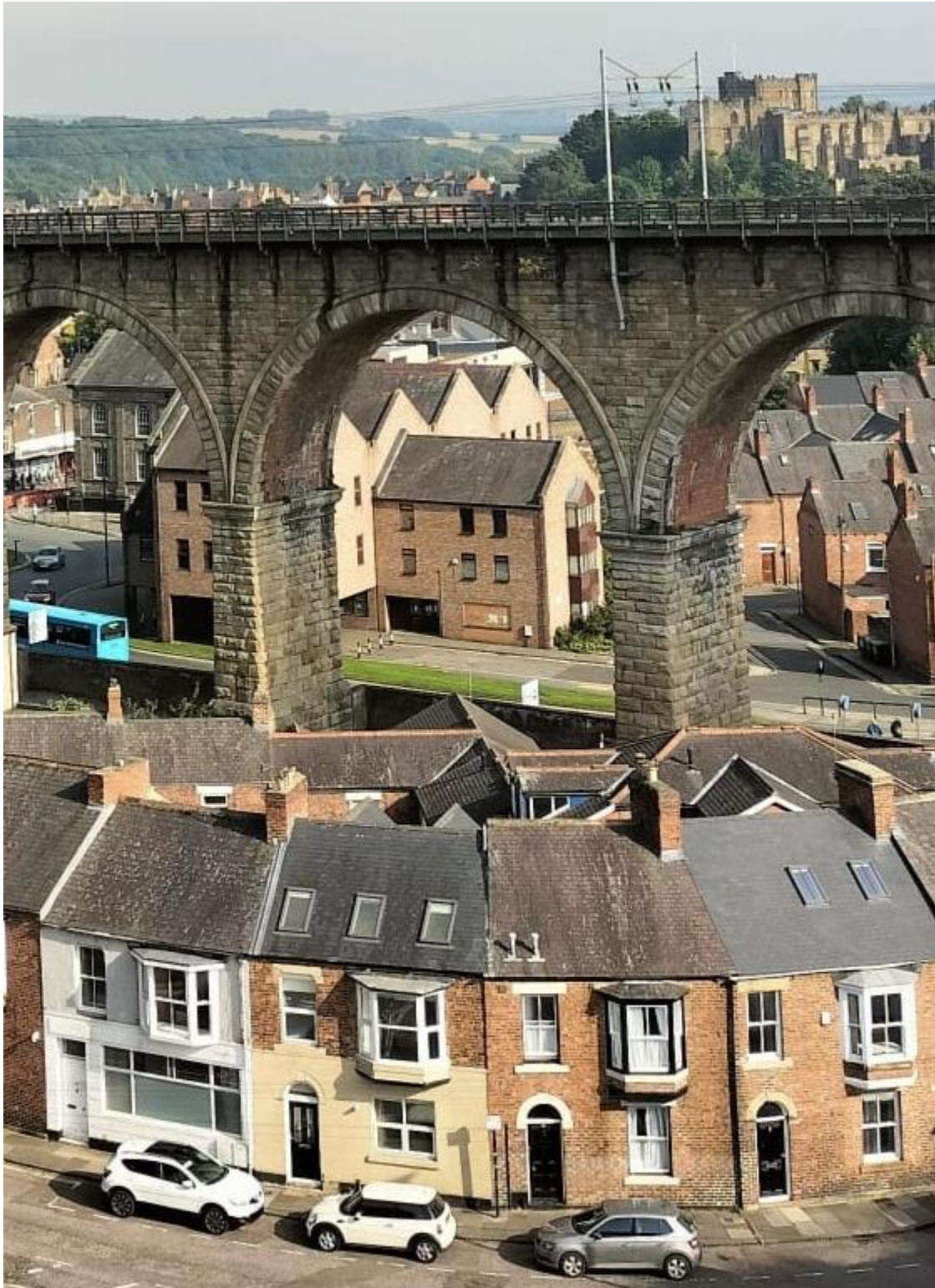


THE REVIEW

OCTOBER 2023



A view from the top of our Church steeple, taken by the lumberjacks
at the request of Ray Anglesea who kindly shared it with us.

**WADDINGTON STREET UNITED REFORMED CHURCH,
DURHAM CITY DH1 4BG**
Church Website: www.durhamurc.org.uk



Dear Friends,

Autumn, Harvest, Creation Time is traditionally seen as the end of the season—a time when all is safely gathered in. It's thought of as the end of the process, starting with ploughing, seeding, tending, then reaping.

This year I have been reflecting that harvest seems more to be the start of the cycle rather than the end. What is grain if not seed that leads to the next harvest? In fruit is hidden the next generation. A poor harvest impacts not only present needs but future growth as well. This time of year marks the turnover from one growing season to another. The next stage in farming, ploughing, literally turns over the soil to begin again.

In the life of people there is a sense of new beginning. Schools, colleges, and universities restart: students sowing seeds of knowledge that will produce in the future. Even in church and community life there is a sense of starting afresh: activities resume, new programmes take shape and possibilities emerge. Far from being the end, it's a time of new beginning.

Jesus makes reference to the Harvest in teaching and parables. Often these are put in the context of end times. But what if we read these references in the way I've explored so far. "The harvest is plentiful, but the labourers are few; therefore ask the Lord of the harvest to send out labourers into his harvest," said Jesus. (Matthew 9:38) In some Christian circles that's an instruction to send out missionaries to warn people that the end is nigh. But might it also be an invitation to gather together a people willing to grow and develop—willing to labour at learning?

Elsewhere, in John's gospel, we are told of when Jesus said, "Do you not say, "Four months more, then comes the harvest"? But I tell you, look around you, and see how the fields are ripe for harvesting. The reaper is already receiving wages and is gathering fruit for eternal life, so that sower and reaper may rejoice together." (John 4:35-36) Harvest—in terms of turning over, starting afresh, learning and growing—is a continual process. It's something we should think of as present and continuing, rather than the end reward: with sower and reaper rejoicing together.

The goal of the ultimate harvest, that of eternal life can be known now, though perfected later. Living life in the Kingdom of Heaven is a present, continuing reality—accessed through prayer; practiced through love. The potential for harvest in each and every generation is plentiful and our role is to pray for more to be prepared to turn, plant, care and produce—in traditional terms ploughing, sowing, tending, reaping.

