

# FOY NEWS

## AUTUMN, 2018



# 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:** Derek McAuley receives the certificate of Affiliation to the Equality Trust on behalf of the Unitarian General Assembly.

**Photographs:** Colin Partington, Dorothy Haughton, Richard Varley and John Hewerdine.

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**See back page for contacting the editor**

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## New Foy President

John Rowland writes...

First of all, of course, I'm very grateful to the Society for electing me - thank you! It's a privilege, and it's a privilege both of my parents have had before me, many years ago. It's a very pleasing line of continuity - as Tim put it in his closing President's Report, "He was really pleased to be part of such a giving, caring, stimulating and long standing society. None of these qualities and attributes was to be underestimated in how they helped the society keep going and he hoped that we can keep going for many years to come."

(It's also quite pleasing that my parents are now a little less active in the Society, making them less likely to look over my shoulder and criticise...)

Do we need a capsule biography? Like Tim, I came through the youth programme in the late 1980s and 1990s. I currently work in an office job in Leeds, I'm married to a wonderful person called Helen who attends the Carlton Hill Quaker meeting, and we also have an allotment plot which is currently in glut of chard, courgettes, beans... I also co-organised FOY's 2016 conference with Tim, and I look forward to picking his brains whenever needed throughout my term. I'm not a member of any congregation, although I occasionally attend Mill Hill.

I find the Society to be a wonderful group, as a national level, non-geographic society, affiliated to GA but not a Unitarian society, which is free of physical premises (and their associated caretakers, insurance, leaky roofs...), and also free of the incessant needs of a weekly congregation. It's a place where, I hope, we can use that freedom to

good purpose to be radical, experimental, and challenging; it's why the list of our previous conference themes is so broad and why in so many cases, they've led directly to GA motions and national changes, including most recently the affiliation of GA with the Equality Trust.

Coming back down to earth, the last Conference was, to my experience, a great success, and not just because it elected me! Our external speaker, Amanda Smith, did a wonderful job in her workshops and then again in the evening storytelling session, which I loved! Jennifer also managed to timetable a children's programme on Saturday - our special thanks to all who booked in early, since we really needed to know there would be enough children attending to justify the second stream. The two streams came together again in social time, and also on Sunday, when the children attending, along with Emma Lowe, contributed the service at Old Chapel.

Gwyneth Roper and Karen Hicks are doing an excellent job of organising 2019, too - you will have seen the poster already. I should mention that it really does help everyone plan the weekend if you are able to book early, and especially if we can justify exclusive use of the Centre early on in 2019, so do keep an eye out for the booking form in due course. I'm definitely looking forward to spending a little time working on craft and skill of hands with mindfulness and care. I haven't really spent enough time working with my hands in my life recently.

Finally, I'd like to share a thought from my grandfather's library - also called John Rowland, he was a minister in several chapels in England, perhaps most associated with Tenterden. From the Cafe Royal cocktail book published in the 1930s, the "San Fransisco" cocktail is:

1 dash Orange bitters  
1 dash Angostura bitters  
Equal thirds sloe gin, Martini sweet vermouth, French vermouth  
Mix and serve garnished with a cherry

It seems like a good drink for watching autumnal sunsets.

John Rowland

# 2018 General Assembly Meetings of the Unitarian Movement

Report of Foy Representative, Lynne Varley

I would like to thank you for giving me the opportunity to represent Foy at the 2018 General Assembly Meetings. This was the first time that I have attended the whole assembly since the 1970s and I hope I made the most of it.

There were eight main motions spread out over the whole meetings.

The first motion related to the grave dangers of nuclear weapons and was brought by twelve full members and the Unitarian Peace Fellowship. There was dissension among some members regarding sending good wishes to the Mayors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki: however the motion was passed. GA Zette covered some of the dissention.

No 4 regarded changes to the bye-laws to the conditions of congregational numbers: that they be reduced from 12 to 8 to be recognized as Members of the Assembly with full voting rights. This was accepted. Rather than looking at reductions in numbers in congregations, the motion was looking at a positive angle of growing congregations.

More controversial was Motion 1 regarding the changes to the length and format of the Annual Meetings. An amendment to Part 1 was passed, requiring a review after three years as to whether the changes had worked. This was carried.

Further discussion ensued regarding Part 2 about the limit of 4 motions, because of the shorter meetings, and who would decide on which motions would be considered if there were more motions put forward. The meeting was not happy that the steering committee should be deciding this and the wording was changed so that if there were more than four, the four to be included would be decided on at the beginning of the meetings without debate.



