

*From the Rectory Desk...*

Every now and then, there is a passage of scripture that sticks with you for many months. For me, this came from the first reading on the second Sunday after Epiphany this year, where God is speaking to the young Samuel, just after Samuel had recognised God was calling to him:

*See, I am about to do something in Israel that will make both ears of anyone who hears of it tingle.*

(1 Samuel 3:11)



The word 'tingle' struck me. It is often associated with a strong sense of pain or fear; the example given in my Cambridge dictionary is "She tingled with fear as she entered the dark alleyway". God is about to give Samuel a challenging commission, so one can expect that his ear would tingle with fear. But both his ears are to tingle, and the other will tingle with hope, hope in the assurance that God will do great things through Samuel's ministry.

Reflecting on this verse also brought to mind, on the first Sunday in Lent, the dual nature of this season. We are reminded of the hard path that we are called to follow, with trials and tribulations on the way, but then too of the hope that we have in the resurrection, which we celebrate anew every Sunday.

This gives us confidence in God as our long-awaited redevelopment starts. By the time you read this, we expect that builders will be on site. We acknowledge that the next year will have its challenges.

## PARISH DIRECTORY – FEBRUARY 2024

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<p style="text-align: center;"><b>PARISH TREASURER</b></p> <p>Janette Hagerty - 3277 8848</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>SECRETARY OF PARISH COUNCIL</b></p> <p>Jenny O'Sullivan</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>SAFETY PERSON</b></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>HELPING HANDS ORGANISER</b></p> <p>David Newsome - 3892 2876</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>PARISH SUPPLIES</b></p> <p>David &amp; Jenny Newsome 3892 2876</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>CHURCH NEWS EDITOR</b></p> <p>Honor Lawler 0410 423 446</p> <p style="text-align: center;">E-mail: <a href="mailto:phlawler@optusnet.com.au">phlawler@optusnet.com.au</a></p>	<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>BOOKINGS FOR ST LUKE'S PARISH HALL</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>St Luke's Parish Office:</b> 3848 2123 <a href="mailto:admin@stlukesebibin.org.au">admin@stlukesebibin.org.au</a></p>

***Our Mission Statement:***

*Empowered by the Holy Spirit, we strive to be a faithful, worshipping, caring community, committed to serving God by sharing His love and peace with others, in the name of His Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ*

## *Sacraments And Rights Of Passage*

December 2023 – February 2024

### *Baptisms*

Nil



### *Funerals*

David Clive Moy (04/12/2023)

12/12/2023

Donald Adrian Turnbull (15/02/24)

26/02/2024

### *Memorial Service*

Nil

### *Interment Of Ashes*

Nil

### *Marriage*

Nil

Continued from Page 1

For instance car parking will be difficult, and how we run Children's Church is yet to be fully resolved. We naturally have fears for the parish during this time, but I encourage you all to remember the hope we have in the Risen Christ, and to continue to celebrate this as we join together weekly.

Finally the opening verse from my favourite Easter hymn, which echoes the same message:

Now the green blade rises from the buried grain  
Wheat that in the dark earth many years has lain  
Love lives again, that with the dead has been  
Love is come again like wheat that springs up green

**Rev'd Dr Timothy Nicholson**  
**Rector**



# St Lukes Theatre Society

The Theatre Society is looking forward to another year, like our previous ones, with very good plays, capable, suitable actors, and excellent directors. Our first play for the year has been in rehearsal for some time and will be well prepared for opening night. Sharon, our director has been a part of St Luke's Theatre Society since 1987, acting and directing. Her children, now adults, have followed in their mother's footsteps, and one of her grandchildren has stage managed many plays.

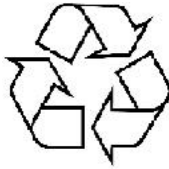
You will notice that it is an Agatha Christie and Gerald Verner play, *Towards Zero*. Christie plays are very popular and bring many people from far and wide. Have a look at the advertising in front of the church. The dates are nights 8, 9, 15, 16, 22, 23 March at 7.30 pm; matinees are Saturday afternoons: 9, 16, 23 March at 2 pm.

