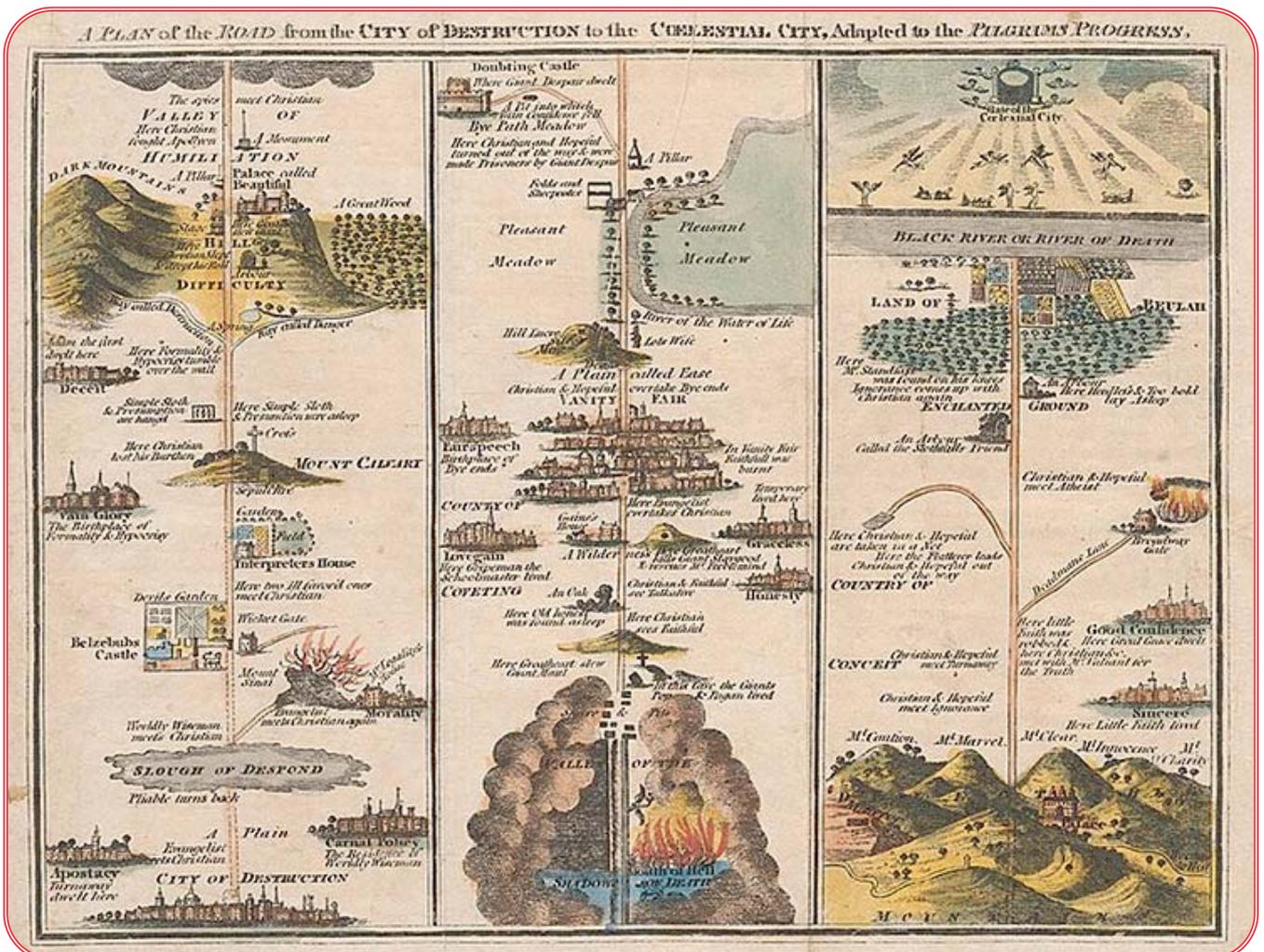


# Broughton Outlook

Jesus said: "I appointed you to go and bear fruit, fruit that will last." John 15.16

We seek to make Jesus known in our community, through our joyful, loving service and worship.

