

# PARISH NEWS

MAY 2020



WHEN YOU GO HOME  
TELL THEM OF US  
AND SAY  
“FOR YOUR TOMORROW,  
WE GAVE OUR TODAY.”

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SAVIOUR, TYNEMOUTH  
[www.holysaviours.org.uk](http://www.holysaviours.org.uk)



# **Coronavirus COVID19**

**Following advice from the Archbishops**

- **all public worship has been cancelled until further notice**
- **video services will be available on Sundays and Ascension Day on the church website [www.holysaviours.org.uk](http://www.holysaviours.org.uk)**
- **the church is closed until further notice**
- **if you can, join together at noon each in private prayer at home – set your phone or tablet to remind you**
- **all meetings have been cancelled or postponed**
- **the Parish Office is closed until further notice and Stuart Crozier, Parish Administrator, is on furlough**
- **please check [www.holysaviours.org.uk](http://www.holysaviours.org.uk) for further updates as the situation develops**
- **If you know of anyone who needs practical or social support, please contact the Vicar, Steve Dixon –  
0191 697 4562 / 07729 393 580**
- **please observe all government advice on travel, visiting, social distancing and hygiene**



## THE VICAR WRITES.....

I have to say that I take quite a sceptical view of making shrines and of using specific locations as especially holy. Christian tradition is littered with holy shrines containing relics and the burial-places of saints, the authenticity of which is often questionable. These shrines are usually beautiful and ancient spaces built to the glory of God, and as such, are – or can be – inspirational. However, as Christians, we serve a God who is present in every aspect of life and can be found in any situation or place. Surely, if we want to pray to

God we can do it anywhere? And if we need healing or a particular ministry, we don't need to travel to a special place or touch something designated as holy to receive God's healing, goodness or blessing? unless of course we feel God is calling or commanding us to do so, as was Naaman, the Syrian soldier commanded by Elisha to heal himself by washing in the River Jordan, *2 Kings 5*).

It is also a concern to me when I come across a person or family who have set up some kind of shrine to a loved one who has died. This might be a room in the house which has been left untouched since the death, a roadside shrine made of flowers and cards after an accident, or even an online shrine on Facebook or other social media platform. It is natural and deeply human that we want to hang on to possessions and places where we feel secure, comforted and close to the person we have lost. But I think there is also a great danger of getting stuck and not letting go during a particular phase of grief, thus preventing the healthy transition through all the stages of grief and into a different way of life.

When Mary Magdalene first met the risen Jesus beside the empty tomb, she tried to embrace him. He said, *Do not hold on to me, because I have not yet ascended to the Father. But go to my brothers and say to them, "I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God."* (John 20:17). Jesus wanted Mary to move on from an understanding of Jesus being a very real, physical person with her each day, to a different relationship, a relationship wherein Jesus was dwelling within her through the Holy Spirit. In a very practical way, Jesus didn't want Mary to cling to that precious moment of relief and realisation; rather he wanted her to be free to go and tell the others the good news.

Now, all that said, I am keen that we find a special time and place in our lives to build on our relationship with Jesus. So may I suggest that choosing a regular time of day to be a place where we make space to stop and pray is important in our journey of faith. During this lockdown period, you will find that we gather each

day as a family in the conservatory at home to pray at noon in solidarity with the rest of our worshipping community here at Holy Saviour's. The place and time are unimportant; what is important are those few minutes of prayer which serve to remind us that we, despite being forced to stay at home, are part of God's wider community in Tynemouth and across the world in this time of crisis. So, as we try to cope with this peculiar situation, I hope we can find a shrine within ourselves; that holy place, filled with the Holy Spirit and sustaining our relationship with our risen and ascended Lord Jesus.



## EDITORIAL

**John Pearce writes:** Whenever, in a country not actually at war, politicians start to speak and write using the metaphors of battle, it is usually a sign that the public is about to be led up the garden path. Thus, when the Chancellor George Osborne announced, in 2009, that the banking crash of the previous year was going to result in financial constriction for everyone because "we are all in this together", you knew immediately that everyone's undergoing proportionately-equal financial deprivation was the last thing that was going to happen. And sure enough, millions of public sector workers [many of them the same people whom we now applaud from our front doorsteps each Thursday evening] underwent a pay freeze lasting until Theresa May's 2018 declaration that austerity had ended. At the same time, London merchant bankers protested bitterly in 2011 against new Exchequer rules which restricted their maximum expenses claim for business lunches to a mere £300 per person – a reduction from the previous allowance of £375. In the same year, the State Old Age Pension went up to £102.15 per week. The reflection that merchant bankers could now spend only six weeks' worth of a State pension on a lunch for two [rather than eight weeks' worth] must have done a lot to lift the spirits of pensioners wondering what they could treat themselves to on their extra £4.50 a week.

Even so, there has been some excuse for the language of conflict in which much of the coverage of the COVID-19 pandemic has been couched. As I write this, on the fiftieth day of the national lockdown, it is hard to recognise the society which has become our new [and probably far from temporary] normal. Given that we are [for once, and actually] all in this together, there is no need for me to tell everyone what they already know, or to labour the blindingly obvious fact that this last few weeks will change our way of life, if not forever, then at least for the foreseeable future. And who knows, perhaps the frightening political chasm opened up in our society by the EU referendum, and by the epic of political chicanery which

followed it, might even begin to heal now that our prime minister, having been on the receiving end of a personal setback for once immune to his habitual breezy bluster, may begin to think and plan for a future beyond the middle of next week.