As we start again this Autumn time, may we start afresh in our relationship with the Ultimate Grower who is the Eternal God, Lord of the Harvest.

Regards,

Marcus



DATES FOR YOUR DIARY AND CHURCH NEWS

Ministerial Services – Revd. Marcus Hargis is contactable in the following ways:-

Phone: 0776 949 2629 and 0191 366 4930 (messages can be left on either).

Email: marcushargis@outlook.com For routine pastoral matters, please first approach your Elder.

Time of Sunday Services – 10.45 a.m. To Zoom into the service remotely please use

Meeting ID: 766 703 2324. Password: DurhamURC.

COPY DATE FOR THE NOVEMBER REVIEW IS SUNDAY 29TH OCTOBER 2023.

Please be aware when submitting articles that our Church Magazine goes on the website and is available for anyone anywhere in the world to read.

Coffee & Conversation – and A letter from Marcus ... see page 17.



Church Thursdays –

We meet every Thursday afternoon at 1.30 p.m. in the Church Hall.

October 5th Bible Study on Thomas. Led by Charles.
Tea/coffee from 2.30 if you just want to chat.

Oct 12th Table tennis....if not to play then, just come along spectate, cheer, laugh and have a tea/coffee.

Oct 19th To be notified.

Oct 26th Scrabble or any other table game (?jigsaw). Tea/coffee from 2.30 if you just want to chat.



STUDENT EVENING – ALL WELCOME ...

The student evening on **Tuesday 10th October** is “branded” or themed as - **A Quizzical and Whimsical look at Durham.**

The meeting is due to start at 7.30 p.m. in the Church Hall concluding with light refreshments and chat. (Finish around 9 p.m.) **David Thornborrow**



CHURCH MEETING – SUNDAY 22nd OCTOBER 2023 IN THE HALL FOLLOWING MORNING SERVICE.

After investigation into Sound and Visual equipment, for use in our Sanctuary and Hall, two estimates have been submitted. You can express your views at the above meeting. Please come along and help to make a decision.



The Revd Alan Gaunt, 1935-2023, a URC minister and an internationally renowned hymn writer, has died at the age of 88. His hymns, 18 of which are in *Rejoice and Sing*, reached beyond the URC and many Christians sing his words.

The Revd Susan Durber, World Council of Churches President for Europe, for whom Alan was a long-standing mentor and friend, said:

“Alan was one of our deepest thinkers and finest poets, convinced that finding words to express faith should be difficult and demanding because God’s mystery cannot be contained.”

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY AND CHURCH NEWS

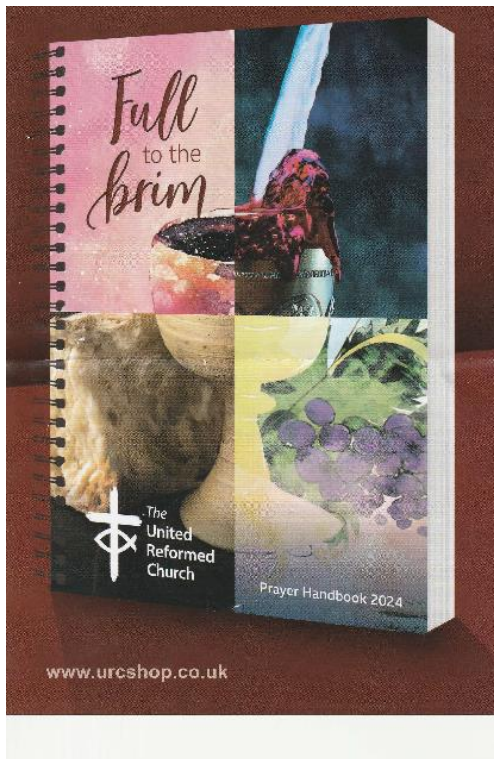


Dear all,
David and I would like to thank you so much for supporting yesterday's coffee morning to raise funds for our church's current designated charity A Rocha. The money amounted to £365 including the sale of Hillian's crab apple jelly. Added to this was £120 from Yvonne's knitting sales. So the total is **£485**. There will be gift aid to be added too.



The next fundraising event for A Rocha is after morning worship on **Sunday 5th November**. There will be a lunch of soup, bread, cheese, salad and one of Judy's delicious cakes. Thereafter John Durell is providing a slide show depicting the beautiful Hebridean scenery from Hillian and his sojourn north of the border earlier this year in June. Please can you note this date on your calendars and tell others of the date of this event.

(Thanks also to Janet and David Thornborrow for all their hard work and for opening their home to us and providing the opportunity for great fellowship and some delicious home baking to be enjoyed. There have been many messages of appreciation. Editor. Photo by Ray Anglesea.)



Full to the Brim – The 2024 URC Prayer Handbook

‘A good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, will be put into your lap; for the measure you give will be the measure you get back.’ Luke 6:38

Themes of fullness and emptiness run throughout the Bible. The prayers gathered in this book speak of different kinds of fullness – fullness of blessing, fullness of being too busy – and of the need, sometimes, to empty ourselves in order to be filled afresh.

The first section follows the lectionary, with a prayer based on one or more of the set readings for each week. For the second section, we invited people to interpret the idea of ‘full to the brim’ in whatever way resonated with them. We have subdivided this section into prayers that could be used in public worship, and those that seem more suited to personal devotion.

It is our hope that, in reading these prayers, you might make connections with your own need for fullness, and what you

might need to let go to make space. Above all, we hope that you will find yourself refreshed and nourished.

(The Revd Stephen Ansa-Addo and the Revd Sue McCoan, Editors of the 2024 URC Prayer Handbook.)

If you are interested in obtaining a copy of this book at **£6**, please give your name to Kath Ogilvie by **29th October**. Payment to Kath, please, when you take delivery of the book.



EDITOR'S LETTER

DEAR READERS,

You have been magnificent in sending in excellent articles and I am very grateful to you for this. They are varied and interesting and the accompanying photographs had me really excited! I hope you will enjoy these items as much as I have enjoyed editing them and you might even feel encouraged to send something in for a future issue of The Review!