## We All Need a Map



# on our Spiritual Journey

## Reflection

### The Parish

What does our parish mean to us? Broughton-in-Amounderness St. John Baptist is one of the 200 largest parishes in England. It spans an ancient village, farmland and the busy suburb of Fulwood. Brendan Hurley's *A History of St. John Baptist Church Broughton* tells us that a chapel existed on the site of our parish church in the later decades of the 12<sup>th</sup> century. And we have the reminder in stone that the tower was built in 1533. Hundreds of years of worship, prayer, pastoral care and music have been absorbed by this sacred place: this designated space for the *cure of souls*.

The doors of our parish church were locked for four months due to the pandemic. This is longer than for any time since an interdict in the reign of King John, when Pope Innocent III banned all services in England between March 1208 and May 1213. The enforced closure has led to a creative use of technology where possible.

The Pastoral Team has kept as many parishioners involved and supported as possible via email, post, telephone and the website. A Church of England debate grew over the weeks of closure as to whether parish churches were a burden or a blessing. Three-quarters of Britain's Grade 1 listed buildings are ecclesiastical buildings. The C of E is responsible for 16,000 churches and 43 cathedrals and 45% of Grade 1 listed buildings. What do our parish church and chapels mean to us?

What has become increasingly clear during this interruption of the weekly routine is that the parish has been able to respond to people's needs during this time of worry, fear, isolation, loneliness, and despair. Perhaps we have re-discovered the importance of location, and of the need for and joy of, the steadying comfort of human rootedness.

Baron Maurice Glasman is an English political theorist, academic, social commentator, and Labour life peer. He is a senior lecturer in Political Theory at London Metropolitan University and Director of its Faith and Citizenship Programme.

During the pandemic, he co-authored a letter that read:

*...the places denuded of value and purpose are revealed again as a site of meaning, a place where people live and from which they work. The parish has returned as a site of living community, with its land and nature, its character and history, its wounds and its promise. It is the elemental theatre of living community. Its institutions and buildings, including churches, are no longer abandoned monuments to inevitable decline but full of necessity and hope and the new chapter is played out within its bounds. People and place matter in this story. Their particularity is transcendent.*

In his poem, *Church Going*, Philip Larkin wrote:

*Another church: matting seats and stone  
and little books; sprawlings of flowers cut  
For Sunday brownish now; some brass and stuff  
Up at the holy end; the small neat organ;  
And a tense musty unignorable silence  
Brewed God knows how long. Hatless I take off  
My cycle-clips in awkward reverence....*

*A serious house on serious earth it is  
In whose blent air all our compulsions meet  
Are recognised and robed as destinies.  
And that much never can be obsolete  
Since someone will forever be surprising  
A hunger in himself to be more serious  
And gravitating with it to this ground  
Which he once heard was proper to grow wise in  
If only that so many dead lie round.*

Our parish is unique and we are called to a unique ministry within it. What we have to offer a new incumbent is what we are and what we hope to become. Past, present and future.

I have attended worship in this parish for 34 years – many of us have attended for much longer. I carry within my heart many parishioners who have died, who have become part of our history. Now is our time to step forward in faith together to write the next chapter for Broughton-in-Amounderness St. John Baptist in loving service for God.

**Canon Andrea Titterington**

**After four digital editions, September's Outlook will be back in print.**

**September Outlook Deadline**

Please send any items by

**Saturday 8th August**

**All non-editing information rotas, lists, statistics to Chris Couper**

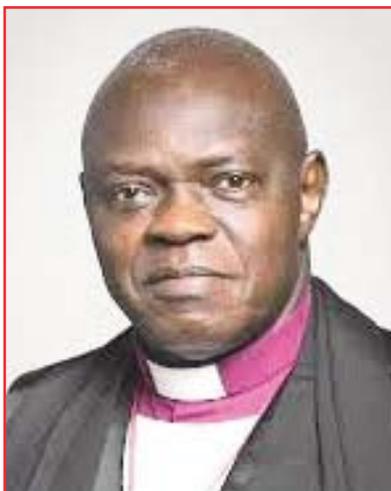
**direct: [chris.j.couper@talk21.com](mailto:chris.j.couper@talk21.com) or by hand.**

