

St. George's
Jesmond



A worshipping community: inclusive, nurturing, engaged

THE LANCE

October 2025



www.stgeorgesjesmond.org.uk



In The Lance this month:

(ctrl-click to follow a link)

Editorial	2
Clergy Letter	4
Spotlight on Scripture	6
Memories of World War 2	9
Seeking a New Churchwarden	17
A Brilliant Scramble to get to a Roman Catholic Wedding in France	19
Caption Competition	21
Societies & Volunteering Fair, Newcastle University	22
Annual collection of new school uniform for Children North East and Christchurch Church of England School	23
Letters to the Editor	25
Church Book Group	28
Organ Restoration Project Lunchtime Recitals 2025	29
Next Year I Will Remember	30
Autumn News of Our Wildlife and Pollinator Patch	30
Health and Safety in the Belfry	31
THEOS	33
Rushbearing at Warcop, Westmorland - An Old Ecclesiastical Festival	34
Liturgical Calendar	37
Who is Who at St George's and how to contact them	38
The Back Page	40

Editorial

Fruitfulness is in the air

Our cover photo is of a teacher at Christchurch C of E School, Shieldfield, a school which we support, accepting a pile of new football boots for the boys and girls there. Boots were donated by congregation members, by a local company associated with the church and by Friday Café members who individually sponsored a pair. The chil-

dren now have football kit too, which will be used and passed down. This is in addition to the uniform donated for the annual Children North East summer campaign as well as sums of cash donated. We will remember Elizabeth Rhodes, who died in July and who was so passionate about this scheme, in the November Lance. An enthusiastic letter of thanks is printed here.

In this 80th anniversary year since the end of WW2, we include the childhood memories of a congregation member. Her family moved round the country during the war, experiencing both the unchanged, rural life of centuries and later, the busy, varied life of towns. Danger and fear were never very far away.

The Church is seeking a new churchwarden and a job description is set out. We have appeared at Freshers Week at Newcastle University.

Fruitfulness comes in many forms. While in 2023, the beloved Sycamore Gap tree was illegally felled, it now lives on in its 49, carefully nurtured, seedlings called 'Trees of Hope'. The number 49 was selected as representing each foot in height at the time of its felling. The National Trust have germinated seed from the tree and then invited organisations to apply to receive a seedling, when grown sufficiently. They received over 500 applications and looked for emotional connections to the tree, and projects that highlighted the importance of time spent in nature. In our area, a seedling is promised for Holly's Hope, in memory of Holly Newton and her connection with Hexham Abbey. This is a new and country-wide chapter in the Sycamore Gap story. And the old tree has sprouted again!

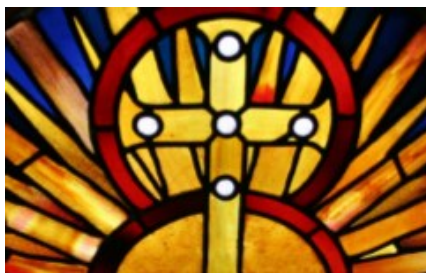
Margaret Vane

[return to contents](#)



Clergy Letter

I have been reading "The White Bonhoeffer" by Tim Judson. Dietrich Bonhoeffer was a theologian and pastor who was executed by the Nazis on 9 April 1945 for his part in the plot to assassinate Hitler. It has been a timely reminder to me to look for God not in the God of power or the God of religion but in the suffering Christ whom we encounter in our neighbour and especially in the neighbour who is different from us: this is an important reminder for those with a vision of St George's as an inclusive church. Jesmond is a mostly white and largely middle-class area and we are insulated from many of those who do not share these characteristics. It is easy for us to overlook their insights and their history.



I finished the book on 15 September. I expect that no one who reads this will appreciate the significance of that date. (Anyone who does will undoubtedly tell me!) If we lived in Birmingham, Alabama, this date would be burned into our consciousness. In 1963, the Ku Klux Klan planted a bomb in the 16th Street Baptist Church. It detonated, killing four of the black children in the Sunday School and injuring many others.

John Petts, a Welsh stained glass artist, was so moved that he offered to design a window to replace one that had been destroyed in the blast. Judson writes that the original design for the window "was stunning, with images of doves ascending and descending amid bright colours, with the Beatitudes embedded over a rainbow and a deep blue background, sparkling with tiny white crosses". Further reflection and contact with the church in Alabama led Petts to believe that this design was too "soft".

"Eventually one idea grew in strength", Petts wrote: "the figure of a negro, yet of Christ too, a suffering figure in a crucified gesture, with one hand flung wide in protest, the other in acceptance ... remembering the sight of a negro figure twisting under the assault of fire-hoses, his arms up-flung. The jets of water transfixing the figure became the bar of a Cross symbolising all violence: the street hoses of the South, the bullet-strams of Sharpville*, the arrow of the spear".

As the Reverend Arthur Price explains, the representation of Christ as a black man was controversial "for many people in the white community during that time, to say that Jesus Christ was black and of African descent would be blasphemous" "... the

major message that we try to take out of the window is not so much trying to identify Christ's colour, but knowing that Christ identifies with us, to the white community is that the Jesus you love identifies himself with the African American community, so you are really crucifying him again when you persecute someone who does not look like you". Patterned across the base of the design are Christ's words "You do it to Me", spelling out the Christian message of brotherly love.

Reflecting on this image while absorbing those words is a powerful way of engaging with the Christ who suffers today. What do I do? Who is the "Me"? Judson includes Bonhoeffer's poem "Christians and Heathens" in his book:

People go to God when they're in need,
plead for help, pray for blessing and bread,
for rescue from their sickness, guilt and death.
So do they all, all of them, Christians and heathens.

People go to God when God's in need,
find God poor, reviled, without shelter or bread,
see God devoured by sin, weakness and death.
Christians stand by God in God's own pain.

God goes to all people in their need,
fills body and soul with God's own bread,
goes of Christians and heathens to Calvary's death
and forgives them both.

Rev Bryan Vernon

Notes:

The National Library of Wales carries a more complete story of the bombing in Alabama on its website at:

<https://www.library.wales/discover-learn/digitalexhibitions/pictures/the-wales-window-in-birmingham-alabama>

* In 1960 at least 91 black people were killed and at least 238 injured in Sharpeville. Many were shot in the back as they were fleeing, when police opened fire on a group of black South Africans protesting against the pass laws.

Spotlight on Scripture



God called to him out of the bush, "Moses, Moses!" And Moses said, "Here I am". (Ex 3:4)

Then the Lord called, "Samuel, Samuel!" and Samuel said. "Here I am!" (1 Sam 3:4)

Then the Lord put out his hand and touched my mouth; and the Lord said to me, "Now I have put my words in your mouth". (Jer 1:9)

The Old Testament has a huge amount to teach us about vocation, discipleship and service. Time and time again God calls people and quite often those people argue with God saying they are not the person for the job, Moses for example said "O my Lord, please send someone else" (Ex 4:13). Which one of us has never felt this very human response to God asking us to do something difficult!