David Warhurst expresses concern about reducing the duration of the Annual meetings

The Unitarian Women's Group put forward a motion regarding the effect of government austerity measures falling disproportionately on women. There was discussion on this motion, which became heated when one member accused the motion of being Political with a large 'P' and also poorly put together. Naturally, this was not taken well by the proposer, Sue Macfarlane, who responded to this criticism very strongly. The motion was carried.

The Foy motion on Equality, following last year's Foy conference, when we had two speakers on Equality, complemented the UWG's motion. No one spoke against the motion and it was passed almost unanimously, there being one abstention.

Fulwood Old Chapel, Sheffield brought a motion, which raised the issue of recognizing the use of technology to develop virtual Unitarian communities and asked the Executive Committee to propose changes to the Constitution to allow new forms of membership. We had an eloquent speech from a 15 year old, who talked about the young having a voice at the General Assembly and the use of social media to form

young Unitarian communities. A young member of BUYAN supported this. The two of them had had to have special permission to speak. However, this was finally passed back to the proposers to separate the motion into two and to come up with more concrete motions next year.

Finally, there were two motions proposing Rev. Dr Ann Peart and Alan Ruston for Honorary Membership. These were naturally carried.

On the Friday, we had a lively presentation about the Nightingale Centre from Colin Partington. He highlighted the huge influence Stella has had, with her inspiration and implementation of improvements. She received a standing ovation from the whole assembly.



Dot Hewardine chairs the 2018 meetings

Dot Hewardine had been asked to conduct the 2018 meetings as the President felt unable to do this task. Richard and I had not attended the meetings last year and so it was great to witness Dot handling the business of the General Assembly in such a calm and confident manner, as I am sure she did in 2017.

I attended several of the non-business meetings. The first one being the Peace Meeting but I couldn't find the York room. The hotel had two long meandering wings and I discovered afterwards that I had walked over 10 miles during the meetings!



I later found the York room and visited the Inquirer's reception and also the Unitarian Women's Group, who had a speaker from the Women's Budget Group, Roxanne Marshari. She spoke about the issues relating to gender equality, which followed nicely after the UWG's motion on government austerity. I attended the Women's League meeting, where they presented a cheque for £9,400 to Prostate Cancer UK and listened to a speaker about the potential killer 'Sepsis'. He was a sufferer who felt fortunate to have only lost his leg. Very frightening and enlightening.

I also went to the John Rely Beard lecture by Matt Carmichael 'Rekindling the Spirit of Community' and listened to Rev. Dr Paul Raser who talked about 'Faith without Certainty in Uncertain Times'.

I watched an inspiring Opening Ceremony by BUYAN, the young Unitarian people from 18 – 35. They overran by 20 minutes but nobody was watching the clock. I found it encouraging for the future.

The Anniversary service was also inspiring and I enjoyed a story by Rev Kate Whyman, who was ably assisted by some very young Unitarians, a lovely sermon from Rev. Danny Crosby and some beautiful singing by the choir after amazingly only two rehearsals.

I have met new people and many Unitarian friends at these meetings and found it an enriching experience.

Lynne



# Letters Home

Colin Partington

This is a story of how some very personal letters written more than fifty years ago were discovered in a garden and the relatives of the original senders found and reunited with the letters.

Emily and John Backes moved house in 2011 from Newcastle to Eggleston in County Durham with their three (now four) children. The house was Grey Gables, an old house built in the 1930s and significantly added to over the years. The house sat in a large garden on top of a hill overlooking the Teesdale Valley, an area of outstanding natural beauty. Half way down the garden was a dilapidated old Summer House – probably with a spectacular view of the Teesdale Valley once, but now hidden from sight by dense trees and undergrowth.



Emily and John were intrigued by Grey Gables. It clearly had been extended and changed many times in its eighty odd years and they wanted to know more of its history.

One day when the family had been there a couple of years, Emily and John's elder sons, William and Oliver when exploring the garden, discovered the Summer House and found in it two large shoe boxes full of letters. They recovered them to the house but then forgot about them until August 2017. Emily's Dad, Colin was intrigued by this "Find" of such letters and agreed to examine them to try to find more history of the house.



The Shoe Boxes and letters they contained



Colin was fascinated by the letters. They were from the two sons of the owners of Grey Gables – Mr and Mrs M Joseph - to them during the time each son spent time in National Service. The older son David was in the RAF in Germany from 1952 to 1955 and the younger son, Michael was in the RAF in Lincolnshire from 1955 to 1958. Every letter was addressed to "Mr & Mrs M Joseph" and started with "Dear Mummy and Daddy". It was clear from the letters that the family was Jewish and from somewhere in Sunderland, and that Grey Gables was their weekend retreat. 95% of the boxes content was the letters from David and Michael to their parents.