**All other news, articles, pictures, letters to be sent to Brendan Hurley, Outlook editor, at**

**[broughtonoutlook@hotmail.com](mailto:broughtonoutlook@hotmail.com)**

## Archbishop Sentamu Says Farewell

John Tucker Mugabi Sentamu was born, the sixth of thirteen children, on 10 June 1949 near Kampala in Uganda. He studied law at Makerere University, where he obtained a Bachelor of Laws degree before gaining employment as an advocate of the Supreme Court of Uganda, being briefly a judge of the High Court. In 1973, he married his wife Margaret. Three weeks after his marriage, he incurred the wrath of the dictator Idi Amin and was detained for 90 days.



In a speech in 2007, he described how during that time he had been *kicked around like a football and beaten terribly, saying the temptation to give up hope of release was always present*. He has also received attention for his vocal criticism of former Zimbabwean president Robert Mugabe.

John Sentamu fled his home country to arrive as an immigrant in the United Kingdom in 1974, where he devoted himself to Anglicanism, beginning his study of theology at Selwyn College, Cambridge, gaining a Bachelor of Arts (1976), Master of Arts (1979) and Doctor of Philosophy (1984). He was baptized at Eden Baptist Church, Cambridge.

He trained for the priesthood at Ridley Hall, Cambridge, being ordained a priest in 1979 and spending the first four years of his ministry in Cambridge as assistant chaplain at Selwyn College, and in Richmond. For fourteen years he worked in inner city parishes in South London during which, as a parish priest, he served on the General Synod and its Standing Committee.

In 1996 John Sentamu was consecrated a bishop on 25 September 1996, by George Carey, Archbishop of Canterbury, at St Paul's Cathedral as the area bishop of Stepney, a suffragan and area bishop in the Diocese of London, a role he served in for six years. During this time he also served as advisor to the Stephen Lawrence Judicial Enquiry and in 2002 chaired the Damilola Taylor Murder Investigation Review. In the same year, Bishop Sentamu moved to the position of Bishop of Birmingham, where he worked for three years.

He was particularly involved in the work of the Archbishop's Commission on Urban Priority Areas, the Committee for Minority Ethnic Anglican Concerns, the

Decade of Evangelism Steering Group, and the Archbishops' evangelism initiative, Springboard.

On 17 June 2005 the Prime Minister's office announced Sentamu's translation to York as the 97th archbishop, the first black archbishop in the Church of England. He was formally elected by the chapter of York Minster on 21 July, legally confirmed as Archbishop at St Mary-le-Bow, London on 5 October, and enthroned at York Minster on 30 November 2005 (the feast of Saint Andrew), at a ceremony with African singing and dancing and contemporary music, with Sentamu himself playing African drums during the service. As Archbishop of York, Sentamu sits in the House of Lords and was admitted, as a matter of course, to the Privy Council of the United Kingdom.

Archbishop Sentamu's retirement at the age of 71, after 15 years as The Archbishop of York was marked, of necessity, by virtual church services on Trinity Sunday. His daughter, the Rev Grace Sentamu-Baverstock, led the service on the BBC, which also featured his wife, the Rev Margaret Sentamu.

Opening the service, Ms Sentamu-Baverstock made reference to the coronavirus pandemic and the death of George Floyd: - *on a day for looking back with thanksgiving and blessing but also looking forward with hope, for all of us are facing big questions about the future. All of us have felt the impact of the Covid-19 health emergency. No doubt many of you have read, heard or seen the horrific and outrageous death of George Floyd in America and the subsequent civil unrest. We've witnessed thousands of people taking to the streets demanding change, demanding justice. So it is right that, this morning, we hold this situation in our prayers and our hearts. Let us be clear: racism is an affront to God. It is born out of ignorance, and must be eradicated.*