The prophet Jeremiah also argues with God, saying he doesn't feel good enough. Samuel struggles to hear the voice of the Lord, thinking it was Eli calling to him in the night. Eventually, Eli realised what was happening and tells Samuel that the Lord was calling him. As I said the most well-known passage is Moses, who argues with God, giving him multiple reasons why he couldn't do what the Lord was asking him. The Lord even sets alight a bush and tells Moses he is on holy ground, Moses still won't budge! Of course, eventually he takes on the huge task to lead God's people out of slavery.

As we know with all ministries, big or small we need God's help, we never minister alone. I should point out when I use the word ministry, I mean this in the broadest sense, as we all minister in our own ways, whether it is recognised by the church or not.

The narratives of the Old Testament express a very human response to being asked to do things that at first seem impossible, or that we don't feel equipped for. The scripture of the OT really gets to the heart of the human resistance to God and his work, and in particular, the overwhelming feeling that we cannot do it. The fact is we cannot do it alone.

Interestingly there are a few writers who take the view that the OT helps us in a very

different way to the Gospels and the stories of Jesus's ministry. We can be hasty to identify good leadership looking at Jesus, but because he was not fully human and he didn't sin, there is never this tussle with God. We are fallible, we feel difficulty, we often struggle with what we are being asked to do, whereas Jesus didn't feel this in the same way.

Ellen F. Davis wrote some interesting reflections on just this as she writes 'Jeremiah's ministry is a resource in a different way than is Jesus' own, for those who are still struggling with their resistance to God—we see a movement away from personal absorption and toward God, a movement that could rightly be termed *metanoia*, or in Hebrew, *teshuvah*, "turning"—that is, repentance'.

So, it's important for us to look, read and take a wider, more reflective, view of the OT. We will find many treasures that help us in our own journeys. As I reflect in the month I will be licenced to Lay 'Reader' Ministry, this is all very relevant to my own journey. It is particularly important to the past three years of learning, both academic and what the church likes to call 'formation'. In other words, by allowing the book learning to embed in the way I do ministry, and ensuring that I learn through experience and reflection, and am open to be formed into the person God is calling me to be.

I finish with the lovely prayer of St Teresa of Avila

Christ has no body now on earth but yours,
no hands but yours,
no feet but yours;
yours are the eyes through which to look at Christ's compassion to the world,
yours are the feet with which he is to go about doing good,
and yours are the hands, with which he is to bless us now.

Izzy McDonald-Booth

[return to contents](#)



W.S. HARRISON

SERVING THE COMMUNITY FOR GENERATIONS



Funeral Directors • Memorial Consultants

We're here for you anytime. Whatever your wishes or budget,
we can provide a funeral to suit you.

157 Salters Road, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne NE3 4HJ
0191 2858376 | newcastle@wsharrison.co.uk

wsharrison.co.uk

Memories of World War 2

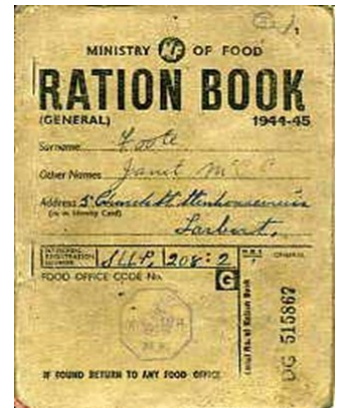
Introduction

From a young child growing old.

Those born in the mid-thirties faced a world of uncertainty, anxiety and the threat of war, a mere twenty years after "The war to end all wars". I arrived in 1936, a year of abdication and three kings: George V, Edward VIII and George VI, a greatly revered man whose severe stammer dogged his public life. I was the first child of Jane, a Truby King children's nurse, and Tom Crump who had served as an under-age volunteer with the 51st. Highland Division (Black Watch) in WW1. He was a cashier in the Durham City branch of the National Provincial Bank. Soon promoted, he and the family moved to Brighton on the south coast.



On September 1st 1938 my sister Margaret was born and a German nursemaid called Hannah was engaged to help. Exactly one year later, Hitler and his Nazi forces invaded Poland. Britain and France declared war. Hannah mysteriously disappeared, presumably to internment with her fellow aliens on the Isle of Man. Despite the apparent calm my parents habitually listened to the 6 o'clock news on the BBC Home Service. I sensed that things were very bad. Everyone had immediately been issued with a ration book, a gas mask and a personal identity card which had to be carried at all times.



Ration book

The flight north.

As Hitler neared the Channel coast, Dunkirk was evacuated at the end of May '40 and the sounds of war were clearly heard in Sussex. Bank staff were to remain, but their families had to leave as soon as possible. I have vivid memories of 6th. June '40. At first light, Jane, aged 27, prepared our little Austin 7 for the nearly 300 mile journey to Plawsworth, near Durham, where her mother (Ganna) lived. On the verge of departing, I spotted a huge crock which occupied most of the tiny boot and asked what was in it. "Pickled eggs" was the terse reply and off she set with only a WW1 compass and the position of the sun to guide her. All road signs



had been removed in an effort to confuse Hitler when he arrived. Our stay in Durham was brief as Ganna was caring for a relative who had tuberculosis and was waiting to be admitted to a sanitorium. After staying with a neighbour for a week we headed west over the hills to the Eden valley to our newly arranged home.

Sikeside

Our final destination was Sikeside, a family farm in the Eden valley, a mile north of the village of Soulby near Kirkby Stephen. The farm was run by the Bainbridge family, brothers Ted and Arthur, recently married to Madge and May respectively. As yet there were no off-

spring and they cared for their seemingly ancient mother "Ganny Bainbridge". We were warmly welcomed, given a large sitting room and the bedroom above in the south west corner of the typical four-square farmhouse. We joined the family for all meals in the huge kitchen. Jane shared the cooking with Madge, while May helped on the farm.

We had landed in a safe and breathtakingly beautiful haven untouched by war. It was a land of plenty. Cows provided warm milk straight into the jug, Madge made butter in the dairy. Meat was home reared and when required the appropriate animal was led to the butcher's little slaughterhouse opposite the Post Office in Soulby.

Ironically, Jane was given the job of managing the poultry, feeding the hens and collecting the eggs which supplied domestic needs mentioned. The hen-house involved crossing the Scandle Beck via huge stepping stones. Pickled eggs were never again mentioned.

Jane became an honorary member of Soulby Home Guard and served as their driver. A mock invasion of neighbouring Crosby Garret had been arranged. Both units were prepared. Jane loaded up a cattle truck: a flock of sheep on top, troops beneath. She bravely drove into the middle of Crosby off-loaded the men, disguised with sheep droppings and declared victory. Hitler hadn't a hope.

There was no indoor sanitation, no electricity and no mains water. A visit to the lavatory involved a trip through the orchard to a small stone building. Preparing the ornate lamps for night-time was a vital task requiring at least one for each room. The glass

was removed and cleaned, paraffin replaced and the wick trimmed. Jane made most of our outer garments under which we wore Chilprufe vests and Liberty bodices. These had suspenders attached to rubber buttons to hold up our knitted stockings.



Liberty bodice

Instead of shoes we wore clogs or boots, depending on the weather. Only once did the doctor have to be called. We had met before on visits to his surgery in Brough. I had developed "Yellow jaundice", potentially very dangerous. The G.P. Dr Bainbridge came, cross country, on horseback, gave wise advice and Jane happily nursed me back to health.

