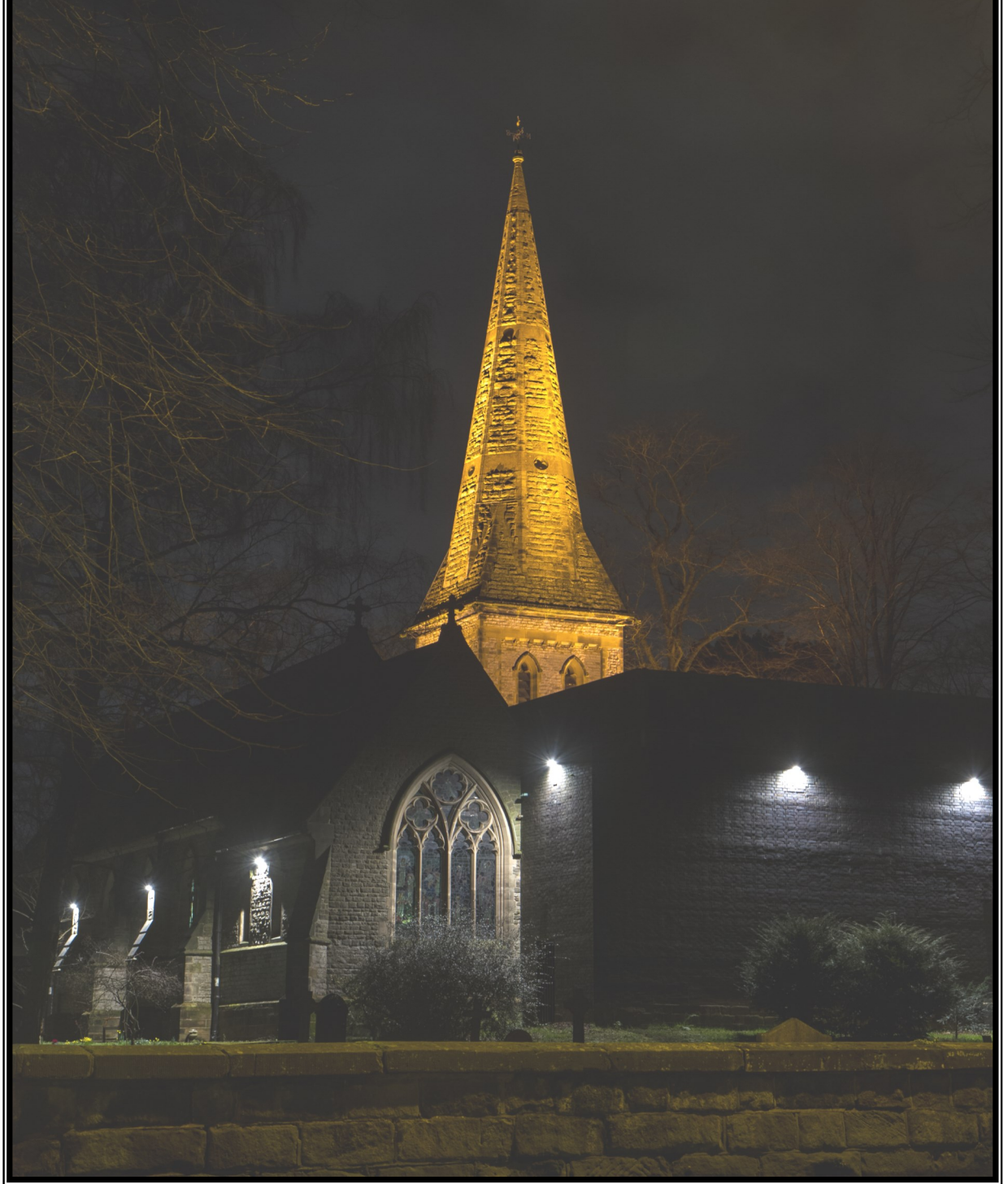
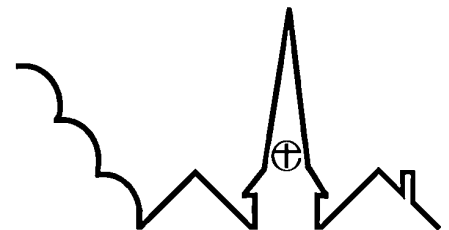


# Steeple & People



**October 2021**

**50p**



St Michael's Boldmere

## **Services**

### **OCTOBER 2021**

#### **3rd October**

10.00am Holy Communion  
6.00pm Reflective Service

#### **10th October**

10.00am Holy Communion  
6.00 pm Reflective Service

#### **17th October**

10.00am Holy Communion  
6.00 pm Breathe

#### **24th October**

10.00 am Holy Communion Everyone Together  
6.00 pm Reflective Service

#### **31st October**

10.00am Holy Communion Everyone Together  
6.00 pm Annual Memorial Service

Plus Night Prayer on Zoom at 8.00pm most Sundays

## A growth that is from God

We love to think that we are in control of our lives, that we are in a position to make the right decisions that lead to just the outcome that we are hoping for. We want things to be just how we like them; if we want something new then we will choose that thing, and if we want something to remain unchanged then we will make sure that nothing will be allowed to happen to it. We live under the illusion that we are in control and that, somehow, we can direct our own lives in accordance to our plans. Companies, churches, are encouraged to have five-year plans, a clear strategy of where they want to be in five years' time. To have a clear route map on how to get from here to there, and all the stops and steps on the way. It used to be a common question in job interviews, 'where do you see yourself in five years' time?'. What's astonishing, is that for some people it looks as though everything has worked out just how they want it. Why? Co-incidence? Good fortune? Privilege?