All that said, Mr Johnson's likening of the corona virus to a mugger, an attacker whom we must wrestle to the floor, misses an important point. The virus is not malevolent, it has no feelings and no intentions beyond the primitive imperative to reproduce itself in temporary habitats as favourable to its continued existence as possible. And the same may be said of its successors: there is no reason to think that COVID-19 will be the last virus to evolve into an organism deadly to humankind. Thus it is that in dealing with its threat we need to have in mind both the short and the long term. In the short term, we may hope for an effective vaccine sometime during the next twelve months, which we must hope will be soon enough to allow everyone, including the over-seventy age group [please God] to enjoy some kind of return to normality. In the longer term, we need to invest time, money and expertise into devising public health systems capable of dealing with events like this swiftly and efficiently. Not the least of these must be international regulation and policing of viral research, and the pooling of information on the epidemiology of viral illnesses.

As this is written, it is far from clear how the epidemic actually began to mushroom into a pandemic. It is hard to take seriously Donald Trump's assertions that he has seen evidence that it began with an accident in a Chinese laboratory, for the simple reason that he is a bigger liar than Tommy Pepper [who, some of you will recall, was kicked out of hell for telling lies]. Equally, anyone who has ever seen a Chinese wet market is entitled to wonder if simple poor hygiene could have been part of the first cause. Either way, if and when we get through the present emergency, we need to learn important lessons from its origin.

And the idea of learning lessons from the past circles back to the actual war which ended, in the European theatre, seventy-five years ago this week, having cost between 70 and 85 million lives in six years. The year 1945 is now on the very cusp of living memory and will, by the time we reach the centenary in 2045, be well beyond it. And like all wars, its legacy abounds in confusions which give pause to any thanksgiving. By the end of 1942, the Nazi empire in Europe comprised twenty countries, all of them subjected to inhumane oppression underpinned by systematic, industrial genocide. Following the Allied victory in 1945, nine of those same countries had simply exchanged Nazi for Communist tyranny, a similarly horrific regime which lasted for nearly fifty years more. Although World War II was a war which had to be fought once the slipshod politics of the 1920s and 1930s had created conditions in Germany in which Hitler's evil regime could take root and flourish, there is no doubt that its political conduct failed to match its

military successes. This fact was brought home, at least in Britain, by the General Election of 1945, when a population which might have been expected gratefully to elect Winston Churchill in a landslide instead rejected him decisively. His undoubted value and achievement as a leader in war had not blinded voters to his reactionary and elastically-principled pre-war politics; and when the *Daily Mirror* urged its readers, over a silhouetted poster of a conscript serviceman, to *VOTE FOR HIM*, its message was unmistakeable. A government had once before, in 1918, failed disastrously to create a society fit for heroes to live in, but no-one was about to let them get away with it a second time.

None of which is to minimise our duty, seventy-five years on, to remember and give thanks for those who lost their lives to win the war. And if we needed reminding of the qualities of those men and women, we need look no further than Captain Tom Moore, who turned 100 on April 30<sup>th</sup>. Born in Keighley, Tom Moore enlisted in 1939 and saw action in India, Burma and Sumatra, before beginning a long management career in industry in 1945. I cannot have been the only one to be moved beyond words by the spirit and courage he showed during the twenty-four days he spent lapping his garden on a zimmer frame, raising over £32 million in the process. The words he spoke at the end of his marathon apply not only to the battle we currently fighting, but also to the war he helped to win in 1945: *When we started off with this exercise we didn't anticipate we'd get anything near that sort of money. It's really amazing. All of them, from top to bottom, in the National Health Service, they deserve everything that we can possibly put in their place. They're all so brave. Because every morning or every night they're putting themselves into harm's way, and I think you've got to give them full marks for that effort. We're a little bit like having a war at the moment. But the doctors and the nurses, they're all on the front line, and all of us behind, we've got to supply them and keep them going with everything that they need, so that they can do their jobs even better than they're doing now.*

One of the more encouraging outcomes of our current troubles has been the renewed realisation of not only how valuable our National Health Service actually is, and how remarkable our doctors and nurses actually are, but also of how much we owe as a society to people whose skills and social contribution it is easy to underestimate: the care-home workers, shelf-stackers, supermarket cashiers, delivery drivers, bus-drivers, teaching assistants, hospital porters, postal workers, cleaners. All of these are, in effect, currently putting their lives on the line as part of their daily work, the foot-soldiers, so to speak, of the war we find ourselves fighting. *They're all*, in Captain Tom's words, *so brave*. At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, as well as on Thursdays at 8pm, let us remember them.

## NOTES AND NEWS

**This month's cover:** Like a lot of people, I was familiar with this verse without knowing where it actually came from. Searching for a non-copyright version of it to use as a cover led me to the website of the Burma Star Association, where I learned that the poem was written by John Maxwell Edwards [1875-1958], a classical scholar who spend his life as a Cambridge don. He composed this epitaph in 1919, when it was published in *The Times*, but it became well known only after the Second World War, when it became known as the Kohima poem. The battle of Kohima, known to some historians as the Stalingrad of the East, was fought over a period of three months from April – June 1944, and was a decisive turning point in the war against the Japanese. The Kohima poem commemorated the 1420 men who died in the battle, during which two Victoria Crosses were awarded. Some scholars claim that Maxwell Edwards translated his verse from an epitaph composed, in 480BC, by the Greek poet Simonides to the Spartans who died at the battle of Thermopylae. If this is true, then it is a sad commentary on the lack of progress of the human race over two thousand years, that it should continue to be in need of epitaphs for people killed in war. Who does not understand the past are indeed condemned to repeat it.