A friend sent this on Facebook – certainly food for thought! Do you agree with any of it?:

“My mum used to cut chicken, chop eggs and spread butter on bread on the same cutting board with the same knife and no bleach, but we didn't seem to get food poisoning. Our school sandwiches were wrapped in wax paper in a brown paper bag, not in ice pack coolers, but I can't remember getting e. Coli.

Almost all of us would have rather gone swimming in the lake or at the beach instead of a pristine pool (talk about boring), no beach closures then. We all took PE And risked permanent injury with a pair of Dunlop sandals instead of having cross-training athletic shoes with air cushion soles and built in light reflectors that cost as much as a small car. I can't recall any injuries but they must have happened because they tell us how much safer we are now.

We got the cane for doing something wrong at school, they used to call it discipline yet we all grew up to accept the rules and to honour and respect those older than us. We had 50 kids in our class and we all learned to read and write, do maths and spell almost all the words needed to write a grammatically correct letter....., FUNNY THAT!!

We all said prayers in school irrespective of our religion, sang the national anthem and no one got upset. Staying in detention after school caught all sorts of negative attention we wish we hadn't got. I thought that I was supposed to accomplish something before I was allowed to be proud of myself. I just can't recall how bored we were without computers, Play Station, Nintendo, X-box or 270 digital TV cable stations. We weren't!! Oh yeah And where was the antibiotics and sterilisation kit when I got that bee sting? I could have been killed!

We played "King of the Hill" on piles of gravel left on vacant building sites and when we got hurt, mum pulled out the 2/6p bottle of iodine and then we got our backside spanked. Now it's a trip to the emergency room, followed by a 10 day dose of antibiotics and then mum calls the lawyer to sue the contractor for leaving a horribly vicious pile of gravel where it was such a threat.

To top it off, not a single person I knew had ever been told that they were from a dysfunctional family. How could we possibly have known that? We never needed to get into group therapy and/or anger management classes. We were obviously so duped by so many societal ills, that we didn't even notice that the entire country wasn't taking Prozac! How did we ever survive?

LOVE TO ALL OF US WHO SHARED THIS ERA. AND TO ALL WHO DIDN'T, SORRY FOR WHAT YOU MISSED.”

Many thanks to any contributors to The Review for October and please keep your articles and photographs coming in – they are very much appreciated and enjoyed by our readers.

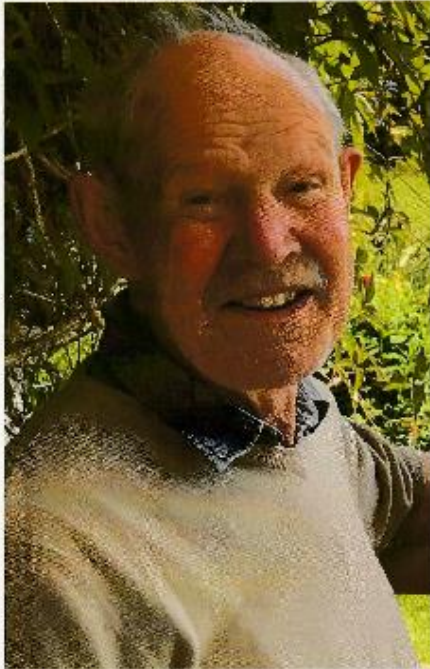
Lucille Thomson

The next issue of The Review will be published on **Sunday 5th NOVEMBER 2023**
Contributions please to Lucille Thomson at church or BY POST or **Tel. 0191-3861052**
or e-mail **lesthomson@talktalk.net** no later than noon on **Sunday 29th OCTOBER 2023.**

A Service to Celebrate the Life of

PETER-JOHN DIXON

30th April 1944 – 2nd August 2023



St. Michael's Church, Isel

Friday 1st September 2023 at 2pm

PETER-JOHN DIXON,

30th April 1944 – 2nd August 2023.

A service was held at Isel, to celebrate the life of Peter Dixon who formerly attended our Church with his wife Alyson. They moved to Cumbria to be with family. The uplifting hymns sung were “Be Thou My Vision”, “How Great Thou Art” and “Amazing Grace”. Entrance music – “The Lord’s My Shepherd”, Exit music – “Praise my Soul the King of Heaven”. Donations were in aid of The Brain Tumour Charity or MS Society UK.

Peter was a renowned sportsman in his youth and Gosforth RFC reported: “The Club has just heard the very sad news that one of our most celebrated ex players, Peter Dixon, has died at the age of 79. Peter had been suffering with a very aggressive brain tumour called Glioblastoma Multiforme. Peter had moved to his daughter Shelley’s home in Cumbria a year ago with Alyson his wife.

On joining the Club in the early 1970s, he was immediately nicknamed “Lenny” following his Lions tour to New Zealand in ’71. He represented England (22 times), whom he also captained, as well as Cumbria alongside Dave Robinson John Butler et al. He was part of the Victorious Gosforth side at Twickenham in 1976 & 1977.

Peter lectured in Anthropology at Durham University for many years and, although he wasn’t able to visit us very often, he always showed a keen interest in how we were doing! Our thoughts also go to his widow Alyson, son Jed, Shelley and 6 grandkids in Cumbria.”



Peter was born in Keighley, Yorkshire, and later moved to Cumbria. He was the son of a pilot. Peter was educated at St. Bees and Durham University before going up to Oxford University where he won four consecutive Rugby Blues between 1967 and 1971.

As well as working at Durham University as an Anthropologist, in Overseas Development Peter was involved with the University of Botswana’s Institute of Adult Education.

Peter was a very friendly, cheerful man who always had a smile for everyone. He was the sole carer for his beloved wife Alyson for many years and they came to Church here when they could.

Our thoughts and prayers are with Peter’s family and friends who will miss him greatly.

JACOB'S LADDER?



The Church steeple was in need of repair and so this scaffolding appeared. Ray Anglesea asked the Steeplejacks to take some photos from the top and they kindly agreed and also sent a short article about the work to be done:

“Hi Ray. I'm fine for you to use the photos in the church magazine. The spire is approximately 70/80 feet high. The work involves a rebuild of the stones at the top of the spire together with a renewing of the dilapidated kingpin and crosstree (which compresses the spire together) with a new stainless steel rod. The work also involves a full repoint with lime mortar of the steeple stones inside and out together with repairs to the louvres. Thank you.