The only real reminder of war during our stay came from Warcop firing ranges situated on the lower slopes of Mickie Fell, north of the A66. It operates to this day.

In August the grain crops were gathered in. This was a very prickly business. After scything the corn was carefully lifted by hand and tied into sheaves with twine. Collected in twos with the grain uppermost these were arranged, 8 at a time, into little tents called stooks and orientated so that the prevailing wind blew straight through the interiors to speed the drying. Collection and storage mirrored hay-time rituals. Apart from cattle lowing, sheep baa-ing and birds calling (curlew, peewits and larks) we lived in a silent world. The travelling community thresher was the exception.

Tom managed to visit once, travelling by train to Tebay. London was badly hit by the Blitz but Brighton was no longer in such imminent danger. After nearly two years it was deemed to be time for our family to reunite in Hove.

Return to the South.

Hitler had changed tactics and had turned his attention to destroying London. The blitzkrieg had begun. It was with great joy that EJGN/1,/2,/3 and EJGN/4 (our identity numbers) were reunited, equipped with their gas masks and identity cards each to be carried at all times and the individual's number memorised. On the long journey to Hove we passed many enormous metal tanks with EWS written in big letters on their sides. They were used by our heroic firemen to refill their fire engines after dealing with incendiary bombs.

Brighton is 50 miles due south of London. Nazi bombers used the mainline railway as a guide to their fastest way out, straight over our new home, dumping any unused bombs on Hove. We were well-equipped for air raids: blackout for windows which were all criss-crossed with masking tape to prevent glass splintering during bomb blasts. Most important was a Morrison shelter which occupied most of the sitting room. The steel structure was the size of a large double bed whose sides, base and one end were filled with sturdy coarse metal mesh. This doubled as a daytime table and a bed for everyone including the cat. It seemed far safer than the outdoor Anderson shelter and cosier too.

Home Office
 NUMBER AJQR 200: - SURNAME SARGENT.
 CURRENT HOME ADDRESS 103 Beach Avenue, Brighton B2 1AA
 PREVIOUS HOME ADDRESS 32 Maple Avenue, Brighton B2 1AA
 DATE OF BIRTH 14 MAY 1901, ONLY
 CHANGES OF ADDRESS: The name must be notified to the Registrar General, to whom married must be notified.
 54 Diamond Road 104
 103 Beach Avenue 124A
 32 Maple Avenue 124A
 104
 NOTICE: The holder of this card must not allow it to be used as a means of identification for any other person. The card must be kept safe and not be used as a means of identification for any other person. The card must be kept safe and not be used as a means of identification for any other person. The card must be kept safe and not be used as a means of identification for any other person.

Identity card

We were close to East Hove Infants' School, a short but dangerous walk across the road bridge over the coastal railway. Sirens warned of impending air raids. An additional system of loud repeating pips was emitted by gadgets attached to every lamp post. These told of bomb laden planes overhead and ordered all to lie face-down in the gutter until the all-clear sounded.

Miss Burgoyne was my new teacher. Tom nick-named her "Miss Gumboil". Each day started with gas mask inspection and air raid practise. At the age of 7, my hope of joining the local Brownie pack was thwarted by a direct hit on the church hall where they met. I had over-crowded upper teeth with the canines sitting above the other teeth. The adjacent pre-molars had to be removed to allow the canines to assume their rightful positions. The operation took place at home on the dining room table. The teeth were removed by the dentist under general anaesthetic, ether dripped by the GP onto a gauze mask. A very risky undertaking. Oooh dear again.

1942 Move to Aldershot/Plawsworth

Tom was promoted to manage the Aldershot branch and its office in Camberley which served the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst. Known as the home of the British Army, there was a constant flow of troops and their leaders in and out of this garrison town. Civilian housing was scarce, so Ann and Meg were shipped north to live with Ganna and her son, Harry in the Durham area, who was now surgically

cured of his T.B. Tom and Jane moved into an hotel to begin the hunt for a house and to sort out schools.

Ganna was a significant member of this mining community, both as wife of the Kimblesworth colliery surveyor, and in her own right, as head of its school. Our new school, Nettlesworth Infants, involved crossing the A1 at the Red Lion pub and climbing the steep bank to the school.

Ganna was the Liz Rhodes of the area. She was a respected school teacher, choir mistress, gave wise advice on any and every problem, and knew everyone, so we did a lot of visiting.

A walk in the opposite direction took us over the hill from where we could see the 'Pensher' Monument. A private footpath past Plawsworth station was a short-cut to Plawsworth Hall, home of Ganna's friend, Lady Nicholson, whose husband owned the brewery in Sunderland. We used to sing and dance on our walks: 'Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag', 'There'll be Blue-birds over...', 'Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition' and 'Pass me a lucifer...' Best of all we had all manner of friends on the doorstep with whom we played outside all day long and waved cheerily at the Italian

P.O.Ws as they were transported from their prison camp to work on the surrounding farms. They appeared delighted to be here. Many decided to stay.



Italian POWs

Luckily, we were well, apart from coughs and colds treated with black currant tea - jam in hot water and by rubbing our chests with goose grease. Washing our hairy, home-made pyjamas never shifted the ghastly smell.

Family reunited – again.

As a last resort it was decided to move into temporary accommodation: a small flat,

next to and owned by the bank, over a shop. There the regimental tailor-made uniforms for senior officers of the British military. The shop window displayed myriad gold-braided caps, batons, buttons and badges, epaulettes and ceremonial swords.

D-Day

Pre-dawn, on June 4th. 1944, we were awakened by the continuous drone of aircraft flying low overhead. Sunrise revealed the sky to be full of RAF planes towing gliders carrying the huge allied landing force. THIS WAS D-DAY and we stood in our dressing gowns witnessing the launch of the allied airborne invasion of enemy-occupied France. As they approached the coast, the planes released the gliders, which silently carried thousands of young British and Canadian soldiers, into the field of battle.

New home

After the D-Day exodus, houses became available to rent. We moved into a spacious Edwardian semi-detached, 6-bedroom villa. The sizeable garden had a hen-house with a long chicken-run, a small pond and fruit trees. Tom busied himself acquiring 8 hens and a pair of ducks which ran free and wallowed in the pond. All were given names. Meg and I were again collecting eggs and those the little duck laid, were used for cooking. With livestock came rats. One day, Tom came home with a fluffy, black tom-kitten in his pocket. Peter was his name and he matured into an exterminator of all vermin. He was fed on the flesh from boiled fish heads.

Tom was a keen gardener. He acquired two allotments growing all our fruit and vegetables. The poultry was fed on 'crowdy' – potatoes, boiled, skin-on, mashed and with added nutrients. Jane's kitchen smelt ghastly. In the autumn we used to go gleaning, gathering grain which had escaped the harvester and fallen into the stubble. This was an ancient activity, memorably recorded by van Gogh. Our birds loved it.

ENSA entertains

ENSA was part of Naafi, created to provide entertainment for military personnel. Directly opposite our new home was a double fronted house where the singers, comedians, conjurers and serious musicians lived during their stay. Their famous names meant nothing to me at the time but Tommy Handley, Maskelyn and Devant and, Tommy Trinder and Vera Lynn were among them.