**News from the home front: Margaret Gibson writes:** What a difference a week makes! We are all restricted to our homes apart from nipping out for essentials & exercise but already I'm sure we have all realised how the internet & technology can help us keep in touch.

We have our Sunday Service in the comfort of our own homes and this week it was lovely to sing the hymns. We might not be in our lovely building but we worship together. Just seeing our East Window warms my heart knowing that although apart we are together in spirit and community. It makes me wonder if once a month when this is all behind us our service could be broadcast to those who can no longer get to church?

As arranged by Steve, Malcolm & Stuart we have a team who ring & speak to other parishioners on a regular basis. The contact and chat is much appreciated and those within hearing distance have expressed appreciation at hearing the Church bell rang regularly letting people know they are not alone.

W3 have set up a WhatsApp group where you can post a comment, tell a story, post a photo or just chat. We've had quite a few interesting moments. It's a quick way to say hello, or "I need a favour" (prescriptions have been collected, bread dropped off & even freshly baked cakes delivered to some of us). It's also there as a back stop for moments when you feel the need to know you are not alone.

On the social front we took part in an online Quiz organised by my daughter & son in law for both families and friends, it was really good but a few disagreements on answers involved online Alexa being the referee. Next online social club is a Bingo evening, now that will be very interesting!!!!

Stay safe and keep your spirits up and remember God gives us many ways of keeping in touch, after all as a species we are sociable & we won't let this virus □ change us WILL WE? Take Care! Margaret

## VE MEMORIES [I]

**The Editor writes:**One event lost to the corona virus was the W3 commemoration of VE day. For the time being it is not clear whether we will be in a position to celebrate VJ day on August 10<sup>th</sup>, but in the meanwhile let us enjoy and value two first hand reminiscences of those dark and happily now distant days. The first of these is from Katherine Redpath, Margaret Gibson's aunt, who grew up in North Shields but who now lives in Australia.

**Katherine Redpath writes:**Greetings from Australia! My very first memory is of Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> September 1939. As a family, we had been to church and afterwards my older sister and I were allowed to go to Tynemouth Park with some friends. On returning in time for lunch we got off the bus in Northumberland Square; there seemed to be much commotion and a fellow in a uniform telling us we must get home immediately as war had been declared. I learned in later years that our parents had made the decision, if this were to happen, that we would be evacuated for our safety. My sister and I were pupils at St Cuthbert's school and my brother was at St Joseph's.

It all seemed to happen very quickly in the next couple of weeks and my next memory is being on North Shields Station with many children from the school as well as two teachers, Miss Stephenson and Miss Priestley. They were both lovely women. I have a vague memory of one of the nuns being there but can't recall which one. We all had name tags on our coats and I remember having a little suitcase containing my clothes. I had my favourite doll in my arms and we all had our gasmasks in little cardboard boxes.

I can recall Dad being there with us but not Mum; I learned, also in later years, that this was because my mother could not bear to see us go. We were headed for Rothbury, which to this day remains my favourite spot in Northumberland. There must have been a station in that location in those days, as we were on the train until we arrived at our destination. I don't recall being afraid but of course I had two older siblings with me. Thankfully we were kept together and sent to a beautiful house set in large grounds, just up the hill from the village. They were a



very wealthy family. This was beyond anything I had ever seen in my six years. There were two adult daughters who were very kind to us, but the lady of the house was a stern woman; on reflection, she probably did not want us there. We walked a mile into school every day and of course a mile back. I remember seeing the red squirrels in the trees as we walked to and from school. I loved the countryside despite the long walk everyday.

We were well fed and looked after, but there was no love in the care we received. After about six weeks we were told that we were being moved as the lady of the house was sick. We then moved down into the village to a lovely family of very similar standing to our own, but sadly they could only take me and my sister, and my brother was sent to another home where he was rather unhappy. We were much nearer school which was a bonus. Dad came every weekend to see us and was always armed with little presents from Mum. I particularly remember a new outfit that she had knitted for my doll. The other saving grace was that the two teachers who had gone with us lived in the village and as well as seeing them at school, we visited them often in their house. As I said, they were both darlings.

We went to the village school and were only there for half days as there wasn't room for us as well as the local kids to be there together. Several years ago I was visiting from Australia and went into the local hardware shop in Rothbury and had a conversation with the owner. It transpired we were both pupils at the village school during that time. We reminisced and he told me that the local kids thought it was great that they only had to go to school in the mornings because of the evacuees being there in the afternoons.

Seeing Dad every weekend was good but I really missed my Mum. I remember my older sister comforting me at night when I cried. I also learned in later years that my Mum was missing us terribly and indeed was worrying about us so much that she didn't visit, as it would have unsettled us. As you all know there was the "Phoney War" in the first months and many children returned home. After much soul searching my parents decided to bring us home in time for Christmas. It was the best Christmas ever for us. We had only been away from home for three months but for a six year old that was a very long time. My memories of Rothbury are in many ways good and we had some happy times. It makes one realise that wealth isn't everything as our second family showed us so much love.