One of the things that the experience of the last eighteen months has shown us is that plans can fall apart, just like that. The carpet can be pulled from right underneath our feet. It has shown that while you laid out plans for your life in February 2020, so much of those plans will have had to be changed, altered, dispensed with in the following months. It's been exhausting. We love to be in control, and Covid demonstrated that we are not in control, that life is fragile, unpredictable. We were desperate for government plans to see us through and out of the crisis. We wanted order to be re-established to the emerging chaos and uncertainty. We got frustrated, critical, cross when there seemed to be no cohesive plan of action, when mistakes were made, when officials let us down by their poor example of behaviour, when we were doing our level best to conform and behave appropriately in the crisis.

Now we look for some certainty in coming to terms with living with covid as part of our daily lives. We so desperately want some semblance of 'normality' and it is not forthcoming.

We live under the threat of a surge in numbers, of becoming ill ourselves, knowing that all the time we are the vulnerable, fragile human beings that we are, and that we live with fear, and anxiety all the time. Our outward vesture, just a sham to offer to the world as we hope for a life that has some structure, and rhythm to it, something that we can call 'normal'.

If we are a person of faith, we hope for some consistency in God. A God who will make everything alright again, a God who will fix it, a God who will sort things out for us. And sometimes it feels as though God does that, and other times we wonder if God has fallen asleep. A medieval chronicler called the time of Civil War between Stephen and Maud a time of anarchy, a time when Christ and his saints slept. Maybe that's how we think about God at the moment. But God never does what we tell God to do, Jesus very rarely did what people told him to do. It doesn't work like that. God is not Mr Fix-it who we can ring up when we choose to do so when we are in need of a solution. Our relationship with God is mysteriously much deeper than that, more profound, more unfathomable. For me, that's OK. I don't want to believe in a God who just does what I tell God to do. So this comes down to a greater trust than we think we are able to have. This is good. This is when the unmeasurable love and grace of God kicks in. This is when the dynamic mercy and forgiveness of God kicks in. This is when we discover that God is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow – a consistency that can be beyond our imagination. A God that is not made in our image, but a God who has created us in God's image.

With all this in mind as we move forward together into whatever life holds for the church in the weeks and months ahead my verse for the autumn is from Colossians 2.19. This verse says that the body of Christ, of which we are the ligaments and sinews, will grow with a growth that is from God. A growth that is from God. That is all we can hope for, and that will suffice. We just need to trust it and believe it for ourselves and for the church.

Rev'd Gary Birchall



## October Prayer Page

### Harvest.



"Thanks to our mother, the earth,  
which sustains us;

Thanks to the rivers and streams and their water;  
Thanks to the corn and the grain fields that feed us;  
Thanks to the herbs which protect us from illness;  
Thanks to the wind and the rain for their cleansing;  
Thanks to the bushes and trees and their fruiting;  
Thanks to the moon and the stars in the darkness;  
Thanks to the sun and his eye that looks earthward;  
Thank the Great Spirit for all of his goodness."

*Adapted from an Iroquois Indian address of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit.*



Fair waved the golden corn  
In Canaan's pleasant land,  
When full of joy, some shining morn  
Went forth the reaper-band.

To God so good and great  
Their cheerful thanks they pour;  
Then carry to his Temple-gate  
The choicest of their store.

In wisdom let us grow,  
As years and strength are given,  
That we may serve thy Church below  
And join thy saints in heaven.

*J.H. Gurney.*

When we think of harvest, it is so much more than crops and fruit – it is a harvest of everything, including our talents. We need to say thank you to God for all he has given us, especially in this year where there have been so many natural disasters. To give ourselves as offering to God as we prepare for our harvest to Him next year. Praying that God will show us the way he wants us to grow.



Sing to the Lord of harvest,  
Sing songs of love and praise;  
With joyful hearts and voices  
Your alleluias raise.

By him the rolling seasons  
In fruitful order move;  
Sing to the Lord of harvest,  
A joyous song of love.

*J.S.B. Monsell (1811-75)*



Let the joy of harvest shine in our lives and service to God - sharing our bounty with others.

Father in heaven,  
All good gifts come from you.  
You send the sunshine and the rain,  
and it is through your love and care that we can enjoy harvest time.  
Thank you for providing so richly for our needs  
and help us share the good things we have with those who have little or nothing.