A child actor called Shani Wallis stayed with us while she played the part of Violet



Elizabeth Bott in a "Just William" play at the local theatre. She later starred as Nancy in the film Oliver. Her father was a grocer in the Tottenham Court Road. He very generously eked out our meagre rations.

Tommy Trinder

Protection against the German bombardment.

This was very scary. We had no formal air-raid shelter and had to make do with sitting on the steps of the mucky, cold, deep, dark coal cellar if the sirens sounded. I had visions of entombment should we suffer a direct hit. Aldershot was well protected by anti-aircraft weapons, search-lights and barrage balloons. Most enemy aircraft were heading straight to London. On clear, dark nights we could see the red glow in the sky as our capital city burned.

Worse was to come: Escalating weaponry.

In summer 1944 the first unmanned flying bombs were launched towards London. These rockets were known as "Buzz-bombs" because of their loud noise. When the noise stopped, they dropped from the sky exploded and demolished whatever they hit. Some fell short, near us but they rarely fell north of Bedford.

In autumn that year the more advanced V2 rocket was launched – silent, swift and deadly. Their lights, which were easily visible, went out and they fell without warning, often south of London. It was the world's first guided missile and the first artificial object to enter space. About 3,000 civilians



V2 rocket

were killed and 6,500 people injured in what turned out to be Hitler's last throw of the dice. He committed suicide at the end of April 1940 and Germany surrendered on May 8th 1945. The war in Europe had ended but Canadian troops rioted in Aldershot. Because there had been long delays in their being repatriated, they were fed up and caused great damage to the town centre. We had no opportunity for public celebration until Japan capitulated on August 15th 1945, V.J. Day, following the Atomic Bomb attack on Hiroshima. To this day we live in awe and fear of that all-powerful weapon.

Postscripts

These memories have haunted my long life. We always felt secure. Were I to remember only one thing, it would be the tears streaming down my young mother's face as she watched the gliders carrying those brave boys flying to their uncertain fate in the dim light of the D-Day dawn.

On reviewing this long-winded account three unrelated themes recur: Bombs, Eggs and September 1st.

Ann Brown

[return to contents](#)



KDIIP
kingswalk dental implant practice

Kingswalk dental implant practice

**Lesley K Cave,
BDS, DGD, RCS (Eng)
& Associates**

Teeth for Life

**Kingswalk Dental Practice
50 Leazes Park Road
Newcastle upon Tyne NE1 4PG**

**Telephone: 0191 2220725
www.kingswalkdental.co.uk**

BOLDON FARM- HOUSE PANTRY

Creative and imaginative catering, a truly personal service and team work is our recipe for success with all the practicalities taken care of! All our menus are freshly prepared and your food will either be delivered to the venue or prepared in situ. We will ensure your event is both memorable and enjoyable.

Find us at:
Westray, 26 Akenside Terrace,
Jesmond. Tel 281 6025
enquiries@boldonfarmhousepantry.co.uk

Seeking a New Churchwarden

St George's Church is a fantastic place to Worship and work together, we have vibrant teams of people offering many and varied ministries, and I have loved being here for the last 12 months. I am also looking forward to working with you for many years into the future and so, hopefully we will together, enjoy a settled, fruitful period where we can come closer to one another, our community and God.



It is therefore a great time to be thinking about Vocation, what is it that God is calling you to step out in faith with him and do? Anything is possible, so please do come and have a chat.

One Vocational role which we do need to fill is that of Warden. Janet has been on her own since the APCM, aided wonderfully by our Assistant Wardens who are always happy to step into the breach.

The role over the years has been crafted and developed into a role that suited the person called into it and so Janet and I thought it may be helpful to have a reset of the role; and so we have crafted the description below, please do take a read and if this is something you would be interested in then please do speak to one of us. You would not be expected to exercise this ministry alone, one of us is always there to be a support.

Rev Debbie

St George's Jesmond Church Warden Job Description

Did you know that a church cannot legally exist without churchwardens? Ever wondered what they do apart from stand at the back during services? Now is your chance to find out!

St George's is a Church of England (Anglican) church that has been part of Jesmond life since 1888. It has always had a congregation drawn not just from the locality, but also from the wider city and indeed the whole region. We aim to be friendly, diverse and to welcome all in Christ's name; to this end we are a member of the Inclusive

Church Network. Our worship is inclusive and in the catholic tradition, with a long history of high quality music. With the Community Hub project we are continuing to look outward into our community, seeking to serve all in the love of Christ. In order to both maintain tradition and to move into the future we need to appoint a churchwarden to join the current post-holder. Whilst wardens often appear to be key members of all the church's activities, they are in fact not necessarily so. The focus of the warden is not to do everything, but, alongside the Incumbent, to keep the rest of the congregation focused. Decision-making at St George's, like all C of E churches, is through the Parochial Church Council (PCC) and a number of sub-committees, but the churchwardens do not have to attend them all. It is these subcommittees that undertake the work and report to PCC, with the churchwarden largely taking an overview and ensuring that everything that needs to be done is being done by someone.

So what does the churchwarden *have* to do?

Well, the full job description, based on the duties listed on the diocesan website, is available on request, but the only absolute musts are:

- A statutory annual report about fabric, fittings, etc

- Answer periodic questions from the Archdeacon

- Bring any matters of concern to the Bishop's attention.

- Help the Incumbent recruit, train and manage the sidespeople, welcomers and assistant wardens

- Keep order during services

- Be safeguarding trained and make sure the church is a safe place for the vulnerable (usually delegated to a separate officer)

- Ensure there are procedures in place for the cleanliness and overall appearance of the church and everything used, or worn, in it.

- Make sure the PCC and the Treasurer are functional

- Collaborate and co-operate with the incumbent in developing strategy, discussing any emerging issues, enabling them to carry out their own specific duties, and having a duty of care for them.

- Attend the Annual Parochial Church Meeting (yearly), the PCC and Standing Committees (both every other month), vicar and wardens meeting (monthly) and charitable giving committee (twice a year)

In other words, making sure everyone else does their job, not doing them all ...

Interested? Please speak to Janet Wilson, Graham Rutt or, of course, Reverend Debbie about this most important ministry.

[return to contents](#)

A Brilliant Scramble to get to a Roman Catholic Wedding in France

My wife, Erica, has a niece living in Normandy, close to Mont St Michel, down from Cherbourg. This niece had a daughter, Olivia, who was getting married in the small chapel of their manoir, a very large pile near The Mount. We were very lucky to get 'un invitation au mariage'.

Travel arrangements.....

7.45am Air France flight from Newcastle to Charles de Gaulle, Paris.

12.17pm Train from CDG direct to Rennes

Europcar hire from Rennes station to The Mount
I arranged and paid for, well in advance, and received digital tickets. I duly booked an Uber taxi for 5.25am and both of us retired at 10pm to get some sleep.

At 11.30pm, I was still fidgeting in bed, excited, and decided to open my mobile for a browse. What do I find? An email from Air France sent at 7.10pm saying our flight had been cancelled. Zut alors!

Qu'est-ce qu'on va faire?

I woke up Erica. Should we take the first train down to London? Then what? No good trying another airline as this was 'une greve des air-traffic-controlleurs francais, alors!'