However there was one letter to the Josephs from someone else, and it was written on the back of a headed notepaper, giving the business as "B Joseph and Son, 4 & 5 Union Street, Sunderland, Sports Outfitters", and addressed to Monty and Joyce Joseph. Eureka!! A clue!!

A web search of the Sunderland Newspapers brought links to a Sunderland Jewish History website and on the bottom of the website was a link to the ***Jewish Chronicles and Records Webmaster***, so Colin wrote an email to the Webmaster, explaining the boxes, letters and asked

for help. This was the 18<sup>th</sup> September 2017. That very same day the Webmaster, David Shulman replied from Israel!!

It turned out that David's wife knew the Josephs in Sunderland and would try to reach the family. It then turned out that a friend of David's in England was Monty Josephs nephew and soon a contact was made with Ruth Joseph, widow of Michael Joseph who now lives in London.

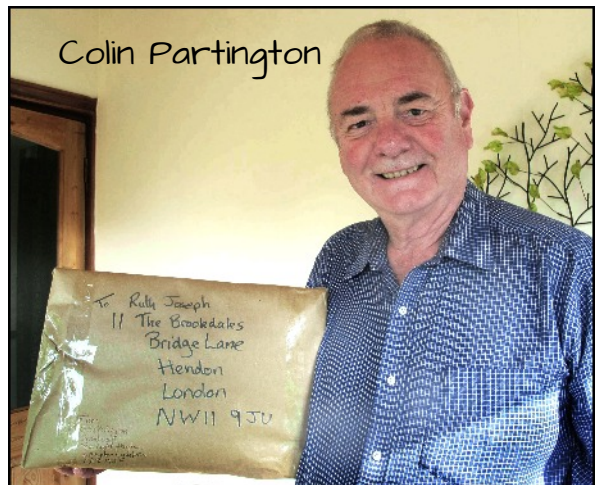
A few days later Colin received a delightful email from Ruth Joseph overjoyed and very excited that we had found the letters and within days they were parcelled up and sent off to Ruth.

Unfortunately the parcel arrived just too late before Ruth went off to Israel for a holiday to visit her daughter and family who live out there, so her son picked it up from the Post Office and was the first to read them. However, before she left Ruth sent a parcel of mementoes to Emily and John. These were some lovely old photos of Grey Gables and two gorgeous tapestries made by Monty Joseph. Ruth also mentioned that she had her Engagement Party on the lawn at Grey Gables in 1966.

Emily and John are extremely thrilled at the outcome and hope that one day Ruth will be able to visit them in Grey Gables and share more happy memories and find out more about the house and how it was when Ruth knew it.

Now Ruth is back home and is looking at the letters.

We understand that the find of letters from the two brothers has brought the two sides of the Joseph family back together again for a re-union and a reflection on memories of their fathers - a tale with a happy ending.



# Flagg Reminiscences

and the place now

Mark Johnson



Flagg was where my parents met, over the washing-up in the Barn. This led to many visits during the 1950s and 60s, usually for Trustees Weekend. We always camped, often with Mr.Beswick's cows.

Food is prepared on Mark's recent visit

A visit to the Beswicks' farm every year for tea meant reminiscences for Dad and Mr.Beswick while my brother and I explored the farm buildings. The Green, lived in by the Bisgroves, was where the Trustees meetings were held, and where the elders stayed; names and faces that come back to me... Stanley Kennett, Bert Wilkinson, June Bell.

After a gap of many years I returned to Flagg with my now elderly parents, to find it all much the same. No army hut, more trees, and an upgraded Fairyland being the obvious changes.



Mark chats to friends in the field, in 2018



Help with pitching the tents

And generational change; happy children everywhere now, while the only companions we had, in the early days, were Johnny Bisgrove and his sister, with whom we caught newts in the pond behind the Green.

Changes in the weather has never bothered me much, sometimes it was wet and cold, at other times sunny, and we made the most of whatever it was. This year we had fine weather which made for a weekend where the children could enjoy the fast growing copse to the full, and tents could be struck dry. Later on Saturday evening it was almost justifiable to light the stove in the barn, if only because it's something to sit around and relax whilst talking into the night.

Walking back from the village hall in the dusk after supper and Scott's quiz, it seemed to me that although the loss of the Post Office, pub and petrol station has changed the village, the spirit of the place of my childhood is still the same. Long may it continue.....

Mark



2018 General Assembly

# Ramblings from Room 10

**Idle thoughts  
of a not so idle fellow**

**Richard Varley**

In a previous 'Ramblings', I reflected on 'what if' moments; those occasions in life which can have a significant impact on the path your future takes. They sometimes occur as the result of coincidences that crop up along the way. In June, Lynne and I went on a guided touring holiday which embraced the Western Highlands of Scotland and the Outer Hebrides. Lynne has a wariness of sea crossings but I attempted to reassure her that the crossings, to and from the Western Isles, would be on Caledonian MacBrayne's two largest ferries: it just so happens that they don't have any particularly large vessels!

