



# Foy News

Spring 2011

# The Foy Society

is a fellowship of women and men who, in a spirit of free inquiry, seek to understand the nature of present issues and problems - political, social and religious.

Founded in 1924 as The Fellowship of Youth, in 1957 we became known as the Foy Society. We had gradually taken on the role of an inter-generational group.

Despite the fact that most of our members are Unitarians, all are welcome to join and participate, whatever religious background. Our discussions and interaction thrives on a rich texture of input. Please feel free to join us.

**Cover picture:** Foy members await the rest of the group by a flooded waterside footpath in Monsaldale during Winter Walking Weekend (see page 12 \*).

**Printed by:** David Warhurst, using the GA Zette machine and lots of patience.

**Deadline for Autumn issue:** 25th September, 2011.



## Contents:

Page 3	President's Piece (..or maybe Peace)
Pages 7-19	Obituaries to Trevor Jones
Page 12	*Winter Walking in the Wet
Page 20	Confessions of a Deputy Head
Page 21	Richard's Ramblings
Page 24	Upcoming Conference Details
Page 26	Upcoming IRF Oldies Reunion
Page 27	Flagg memories & photographs
Page 32	Robin & Ben Johnson
Page 33	News of Foy Members
Page 37 - 39	Upcoming Foy Events

# President's Peace



## An Appetite for Signs and Portents?

**I guessed my pepper, my soup was too hot.  
I guessed my water, it dried in the pot.  
I guessed my salt, and what do you think  
For the rest of the day we did nothing but drink.  
I guessed my sugar, my sauce was too sweet.  
And thus by guessing, I spoilt our treat.  
So now I guess nothing, for cooking by guesses  
Will ruin all skill and produce only messes.**

*1N.C.W. 1947 Nyasaland Cookery Book and  
Household Guide, The Nyasaland Council of Women*

Spoiling the treat is almost inevitable when it comes to composing the "President's Piece", left as it is (by me) until what must be beyond the last minute, signalled by the Editor's reminding, conscience pricking, peace shattering, email. So simply guessing at what might be appetising, the ingredients are being thrown together for this Spring Offering for Foy News, 2011.

First in the pot is the memory of a glowing Hucklow sunset during the Unitarian Music Society's mid-week break "Catching Heaven in a Note" at the end of February, which put me in mind of the saying:

**Red Sky at night  
Shepherd's delight  
Red sky in the morning  
Shepherd's warning**



John Hewerdine captured the view from the back of Nightingale

The origin of the expression "Red sky at night" is said to be very old: *'There is a written version in Matthew XVI in the Wyclif Bible, from as early as 1395:*

*"The eeuenynge maad, ye seien, It shal be cleer, for the heuene is lijk to reed; and the morwe, Today tempest, for heuen shyneth heuy, or sorwful."*

*The Authorised Version gives that in a more familiar form:*

*"When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to day: for the sky is red and loursing."*

*The meaning and origin of the expression: Red sky at night, The Phrase Finder* [Online], Available:

<http://www.phrases.org.uk/meanings/red-sky-at-night.html>

The meaning is perceived to be more than just relating to the weather when the Bible records Jesus as saying, discerningly

*“O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?”*

Well, not to concoct a religious meal, but to reflect on the diet of Foy conferences over the years, as far as it is possible without all the recipe books (Foy News) to hand, the bill of fare reads: ‘Alternative Energy’ (2004), ‘Society, Addiction & the Individual’ (2005), ‘Is Poverty Now History?’ (2006), ‘Identity’ (2007), ‘The Key to avoiding the need for Keys - Paths to reducing offending and re-offending’ (2008), ‘Living together in the Next Generation’ (2009), and in 2010 ‘You can tell I am Serious, because I am Laughing’.

Menus like these have become something of a culinary tradition: the Foy Society has been far from failing to discern the signs of the times. The F.O.Y conference, Easter, 1939 ‘The Threat to Cultural and Religious Freedom’ and its Outline for Study.

(1998) *Recollections of a Remarkable Society*, Great Wilbraham, Cambridge: Ben Johnson

This suggested forty one books as *“being deliberately kept down in number and it is realised there are serious omissions”* show along with conferences since then that Foy has fearlessly considered the issues of the times: not eschewing the less palatable aspects of Society, and in so doing (conference 2010!) has savoured some of the more exciting aromas in Life’s Kitchen.

The Foy Society clearly has an appetite for the “flavour of the month”, and favours menus decidedly à la carte. Extending the metaphor: how may we determine what will tickle our taste buds for future conferences?

David Niven in his autobiography “The Moon’s a Balloon” recounts a conversation with Winston Churchill, when the whole of Europe was under German domination: he writes

*“Do you think, sir”, I asked, “that the Americans will ever come into the war?” He fixed me with that rather intimidating gaze and unloosed the*

famous jaw-jutting bulldog growl. “Mark my words – something cataclysmic will occur!”

Four weeks later, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour. Months later...I asked if the Prime Minister remembered what he had said long ago. His reply gave me goose pimples.

“Certainly I remember.”

“What made you say it, sir?”

“Because, young man. I study history.”

Niven, David. (1971) *The Moon's a Balloon*, London: Coronet Books Hodder Paperbacks Ltd.

Perhaps as we consider future conference themes we could do worse than look at our history: reflect on where we have come from, and on the cooks who have influenced our lives, spread before us tables laden with appetising fare, with subtleties of flavours which we may unknowingly take for granted.

The lesson contained in the Nyasaland Council of Women's verse is one which Foy need not learn: having ably demonstrated that it can discern the signs of the times, and that guessing has never been its *modus operandi*. Quoting the Rev. Bruce Johnson

**Martin Croucher** (President of Foy)



Mark Deakin & Emily Hewerdine are delighted to announce their Engagement.

Mark proposed on Christmas Day and they plan to marry in August. Busy wedding plans are underway!

# Death of man “who gave so much”

In early January members of the Unitarian church here in the UK heard of the death of Reverend Trevor Jones. Trevor touched the lives of so many of us and helped our children discover what the Unitarian Faith was all about. You will read in the following pages something of the feelings of various folk whose lives were touched by him.

Many of us (including Dot and myself) were married by Trevor. The majority of Foy members have reason to be grateful for his influence on their lives. I start with some reflections by David Shaw who officiated at Manchester’s Southern Cemetary and also took the Memorial Service which followed in Old Chapel, Great Hucklow. Here is what David had to say to us in the memorial service.