Richard Brennen. RCS.”

(With thanks to Mr. Brennen and Ray Anglesea for this item.)

(Below – the old County Hospital opposite us - now Student accommodation.)



Notes from the Elders' Meeting held on Thursday 7th September 2023

1. The meeting opened with a reading Psalm 25 and a prayer from Revd Ruth Crofton's book *Getting Through*.
2. Janet S provided a written costing comparison of the two quotes received for the equipment. This was studied and discussed. A third quote was requested but the company did not respond. The Elders thanked Janet for all the detailed research and work she had done. A church meeting to discuss the two estimates will be held on 22nd October 2023.
3. Pastoral Care Group Event – Marcus to present a talk prior to the next Elders' meeting on the 6th October 2023 at 6:30 p.m.
4. The Christmas service for the groups who use our church will be held on the 8th December 2023.
5. Charles Jolly is due to meet with Graham Hatt to get information on other churches' experiences of solar panels. The elders noted that procuring eco friendly solar panels was very problematic as it was difficult to source non-Chinese makes. Charles' request to write a diary of our eco journey for the Northern and Eastern Synods' websites was approved.
6. The meeting discussed aspects of the standard fees for preachers and organists for Sunday worship, funerals and weddings
7. The request for the repair of the organ has been approved and arrangements are underway.
8. Richard is leading worship on our Harvest Sunday 24th September 2023 and there will be a request for donations to Christian Aid. Janet S will prepare a floral and fruit centerpiece.
9. The Elders have had 2 safeguarding notifications and the meeting discussed the importance of communicating safeguarding issues to other organizations. It was also noted that it was important to monitor all the information placed on the notice boards in our premises.
10. Marcus reminded the meeting that the next Group Service will be held at Cromer Avenue on Sunday 17th September at 3 p.m. Car parking is available.
11. There is an invitation from The Friends of Flass Vale to a picnic in the orchard in Flass Vale on Saturday 16th September 2023 at 2:30 p.m. to celebrate the 50th anniversary of saving Flass Vale from development. We are also invited to view their exhibition in the church hall from 6:30 p.m. to 8 p.m. on Friday 15th September 2023.
Charles Jolly has requested use of the exhibition for the Durham Churches Together special service for Creation Time at our church on 1st October 2023 at 4 p.m.
12. Our gas bill is likely to double over the winter. The meeting discussed ways in which we can reduce the amount we use.
13. Rev John Durell is to be asked to give a slide show on either Sunday the 5th or 12th November 2023 and that lunch would precede this. There will be a fundraising Christmas dinner on Sunday 17th December 2023 and preparation in the church hall on Saturday 16th December.
14. Kath Ogilvie has been notified that copies are available of the URC's 2024 prayer book and she is taking orders now
15. Arrangements were made for Chairing and taking the Minutes of the next Elders' meeting which will be at 7:30 p.m. on Thursday 5th October 2023.
16. The meeting closed with saying "The Grace."

Janet Thornborrow

HEBRIDES REFLECTIONS ... GAELIC PSALM SINGING



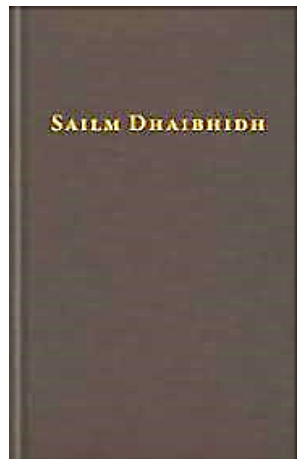
We hoped during our Hebridean holiday to find opportunity to hear Gaelic Psalm singing, though it was hard to get any definite information about what might be going on in the various churches we came across.

Our first weekend was spent about as far north as you can get, near the Butt of Lewis, and with the help of Google maps I reckoned Cross Free Church might be a good church to try. Passing it on Saturday afternoon on our way to our B&B we checked the notice board: not much

information there, but at least we now knew the service time for next morning.

Fortunately, our hosts, although not islanders themselves and not church goers, had friends who could help, and we soon heard that the second Psalm in the morning would be Gaelic. We arrived in good time: the large car park was busy but not nearly full. Hillian had been careful to wear a skirt rather than holiday trousers, but as we settled into our pew it was clear that the headscarf was not strictly necessary. The service was in English, the congregation of a hundred or so confined to the back third of the church, leaving about ten pews between us and the minister in the high pulpit. Below him two men shared the precentor's role – all our singing being unaccompanied.

There are plenty of examples of Gaelic Psalms on YouTube, but watching them in no way matches the experience of hearing in the flesh. The Psalmist calls on us to make a joyful noise unto the Lord – and no doubt the cadences of Anglican chant and the pentatonic melodies of the Scottish metrical Psalter do that in their different ways.



But looking at the expressionless faces of the congregation seated all around us, and then hearing the extraordinary wall of sound that rose and filled the building, we sensed that here was something pure and unrefined, linking faith and culture, and coming from the heart.

John Durell

Judith Calvert



Judith Frances Dickinson Leathley entered this world on 23rd October 1944 and left it on the 4th of September this year. She was with us for almost 79 years. She enriched the lives not only of her family, but also the many friends, colleagues and acquaintances she met along the way. She will be remembered and missed by us all.

Judith started life at the end of the second world war in the Yorkshire village of Grewelthorpe where she lived in a three-storey house, Naegill, with her parents Donald and Frances, her brother Michael, and her Grannie Winifred. Her Aunt and Uncle lived in the cottage next door. In the post-war era many new council houses

were built and Judith's Mum and Dad decided to move from Grewelthorpe to the nearby village of Kirby Malzeard. They were some of the first residents on "The Green" and lived at number twenty. One of twenty-five houses, this became the Leathley's home for the next 12 years where long-term friendships were forged with other neighbours. It was here that Judith's second brother, Chris, was born and the family was complete.

A carefree childhood followed in this countryside environment. The house had an inside coal hole, a downstairs ceramic flushing toilet, as well as another toilet and a bathroom – with bath upstairs. The boys shared a bedroom and Judith had one to herself. The boys entered at their peril! In those times life moved more slowly, and apart from the odd broken collar bone, gashed knee or fall from a moving car, her life was fairly normal. Her playground, as with her friends, was the countryside around her. There was no specific time to be home for meals, just a return when hungry. She became a Girl Guide and learnt much from this experience.

