

# Broughton Outlook

June 2020

*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.



**Some days it seems like  
someone stole the sun...  
but it still shines...  
just hidden for a moment  
behind the clouds**

## “It’s Not Fair”

One of the most stressful places on my daily commute between Preston and Liverpool for over 20 years was where the M58 joins the M6 North. The M58 is a relatively empty motorway outside peak times. However, 4:30 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. weekdays is “rush hour,” which inevitably means that congestion slows traffic down.

From Pimbo to Junction 1 there are warning signs that the motorway narrows from three lanes to two. Queues form. Until traffic lights were installed at the Junction roundabout, those queues were often 1 mile long, meaning it could take up to 20 minutes to get onto the M6. Predictably as most cars waited in the middle lane in preparation for the narrowing, there were always cars that stayed in the outside lane until the last possible opportunity to merge then signalling to join the queue.

Needless to say, those drivers in the queue were reluctant to encourage the queue-jumping upstarts and the line became bumper to bumper just avoiding a “dodgems” scenario! Sometimes a large truck would simply block the lane far away from the pinch point to prevent the use of the outside lane all together. Righteous indignation all round and just another layer of stress to add to an already fraught day for all concerned. “That’s not fair!” “That’s cheating!” Drivers grip their steering wheels. Road rage. Sound familiar?

Consider two of Jesus’ parables. In Matthew Chapter 20, Jesus describes the Kingdom of Heaven as being “like a landowner who went out early in the morning to hire labourers for his vineyard. After agreeing with the labourers for the usual daily wage, he sent them to his vineyard....”

The landowner goes out again about 9 a.m. and again at 3 p.m. and then at 5 p.m. At the end of the day the owner of

the vineyard called his manager to pay the workers, beginning with the last hired. “When those hired about 5 o’clock came, each of them received the usual daily wage. Now when the first came, they thought they would receive more; but each of them also received the usual daily wage.”

‘That’s not fair,’ they grumbled because they were paid the same as those who only worked one hour although they had laboured all day. The landowner replied: “Friend, I am doing you no wrong; did you not agree with me for the usual daily wage? Take what belongs to you and go; I choose to give to this last the same as I give to you. Am I not allowed to do what I choose with what belongs to me? Or are you envious because I am generous? So the last will be first and the first will be last.” (1-16)

Like the disgruntled grape pickers, don’t you feel for the Prodigal Son’s brother? There he was, working hard on his father’s estate year after year, being a dutiful, obedient son. His brother took half of the value of the estate and lived the high life, travelled, fulfilled all manner of desires until he spent every last penny and decided that he was better off returning home to face his punishment than living in a pig sty and starving. And what happens? When he is far off, their father sees him, loses all dignity, runs to meet him and embraces this wayward brother, ordering a big feast in celebration of his return. You can just see the stay-at-home brother fuming and sympathise with his refusal to join the party.

The father says to the disgruntled brother: “Son, you are always with me, and all that is mine is yours. But we had to celebrate and rejoice, because this brother of yours was dead and has come to life; he was lost and has been found.” (Luke 15:11-32)

Envy. Righteous indignation. Anger. Resentment. “It’s not fair,” we cry.

“For my thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are your ways my ways, says the Lord, for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts.” (Isaiah 55:8-9).

God is love. Jesus is the incarnation of God’s love. Although we have to struggle for justice and equality for all in society and even the Church, God’s justice is an unconditional gift. It cannot be earned or merited. And it is just as well that forgiveness and mercy come with that unconditional love as we have to quell the tendency to be like the self-satisfied Pharisee praying in the Temple and comparing himself favourably to the tax collector who cried “God, be merciful to me, a sinner.” Jesus said “[the tax collector] went down to his home justified rather than the other; for all who exalt themselves will be humbled, but all who humble themselves will be exalted.” (Luke 18:9-14)

So here is a lesson for me and for you if you recognise yourself as the stressed out commuter gripping the wheel : how about giving the pushy driver a smile and wave a signal to cut in front of the queue? That may not deal with the driver’s bad habits – but with mine! Generosity rather than envy or anger. I may even reduce my own stress levels!