I hope to see you there.

**Barry Kratzke**



## Sustainability and Environmental Governance (SEG)



St Luke's Sustainability and Environmental group receiving the 'five leaf eco award' on behalf of the parish

Our group will continue to meet during the year to discuss our parish engagement in sustainability and environmental issues. Our next meeting is scheduled for April. Please come along and share your support and ideas. We will plan for ways in which we can develop SEG partnerships with the future ASC childcare centre.

During our redevelopment, please consider donating funds from containers for change recycling to our parish code (C10686424). We are making good progress toward funds for installing a bike rack in our parish grounds.

**Alison Lampe**



## *Christmas Carols Service*

This service was another special time of joyful worship and fellowship at St. Luke's. It was well attended by parishioners, friends, families and children.

Our choir processed down the aisle at the beginning of the service, taking up their places in the chancel to face the congregation and lead us through a wonderful selection of music and carols.

Rev'd Timothy introduced our guest speaker, Dr Stephen Harrison from Anglicare Southern Queensland who gave a very interesting address. Financial proceeds from the service were donated to support Anglicare's work in domestic violence.



The choir filed in singing a song from Godspell



A lively finish with choir dancing into their places



Our musicians, Sarah on trumpet, Elizabeth on cello, Duncan on bass guitar, and Trevor on guitar





The cooks were kept very busy at the bbq



Everyone enjoyed the sausage sizzle



Helen on flute with daughter, Phileda, playing violin

Before the service, blessed with fine weather, unusual this summer, the tradition of holding a sausage sizzle on the green continued and was an opportunity for parishioners and their families to mingle in Christmas fellowship. At the same time the Children's Ministry held an end-of-year breakup in the lower hall and this was enjoyed by everyone, participating in craft, songs, and face-painting.

**Lynn Mitchell**

## Choir Report

December 2023 to February 2024

The choir's main contribution to the Christmas season was for our St Luke's carols service on 10th December. The choir started the service (at Brian's suggestion) by processing down the aisle while singing, 'Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord' from the Stephen Schwartz musical, 'Godspell', to set the tone. In a busy programme, the choir then contributed two items. The first was the Graham Kendrick song, 'O come and Join the Dance'. This had separate parts for a leader, men's and women's sections and for singing in unison. It gave the singers quite a test, but we were satisfied with the outcome. The second was put forward by Helen, an arrangement set in 2-part harmony of the Adolphe Adam song, 'O Holy Night'. Again, a challenge, but we enjoyed being able to present it.

That concluded the choir's contributions to St Luke's main services for Christmas and it went into its usual end of year recess. On the following Tuesday, (12th December) some of our choristers were able to attend Rev'd Timothy's Christmas service at Regis Residential Care at Salisbury. As well as joining the community singing, the choir presented a St Luke's adaptation of, 'Joy had Dawned upon the World', an anthemic Christmas song by Stuart Townend & Keith Getty, with accompaniment on guitar by Trevor. The choir was again pleased to be able to contribute to this service.



Trevor with Jaz and Anna  
at Regis

2024 started a little unusually with Brian asking for the choir to get together prior to the service for the closure of the Memorial Garden on 14th January. This was to practise the music proposed for that service to support the congregational singing. A strong number of choristers presented for this practice on 13th January and gave good musical support the next day to that well-attended service.





Fun and fellowship at the choir party held at Alison's home in January 2024



June McNicol who led the choir for many, many years

The choir's year then started in earnest with its annual social gathering at the home of Alison and Guy Lampe on Sunday 21st January. Thanks are again due to Alison and Guy for their generous hospitality. While it was an informal (and happy) gathering, choir members did acknowledge Brian, Susan V, Helen and Trevor for the special attributes they brought to the group.

Then the singing year got under way. The choir's first practice was at the usual 3.30pm on Saturday 27th January. The (also) usual programme of singing at the 9am service on the 2nd Sunday and the 7am service on the 4th Sunday started with a slight variation. Bishop John visited the parish on 4th February and Rev'd Timothy asked the choir to contribute a reflection at the 7am service. With limited practice time available, the choir reprised a song from last year, 'Lord Make Me an Instrument' by Robert Bicknell. This has a gentle, prayerful lyric which the choir was able to present in 2- and 3-part harmony.