We survived the blitz in North Shields despite spending many nights in the air raid shelter. Our house was badly damaged from the blast when the Methodist Church on Coach Lane was bombed. We had to move to my grandmother's in Newcastle for three months, and in some ways I found that more unsettling than being evacuated. I can understand that our safety was their priority in the time of war

but I have often wondered, if the clock were turned back, whether they would do the same thing again. As it was, my parents suffered the greatest loss of all when their eldest son was killed in the D Day invasions. Now, at the age of eighty-six, I still count my blessings.

## VE MEMORIES [II]

**The Editor writes:** I am also much indebted to our own **Brian Rayner** for his reminiscences of being evacuated, not least for the insight into wartime rationing which the following document allows. It is a letter which was sent to the parents of potential evacuees detailing what the children should bring with them for their journey and eventual placement.

**Dear Parents:**

**Will you please have your son's luggage ready for collection on Wednesday morning, clearly labelled with his name and address. If you live more than twenty-five minutes' walk from the school, he must bring his suitcase with him on Wednesday morning. Apart from the clothes worn on the day, he should bring with him the following:**

### EQUIPMENT

Washing things – soap and towel,  
hairbrush and comb;  
Outdoor clothes  
Gym vest, shorts and plimsolls  
Macintosh  
Socks or stockings  
Shirts  
Pyjamas or nightshirt

Pullovers  
Strong walking shoes  
Blanket wrapped in waterproof  
Six stamped post-cards  
Card games  
Gas mask  
School hymn book  
Story or reading book

**ALL EQUIPMENT MUST BE MARKED WITH YOUR BOY'S NAME**

### FOOD FOR ONE OR TWO DAYS

4 ounces<sup>1</sup> of cooked meat  
2 hard-boiled eggs  
4 ounces of wholemeal biscuits  
Butter [in a container]  
Knife, fork and spoon

4 ounces of chocolate  
4 ounces of raisins  
12 prunes  
Apples and oranges  
Drinking mug [unbreakable]

In these straitened times, it might be a salutary exercise to assemble this packed lunch and try to live on it for forty eight hours. I make it to come to just over 1200 calories, which 550 are contributed by the chocolate and 350 by the biscuits. And, as Brian notes, the dozen prunes were included in the interest of regularity [and presumably to offset the binding effect of the hard-boiled eggs]. Now read on.....

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<sup>1</sup> 100 grams

**Brian writes:** At the start of the war, I lived with my parents, known as Mum and Pop, in a public house called *The Queen's Arms* in Deal, Kent, which is on the Saxon shore near Dover. I was the middle son of three, between elder brother Stuart and my younger one Colin.

In the second year of the war, the Germans were just across the channel in France, and their aeroplanes were coming over more and more frequently, and there were also rumours that they were moving their "Big Bertha" gun up to the Calais coast twenty miles away whence it could shell us. In view of this it was decided that Stuart and I would be evacuated with our schools to Wales. Stuart had passed his eleven-plus examination, was attending Sir Roger Manwoods school in Deal, and he would go to Carmarthen. I was still only nine, so my school was going to Pyle, outside Bridgend in Glamorgan, twenty miles from Cardiff.

Looking back, one can only imagine the anguish and heartache that Mum and Pop must have gone through when they waved goodbye to us both at Deal station. Our schoolteachers were in charge of us; we had large suitcases that we could only just carry, our gasmask cases were looped around our necks with string, and we all had bags of sandwiches and fruit. From Deal we went to London, where we changed at Charing Cross on to buses which took us across London to Paddington. When we got off the Paddington train at Bridgend to travel on to bus to Pyle, I had to say goodbye to Stuart who was travelling further on to Carmarthen with his school.

On arrival at Pyle, we were all taken to the Village Hall and given hot drinks and a meal. We were then lined up to be chosen by our new foster parents who were going to look after us. They had all volunteered to take somebody in. I always remember that the last two to be chosen were a brother and sister who were rather scruffily dressed and obviously came from a financially poor home; I felt really sorry for them. I was chosen by a lovely elderly lady who lived by herself and whose son was away in the war. She lived in quite a large house, and treated me as if I had been her own son.

The school – Pyle-a-Kenfig – was about half an hour's walk from the bottom of Pyle village up a very steep hill. We met our own teachers each morning at the village hall and walked up to the school in a huge crocodile. The local children's lessons were all in Welsh, which of course we couldn't understand, and the other surprise was that we did not have exercise books, but wrote on slates. We took it in turn to be slate monitors and wash the slates, and I also remember being milk-monitor when, just before the morning and afternoon playtimes, you went outside to get the milk-bottles and punched a hole in the milk bottle top with a skewer so that people could push their straws through. In the wintertime the frozen milk had to

be thawed out sometimes, and in summer the “top of the milk” would curdle in the heat; neither of these seemed to do us any harm.

My foster mum was really nice and looked after me very well. We never seemed to be short of food, and she also taught me to sew and to knit. I even learned to knit socks for myself and could turn a heel as well as do rope-stitch. I also helped her in her large garden where she grew lots of vegetables, digging for victory long before anyone thought of that slogan. We always went to church on a Sunday, and afterwards she made me sit down to write my weekly letter to Mum and Pop. There was another evacuee boy two doors away and if we were free on a weekend afternoon we would go fishing along the river where the outlet from the milk factory went into the river. This was an ideal fishing spot and we used to catch a lot of eels which we took home, often having enough to give some to neighbours.