John Hewerdine (editor)

## Trevor Howarth Jones



21st May 1932 - 12th January, 2011

Trevor’s father was the Unitarian minister in the town of Stockport. It was here that he was born on 21<sup>st</sup> May in 1932. The family moved to Hindley where Trevor attended school and then another move took him to Coventry where he took his ‘A’ levels.

His time in National Service saw him as a medic in the RAF. With that over he studied at Loughborough Teacher Training College and then went to Birmingham Art College.

It was during this time that he sought out Waverley Road Unitarian Church and met Rev Ron McGraw. He was to be quite an influence and role model for Trevor and he decided that he would leave teaching and train for the ministry.

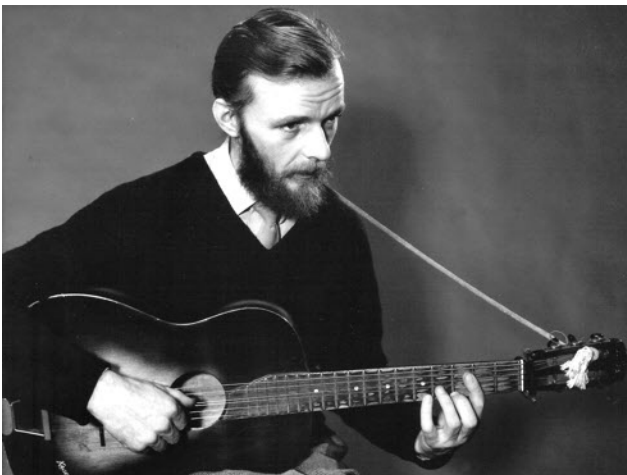
He studied at the Unitarian College in Manchester and was now serving at Underbank Chapel, Stannington. He had married Sheila and it was here that Ruth and Cathie were born.

Trevor was busy doing – he was busy organising and he was busy influencing and it is this aspect of his life that we celebrate.

There was a branch of the Young People's League at Underbank - and young folk gathered, or rather crowded, into the cellar of the Parsonage where Trevor and his family lived.

Trevor then moved to Wythenshawe. There was much to be done and it was a time when Trevor and Sheila did much writing and singing together. The great Pennine Way walk was organised and there were many links with other Unitarian youth groups.

Trevor always had a natural ability to form relationships and friendships with people. He especially had a way with young people of all ages. He would laugh and chuckle his way through many activities – organised in his casual way and he had a great way of linking everybody and everything together using his fiddle, his guitar, his songs and his humour.



Trevor inspired and he "ignited".

Pictures:  
John Hewerdine

It was a time of the Folk Club, 'Friday gatherings on the stage - very well known in the area and well-attended in its time. Trevor was known as the 'Rocking Vicar' and the Sixties were a-swinging. Trevor inspired and influenced many people - especially young people at this time.

Trevor's way - always to be his way - was to see any difficulties not so much as a 'youth problem' but as an 'adult problem' He was on the side of the young folk and they knew it. He worked *with people* - as their equal. When you were with Trevor you knew that you were respected and what you did was valued.

By now, baby Daniel had arrived and Trevor had become the minister at the Chorlton Church. He then decided to return to teaching to be responsible for RE and General Studies as Head of Moral Education at Burnage High School..

He then took up the post of Head of RE at Burley High. Trevor was here, in the Moss Side area of Manchester, during what was a very difficult time of social unrest and there was Trevor at the forefront of working with the local leaders on mediation and healing.

Then came the advert from Unitarian Headquarters for a Religious Education and Youth Officer. In was 1982 and it was a post that Trevor held until he retired fifteen years later in 1997.

It was a time of immeasurable activity for Trevor. Trevor had a way of thinking out of the box - it wasn't always a box that others wanted to climb out of - but Trevor was busy being Trevor.

The post was London-based but Trevor lived in Manchester and he travelled here there and everywhere. There were bikes - with and without engines and vehicles of assorted shapes, sizes, colours and states of repair.

Trevor had his own way with vehicles which meant that he liked to tinker with them himself. I can recall on one long journey, when it started to rain, being told where the strings were and spent the journey tugging the wiper blades one way and then the other.

He travelled to the United States too. He searched for new RE and worship material and brought much back to this side of the Atlantic -

cautious he was to ensure that as it arrived it had a British feel to it. He was much stirred by the experience of attending an RE Summer School on Starr Island off the Coast of New Hampshire. It was a time when literature and ideas from the US were looked upon with suspicion and prejudice.

He was at the cutting edge of the idea that it is the process that matters and that it is the activity is the vehicle for change. Trevor passionately believed that allowing people to grow and to change is important for development and growth. Trevor looked upon work with young people as important for its own sake. Not just to make the adults feel good but to make the young folk feel good. Sometimes Trevor ploughed a lone furrow but he was undeterred.

Trevor started the annual RE Summer schools here in Great Hucklow which continue today and have influenced hundreds of people. He brought about 'Religious Education Co-ordinators' to cover regions of this country. He devised the programme Growing Unitarians, The President's Award Scheme, Awakenings.

There were the courses and a book on Games to develop Group activity. There was Songs for Living, Unisongs, and a whole series of booklets for work with Juniors and Seniors. Trevor devised the National Youth Programme - it is still in operation today - some would say our crowning glory. It is this transforming inspiration that Trevor will be remembered for - and for this many will remember him and give thanks.



When Trevor didn't have a guitar or a glass or a fiddle or a fag in his hand I shall remember him with paper. Not official paperwork for Trevor. He was not one who connected easily - or at all - with officialdom.

I shall recall the pieces of paper that, in his hands, became drawings, poems, songs, music or a sketchy outline of how a new idea was going to work. When I worked with Trevor on such things I would be the one who wanted to work on the realities. He would drag my imagination off to where it had never been and I would drag him back to the who, how, when and how much?

There was one occasion when money was needed and Trevor announced that he would get his son Daniel to ride a tandem with him from Land's End to John O'Groats. The thinking was simple - get people to sponsor - money raised - job done.

Trevor helps Daniel to change the rear sprocket on one of their several sponsored Cycle-rides together



I ended up as car driver for the event. Daniel, Trevor and I met at my house to plan the event. I had on the floor a large map of Britain. I was ready for an intense evening of work to calculate how we were going to do it and where we were going to stop each night. Trevor knelt down on the floor - held his thumb and little finger apart and walked his way up the map saying something like - Sunday, Monday Tuesday and so on. he sat back, rolled a cigarette - job done....

Trevor's way was to inspire. His style was to work in a way that would see himself as moving on. Not that he wasn't interested but because he was deeply interested. He was always aware that there was much to do and that it was of great importance to ensure that others would take on the leadership roles - so that events would continue. It is a credit to Trevor that as time has progressed it has been the participants of the youth and the adult events who have themselves become today's leaders.