We pray for your blessing on every kind of harvest that we enjoy.  
Thank you for the harvest of the land and sea.  
Bless too the harvest of the factory, mine and workshop.  
Bless the harvest of research and of creative art.  
May we work together with you in every area of life  
To produce what is worthwhile, good and fruitful.  
May you be glorified in it all.

*Mary Batchelor*





Let us be mindful that although we have plenty – there are lots of people with very little. Let our hearts be moved with love and compassion in their time of need.

Thank you for your untold blessings and let us be willing to share these blessings with others.

Written and compiled by Margaret Wilkinson and Elaine Riley.



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## Signs of autumn

The countryside and our gardens demonstrate the changing of the seasons now and for those of us who have tentatively dipped our toes into the joy of seeing places beyond our own locality, there has been lots to enjoy.

We have recently returned from a few days in Yorkshire, where we visited a garden I have wanted to see for some time. York Gate is a Grade 11 listed National heritage garden in Adel, north of Leeds. It is designed as a series of rooms which are linked to each other by 'views' from one point to another. The one acre garden was laid out by Frederick and Sybil Spencer with their son Robin in the years between 1951 and 1994, the detail owing much to the Arts and Crafts movement. Fred died suddenly in 1963, followed by their son in 1981. The garden was lovingly cherished by Sybil, who over the next 12 years added to the already extensive plant collection with her skill as a designer and plantswoman.



It is a beautiful, peaceful garden, full of wonderful plants. Each 'room' demonstrates a slightly different theme or colour with sculptures or topiary which focus the view and the eye. Although not huge, you could walk



round a number of times to see the rooms from different angles. The garden is now maintained very effectively by Perennial, the only charity in the UK which looks after

people in horticulture and their families. Sybil's wishes, on her death in 1994, were that the garden was given to the charity and since that time has been developed in sympathy with the Spencer's design.



The most recent addition is a sunken Mediterranean garden which will be really interesting and attractive as it becomes established.

This is a garden, like most good gardens, that needs to be seen in all the seasons, as I imagine parts like the Japanese area, would look magical with a covering of frost or snow. If you like gardens and are in that area, this is a garden that is worth spending most of a day in. There is a nice little nursery with plants from the garden, very well-informed volunteers and helpful gardeners and a lovely tea room and CAKE. Always a good sign!

Whilst in the area, we visited Shibden Hall near Halifax. This was the home of Anne Lister (1791-1841) who eventually owned and managed the estate. Anne kept extensive diaries of her life, amounting to 5 million



words, from 1806 until her death. All these survive along with hundreds of letters, account books and numerous papers which reveal the life of a fascinating woman of the early 19<sup>th</sup> century. She was not famous in her own time but the diaries show her to have

been a scholar, traveller, business woman and property owner. She was also a member of the Halifax Literary and Philosophical Society. They also reveal that the way she dressed and conducted herself and her relationships demonstrated that she did not keep to the norms of those times and resulted in her nickname Gentleman Jack. The diaries were published in 1988, followed by other publications, since when she has become a woman of interest. This interest has increased since the showing of the TV series Gentleman Jack. This was a really interesting visit; not so good on the plants, but fascinating in its history.



The plants I have enjoyed recently in my garden have been the agapanthus. I have been building up my selection and they have shown well in the garden this year.

They do tend to take over as they have roots which are solid, long and thick but the floret heads of dark and pale blue, lavender and white make up for that. And, the bees love them too. My aim in gardening, apart from having the joy of these beautiful flowers, is to make a place that is loved by bees, wasps, hoverflies and all insects. I hope I am beginning to achieve that. There is nothing better to me than listening to the hum of the insects, particularly the bees, busy in their work.



On a different note, I'm sure many will have noticed and enjoyed the beautiful display of wildflowers at Banners Gate, near Tudor Hill, near the Parson and Clerk and on the Tamworth Road going out of Sutton. Rob Pocock tells me that this is a

joint initiative between Birmingham City Council and Sutton Town Council. Certainly a step in the right direction for bio-diversity and our local environment which I hope we can see more of in the future and all enjoy.

Angela Grudzinski

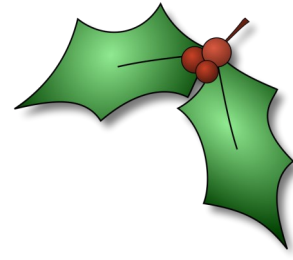
## **PAWS FOR THOUGHT**

Who is Pete?

And why do we keep doing things for  
his sake?



Dear People of St Michael's,



We are hoping to have a Christmas market on Saturday 4<sup>th</sup> December about 3.30 – 7.00.

It will be on a smaller scale, a different style, partly inside and partly outside at the church.

Stalls so far will include:

Our St Michael's crafters

Toys

St Michael's pictures / photographs.

Inspired Christmas gifts

Hopefully cakes

Simple food and hot drinks.

