

Keeping  
in  
Touch

All Saints  
Gosforth



St. Hugh's Church, Gosforth

16th October 2022

## From the Vicar

Dear All,

With the nights drawing in we see the arrival of autumn.

I have mentioned before in "Keeping in Touch" how I notice many poets have reflected on this season more than on others. Of course, autumn reminds us of the impermanence of everything. After the explosion of life in spring and the abundance of summer, leaves fall and bare branches remind us of the fleeting nature of all things. But also, as the day and night become of equal length, I wonder if it could be a time to acknowledge our inner darkness. Naturally we fear the dark and prefer only the light, but maybe we need to make an effort to befriend our shadow side? I think that if we accept parts of our personality we tend to shy away from, we may be more open to the experience of others.

We meet others with such a variety of experiences: some are weighed down by worry and grief, a number will be already feeling the economic pinch, while others are carefree and lighthearted. Acknowledging what is going on inside of ourselves can enable us to be more immediate, be more open to others without fear, and so able to rejoice with those who rejoice and grieve with those who grieve, as Paul puts it (Romans 15:12).

Strangely, by accepting our shadow side, we find our own finer, kinder and healthier selves. Surely with being more sympathetic, open and human we become more alive and life-giving to others?

Best wishes,

**Andrew Shipton**

## Introducing Miriam



Hello everyone! It is such a joy to be joining you here at All Saints' and St. Hugh's parishes as your new curate.

Before being ordained I spent two years training for ministry at Cranmer Hall, Durham. Before that, I lived in Amsterdam, the Netherlands, where I grew up in an international family with roots in America and Canada. I studied theology in Leuven (Belgium) and Amsterdam, and went on to complete a PhD on the early medieval English church. After spending so long studying the world of Bede, I feel very fortunate that I now get to live here in the North-East and walk the same beautiful landscapes as Cuthbert, Hild and all the other saints who have gone before us.

I am married to Thomas and have three daughters, Emily (10), Julia (8) and Zoë (5), and a son, Adam (1). In my free time, I enjoy reading, board games, watching series, visiting museums and historic sites, long walks and long conversations.

As I begin my ministry here, I look forward to getting to know you all and journeying together in the life of faith.

**Miriam Jones**



## Calvary Cross Returns

On 3rd October, nearly a year and a half after its theft, the Calvary Cross was finally re-instated in the Garden of Remembrance. In between times it has been the subject of a crowdfunding appeal, an insurance claim, and a journey to Edinburgh for specialist repair work.

The Cross is now positioned on a new stone plinth, and uplighters will be installed shortly to highlight it at night. CCTV protection is also in place.

Our thanks to all those who helped with its return and who helped to fund the repairs and associated works.

We hope to mark the Cross's return with a rededication at a future point.

**Andrew Shipton, Peter Brown, Nick Glover, Christine Willoughby**



**One last polish**

**Unwrapping the Cross and putting into position**



**Back in place**



## Farmers' Market success



The day of the first Farmers' Market approached with some trepidation. Would the imminent Royal Funeral mean we couldn't go ahead? What would the weather do? Two vendors cancelled during the week leading up to the event on 17th September; would the others turn up—and would anyone come?

In fact the event was a huge success, with queues forming at most of the stalls and many positive comments from stallholders and visitors alike. Stalls were piled high with tasty treats—bakery and pies, meats, honey, and home-made chocolate; all looked denuded by the end! As an added entertainment, many also enjoyed Music on the Green from folk group Axum.

The day raised over £1000 for the East Window Appeal. Heartfelt thanks should go to Diana Lavin, Marian Cave and their team of helpers who worked so tirelessly to make the event a success.

The next Market is on 19th November, and with Christmas on the way promises to be

even bigger and better. Please do put the date in your diaries!

After that there will be a slight pause until April, after Easter, to avoid the worst of the weather and hopefully enable us to get back onto the newly-drained Green (see p. 5)!



Photos: Keith Davies

## Wanted: artificial grass

We are looking for a piece of artificial grass about 1m square for occasional use in the Garden of Remembrance, when arranging the burial of ashes.

If anyone has a piece they can spare, please contact Louise in the Parish Office.

Many thanks for your help.





## Remembering Royalty

Margaret Sheratt remembers the coronation of the late Queen—with souvenirs of other royal occasions.



