

Keeping in Touch..... Number 10

Thank you again for keeping the articles coming. It is much appreciated by us and by many other people

***Deadline each week is noon on a Wednesday—please send to c.a.curtis@ntlworld.com
If you are not nifty with a keyboard simply ring 01480 350787 and let Alan or Chris know what you want to say!***

How we settled at the Free Church—two more contributions.....

Anne and Geoff Strong

Geoff and I were married on 16th October 1965 at the Methodist Church St Ives. We had four children, Rachel, Julian, Adrian and Jason. Rachel, Julian and Adrian were all baptised at the Methodist Church.

I used to take all the children to the Free Church Women's Fellowship on a Wednesday afternoon run by Mrs Ballard. The children all enjoyed going to the Fellowship but were getting very tired of the Sunday School at the Methodist Church, so I had a word with Mrs Ballard which resulted in us changing to the Free Church. Everyone was very friendly and the children started to enjoy going to Sunday School. Jason was eventually baptised at the Free Church. We went to several Church Weekends firstly to Overstrand and then to Hengrave Hall. We always had the biggest bedroom being a family of six.

The fellowship and fun we all had on the church weekends was always good. **Anne**

And from Freda

I first started going to Church when I was 6 years old. I wanted to be a cadet in the Girls Life Brigade – I rose to the rank of corporal when I was 17. In those days the GLB had to be attached to a church so I went to Miller Memorial Methodist Church, Tottenham North London. I grew up through the church and in my teens became a Sunday School teacher. In those days there were morning and evening services, so on the days when it was Church Parade in the mornings, I went three times a day – I preferred going to the evening service normally – especially if I had been out with my friends on the Saturday night !! I am still in touch with my Captain (who is now 94) she actually lives in Watton in Norfolk, where Ruth Clarke lives.

In 1959 I had the opportunity of going to the Methodist Holiday House a beautiful old Victorian building (now a modern Conference Centre) in St. Ives (the other one !) Cornwall when I was 16. I went with my friend and her parents and had a brilliant time meeting like minded teenagers, it was here I truly found my faith – it really was like a light awakening me from within. It happened during our evening service and we were sitting on the stairs in the main hall, singing 'Guide me O Thou Great Jehovah' – this is still one of my most favourite hymns today. I came back home joined instruction classes and became a member of the Church in 1960. I was married at this Church in 1966 and moved away from London.

Unfortunately after I married we were living in a small village with only a very High Parish Church, and the nearest Methodist Church was over 8 miles away, although we did have Judith Christened there. When we moved to St. Ives I did try the Methodist church here, and Anne was christened there, but I never really settled. As the girls grew up we went to Thorndown Sunday School with Wayne Carlson leading us. Then Judith met a friend at school who went to The Free Church and so she went with her, then Anne went also. The friend of Judith was Samantha Ward and eventually Peter and I became friends with her parents Wendy and Peter Ward. It was during several afternoon cups of tea and in depth discussions, that Wendy encouraged me to try The Free Church. While I was thinking about it, they moved away, but I decided to attend one day and was made so welcome (especially by Frank Enfield – who was the father of Josie Viles) I was also greeted by Liz Denham who I knew as a teacher from Thorndown School. I felt as if I had come home at last. It just so happened that we as a family were going on holiday the next week, I said I would be back when the holiday was over. I did and that was in 1979. I became a member and eventually to my delight Peter joined me in 1982.

I feel truly blessed with all the friends I have made, past and present and who over the last few years have supported me. THANK YOU – Freda Barnard



Where were you born? Sent by Helen Ackroyd.

I was born, pre NHS, in the Bristol Maternity Hospital, unlike my brothers who were born at home.

I read a story in the English Heritage Magazine about David Rodger-Sharp who was born in 1984. His mother, very pregnant, was attending the Stonehenge Free Festival, and David was delivered among the stones by the medical officer on duty. In 2018, when renewing his passport, David asked for his place of birth to be changed from Salisbury to Stonehenge, so I imagine that he is the only person in the world with Stonehenge as their place of birth!

So where were you born? Any interesting places ?

Chris responds....

I have the honour of having been born in the same house as my mother.—that would be very unusual these days but not back then. Though apparently she was born upstairs and I was born downstairs to the accompaniment of people on the pavement saying “Has she had it yet?” This was in the tiny mill town of Langholm in the Scottish Borders. My granny and her late husband owned the house and as was common in those post-war years, newly married couples went to live with her parents. Many years later one of my extended Langholm family bought the house and so I have visited it often!

Eileen Forrest thought with the recent national interest in education that we might be interested in hearing about her first day at school.

September 1929

The Misses Smythe ran a small Infant School from their private house, which was about a mile from our home.

My mother took me on the little bus, which still had hard rubber tyres, as evidently pneumatic tyres had yet to reach our country bus company. She left me in the hallway with a few other children and a lady teacher.