Speaking in a recorded message from the Archbishop Desmond Tutu garden and orchard at Bishopthorpe Palace in York, Dr Sentamu said: *I was 10 years old when I responded to Jesus Christ's invitation to become his friend and to discover his plan for my present and my future. Sixty-one years on, I truly know I was lovingly invited into God's glorious community of love, rooted in faithfulness and friendliness.*

*I have lived through the Idi Amin brutality in Uganda, salmonella poisoning, a burst appendix, prostate cancer and three serious operations. And throughout my life, I have found God in these experiences."*

Later, on Sunday 7<sup>th</sup> June, Dr Sentamu laid down his crozier of office on the high altar of York Minster, accompanied by Mrs Sentamu, the Dean of York, the Rt Rev Dr Jonathan Frost and head verger Alex Carberry, a symbolic act concluding nearly 15 years as Archbishop, Metropolitan and Primate of England.

Dr Frost said: *In current circumstances, we have been unable to fulfil our hope to gather together for a service.*

**(continued on page 4)**

# Archbishop Sentamu

(continued from page 3)

*However, in households and communities across the Diocese of York, the North and nation, those whose lives have been graced by Sentamu and Margaret, give thanks to their witness to the joy, simplicity and compassion of the good news of Jesus Christ.*

Over fifteen years, Archbishop Sentamu developed a close affinity with and affection for the people of Yorkshire.

*It has been a great joy and privilege to serve as Archbishop of York these past fifteen years. Not only did I get to live in God's own country, but I have been able to be a voice for the North, championing the cause of those who live here.*

In October 2007 Sentamu was awarded the "Yorkshireman of the Year" title by the Black Sheep Brewery.

In his acceptance speech and with typical wit, he praised the welcome he had received from the people of Yorkshire and made reference to the "African-Yorkshire DNA connection", joking that perhaps his parents had this in mind when they gave him the name "**Mugabi**", which, spelled backwards, is "**Ibagum**" ... (**ee-by-gum**).

**BH**



**Who misses having a hug with family and friends? I know I do.**

## HUGS

Hugging feels good;

Dispels loneliness;

Overcomes fears;

Builds self- esteem;

(Wow! They actually want to hug Me!)

Slows down ageing.

Huggers stay younger longer.

It eases tension;

Fights insomnia;

Keeps arm and shoulder muscles in good condition;

Is ecologically sound;

Does not upset the environment;

Is democratic -

Anyone is eligible for a hug;

Is portable;

Affirms physical well -being;

Is energy efficient, saves heat;

Makes impossible days possible;

Makes happy days happier.

**June Eccles**

## THE RINGERS ARE BACK !

**What a joy it was to hear the church bells ring again on the last Sunday in July!**

After four silent months, three members of the bell-ringing team (all that is permitted under current Covid two- metre distancing regulations) once more greeted worshippers.

As it has been so often in the past, a peal of church bells is not only the sound of hope and optimism for the future but somehow signals one more small step towards normality in the here and now.

## JOHN BUNYAN

My grandad owned two books! One brown, one blue. The brown one was a potted history of Britain up to the reign of Queen Victoria – a thousand years of history encapsulated in about a 150 pages. The other, the blue one, was a copy of John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress*. To say Grandad Hurley was not a reader is clearly something of an understatement but as a child both books provided me with an escape from adult chatter, most of which seemed dull and of little interest.

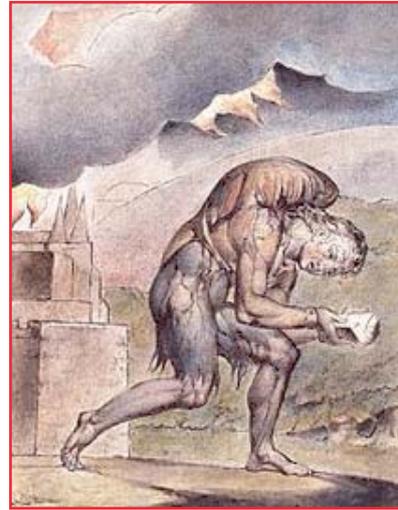
Sharing a fireside chair with a Jack Russell, whose name I forget but whose halitosis lingers in the memory, I could escape into the world of the Romans; I was a knight in armour battling Saladin alongside Richard the Lionheart; I was one of Cromwell's Ironsides defending Bradford against the Royalists besieging the town. I was there in the room at Bolling Hall, one of those rare places found in history books that as a child I had actually visited - it was only a twenty minute walk from my home - where the Earl of Newcastle had made his headquarters and the ghost had begged him to *pity poor Bradford*.