Psalms 145, as so many verses in the Bible, reminds us:

***The Lord is gracious and merciful, slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love, The Lord is good to all, and his compassion is over all that he has made. (8-9)***

Thanks be to God. Amen.

**Canon Andrea Titterington**

I first came across this poem, *The Great Realisation*, written by Tom Roberts, whilst watching a streamed service from St Cuthbert's Church. It can be found on Youtube under Tom Foolery – "The Great Realisation" and I recommend you watch the complete video. It may be a simplistic presentation but it gives a message of hope. Born in Auckland, New Zealand of Welsh parents, he now lives in the UK. The video was filmed by candlelight, as he read it, as a bedtime story, to his 7-year-old brother. He is also known as a comedian who goes under the stage name "Probably Tomfoolery" and has written other poems about life during the Coronavirus pandemic which record social history as it happens and can be found on his website. <http://www.probablytomfoolery.com> These are worth watching. A very talented young man!

Barry Townsend, Churchwarden.

### **The Great Realisation**

**Tell me the one about the virus again, then I'll go to bed.**

**'But my boy, you're growing weary, sleepy thoughts about your head.  
'Please! That one's my favourite. I promise just once more.**

**'Okay, snuggle down my boy, though I know you know full well  
The story starts before then, in a world I once would dwell.  
'It was a world of waste and wonder, of poverty and plenty  
Back before we understood why hindsight's 2020**

**'You see the people came up with companies to trade across all lands.  
But they swelled and got much bigger than we ever could have planned.  
'We'd always had our wants, but now it got so quick.  
You could have anything you dreamed of in a day and with a click.**

**'We noticed families had stopped talking. That's not to say they never spoke.  
But the meaning must have melted and the work life balance broke.  
'And the children's eyes grew squarer and every toddler had a phone.  
They filtered out the imperfections but amidst the noise, they felt alone.**

**'And every day the skies grew thicker, `til we couldn't see the stars.  
So, we flew in planes to find them while down below we filled our cars.  
'We'd drive around all day in circles. We'd forgotten how to run.  
We swapped the grass for tarmac, shrunk the parks till there were none.**

**'We filled the sea with plastic cause our waste was never capped.  
Until each day when you went fishing, you'd pull them out already wrapped.  
'And while we drank and smoked and gambled, our leaders taught us why,  
It's best to not upset the lobbies, more convenient to die.**

**'But then in 2020, a new virus came our way.  
The government reacted and told us all to hide away.  
'But while we were all hidden, amidst the fear and all the while,  
The people dusted off their instincts, they remembered how to smile.**

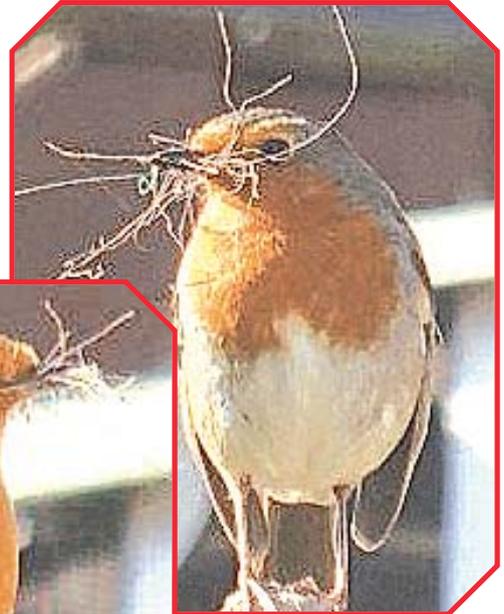
**'They started clapping to say thank you, and calling up their mums.  
'And while the car keys gathered dust, they would look forward to their runs.  
'And with the sky less full of voyages, the earth began to breathe.  
And the beaches bore new wildlife that scattered off into the seas.**

**'Some people started dancing, some were singing, some were baking.  
We'd grown so used to bad news but some good news was in the making.  
'And so when we found the cure and were allowed to go outside,  
We all preferred the world we found to the one we'd left behind.**

**'Old habits became extinct, and they made way for the new.  
And every simple act of kindness was now given its due.  
'But why did it take a virus to bring the people back together?  
'Well, sometimes, you got to get sick, my boy, before you start feeling better.  
'Now lie down, and dream of tomorrow, and all the things that we can do.  
And who knows, if you dream hard enough, maybe some of them will come true.  
'We now call it the Great Realisation, and yes, since then there have been many.  
'But that's the story of how it started, and why hindsight's 2020.'**

# Socially Distanced Garden Visitors

Wonderful images taken by Barry Townsend in his back garden



## Life at Lancaster

Before accepting my place at University, everyone told me about the experiences awaiting me, living away from home and becoming independent, and certainly, life as a first-year undergraduate has offered these experiences and a huge range of new opportunities.