Retirement did not come easy for Trevor. He missed his contacts and it would be true to say that these years became a time of decline.

But he leaves us with much for he leaves many transformed souls.

**David Shaw**

# Winter Walking in the Wet

**Great Hucklow, 14th - 16th January**

Innovation after 30 years!

Dave Copley, our friendly guide and organiser of these popular walking weekends, has finally run out of new walks that start from The Nightingale Centre. Would we be prepared to drive to a new starting point, he wondered. For many of us, the route we take is secondary to the company and conversation as we trek across fields, up hills and down dales, but, yes, we were up for change.

We bundled into cars and set off in convoy for Miller's Dale, congregating at the disused railway station – the very spot where Henry Tittle, a former manager of the Centre, was famously greeted by local media as he stepped off the last train ever to stop there.



Our Group sets off from Miller's Dale Station

The path of the old railway track offers gentle walking for all, from the youngest at five years old to the more seasoned and less nimble. We ambled through Miller's Dale and into Cressbrook Dale, knowing that we would part company at some stage with those doing a shorter walk. A vast expanse of mud, where the river had burst its bank, was the defining moment, and the "short walkers" turned tail in favour of a dryer route and an earlier return to the Centre.

Having negotiated the mud, the hardy folks faced a long, steep climb out of the valley, but it was worth every step; the views from the top, at Cressbrook, were stunning, even on a grey day in January. Fortified by packed lunch and a brew stop en route, at Litton Mill, we completed our 8 mile walk well before dusk.



Technical problems with Hi-tech equipment!

The traditional short walk on Sunday morning was damp indeed; sodden souls tramped the fields through Grindlow to Foolow and back through Silly Dale. Worship at the Old Chapel was a much warmer and dryer affair for those who like to build that into their Winter Walking Weekend.

Year after year, David Copley and The Nightingale Centre staff create a friendly, relaxed atmosphere where old-stagers and newcomers alike are welcome – with only a hint of competition at the Saturday evening picture quiz!

Winter Walking Weekends in 2012 are 13-15 and 20-22 January, and midweek 25-27 January. Check out the Centre's website for booking information: [www.thenightingalecentre.org.uk](http://www.thenightingalecentre.org.uk)

**Christine Hayhurst**

# Build Your Own Coffin

## Sheila Jones tells us about it

With the death of Trevor, our children and myself were naturally upset and like most families, felt ambivalent emotions of loss, sadness, guilt and relief. Then, like most families, we spent time focusing on how and what we should do regarding the funeral.

We were very aware that Trevor Jones was a Unitarian 'icon' and very quickly knew that we would arrange a celebration of his life at Hucklow, his spiritual home. When we found that the cheapest 'off the shelf' cardboard coffin was £150.00 we started thinking about a do-it-yourself Jones type funeral.

Daniel quickly said that he was 'excited' about making his Dad's coffin and Ruth said that she would like to decorate it. So the idea was born. After overcoming some legal niceties we went ahead. We still had the problem of collecting the body from the hospital and the delivery to the crem. Trevor's dear friend Chris said we could use his van and he would help Daniel at the hospital.

We had many laughs and tears along the way, such as Daniel going to B&Q to buy the wood and asking an assistant to measure across his shoulders and his height. 'Why do you want this?' he asked. 'Because I'm making my Dad's coffin', Daniel replied. The assistant must have lived on that story for at least that day.....'I served a madman today....'



The coffin which Daniel made was taken in friend Chris's van from the hospital to the crem.

Another time my girls and me were discussing where we could buy paints for Ruth to decorate the coffin. Cathie suggested that her daughter Tash, who worked at B&Q at weekends, could get discount on it. We burst into fits of laughter!

Everything went according to plan; Dan building the beautiful coffin in his garage, painting it white so that Ruth could spend the day before the funeral painting scenes from Hucklow (from Dad's sketches) on the sides; a beautiful chalice on the lid with all our family names in individual flames and printed in large black lettering on the end of the coffin facing the congregation was 'FLYING FREE'.



Roger plays his fiddle as friends assemble in the Manchester crematorium

We devised a most moving service, sensitively 'held together' by David Shaw. We entered to fiddle music played by Trevor's friend, Roger, and left to the same music after all the congregation came forward, carrying one flower each, placing them on the verily designer coffin..... and so to Hucklow

**Sheila Jones**

# Trevor Jones

## Ernest Baker's reflections

In thinking about writing some words of remembrance of Trevor Jones - he was always just "Trevor" - I found the word "paradoxical" coming to mind. Then I thought, no, that's not quite right; what I really mean to say is that there was more than one side to him.

As a teen/early 20-something like so many of that Unitarian youth generation I was quite transfixed and transported by his seeming extraversion, cheeriness... and musicianship. As a shy, introverted, but trying to redress the balance individual I envied those with "accomplishments". Still do; my pretended intellect seems to come a poor second to such! He was guitar-toting "star"! My God, and he played the fiddle too! Many a sing-song there was, including the famous 1965 post UYPL Drama Festival at the Wythenshawe Church preserved on vinyl. (Negotiate with me for a copy in a more up-to-date format!).

His UYPL and Folk Club drew in Marion as teenager looking for a congenial religious community to be part of, and we were thrilled when he got to help plan in detail and conduct our wedding ceremony, as he did for other UYPLers. The photograph in the Vestry afterwards seems to suggest he enjoyed the occasion, but I think he was very nervous. Perhaps as nervous as when Underbank Chapel, Stannington stalwarts Joan and Geoff Helliwell were his first couple! Trevor's still-in-training and first ministry there in Sheffield, with the "Coffee Bar" in the cellar of the Old Parsonage, is still legendary in the memory of many a local soul, some of whom are now leading lights in the Chapel's solid ongoing life. I was/am so proud of having followed him later in that ministry.

But at various times in more mature years I came to see more. I never thought him a great preacher, but at his best he was able to offer a brilliantly simple parabolic understanding of ...the present reality of the divine.

Several occasions stand out, some of which I wouldn't wish to speak of in detail, but which gave testimony to his vulnerability, inward struggles, and in his last years, his loneliness, even before he became physically infirm. It was only in later years that I became aware of, though hardly surprised by, his artistic talent – the drawings of buildings and places.

I recall an occasion of saying that I was looking forward to something or other a few days hence. "Here's another man wishing his life away," he remarked. I recall too the impact on me of realising how deeply (it seemed to me at the time unnecessarily deeply) he felt on the occasion of his self-titled "Swansong", at the Norwich GA I think it was, as he retired from the denominational RE/Youth post. He once confessed in adult tears to the acute dismay he experienced when his minister father announced when he was 6, there was to be no more physical contact between them beyond the shaking of hands.