It was 6.00 a.m. when we joined the large crowd on Westminster Bridge, heading for Whitehall. The sky was grey but the atmosphere one of cheerful anticipation, for it was June 2nd 1953, the Coronation Day of Queen Elizabeth II.

I was with Betty, a friend from schooldays. The evening before we had arrived back from Barcelona after a fascinating holiday spent in that city, which had not yet recovered from the Civil War. We had been surprised to find the Spanish as interested in the Coronation as we were. Most of the shop windows were decorated in red, white and blue bunting and ribbons, with many pictures of the Queen, Prince Philip and the Royal Family.

In London we had spent the night at my uncle's flat, although we were too excited to sleep much. Nearing Whitehall we heard a paper boy shouting "Everest conquered. Read all about it." We soon learned that Edmund Hillary and Tensing Norgay had succeeded where many had failed. A good omen for the new reign.

We made our way to the Mall very slowly

because of the congestion of people, finally entering by Admiralty Arch near the rows of seats made available to those people who had pre-booked.

The Mall looked so colourful with large flags fluttering in the breeze, set at an angle over the roadway, and some large metal hoops studded with fairy lights stretching from one side to the other.

We walked along the Mall threading our way through the crowds until we found a small empty space under a tree which had had a loudspeaker attached to it, one of the 200 the BBC had put in place along the processional route so that we could follow their commentaries throughout the day—including the events in the Abbey.

Although we did not move far from that spot for several hours, time did not seem to drag. There was plenty of conversation, laughter, small kindnesses, care taken by all that children would get a good view of the proceedings.

From time to time authorised people came along the roadway—ranks of soldiers marching in their colourful uniforms, VIPs in big black cars, presumably heading for Buckingham Palace. Several people were on horseback, not all sitting comfortably. Regardless of who they were or what they were doing, they all got a cheer and clapping from the crowd—none more so than the men following the horses with buckets and pails.

The time came when martial music and the sound of marching feet were getting louder and we knew the procession was on its way. The crowd cheered and waved as the procession passed, especially when the State Coach appeared with Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip. Their seats were placed quite high in the coach so we had a good view of the royal couple. As she passed us, the Queen was smiling and waving, with one hand on the armrest of the coach. We saw Prince Philip gently tapping that hand as if to give her some





reassurance.

The State Coach is simply dazzling. I could not believe gold could glitter so much. The day was cloudy with periods of rain, so that it appeared as if a ball of sunshine was lighting up the streets of London. Once the procession had passed, the crowd became much quieter and we were able to hear the commentary from the Abbey.

After the Queen had returned to Buckingham Palace, barriers were lifted on the Mall and we hurried to get near the balcony along with the rest of the crowd, cheering and waving as the royal family appeared. This was followed by an impressive fly-past by the RAF. Then the balcony emptied. Betty and I looked at each other. Time to go home.

**Margaret Sheratt**

## Draining the Green

As can be seen elsewhere in *Keeping in Touch*, the Green is becoming increasingly well used for events such as Farmers' Markets (p.3), concerts (p. 7) and drama (p. 6).

At present it is unusable for part of the year due to poor drainage, and we are grateful to all those who responded to our crowd-funding appeal which will enable us to carry out a major drainage project and hopefully enable us to host events all year round.

Work will begin in October/November, and we are currently working with contractors to establish the final schedule and assess the likely disruption.

Come the spring, we will carry out any reseedling required, and also look at how the Green can be further enhanced by tree planting.



Afternoon tea at Elaine's. Photo: Ros Place

## Open Gardens

Once again a number of All Saints' members opened their gardens to visitors, and entertained with some delightful hospitality.

Our thanks go to all those involved—it was lovely to get out and about again.



# Summer Doings

## Handlebards

This travelling theatre troupe had visited us last year to perform *Macbeth*—an amazing evening, though still very much constrained by Covid restrictions.

This year they performed *Twelfth Night* on the Green, in a hilarious and fast-paced production. The weather held despite the forecast, so the audience was able to enjoy their picnics, if they could stop the actors helping themselves to food and drink! We were lucky some helpful children were so keen to help out with soaking members of the cast with their water pistols; someone had to step in, and they did, with gusto.

As dusk fell, added entertainment was provided by watching bats flitting around the church!