The academic work at the University has been particularly stimulating as has Society Life and Sport. I have

become a player of my college football team.

Living in Hall was not as daunting as I imagined it might be, and spending time with 11 complete strangers has become one of the most incredible aspects of this whole first year. Furthermore, I know I have made new friends for life!

Sadly, COVID-19 has taken away many of the wonderful opportunities for the time being, and knowing that I will not be returning to my Hall of Residence has been tough. But despite this, I have got to look for the positives; I am still receiving all my lec-

tures and seminars online and therefore still able to continue studying the Degree Course which I am loving.

I am in regular contact with all my new friends as we all try to keep going through this difficult time..... but of course it's also nice also just to sit, relax, and enjoy myself at home with my family.

So, despite my first year coming to an abrupt halt, I know that when our lives eventually return to normality, I will be able to return with plenty of happy memories of my first year as a Student at Lancaster.

**Max Cross**

## Robins Revealed

Barry's photographs on page 4 of the nest-building robin reminded me of just how often, when I'm working in my own garden, this cheeky chap stands by watching, waiting for any worms my spade my uncover. It is no surprise that in a recent nationwide survey, the robin topped the poll as Britain's most popular bird, and no surprise either that it has been unofficially adopted as our national bird.

Often the first melody we hear as the dawn chorus begins, its song can be heard almost all year round, even in midwinter. Like so many garden birds it has adapted from its original woodland existence to enjoy the food, water and nesting places offered by a more urban environment.

The European robin (*Erithacus rubecula*), known simply as the robin or robin redbreast in the British Isles, is a small insectivorous passerine bird, specifically a chat, that was formerly classified as a member of the thrush family (*Turdidae*) but is now considered to be an Old World flycatcher. About 12.5–14.0 cm in length, the male and female are similar in colouration, with an orange breast and face lined with grey, brown upperparts and a whitish belly. It is found across Europe, east to Western Siberia and south to North Africa.

This factual, taxonomic description however does little to explain why this diminutive bird is so popular and figures so prominently in our national folklore.



The robin has become strongly associated with Christmas, taking a starring role on many Christmas cards since the mid 19th century. Indeed it was the Victorians, who had a habit of giving names to their birds, who gave him the name Robin (previously he had simply

been redbreast) and dubbed his wife "Jenny Wren". In time the redbreast of Robin Redbreast was dropped, and robin became the enduring title.

This association with Christmas arises in part from the fact that postmen in Victorian Britain, especially busy during the festive season, wore red jackets and were nicknamed "Robins".

Folklore behind the robin is often contradictory - sometimes it is seen as a sacred bird, a friend to humans, while in other legends it is associated with death.

The iconic red breast of the robin has a number of origin myths. One old British folk tale says that the robin was entirely brown, but was stained by the blood of Jesus as He was dying on the cross. The robin flew to his side and sang into his ear in order to comfort him in His pain. The blood from His wounds stained the robin's breast, and thereafter all robins had the mark of Christ's blood upon them.

A few legends are related to fire, rather than blood. One describes how the robin scored its breast in the fires of purgatory while delivering water to tormented souls. In Wales this led to the bird being known as "brou-rhud-dyn", or "breast-burnt". A variation of the burning theme suggests that the wren stole fire from the heaven, and returned to earth entirely aflame. In order to replace the feathers the wren had lost, birds queued to donate a feather to the wren. The robin however strayed too close to the burning wren, was itself burned in the process - the red belly is the remain remains of this. Another fire-related legend has the robin being burned while fanning flames to keep the baby Jesus warm. An alternative legend has it that its breast was scorched fetching water for souls in Purgatory.