Mulled wine & mince pies.

Woodwork crafts.

A visit from 'Uncle Holly'

Plus any ideas from you all.

Communal carol singing will also feature.

If you have any helpful suggestions please do get in touch.

Many thanks.

**Responses to me please: Jan Peel text, email or phone 07929 971 820**

## **Ascension to Pentecost Retreat at Home, part 3.**

**Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> May: Gary Connell**

**Acts – Commissioning.**



I remember sitting nervously in front of my school careers officer waiting his verdict on the possible avenues open to me. It was quite a strange feeling to have someone tell me about my character and academic abilities.

As a teenage boy reflection and deeper soul searching weren't top of my agenda, if indeed they were even on my agenda at all. Like most teenagers I went through life rolling and ducking the punches life threw at me; self-gratification and living for the day trumped working to a planned structure of self-development.

So, it came as a bit of a shock to hear the limitations of career put to me. I have to say that I resented the proposed imposition placed against me, surely, I was better than that. Over the next six months I dedicated all my efforts towards my forthcoming exams and achieved much higher grades than expected from my teachers.

Sometimes we need the reality of our own situations and lifestyle to be outed by others. We need the shock of honesty to break down the walls of selfishness and indifference built up over the years. Just like modern day computers, tablets and mobile phones we too require the occasional reboot to clean out the messy cookies in our lives and refocus.

We need others to point the way for us, to open our eyes and see the bigger picture, to release us from our own insecurities and the underestimation of our own abilities to what we can offer.

Paul and Barnabas are commissioned by the elders of the church, called out to become disciples of Christ. To step out of their secure comfort zone and enter into an unknown and maybe dangerous journey of travel and indeed of faith.



Most of us would recoil if approached this way. We'd find numerous excuses in not being able to comply with the request and do a swift u turn. Any excuse will do when we need a get out quick card.

Busy work and family lifestyles tend to take over our lives and maybe we struggle to accommodate much more into our days but if we really need to make time for ourselves we do, like going out for a meal or concert or sports event. For many of us the call to discipleship comes in smaller commissions and challenges than that which Paul and Barnabas were given, yet we still need to make the effort of stepping out of our comfort zones, of rearranging our life's itinerary and routines to allow God's work to be included.

We need to see our own discipleship not as an additional thing to be done on top of all the other busyness but as part of who we are, to release the love of Christ that abides within us.

Surely, we can do that for Christ who gave his life for each one of us.

Sometimes we can make the effort and change things for the better, like gaining higher grades through hard work and dedication. But God's calling, God's commissioning requires more than ourselves. It requires help in the form of the Holy Spirit to instigate, guide, lead and challenge us from our own selves into disciples abiding in Christ.

So, maybe our response when called by others should be to ask the Holy Spirit for guidance and put our faith in the Lord, that He knows us and knows what we can achieve, better than we do ourselves.

**Sunday 23rd May: Rob Rolfe**

**Pentecost Sunday: The coming of the Holy Spirit**



Pentecost – fifty days after the Feast of the Passover. In Jewish tradition the law of Moses was given on this day. For Christians this is the day on which the Holy Spirit came to, was given to, the disciples, the Eleven, and others.



The Spirit that Jesus himself had promised, the Spirit, the Advocate, the Comforter, the counsellor, the helper, the encourager. These are all acceptable translations of the Greek word used.

And the Holy Spirit came in a manner that seems remarkable to us, with a sound like the rush of a violent wind, and tongues of fire descending on each of the disciples. Of course, this was God, on Earth again, a phenomenon known as a theophany, and it is just like other theophany's, appearances of God on earth, throughout the Scriptures. In the second verse of the Bible, Genesis 1.2, darkness covered the face of the deep, and a wind from God swept over the face of the waters.

There'd been other prophecies, other promises, too. Matthew and Luke tell us that John the Baptist had predicted a baptism with the Holy Spirit and fire.

So, what had been promised, predicted, prophesied, had come to pass. And what an immediate outcome. The disciples started speaking other languages, as though they were themselves native speakers.

What's more, there were in Jerusalem people, both those born Jewish and those who had converted to Judaism, visitors from Rome, and that very long list of tribes, nations and races that we heard, from every nation under heaven. This was Jesus's promise yet again – a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of the people of Israel. And these first disciples were talking to them all about God's deeds of power. All were amazed and perplexed, not surprisingly, asking "What does this mean?"

Well, this event, this Pentecost happening, meant that the disciples suddenly acquired more understanding of the Good News, and the means to propagate the Good News. If you read on, by the end of that day, more than 3000 people had joined the first church. There was clarity. Jesus had gone into heaven, but the disciples carried on building the kingdom of God. Scripture had been fulfilled, once again. God's promises had been delivered.