Malvolio proudly sporting his yellow stockings, cross-gartered. Photos: Ros Place, Christine Willoughby



Music played a prominent part in the performance

Enjoying the Handlebards' performance on the Green





## Music on the Green

Our free Music on the Green events on Sunday afternoons at 2.30 morph sometimes into musicians playing and singing on the Green at other church events.

We enjoyed Axum Folk Ensemble's playing after lunch at our very first Farmers' Market on Saturday 17th where they entertained children to the utter delight of all!

We are already booking in more musical accompaniment for the next Farmers' Market!

**Ros Place**



**Krystyna Mikhailichenko**

**Photos: Ros Place**

## Concert recitals at All Saints'



We have had eight recitals so far this year, one of them by a classical guitarist, the others by pianists.

Tyler Hay replaced Henry Cash in February 2022. Henry is due to play on Wednesday October 12th, when his hand injury has mended.

Mark Viner followed about a month later, and then Rose

**Giulio Tampalini**

McLachlan in April. In early May, we welcomed Nurry Lee, to be followed by Benjamin Frith at the beginning of June and Giulio Tampalini in late June. Thomas Kelly then ended the spring and summer season.

Every concert programme throws up surprises—works by unusual composers appear, and fresh interpretations of well-known pieces have been appreciated and marvelled at.

We were delighted to welcome Ukrainian



**Rose McLachlan**

Krystyna Mikhailichenko to launch our 2022 autumn season in mid-September, playing Beethoven, Chopin, Brahms and Liszt.

Please see our website, posters or flyers for details of musicians and programmes—and pass on details via any means to neighbours and friends! I appreciate receiving photos taken, as I am sometimes too intent on proceedings to take them myself!

**Rosamund Place**  
([rosamundplace@btopenworld.com](mailto:rosamundplace@btopenworld.com))

## Jigsaw Concert



In August we were delighted to welcome the Jigsaw choir from Shrewsbury who treated us to a wide range of music, with a mixture of secular and sacred songs. They also offered entertaining jokes and some community singing, including a new version of "Old MacDonald" for us all to join in!

The concert raised £500 to be split between the East Window appeal and Tyneside Welcomes. The Choir very much enjoyed their visit and were able to find time to explore a few local landmarks!

Our thanks to the Choir for a very entertaining evening.

# Coming soon

## All Saints' Weekend

**29-30th October**

### ***Social Event***

Join us for an evening of fun in the Centre from 7pm on 29th October. There will be a quiz with light refreshments.

### ***Event for Uniformed Groups***

We hope to hear from the uniformed groups about the result of a challenge to make £50 grow on Saturday 30th October from 3.30 - 5.00pm.

### ***All Saints' Exhibition***

On Sunday 30th October we will be holding our patronal festival. After the 9.30am Parish Communion there will be the chance to display photos and documents, illustrations of church activities both old and present in the centre,

All are welcome to delve into the back of drawers and cupboards and visit long forgotten boxes in attics to find treasures belonging to the history of All Saints' and bring them along.

We would particularly like to welcome those who have associations with the church but are not regular attenders.

### ***All Souls Service***

At 6.30 on 30th October we will hold a special service with choir and candles to remember those who have died.

Families in the parishes of All Saints' and St. Hugh's who have lost loved ones over the past year have been invited, and all are welcome to come to remember family and friends.

## Remembrance Sunday

There will be a service at the war memorial in Gosforth Central Park at 10.45 on Sunday 13th November.

## Christmas Fair

We will be holding a Christmas Fair on 19th November from 11-1pm. This will take place in tandem with the Farmers' Market on the Green, so will be slightly different from previous years. More details to follow.

## Youth and family services

Special Youth/Family Services are being planned for Sunday 6th November and Sunday 27th November at 4pm. On 6th November the theme will be Jesus our Hero.

These informal services will take place in the Centre. Please do come along, bring your families and sample a slightly different form of worship.

## Confirmation Service

This is now scheduled to be held at All Saints' at 6.30pm on the 20th November with Bishop Mark Bryant.

## Recitals in Church

As part of our Autumn season of concerts we welcome the following:

**Adam Skoumal** on November 9th has planned to play Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Suk and Skoumal.