The choir then went on to contribute this song as post-sermon reflections in the 9am service on 11th February. At the 7am service on 25th February we started the Lenten season with, 'Broken for You' by Janet Lunt.

Singer numbers were down a little for these latter services due to absences for illness, family matters and other personal commitments. We look forward to getting back to full strength soon.

In addition, in February, we welcomed three new singers to the ranks - Lynn Mitchell, Elizabeth Lamb and Suellen Thomsen. Suellen is also doing some piano accompaniment which is giving Brian a chance to sing a little more.

Now, with Ash Wednesday already past, the choir is looking to Easter and beyond with music that will hopefully well-complement the parish's worship services through this period.

**Greg Rodger**



### ***God's Response***

We are often urged to use the skills we have been given, to help others. That is why I am writing this short article. I am not a “crafty” person, but however, appreciate what others can do.

Last year I attended the Craft and Quilt Fair at the Brisbane Convention and Exhibition Centre. There were so many beautiful things to see – the craftwork of many talented people. I was able to join a couple of easy workshops to learn some new skills and enjoy companionship of like-minded people.

All the time I was aware of a nagging pain in my shoulder which I had somehow injured a couple of months before. As I walked around through all the craft stalls, I came across a non-craft material stall. It was demonstrating a device to massage sore muscles (most probably very useful for dedicated craftspeople). I just enquired how it worked, and the lady asked if I had any sore spots. She demonstrated the massager on my shoulder, and not just for a couple of minutes. A small crowd had gathered. The relief I felt was immense – I walked away with a spring in my step. I thanked the lady and I thanked God for his help in this most unusual and unexpected way.

**Desley Soden**

## *Closure of Memorial Garden*

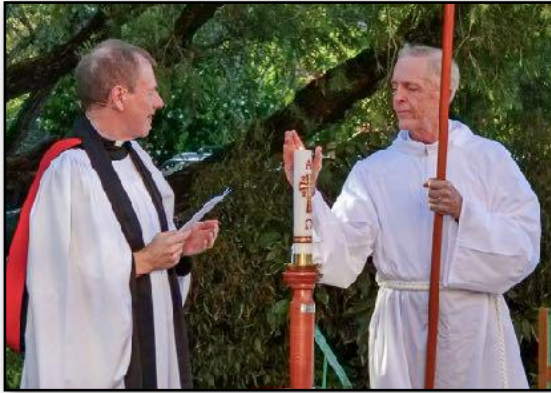
In relation to the redevelopment of the site, there was a special Evening Prayer service on 14th January 2024 at 5 pm, to officially close the St Luke's Memorial Garden.



It was surprising just how many people had connections to the Memorial Garden – the church was full of regular worshippers and strangers. It was a sober but friendly occasion.

For me, it was an emotional start with the singing of the hymn, “The Day you Gave us, Lord, is Ended”. All of the hymns and readings were very appropriate. The hymns included, “The Magnificat”, “Faithful Vigil Ended”, “The Lord’s my Shepherd” and “Yours be the Glory”. With there being a full church, the singing sounded all embracing – a warm touch.

The Bible readings given by parishioners were part of Psalm 139, a passage from Ecclesiasticus 3 (“For everything there is a season, and time for every matter under heaven”) and Paul’s first letter to the Corinthians, Chapter 15. After the service the people moved outside to gather at the St Luke’s Memorial Garden. It was a pleasant afternoon. The Paschal Candle was lit and prayers of thanksgiving were said to remember those interred in the garden.



Lighting the Paschal Candle

Then the Reverend Timothy read a declaration from the Archbishop, the Most Reverend Jeremy Greaves KCSJ, to give official notice of the closure of the Memorial Garden. The gates to the Memorial Garden were symbolically shut. It was a briefly sad moment, but then a breeze suddenly blew – was it the Holy Spirit?