I do wonder though, whether the very dramatic telling of the happenings on that day might give us, individually, an image, a feeling about the Holy Spirit which may actually confuse us, with having a fixed idea about rushing winds, and tongues of fire, and other things, which, I'd venture to suggest, most of us have never experienced. For God, the Holy Spirit, comes in many ways, many forms. For me, holding my firstborn daughter, newborn, while her mother was still unconscious from a general anaesthetic; or, suddenly weeping when singing; or standing on a mountaintop and then, praising God.

So, on this day, I invite you to reflect. When has the Holy Spirit come upon you? You would recognise the Spirit, the Comforter, the further manifestation of the Good News. And to tell that Good News, that's a duty for all Christians. We may not be as dramatic as the first disciples, but disciples we are.

Compiled by Elaine Riley.



Our Monday Pilgrim group met on Monday 23rd August and hosted kindly by Pat and Celia Tennant, in beautiful sunshine, we enjoyed a bring and share lunch that was a real treat.

Since we have been allowed to meet outside, we have been fortunate to find a sheltered spot on the Bishop Vesey roof garden. Enjoying fellowship and good coffee while studying the different ways the Holy Spirit works in our lives.

Elaine Riley

## **Lord of All Hopefulness**

Lord of all hopefulness,  
Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever child-like,  
No cares could destroy,  
Be there at our waking,  
And give us, we pray,  
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord,  
At the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
Whose strong hands were skilled  
At the plane and the lathe,  
Be there at our labours,  
And give us, we pray,  
Your strength in our hearts, Lord,  
At the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
Your hands swift to welcome,  
Your arms to embrace,  
Be there at our homing,  
And give us, we pray,  
Your love in our hearts, Lord,  
At the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
Whose voice is contentment,  
Whose presence is balm,  
Be there at our sleeping,  
And give us, we pray,  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord,  
At the end of the day.

*Jan Struther*

## About the Author

Jan Struther was the pen name of Joyce Anstruther, later Joyce Maxtone Graham and finally Joyce Placzek (June 6, 1901 – July 20, 1953), an English writer remembered for her character Mrs. Miniver and a number of hymns, including "Lord of All Hopefulness".<sup>[1]</sup>



She was the daughter of Henry Torrens Anstruther and Eva Anstruther and spent her childhood in Whitchurch in Buckinghamshire, England.

In 1923 she married Anthony Maxtone Graham, a broker at Lloyd's of London, with whom she had three children. This marriage eventually failed, and she started an affair with Adolf Placzek, a Viennese art historian 12 years her junior. She married him as her second husband, 5 years before her death.

Her final years were marked by severe depression, leading to a five-month stay in a psychiatric hospital. Following a mastectomy for breast cancer, she died of cancer in New York in 1953 at the age of 52. Her ashes are buried beside her father in the family grave at St. John The Evangelist Church, in Whitchurch.

Jan Struther is the great-aunt of Ian Maxtone-Graham, former co-executive producer of *The Simpsons*.

Struther is the subject of a biography, *The Real Mrs. Miniver*, written by her granddaughter, Ysenda Maxtone Graham.<sup>[2][3]</sup>

As well as the creation of the character Mrs Miniver in a fortnightly column in *The Times*, she is remembered for her hymns for children, including "Lord of All Hopefulness", "When a Knight Won His Spurs" and "Daisies are Our Silver".<sup>[4]</sup> These resulted from an approach by Canon Percy Dearmer of Westminster Abbey, Words Editor of the enlarged edition of *Songs of Praise* published in 1931 by OUP.<sup>[5]</sup> She herself was an agnostic, although she did go to church.

*'Lord of All Hopefulness' was chosen by Angela Grudzinski as her favourite hymn.*

This year **NATIONAL POETRY DAY** falls on 7th October. Below is 'Love's Philosophy' written in 1819 by one of the Romantic Poets, Percy Bysshe Shelley 1792-1822.

The fountains mingle with the river  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mix forever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single,  
All things by a law divine  
In another's being mingle -  
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister-flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother:  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea -  
What is all this sweet work worth,  
If thou kiss not me?



## **PARISH REGISTERS**

### **Baptism**

Winter and Saxon Woodroffe	20 <sup>th</sup> June
Constance and Charles Bignell	20 <sup>th</sup> June
Emmy Norman	11 <sup>th</sup> July
Imogen and Nicholas Horne	18 <sup>th</sup> July
Huey Spencer Riggins	1 <sup>st</sup> August
Axel Downer	8 <sup>th</sup> August
Skye O'Shea	15 <sup>th</sup> August
Finley Smith	22 <sup>nd</sup> August

### **Weddings**

Kate Glover and Robert Tucker	10 <sup>th</sup> July
Amelia Dunk and Anthony McGrath	10 <sup>th</sup> July
Jordanna Emms and Robert Hurley	31 <sup>st</sup> July
Sophie Harrison and James Calder	4 <sup>th</sup> September