Holidays for Judith were not just a break from school but a chance to go with the family to stay with aunts, uncles and many cousins in Cumberland or Dumfries. Cumberland visits were to two adjoining farms where the majority of time was spent outdoors. Dumfries visits centred around the local estate and playgrounds. The family had a caravan that was kept on a site between Whitby and Sandsend where many more memorable holidays were taken. Judith attended the local village school before, at the age of eleven, moving on to Ripon Secondary Modern where it was decided that her talents would be better served by a move to the Grammar School just across the road. This proved decisive and allowed her to gain the knowledge and qualifications to go on to catering college, friendships from which she maintained all her life.

After school, she held various positions in both the public and private sectors: a Conservative College, two country mansions, latterly a school, a prison and a centre for people with mental health difficulties were some of the places she worked. A job in the early 1970s took Judith to Durham, a move which was pivotal in her life because it was here she put down roots, and where she would spend the rest of her life.

Judith met Ian McCulloch in 1971 at a folk club in the City Hotel in Durham, also joining this Church which his family attended. They married here in April 1972. Tragically, Judith and Michael's brother, Chris, died in the summer of 1974, the same year that Judith and Ian, on a much happier note, began their own family. Anne arrived in October of that year and John in 1976. The family lived at 8 Cedar Close in Gilesgate Moor. Judith chose to stay at home when the children were young, preferring to spend her time with them. Anne and John recall a very happy childhood. They remember a mum who would dream up all sorts of activities and try her best to do anything they wanted, when they wanted to do it, putting everything else to one side. Judith always recalled waking them both up one night in order to go skating on frozen puddles!

Judith was easily recognised in the estate either pushing a pram with stones in the bottom for the rockery she was building or riding her bicycle with a child seat on the back. As they grew, she took all sorts of jobs which fitted around family life, from playgroup leadership to cleaning. Ultimately, she settled in a job providing school meals because it fitted around Anne and John's school life.

11.

Family holidays were spent camping in the UK, having travelled in the family's red Renault 4, which had been named "Rutonia" and which developed an unerring tendency to break down either on the way there or the way back! The local folk club was always sought out wherever the family went on holiday too. Both Anne and John recall one trip which was abandoned because of water-logged sleeping bags, but they were placated with a huge box of crisps in the back of the car for the way home!

The Church formed a big part of family life with the family attending services on a Sunday morning, carol singing at Christmas and attending Keld and going to picnics. Anne and John attended the Church youth club on Friday nights when they were older. Judith and Ian went their separate ways in the late 1980s. Time followed where Anne and John, now teenagers, lived between their Mum, still at Cedar Close, and their Dad, Ian, close by in Belmont.

After a few years, Judith found love again with Malcolm Calvert who lived with his children Jane, Steven and Jonathan in the next street. They'd known each other for many years but their friendship developed over time, to the point where they married in October 1997, ultimately settling together in Chester le Street. During their time together they travelled both at home and abroad. They enjoyed watching the Falkirk wheel being built (and later took a barge along it with John and his family on one of their visits from Vancouver where they live), they both enjoyed gardening, camping, stargazing, time with friends and each other's company. Judith also enjoyed trips away with Anne including to Iceland (which she didn't know about until she was on the train to the airport!), Tunisia, New York and Vancouver (a surprise visit for John's 40th birthday). They enjoyed time with Jane, Anne, Steven, John and Jonathan's families. In total they were blessed with 13 grandchildren across those families and were hugely proud of them all.

Sadly, Malcolm was diagnosed with Alzheimers in 2017. Judith took on the role of Malcolm's carer, and, typically, threw herself into the world of Durham City Carers and other support groups. Malcolm had always wanted to go to New Zealand to visit a friend of his who lived there so it was decided that, despite Malcolm's condition, they would go while they still could. A detailed itinerary and much planning followed! They flew to San Francisco where they met John, later taking in Australia (and climbing the Sydney Harbour Bridge!), New Zealand and Hong Kong before they headed home. Anne waited throughout for a call from the local police which thankfully never came!

Malcolm later moved into residential care. Judith visited him often, taking in things he would enjoy and always took the time to interact with other residents where she could. During that time, she adjusted to living on her own, enjoying the support of her family, neighbours and friends, joining the choir at Beamish, doing her bit as an eco warrior, continuing her love of gardening and folk clubs and in the last few years travelling for



Christmases in Vancouver with John and his family which she and they both enjoyed enormously. Trips with Anne and her family, both in the UK and beyond, were also taken with boundless enthusiasm.

Judith was diagnosed with late-stage stomach cancer in June this year. That came as an enormous shock to her and the whole family. The illness progressed quickly and Judith passed away peacefully with Anne and John by her side on 4th September at St. Cuthbert's Hospice in Durham. Judith leaves her husband Malcolm, her children Anne and John, her step-children Jane, Steven and Jonathan and their respective families, together with her brother Michael and wider family and friends devastated by her loss. She does however leave the world a better place than she found it. She was a person who would help anyone, always championing the underdog and putting others before herself. She cared about the world. She was bright and vivacious, remembered fondly by friends as a vibrant person whose smile could light up a room and who was loved deeply by her family. God bless, sleep tight (as you used to say). We will miss you. x

(Lovingly written by Anne, John and Judith's brother, Mick and read by Jane Chapman. Service conducted by Revd Marcus Hargis.)



Scrán! in South Shields

If you're thinking of having a day out, there's much to be said for a trip to South Shields. It may not be an obvious choice, but it actually has a lot to offer. South Shields has a great natural setting, next to both the River Tyne and the North Sea, and it has a fascinating history that includes a Roman fort, shipyards, coalmining, the Jarrow March and a unique Yemeni community. It's not prosperous, nor particularly pretty, and its town centre isn't a great shopping destination, but it is certainly an interesting place.

We went there recently to celebrate our wedding anniversary. Admittedly, South Shields hasn't got the romance of Paris, but at least it's a bit more exotic than Seaham Harbour! We took the train from Durham to Newcastle, then the Metro -- a stress-free journey taking altogether just over an hour. We'd decided to head to the South Shields Museum to look at a new exhibition called

Scrán! which is all about food and drink and its place in the history and culture of South Tyneside.