Many of us I think have grieved that he came to find life so hard, and the occasioning of his sufferings. He was, we clearly see, human, all too human, after all. Many of us owe much to him. We can surely most give thanks for the fact of him by supporting his family however we can.

**Ernest Baker**

## David Warhurst recalls...



My first significant contact with Trevor came about because of the ***President's Award Scheme***. This was devised by Trevor and Keith Treacher as the Unitarian alternative to the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme which had been difficult to run in our churches. At the time it was said to be unique, as no other denomination had anything like it.

I well remember the first Award being presented to Paul David from Aberdare at the GA meetings in - yes - Swansea in 1965. As a 20 year old UYPLer I was very excited by this and made the mistake of enthusing about the Award Scheme in the Yorkshire UYPL magazine. I was immediately contacted by Grenville Needham, then Secretary of the Youth Department at the GA, and invited to take over from Trevor as secretary of the scheme!

Trevor was the first to admit that he was no administrator. His genius was to come up with ideas, programmes and schemes, of which the President's Award was just one example, which helped and inspired those working with our young people. The importance of the President's Award has not, in my view, been fully recognised. The scheme ran for 21 years during which more than 400 young people received Awards.

Every President during those years had Award certificates to sign and they all took a great interest in it, often citing this as one of the highlights of their term of office. Times change and the President's Award has now been replaced by the Chalice Award Scheme which, though quite different in many ways, was, I think, inspired by Trevor's pioneering scheme.

What stands out about this is that I frequently see names that I recognise from Award certificates doing important jobs in the movement, locally and nationally. Seeds were planted then that have borne fruit many years later. This is the essence of the work we do with Young Unitarians. Trevor planted seeds wherever he went. Whether it was at UYPL or (later) Foy events, or Junior Weekends, YUC week or whatever, you could almost guarantee that Trevor would be there with fiddle and guitar, and there would be fun, laughter and inspiration. The irony was that Trevor was sometimes lonely and depressed. There was a sense in which he needed us as much as we needed him.

Trevor's crucial appointment as REYD Co-ordinator very nearly didn't happen. In 1980, after Celia Downs (Midgley) vacated the post, GA Council decided to appoint a Publicity Officer instead. This caused much controversy and several of us mounted a campaign to re-instate the REYD post. My role in this was to provide the financial analysis which showed that, at the time, both positions were affordable. Thankfully our motion at the 1981 GA meetings, instructing Council to recreate the REYD position, was passed but it was a very close thing. Trevor then applied for the job and was appointed and the rest, as they say, is history.

Trevor's services were always memorable, entertaining and different, rather like fireside chats, and usually delivered without notes. I remember one in the Old Chapel at Hucklow when he told us about a trek he'd taken on horseback. The horse lumbered along refusing, rather like a typical Unitarian, to obey any of his attempts to direct it. It then picked up speed and, to Trevor's horror, headed straight for an impossibly narrow gap between two trees! Trevor's description of this had us all in stitches. I think he came through unscathed!

Trevor cared so deeply about the Unitarian faith he loved. His life's work has done more than anyone I know to ensure that it has the best possible future.

**David Warhurst**

# Recordings from the Sixties



## not previously released

### The editor writes:

As a member of Trevor's Wythenshawe Folk Club in the early sixties, I was involved in making recordings of many of our gatherings. Ernest Baker has written in this issue of Foy News that some of these (usually when we had special singing guests joining us) were released as vinyl 33 rpm recordings and sold at nominal cost.

When we held Trevor's Memorial Service at Great Hucklow, I played a number of original '60's recordings of Trevor (accompanied by Sheila on some tracks). The majority of these songs were regular numbers which Trevor sang, but which were never made available on the LP's we sold.

After our service of remembrance, I asked Sheila how she felt about letting friends have CD copies of the original recordings in exchange for a nominal contribution to a charity which Trevor might have wished. Sheila was happy for this to happen and the benefitting charity will be **"Send a Child to Hucklow"**. I will be happy to let any of you have a copy for £5.00 (or £6.00 incl' post and packing). Proceeds go to SACH.

The recordings are of good quality and there are 14 tracks including such old favourites as "Michael Row the Boat" and "We Shall Overcome". The most moving track for me, at the time of Trevor's death, was "I have decided to go this way". I believe that Trevor wrote this one.

If you would like a copy of the CD, whilst also making a contribution to Send a Child... just let me know.

**John Hewerdine**

Dot Haughton on

## **Lates and Chairs**

**We've all been there....**

One of the most important roles of a deputy head is putting out the chairs for meetings. You spend a happy half-hour setting out neat rows and wait for your attenders to arrive. You have counted the chairs; there are enough and there is a neat aisle down the middle for ease of access.

The early birds arrive and settle on the back rows and along the aisles.

The on-timers appear and squeeze past the knees of the early birds and fumble their way to a seat past coats, bags and umbrellas, some of which, but not all, are reserving seats for friends without whose company it is impossible to survive the coming hour and a half.

The front row remains empty, awaiting Elijah perchance.

The late-comers fight their way in and perch on radiators, unstack spare chairs noisily or, in desperation, sit on the floor – usually right in front of the door.

The speaker watches this commotion uneasily, unwilling to stop, as this process can often last for 15 minutes. The new arrivers have missed the housekeeping notices which will have to be repeated but also, more importantly, the exquisitely crafted words of introduction which were intended to set the tone of the whole meeting.

About 20 minutes in it becomes apparent that in order to follow what is going on the late-comers need hand-outs which had been put on the chairs but not the extra chairs, and, in fact, some of the on-timers also haven't got them because someone else picked up the one on their chair and then changed seats. There are mutterings and papers are passed to and fro with little cries of 'I've got two the same.' (note to self: next time use different colours for the separate sheets. Much easier to say 'Has everyone got a pink, a blue and a green sheet?')

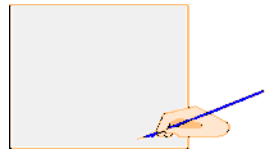
The front row remains empty, still awaiting Elijah

After the meeting several people complain that they didn't have all the hand-outs, they couldn't see the screen and they were in a draught.

After they have all gone home you tidy away the hand-outs from under the seats, lock away the purses, jumpers, scarves and umbrellas, stack the chairs (or the caretaker will sulk all the next morning) and go home. Once there, pour a large gin.