After the Blessing and Dismissal, people lingered to talk to friends and to absorb the finality of the occasion. The interred ashes will be respectfully removed and safely stored, until the new memorial garden is built, where the ashes will be re-interred in due course.

A big thank-you to the Reverend Timothy for such a well-planned and meaningful service, and to all the others who took part.

**Desley Soden**



Jenny O'Sullivan receives her license to become an Liturgical Assistant in St Luke's Parish

## *See The World Anew – Embrace Change*

A reflection on Bishop John's sermon

Please note, this is my personal reflection of Bishop John's sermon. It is not a word-for-word accurate rendition. Indeed, if the reader heard Bishop John's sermon, it is likely that I am bringing my own biases to bear in the retelling.



A Bishop John selfie

We were privileged to welcome Bishop John Roundhill to our services on 4th February and he preached an engaging if somewhat provocative sermon about embracing the new. He encouraged us to see the world, scriptures and church life in a new way, leaving behind past beliefs and biases. That our response to the world around us is a function of beliefs deeply embedded in our innermost being is, with a little contemplation, obvious. Another way of saying this, as Bishop John articulated with the idea of selective attention, is that the way we see the world is not necessarily what it is, but what we believe it to be. Our reality exists entirely within our own brains, but if we can approach something with a greater degree of openness we will see more. He demonstrated this with the well-known gorilla video and made the point that if selective attention can be demonstrated in a simple video, how much more likely is it to influence our daily lives.



Things change. Bishop John spoke of the context of the biblical stories. These were written two thousand years ago in very different religious cultures. The reading of Mark 1:29-31: “As soon as they left the synagogue, they entered the house of Simon and Andrew, with James and John. Now Simon’s mother-in-law was in bed with a fever, and they told him (Jesus) about her at once. He came and took her by the hand and lifted her up. Then the fever left her, and she began to serve them.” So what? one might ask. In patriarchal societies, which the middle eastern cultures were in Jesus’ time, women served men. Then, that was perfectly normal, but how would we write this story now, and would we see more in this text? About serving Jesus as Lord?

Bishop John asked several rhetorical questions. “Do we think that the rightful place of women is to serve men? Probably no one would admit to believing this these days, but how about a woman bringing communion to your sick bed, or conducting open heart surgery on you, or piloting the plane in which you are a passenger? (my examples) Maybe one doesn’t have to scratch too deep to uncover some of these patriarchal biases.

“Do we think everything that’s happened in the last twenty years is rubbish?” Bishop John didn’t clarify to what he was alluding, but one can surmise that he may have been referring to changes in the wider church about which there continues to be a lot of rancour.

“Do we think the church is dying?” Many do, as casual conversations around the parish would attest. If we think that is the case, we will see things to reinforce that view.

Bishop John left us with a simple thought. We can be open to the new. That is something we can (and should – my emphasis) do.

*Postscript: After the 9.00am service, myself, along with three other parishioners, engaged Bishop John in conversation. He raised the topic of children in the church, excited at seeing our small but active children’s church but stating that unless we at St Luke’s can attract a young congregation the church is doomed. He did not equivocate. He said our absolute priority as a church community should be to focus on ways to bring children and young people to church.*

**Trevor Lunn**

## ***Parish Clean Up And Removals***

There have been some very dedicated parishioners helping with the arduous process of organising, packing up and moving items from the parish upper and lower hall, parish centre and rectory since the end of January. Enormous thanks go to Brian Wood and Rev'd Timothy, who have done most of the organising and to many hardworking parishioners and members of the theatre society. We also owe thanks to Chris Bromwich who led the initial phase of sorting and storing in 2023 with her clean up group. We are very grateful for Juliet Fenner's generosity in providing storage for a large proportion of our tables and chairs, which has significantly reduced our need for paid storage. Our thanks too go to Timothy and June for re-organising the rectory to store items we need to access over the next 12 months.

The weather being so hot and humid has not made it the easiest time for 'spring' cleaning, but there has been great camaraderie throughout the proceedings. Many hands make light work (?!?!).