The wren and the robin are often linked together in folklore, sometimes as man and wife. An old English legend tells of the robin and the wren working together to cover unburied bodies with leaves if they were found in the woods. This is described in the old English ballad "Babes in the Wood", which describes the story of two children being abandoned in the

woods and eventually dying.

With the bird being so beloved, it is no surprise that it is seen as very bad luck to kill, or even injure a robin, or to step its eggs. In Irish folklore, killing a robin would result in a permanent tremor in the hand that struck the killing blow. 19th century tales speak of piglets dying or cows producing bloody milk after the death of a robin.

Some say that if a robin pecks on a window or enters a house then it signals the death of a loved one. Robins are seen as messengers for the spirit world and there are numerous anecdotes about their presence being a comfort following the passing of a loved one. If a person destroyed the nest of a Robin, he should expect a death in his family within a year, or a fire to destroy his house, or lightning to strike it and damage it. Breaking the eggs of a Robin will result in something valuable of your own being broken. To see a Robin sheltering in the branches of a tree indicates that rain is on the way, and to see one chirping on an open branch indicates that fine weather is coming. You should make a wish when you see your first Robin of the season, and make sure to do it quick, for if the bird flies away beforehand, you'll receive no good luck for the next twelve months.

Another association of the Robin with death is in a pagan belief. In Celtic traditions, Yule is the time when the Oak King triumphs over the Holly King. The Holly King represents the death and darkness that has ruled since the onset of Samhain (Halloween). At the Winter Solstice, the Oak King is reborn and begins a new cycle of life and lightness. A similar version of the Oak King versus the Holly King theme is the killing of the Wren. The Wren is the little King of the Waning Year, and is killed by the Robin Redbreast, the new King of the Waxing Year.

That the robin was seen as an omen for good or evil is perhaps not too surprising when we see the male robin's highly aggressive territorial behaviour. He will fiercely attack other males that stray into his territories. There are even instances of robins attacking their own reflection.

**BH**

# The Choir in Lockdown

**The first, we hope, of a series of articles in which Gentlemen - and possibly Boys - talk about their early experiences in a Church Choir.**

**Today, one of our Senior Gentlemen, Mr John Turner recalls his early years as a Broughton Chorister.**

**Where it all began.....Broughton Primary School**

It must have been during an assembly when George Smithies heard me singing and said he'd be contacting my parents. Mr Smithies (the Headmaster and a wonderful man) was a member of the choir, had a fine tenor voice and was always actively looked for potential Choristers among the boys in his School

An invitation to join the Church Choir was accepted and so began a lifetime of Choral Singing.

**A daunting Choirmaster!**

The Choirmaster at the time was Gerry Dawson - an old man who shouted a lot, and I well remember my early Choir Practices as a Probationer, when he accompanied on the organ and glared at us through the mirror. He was fierce!

**The wonderful Mr Houghton**

In my early days I remember Roger Houghton quite vividly. I'd never met anyone quite like him and all the Older Boys told me to call him 'Codger'..... but not to his face! He once took me "beating" for which I was paid well. All I had to do was hit bushes with a stick and then when any birds flew up, make sure I was not shot. Fortunately I got things right and was in Church the next day!

I once remember being alongside him whilst he was speaking to another adult and he introduced me as 'One of our Black Crows'. In those days all

Broughton Choristers wore black cassocks, but to be honest, I wasn't over impressed by his description.

Every Harvest, Roger would bring a huge salmon to Church which he said he'd just caught..... and I'd no reason to disbelieve him as Asda and Sainsburys didn't exist in Preston as far as I can remember.

These days also saw the first Choir Sports, which were held at Roger's house in Longridge. They were run by his wife Jo, who was a very enthusiastic P.E. teacher at the Park School, Preston's Grammar School for Girls.

Choir Day Trips also became an annual event and I remember one to the Lake District where we ate at 'The Chestnut Tree Cafe' in Bowness, and the following year we visited Trentham Gardens near Stoke.

**A New Choirmaster**

Brian Cryer (Head of Music at Preston Grammar School) followed Gerry Dawson as Choirmaster and he was much more easy-going, but only stayed for twelve months. Sunday morning was always something to look forward to because if John Ross was there (a young adult) he'd occasionally give me a lift home on his motor bike and drop me at the end of Brookside Road - no compulsory helmets in those days and I never told my parents.