**Dorothy Haughton**

## Ramblings from Room 10



Idle thoughts of a not so idle fellow

Day by day it seems we are becoming more of an 'instant' society. When I was first introduced to watching cricket more years ago than I care to count, there were two forms; three day and five day. Then came the sixty five over per side one day game, followed steadily by sixty, fifty five, fifty, forty five, forty and finally, during the course of the last few years, the twenty-twenty. In many countries test matches seem to be increasingly watched by the proverbial one man and his dog. Even in India, where the game is watched by fanatical crowds, even their test match attendances are falling.

There are still those who enjoy the developing pattern of a five day test match, often with day by day swings in fortune where each of the teams take it in turns to be in the ascendancy. Being totally partisan, I certainly enjoyed England being far more in the ascendancy in the recent test series in Australia! The less said about the one day series, which followed, the better!

Watching county cricket in our home of Northamptonshire varies dramatically. One day there is a sparse crowd watching a four day championship game in peaceful and quiet surroundings: many familiar faces in their customary seats almost as if they had been planted there in April after hibernating for the winter! The next day one can be caught up in the frenetic activity of an evening T20 game under floodlights with a full

house, part of which has more in character with a football crowd: almost a case of the traditional coexisting with modern day reality.

Why do we have to have a result there and then without wanting to follow an evolving game? Why is there this urge to want to cram more into a finite time? For instance, how often do we see drivers in cars accelerating, pedal to the floor, only to have to pull up rapidly at the next obstruction or hold up? Many times, I have driven round the Northampton ring road during peak times from roundabout to roundabout, accelerating relatively modestly only to catch up someone who has charged off into the distance and ends up sitting waiting at the next roundabout. Then we have those who, in motorway hold ups, weave from lane to lane in the belief that they are switching to the faster moving lane. It would be interesting to calculate exactly how much time is actually saved as a result of engaging in such manoeuvres.

To what extent will escalating fuel prices have an influence on drivers' habits and the realisation that rushing headlong from one bottleneck to another doesn't save time but does hit the pocket? It may take longer to instil the concept of the carbon footprint but the hole in the wallet and the realisation that to fill the fuel tank of a modest sized car today may cost between £50 and £60 should hit home sooner or later. Only the other day, when I went to fuel my car, I noticed that the previous vehicle had taken on board £103 worth of fuel! If you're not in a hurry to get somewhere, doing 70mph will use between 20% and 30% more fuel than doing 50mph - suddenly, being stuck behind a lorry doesn't seem so bad! It might take half an hour longer to do a hundred miles but you could save £2 into the bargain and driving at 50mph is far less stressful than at 70mph especially if is conducted nose to tail in lane three! You can listen to the radio or, as we often do whilst making longer journeys, listen to a 'talking book'. I hasten to add that we choose titles where continuity of the story line isn't too important for those occasions when driving situations distract! Last summer, Julie Andrew's biography lasted from the Champagne region in France, through Luxembourg and Holland to St Neots in Cambridgeshire!

Driving back from visiting friends in Devon recently, we happened to be listening to the morning phone-in programme on Radio 5. It was on the subject of the access to pornographic material and images on television and the internet: it proved to be a somewhat disturbing subject. Satellite channels are very closely monitored by Ofcom with the result that they are very quickly punished if they deviate from what is set down as

permissible. The same cannot be said about images that can be accessed via the internet. One only has to extend that line of thought to children in bedrooms on their computers, away from parental gaze and the whole subject becomes frightening. The internet has opened up access to much useful information and affords long range communication with ease. Whilst staying with our friends we were able to see and talk to their son who is currently living in China. When our son was in Australia some seven or eight years ago, our regular contact was via carefully timed telephone calls to allow for the time difference. Before regular phone conversations were affordable, letter writing was the norm.

We have the ability to easily research information, to access travel and holiday information, to seek insurance quotations and energy deals, to store and view photographs, to send, what I call 'three dimensional', anniversary and Christmas cards. What I find frustrating is that with every advance in technology comes a downside in the shape of those who seem determined to sabotage progress. There are those who prey upon the innocent, spread malicious rumours or who create viruses aimed solely at destruction: it is ironic that these foster further skills, for instance, in combating through the development of anti virus software. I have an inbuilt distrust of sharing personal information and photographs through mediums such as Facebook: just how easy is it for one's private life to be inadvertently shared with those who you don't know and who might wish to take advantage? How guaranteed is one's personal security? Skill not only develops but it also destroys. I have a feeling that I am entering into the territory of this year's Foy Conference: perhaps I have started some food for thought.

As I approach retirement age I am giving increasing thought as to how I will occupy my time. I have many thoughts and ideas. For instance, I hope to take the opportunity to watch more four day championship cricket: peaceful surroundings, with day by day swings in fortune where each of the teams take it in turns to be in the ascendancy..... As with my previous Ramblings, I seem to finish up where I started!

*Richard Varley*



Thanks Richard for straying into the territory of getting our heads into gear for the next conference. Please leave time, in your coming retirement, for further contributions to Foy News..... Ed.



## Why the chameleon?

*"Some chameleon species are able to change their skin colors....which can include pink, blue, red, orange, green, black, brown, light blue, yellow, turquoise and purple.*

***"The primary purpose of color change has been found to be due to social signalling, ..."***<sup>1</sup>

From the cradle to the grave most of us are inextricably involved in the "digital age".

What effects is it having on us, and how in turn do we affect each other?

Do we adapt in response to social signals?

There will be a varied programme over the two and a half days at Barne's Close - affording time to relax and interact with each other in the traditional way.

And there will be the Foy AGM - when we can think about what to do at next year's conference.

---

<sup>1</sup> Chameleon From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia [Online], Available: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chameleon> [11 March 2011].

# **Foy Conference 2011**

open to all  
29th April - 2nd May

## **Social Networking or Social Networking?**

Barnes Close, Chadwich, BROMSGROVE, Worcs, B61 0RA

### **Booking details from**

**Joan Partington**

[partingtons@gmail.com](mailto:partingtons@gmail.com)

01228 670 565

"Sandcroft" Townhead Hayton Brampton  
Cumbria CA8 9JF

**David Warhurst**

[hazndaz@warhurstfamily.co.uk](mailto:hazndaz@warhurstfamily.co.uk)

01609 882 442

18 Priory Way Ingleby Arncliffe N Yorkshire DL6 3LR

# IRF 'Oldies' - Set for a Great Reunion in 2011

More than 60 friends who used to attend International Religious Fellowship conferences in the late 1950s and through the 60s and 70s will be meeting up in the North of England at the beginning of July for their sixth 'Oldies' Reunion.