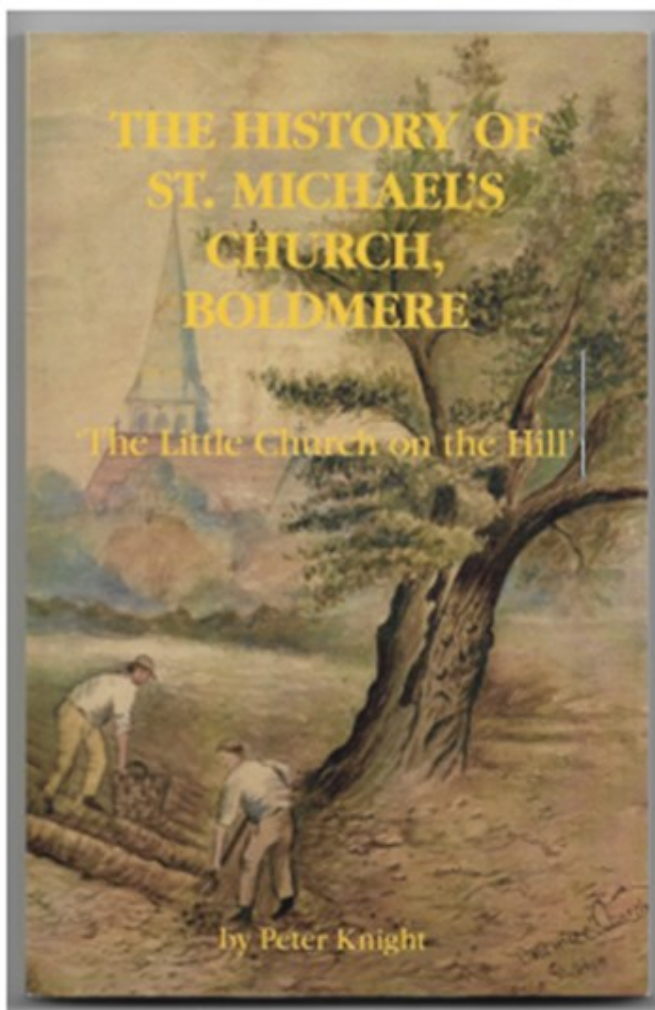
### **Burial in Churchyard**

Audrey Smith	16 <sup>th</sup> July
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### **Interment of Ashes**

David Roberts	23 <sup>rd</sup> February
Roy Deakin	20 <sup>th</sup> April
Elizabeth Griffiths	20 <sup>th</sup> April
Alan Blower	23 <sup>rd</sup> April
Carol and Don Foster	2 <sup>nd</sup> July
Alicia Partridge	28 <sup>th</sup> July
Roy Stewart	27 August
Beryl Stewart	27 August
Charlotte Westbury	27 August

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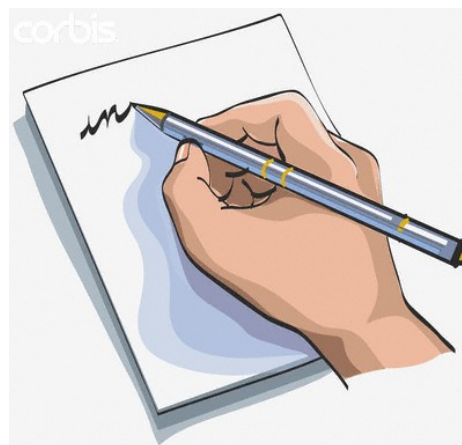
## READERS' LETTERS

*You can send letters to my email address:*

***jenningspenny@aol.com*** until I get a new  
*'magazine address'.*

*I look forward to hearing from you soon.*

*The Editor*



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## CHURCHYARD TALES

The Churchyard has been in the history of this Parish for over 160 years, and has become the final resting place to generations.

Here is one of its stories.....

**Herbert Edward BEACH (1863 – 1928)** – aged 65 years

**Amy Leah BEACH (1863 – 1942)** – aged 79 years

**Percy BEACH (1891 – 24)** – aged 27 years

**Amy Rose (Rosie) COBB (1888 – 1967)** – aged 79 years

The Beach family grave stands proud and is situated to the right of the first small island as you walk along the central path in the churchyard that runs from the west door to the groundsman's store.



The family had a long association with Sutton Coldfield. Herbert was mayor between 1925 and 1927 with wife Amy as his mayoress, and daughter Rosie was mayoress in her own right following her marriage to Walter Cobb and his election as mayor between 1940 and 1942.

**Herbert Beach** was born in Birmingham in 1863, the son of John (a brass founder) and Sarah, and was the eldest of their 5 children.

Following Herbert's birth in 1863 came Charlotte (b: 1865), Esther (b: 1867), Elizabeth (b: 1869) and Thomas (b: 1891). The family by 1871 were living in housing at the back of Constitution Hill, Birmingham close to the Brass foundry located there.



By 1881, the family had moved to 12 Summer Row, Handsworth.

Herbert (now 27) had become a chain maker.