So, knowing from earlier experience this year that there was an early Southampton flight daily ex Newcastle at 7.45am, I got on to the carrier's, Loganair's website, at 12.30am and checked out availability. 2 seats were available! They were duly booked and checked in too, printing out the boarding passes.

We turned in at 2.00am and then got up at 4.00am. We took the booked taxi, checked in at the airport, and arrived 8.00am for breakfast at Southampton. I had checked, in the early hours, timings of ferries from Portsmouth to France. One left at



3pm to Caen which would do.

We then had a brainwave to hire a car and take it to Caen and leave it at Rennes, for the return train from Rennes back to Charles de Gaulle airport. We went to Eurocar, checked availability, and booked same, only to find that we were not permitted to leave a UK car in France. Fortunately, we were unable to enter the bank confirmation code, and that booking failed, so we repaired by taxi, 35 minutes to Portsmouth, to Brittany Ferries. We were able to go as foot passengers plus a cabin.

It was a 6 hour journey to Caen. In booking this with my bank card, it failed – due to the uncompleted transaction earlier, and the bank had put my card on 'stop'. Erica's joint card did the job. We then had lunch at a café waiting for the arrival of the ferry. I spent 30 minutes getting the bank to release my bank card, and realized that we had no accommodation in Caen, where we were due to arrive at 10pm. Still Friday!!!!

I spoke to Holiday Inn's call centre in Manila and booked into their Holiday Inn Express hotel in Caen for the one night.

All went well; flat calm to Caen and very comfortable, catching up on sleep in our cabin. A taxi from the port to the hotel, and daughter, Zoe, collected us at 9.30am on the wedding morn.

Job done!!!!

Are you tired from reading all this?

The wedding went very well and the first drink after at the reception was extremely well received. Understandable really!

Christopher Souter



[return
to
contents](#)

Caption Competition

Do your worst! Answers by email to
the Editor mmvane31@gmail.com
by 21 October.

There will be prizes!



Thomas N. Miller Auctioneers & Valuers
celebrating 120 years 1902 - 2022
Algernon Road, Newcastle upon Tyne NE6 2UN



Weekly Antiques & Collectors Auction.
From full house clearances to single items sold.
Probate valuations. Storage facilities.

www.millersauctioneers.co.uk
0191 265 8080
info@millersauctioneers.co.uk

Societies & Volunteering Fair, Newcastle University



We were really pleased to be invited to have a stand at Newcastle University's Societies and Volunteering Fair this year. The Fair is one of a huge list of Students Welcome events, which freshers and also a number of older students attend. St. George's had to register as an accredited 'volunteering' charity in order to be able to apply for a stand. Here is a picture of our stand before the event started (apologies to Barbara Peacock for stealing the church banner for a few days...).

Once we had set it up, Kay, Janet, Debbie and Tom took turns looking after our stand, chatting with students and sharing some of the ways people can get involved in church life.

We spoke about volunteering for activities, including the Tuesday Group for gardening and odd jobs, as well as opportunities to sing with the choir or have a go at bell-ringing. Lots of students were curious about these, and it was lovely to see such genuine interest.

Our table was well stocked with leaflets and flyers for upcoming events. The "Midnight Miley" ones always raised a smile, while the vegan lemon cupcakes and sweets kept us popular with passers-by! The sports hall was rammed with students by 11am - the place was buzzing all day.

What encouraged us most was the number of students who said they were actively looking for a local church. We hope we'll see some of them at St George's or St Hilda's over the next few weeks. The later / evening services seem to be especially popular, so be ready with a warm welcome if you attend any of those.

Kay, Janet, Rev Debbie and Tom



Annual collection of new school uniform for Children North East and Christchurch Church of England School

This year was always going to be different, with our collection taking place alongside Elizabeth's illness and death in July. At first the donations came in slowly and perhaps at times we wondered whether the appeal had run its course, but then, how could it? Each year since we began in 2021 we have talked about the impact of the cost of living on the children of families least able to deal with it, but I think we have all noticed the significant increase in the price of our weekly food basket and monthly fuel bills this year.

The campaign has evolved from the initial appeal for Children North East, with which Hazel helped Liz. A little later Linsley told us about Christchurch Church of England School, our nearest C of E school, and of which she is Chair of Governors. It had provided sanctuary for the asylum seekers' children from the hotel in Osborne Road and the children from the Refuge in Shieldfield, whom it welcomed into its already needy community. Along the way, as Liz became ill, Maggie stepped in seamlessly to help us.

More recently, what began as simply a uniform appeal took on a more specific direction with Christchurch, which wanted its keen and successful football team to be able to appear in the national competitions in which it was having success, in uniform football kit and boots like the other teams they met. I think this was the first time some of these children had encountered social differences face to face.

Alongside what became an avalanche of school uniform, with donors sensitive to particular and sometimes unusual requests, there emerged another new development: sponsorship. Pauline Magnay generated and drove forward some individual sports sponsorships: a number of men associated with the Friday Café - by no means all members of the congregation - each sponsored a pair of football boots; new trainers came via the National Crime Agency (don't ask!) and Killingworth Boys' Football Club donated good second-hand boots, now spruced up. Then Derek Nicholson drew the appeal to the attention of his boss, Mike Moody, MD of Classic Masonry, which had already done some work on the nearby Christchurch, and he was keen to help. After

consultation with the school, Classic Masonry has made a substantial donation towards kitting out the team with matching tops, bottoms, base layers, shin pads and footballs.

There have too been some generous donations of cash; Linsley and Hazel spent the amounts under £100 which came in before the deadline on filing the gaps in uniform donations and the Revd. Debbie spent for us the £220 we took in on Community Donation morning, but there has also been one amazing, generous, huge but anonymous donation which has been sent directly to the two beneficiaries.

Three final stories here. On the morning on which we took in community donations, we received once more some very substantial bags of uniform from members of the congregation of the Church of the Holy Name, one of whom had drawn all her family into collecting. Another donor asked whether we would take good second hand clothing, and when we explained the importance to deprived children of having something new, two other people affirmed, telling us how they had been bullied at school because their hard-working, but poor parents could not afford new clothing. Then, as Maggie was putting final touches to the display, a stranger came in. He was an older man, who said he wanted to give us some money towards the cost of the uniform and then slowly counted out a hundred pounds.

The kindness of strangers indeed.

Thank you, everyone.

Liz will be smiling.

Maggie, Linsley and Hazel



[return to contents](#)

"Letters Column"



To the Editor

This is just a short note to thank all of you on behalf of myself and my mum for supporting me in the Great North Run and donating so generously. I am getting round to thanking everyone by email and for those not on email then it will be an old school letter.

When my dad died last year, the outpouring from everyone at church was testament to how much my dad was loved and respected by you all. I set out really just to do a little something in respect of trying to beat this dreadful disease that takes away so much from so many people. I never imagined really that I would make the target.

Never having run so much as a tap before and with a, quite frankly, dubious training programme, involving a fair few nights out to discuss tactics, I was as surprised as anyone that I was able to complete the race. For those of you interested, I was number 43,541 across the line, although in that incredibly wide category of Males between 50-54, I came 2426th. I see it all as a triumph although I am still struggling to walk.

Once again, thank you so much for everything that you have all done and for helping my mum through the incredibly dark period in our lives.