**Alison Lampe**

*Thank you Rev'd Timothy and June Nicholson, David Newsome and Arvind Williams for their hard physical labour in packing up and moving the St Luke's Memorial Garden ashes, as well as lots of heavy boxes from the office and the hall. Thank you wardens, Brian, Alison and Lynn, for their hard work in organising and packing and cleaning at the hall and the rectory. And thank you to the many generous parishioners who have helped in this huge undertaking.*



Who says working bees aren't fun -  
Jenny and Juliet working hard!

## *St. Luke's Connect*

We have continued to meet on the last Wednesday of each month for a service lead by Rev'd Timothy. The worship service is followed by fellowship and morning tea, with many thanks to our facilitators Jenny Newsome and Janette Hagerty. Trevor Lunn generously plays music during our services and our morning tea.

For our first gathering of 2024 we were very fortunate to have June McNicol give a captivating talk on her experiences living through World War 2 as a teenager in the north of England. June showed remarkable resilience and courage and seemed to make the very best of opportunities that the challenging circumstances allowed. It was fascinating to hear such a personal account. June's talk will be attached to the newsletter for you to read in full.



St Lukes Connect 2023 Christmas Breakup

In February our trivia expert Janette ensured that we put our thinking caps on and had fun with her list of questions and 'who am I' conundrums.

Please come along and join us!

**Alison Lampe**

## *Children's Church at St Luke's*

Here we are, day two of Lent, and I am pleased to say that after what he calls a 'successful' meeting, my solicitor assures me that the worst outcome will be a six month good behaviour bond and possibly a bit of picking up rubbish off the side of the road. This is a lot better than I imagined yesterday when I was sitting in the back of the paddy wagon; you know how your imagination runs wild the first time you are arrested. In my defence may I say that this is not all my fault, it was not my idea. If anything this is all Sharon's fault. I mean seriously I told her that it was a stupid idea for me to try and give up coffee for Lent; it is almost a public service that I drink the stuff before trying to leave the house. But no, we had to give up something and against my wishes and advice I was forced to face the outside world yesterday with no coffee, not even one. I won't go into detail but let me assure you I was right, the other guy was wrong, the other people in the supermarket should have just minded their own business and well, well let's just leave it there.

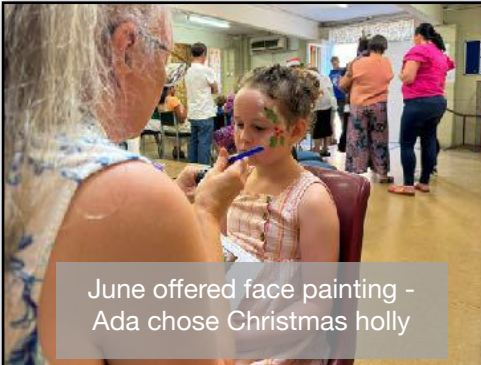
But it does raise a very interesting point. Why do we give up stuff for Lent? Why do we eat pancakes on a Tuesday? And why do people want an ash cross painted on their foreheads on a Wednesday night? This year Children's Church will be attempting to answer these questions and more.

At the end of last year, we looked at what we had been doing and asked were there other things we could be covering. After a lot of thought and prayer, we have a few slight changes to Children's Church this year. The majority of them, no one will really notice.

We are planning to run our program every Sunday of the school term, as we have in previous years. Rev'd Timothy will offer his children's message at the start of the 9am service. All children are welcome to join in at the front of the church and from there we will move off to Children's Church. This year we are looking at slightly changing our focus from the weekly Gospel reading to more 'practical' life skills – what does it mean to be a Christian kid? What do our various Christian calendar events mean? We still value the Gospel and the weekly readings; however, giving our children an understanding of the events and traditions of our faith is also an important function of Children's Ministry.