**Tyler Hay**, back on 7th December, will perform Chopin, Liszt, Gershwin and some pieces arranged by Hay.

For previous concerts, see p. 7.

## All Saints' Pianos

All Saints' is privileged to have three pianos available—the two uprights in the Centre (in the large hall and in the Upper Room), and the grand piano in church. All are due to be tuned shortly, within three weeks of each other.

In addition we have an electronic piano in church, which was tuned in June 2022.

These instruments and their rooms (!) are available for hire for recitals, events, master-classes, auditions, recordings, concert rehearsals, examinations, practice, meetings, etc.

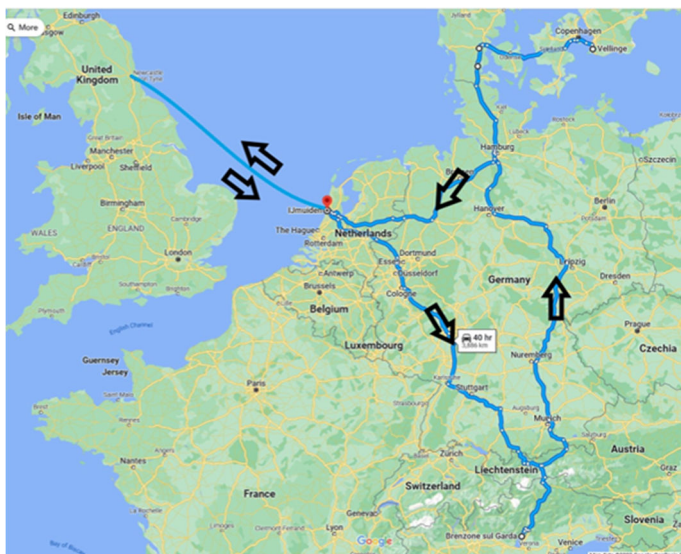
Our very fine Harrison and Harrison organ is also regularly maintained, and may be hired out. For enquiries, please contact Louise Waugh in All Saints' Parish Office tel no. 0191 213 0450 or by email:

[<post@allsaints-gosforth.org.uk>](mailto:post@allsaints-gosforth.org.uk)



## Going with the current: an all-electric European tour

It begins and ends with dogs in our household: Tosca and Millie, both Lagotto Romagnolos (Italian water dogs), around whom our lives and holidays revolve. This year we were to take in Italy (where we have become Lake Garda addicts) and Sweden (to visit Anette's mother). As a result of Brexit, the dogs' EU passports have become invalid, so we have to acquire veterinary health declarations at substantial cost each time we take them to the continent. In order to minimise this financial pain, we merged both holidays, driving to Italy, then Sweden, before returning to the UK. As if



this 3,000 mile trip was not enough, it was also to be our first foreign journey in our new all-electric car.

Now, I am not a disciple of Jeremy Clarkson, so if you are expecting a detailed review of the car, its torque, acceleration and what brand of string-backed gloves match the steering wheel, you will need to buy a different magazine. Nor am I smug (at least not about having an electric car). The only truly environmentally friendly private vehicle is the bicycle, and an electric car still consumes more than our fair share of Earth's resources.

Nevertheless, as Bilbo Baggins will tell you, the longest journey begins with a single step, and going electric does help us use more renewable energy for transport. Similarly, the first stage of our trip was the reassuringly short one to Royal Quays for the Amsterdam Ferry. Whatever your mode of transport, this is a great way for Newcastle residents to start a holiday—20 minutes and the adventure has begun. I had enquired whether there were any facilities for charging cars aboard ship (there weren't) so when the next morning we waited

to disembark, the dashboard instruments (which would not look out of place on the Tardis) showed a battery range of 372Km.

With electric cars comes a change of vocabulary. Gone are spark plugs and distributor caps; you now have to contend with kilowatts and range anxiety. Volkswagen claim that at full charge our ID.3 will take it 250 miles, but in the real world, driving at 70mph on the motorway and using the air conditioning cuts that to under 200. Actually, that's OK—do you really want to drive that far without a break? (We didn't.) Out of that particular frying pan then, into the fire of charging stations.

A 50-kilowatt charger takes 45 minutes to get our car from 20% to 80% charge (GCSE candidates may use this information to calculate the capacity of the battery in kilowatt-hours). Three quarters of an hour is just long enough to exercise the dogs and eat wurst with chips at an autobahn service station. Thus it proved; the battery got us out of Holland and into Germany before our first stop.