The initial part of the trip was a train journey from Glasgow to Fort William, including traversing the bleak Rannoch moor, which looked fairly harmless, if somewhat bleak, on a June morning. One could imagine that, in the depths of winter, it would be a very different proposition. After a pleasant afternoon walk around the Fort William area, we decided to have a read of our books whilst we enjoyed a pre dinner drink. We hadn't read very much before we were joined by another couple and our conversation developed from talking about the books we were reading and, as most conversations do, spread onto other subjects. We discovered that we had a shared love of Derbyshire: "which part do you visit?" came the question. Picking somewhere that we thought would be better known; "oh, a village near Tideswell". Elaborating by saying "Great Hucklow" brought the response, "where do you stay, the 'Queen Anne'"! Still doubting that our new companions would be familiar with it, we said, "no, The Nightingale Centre". Smiles all round as we discovered that we had been joined by Joan and John Wilkinson! Whilst we had not known each other in person before, we realised that we must have passed each other at the recent GA Annual Meetings, when they were looking after the NUF stand. Added to which, I have corresponded with John by email, when he has assisted by loading documents onto the Foy website: talk about a small world! Joan can be quite persuasive, as can be evidenced by the fact that, shortly after returning home, we sent off our NUF membership forms! Is that the furthest north that recruitment has been effected?



John  
and  
Joan  
Wilkinson  
when  
they  
bumped  
into the  
Varleys  
in  
Scotland



At the time we visited the island of Lewis, the heat wave back in England was in its early days: temperatures were starting to climb. On Lewis they were around 13-14°C and on our day's tour we weren't spared the varieties of weather that the Hebrides can throw at you. We visited the most northerly point on Lewis, the Butt of Lewis, on a day when you weren't totally blown away. However, it didn't stop Joan from sporting a pair of shortish trousers! Our local tour guide explained that there had been occasions when it had been unsafe for a tour party to actually leave their coach! She gave an excellent commentary, not only on the important sights we visited, but about everyday island life on Lewis. Sunday is the Sabbath and you struggle to find a shop or café that opens its doors. Our guide took the opportunity to plug Peter May's trilogy of crime thrillers, which were set on the islands. We were reminded of visiting the [Callanish Standing Stones](#), *when an image of them graced the cover of a recent 'Inquirer'*.

Since returning home, I have read the three books, based on the Hebrides, and found it fascinating to read novels that are set in an area that has such distinctive characteristics, which I had recently visited. The author captures the atmosphere of the area so well: the pages seem to breathe the Hebridian weather and its bleakness! The barren landscape which features on Lewis, compares with the more mountainous area of Harris further south: though referred to as separate isles, they are in effect one island. I remember well the drive up from Tarbert, where we had landed on the ferry from Skye, through the hills of Harris, with the road delineated by snow poles, to the flatter barren Lewis. The whole area is almost devoid of trees and peat digging activities mark the landscape. May's books ooze the area's character and whilst he is Glaswegian by birth, he spent five months in each of five years in the nineteen nineties in the Outer Hebrides, filming the ninety-nine episodes of drama serial *'Machair'*. He has written various

series of novels and he makes a point of writing his novels based in areas that he has experienced first hand.

As I start to compose this piece, I do so inside our house to escape the heat of the afternoon as the thermometer again pushes up to 30°C. I was amused to read that, a day previously, the MCC had decided to relax the dress code for men entering the pavilion at Lords Cricket Ground. Apparently, for the first time ever, men were being allowed to enter without wearing a jacket! I remember, from the time we lived in London, and I was a Middlesex CCC member, how rigorously they applied the dress code. Middlesex members were permitted to enter the pavilion when Middlesex were playing and I recall that you were actually allowed to remove your jacket when you sat in the open on the top tier. However, as the toilets were in the basement, woe betides if you failed to don your jacket for the purposes of making your way downstairs!

It often seems to take a while for such venerable institutions to move with the times. It was as recently as 1998 that the MCC voted to accept female members: after 200 years of existence. I recall that there was an occasion, a short while earlier, when a ladies match was being played on Lord's hallowed turf. It was reported, at the time, that there was consternation amongst some of the members that ladies had to actually traverse the long room in the pavilion on their way from the dressing rooms to the playing area: that was having already had to accept their presence in the pavilion in the first place! When my father first took me to see Lancashire at Old Trafford in the nineteen fifties, the pavilion was an exclusively male preserve with lady and junior members excluded. I suspect that, in both cases, female catering staff were allowed in! At Old Trafford, there was a ladies pavilion but the facilities were considerably sub standard to those in the main pavilion and, of course, male and junior members were allowed in the 'ladies' area!