I can remember a very large dining room table. We children, about seven of us, sat round this table. The lady said we were to call her Miss Hooton, and said that she would read out our names, and when we heard our own name we should say “present”.

The rest of the morning I awaited The Present but it never came!

The only other thing I remember involve two white saucers each containing what looked like sugar. These were pushed round from child to child and we were required to lick a finger and taste the contents of both saucers. Of course one was nice and the other not (sugar and salt).

I am still wondering what we were to learn from this, even after all these years, but whatever it was, it certainly made a lasting impression!

Let's hear some more early memories of school—or indeed any interesting tales of where you were born!

A cry from Brian! I have found these 12 weeks of lonely blank Sundays one of the most desperate experiences of my life and it is ongoing; it is not just the worship itself despite splendid efforts by Catherine and BBC radio and ITV, it is not coming together and sharing that I miss, not having such a long absence from it in my life, and very likely since my childhood radically changed in 1945. **Brian Lodde**

Lockdown Easing Wordsearch

E	S	G	V	D	S	E	R	T	E	M	O	W	T
C	I	L	N	A	P	C	G	R	R	G	G	D	O
S	G	O	S	E	A	P	K	S	D	A	S	M	G
L	N	V	O	K	N	N	E	V	Y	E	A	E	H
E	A	E	N	K	S	C	N	K	R	S	L	Y	S
G	G	S	E	C	T	S	S	E	M	N	D	S	T
D	E	T	W	L	D	A	C	S	K	E	M	S	A
N	E	O	A	W	M	O	W	A	T	E	P	N	Y
A	L	L	Y	E	V	W	T	C	L	R	N	W	A
H	E	A	C	E	C	F	A	N	A	C	F	O	L
E	C	A	R	E	H	R	E	O	N	S	T	V	E
Y	F	Y	T	T	A	S	E	E	D	S	E	H	R
O	E	O	L	C	L	O	C	K	D	O	W	N	T
E	W	A	S	H	H	A	N	D	S	O	W	H	W

- PPE
- SCREENS
- RECOVERY
- SIGNAGE
- LOCK DOWN
- FACE MASK
- TWO METRES
- HAND GEL
- ONE WAY
- STAY ALERT
- WASH HANDS
- GLOVES

Play this puzzle online at : <https://thewordsearch.com/puzzle/1244363/>

Thanks you Sally for this week's nd the solution to last week's

F	O	R	G	L	T	X	E	L	T	H	C	H	C	C	V	S	D	Q	W	
G	R	L	A	N	R	E	T	E	T	E	O	H	O	C	O	N	I	Z	O	G
G	T	E	W	S	I	X	X	Y	X	A	K	P	N	M	C	S	W	K	B	
Z	U	E	E	L	J	R	J	M	R	V	K	H	E	M	A	E	H	W	D	
X	R	Z	L	C	I	T	A	D	A	E	P	B	D	U	O	N	N	V	O	
M	T	M	I	V	H	U	L	H	U	N	W	C	R	N	W	E	Q	O	N	
Z	J	F	Z	O	C	U	W	W	S	P	H	D	K	I	I	G	F	L	E	
B	Y	U	Y	U	B	N	R	D	A	M	I	H	O	L	N	P	U	H		
D	O	M	T	O	D	S	R	C	P	K	R	R	M	N	E	I	D	W	Q	
H	Q	X	P	S	T	E	O	E	H	T	Z	T	F	W	O	P	F	U	G	
F	O	H	O	K	L	D	L	L	O	V	E	M	E	L	M	Y	D	I	N	
V	T	G	V	I	A	P	D	H	J	O	E	I	W	L	J	X	Y	X	P	
Y	Q	S	G	D	D	P	R	L	E	H	Q	G	I	L	B	G	C	I	V	
D	X	L	G	D	Z	L	T	A	Q	X	Y	Y	L	K	Q	I	H	O	U	
D	O	E	R	I	P	S	H	W	Y	B	W	Y	S	E	T	S	B	H	I	
N	J	N	B	V	E	S	T	R	Y	E	L	Q	P	N	R	K	A	T	S	
S	K	K	P	Z	U	R	N	F	H	O	B	X	B	O	H	O	Z	I	I	
F	V	K	R	Q	J	J	G	Q	H	L	E	D	W	N	M	P	Q	A	A	
J	Y	Q	X	F	C	N	P	D	P	F	A	M	P	G	B	E	K	F	M	
T	J	R	T	B	F	R	Y	Z	I	A	F	O	U	H	N	K	C	G	M	

RACIAL TENSIONS cc. Irene Carter

A black man's death,
A terrible crime
Played out on tele
Time after time.
Trust of police
Lost by the four,
Kneeling hate
Was what we saw.