I subsequently discovered most of the things that can go wrong at a charging station. I turned up at one which wouldn't accept the various cards and apps available to me. The next, a few kilometres further, was on a pretty unpleasant lorry park, not somewhere we would choose to wait for 5 minutes, let alone 45. At an eerily deserted service station on the German-Danish border one of the two chargers was out of order and we had to wait while a very polite Norwegian (with the mandatory perfect English) finished replenishing his van. In our experience electric vehicle drivers are very polite in queues, perhaps because they have already decided that speed isn't their top priority, plus there is a sense of belonging to a select club with its particular joys and sorrows, unknown to the mass of petrol-reliant drivers. Within weeks of receiving the new car, I found myself giving advice to even more novice drivers trying to get a charger to work, as if I





were a seasoned expert.

A typical day on the road would consist of three two hour stints at the wheel (two for me and one for Anette), two motorway stops and arrival at our overnight destination. On previous hydrocarbon-fuelled trips this approach had found us enjoying brief visits to some wonderful smaller towns such as Trier (birthplace of Karl Marx) and Lubeck (beautifully-preserved Hanseatic league member). On this occasion the standout stopover was Ingolstadt, where Mary Shelley had placed her fictional Dr Frankenstein. Now, however, in addition to the travelogue, we had to recharge the car. Although there were plenty of them, urban chargers tend to be slower and less likely to include instructions in English. It often took a few attempts before we found a vacant charger that we could get to work: a little wearing after a long day on the road when one would rather be tucking into *Flamkuchen* and a bottle of *Weissbier*.

Neither of the holiday apartments we rented in Italy and Sweden had their own charging point. I had scoped out the nearest public chargers, but these preparations proved unnecessary thanks to the generosity of our hosts. Both allowed us to charge our car for free using the domestic supply. This is a much slower process at only 2 kilowatts, but 10 hours overnight will give you 80 miles' range in the morning, certainly enough to get you to a rapid charge point. In fact, given the 400-mile-per-day stretches between holiday destinations, you won't be surprised that, once there, we kept other driving to a minimum.

Summing up our experience, we would give the following advice. Unless you have to drive very far and fast, don't be afraid of an electric car. It is now a practical option, but with just enough uncertainty about your next charge to add a whiff of adventure.

**Andrew Cole**

muffled bells.

Normally on solemn occasions, such as Remembrance Sunday for example, bells are rung half-muffled, but the death of the monarch requires—if possible—for the bells to be fully-muffled. How do we do this?

The part of the bell that is muffled is in fact the clapper, so that when it strikes the body of the bell it sounds muted, and not as clear. This is achieved by strapping a leather cup round the ball part of the clapper. When a bell sounds normally you hear two sounds, the sound of the handstroke and the sound of the backstroke. With half-muffled bells it is the part that hits the bell at backstroke that has the muffle fitted. The effect is to make the backstrokes sound rather like an echo.

For the bell to be fully-muffled, both sides of the clapper have a muffle fitted, so both sounds are muted. For the royal funeral, however, the advice given was to leave the tenor bell (that is, the deepest-sounding bell) to be left "open" at backstroke, so that the effect is rather like the steady tolling of a funeral bell. This is what we did at All Saints', during the period of mourning. The only exception to this was the day of HM King Charles III's accession, when the bells were rung open in celebration at his becoming King.

We are lucky at All Saints' to have a full set of leather muffles for our bells, bought a little while ago at a time of refurbishment when we were advised that the day may not be so far ahead when we would need them. Some towers improvise with rubber car tyres, or pieces of carpet, cut to fit round the clapper, but professionally-made muffles are—in theory

anyway—simpler to fit.

The photograph shows what a clapper looks like when a bell is fully-muffled. The leather muffle is held in place with a Velcro strap above and below.

**Paul Cross**



## **Tales from the Tower: Muffling the bells**

There are many ways of marking national mourning, and as part of the mourning for the death of HM Queen Elizabeth II churches rang



## Obituary: Alfild Wellborne

died 12th July 2022

Alfild was born in Follese—a small village on an island outside Bergen—on 18th May 1944. She had two older brothers, Kjell and Norman. Norway was an occupied country at the time, which made life very difficult, but also her father Alf was already seriously ill with the TB that eventually killed him when Alfild was just 16 months old.