The Museum is in one of those wonderful buildings that demonstrates Victorian civic pride and ambition. On the ground floor there's a quirky local collection, curiously including a rather shabby stuffed lion as well as a reconstructed street from Catherine Cookson's Tyne Dock. There's also an old-fashioned café (try the lemon cake). Halfway up the grand staircase are some beautiful stained glass windows. The photo here is of a panel depicting the Parable of the Sower, which was salvaged from a local church in the 1980s.

The new *Scrán!* exhibition upstairs is manageable and stimulating. There are Roman cooking pots from Arbeia; information about corner shops, pubs and Italian ice cream businesses; material from the once-famous Wright's biscuit factory; some magnificent old advertising plates; and recordings of Bangladeshi residents talking about food and culture. On a screen they're showing old TV programmes about allotments and growing prize leeks. There's a display of intriguing old utensils that the curator calls 'kitchenalia', alongside a kitchen cabinet and cooker of the kind that will be remembered by many of us. (See next page.)



After our reminiscence therapy we -- inevitably -- went to Colman's Fish and Chip restaurant on Ocean Road, a local institution renowned (rightly) for its delicious *scrán*. Then a not-so-brisk walk

to see the sea. Our trip out could have been rounded off with Minchella's ice cream (a long-established firm featured in the exhibition), but it was time to go home. Maybe next time.

Fred and Sue Robinson

Scran! is on until January 2025. Visit the website: [South Shields Museum & Art Gallery](https://www.southshieldsmuseum.org/)



Tribute from Michael (Alice Davies' son) at Hallgarth Manor Hotel 18/9/23.

A Celebration of Life



Alice Davies

24th October 1928 – 28th August 2023

Good afternoon everyone, and thank you for joining us as we bid a final farewell to my mother Alice Davies. The purpose of our gathering is really to mark the occasion of Alice's death, and in so doing to bring a form of closure to the pressures and travails, anxiety and stress of the final few days of mum's long life. And it'll be a chance to share memories, to chat and to comfort each other as we mourn for the loss of someone who was well-loved and who had the gift of making friends through her quiet good nature and genuine care for others.

To tell you a little bit of background about Mum for those who only knew her latterly, she was born in Bannerman Terrace in Sherburn Hill, which is just about half a mile that away. So it's fitting to pay tribute to her here, so close to her first home. Alice grew up in Sherburn Hill and Sherburn Village, the daughter of Ada and Jack. Her younger sister Marjorie came along four years later and the girls were surrounded by many aunts, uncles and cousins. Gran had 12 siblings, all but 4 survived infancy, and so at one time half of Sherburn was related to us one

way and another. Granda Jack had a brother – always known as Uncle Anty, and a sister, also Alice. Jack was a pitman at Sherburn Hill colliery and all through mum's early years this was still a proud mining community.

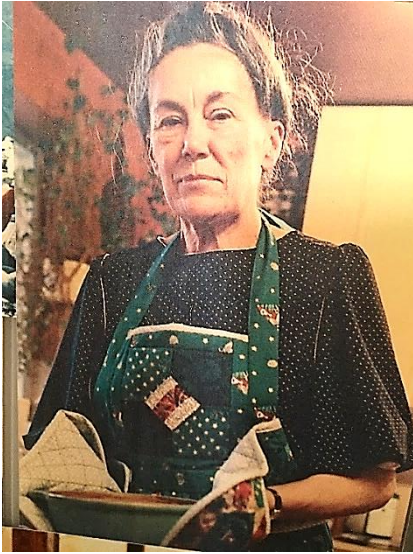
After school she went to secretarial college to learn to be a shorthand typist, then she got a job in the fledgling science department of the University, where she met her future husband, my dad, Lewis. You'll see from their wedding photo on the little leaflet for this afternoon that they were a handsome couple alright.

In due course Peter came along in 1950, and then Jennifer a year later. The other two have always ribbed me that I was either a mistake or an insurance policy because there was then another nine years until mum had me. If it was an insurance policy it was a good one, because I was privileged to come back to Durham and look after the old girl for the last three and a half years.

All three of us were taught to read by mum, and as infants we imbibed from her the habit of reading. Mum was a great reader, indeed the houses we lived in were always stuffed with books. The old man was an academic, so a lot of his books were science related while Alice liked novels, particularly the Lord of the Rings, which she must have read a dozen times over the years. She was also especially fond of fairy stories and children's books, her favourites including The Wind in the Willows.



In early 2020 when covid was raging and we had to lockdown tightly, both of us being vulnerable before the development of the vaccine, mum found the pandemic particularly oppressive. She was unnerved by events and struggled to cope. I found the best way to cheer her up was each evening to read her a couple of chapters about mole and ratty, badger and toad. That and a large sherry, of course. Alice was very fond of a sherry. By strict custom not to be served before the sun was over the yardarm, that is at 6 o'clock before supper. But frequently I would find her sneaking an early one mid-afternoon – because she felt cold – was the usual excuse, but if I didn't play Jeeves and keep an eye on the decanter she'd have another. Peter liked to tease her by asking when the sherry tanker was next expected in Hallgarth Street.



It was certainly true though that mum liked company, and she liked entertaining. In the 60s and 70s, when dad was still working, there was an incessant trail of guests for dinner: his students, visiting academics, his Welsh friends... but here I can now say what I could never let on to her while she was alive: mum was a really terrible cook. A great baker – her apple pies were to die for – but dinners were often not so much a meal as an endurance test. As a child I was branded a picky eater, but now I can reveal it was mainly that I simply had a discerning palate.

Once, when I was home on a visit after dad died, I got in about 7 in the evening and mum had the pressure cooker on – never a good sign. She'd *boiled* sausages... I woke up at 2 in the morning with a terrible stomach ache, and knew only too well the reason why. Still, her heart was in the right place, and if you steered her towards pancakes, crumbles or scones there she would really come up with the goods.