Nick Peacock

Letter from Rev. Bryan Vernon

Bryan says: "Thank you to all those who sponsored me, including our two wonderful postmen. I know that I have raised £1,610 - and maybe more in anonymous donations. And thank God that my body was still capable of reaching South Shields, albeit at a more modest pace than in 1981!"

To the St George's Congregation,

I want to thank all those who sponsored me and the Charity for which I ran: Prostate Cancer UK.

I am very grateful to you all. I did the race in 1 hour 31 minutes and 14 seconds and came 1,479th out of about 60,000 runners. The charity were good people when I finished. I even had a massage at the end because my shoulders hurt so much. The Red Arrows were fantastic. I will treasure my medal as it has been so controversial in the last weeks. I raised a total of £1,425 from 45 donors and I thank you all for your support and encouragement since my Granny passed away a year ago.

Arthur Vane

Dear ardent supports,

This is becoming an annual event which I am very grateful to be able to do; writing another thank you letter to the very same generous congregation. I wish to express my gratitude, in fact the whole school's thanks and appreciation for the wonderful donations you have given to us at Christ Church.

Yet again, you have contributed to the provision of school uniform and PE kits. The uniform allows all our children to belong to the Christ Church school family. The fabulous quantity of football boots bought and donated is tremendous. We are very proud at Christ Church of the participation of both boys and girls in football. Our boys are participating in the *Humble League* and girls in the *Central League* during the autumn and spring terms. This would not be possible for some children without your generosity of a pair of football boots.

Our vision *Reach for the Stars* is made possible through your support. *Living life in all its fullness* is something we strive to do; enjoying life but remembering to serve others too. In this instance we are doing the enjoying and your congregation is doing the serving. As an appreciation of your gifts, please feel welcome to come to any of our Friday Achievers Collective Worship, 8.55am in the school hall. It can be an uplifting and positive experience.

Yours sincerely

Sandra Furno,

Headteacher, Christ Church C of E Primary School

Letter to Editor - Pro Bono Work through a Trade Union

I was interested to read 'The Power of Pro Bono' article by Amelia Rose Lewis in September's edition of the Lance. She writes of major interventions through charities; by contrast, I was assisted by a pro bono barrister offering his services to a single member of his trade union.

In 1994, the European Court ruled that part-time British workers were entitled to the same conditions of service as full-time workers, pro rata. This had huge significance for people like me who worked part-time in further education. Suddenly, I was invited to rejoin teachers' pension scheme which had only been open to me when I worked full-time before my marriage. The rejoicing was short-lived. Within a term, the employers had found a way of circumventing it. In September, I was given less than a week to sign up with an agency which could then supply me to the college for part-time hours. I would be deemed self-employed and my pension would be my own private affair.

I went to my line manager and explained that I would not be joining the agency because I valued the teacher's pension. I was informed that there would therefore be no work for me.

Fortunately, the north-east has a strong trade union tradition. Word spread round and I was offered hours at other colleges. They were distant: I spent a lot of time driving while my patient husband bought a bus pass and spent a lot of his time waiting for buses as he went about his work at Social Services.

How could this situation be resolved? I had filled in the forms for Industrial Tribunal but had not had the courage to post them. I had always considered myself to be a reliable member of staff and was reluctant to cast myself in the role of trouble maker. I sat in church Sunday after Sunday thinking, 'What does this ancient stuff offer to help in this modern dilemma?' Then came a prayer commencing , 'O God, who art the lover of peace and justice...' and I realized that the only way to ease my mind was through seeking justice. I went home and posted the tribunal papers.

My union, NATFHE (now UCU) supported my case under the sexual discrimination law since more women than men were affected by the change. A union member, a professor of Employment Law, offered his services as my barrister, pro bono. I knew

his name but never met him. I knew nothing about court cases: the only preparation I could make was to send my clothes to the dry cleaners. Fortunately, the day before the case was scheduled, it was settled out of court.

The Union solicitor phoned me and asked me what I would like. For example, would I like to have my office repainted? I was astonished: I could only aspire to a desk in a staff room. What I did want was a point five post. It was his turn to be astonished. Only point five? Surely, I would want a full-time post.

My reasons for working part-time were threefold: first, I had a household of five to run, with three sons at school, the youngest aged ten. Secondly, I had to be at home to deal with the evening meal and the boys during the week. My husband was an efficient worker but on occasion he had to stay late at Social Services. Twice he had come home late in the evening because he had been sent to take children into care who had witnessed domestic murders. Often, he was too exhausted to help in the evening although he did a lot of cooking at the weekends. Finally, we were still reeling from the shock of my husband's recent medical diagnosis of a life-shortening blood condition. I might need time to care for him. The money I earned was important to the family budget but so was the time which part-time work brought me. I was not working for pin money as my (all male) managers appeared to think.

A point five post, permanent and with pension, was therefore arranged together with compensation for loss of earnings which we spent on a family holiday in Rhodes. I am eternally grateful to the stranger who worked pro bono to secure it for me. Now retired and widowed, I am glad of my pension.

Sue King

[return to contents](#)

Church Book Group

The October meeting is on 22 October at 7.30pm In the Winskill Room

The book is The Trees by Percival Everett.

Sue has kindly offered to do the refreshments.

Anne Clark

Organ Restoration Project

Lunchtime Recitals 2025

This summer marked our fourth annual lunchtime recital series supporting the ORP.

Beginning on May 16th, as part of the Jesmond Community Festival, we had an inspiring recital from Drew, showcasing mainly French organ music. Many of the musicians who followed Drew's concert were from the north-east, while others came from different regions and performed works from various historical periods and parts of the world. While not everyone can attend each recital - especially with Friday lunchtimes being challenging for workers - we have established a group of regulars who attend most performances. One elderly couple comes all the way from South Shields on the Metro and have been to every recital since they began three years ago.

On July 18th, our last concert for the 2025 season was a chance for our talented in-house musicians to perform, not only Drew but also Nigel Russell- Sewell, Roy Large and James Earl, a visiting Australian student who played trumpet accompanied by Drew. The music featured pieces from Torelli (17th century), John Stanley's Trumpet Tune (18th century), Lefébure-Wély's Choer de Voix Humaines (19th century), and 20th-century works by Gordon Young and Sigfrid Karg-Elert.

Many thanks to Drew for arranging the programme and to all those who volunteered to welcome the audience and visiting organists: Christine Rowland, Pat Anderson, Margaret and Richard Baron, Graham Rutt and Hilary Pitkethly. Thanks also to Jonathan who printed the programmes and ensured the 'sum up' machine was working. Finally, thank you to everyone who generously donated to the ORP. Altogether we made around £1000 towards the cost of repairing and restoring our unique and beautiful organ.

Hilary Cullingford



Next Year I Will Remember

Every year I forget that there is no Lance in August, so consequently I am always too late to highlight the fact that St George's always takes part in the Heritage Open Days. What a disaster I am! This year it will be over the weekend of 7th and 8th September 2025.

The Heritage Open Days are always in September (but before the September Lance is issued) and it is a marvellous opportunity to get people from all over the area and beyond to visit St George's and see the church in all its glory. The exterior, if you think about it, is quite 'plain' and doesn't give people any idea how ornate and beautiful the interior is. Every year at least six visitors will say to me "I have passed this building every day for about thirty years, but this is the first time I have ever been in it." Part of me thinks that may be because it is set back from the road and there isn't a direct path to the door, or perhaps that is just fanciful thinking.