Despite these bellicose adventures however, the book that I returned to after many a Sunday tea, was *The Pilgrim's Progress* – quite why I have no idea. The novel, *The Pilgrim's Progress from This World to That Which Is to Come*, to give it its Sunday name, and related as a dream, is not one that should have held any obvious attraction for 7 year-old. Published in 1678 as a Christian allegory, and even though its language and style seemed alien to a boy more used to the adventures of Enid Blyton's *Famous Five*, it was a good tale. John Bunyan whose death is commemorated by the Church Of England on the 30<sup>th</sup> August each year, was born in 1628 in the village of Elstow, near Bedford. He had some rudimentary schooling and at the age of sixteen joined the Parliamentary Army during the first stage of the English Civil War.

After three years in the army he returned to Elstow and took up the trade of tinker (an itinerant repairer of pots and pans), which he had learned from his father. By his own account, Bunyan had as a youth enjoyed bell-ringing, dancing and playing games even on Sunday, which was forbidden by the Puritans. After his marriage, he began attending the parish church where one Sunday the vicar of Elstow preached a sermon against Sabbath breaking, and Bunyan took his words to heart. (See...some people do actually listen!)

The story goes that during this time, Bunyan, whilst on his travels as a tinker, happened to be in Bedford and pass a group of women who were talking on their doorsteps about spiritual matters. These women were in fact some of the founding members of the nonconformist Bedford Free Church or Meeting, and Bunyan, was so impressed what he heard that he joined their church. At the instigation of other members of the congregation Bunyan began to preach, both in the church and to groups of people in the

surrounding countryside. After the Restoration however in 1660, when the freedom of nonconformists was curtailed, Bunyan was arrested and spent much of the next twelve years in jail as he refused to give up preaching. During this time he began work on *The Pilgrim's Progress*.



The change in the depth and fervour of Bunyan's religious views seems on the surface, very simple and straightforward – an instant Pauline conversion - but in reality it was a time of intense spiritual conflict for him as he struggled with his doubts and fears over religion, and guilt over what he saw as his state of sin. This struggle lies at the heart of *Pilgrim's Progress* as Christian –

the everyman character, journeys from the City of Destruction (this world) to the Celestial City at the top of Mount Zion. He is weighed down with a heavy burden – the knowledge of his sin, knowledge which comes from reading the *book in his hand*, the Bible.

Christian must seek deliverance and on his journey is helped by *Evangelist*, who points him towards a shining light; *Obstinate* and *Pliable* pursue him to bring him back to his wife and children but Christian refuses; *Obstinate* returns but *Pliable* joins him on his journey.

The two of them continue until they fall into the *Slough of Despond*, a swamp where Pilgrim's doubts, fears, temptations and sins pull them into the mire. After freeing himself, *Pliable* abandons Christian, who struggles to the other side of the slough, and is pulled out by *Help*, who has heard his cries and tells him the swamp is made out of the decadence, scum, and filth of sin, but that the ground is good at the narrow *Wicket Gate*, where begins the King's Highway towards the Celestial City.

The simple allegory continues as *Goodwill*, who saves him from Beelzebub's archers at Beelzebub's Castle near the Wicket Gate, shows him the heavenly way he must go. He meets with *Formality* and *Hypocrisy*, false Christians who perish in the two dangerous bypasses near the hill, named *Danger* and *Destruction*, and two weak pilgrims named *Mistrust* and *Timorous*, who tell him of the great lions of the *Palace Beautiful*. Christian avoids the lions with the help of *Watchful* the porter, who tells them that they are chained and put there to test the faith of pilgrims.

Christian conquers the *Hill of Difficulty* at the top of which, he makes his first stop for the night at the *House of the Palace Beautiful*, built by God for the refreshment of pilgrims and godly travellers.