Social media too
Played it's part.
Pricking and stirring
Strings on the heart.
Protest marches
Across the world,
Unmasked people,
Flags unfurled.

Pandemic caution
Some forgot,
Tempers rising,
Raging hot!
Some knelt silent
In respect,
Others rampaged
For effect.

Racial tension
Far and Wide,
I felt so sad
I must confide.
Vandalism's
Not the way,
Can't rewrite history
In a day!

Each person,
Doesn't matter who,
Deserves respect,
Equality too!
Education,
Tell the truth,
No cover ups
Or lies to youth.

If there are
Questions, Don't deny
The faults, the problems,
How and why?
Our past, we just
Can't rearrange,
From one man's death
Let peace bring change!

This sweet poem caught my attention on the radio. Thought it would be perfect for all those gardeners enjoying their red Gers! Liz Denham

Red Geraniums

Imagine that any mind ever thought a red geranium!
As if the redness of a red geranium could be anything
but a sensual experience
and as if sensual experience could take place
before there were any senses.
We know that even God could not imagine
the redness of a red geranium
nor the smell of mignonette
when geraniums were not, and mignonette neither.

And even when they were,
even God would have to have a nose
to smell at the mignonette.

You can't imagine the Holy Ghost sniffing
at cherry-pie heliotrope.

Or the Most High, during the coal age,
cudgelling his mighty brains
even if he had any brains: straining his mighty mind
to think, among the moss and mud of lizards
and mastodons

to think out, in the abstract,
when all was twilit green and muddy:

'Now there shall be tum-tiddly-um, and tum-tiddly-um,
hey presto! scarlet geranium!'

We know it couldn't be done.

But imagine, among the mud and mastodons

God sighing and yearning with tremendous

creative yearning, in that dark green mess

oh, for some other beauty, some other beauty

that blossomed at last, red geranium, and mignonette.

D.H. Lawrence (Mignonette - is small white flower)

Dismantled buildings—the answers



Globe Place (where the car park is now at the junctions of North/East / West streets) pictured during the floods . Char's Sunday School teacher, Miss Green, lived there.



In the top left you can see the old Gas Drum off London Road. The skater on the frozen field is Kathleen Harrison, older sister of Pip (see below). All the Harrison family (relations of Char) attended the Free Church.



Left is a photo of flooded Armes Corner , at the junction of London Rd and Hemingford Road. In the photo is Mr Covill, father of local dressmaker Nelly, and also Char's uncle, Pip Harrison. Pip was born in 1915 and died last year in Houghton.

Ed Note: as Head at Houghton in the 1990s I walked the children from RAF Wyton past Pip's house to catch the bus on The Green. He always had a cheery smile and greeting for us all.

Right: A shed on the Low Road to Fensatanton. Char says it seemed to take a lifetime to fall down. Here she and her sons are giving it a helping hand!



From the Archives—who and when?? Thanks to Mary Anthony.



Something Understood -

Divine Recognition - BBC Sounds

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/sounds/play/b0b6fb3k>

Nice relaxing radio programme

I would start 8 mins in as the beginning has sort of unnecessary background music.

You know all this , but its good to listen to when no church at the mo.

Lots of love

Char x

Walking the Quiet Streets of St Ives. From Pete Davies



Louise and I often like to go for a walk at weekends but when the restrictions were first introduced, we had to think again about where those walks would be. One of Louise's friends mentioned that she and her husband had set themselves the challenge of walking every street in St Ives...and so we decided to do the same. We thoroughly enjoyed it.

There was the planning beforehand to try and find the most economical route for getting in as many roads as possible with the minimum of backtracking and avoiding doing the same sections twice. Then there was the interest of visiting parts of St Ives which normally we'd

have no need go to. We were amazed just how many alleyways, lanes, cycle paths and footpaths there are. Streets which seems miles apart by car are right next door to each other by foot. We were also surprised by how many oases of green we found in amongst the housing.

Fortunately the St Ives Guide had arrived through our letterbox just before lockdown started and that included a map and a list of all the streets (of which there are around 300) and we were able to set our routes and mark off the places visited. I think it probably took us 12 or more walks to complete our challenge and at the end we had a sense of achievement in finishing, but also some disappointment that our St Ives safari had come to an end.



A familiar landmark above and one of the peaceful pools off the rather industrial Meadow Lane.

If ever you are thinking of a good reason for getting out for a walk (or 12) , we would thoroughly recommend doing the complete tour of St Ives.

A personal note from Chris and Alan. Many, but not all ,of you will know that Chris was recently diagnosed with breast cancer and had an operation last Friday. We have been both touched and humbled by the many loving thoughts and prayers that have been sent to us both before and since the op.

With much gratitude,

Chris and Alan

Peter Ball draws your attention to the URC Publication "New Reality Same Mission" which can be viewed from the URC Resources section of the church website.

www.stivesfreechurch.org