Mum was also very handy in the crafts department, she loved sewing, embroidery, cross-stitch, patchwork and appliqué. She also made clothes, memorably a burgundy leather jacket for Jen, and satin waistcoats for me and my pal (also Mick) who lived round the corner. We would have been 14 and wanted ones like Freddie Mercury wore in the Bohemian Rhapsody video on Top of the Pops. She ended up getting a job which made use of these skills, working as an occupational therapist in Earl's House Hospital, where for many years she supervised as a form of craft instructor getting the residents to make cushions, knit jumpers, and all sorts of practical things that would be sold at fundraisers. Alice was good at that job not only because of her craft skills but because she was kind, patient, and non-judgmental.

She was also a great gardener and loved the garden at Hallgarth Street. As she became frailer getting into the garden became a bit of a challenge, but Jen and Malcom contrived to take her round the back in her wheelchair during that spell of good weather we had back in July and she enjoyed a bit of a swansong admiring the planting at its best, in full-bloom.

There's one photo of her as a little girl that I think just perfectly captures the innocence that never left her. Aside from being 11 when the second world war broke out, she was fortunate to live a life that was for the most part unsullied by the less savoury aspects of existence. For example, she couldn't tolerate bad language, and if there was swearing on the TV she'd say of whatever the programme was 'Well, I don't think much of that.'

That's how I choose to remember mum: a good-hearted soul who was fond of nature and fairy stories, and sherry... who could be stubborn as a mule; a quality that I have no doubt is a good part of what kept her living as her physical health deteriorated; and someone it was easy to spend time with. She passed on to us her values that she'd in turn received from Gran and Granda Jack. She cared about politeness, about putting other people first, and she deplored selfishness or vanity.



Of course I'll miss her, nevertheless I take comfort in the fact that she had a long and happy life and in the greater scheme of things the last couple of weeks of illness represent only a tiny fraction of her 94 years.

I'll now hand over to Jen, who wants to add some remarks of her own. (See page 16.)

[With thanks to Janet Thornborrow for passing on these photographs for The Review. Editor]

Alice by Jennifer (spoken at the gathering for the late Alice Davies on 18/9/23 at Hallgarth Manor Hotel.)

Hello everyone, it is so good that you could all come and help us celebrate Mum's life. It is a measure of the kind of person she was that there is such a mixture of people here, from different aspects of her life and from different generations. She was certainly someone who could be described as inclusive, not judgemental and very much a people person.

Mum made it known to us a long time ago that she wanted her body to be donated for the benefit of medical research and that she didn't want any ceremony other than, as she described, a party. We are all very glad that she got her wish and was accepted by the Freeman hospital in Newcastle and will be contributing to surgical training. As several have said, 'that is so Alice', and we are following her desire for a party this afternoon. In fact she got all her dearest wishes including dying at home surrounded by family.

As Michael said, Mum taught all three of us to read and some of my earliest memories of her are her reading to us from the Ladybird book series. She knew most of them off by heart and could still recite Mrs. Downy Duckling's moving day up until shortly before her death. She also loved a good weighty family saga, and she devoured the likes of Trollope, Galsworthy and Dickens.

Her sewing and dressmaking skills were put to good use when I became a teenager and interested in clothes. She could cut a pattern from scratch and she designed and made my wedding dress, which I still have. It is beautifully made with all the many buttons hand covered in the dress material. Mum's typing skills were legendary too. She typed my thesis on a manual typewriter with amazing accuracy using carbon paper for the copy.



For many years Mum attended extra mural botany classes and made various friends there as well as developing a wide knowledge of wild flowers and grasses. Her last outing with me in July was to Rainton Meadows where we spent an afternoon happily botanising, bringing back specimens that needed further identification.

Mum had a real sense of humour and in latter days when she could no longer stand to cook and Michael took over all the catering, we would joke with her that she had to eat up all her greens and she couldn't get down from the table until she had cleared her plate. A nudge to the parental style that Peter and I experienced. Michael being so much younger than us, was Peter and I felt, much more indulged, something we don't let him forget!

Mum was always considerate, kind and thoughtful of others. In her last few days she had smiles for the carers, thanks for their assistance and on one occasion when she surfaced as I was sitting with her, she said 'and how are you coping?' She strived to be as independent as possible, though was deeply frustrated when her mobility deteriorated and she could no longer do things like gardening or walking into Durham. She retained an independent line of thought though, illustrated by her reply to the question from a medic 'so you live with your son?', 'no he lives with me'.

Michael being with her for the last three and half years meant she could stay at home, and Peter and I are so grateful to him for being such a dedicated son. In due course extra carers were needed to help her, and all the family want to express our deep gratitude for the superb support she received from a truly dedicated team of ladies right to the end. Our cousin Karen was a tower of strength too and Mum loved chatting to her over a cup of tea, or sherry in Mum's case.

Of course we will miss her, and more tears will no doubt be shed, but she had a long and happy life and as these things go, a pretty good demise. I'll pass you over to big bro now so he can add a few words.

Peter remarked that all that needed to be said had been said and invited everyone to share refreshments.

COFFEE AND CONVERSATION

On September 19th our home was filled with particularly lively and wide-ranging conversation between friends and neighbours, including the reunion of families who had not met in years and had much catching-up to do!

Because of our holiday plans, October's get-together will be later in the month than usual.

Do drop in at Brillig, 11 Bell Avenue, Bowburn. DE6 5PE
at any time between 10.30 and 12.30 on Wednesday, 25th October
for a time of informal conversation and a cuppa.

Give it a try – you never know what surprises await as we get to know each other better.

Alison & Charles Jolly

COMMITMENT FOR LIFE

The summer has been busy for everyone, with holidays taking a well-earned priority so it was good for those still at home to share an Arabic/Jewish lunch at the church at the end of August, in support of our partners in Israel and the Occupied Territory of Palestine.

As the news of conflict and injustice in that region continues to disturb us we are pleased to be sending the sum of £540 to Commitment for Life, with GiftAid to be added.

This is made up of £255 donated at the lunch with a further sum of £285 from Coffee & Conversation and other donations.

The sale of Olive Oil has raised £57 while sales of Olive Wood Carvings have raised £34.

These sums have gone directly to the producers in the West Bank and Bethlehem.

Sales continue and if you wish to place an order please contact one of us at any time.

Sincere thanks to all who have contributed.

A CfL prayer:

We thank you, God, for our homes, the places where we feel safe, where we belong.