There is always an exhibition of the history of St George's, which, although I say it myself, is well worth studying in depth (of course). There is also always an afternoon tour of the building, which gives a chance to show visitors things which aren't immediately obvious, but which are interesting and important. The spoken word can help emphasise the experience and bring the history to life (I hope).

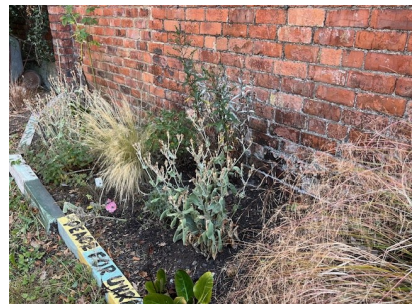
So..... what I need to ask you all to think about is, that next June, you remind me that there is no Lance in August and I will be able to flag up the dates of the Open Days and what is happening and when.

Barbara Peacock

[return to contents](#)

Autumn News of Our Wildlife and Pollinator Patch

After a summer full of flowers and insects, the wildlife patch is now offering seedheads and vegetation cover for the invertebrates we are trying to encourage to visit.



Health and Safety in the Belfry

By Tom Klenka, H&S Officer

Take a look at our St. George's and you're immediately struck by the notion that church architects of the late 19th century clearly favoured form and function over future ideas about health and safety. It would be churlish, of course, to scorn their marvellous achievements over something that probably wasn't even a consideration back in the 1880s, and which wouldn't come into common vernacular until over 100 years later. One place in particular where such opposed positions of form and access come into conflict, is the belfry.

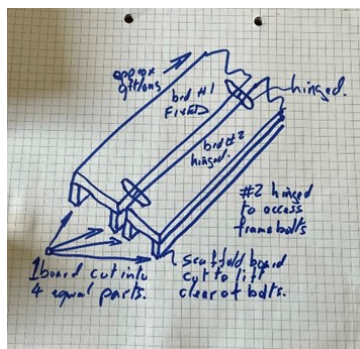
To be fair, it's no mean feat to build a lasting sandstone structure and oak frame capable of housing several tonnes of cast iron, swinging merrily away every Sunday, creating all manner of structural resonances and shifting loads. The designers should be given due slack too, as the belfry is hardly a busy thoroughfare. Nevertheless, to the bells we must occasionally go, for attaching muffles (for Remembrance Day), servicing the ropes, tightening bolts and replacing broken stays. The sight greeting those with the (mis)fortune to be the nominated 'bell-monkey' isn't an inviting one, especially the top two bells that sit directly above the bottom six.



Feeling lucky, punk...?

Having first straddled a rickety 'safety' barrier, you then need to edge your way onto what in structural engineering terms is called a 'plank with holes', resting across three joists with bolts sticking out of it. As you perch there trying to reach around under the bell for the clapper to attach a muffle on bell #2 (think: skateboarder's knee pad), you can marvel at the vertiginous vista between your knees. As you gingerly edge out further to get to the Treble, you can, as you balance on one foot, wonder how many spiders are about to fall on your head, or what zoonotic avian viruses are transmissible through pigeon poo. It's a joy. And then you have to get back the same way....

John Markham was finally moved to collar the H&S officer and to do something about this, appealing to my better nature, and also, 10 years' worth of PTSD from dicing with bodily harm in the half-light of the belfry.



**John and his mate
Andy (diagram)**

**Measure twice,
cut once! Thanks
for your help Iris**



Typically for John, he had a plan (and a diagram).

Key to this was getting hold of some sturdy scaffolding boards, which we would then fix to the structure and provide a far more secure platform, one that would hinge conveniently, to give access to the frame bolts. But scaff boards don't grow on trees (if you know what I mean), and so we set Derek Nicholson a task to locate some for us. Off he duly went into the night with his swag bag, black mask and black and white stripy jumper... Boards appeared in due course (thank you Derek!) and so John, Iris (on day release from Vet Med studies at Edinburgh University) and I set to the task under a humid and damp July sky.



It may be worth noting for future structural work up the belfry, that 9ft is about the size limit of boards going up the stairs to the ringing chamber, and then upwards to the belfry. An HND in Tetris studies and 4D spatial reasoning is highly

Job's a good'un, son!

recommended.

We managed to get the boards in and fixed firmly, so we now have a good working platform up there from which to work with the bells. We've

also fixed the issue of hurdling the barrier by creating a bolted gate allowing an easy step onto the platform



The spiders, dust and pigeon guano will need their own solutions, in due time and we'll no doubt come up with something, but for now at least we can muffle in (almost) perfect safety. Come up and see us sometime - reach out to John our Tower Captain, who'll be pleased to show off our handy work.

[return to contents](#)



‘THEOS’

Six cathedrals across the country have been invited to take part in a national research project to explore the social, cultural, and spiritual role cathedrals play in today's society. THEOS is conducting the research in partnership with the Association of English Cathedrals to understand the role of cathedrals in England today. As part of this, a survey has been created, to capture the views and experiences of people who visit, work with or come into contact with cathedrals, so that those cathedrals can better understand and serve their communities.

Although Newcastle is not one of them, Carlisle is one of the 6 chosen and if you visit you will have a chance to fill in the questionnaire. The survey is anonymous and should not take you more than 10 minutes to complete.

By participating in this research study, you can enter into a prize draw to win one of six £75 vouchers. To be eligible for the draw, you will be asked to provide your name and email address at the end of the survey.

Rushbearing at Warcop, Westmorland - An Old Ecclesiastical Festival

Rural Ceremony

Closing the sacred Book which long has fed
Our meditations, give we to a day
Of annual joy one tributary lay;
This day, when, forth by rustic music led,
The village Children, while the sky is red
With evening lights, advance in long array
Through the still churchyard, each with garland gay,
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church-door,
Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore
For decoration in the Papal time,
The innocent procession softly moves:--
The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,
And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves!
William Wordsworth

Rushbearing is an old ecclesiastical ceremony where annually, new rushes were collected, carried and then strewn on the floor of the Parish Church. The tradition dates back to a time when most buildings had earthen floors and where rushes were used as a renewable floor covering for cleanliness and insulation.

The festival was widespread in the Middle Ages. In the 16th century, it was customary to ring the bells and to provide wine, ale and cakes for the rushbearers. However, it also became associated with heavy drinking and that it attracted unsavoury characters like pedlars, cutpurses and pickpockets. Puritans opposed Sunday rushbearing because of these reasons, but James 1 permitted it in his Declaration of Sports 1617, which listed various recreations fit for the Sabbath including Morris Dancing, Maypoles and Rushbearing.

The practice fell into decline at the beginning of the 19th century when floors became



flagged with stone. The custom was, however, revived later in the 19th century and is an annual event in a number of towns and villages in the north of England.

And so to Warcop, a large village in rural Westmorland with a large army camp filling the local Church of England school with children. The Headmistress is a great supporter of the rushbearing and all the children of her school take part. The girls are adorned with crowns of flowers and the boys each solemnly carry a cross made of reeds and bound in red. The village band plays and they led the procession from a field and into the church, St Columba's. There were banners from The Warcop Reading Society 1857 and a church banner for St Peter's. Older folk who had moved away from Warcop but who had participated as children, returned for this day to experience it once more. There were whole families and grandparents. It was a significant day for these people.