(continued on page 6)

# The Pilgrim's Progress

(continued from page 5)

He spends three days there, and leaves clothed with the *Armour of God*, which stands him in good stead in his battle against the demonic dragon-like *Apollyon* (the lord and god of the City of Destruction) in the *Valley of Humiliation*. This battle lasts “over half a day” until Christian manages to wound and stab Apollyon with his two-edged sword. As night falls, Christian enters the fearful *Valley of the Shadow of Death*. In the middle of the Valley, surrounded by gloom, terror, and demons, he hears and is strengthened by the words of the Twenty-third Psalm: ‘Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.’ (Psalm 23:4.)

As the sun rises on a new day, just outside the valley he meets *Faithful*, also a former resident of the City of Destruction, who accompanies him to *Vanity Fair*, a place built by Beelzebub where every human desire is sold daily. Both are arrested and detained because of their disdain for the wares and business of the Fair. Faithful is put on trial and burned at the stake as a martyr before a heavenly chariot takes him to the Celestial City. *Hopeful*, a resident of Vanity Fair, takes Faithful's place to be Christian's companion for the rest of the way.

Christian and Hopeful then come to a mining hill called *Lucre*. Its owner, named Demas, offers them all the silver of the mine but Christian sees through Demas's trickery. After an encounter with a false pilgrim *By-Ends* and his friends, Christian and Hopeful come to a rough, stony stretch of road, where they leave the highway to travel on the easier *By-Path Meadow*.

The following morning, after sheltering from a downpour, they are captured by *Giant Despair*, known for his savage cruelty, and his wife *Diffidence*. The pilgrims are taken to the Giant's *Doubting Castle*, where they are imprisoned, beaten and starved. The giant and the giantess want them to commit suicide, but they endure the ordeal until Christian realizes that a key he has, called *Promise*, will open all the doors and gates of Doubting Castle. Using it and the Giant's weakness to sunlight, they escape.

The *Delectable Mountains* form the next stage of Christian and Hopeful's journey, where the shepherds show them some of the wonders of the place also known as “Immanuel's Land”. The pilgrims are shown sights like the *Hill Error* or the *Mountain Caution* that strengthen their faith and warn them against sinning.

On *Mount Clear*, they are able to see the Celestial City through the shepherd's “perspective glass”, which serves as a telescope. The shepherds tell the pilgrims to beware of the *Flatterer* and to avoid the *Enchanted Ground*.

Soon they come to a crossroads and a man dressed in white comes to help them. Thinking he is a “shining one”, an angel, the pilgrims follow him, but soon become ensnared in a net and realize their so-called angelic guide was the Flatterer they were warned about. Luckily however a true *shining one* comes and frees them from the net but punishes them for following the Flatterer before putting them back on the right path.

Even then their trials are not over. The pilgrims meet an *Atheist*, who tells them Heaven and God do not exist, but remembering the shepherds' words, they ignore him. Eventually they come to place where *Wanton Professor* is chained by the ropes of seven demons, who take him to a shortcut to the *Lake of Fire* (Hell).

Next they meet a lad named *Ignorance*, who believes that he will be allowed into the Celestial City through his own good deeds rather than as a gift of God's grace. Christian and Hopeful meet up with him twice and try to persuade him to journey to the Celestial City in the right way. Ignorance however, persists in his beliefs, which at first seem successful. After crossing the *River of Death* on the ferry boat of *Vain Hope* without overcoming the hazards of wading across it, Ignorance appears before the gates of Celestial City without a passport, which he would have acquired had he gone into the King's Highway through the Wicket Gate. The Lord of the Celestial City orders the shining ones (angels) to take Ignorance to one of the byways of Hell and throw him in.

Christian and Hopeful make it through the dangerous *Enchanted Ground* (a place where the air makes them sleepy and if they fall asleep, they never wake up) into the *Land of Beulah*, where they too must cross the dreaded River of Death to reach Mount Zion and the Celestial City. Christian, because of the weight of his past sins, struggles to cross but with the help of Hopeful eventually reaches the other side and they are welcomed into the Celestial City.