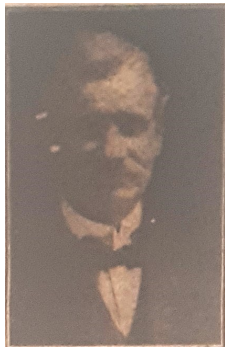
**Amy Leah Marshall** was born in Birmingham in 1863 the daughter of Joseph (a spoon and fork filer) and Charlotte and was the fourth of their six children. Charlotte (b: 1855), Joseph (b: 1857), Lavinia (b: 1859), Alfred (b: 1865) and Florence (b: 1869). By 1871 the family lived on Park Road, Birmingham.

In 1881 the family are recorded as living at 192 Wattville Street Handsworth, the home of sister Lavinia, her husband Thomas and their children Leah and Thomas. Amy was at that time working in the jewellery manufacturing business.

By 1885 Herbert had met Amy and they married in Aston in the autumn of 1885.

Herbert's father John had begun his own brass foundry and within a few years Herbert himself became a Director. They became partners and the company was re-named as **H & J Beach, Brass Founders, Britannia Works, Hospital Street, Birmingham** and by the early 1900's employed 12 men and 1 woman.

The company predominantly produced nickel anodes, used in the production of electroplated goods, a trade which was extremely popular at the time and in particular with businesses based in the Birmingham Jewellery Quarter.



*What is a nickel anode?*

*Nickel anodes are used in one type of the nickel-plating process called electroplating. These anodes are usually pure moulded metal in the shape of a pellet or small coin-like disk. ... When plating an object with nickel, the nickel anode gets used up as the plating moves onto the base material.*



The craze for electro-plating and the use of nickel anodes in the production process was to flourish during the late 18<sup>th</sup> and early 19<sup>th</sup> centuries with the need for the prosperous to show their wealth in opulent ways and with the expansion of the British Empire this was to spread across the world.



By 1891 Herbert and Amy were recorded as living at 83 Clifton Road, Aston



Clifton Rd Aston

The family had grown to now include daughter **Amy Rose** (known as **Rosie**) who had been born in 1888 and then in 1891 by son **Percy**. The family were soon on the move again. They re-located to Boldmere and lived at Elmwood, 87 Jockey Road, from where Herbert began an active role in the public life of the town. By 1911 they had moved again; this time to Ferndale also on Jockey Road.

The summer of 1913 saw happy times for the Beach family as it was during the summer of that year that daughter Rosie married Walter Cobb.

At the commencement of war in 1914 Herbert's company returned to general casting and the production of gun metal which was used to make all types of weapons. This was Herbert's way of helping the war effort.

By 1916 having become involved in local matters, he was elected to the town council and became representative of the Boldmere Ward, a position he would hold for many years.

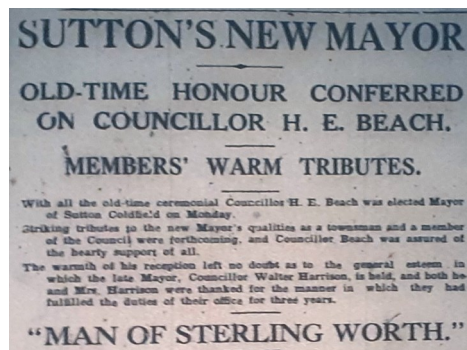
In 1924 tragedy struck the Beach family. **Percy** now 33 had become works superintendent at the family business. He was a keen motor cyclist and on the afternoon of Friday 4<sup>th</sup> January 1924 was travelling along the Aldridge Road in Perry Barr on his motor cycle when he was involved in a collision with a Midland Red omnibus travelling in the opposite direction from Sutton Coldfield. (below Aldridge Road in the 1920s)



On the day in question the area was covered with a thick fog. Witnesses suggested that Percy on his motor bike had just overtaken a horse drawn lorry and had intended to return to the correct side of the road and was involved in the crash with the oncoming vehicle. The bus was travelling at about 12 miles an hour but the collision caused Percy to become trapped under the omnibus.

Members of the public tried in vain to free him from the wreckage but without success. Percy was conveyed to the General Hospital but due to his injuries they were unable to save his life. Following an inquest Percy was buried in St Michael's churchyard.

Some happiness returned to the Beach family when in 1925 Herbert was elected mayor of Sutton Coldfield with wife Amy as his mayoress. Herbert held the position of mayor until 1927 when he became deputy mayor.



Herbert and Amy moved once again. This time to Dera Dhoon, a house on newly built Goldeslie Road, Sutton Coldfield. Herbert was not only a businessman and mayor but was a Justice of the Peace, and an active Freemason. He was a member of Streetly Golf Club and was president of the club in 1928.



It was here on Saturday 17<sup>th</sup> March 1928 that while playing golf Herbert suffered a heart attack and died. He was 65. Following his funeral at St Michael's Church he was buried with his son. He left £8,150 in his will (£525,000 today) to wife Amy.

**Amy** continued to live in Boldmere for a time but later moved to 5 Stainsby Road, Heanor, Derbyshire and died there on 9<sup>th</sup> March 1957 aged 85. She was also buried in the family grave at St Michaels.