## Children's Church 2023 Christmas Breakup



June offered face painting -  
Ada chose Christmas holly



Louisa loved her face  
painting - thank you June



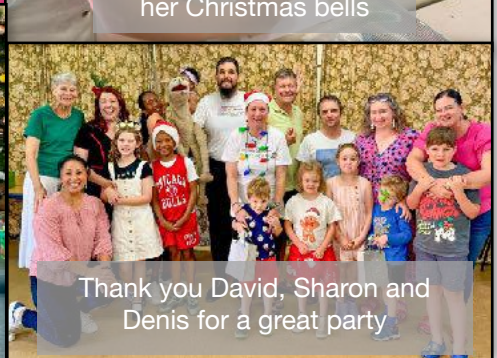
Children enjoyed craft, games,  
music and lots of party food



Philly enjoyed decorating  
her Christmas bells



Children loved the blow-up nativity  
scene for Christmas 2023



Thank you David, Sharon and  
Denis for a great party

This neatly brings me back to the opening of this article; why do some people give, or give up something for Lent? What is Lent? What is Advent? How do I treat my family and friends in a positive Christian way? Through the year we will try to explain some of the reasons for the things that we do, while also encouraging kids to adopt Christian ways of life.



We also have Trevor who has come on board and brings with him a love of music, so expect singing and fun there. I almost did not remember to mention the memory verses – we are introducing weekly memory verses for kids to memorise – could make a great family activity to see who can remember them.

Every child also has their own scrap book that they can glue in and collect their memory verses each week, and the books also have an attendance sheet and a memory verse sheet that they can track their progress with stickers each week.

So let's review this special TV only offer... You will get the children's message, topics that cover living as a Christian, music, singing and craft... But I know you want MORE... so we are including SCRAP BOOKS! Ring Now! BUT WAIT! Bring two kids along and we will DOUBLE THE OFFER! Sorry I went all 90's mail order commercial there, oh and after chatting to the safety officer, no there will be no free steak knives.

But as a final offer, if this article has got you thinking about getting involved, and you want to join our team please have a chat to us. We would love to welcome you.

**David Frarricciardi**



Children became eagles for the lesson on Isaiah 40:31 "They shall mount up with wings like eagles"



Children prepared Advent wreaths on Advent Sunday

## *My Story – a message from Alwynne Bayley*

I was born on 15th September 1936 – perhaps at the Marunya Hospital up on Gregory Terrace. My church story starts with my baptism at St Francis Anglican Church, Nundah. My sister Jill and I were members of the Comrades of St George, an Australia-wide youth group there – there aren't many of us left now, but I'm still in touch with one friend down in Sydney. In 1956 our family, Father, Mother, Jill, brother Neil and myself moved to Moorooka where we attended St Mary's Anglican Church until its closure. After Jill passed away, my neighbours, Mr & Mrs Schwarten, took me to many activities at St Luke's Ekibin. I later moved to Yeronga Village where Margaret Wood gave me Home Communion. After 3 years there I needed more care, so moved to Cairns Aged Care Centre at Chapel Hill. I can't get about much anymore, but I have a lovely room with a view of the garden and enjoy watching the wildlife in the big tree outside my window.



June with Alwynne

I keep busy with several things including my knitting projects for youngsters (see photo of the youngest Moy, Toby). In recent months I have been very happy to have monthly Home Communion with June (see photo) and am blessed to have a number of visitors.



I am thrilled to still be in touch with church and appreciate the opportunity to join other parishioners at the 9am service on Sundays via Zoom. I have an iPad and folks at CACC know not to interrupt me before 10.15am on Sundays! I enjoy the sermons, but I love the Children's Message – and it's quite often hilarious! It's also good to see the children and see how they take part. The music is very good - I like the hymns, though many of them are new to me...and I could listen to Brian playing the organ all day long! Thank you all.

### **Alwynne**

**Note from June:** It's always a pleasure to spend time with Alwynne, and very special to share communion. It's also very important to remember that connection and community are something we are all called to in our faith journey (as Rev'd Timothy reminded us in our Ash Wednesday services) and Alwynne remains very much part of ours.