We pray for all families and people who worry about having somewhere safe to live.

We pray for peace in Israel and the Occupied Territory, so that people can share fairly and live without fear. Amen

Alison Jolly



A letter from Marcus ...

"I and the Elders know that people appreciate the warm, caring culture of our church. It is important that you, and all, **belong** at Waddington Street.

We're especially concerned for the folk who are unable to attend services and meetings in-person. To that end, we are working towards forming a network of people willing to keep in touch with those who want to stay connected with the church but are unable to, due to ill health, infirmity, and age.

Our hope is to increase our caring capacity. Elders are a key part of this strategy, but others may have the time and giftings to help connect us all together. Anyone who is willing to learn more and be recognised as part of the team is welcome to a practical introduction to 'Pastorally Caring Prayerfully' on Thursday 5th October at 6.30 till 7.30 p.m.

I would ask you to prayerfully consider being part of the web of care. Also, if you, or someone you know, would appreciate visits from one of the team then do please get in contact with me or your Elder."

Regards,

Marcus

Waddington Street URC Eco Church Group TIME FOR CREATION

The Season of Creation concludes on 4th October. This date marks the death in 1226 of Francis of Assisi. In the Roman Catholic Church, St Francis is the patron saint of Ecology. There is a special ecumenical Churches Together in Durham service for the Season of Creation at 4 pm on Sunday 1st October, which we are hosting at Waddington Street URC.

FLASS VALE 50th ANNIVERSARY ON FRIDAY 15th SEPTEMBER



There was a very good attendance at the exhibition of the 50th anniversary of saving Flass Vale. Some original campaigners and volunteers were present, with inspiring stories of their brave and determined stand for Nature. The annual picnic had been planned for the following day but because of rain this was held in the church hall together with our Ukrainian friends. Friends of Flass Vale, who care for this nature reserve on our doorstep, kindly left the display of its past and present for us to enjoy. It will be at the back of the worship area for a couple of weeks.

ECO TIP FOR OCTOBER

Provide food and shelter for wildlife, now and in preparation for next year. Clean all your bird feeders to avoid the spread of disease to winter migrants and put up a nest box well in advance of next year's breeding season. A nest box could also prove a cosy spot for small birds to spend the night on particularly cold Winter evenings ahead. For many practical ways to enjoy, nurture and defend nature, sign up to A Rocha UK's Wild Christian email at: arochoa.org.uk/wild-christian.

PHOTOVOLTAIC SOLAR PANELS ON THE CHURCH ROOF

Now that the restoration of the church stonework is nearing completion, we will be able to press ahead with this renewable energy project. Actually installing the system will be relatively straightforward but the whole process of planning and getting permissions is not! As Flass Vale proves, however, difficulties were made to be overcome.

ECO PRAYER FOR OCTOBER

God of Creation

we thank you for the wonderful world you have given us;
 help us to see the world through your eyes,
 and to work together to return the world
 to a place where all life thrives;
 where waters run clear
 and rain quenches the thirst of our crops;
 where the wind brings freshness and changes of weather;
 where ice holds back the floods;
 where sun and moon continue to light up our lives,
 and where the rainbow marks your promise of love
 and holds us together to restore your creation. Amen anon

PREACHERS OCTOBER 2023

1st Professor John Barclay
 8th Helen Cooper
 15th Revd. David Rushton
 22nd Revd. Marcus Hargis
 29th Andy Lie

AND**NOVEMBER 2023**

5th Charles and Alison Jolly
 12th Deacon Jane Middleton
 19th Pauline James
 26th Revd Marcus Hargis

	Date	Elders	Door Duty
October	1st	Mrs. J. Sarsfield Mrs. Y Melville	Miss B. Tinsley
	8th	Mrs. K. Ogilvie Mrs. J. Thornborrow	Mrs. K. Clasper
	15th	Mr. R. Phua Mrs. K. Clasper	Mrs. H Cockburn
	22nd	Mrs. D. Jackson Mr. R. Todd	Mrs. K. Ogilvie
	29th	Mrs. V. Hodgson Mr. S. Ogilvie	Mrs. H. Todd
November	5th	Mrs. Y. Melville Mrs. H. Cockburn	Mrs. V. Hodgson
	12th	Mrs. J. Thornborrow Mrs. K. Ogilvie	Mr. M. Reay
	19th	Mrs. K. Clasper Mr. R. Phua	Mrs. D. Jackson
	26th	Mrs. D. Jackson Mr. R. Todd	Mrs. W. Surtees

Please arrange your own replacement if unable to carry out your duty on the given date.

COFFEE ROTA OCTOBER 2023

1st Ki and Ray Anglesea
 8th Fred Robinson
 15th Alison and Charles Jolly
 22nd Sylvia and Ian Warburton
 29th Janet and David Thornborrow

AND**NOVEMBER 2023**

5th Heather Todd, Val Hodgson
 12th Win Surtees, Kath Ogilvie
 19th Yvonne Melville, Doris Jackson
 26th Helen Cockburn, Lucille Thomson

Please arrange your own replacement if unable to carry out your duty on the given date.

FLOWER ROTA OCTOBER 2023

1st Yvonne Melville
 8th Judy Banister
 15th Heather Todd
 22nd Jean Graham
 29th Jessie Goodall

AND**NOVEMBER 2023**

5th Barbara Tinsley
 12th Yvonne Melville
 19th Kathleen Clasper
 26th VACANCY

Please arrange your own replacement if unable to carry out your duty on the given date.

If interested in filling a vacant date, please contact Yvonne Melville.



As the seasons change, so the colours in fields abound.
At Harvest time dear Lord, we see your bounteous hand.
You know our every need Lord, and you supply them,
With vegetables, fruit and flowers covering the land.

When their ploughing and sowing has yielded the crops,
At this special time of plenty, the farmers can rejoice,
If God has blessed their work, they can praise Him,
And we can sing our thanks with them, as one voice.

While we celebrate the joys of Harvest,
We must always be mindful of those in need.
We should praise and thank our loving God,
And show a willingness to share, instead of greed.

With so many climate disasters around the world,
We need to always share our food with others.
God will smile fondly on each of us then,
When He sees us treat all men as our brothers.

(L.T.)