**Choir Sporting Events**

Sport was very much a part of Choir Life. Easter Monday saw the Lads versus Dads annual football match and there was also an Organ Side versus Vestry Side annual Cricket Match.

In those days the Choir Vestry was next to the Vicar's Vestry and although the Choir wasn't as large as it is today, it was still a reasonable size, and we were quite cramped for room.

The first cricket match I remember was played on the Fulwood and Broughton Ground, but the venue moved to Penwortham Power Station, courtesy of Ted Cavanagh who worked there. *(Which is where I was inter-*

*viewed for my job as Choirmaster! JC)*

**Chorister Training**

By now I was thoroughly enjoying singing with the Choir, but structured training of the boys wasn't something I remember. In its place there was a Residential RSCM Easter Course at Rossall School. I was encouraged to go - and duly obliged. I hated it! I somehow contacted my mum and dad (can't remember how, as we didn't have a telephone) and told them if they didn't come and get me I would die. It was freezing cold and I was even told off by one of the prefects for wearing my socks in bed! The only enjoyable thing was free time in the afternoons, when I'd go to Cleveleys and play on the slot machines.

Fortunately I didn't die.....but to this very day, I still shiver when I hear the word Rossall!

**And then.....yet another Choirmaster**

Brian Cryer was followed as Choirmaster by a Young Man just starting out at William Temple School..... and he's remained with us to this day. This new Young Choirmaster was enthusiastic in everything he did and I remember him turning up for Easter Monday football, boots still in a box, with a label on it marked Merrigolds 17/11d in old money. That was nearly 90p!

Speaking of old money, leads me to the Hot Pot Supper which was when we were paid ..... at the fine rate of 2d a service/practice! You could earn up to £1-4-0 a year if you were a regular attender (or £1.20 in today's money). To be allowed to attend The Hot Pot Supper, the necessary form had to be returned; you then received a letter telling you to provide "Hot Pot for Four persons." I can't actually remember, but I presume we ate immediately or else all the food would be cold! We were then entertained by a magician Brian Berry - of course!

**(continued on page 7)**

## Choir in Lockdown

(continued from page 6)

(What John hasn't mentioned is that there was a collection during the course of the evening to defray expenses?! JC)

### Christmas

Carol singing was always good fun. We used to walk the streets for three hours and sing under lampposts.

One night it would be the estate behind The Black Bull - all the 'ways', Janice Drive and Conway Drive; the next night, Ashwood Road and the rest of the 'trees' and then on Friday, Broughton and Whittingham Lane.

When we arrived at Judge Bell's, JC always made us sing either "Ding Dong Merrily" or "Ding Dong Ding."

At the end of each evening, JC and Roger Houghton used to go off to Parklands Drive bus shelter which was very posh and had benches, and there they would sit and count the money!

PS I have to admit, I always declined the kind invitation to count the Carol Singing money in Parklands Bus Shelter. A warm fire and a hot toddy at home seemed a more attractive option! (JC)

### Football.....and Sermons!

Choir football was the brainwave of Brian Chiverton. With the help of his Dad Jack, Les Anson and others, a Preston and District Choir Football League was set up in the late 60's.

There were about 10 teams in all and this was very successful for several years. Many of our Choristers were very sporty and there were no computers or phones to play on in those days!

Sermons meant time to look at football programmes in the pews..... but we had to make sure JC's spy who was in the congregation didn't spot us. Whether there ever was a spy I'm not sure, but that was the rumour amongst

the boys. Great days.....the beginning of a life-long love of singing in a Choir

### John Turner

**And from one of the more senior gentlemen of the choir to one of its youngest choristers...**

Dear Mr Catterall,

How are you? I hope you are keeping well. I just thought I would email you and let you know what I have been up to during the lockdown.

My mum is working in Critical Care at the hospital so I have been going to school on the days she is at work. School is very different to normal. I get to play a lot more than we normally do. I still have to do some work like Maths and English and I've been playing football.

Me and my dad have been on lots of bike rides and I have been running with my mum and practising my ukulele. We have had lots of barbecues in the back garden when it's been sunny and my mum bought me and my sister a paddling pool.