After a year and a half at Pyle, I passed my eleven-plus and went up to Carmarthen, to join Stuart at Sir Roger Manwoods, which had been evacuated there. Looking back, it seems strange that, despite the war, we still went back to Deal stay with Mum and Pop during the school holidays. While I was at Pyle I would meet Stuart from the Carmarthen train at Bridgend, and thence travel to Deal via Paddington and Charing Cross. I still have no idea who paid for our train tickets, but there must have been some sort of governmental provision.

During my early weeks at Carmarthen, Mum was also evacuated with young Colin, and they lived in a small house – too small for Stuart and I to join her – on the way to school. We could then at least call in to see them which made life more bearable, as I was not happy in my first Carmarthen billet. Whether Mum had a hand in the matter or not I don't know, but shortly afterwards I went to stay with another lovely lady who lived a lot closer to the school. Her husband, whom I never met, was a pilot in the RAF, and she had a beautiful house in which I had the choice of two bedrooms, moving from one to another whenever I felt like it. She lived opposite an American air-base, and we went there for lunch every Sunday. It was heaven for me, because sweets were rationed, but when we went to lunch, and the Americans came back to our house afterwards they always brought with them a large bag of chewing gum and candies. When they came back to the house I was always sent to my room to do my homework, for some reason. Looking back, I think now that she was enjoying her war. She always had silk stockings and, somehow, plenty of petrol, even though it was rationed; she drove me to school every day in her sports car. To this day I still have the bottom half of a jam pot she gave me to keep pencils in, and when I turned it over recently I discovered that it is a piece of Clarice Cliff pottery; she was a noted ceramic artist, born and brought up in Burslem, who became chief designer for many important potteries.

Sir Roger Manwoods was a good school, and we each had a master who made sure that we were being properly looked after. Also the head maths teacher, whom we nicknamed Cappa Rock [why we called him after an islet in the Tuscan Archipelago is a mystery], was responsible for dishing out our weekly pocket money on a Friday afternoon. We were careful always to put away enough spare money to pay for our break-time currant buns the following week.

I still remember Victory in Europe Day, on May 8<sup>th</sup> 1945. On VE day we, along with all our neighbours, made flags out of any old rags we could find and strung them as bunting between the houses. On the actual day itself – a Tuesday – Pop and his friends carried our piano out into the street and he and Mum played it for a massive knees-up with lots of singing. We also did the same for Victory in Japan day, VJ Day, August 15<sup>th</sup> 1945.

**Editor's note:** In copying out Katherine's and Brian's reminiscences I have realised anew just how extraordinary the whole business of the evacuation was. When I think of the minefield of safeguarding, legal implications, *in loco parentis* rights and responsibilities and simple health and safety issues which appear not even to have been considered, let alone considered and dismissed, I marvel at how positive an experience evacuation seems to have been for so many young children. And who now would put a young Brian and Stuart on a train in Bridgend confident that they would negotiate a journey to Deal by themselves without mishap? It has been said that World War II was a period in which many people were more aware of their duties than they were of their rights, although that is a discussion for another time. What seems to be certain is that there were fewer fears for children's public safety at that time, though whether this was justified is also another matter.

### VE MEMORIES [III]

**John Pearce writes:** I have no memory at all of the war years, having been born in 1944, but I was one of the beneficiaries of its aftermath. The 1944 Education Act afforded my brother and me a good education by virtue of the abolition of fees at Darlington Grammar School, and its replacement by the eleven-plus scholarship system. Without the eleven-plus, my parents could not have afforded school fees, and in that case, David and I would not have been the first two people in our family to graduate from a university. Similarly, being raised during a time when the British public was obliged to eat a healthy diet, and later given access to the National Health Service, we reached adulthood without

mishap and with all our teeth intact. Many children of our age had fathers and mothers whose lives had undergone devastating changes during the war, and even those whose experiences did not appear on the surface to affect them must have had a great deal to live with, through and down.

One of my Sunday School teachers at Cockerton Methodist Church, Darlington, a gently spoken bank-clerk called Richard Armistead, had been a bomber-pilot, flying Lancasters in the famous Dam-Busters squadron. He served two tours of duty before being re-mustered as an instructor to see out the war in relative safety in Canada. In 1943 a tour of duty consisted of thirty operations, and each operation, for most of the war, had a five per cent casualty rate. Any pilot who, like Richard, survived two tours, was, at least statistically, dead three times over. No wonder we could never get him to talk about it, try as we might; God knows what horrors he had been obliged to witness and to assist in perpetrating.

Richard was one of those who came home, and who knows what adjustments he had to make, what nightmares haunted him, what obstacles normal life presented? Many of these questions are answered in an excellent book, *When Daddy Came Home – how family life changed forever in 1945*, by Barry Turner and Tony Rennell. Although the book is out of print, you can still buy it on Amazon, or from the Advanced Book Exchange. Let this extract round off this visit to 1945.