One likes to think that we have moved from such times and I am not aware of a county cricket ground where female and male members do not enjoy the same facilities. However, I fail to understand the necessity to have a group of fairly scantily dressed young ladies dancing on the outfield, between periods of play, during a T20 match. There has been a question mark raised over the use of so called 'grid girls' at Grands Prix. There was an interesting comment on the Formula 1 website, earlier this year, which read "While the practice of employing grid girls has been a staple of Formula 1 Grands Prix for decades, we feel this custom does not resonate with our brand values and clearly is at odds with modern day societal



norms. We don't believe the practice is appropriate or relevant to Formula 1 and its fans, old and new, across the world". Looks as if modern day societal norms are having an effect! I certainly fail to understand how they add to the occasion. I reluctantly cope with the bursts of loud musak during a T20 cricket match, mainly by sitting inside! At times, it is also the only place you can easily conduct a conversation. I'm probably showing my age by suggesting that it is possible to enjoy watching a cricket match without the accompaniment of audible and visual effects which have absolutely no impact on the game itself: Victor Meldrew rules ok!

I was given a slide and negative scanner for my birthday and, following a return to the photographic shop, from where it was purchased, to learn how it worked (the instructions were singularly useless!), I have put it to good use. Two thousand slides take up a fair amount of storage space and I suspect that after fifty years, our projector's original bulb could decide it had had enough and obtaining a replacement might present a problem. It has been fascinating to look back over fifty or so years and recall many events, including a few from UYPL days. I may well drip feed some of them in over future articles: nevertheless, I include a couple.



The left one has Foy connections but, the location, and indeed the occasion, escapes my memory. The other was taken at the end of the 1973 UYPL Youth Holiday Week & captures the entire crew of the hired narrowboat. Possibly, Joan Partington takes the credit for using my camera for the photograph! It includes the late lamented John Clark, who found it challenging, during the week, to unearth hostelries with real ale. However, he did manage to sport a rather dodgy looking T shirt! I am able to report that, besides creating a quantity of hard plastic recycling, the liberated storage space has already been put to good use!

Richard

# Foy Conference, 2018

John Hewerdine's camera reflects on some of our activities

This year's Foy Conference was on the subject of **Storytelling**. Amanda Smith led some of the sessions, both with the children and the adults, whilst Jennifer Rowland shared some of the glory with her academic knowledge of the subject.



Group Photo on the lawn

Amanda in a Session with The children



Fun on the swings too



sections of a Story Quilt for which participants made a piece

Some of the Junior Group



# Gavin Howell

was at our conference too

It was good to meet the new Unitarian Youth Officer and to hear something of his ideas for the future.

**The Foy Society** has, over the years, always held youth at the top of its agenda. Funds are used extensively to support young people who want to participate in worthwhile personal development, especially when it comes to attending events which might not be affordable to them, without some help.



## **Here Gavin talks to us about his first visit to a Foy event,**

This year I had the pleasure of attending my first FOY conference. Now, before I go any further, I should confess that until very recently, I had no knowledge of the organisation. I had no idea of its mission or values. I knew of Tim, the then president, but I had no real connection to the membership. So in attending I was well and truly stepping into the unknown. But then, in my opinion, that's a huge part of being a Unitarian, embracing the unfamiliar for the potential insight, challenge and growth it may offer.

Upon arrival, the first thing that struck me was the warm welcome I received. Attendees went out of their way to introduce themselves and immediately I was put at ease. I was also presented with a copy of the programme and what a corker it was - walking tours, storytelling workshops and of course some much needed free time to mix and get to know each other. Perfect.

Ben's walk on the first day was quite a treat. As a movement, how lucky are we to have a retreat centre in the heart of the Derbyshire Dales? Put simply, the scenery is breathtaking. There is no doubt in my mind that the conference setting nurtured a feeling of calm and openness, an openness which would allow me to embrace the opportunities which lay ahead.



The workshops provided some real food for thought. Jennifer's challenge to explore authors and genres outside of our comfort zone really struck a cord with me. Consequently, I now investigate those previously neglected areas of my local bookshop and as a result design theory and participatory processes are becoming real

However, the real highlight was meeting and getting to know the FOY membership. Colin's games, discussions over dinner, reflections after worship and of course chatting by the steps provided me, the newcomer, with the most fantastic impression of the organisation and it's members. I was so impressed that I have subsequently signed up!



Foy AGM - Everyone Welcome!

# Bore da

A True Story (with title in Welsh) by Dorothy Haughton

We have recently moved to Wales where we have lots of scenery and lots of sheep. In order to distinguish one flock from another, each sheep in the flock is marked with a different colour. But not the boring old red and black, oh dear me no. The sheep in the field opposite our dwelling have a tag of a lovely shade of lilac whereas down the road we have teal.