However, she was part of a large extended family on both sides, and grew up surrounded by grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins. She remembered fondly the loud and passionate political discussions every Sunday, where she listened to her uncles fiercely discussing the issues of the day, and although she was too young to join in, it did raise in her an interest in politics and social justice that stayed with her the rest of her life.

Alfild has always loved children, and from an early age was known as the family babysitter. After the war, as her aunts and uncles married there was a “baby boom” in the family. Alfild was often found pushing prams around the village, and could remember every cousin’s birthday decades later.

For the most part she enjoyed her time at the village school. She wasn’t the tidiest student—she could never colour in neatly inside the lines—but she loved Norwegian poetry and could memorise huge chunks of it quickly. She also enjoyed organising the other students to make sure everyone in her row kept up with the work, particularly in maths.

Her other great love was singing. She was a member of the Good Templars Organisation in the village, singing in the choir, and then later in her teens running the children’s choir herself.

In her teens she moved to a larger school where she met Karin and the two of them became best friends for life.

She left school at 15 and began working for the shipping company Bergen Line. At first she was a type of messenger clerk, so she quickly got to know every shortcut through the city, taking messages from the office to the various docks.

By the early 1960s Alfild had started to stretch her wings. Taking advantage of discounted fares from her work, she and her friends took the ferry to Newcastle for a shopping trip. Queuing outside the Oxford Galleries, she was approached by a bespectacled young Englishman, Harry. He was planning to go to Norway on holiday later

in the year. Years later, he admitted that he started chatting to Alfild and her friends in the hope he might score for a free dinner when he came to Norway! Over the course of the next couple of years, they became penfriends and fell in love.

In 1965 Alfild decided to move to England to see if this relationship would work. She took a number of jobs—mother’s help and then later hotel chambermaid. Her English language skills developed and she began practising any new words she learned on Harry first, to check his reaction before she used them in polite conversation.

In July 1968, Harry and Alfild married in Norway and settled in Harewood Road, Gosforth. Alfild worked in The Seaman’s Mission Church, and the flat was often filled with Scandinavian au pairs meeting up together on their days off to chat, have coffee and eat waffles.

Karoline was born in 1971 and Jackki followed in 1974. Harry often worked away from home at this time, so Alfild busied herself with family life, making friends with the neighbours and joining the Anglo-Scandinavian Society, eventually becoming President and finally an honorary lifetime member.

She was also active in community work, helping to establish the Hall’s Estate Resident Committee to campaign for improved housing facilities and conditions. She also became a member of the Liberal Party and followed local issues with interest.

As the children grew up, Alfild started work as a dinner lady and cleaner at Archibald First School. She was a firm but fair supervisor at lunchtime, insisting on good behaviour and a positive attitude, as well as setting up her fellow-workers into a union.

In 1980 the family moved to Bath Terrace. Alfild continued her work in the community, through the People to People Week, which encouraged greater understanding between different cultures and faiths. Perhaps her proudest moment here was winning first prize for best float in the Lord Mayor’s Parade. Using her community connections she borrowed a lorry, persuaded Harry to decorate it and got as many different nationalities and faiths as possible to parade in national costume through the centre of Newcastle to promote the event. It was a huge success.

Another proud moment for Alfild was meeting the Norwegian King, King Olav. He was visiting Newcastle, and Alfild and Harry



were invited to an official reception. Disappointed that he hadn't been able to snap a photo when she was officially presented to the King, Harry asked her to subtly move closer to Olav so he could at least get a shot of them together in the same frame. Crossly telling Harry "You don't sneak up on a King!" she politely approached the King who was only too happy to oblige with a photo. She was equally thrilled years later to meet Olav's son, King Harald, and that too became a treasured family memory.

In the late 1980s she was redeployed at work and moved to a clerical role at the Civic Centre. Here she became more involved with the annual Christmas tree ceremony—organising a Norwegian choir and leading the traditional dance around it, whatever the weather!

During her time at the Civic Centre she also took a role in the work of the City Centre Chaplaincy, establishing a multi-faith prayer room in the Civic Centre which provided a much-needed place of peace and spiritual reflection for everyone who visited.