Since its publication almost 350 years ago, Pilgrim's Progress has been translated into more than 200 languages, and has never been out of print. It is regarded by some as the first novel written in English (though there are other strong contenders for that accolade). I have never read the second part, which tells of the similar journey of Christian's wife, Christiana and their children to the Celestial City (it wasn't included in grandad's edition!)

This simple allegory, even today, has much to tell us about faith and temptation, about the false starts and uncertainties of our spiritual journey. I don't suppose as a 7 year-old the religious message and analogies of *The Pilgrim's Progress* made much of an impact on me (though as an impressionable Catholic altarboy who knows?).

But...full of goodies and baddies, demons and giants, capture and escape and scary places...what a good adventure story!

BH

## Light up a life

### July 2020

18 <sup>th</sup>	Susan Lowe	In remembrance of my loving parents on their Wedding Anniversary
18 <sup>th</sup>	Janet and Barry Townsend	To celebrate the 1st birthday of their grandson Leo Jacob
24 <sup>th</sup>	Graham & Hilary Billington	In memory of our mother, Vera Billington, on the occasion of her birthday
26 <sup>th</sup>	Nancy Milne	To celebrate her grand-daughter's birthday – Victoria
29 <sup>th</sup>	Daphne Davies and family	In loving memory of Teddy Dickson on his birthday

Anyone who would like to have the church flood-lit on a particular occasion to celebrate an anniversary or commemorate a loved one can book it by calling Chris Couper on 01772 863782 or e-mail [chris.j.couper@talk21.com](mailto:chris.j.couper@talk21.com)

**The cost per night is £15.** Please send cash, or cheques made payable to **“PCC of Broughton”**, to Chris Couper, 78 Greenacres, Fulwood, Preston, PR2 7DB.

**REMINDER — PLEASE REMEMBER TO GIFT AID YOUR DONATION, the church can claim an extra 25 pence for every pound you give.**

## EREBUS

*Erebus*, the brother of *Gaea* (earth), *Tartarus* (underworld), *Eros* (love) and *Nyx* (night), was one of the primordial deities of Greek mythology, born out of the parental primeval void *Chaos*. One of the first five beings in existence, he was the personification of the deep darkness and threatening shadows. His name came to represent that region of the underworld through which the dead pass immediately after dying.

All that considered, *Erebus* seems a strange name with which to christen a ship! But if you're looking for a good non-fiction read, Micahel Palin's wonderful eponymous biography of that ship is well worth a few hours of your time.

Published in 2018, the book tells the story of *HMS Erebus*, a Hecla-class bomb vessel constructed by the Royal Navy in Pembroke dockyard, Wales, in 1826. The 372-ton ship, initially designed for naval military service, was armed with two mortars and 10 guns. However, after two years' service in the Mediterranean, *Erebus* was refitted as an Antarctic exploration vessel, and on 21 November 1840 – captained by James Clark Ross – she departed from Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania) for Antarctica in company with her sister ship *Terror*.

The first part of the book tells the story of two of her voyages. The first in 1841, when the crews of both ships landed on Victoria Land in Antarctica, and discovered the Ross Ice Shelf, which they were unable to penetrate, but followed eastward until the lateness of the season compelled them to return to Van Diemen's Land.

The following season, 1842, Ross continued to survey the "Great Ice Barrier" following it eastward. Both ships returned to the Falkland Islands before returning to the Antarctic in the 1842–1843 season. They conducted studies in magnetism, and returned with oceanographic data and collections of botanical and ornithological specimens.

Incredible though these voyages were, *Erebus* would I suspect have sailed into historical oblivion but for what happened next. What fascinates Palin (and the reader) is his account of the second Arctic voyages of *Erebus*.

In 1845 *HMS Erebus* and *HMS Terror* left England on a voyage of exploration to the Arctic, under Sir John Franklin. To cope with the ice they knew they would encounter, both ships were fitted with steam engines and had iron plating added to their hulls.