Margaret McLeod, of Milton Keynes, writes of her adjusting to the presence of a father in her life after four years of single-parent childhood:

*"I refused to acknowledge his existence. I would not be alone with him. I ignored him totally, even when he spoke to me. I replied through my mother or anyone else present, prefacing everything with "Tell that man...." I would not allow him to touch me. He was very patient and understanding, never pressuring me, but there were occasions when it was necessary for me to be helped. If he tried I would struggle to release myself, screaming, "Mummy, mummy, tell this man to put me down".*

*All this was very painful to him, he could never bear to talk about it, even many years later. It was my mother who filled in the details for me.*

*Fortunately, there was a happy ending. One morning, when I had slept late and my parents were at breakfast, I woke up and called out, "Daddy". Hearing me call, Mother stood up automatically, but was almost knocked over as my father bounded up, pushing her aside, saying joyfully "She called for me! she called for me!" He was accepted, and from that day we never looked back.*

It is twenty five years since I read that passage for the first time, and it has never failed to bring me to tears. Truly, men have bled where no wounds were.

**The Editor writes:** *We already knew, before the pandemic knocked us sideways, that we at Holy Saviours are blessed with three gifted clergy in Stephen, Malcolm and Joan, and the present restrictions on worship have tested their resourcefulness in ways they may never have anticipated. And I hope they will not find it embarrassing to have their ability, ingenuity and accomplishments in the last couple of months praised and appreciated publicly in these pages. Like many others, I approached online worship with some misgivings, not least because my own acquaintance with and experience of modern technology is patchy.*

*This latter I discovered a few weeks ago when recording Intercessions for Sunday worship. I did this using the camera in my laptop, and all was going well until Molly [Christopher's cat, who spends much of her life asleep in the warm spot above the washing machine with which I share my study] woke up, walked into shot behind me and yawned fiercely [everyone's a critic]. Take, through gritted teeth, two.*

*Glitches of this kind apart, I have found online worship unexpectedly engaging, if only because it feels more personal and hence more intimate. Equally, our clergy must have found it challenging to preach sermons, as it were, into a vacuum; all three of them in my experience see preaching as a two way process which recording on to video confiscates from them. That they have overcome these disadvantages is one of the reasons to be cheerful which we can find in the most unpromising circumstances. The sermon I print below is the one Malcolm preached for us on Palm Sunday, a copy of the script for which he was kind enough to send me. In its harking back to the tap-roots of our faith, and in its determined recognition of saving graces rescued from an appallingly difficult moment in our history, I think it is a kind of triumph. His text was Matthew's account of Christ's entry into Jerusalem on the first Palm Sunday.*

*"In these difficult times, I have been thinking, probably the same as most of you, about the past and the future. Most of us have a bit more time to think than perhaps we are used to. That is not to say that there is not still joy and peace to be found in the present, but we can't help our minds wandering, both backwards and forwards. This week, as we approached Palm Sunday, my thoughts returned to Palm Sunday last year.*

*I have mentioned before that as part of my training I spent ten days in the Holy Land in 2019, and this included both Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday. On Palm Sunday, we spent the morning in Jerusalem, in the old part of the city, and we visited the Dome of the Rock, the site of the Temple and the western wall. We also read the liturgy of the Passion. It was a fantastic morning, in fact a fantastic trip. What a joy to actually stand in the places that we first heard about in Sunday school, which for most of us was a long time ago, you almost feel that you have*

become part of the stories and events from the Bible. I would recommend a trip to the Holy Land to anyone; I personally found it to be life changing.

In the afternoon we were bussed from the wonderfully named “dung gate” in Jerusalem to Bethphage in preparation for the procession. I didn’t really know what to expect, although I had been warned that there would be large crowds. Thankfully I had a hat with me as it was very hot and sunny. After being dropped off by the bus, as close to the start of the procession as we could be, we still had about half a mile to walk. I was not prepared at all for the number of people and hence the size of the crowd. It was estimated at over 100,000 but there were probably many more. There was no crowd control whatsoever, no safety measures, no organisation, not at all as it would have been in this country.

We made our way to Jerusalem via the Mount of Olives in a huge rabble of a crowd, with bands and people singing and dancing as we went (I wasn’t dancing, but many were) and thankfully we all arrived safely. The sense of joy and celebration was incredible, truly celebrating Jesus’ triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Unbelievably, the only things missing were the donkey and colt. I couldn’t believe that they didn’t have a donkey.

Due to the difference in the calendar between the Western and Orthodox Churches, the Orthodox Church would mount an exactly similar procession again the following Sunday with similar numbers, while we celebrated Easter in the Anglican Cathedral in Jerusalem. Even after 2,000 years, the world’s Christian churches have not agreed dates for Christmas and Easter.

And, turning now to look forwards, we can see that our Easter celebrations this year are going to be somewhat subdued, but that doesn’t mean that we can’t think of the time when we will return to our church and resume our regular worship. Imagine the sense of joy and relief, the party atmosphere, being able to meet and greet one another properly again. This is something to look forward to and to cherish through these dark times. Perhaps we should have a triumphant procession to celebrate the resumption of worship at Holy Saviours.

So, I have looked back and looked forward but let us not forget the present. In the last couple of weeks, I have spoken to many of you on the telephone and I have been amazed by how cheerful you have all been, even though some have been through extremely difficult times. However, I have been lifted up and humbled by the love and compassion being shown and shared in our Parish, even between people who were until two weeks ago, complete strangers. We seem to have rediscovered those things that are truly important. I say rediscovered, because I think we knew all along what was truly important, the love we have for family, friends and our fellow human beings.