We did wonder whether farming couples at the Royal Welsh would have earnest discussions about colour: "We could always go for Heartwood, it is the Dulux Colour of the Year 2018 and no one else will have it."

And it's not just in the field. Go to the local show and you will find whole sheep carefully coloured to show them off to advantage.

This is, I, think, Bloom from the Cheviot Sheep Dye range. And jolly splendid it looks too. The blue bucket is the perfect finishing touch.

Now that famous BBC presenter and small-holder, Winifred Robinson, said that young lambs leap and leap but there comes a day when each animal

thinks: "Oh, I'm a sheep." and drops its head and starts to munch. Nothing could be further from the truth. Find a secluded corner of a field, creep up on them and they will be leaping and running and jumping as though they were barely three months old. Also, sheep don't really like grass. They much prefer the hedgerow and every sheep knows that the other side of the headgerow is the sweetest so they escape from the field at every opportunity. This also gives them a chance to play Tricks on Motorist. For the first, one ewe remains in the field and sticks her head through the fence. Two baby lambs on the grass verge bleat piteously. The motorist climbs out of the car and into the field and attempts to tug the ewe backwards to no avail. Its tiny little hooves are firmly fixed. In desperation the motorist returns to the road side of the fence and shouts, "Well stay there then, drat you!" The ewe pulls back her head with an almost an audible 'pop' and swaggers off like a marchioness in full court dress. The baby lambs rush off giggling. The most popular however is the 'Nijinsky. The motorist observes a sheep munching on a roadside dandelion and assuming all is well continues on his/her merry way. As car and sheep are almost alongside, the sheep leaps into the road right in front of the car causing the motorist to swear, brake and swerve simultaneously. The next time the motorist observes a roadside sheep he/she slows to a crawl. As the car passes the sheep it lifts its head and gives the driver a look of complete contempt. So, of course, the next time ... And on it goes.

However, it has to be said that, given the chance, any sheep worth its breeding would always prefer a garden.



They could see no good reason why they should leave



They stood at the top of the lawn regarding us disdainfully

until we started to shout. This was too much for their delicate ears so they bolted.

They are also very good at direction and speed but hopeless at make of car. During the winter the farmer drove up to the gate and tossed large amounts of 'MegaSheep' (green plastic box as opposed to SupaCow – red box) over the gate. If we approached our driveway from the left and slowed down there was a stampede to the gate and they bleated piteously and disbelievingly despite our going out to point out that we were Dorothy and Dave in a Metro not Jeff in a Land Rover.

These are about ten minutes old. As you can see, Tom has sold her to Jeff just before lambing (teal and lilac, do keep up). Give them about fifteen minutes and they'll be racing up and down. Fortunately, having taken a holiday on a sheep farm, we know exactly what to do if a little lamb is delivered and fails to move. You pick it up by the back legs, swirl it about a bit and then rub it over briskly with straw. Then you plug it into the ewe and stand back looking pleased with yourself.



Of course, the joy of living in sheep country is the lambing season.

And, of course, it goes without saying that we also have sheep dog trials and sheep shearing but I shall save those for another time.

**Hwyl fawr** Dorothy Haughton





# News of Members

**Hazel Warhurst**

## News of Members

First some sad news of further losses about which some members are already aware. Two very dear Foy members have died since the last edition of Foy News was printed.

**Trevor Mettam**, died on May 26th and would have been 90 years old this November. Fellow members **Marion Baker, June** and **Mike Pettitt, David** and I went to a lovely service of thanksgiving, at Upper Chapel Sheffield on June 15th, and were joined by **Martin Slatford**, who came all the way from Leicester by public transport, using his Mobility scooter, to celebrate the life of his old friend.

**Colin Horsfield**, died on June 25th aged 71. Colin had been suffering from a distressing illness for some time and was being cared for in a Nursing Home for the past year. Colin and Valerie lived too far away in Lanarkshire for many friends to pay their last respects, however **David** and **Christine Dawson** and I were able to represent Foy at the Crematorium service on 5th July.

Finally, former UYPLers will be sad to read the latest update about **Kathy Packer** (formerly Timiney) Her dementia is progressing very rapidly to the extent that she hardly recognises anyone and her behaviour can be very distressing. Brian is her sole carer at home and they are virtually housebound as Kathy can no longer cope with going to a Day Centre. I'm sure that Brian would appreciate some contact via letter, email or telephone from old friends. I can supply the information if you get in touch.