## *Living through World War 2*

There must be many accounts of civilians living in the UK from 1939 to 1945, but I haven't been able to find them, so this is a simple account of a teenage girl living in a big city. I was 13 when the war started, attending Leeds Girls' High School in Leeds. It had been obvious from 1938 that war was coming, and it was assumed that Leeds would be in the forefront as it was a big industrial centre with a Jewish population of 10%, so my school had arranged for us to be evacuated to Lincoln Girls' High School. As soon as war was declared, we all went down to Lincoln by train and were billeted with parents of girls from the Lincoln School. We attended their school from 8 to 12pm, and Lincoln girls from 1 to 5 pm on alternate days. We all had to be home before the blackout.

It must have been very hard on our teachers, as they had to keep us occupied all day. Our gym mistress started a Girl Guide group which met in Lincoln Cathedral grounds, where we learned to tie knots and probably other things. We all had to attend Lincoln Cathedral for church on Sunday – a gorgeous Gothic building. I had never seen anything like it in Leeds.

By the end of 1939 there had been no bombing, so we all came home. Later in the war, the Lincoln school was bombed and flattened, but fortunately they missed the Cathedral.

I have mentioned the blackout which was a big feature of our lives. As soon as war was declared, everywhere had to be blacked out at night on the assumption that if the planes couldn't see the cities, they couldn't drop bombs. As a result, all streetlights were turned off, road vehicles had shades over their headlights, so the dim light was only visible for about 2 metres. This made going out at night very perilous, so everyone went out with a torch so they could see the edge of the pavement, and cars drove very slowly. There must have been a lot of accidents, not that there were many cars on the roads, as you had to get a special business permit to buy petrol.

All houses were blacked out, with heavy curtains on the windows. We had a wooden framework covered with cloth in the bathroom and something similar in the kitchen. My father was an Air Raid Warden, and his job was to go round his area to see if there were any chinks of light and warn the occupants to do something about it.

All illuminated shop windows were blacked out and as a result, what had been vibrant city streets, now became dark tunnels.

As soon as war was declared, we were all issued with gas masks, on the assumption that the Germans would use poison gas as they had done in World War 1. Actually, it was never on Hitler's list. These gas masks came in a

cardboard box with a piece of string to have over the shoulder, and we had to carry them wherever we went. It turned out to be a big waste.

At the same time, we were all issued with ration books which were essential to life.

Before the war, England was a big industrial country which gathered materials from all over the world, changed them and exported them. This all ceased in 1939 because German submarines were sinking all the merchant ships in the Atlantic. So we had to learn to be much more self-sufficient. Much of the food which had previously been imported had to be produced at home, or was not available: for instance, rice disappeared. Sugar, which had come from the cane plantations in the West Indies, was no longer exported, so we turned to growing fields of sugar beet, which looked like a turnip and had to be processed to extract the sugar.

Methods of serving had to change too. Normally at the grocers, there would be several big cubes of butter from all over the world. I remember Danish butter was the tastiest. If you wanted a pound of butter, the assistant would take two wet bats, and from experience cut the right amount from the block, place it on a piece of greaseproof on the scales and say how much it was. With rationing, you had to have exactly one pound, so all butter came wrapped as it is now. The same applied to flour and sugar which normally came in large sacks and were spooned into paper and weighed. It wasn't long before they came in sealed paper bags – exactly one pound.

Many imported foods disappeared, such as bananas, peaches, and apricots, though you could buy hot house peaches at 20 shillings, which was a lot of money. Most of our beef had come from Argentina, so we had to rely on local produce and was severely rationed. However, there was lots of unrationed protein: fowls, rabbits (lots), and we always had a big turkey at Christmas. Our brave fishermen were still going out into the North Sea, despite risking the sea mines, so there was no shortage of fish.

Also, the government opened British restaurants in many crowded areas. They were run by voluntary labour and for 2 shillings and 3 pence you could get a three-course meal: soup, main course and dessert. Tea was extra!

Many of our vegetables had come from Europe, so where I lived, the local council took over spare land and divided it into allotments for anyone who wanted to grow their own vegetables. My father was a keen gardener, so he eagerly took one and spent all his spare time there growing all our own potatoes, peas, onions, cabbages, cauliflowers, leeks, strawberries and raspberries. We had so many French beans that we were able to salt them down for winter when they were not available fresh. In the summer, there was

such a glut of strawberries and raspberries that the government doubled the sugar ration for anyone who wanted to make jam, which was otherwise rationed.