Herbert and Amy's daughter **Amy Rose (Rosie)**, had married Walter Cobb in 1913. Walter would also later enter local politics and in 1940 was himself elected mayor of Sutton Coldfield with Rosie as his mayoress. Walter held the post until 1942. He died in 1952 and Walter Cobb Drive (off Highbridge Road) was named in his memory in the early 1960's . The family had lived at 77 Highbridge Road for many years but Rosie later moved to 39 Barnard Road where she died on 28<sup>th</sup> April 1967.

*Peter Knight*

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# Groups & Organisations

## MONDAY

Cubs	6.45	Scout HQ
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## WEDNESDAY

Luncheon Club	12.30pm	Church Hall
Contact	Ruth Yates	354 4248
Rainbows	5.00 – 6.00	Church Hall
Brownies	6.15 – 7.30	Church Hall
Contact	Liz Claybrook	07906 958532
Email	veseydc@yahoo.com	
Guides	7.00 - 8.30	Church Hall
Contact	Hayley Bryer	07876 361952
Email	hayleydench@hotmail.co.uk	
Bellringers	7.45	Church Tower
Contact	Dave Reeves	354 6264
The Guild	See 'What's On' Page	
Contact	Angela Grudzinski – Chair	373 1899

## THURSDAY

Little Lights	9.45	South Aisle
Knit & Natter	2.00—4.00	Church Hall
Contact	Ruth Murray	608 3599
Scouts	7.30	Scout HQ

## FRIDAY

Flower Guild	Friday Mornings	Church
Contact	Chris Reeves	354 6264
Beavers	6.15	Scout HQ
For Beavers, Cubs and Scouts		
Contact	Bob Moore	07930 543747
Email	moorera@blueyonder.co.uk	

Visit our website at [www.stmichaels.org.uk](http://www.stmichaels.org.uk)

# Church Hall Lettings

For bookings ring:

Church Administrator 0121 373 0207



Tailing Off....

We have a slimmer magazine this month so please send me all your news and articles for the next one.

Have you visited any interesting churches or stately homes?  
Have you been somewhere unusual for your holidays?  
Could you send me the title of your favourite hymn? I'll do the research on it.  
Do you have a favourite poem?

There's lots of things you could send in, even if it's just an idea and we'll take it from there.

Hoping to hear from you soon,  
The Editor

Magazine articles please for the  
**NOVEMBER**

magazine to:

[jenningspenny@aol.com](mailto:jenningspenny@aol.com)

**By 10th October 2021**

## WHO'S WHO AT ST MICHAEL'S

<b>Vicar:</b> Rev. Gary Birchall  Tel: 354 4501 Email: garybirchall1@gmail.com (off Tuesdays)	209 Station Road Sutton Coldfield B73 5EL
<b>Curate: Simon Cocks</b>  Email: simon@wildgoose.me.uk	<b>Readers:</b> Elaine Riley                      Tel: 354 4157 Gary Connell                      07963 510623
<b>Churchwardens:</b>  Pete Swaine Tel: 07846 401334 Email: peter@swaine.plus.com	Debbie Tye 07729923723 the_tye_family@yahoo.co.uk
<b>Lay Pastoral Ministers:</b>  Val Bryon                      07886 397945 Liz Carr                      354 3769 Kevin Hunt                      313 2376 Margaret Smoldon                      355 4226 Trudy Walsh                      355 4128	Peter Edmonds                      354 3200 Lin Benson                      373 1227 Edwina Connell                      354 9061 Fran Lumley                      354 5490 Mick Walsh                      355 4128 Helen Menniss                      07814 911129
<b>Stewardship Secretary</b> Edwina Connell	Tel:      07717 239904 Email: edwinaconnell@yahoo.co.uk
<b>Church Administrator</b>  Liz Claybrook Tel: 373 0207 Email: stmichaelschurch- boldmere@gmail.com,  Mon & Fri 9.30-2.30pm	Church Office St Michael's Church Church Road, Boldmere Sutton Coldfield B73 5RX

# St Martin's Nursing Home



St Martin's is a family run nursing home managed by brother and sister David Underhill (Home Manager) and Lorraine Holt (Nurse Manager). We provide modern facilities for twenty four residents in a comfortable and caring environment. Our small size means individual attention and a homely atmosphere.

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We offer a range of enjoyable activities to stimulate cognitive awareness. This includes animal visits, music recitals, puzzles, outings, hobbies and visiting entertainers.

Our professional training is rigorous and our C.Q.C. rating is good. We welcome enquiries and visits should you seek quality nursing care with family values.

51 Vesey Road Sutton Coldfield West Midlands B73 5NR 0121 321 1789  
email [enquiries@st.martins-nursinghome.co.uk](mailto:enquiries@st.martins-nursinghome.co.uk)  
[www.st.martins-nursinghome.co.uk](http://www.st.martins-nursinghome.co.uk)