Alfhild was always interested in travel and exploring the world. The family took several European road trips to Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Belgium. After the girls had grown up, Harry and Alfhild continued to travel—another road trip to Italy—but then later they were hit by the cruising bug: the Mediterranean, the Baltic capitals, and perhaps most exciting of all the Arctic Circle. Often Maisie accompanied them both—a cousin of Harry's from Scotland who became a close friend and travelling companion.

With Maisie, Alfhild also went on more traditional beach holidays—to Greece and also Malta and Gozo. Here Alfhild also ticked off a couple of items on her bucket list—travelling on a helicopter and swimming with dolphins.

Alfhild was also a confident solo traveller visiting friends and family across the world—Japan, Australia and New Zealand. However, she wasn't always reliable reading timetables. On her way to a family wedding in Norway, she and Harry missed the ferry and had a frantic drive through Denmark, Holland, Sweden and a Norway to get there in time.

During her retirement, Alfhild still didn't slow down. She was an active and devoted Grandma to Kallum and heavily involved in church activities—as Branch Leader for All Saints Mothers' Union and also coordinating the World Day of Prayer for several years.

As she grew older, she became more physically frail. A hip replacement helped with

her pain, but she started to rely on walkers to steady herself outside. She also invested in a mobility scooter which helped her travel further, but she never really mastered reversing! Yet whatever scrapes she got into, she relied on her persuasive techniques to find someone who would always help.

Her love for children never left her and she enjoyed supporting Karoline with her succession of foster children. She was openly thrilled that Logan's first word was "Grandma," and Karoline certainly appreciated the experience and advice she provided.

Her final illness was frustrating for her, with periods of recovery, then another relapse, but she was sharp to the end, enjoying visits, coffee and ice-cream, as well as making her views extremely clear.

Alfhild's life was a full one and we remember today that her faith was at the centre of everything she did, that she anticipated one day a greater life where she would feel at home with the Lord. May Alfhild indeed rest in peace and rise in glory.

**Andrew Shipton**

(with notes provided by Karoline Wellborne)

## HM the Queen

In Matthew's Gospel we hear that we are to be "wise as serpents and innocent as doves."

I have read many tributes to her late Majesty, but I have not heard her be praised for being "as wise as a serpent and innocent as a dove"—that is, praised for her shrewdness, ingenuity, lack of naivety, and for being streetwise, in combination with her sensitivity, thoughtfulness and kindness.

It is widely acknowledged that the Queen's faith at all times and in all places was the rock on which she stood, and which expressed itself in her constancy and stability.

Her Majesty was a churchgoer. At happy times and in moments of crisis, the Queen went to church—for wedding anniversaries



and jubilees, on the day of the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, when, as a grandmother, she took Princes William and Harry to Crathie Church, close to Balmoral, and after the death of her own mother, when the Queen attended a private service at the Royal Chapel at Royal Lodge.

Many observations were made about the Queen on the lead-up to her funeral. There were comments on her clarity of thinking, capacity for careful listening, inquiring mind, humour, remarkable memory and extraordinary kindness. The Archbishop of Canterbury stated that "her steadfast loyalty, service and humility has helped us make sense of who we are." He said that Queen Elizabeth II was the "most wonderful example of a Christian life" and "had the ability to see the value of people as God sees them." He went on to say that Her Majesty had "transcended cultures, languages and nations", adding that her loss would have left people "navigating their way around the raw and ragged edges of grief."

She certainly had a deep belief in Christian duty. Her Majesty placed Christ's example at the heart of her mission. As she explained, "God sent his only son 'to serve, not to be served.' In addition, I read how later in her life her faith meant she knew that despite death, "nothing was lost to God".

It is worth reading some of the words of her Majesty. She once said "Jesus Christ lived obscurely for most of his life and never travelled far. He was maligned and rejected by many though he had done no wrong. And yet, billions of people now follow his teachings and find in him the guiding light for their lives. I am one of them because Christ's example helps me see the value of doing small things with great love."

In 2008 in her Christmas message she said: "I hope that, like me, you will be comforted by the example of Jesus of Nazareth who, often in circumstances of great adversity, managed to live an outgoing, unselfish and sacrificial life... He makes it clear that genuine human happiness and satisfaction lie more in giving than receiving; more in serving than in being served."