Starting with a week-end in Newcastle-upon-Tyne around 30 Brits together with Swiss, German, Dutch, American and Canadian 'Oldies', will explore the cultural venues of that city- including The Sage Concert Hall and the Baltic Art Gallery - before enjoying an evening dinner cruise on the River Tyne.

After morning service and lunch at the Unitarian Church they will travel to Allensford for five days enjoying the stunning Northumberland countryside with many places of interest to visit, including Hadrian's Wall, Holy Island, The Beamish Open Air Museum, Durham Cathedral and Alnwick Castle.



David Warhurst tests the quality of the cream-teas at one of the places they inspected on our behalf!

There will also be plenty of opportunity to spend more relaxing time together and no doubt there will be the occasional sing-song and definitely some dancing at the Ceilidh on the last night.

**Valerie Walker**

*email: [vawalker55@gmail.com](mailto:vawalker55@gmail.com)*

# Nostalgia of a different kind

**From Martin Slafford and Amy Wright**

Martin Slafford has been writing about his early days at The Barn. Also our membership secretary has heard once again from Amy Wright. In a recent letter Amy wrote,

“You have no idea what a trip down memory lane you sent me on, reading so many interesting articles”. Amy referred particularly to Janice Croucher’s report (last issue of Foy News) on the presentation of Honorary Foy Society Membership conferred on both Robin and Ben Johnson last May.

Amy remembers when Ben would arrive at Ullet Road, Liverpool, during the war years in his military uniform looking so slim and handsome. Below is a photograph Amy sent to Hazel taken at a Flagg Foy reunion many years later, 1999 in fact. The picture had all the names of those included with Ben there on the left. Robin is there too. How many more of these elder statesmen (and women) can you name?



Picture sent by Amy Wright. Do you recognise many of the people visiting Flagg in 1999?

Amy also sent this picture which turns back the clock even more. Sadly most of the Foy members in this image are no longer with us but have a look and see if you can recognise any of the Foy members assembled outside the pub where we still enjoy the occasional meal when we stay at The Barn, just forty minutes or so across the fields.



No date for this picture and less chance of recognising the folk who are visiting The Duke of York pub where we still enjoy a drink or meal when we are at Flagg

## **From a charity-shop mug**

**transcribed by Martin Slatford**

**How do I know my youth is all spent?**

**My "Get up and go", has got up and went**

**But I really don't mind when I think with a grin,**

**The Grand Places my "Get up and go" has bin...**

# Fifty Years of Flagg

## Some “off the cuff” memories from Martin Slatford

This year I had lots of thoughts as I entered the Barn after 50 years, missing two good friends, Neddy (Grenville Needham) and Jonathan (Jonathan O'Brien). Neddy introduced me to Foy in 1960.

On my first visit to the Barn, lit by candles one Saturday evening, everyone cheered when I bypassed the main fuse with thick copper wire. It had been protected by an Electricity Board seal which I broke. Damp in the bedrooms had caused green verdigris in the light fittings and power sockets, which in turn had shorted out the circuits. I then washed up forty tin plates, eating irons and mugs in luke-warm water. Not the greatest intro to the Barn....

When the Electricity Board finally came and replaced my modification we denied all knowledge of who had done it. On one very cold visit we went to The Duke of York. We were singing and drinking from tankards and gallon jugs. After midnight we staggered home to the Barn. Last to leave had put half a cwt. of coal on the fire – no guard, just a huge pile of red-hot coal. As we arrived back we could see Beswick's cows standing outside the back wall warming their backsides!

I went to Flagg quite a few times in my first year. In '62, I was on my way to a nearby scrapyards for some spare parts. In the yard I noticed two prefabricated boiler units. I quizzed the price – two for 35 quid. Got the price down to ten guineas each eventually. Delivery was two pounds with ten bob on the top as a tip. '62 was a very cold winter, had to install two new WC's in my outside toilets at home. Frozen solid, but that's a story I won't go into....

Foy Conference was at Hucklow that year. I borrowed Peter Johnston's car, after being marooned at midnight, hitching up on the Friday. Got Henry up to unlock the office door. When they came to fetch me from the Barn on Saturday I had been buying twenty foot lengths of copper pipe and attaching them to the roof of the car with lengths of string. I used a red shirt as a flag to warn following traffic. I installed the second-hand piping and we had hot water! I phoned Peter and Foy came en masse to the Barn. It was singing and congratulations for a job well done. Only a few leaks and plugs of raw potatoes stopped these.

In '64, I was called out to West Avenue, Leicester to mend Peter's car. He had tried cleaning the carburettor, took it to bits and didn't know how to put it back together. In half an hour all was well. All carbs are easy but a new jet and needle wanted fitting. Went well after... We towed my van the 11 miles from Loughborough and headed back. Peter said, "It's very hot in my car". We looked under the bonnet and the whole engine was red-hot! I took him home for tea and we watched telly for half an hour. The hot engine had decoked itself and was now cooler. I made a raw egg and mustard powder tonic for the leaking radiator. It worked! "It's just like a new car", Peter said when he had driven the 26 miles to Derby. He was there in half-an-hour.

Where was I? Oh yes, having missed the train I was passing a building site. I noticed a large bonfire alongside two tower blocks. On enquiring at the Foreman's office I was given enough shuttering boards and supports to build the Barn's first toilet block. It was made from wood which was otherwise destined to be burned.

The building took place on a Bank Holiday Weekend (using a motley of shovels borrowed from surrounding farms). The assembled crew of forty-odd Foy members were mostly pen-pushers who had never handled a shovel before. I had to educate them on how to dig quarry waste with a shovel bent at 45 degrees, "swing your arms... etc." 8"x4" shuttering and supports were erected and building commenced to a height of ten feet. Selcare (the charity which later used the barn extensively) knocked it flat in 1974. Their modern flush-toilet scheme involved a rebuild which employed ex-prisoners with limited building skills. Their somewhat lumpy alternative replaced the shuttering frontage which fell into a thousand pieces when it was demolished.

Prior to that I had been christened "The Drain Brain" for other exploits. The drains were blocked. The earthenware pipes had been stuck together with plaster! We had to break one to let all the gunge out. After further excavation two very rusty tanks were found. I managed to clean them and the pipework was mended. Meanwhile a Rev. O'Hene had arrived on the scene. I was just removing sludge from the manhole by the bucket-load, not a pleasant task. My entertainment that evening was a rendering of Stanley Holloway's "I've been working on the drains down below!" This involved two costume changes in front of the assembled audience of Foy members.



This picture shows Martin waving to another walker as they pass, having just left the Barn In 2010, shortly before he had a rather nasty fall whilst climbing over a dry-stone wall.