After a boisterous service where several of the children read lessons, we sang a number of hymns including 'Onward Christian Soldiers' whose words had been tempered by a sensitivity reader!

The children removed their crowns and placed them on the large altar. At the end of the service, men scrambled up ladders and the crowns were fixed to the church walls for another year.

The congregation departed the church. In the sunshine, tea followed and then the Rushbearing games began with children good-naturedly competing in running games and eating fairy cakes and sampling the sandwiches. Church and village were united as they have been, every year, for hundreds of years.

Margaret Vane





**We clean your oven.....
so you don't have to.**



**Call today to have your
oven, hob, extractor or
Aga professionally cleaned**

**Colin MacMillan contact details
Tel. 0191 906 6692 Mob. 07888 169798
E mail colinmacmillan@ovenwizards.com
www.ovenwizards.com**

FRIDAY CAFÉ.

**IN THE WINSKELL ROOM
EACH FRIDAY FROM 10-
12NOON.**

**FRIDAY SINGING STARTS
AT 11:00**

WELCOME TO EVERYONE.

**IF YOU ARE LOOKING
FOR SOMEWHERE TO EN-
JOY TEA/COFFEE/
CAKE/BISCUITS IN THE
COMPANY OF OTHERS
AND IN A WELCOMING
ENVIRONMENT, WHY NOT
MAKE FRIDAY CAFÉ
WHAT YOU DO?**

**Articles etc. for The
Lance to be received
no later than the 15th of
each month**

Send to:

mmvane31@gmail.com

Thank you, Margaret.



Church of England Calendar

October 2025

- 1 *Remigius, Bishop of Rheims, Apostle of the Franks, 533*
Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, Social Reformer, 1885
- 3 *George Bell, Bishop of Chichester, Ecumenist, Peacemaker, 1958*
- 4 Francis of Assisi, Friar, Deacon, Founder of the Friars Minor, 1226
- 6 William Tyndale, Translator of the Scriptures, Reformation Martyr, 1536
- 9 *Denys, Bishop of Paris, and his Companions, Martyrs, c.250*
Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, Philosopher, Scientist, 1253
- 10 Paulinus, Bishop of York, Missionary, 644
Thomas Traherne, Poet, Spiritual Writer, 1674
- 11 *Ethelburga, Abbess of Barking, 675*
James the Deacon, companion of Paulinus, 7th century
- 12 Wilfrid of Ripon, Bishop, Missionary, 709
Elizabeth Fry, Prison Reformer, 1845
Edith Cavell, Nurse, 1915
- 13 Edward the Confessor, King of England, 1066
- 15 Teresa of Avila, Teacher of the Faith, 1582
- 16 *Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, and Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, Reformation Martyrs, 1555*
- 17 Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, Martyr, c.107
- 18 **Luke the Evangelist**
- 19 Henry Martyn, Translator of the Scriptures, Missionary in India and Persia, 1812
- 25 *Crispin and Crispinian, Martyrs at Rome, c.287*
- 26 Alfred the Great, King of the West Saxons, Scholar, 899
- 26 *Cedd, Abbot of Lastingham, Bishop of the East Saxons, 664*
- 28 **Simon and Jude, Apostles**
- 29 James Hannington, Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, Martyr in Uganda, 1885
- 31 *Martin Luther, Reformer, 1546*

Understanding the Calendar:

Principal Feasts and other Principal Holy Days.

Other Sundays & Lesser Festivals.

Festivals.

Commemorations

The Diocese of Newcastle upon Tyne

Parish of St George, Jesmond

We are a Church of England (Anglican) church in the Diocese of Newcastle with an inclusive, catholic tradition of Christian worship. We welcome all in Christ's name.

Vicar

Rev. Debbie Loughran 07776 922580

Rev_debbie@hotmail.com

Reader and Anna Chaplain

Mrs Joan Grenfell

grenfelljoan@yahoo.com

Reader & Air Cadet Chaplain

Dr Malcolm Toft

depchap.dnl@rafac.mod.gov.uk

Churchwardens

Janet Wilson 07766 297359

janet@stgeorgesjesmond.org.uk

Parish Safeguarding Officer

Graham Rutt 07555943390

safeguarding@stgeorgesjesmond.org.uk

Director of Music

Drew Cantrill-Fenwick

music@stgeorgesjesmond.org.uk

Bell Tower Captain

John Markham

bells@stgeorgesjesmond.org.uk

Publicity

Margaret Vane and Hazel Jones-Lee

publicity@stgeorgesjesmond.org.uk

Community Hub

communityhub@stgeorgesjesmond.org.uk

Parish Secretary

Jonathan Richards 281 1659

office@stgeorgesjesmond.org.uk

PASTORAL CARE

Any pastoral concerns or commendations should be made to Joan Grenfell or a member of the clergy.

ENQUIRIES CONCERNING BAPTISMS MARRIAGES FUNERALS

Initial enquiries should be directed to the vicar, Rev. Debbie Loughran, 07776 922580
email: Rev_debbie@hotmail.com

FIND OUT MORE ABOUT ST GEORGE'S CHURCH

Website: www.stgeorgesjesmond.org.uk

Facebook: St-Georges-Church-Jesmond

Livestreaming of services

Please note that we livestream the 9.30 communion service. You can watch the service [here](#) while it is being broadcast live. If you'd like to watch the recording after the service has finished, please go to our [YouTube channel](#) (it may take a couple of hours after the stream has finished for the video to appear).

<https://stgeorgesjesmond.org.uk/sunday-worship/>

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCCuPrChpepxs6Jo-PfLvwJw/featured>

[return to contents](#)

EVANS OF JESMOND OPTICIANS

WILLIAM R. MCCALL BSC HONS
GOC 01-15082

28 ACORN ROAD, JESMOND
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, NE2 2DJ
TELEPHONE: 0191 281 4145

Welcome to St. George's Church Jesmond

We are a Church of England (Anglican) church, part of Jesmond life since 1888, with a congregation from the locality, the city and the region. We aim to be friendly, diverse and to welcome all in Christ's name. Our worship is inclusive and in the catholic tradition, with high quality music. If you are new to this area, or would like to find out more, please get in touch. www.stgeorgesjesmond.org.uk

Facebook: St-Georges-Church-Jesmond

Instagram stgeorgesjesmond **email:** office@stgeorgesjesmond.org.uk

SUNDAY SERVICES

08.00 Holy Communion

09.30 PARISH COMMUNION with
Sunday School / Smarties (age 4-16)

Children's corner available in church

18.00 Taize (2nd Sunday of month)

18.00 Choral Evensong (3rd Sunday)

WEEKDAY SERVICES

08.45 Thursday: Morning Prayer

09.30 Thursday: Holy Communion
Saints' Days as announced

Livestreaming of services. You can watch the 09:30 service live [here](#), or later on our [YouTube channel](#)

[return to contents](#)



***To arrange a
subscription to THE
LANCE, please ring
the Parish Office on
2811659***

**Articles for
publication to:
mmvane31@gmail.com
by 15th of every
month**



4U