Thank you for wishing me a happy birthday. I got a telescope for my birthday from my mum and dad and I can even see the craters on the moon with it. I saw the supermoon the other night. I also made a den in my garden and had my tea in it, and one night my sister and I slept in a tent in the garden.

I miss coming to Choir and seeing my friends a lot. I sing in the car and at home all the time and I can't wait to see everyone again. Please can you add my news to the Choir News letter and say hello to everyone for me. Hope to see you very soon!

### Love from Euan Joyce

## What has our Warden been up to?

ST GARGOYLE'S



*Under the cover of darkness Barry crept in to change the altar frontal*

Thank you to The Church Times

## Note from Jim Titterington PCC Treasurer

There has been a very positive response from parishioners to my request to support the parish, despite the current absence of services, by donating to parish funds via Standing Order.

The PCC wishes to thank everyone who has responded and also those who have taken the time to visit the parish office with their envelopes and donations. Your giving in grace is vital to our present and our future.

## Seems right to me...

C. Write these words in alphabetical order.

1. take

aekt

value

aeluv

use

esu

2. royal

alory

## Light up a life

### May 2020

5 <sup>th</sup>	The Dempsey family	In loving memory of Jack Dempsey on his birthday.
10 <sup>th</sup>	Helen J Verity	In memory of my dear friend, Janet Nelson (née Houghton) on her birthday, "Happy Birthday Chuck!"
17 <sup>th</sup>	Anne Dempsey	To celebrate John's birthday
28 <sup>th</sup>	Keith Gorton	In memory of my dear wife, Margaret, on her birthday
28 <sup>th</sup>	Wendy Sidders & family	In loving memory of Irene Williams on her 90th birthday. A much-loved mother, grandmother and friend. Much missed.

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.**

## And From the Man Himself..

Following articles by Patrick Hurley and Max Cross about their first year at University, in last month's Outlook and on page 4 of this month's edition, the Choirmaster was invited to enlighten us about his own experiences!

**September 19.....can't remember!!**

**School Over – Freedom at Last! ...but I was in for a rude awakening!**

### Day 1

Certainly no 'Freshers' Week! On arrival at College, it was straight in to a 'Welcome' meeting with the Principal at 6.30 in the Gladstone Hall. We were advised not to unpack, as tomorrow we were all taking an exam.

**'Such a waste of time gentlemen, if you fail and have to re-pack everything!'**

### Daily Routine

I was in 'Digs'. Mrs Bell's house was a bus journey away, but I was still required to arrive at College in time to sign in between 7.50 – 8.00 am.....the whole procedure was conducted under the watchful eye of the Vice-Principal,

thus ensuring that all persons 'signed-in' were actually present!

Attendance at all meals - Breakfast, Lunch and Evening Meal was compulsory. Gowns were to be worn at Evening Meal.

Lectures were certainly all compulsory and began after chapel at 9.20. The final lecture (if you were unlucky enough to be timetabled for it) ended at 6.20.

### Accommodation

Whether you were in Digs or in Hall, you had to be 'in' by 10.00 pm. Landladies were required to report late-comers to the Vice Principal, and if you were 'in Hall' and arrived after this time, you were locked out and had to contact the Hostel Tutor (or find a window which had been 'accidentally' left open!).

In Hall, visitors were allowed on Wednesday and Saturday evenings only, but had to leave at 9.50 pm, when a Senior Student would wander along the corridors ringing a very loud hand bell and calling, 'All Women Out!'

### Holidays and Exeat

We were allowed the usual half term and full term holidays. In addition each student was permitted one week-

end's leave (an exeat) each half term, which commenced after Saturday morning lectures (12.15) and ended at 10.00 pm on Sunday. Exeats had to be applied for and this entailed a visit to the Vice-Principal – a fearsome prospect!

### At the end of the first year

.....following exams, it was usual for roughly 10% of the student body to be 'advised' (!) to leave the College! I survived.....of course!

But in those days there were perks, many certainly not enjoyed by today's students!

There were no Tuition fees.....there was even First Term Book allowance - £44.00 for everyone!

All meals (including Sunday Morning Coffee and Daily Afternoon Tea) and accommodation were provided free of charge. There was a Laundry allowance. Six shillings and sixpence per week!