Martin at Flagg rather more recently

In 1964, I was sitting on a bench in the Barn and someone was talking about holidays. “Where will you be going Martin?” I replied that I would probably go down to Cornwall for a few beers and a bit of fishing. “Why not come to IRF at Stoos in Switzerland with us”, came the reply. “How will we get there?” “Well, you’ve got a car haven’t you” (I had bought Peter’s Morris eight).

We left on Saturday morning and arrived Sunday evening. Then ten-bob each on the funicular railway. I couldn’t understand why they weighed us. Basically, the power was off. The driver of the “down” wagon put 1 cwt. of sandbags, in excess of the weight of our weight coming up, and pushed off with a pole! Half way up, both cars met, passengers linked arms, the drivers stepped across the gap (500 ft. Drop below), someone said “Guten Abend” and we continued on our way. A good time was had for a total trip cost of £32. **It cost us £10.10s.0d. each** plus one gallon of motor oil for the 2,000 miles and took us to an altitude of 4,000ft.

**Martin Slatford**

# Foy Society Life-Members, Ben & Robin Johnson

a report by Janice Croucher

Ben, as a nonagenarian, is becoming frail and has been experiencing TIAs (mini strokes). Last November Ben fell and broke a femur. After surgery at Addenbrooke's and weeks in a Cambridge rehabilitation hospital, Ben made a remarkable, determined recovery. Although no longer as mobile as he would wish, in January, after two months away, Ben returned to be with Robin in Great Wilbraham where they are managing with teams of carers plus support from good village friends including Gill & Martin Gienke (past members of Foy).

Having been long-time supporters of their "local", the Pub now ensures that if Ben or Robin are unable to get to the Pensioners Lunches they send a hot meal across to them. The weekly visit of a Van purveying excellent Fish & Chips is the source of another social and culinary delight: Gill & Martin collect some for a regular mid-week lunch date with Ben & Robin. Robin ensures that 'Standards' are maintained – she always lays out the appropriate fish cutlery!

Unfortunately another TIA episode returned Ben to hospital two weeks ago and whilst there a swallowing difficulty is being seen to. Ben remains 'with it' if frail; the hope is that he will be back at home sometime this month. The kindness of loyal friends Gill & Martin Gienke plus others in the village ensure Robin is able to visit Ben; their sons Mark (in Prague) and Ian (in Kendal) spend time with their parents whenever possible.



It may not be widely known that Ben has been a long serving Trustee and driving force behind the restoration and reopening of the Bury St Edmunds Meeting House, an architectural gem on which building work was started on 23rd March 1711 and completed within 6 months. On 23rd March 2011 the Mayor of Bury St Edmunds, Trustees and friends celebrated the 300th anniversary in the Meeting House. The survival of the building and the resurrection of a congregation, once numbering 700, are in no small way due to Ben's vision, dedication and untiring efforts in negotiating with English Heritage, The Bury Trust and the Town Council – re-establishing the Meeting House as a focus of thought,

social action and cultural exchange. Ben was not well enough to attend, but he was I am sure held in the hearts and minds of those present, who could not help but smile to hear Ben referred to as “a bit of a stickler” - a stickler who with Martin Gienke, the Lay Pastor, has made it possible for Unitarians to meet and grow in surroundings redolent with reminders of their heritage.

Ben is now back home again after his recent stay in Addenbrooke’s NHS Trust Hospital. Arrangements have been made for him to receive 24 hour care at home, so he can enjoy Robin’s company and receive visitors in familiar surroundings. Ben would be delighted to hear from Foy members who may like to write to him at: 33 High Street, Great Wilbraham, Cambridge, CB1 5JD.

**Janice Croucher**

\*Martin Croucher, your current FOY President, served on the Bury St Edmunds Trust until work took him overseas.



## **News of Other Members**

**Hazel Warhurst**

Sadly I begin my news roundup with the announcement of the deaths of two Unitarians well known to older Foy Members:

**Rev Trevor Jones** died on 12th January after being unwell for some time and many Foy members were able to pay their respects and remember him at services held in Manchester and Great Hucklow on 25th January.

**Johnny Quirk** died aged 83, in British Columbia, Canada, on February 18th following two strokes. A former Unitarian Minister, Johnny was a close friend of Ben and Robin Johnson, Amy Wright, the late June Bell and many others. He was very active in Foy in the ‘50s. if anyone would like to write to Gwynneth, his widow, please contact me for the address.

We are sorry to report that **Ben Johnson** has been in hospital twice in the past few months. Janice Croucher has sent us a full report. See page 32.

### **Baby Congratulations**

**to: Pat and Geoff Kent** in Georgia, USA. Geoff's first grandchild, **Alexander Zachary Davis** (to be known as **Xander**), was born to **Mara** (née Kent) and **Zack Davis** on 1st October 2010.

**to: Jane and Miles Howarth** on the safe arrival of their first grandchild, **Peter**, on November 23<sup>rd</sup> 2010. Peter is the son of Monica (née Howarth) and Richard Braithwaite.

**to: Pam and Victor Mason** on the birth of twin granddaughters to their younger daughter, **Linda** and her partner, **Dave Askey**. **Elizabeth Rose** and **Emily Grace** were born by caesarean section on 17th December 2010 and are bringing much joy to the family.

**to: Kathy Faiers and Roger Elcox** on the safe, if rather rushed arrival of **Struan Paul**, who was born by caesarean section at Peterborough hospital on 2nd February 2011. **Elizabeth Faiers**, Kathy's Mum, is a very proud first-time Granny too.

**Belated Wedding Congratulations to: Adrian Howarth**, son of Miles and Jane, and a Flagg Trustee, on his marriage to **Sherry Farhardi** on 20th November 2010.

**Engagement Congratulations to: Emily Hewerdine and Mark Deakin** who celebrated their news with all the family at Christmas. Their wedding is planned for August 20th this year and we wish them a long and happy future together.

**Congratulations to: Rev Dr Ann Peart** as she takes over the role of President of the General Assembly at the end of the meetings in Swansea. Ann will be succeeding fellow Foy member, **Neville Kenyon**, who completes his year in office on April 18th, 2011.

**Also to:** Former member **Liz Shaw**, who is following in husband David's footsteps, by taking up an appointment as Lay-Person-in-Charge at Old Chapel, Great Hucklow. We wish her a very successful ministry with the congregation and Hucklow community.

### **New members:**

Just after the Autumn *Foy News* had been printed, new member, Chris Mayer, from Chorley joined Foy. We hope to meet Chris at one of our conferences soon.