Although we are currently restricted as to how we can show this love, I don't think it has ever been more apparent, certainly in recent times. Your responses have warmed my heart in what could have been a dark and miserable time. Of course, we are by no means out of the woods, and things may get a lot worse before they improve but I genuinely believe that God's Holy Spirit is with us, perhaps even more than usual. There is kindness, love and bravery all around us, and although we can't celebrate Jesus' triumphant entry into Jerusalem as usual, I think we can celebrate God's Holy Spirit at work: in us, through us and all around us and I thank God for being with us through these difficult times. Amen".

### **BIBLICAL WORDS [I]: Noli me tangere**

*And welcome to a new series from **Clive Harper**, who will lead us through some of the more arcane areas of Biblical vocabulary.*

My grandson once said to me: 'Grandpa, if I pray to Jesus will he understand me?' We can understand where he was coming from; Jesus 2000 years ago lived in a Roman world where the language was Latin or Greek; and with his family and acquaintances the daily word would be Hebrew or, more commonly, Aramaic.

We note that above the Cross was written the phrase: 'Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews' shortened by us as INRI. But the sign was written in three languages: Hebrew, Latin and Greek; so my grandson had a point!

We have to believe that Jesus understands the language of the heart and all our pleas and intercessions, silent or overt, in whatever tongue, are laid at the throne of Grace where they are dealt with.

But for a few months I thought I would highlight some notable words spoken in the Bible: this month the words: 'Noli me tangere'.

The scene is the garden of the Resurrection and Mary has just realised that she is speaking to the Risen Christ whom she has mistaken for the Gardener. It seems she wanted to cling to Him but Jesus says: 'Noli me tangere'; do not hold on to me. He explains that He has not yet ascended into Heaven and it seems that he is gently teaching that 'the old order changeth' and things will no longer be the same.

Of course, I doubt He spoke in Latin, more likely Aramaic, but the phrase has become part of the scene in the Garden with resonances of the Garden of Eden itself.

**Clive Harper**

## STORE CUPBOARD COOKERY

Encouraged by the fact that no-one wrote in to tell me that they had made themselves ill making either of the two recipes in the April issue, I include two more this month. The curry recipe is one I heard years ago on *Woman's Hour* and it was contributed by the actress Meera Syal, whose mother cooked for an Indian family at a time when Asian spices were not readily available in the Midlands. This makes a fairly mild curry.

### Masoor Dhal

**To serve four people you need**

250 grams of red lentils  
2 tablespoons of cooking oil  
1 large onion, thinly sliced  
4 cloves of garlic, crushed  
6 cm of root ginger or 1 tsp ground ginger  
½ teaspoon chilli powder  
½ teaspoon ground coriander  
½ teaspoon ground turmeric  
1 teaspoon salt  
300g tin chopped tomatoes

#### **Method:**

- 1 In a sieve, rinse the lentils until the water runs clear, then drain and place in a deep lidded saucepan
- 2 Add 600ml of cold water, bring to the boil over a medium heat, then cover and simmer gently for 10 – 15 minutes, without stirring
- 3 Meanwhile, heat the oil in a large sauté pan and cook the onion until it is soft and beginning to brown
- 4 Add the garlic and ginger and stir fry for another four minutes
- 5 Add the chilli, coriander, turmeric and salt and stir well so that all the onion is coated in the spices
- 6 Add the tinned tomatoes, stir well in, heat and simmer for eight minutes, by which time the mixture will have darkened a little
- 7 Add the lentils using a slotted spoon to drain them, stir well in and then pour in any remaining cooking water to achieve a good consistency
- 8 Taste and adjust salt and chilli, and serve with your choice of chapattis, home-made yoghurt, garlic pickle or chutney, or boiled rice; if you prefer rice add a generous pinch of Pilau spices to the water along with the salt

# Chickpea Fritters and [optional] Courgette Salad

## To serve four people you need

400 gram tin of chickpeas  
2 large eggs  
3 tablespoonsful of milk  
4 tablespoonsful of plain flour  
1 generous teaspoon of baking powder  
A large bunch of salad onions or a large onion, chopped  
1 dessertspoonful of paprika  
3 tablespoonsful of sunflower oil  
2 courgettes, thinly sliced  
200 grams feta cheese, crumbled  
Mint –a bunch, or the dried/semi dried equivalent

## Method

- 1 Drain the chickpeas and blend half of them until they are smooth
- 2 Keeping the blender running, add the eggs and milk, and then sift in flour and the baking powder
- 3 Continue blending until you have a smooth, fairly thick batter
- 4 Tip into a bowl, fold in remaining chickpeas and half the chopped onion
- 5 Season with salt and pepper and add the paprika and mix well
- 6 Heat half the oil, fry the courgettes until they are golden, and transfer to a warmed oven when cooked
- 7 Heat the remainder of the oil to fry the fritters. Make each fritter from two tablespoons of the fritter mixture, and fry in batches. Make sure the oil is hot, and mould the dollops of fritter in to roughly oval shapes as they start to cook
- 8 Fry one side of the fritter until you see bubbles appear on the surface of the mixture, at which turn and fry the other side. When cooked, transfer to the oven with the courgettes
- 9 Take the courgettes from the oven and toss with the crumbled feta, mint, and the remaining half of the onion
- 10 Divide the courgettes between four plates and serve the fritters on top of them, with a swirl of yoghurt on each fritter if liked

*Note If you don't fancy the courgette salad or are looking for a quicker meal, then these fritters can be served with pre-washed salad, chips, baked beans, potato salad, cole slaw, bean salad or microwave rice [but probably not all at once].*