Welcome to the following new members since the Spring Edition of Foy News

**Christina Smith** – Lay Leader at Derby Unitarians.

**Rev Winnie Gordon** – Minister at Birmingham New Meeting

**Gavin Howell** – Youth Co-ordinator at the GA

**Rev Claire MacDonald** - Minister in charge of Lewisham Unitarians.

This summer **Emily and Mark Deakin** were delighted to welcome their third child, **Bella Felicity** into their lives. Bella was born at St Mary's Hospital in Manchester on 6th July. This is a place they have a strong connection with, not just because they also welcomed George into the world at St Mary's, but because it's attached to Manchester Children's Hospital, where they lived with Archie for some time after his birth. Although Archie only lived for ten months and will never meet his little brother and sister, they feel he will always be connected to his siblings and may in some way influence the lives they live.

St Mary's hospital supports a lot of research and innovation and they were able to sign up with the Anthony Nolan Trust, who collected an umbilical cord and placenta blood donation at Bella's birth. This is a process where they collect the blood from the umbilical cord and placenta (which contains blood stem cells). This would normally go to waste, but these stem cells can be used to treat different cancers, immune deficiencies and genetic disorders. It can be used as a direct donation or contribute to life saving research.

Emily and Mark feel privileged to have had the opportunity to do this as there are only nine hospitals in the UK where this is currently possible. You can find out more from the Anthony Nolan Trust and NHS blood and transplant service websites ([www.anthonynolan.org](http://www.anthonynolan.org) and [www.nhsbt.nhs.uk](http://www.nhsbt.nhs.uk)). It felt like a very special start to Bella's life, that she may have helped someone else continue theirs. For now Bella knows nothing about this and is just enjoying settling into life in the family.



**Congratulations to Denise and Alan Laver** - on the occasion of their **Ruby Wedding Anniversary** on August 27th.

**Geoffrey Faiers** – son of **Elizabeth Faiers** – who married Eppie Naismith on Saturday 1st September at Priory Barn and Cottages , Syningthwaite near Wetherby. We wish them both a very happy future.

### **Thank you**

Valerie Walker would like to pass on her family's thanks for the generosity of Foy members for once again sponsoring son- in- law, Ben Parry, in his fund raising for the Chiltern MS Centre.

Valerie writes: "Abi continues her four-weekly Tysabri infusions at Stoke Mandeville Hospital, we are very grateful that our NHS provides this as well as the friendly support provided by the Chiltern MS Centre for which we continue to raise money."

## Membership Subscription Rates

These are unchanged at the very low rate of £7.50 for an individual and £10 (couple). If you feel you would like to pay more please consider making a donation to be added to the Flagg Chapel Fund which assists young people attending Unitarian events and appropriate conferences. Donations to Trevor Mettam's memory, totalling £230.95, has also contributed to this worthy fund. We know Trevor would have wanted this.

My postal address, the same as the Treasurer, is on the back page of Foy News. Please make cheques payable to "The Foy Society". Online payment details:

Account name: **The Foy Society** Sort code: **09-01-50** Account number: **05454689**

Why not set up a regular payment. Members who have not yet responded to earlier reminders will receive another one with this Foy News.

We have in our thoughts those members who are going through difficult times with their own, or a family member's, health problems.

*Hazel Warhurst*

## Unitarian GA Affiliates to The Equality Trust

In our 2017 Foy Conference Professor Kate Pickett and Professor Richard Wilkinson discussed how their research program led naturally on to active campaigning and their foundation of the Equality Trust.

Our new Foy President, John Rowland asked us, "Could anything be done effectively at the individual or small group level about the trend of growing inequality?" Foy decided on a donation to the Equality Trust and also drafted a motion for the 2018 Unitarian General Assembly Meetings.

As a result of the motion being subsequently passed, the Unitarian General Assembly is now Affiliated to the Equality Trust, a registered charity that works to improve the quality of life by reducing economic and social inequality. Their work is primarily focused in the UK but has always had an international dimension with a network of supporters and groups based overseas.

Our cover picture shows Derek McAuley with Dr Wanda Wyporska, FRSA, Executive Director of The Equality Trust. The Certificate is now displayed in the reception at Essex Hall, to demonstrate to visitors Unitarian commitment to supporting the work of the Trust.

# Obituary - Trevor Mettam

*Here, some extracts from a Eulogy which was done for Trevor by Rita, a friend who lovingly supported him for the last eight years of his life, read at the funeral by her partner, Steve Attwood, 15<sup>th</sup> June, 2018.*

Born Frank, he was always known as Trevor. He was a quiet young man, family oriented and liked joining in with uncles and cousins. Sister Marjorie was an operatic singer at venues like the Montgomery Hall. His father a talented footballer was signed by Sheffield United Football Club.