We are delighted to welcome back two couples who were former members of Foy and are now in a position to take up Foy membership once more.

Marion and Ernest Baker are well known to many of you from years of involvement in other areas of Unitarian activities.

Alan and Denise Laver are members of Altrincham and have reconnected with Foy after some years of sharing Winter Walking Weekends with a few of us.

### **Changes of Address:**

Please contact me as soon as possible, by email or snail mail, if you change your postal or email address. ***I would also ask you to look back at your own entry in the full address list which was sent out in the autumn and check it once again in conjunction with the amendments sheet included with Foy News this time. Typing errors occur from time to time and we would like it to be as accurate as possible.***

## **Membership Subscriptions**



**The rate is being held at £7.50 for Individual Membership and £10.00 for a couple – at least until the AGM at the conference in May.**

Reminders for arrears or late payments should have already reached you by email, or are shown on the renewal form with your copy of *Foy News*. Please make all cheques payable to “***The Foy Society***” and send them to me at the address printed on the back page for the Treasurer, David Warhurst. I shall be attending the Annual General Meetings in Swansea in April, so if it is more convenient I will be happy to accept cheques or cash for Foy subscriptions during those four days. Find me on the Foy Stall during the breaks or leave with David in the ‘Zette office.

# Opening up The Barn

## for 2011 season

Your editor has just returned from opening-up weekend at The Barn. This was attended by six adults and four children and was an opportunity for Flag addicts to get an early fix of the following activities:

- Lighting up and testing of wood-burning stove
- Cleaning of everything in sight, especially kitchen stuff
- Testing newly donated hoop-la game in lounge/diner
- Using 1946 wooden rotten ladder to fix leaking gutter
- Purchasing of new aluminium ladder for health reasons
- Testing quality of food and service at “Duke of York”
- Deciding we need to replace kitchen door
- Shopping for clothes-peggs, brass door-hook and smoke-alarm battery
- Research into most suitable tree in our woodland for tree-house
- Proposing outline planning for new hedgerow (future project)
- Inspection of amazing starlit sky
- Making plans to learn more about our galaxy
- Deciding not to use chainsaw on trees near power cables!
- Inspecting windows due for replacement at “The Green”
- Deciding not to replace outside benches but to repair them
- Application of sandpaper and paint to front door
- Improving storage for maintenance and cleaning equipment
- Eating good food prepared by Joy and Isabel
- Enjoying **great** children who helped with the work

You will see from the list that much was accomplished by a small group of people who enjoyed taking in the light and the air which that special part of Derbyshire provided us with. I think you will admit that much was achieved over the weekend to make our humble barn welcoming for the folk who will make use of it during the next few months. We all enjoyed each other's company and those of us who attended would love you to enjoy the place and maybe book it yourself for a few days. Several of us left with homework. Mine is to sculpt a new arm-rest for a wooden bench.... (Ed)

27th-30th May, 2011

# Flagg Welcome Weekend

Never visited or stayed at The Barn? Come along and join us for the weekend or just for Saturday. The gathering will involve a mix of activities with a service on Saturday afternoon and a social in the evening. The rest of the Bank Holiday Weekend will be a social time with some gentle walks for those inclined.

Give Isobel Mason (see back page) a ring if you would like to sleep in the Barn, camp or join us for any meals....

# AUTUMN COLOURS WEEKEND

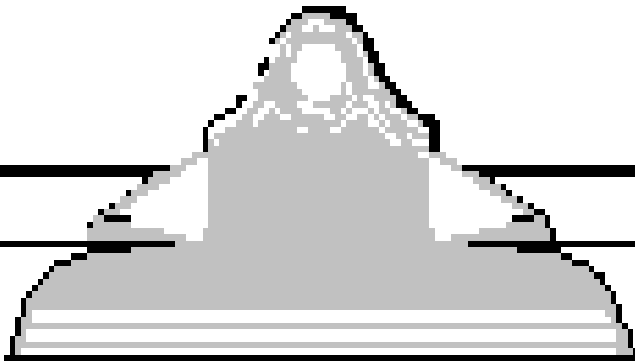
23rd - 25th September, 2011

Come along to Flagg for a weekend of relaxation and fresh air. The barn will be our home and the wood-burner will be glowing with a warm welcome.

Please join us if you can on the Friday evening or Saturday morning. It's nice and cosy in the newly decorated barn with its double glazing and mod cons. You are welcome to either stay in the barn or to bring a tent. Activities will revolve around informal conversation in the barn or in one of the local licensed premises. We will probably decide to walk on Saturday and Sunday but this will depend on the wishes of the group.

If you stay for two nights, the cost (including Friday supper to Sunday lunch) will be about £25. We will eat out on Saturday evening. Let us know if you will be coming (when and for how long) and any dietary requirements:

Bookings: Helen and David Copley 0161 928 3295  
or John Hewerdine (editor)



Run by the Foy Society  
Open to All

## **Foy Conference 2011**

### **“Anthropology in a Digital age”**

Our next conference will be held  
29th April to 2nd May, 2011  
at

Barnes Close, Chadwich, BROMSGROVE, Worcs, B61 0RA

If you haven't booked but would like to find out if there is still  
availability contact Joan Partington, conference secretary.  
Details on back or:

*Joan Partington <[partingtons@gmail.com](mailto:partingtons@gmail.com)>*

# Some useful contacts

## Treasurer and Printing:

**David Warhurst,**  
18, Priory Way,  
Ingleby Arncliffe,  
N. Yorkshire. DL6 3LR



**01609 882442**

## Flagg Secretary:

**Isobel Mason,**  
11, Easton Road,  
Flitwick,  
Bedfordshire,  
MK45 1EU



**01525 714341**

## Membership Secretary:

**Hazel Warhurst,**  
18, Priory Way,  
Ingleby Arncliffe,  
N. Yorkshire. DL6 3LR



(mobile) **07765005870**

## Correspondence Sec.

**Sheila Weddell,**  
29, St Keverne Square,  
Kenton,  
Newcastle Upon Tyne,  
Tyne and Wear. NE5 3YF



**0191 2145705**

## Conference Secretary:

**Joan Partington,**  
“Sandcroft”,  
Townhead, Hayton,  
BRAMPTON,  
Cumbria. CA8 9JF.



**01228 670565**

## Editor - Foy News:

**John Hewerdine,**  
Whittle Wharf,  
Whittle Springs,  
Chorley,  
Lancashire. PR6 8AE



**01257 269502**

Editor's email : [john@hewerdinefamily.co.uk](mailto:john@hewerdinefamily.co.uk)