For Teaching Practice, private coaches to schools were arranged; if students were posted to schools some distance from College, they were provided with accommodation (paid for of course!). I stayed for a month in a Morecambe sea-front hotel!

**(continued on page 9)**

## And from the Man Himself

(continued from page 8)

Dining with the Principal was a very pleasant experience. Being Senior Organist, I received regular invitations addressed to 'My Dear Catterall' and spent several very enjoyable evenings at High Table.....with a reminder of course that it was 'Carriages at 10.00'!

There was a dance every Saturday evening in the Gladstone Hall. Partners were inspected by the Vice-Principal who was always present at the door and whose very audible comments on dress fashions were, shall we say, interesting!

But of course, School Life really was over.....and as Students we could (and did!) do daft things occasionally!

Yes, clad in PJs, I did sit in the road

outside the Grosvenor Hotel in the centre of Chester at six in the morning,

singing 'Lloyd George knows my Father, Father knows Lloyd George' (those were the only words) to the tune of Onward Christian Soldiers, percussion accompaniment provided by dust bin lids ('borrowed' from landladies). The residents of the Grosvenor were so appreciative.....not!!

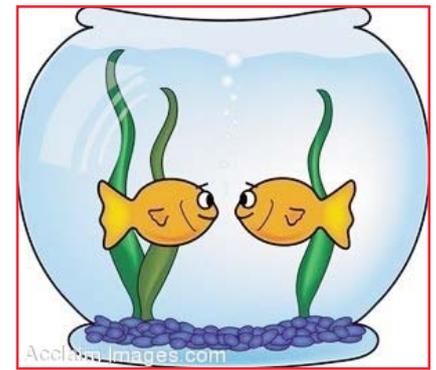
.....But it was Rag Day!

.....and oh, those wonderful hairy Wednesday afternoon Student Fell Walks in North Wales led by a delightfully eccentric English lecturer. No health and safety restrictions in those days!

Just as much fun was walking on the ice on the the River Dee during a particularly cold winter. It was perfectly safe (everything was safe in those days!) – cars were driving on the river at the same time!

And then there was the occasion when a group of us took two goldfish to the

Solemn Eucharist at Chester Cathedral on St Peter's Day. I can assure you



there was a perfectly good reason for this, and can report that the fish swam happily round their bowl under the seat of the lady in front (the poor dear being completely unaware of their presence) as the Choir sang Darke in F!

Yes, Great Years; I made friends for life.

I wouldn't have missed College life for the world

## And finally....from an anonymous bard

### Broughton Choir Practice Evening

At the start of practice time  
Probationers there 6.30 fine  
Keen attentive learning new  
Music is their constant clue

Older boys arrive for seven  
Some in kit unfit for heaven  
No matter what you wear tonight  
Sports and shorts are yours by right

Some boys early some boys timely  
Rushing in with scripts gripped finely  
Nods and smiles to friends around  
Singing is the only sound

Songs that make the rafters ring  
Anthems that you often sing  
Canticles that can inspire  
Worship is your fond desire

During hymns and change of pace  
Chatting is a constant case  
Noise is almost volume numb  
Trying to share the latest crumb

Back to practice end the fray  
Chatting is but not ok  
Gentlemen now join the group  
Basses, tenors in the loop

Counter-tenors in the stalls  
So the pace but now enthrals  
Boys and men in true accord  
Heavenly music to The Lord

From time to time as does occur  
Our Choir Master doth repair  
To share with all that listen to  
A homily of great virtue

A glimpse of stories, chat and such  
Of pleasantries that very much  
Are funny in the nicest way  
And never ever go astray

They lift the spirit and declare  
That happiness is ours to share  
So when you're down with lack of glee  
The funny side of life is free

Parents in attendance there  
Appreciate we do declare  
That all the work and effort too  
Heart is there in all you do

Never tire from week to week  
Practice time is never cheap  
Rain and cold distractions lurch  
But you are here to lead His Church

So, long obedience constant true  
Same direction all of you  
In God's Temple it is right  
To Glorify the Risen Christ

May your time and efforts know  
That you but set our hearts aglow  
So we thank your service true  
Be uplifted all of you.