Maybe, as one observer stated, "Her late Majesty taught as much, if not more, about God and grace than any other contemporary figure. We remember her not for what she had, but for what she gave."

The Queen said once in an Easter message: "All that is lost will be found again, as surely as Christ Jesus was raised from the dead and defeated death."

As the Archbishop said as he concluded his

sermon shortly after her death, "And He will gather us all together in heaven on the glorious day of resurrection, where in a different context, as her late Majesty once said to us in difficult times, we will meet again."

She was indeed wise, shrewd but also gentle and ever thoughtful. May she rest in peace and rise in glory.

**Andrew Shipton**

## Death of the Queen

It was expected,  
Much as the second coming is expected  
By a Church grown used to waiting:  
Every year a year of grace,  
Each day a day of forbearance.

It came suddenly,  
Less like a thief than a returning master,  
And found her full of duty,  
Having seen off one premier and greeted  
another,  
Ready for more if need be.

Then it all happened.  
Each gun salute, every procession  
Had been discreetly planned  
By watchful servants whose job is discretion,  
Black tie or dress at hand.

People joined in:  
People who had no need to care  
Which was duke or duchess of where,  
Taking their turn to confront mortality,  
Not getting too near.

What brought them there?  
In fractured times, a sense of belonging;  
Affection for an unknown friend;  
An anchor in the past; a longing  
For the end time to end.

**Dermot Killingley**

## From the Registers

### All Saints'

#### Baptisms

14th August: Kai Coverdale  
14th August: Billy Bundle Montgomery  
11th September: Alexander Jack Morley  
9th October: Mollie Cowey, Luca Cowey,  
Cecilia Harrison

#### Weddings

20th August: Alexandra Jo Smith and  
Joshua Michael James Farshfoush

#### Funerals

11th August: Deryck Sparrow, died 21st  
July aged 77  
12th August: Audrey Dixon, died 13th July  
aged 90  
2nd September: John Sydney Hewett, died  
24th July aged 66  
5th September: John Robson Dorkin, died  
15th August aged 91  
16th September: John Waite, died 7th  
September aged 89  
27th September: Claire Horton Westwater,  
died 8th September aged 93

#### Burial of Ashes

30th July: William (Bill) Romanis  
4th October: Alfild Wellborne

#### Memorial Service

21st July: Denis Patterson, died 25th May

### St. Hugh's

#### Baptisms

25th September: Jasmine Sarah Elizabeth  
Barron, Amelia Frankie Renee Barron

### Sunday services at All Saints'

8.00am Holy Communion  
9.30am Parish Communion  
6.30pm Evening Prayer  
—all livestreamed on YouTube  
Updates will be posted on our website:  
<https://allsaintsgosforth.wixsite.com/all-saints-gosforth>

### Sunday services at St. Hugh's

11.00am  
Updates will be posted on our website:  
[www.facebook.com/St-Hughs-Church-Gosforth](http://www.facebook.com/St-Hughs-Church-Gosforth)

### Church contacts

**Vicar:** Andrew Shipton 2845540  
[andrew.shipton@allsaints-gosforth.org.uk](mailto:andrew.shipton@allsaints-gosforth.org.uk)  
**Assistant Curate:** Miriam Jones  
[miriam.jones@allsaints-gosforth.org.uk](mailto:miriam.jones@allsaints-gosforth.org.uk)  
**Assistant Priest:** Ruth Birnie 2841393  
[ruth.birnie@allsaints-gosforth.org.uk](mailto:ruth.birnie@allsaints-gosforth.org.uk)  
**Parish Office:** 2130450  
West Avenue, Gosforth, NE3 4ES  
[post@allsaints-gosforth.org.uk](mailto:post@allsaints-gosforth.org.uk)

### From the Editors

We hope you have enjoyed reading this edition of *Keeping in Touch*. It is only as good as its contributors, so please do let us know what you have been doing, review church events for us and send in future plans/ news. It all helps us to connect with each other. As soon as we have enough to publish we will put out a further edition.

You can hand contributions to any of the editors, or email to:  
[allsaintsintouch@outlook.com](mailto:allsaintsintouch@outlook.com)

We look forward to hearing from you.

**Lesley Atkinson, Ann Cross, Dermot Killingley, Christine Willoughby**