Trevor loved walking in the Peak District and did many sponsored walks. He was a member of the Upper Chapel strollers for some years

From the mid sixties he was a member of Upper Chapel and was very supportive of the Young People's League. He also belonged to several Peace movements, as well as the IRF, World Development Movement, the CND and the United Nations Association.

Trevor was deeply affected by the loss of his sister in 2009. His health deteriorated and he was soon in care at the Hallamshire Care Home in Broomhall. That is where he thrived and enjoyed the social life in all kinds of ways. He responded well to the care he received.

Sadly, his health deteriorated in 2016, following a dose of flu which became pneumonia. After 10 weeks in the Royal Hallamshire Hospital, Trevor was transferred to Seven Hills Nursing Home in Nether Edge. His final days were spent in those comfortable surroundings.

Trevor was kind and thoughtful. He was a quiet person but a deep thinker. He was reliable and took fundraising seriously. He participated in Human Rights Vigils and was a Peace Activist. He helped to make the world a better place. Send a Child to Hucklow and Great Hucklow, the place, meant a lot to him, as did the aims of the Foy Society.

# Obituary - Colin Horsfield

*Colin was known to many of us in Foy, from our early days of Unitarian Young People's League gatherings. I remember him taking part in some of the silly 8mm films which we made together in the early sixties. More recently, Colin and Val have been active in the "IRF Oldies" holidays with Colin doing some of the driving when we chose to travel together in hired vehicles. Ed.*

*The words that follow were written by Colin's Brother-in-law Derek.*

In the early days of our friendship, I thought of him as a bit of a hippie. With long hair, he was the proud owner of a little green mini-van which he had packed with speakers and electronic gadgets. He loved motoring and was in the vanguard in his love of computers and advanced electronic gadgets. Colin was using computers when most people hadn't even heard of them!

This led to a long career as a top lighting engineer, first with Thorn Engineering and later with Macwell Engineering. During this time he travelled widely throughout Europe. He was very adaptable and once, between jobs, he did a spell as a bus driver for several months.

Colin was a very diligent worker, always capable and conscientious and would always go the extra mile to help others. As a friend, he was always generous and kind. He regularly entertained family and friends at the Airport Hotel when he, Val and the family visited the North East.

Colin was a man with many interests. He was brought up as a Unitarian and he would go off to Great Hucklow in Derbyshire where he spent many happy holidays and helped to organise some of the activities. The family owned and enjoyed a caravan for many years.

Family was important to Colin. He supported them through University and delighted in their achievements. Many of us will remember Colin for his own achievements.

# Next FOY Conference, Why you mustn't miss it

You can already tell that I am putting some of my storytelling skills to use, learned at FOY Conference in May. Something I remember from that weekend was that I was sitting in the AGM minding my own business when the agenda turned to themes for next year. Topics such as spirituality, prayer, use of drugs etc etc were examined and some cast aside for the future. I being somewhat naive had put my name next to a couple of topics as a willing helper. I must have missed my fairy godmother swishing her wand, "Gwyneth you will organise the next FOY conference". I can see Colin Partington doing it in Drag!

Well I have had 3 months to get over the shock and give it some thought. I am quite excited and giddy, I am the type of person to have a mental explosion and write everything down on a piece of paper and then try to organise from the chaos in front of me. Have I whetted your appetite yet?

The conference theme is around prayer and spirituality. The title is **"Let Us Pray", May 3rd-6th 2019, at the Nightingale Centre at Hucklow Derbyshire.** Robert my husband came up with the title and with him having been a lawyer he wanted this to be recognised. Just coming to the Nightingale Centre for the weekend should have you all rushing to book your place but just in case you are planning to wash your hair that weekend or sit in front of the telly I will give you a taster of what is on offer.

We will be exploring what is prayer and the many forms of prayer. The Derbyshire countryside will help us to be in a more mindful state. The Nightingale Centre gardens will help us to be more at one with nature and connect with our more spiritual side. We will learn about and make prayer flags that will be used in our Sunday worship. Kindness rocks will unleash our creative side and allow us to send prayers to others, known or unknown.

What would FOY conference be without singing and we have a guest appearance on Saturday to lead us in singing meditation. For those who have not experienced this just wait. There will be time for meditation and connection with self and others a time just to be. There will of course be fun and games. I do need some volunteers to make this weekend the best it can be. People willing to lead morning or evening devotions, lead walks, lead children activities.

**Here's praying you'll ring me with help on 0161 941 4794**

Gwyneth

# Next Year's Foy Conference

run by the Foy Society & open to all

3<sup>rd</sup>-6<sup>th</sup> May, 2019

# Let us Pray

Organisers: Gwyneth Roper and Karen Hicks

Conference secretary

Joan Partington

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The Nightingale Centre,  
Great Hucklow



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