Sir John Franklin sailed in *Erebus*, in overall command of the expedition: *Terror* was commanded by Francis Crozier. The expedition was ordered to gather magnetic data and to find and complete a route through the Northwest Passage, which had already been partly charted from both the east and west but had never been entirely navigated. This was the holy grail of seafarers, offering a much shorter, economic route to the Pacific Ocean and the Indies.

Palin's beautifully written tale combines a factual account of the journey and an insight into the terrible conditions and deprivations faced by the crews as they became trapped in the Arctic ice.

**(continued on page 8)**

## Broughton Parish Land & Buildings' News

### St John's – St George flag

Very many thanks to the Wednesday morning worshippers at St John's who have, once again, enabled a new **St George flag** to be purchased to replace the old one.

### Exterior Floodlighting Project

A Faculty application for the replacement of the exterior floodlight fittings for LED type has been submitted to Blackburn Diocese for approval. One requirement, however, is for Planning Approval by Preston City Council. Therefore, an application has been submitted and hopefully all necessary permissions will be in place during August to enable the scheme to be implemented very soon.

### Redecoration work

The Choir Vestry lobby has been re-painted. The whole of the exterior redecoration, under specific recommendations of the Architect's Quinquennial Report 2017, is nearing completion. Thank you to Steve Hardman.

### St Martin's Chapel & Parish Hall

The difficult process of removing all the asbestos from both St Martin's Chapel & Parish Hall and the Guiders' buildings has been completed.

Work continues to finalise documentation on the redevelopment project although at a very slow rate due to the Coronavirus pandemic.

Thank you to Friends, Food & Fellowship who have kindly donated £200 towards the kitchen in the proposed new Parish Hall building.

### Churchyard Gardening

The Churchyard Gardening volunteers have managed to continue the maintenance of the Churchyard during lockdown. A special thank you to David Simpson and his team for also including the vicarage grounds during the Parish Vacancy.

Estimates are being sought to remove 2 dead trees on the Blundel Brook banking.

The circular footpath round the Ian White Memorial Garden is to be refurbished with new bark chippings.

### Church Tower Clock

Many parishioners have noticed that the Tower clock has been stationary for a number of weeks at ten minutes to six!

An order has been placed to repair the electrical supply to the clock rewinding mechanism. Again, this work has been delayed due to the lockdown.

## EREBUS

(continued from page 7)

The ships were last seen by Europeans entering Baffin Bay in August 1845. The disappearance of the Franklin expedition set off a massive search effort and sparked an investigation into what happened that remained a mystery until only a few years ago, despite Hudson's Bay Company doctor John Rae collecting artefacts and testimony from local Inuit in 1853.



Recent research revealed that three men had died during the first year of the expedition and were buried on Beechey Island, near which the ships overwintered in 1845–1846. By April 1848, at which time HMS Erebus and HMS Terror were icebound in northern Victoria Strait, an additional 21 men had died, including John Franklin. On 22 April 1848, the 105 surviving officers and crew, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, deserted the ships and moved tons of equipment and supplies, including several boats, by sledges across 28 km of sea ice and encamped on the north-west coast of King William Island, a few kilometres south of Victory Point. Four days later, they embarked on a 400 km journey to the Back River, from which to reach the interior of northern Canada to seek aid at a Hudson Bay Company Post. All perished from a variety of causes, including hypothermia, scurvy and starvation. Subsequent expeditions until the late 1980s, and autopsies of crew members exhumed from graves discovered in 1986, also revealed that Erebus and Terror's shoddily canned rations may have been tainted by both lead and botulism. Reports by local Inuit that some of the crew members resorted to cannibalism were partially supported by forensic evidence of cut marks on the skeletal remains of crew members found on King William Island.

The wreckage of one of Franklin's ships was found on 2 September 2014 and a month later, it was announced that the remains were those of Erebus. On 12 September 2016, it was announced that the wreck of HMS Terror had also been found submerged in Terror Bay, off the south-west coast of King William Island. The wrecks are designated a National Historic Site of Canada with the precise location not released.

*Erebus: the story of a ship*, is partly epic tale, partly factual account and partly detective story - and in my opinion at least - well worth a read.

**BH**