***And finally, take some time to try this Food Trivia Quiz.***

***Answers will be published in the MayParish News.***

- 1 How much peanut butter is required to be peanuts in the UK?
- 2 What was the first of H. J. Heinz's "57 Varieties"?
- 3 What elaborate confection was inspired by St Bride's Church in London?
- 4 Which fictional character said "Never eat more than you can lift"?
- 5 Which is the only American State to produce coffee?
- 6 Which are the two top-selling spices in the whole world?
- 7 What pudding's name translates as "burnt cream"?
- 8 What fruit is used in an upside-down cake?
- 9 What is the most widely eaten fish in the whole world?
- 10 How many quarts of milk are needed to make a pound of butter?
- 11 In winemaking, what is must?
- 12 Which was the first Pizza restaurant chain in America?
- 13 Which composer had a recipe for steak named after him?
- 14 Which fruit contains more protein than any other?
- 15 Which culinary fusion dish was first sold in London in about 1860?
- 16 When was the first Big Mac introduced?
- 17 What is measured on the Scoville scale?
- 18 What sticky sweetener is a traditional ointment for cuts and burns?
- 19 What are the two largest fruit crops in the world?
- 20 What is wine sold six months after the grape harvest called in Portugal?
- 21 What kind of fruit is a pearmain?
- 22 If you order the Five B's for dinner in New England, what do you eat?
- 23 Which fast food product was promoted with the slogan *Where's the beef?*
- 24 What percentage of pork must a British pork sausage contain?
- 25 Which opera singer gave her name to a pudding?

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**From the letter to all Parishes sent by Justin Welby and John Sentamu, March 17<sup>th</sup> 2020:**

*"As the challenge of the coronavirus grips the world, and as the Government asks every individual and every organisation to rethink its life, we are now asking the Church of England in all its parishes, chaplaincies and ministries to serve all people in a new way. Public worship will have to stop for a season; our churches will have to close. Our usual pattern of Sunday services and other mid-week gatherings must be put on hold. This does not mean that the Church has shut up shop – far from it." Holy Saviours will stream a weekly Sunday service on YouTube and the church's website – [www.holy.saviours.org.uk](http://www.holy.saviours.org.uk) – for further details telephone the Vicar or the Parish Administrator using the numbers below. Also see the Vicar's message on pages 6 – 8 of this issue. All the activities listed in the right-hand column of this page are currently suspended. For updates on these, please contact the individuals in charge using the contact details provided.*

**Vicar** Revd. Steve Dixon  
**Email** [vicar@holysaviours.org.uk](mailto:vicar@holysaviours.org.uk)  
**Telephone** 07729 393 580  
0191 697 4562

**Curate** Revd. Malcolm Raitlon  
**Email** [curate@holysaviours.co.uk](mailto:curate@holysaviours.co.uk)  
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**Parish Administrator** Stuart Crozier  
**Church Office** Tel. 0191 597 9815  
**Email** [office@holysaviours.org.uk](mailto:office@holysaviours.org.uk)  
**Church website:** [www.holysaviours.org.uk](http://www.holysaviours.org.uk)

**Churchwardens:**

**Janice Torpy**  
Tel: 07920 049 341

**David Bilton,**  
19 Ashleigh Grove  
Tel. 2580270

**PCC Vice Chairman:**  
Chris Benneworth

**PCC Treasurer:**  
Karen Bilton, 19 Ashleigh Grove  
Tel. 2580270 email: [kebilton58@gmail.com](mailto:kebilton58@gmail.com)

**Church Flowers:**  
Sheila Park, 15 Ashleigh Grove,  
Tel. 257 5481  
Barbara Walker, 2 Monkstone Crescent,  
Tel. 257 4159

**Activities**

**Mothers' Union**

1<sup>st</sup> Monday 2.00pm Parish Centre  
3<sup>rd</sup> Thursday 2.00pm Parish Centre  
Cathy Duff Tel 0191 257 4811

**W3 – Women's Group**

1<sup>st</sup> Wednesday 7.30pm Parish Centre  
Debbie Baird Tel. 296 1663

**Rainbows**

Lucy Skillen Tel. 07891101262

**Brownies**

Pat Corbett Tel. 0191 2800510

**Guides**

Grace Paul Tel. 07803371929

**Rangers**

Grace Paul Tel. 07803371929

**Beavers**

Gillian Smith Tel. 296 1426  
[tynemouthbeavers@gmail.com](mailto:tynemouthbeavers@gmail.com)

**Cub Scouts**

Fiona Lydall Tel 257 3047

**Scouts**

David Littlefield Tel. 257 8740

**Explorer Scouts**

Lucy Mace Tel. 258 5948

**Group Scout Leader**

Michael Dyer Tel. 2596236

**Asst. Group Leader**

David Littlefield Tel. 257 8740

**Scout Hut bookings:**

**Helen Preston Tel: 257 0574**

**Tynemouth Village Day Centre – Parish Hall**  
Tel. 259 5569

**Mother & Toddler Group – Parish Hall**  
Friday 9.30am

**ARTICLES FOR THE PARISH NEWS**

These should be submitted to the editor, **John Pearce**, at [JCPrintmail@gmx.co.uk](mailto:JCPrintmail@gmx.co.uk) – the deadline will be published each month. Post written contributions in the Parish News Mailbox outside the Parish Office or to 9 Selwyn Avenue, Monkseaton, NE25 9DH.

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