During the summer, we had Double Summertime, so it wasn't dark until about 11 pm and gave people extra time to do useful things, like gardening.

Not only food was rationed, but clothing too, and manufacturers could not use more than 3 yards of 36 inch material for a dress, and there was a limit to the amount of trimming – lace, frills, buttons etc. I used to make my own clothes so I could do more or less as I liked.

Shoes were a problem, as there was a shortage of leather, so 'clogs' were introduced with a solid wooden sole and just leather straps to hold it onto the foot. Some of them had a hinge, which made them a bit more flexible. I never found out how Dutch girls managed as they were so uncomfortable.

Well, the war went on and in 1941, having conquered most of Europe, Hitler decided to take over the United Kingdom, and the Blitz really started, with massive bombing of the East End of London and other big cities. In London citizens could go to the Underground as it was well protected, and they would go in the early evening with sleeping bags, food and entertainment, and camp on the platforms. In the morning, they would emerge to see if their accommodation was still standing, often, not.

Where I lived in Leeds was about halfway between the east and west coasts, and we could hear the bombers going overhead to Liverpool, an important port on the west coast. The air raid sirens would go off, and the search lights comb the sky, trying to find the planes so the anti-aircraft guns could shoot them down. We were able to identify the Heinkel bombers as their engines had a particular throbbing sound.

We never found out what happened until after the war, as censorship was very strict, and the government wasn't going to let Hitler know how successful or otherwise the raids were.

I might say at this point that the only news we got from the BBC and the newspapers – no TV in those days. If you wanted to see more, you had to go to the local cinema and watch the Newsreels, though they were very limited.

Later, the Luftwaffe started dropping incendiary bombs, full of phosphorus. They started on Coventry and completely burned out the interior of the splendid mediaeval cathedral. To minimise the damage, the government said that all large buildings had to have an all-night team of firefighters equipped with stirrup pumps and buckets of water to put out the fires. Now, the school I went to in Leeds qualified as a "large building", so the headmistress decided to



have a team of two senior girls and a responsible father to attack any bombs that landed on the school. The school was not blacked out, except for the office and the headmistresses' room next door. I volunteered, with my best friend, and at 8 pm, we arrived at the school to meet the 'responsible adult', the father of one of the younger girls. We stayed, talking until 10 pm, then my friend and I retired to the headmistresses' room where there were two camp beds. The father stayed away all night, and we got up at 7am, made some breakfast and were ready for the rest of the girls and staff at 8.30am. Fortunately, there were no air raids on our nights, so we couldn't use our stirrup pumps. Somehow, I don't think that sort of arrangement would be acceptable today.

My experiences weren't all negative, fortunately. On entering my teens, I suddenly became interested in culture – poetry, classical music, art, sculpture, opera, and ballet. The BBC used to broadcast a live opera from a theatre on Saturday afternoons, so I was familiar with sound of some of them; but no visuals! There were two opera theatre companies in London – Covent Gardens, which employed famous singers from overseas who sang in original languages, and Sadlers Wells which employed local singers who sang in English – much more acceptable! During the blitz in London, Saddlers Wells' theatre was destroyed, so they had to travel to the provinces, for the first time ever. I was overjoyed when I found they were coming to Leeds to perform at the Grand Theatre, so clutching my five shilling ticket, standing up in the Gallery, I watched the curtain go up on 'The Marriage of Figaro'. I can still remember it – it was magical.

Later, Sadlers Wells Ballet came to Leeds, so I had the good luck to see Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann in 'Swan Lake'. Previously, if you wanted to see anything cultural, you had to go to London.

The government was keen to keep up the morale of the population, so it started up the British Council who hired famous performers to travel the country and perform for a very small fee. As a result, I had the pleasure of hearing Yehudi Menuhin playing the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, sadly with only piano accompaniment. However, it was better than nothing.

I think I had a lucky war – none of my family were affected – they were either too young or too old; Leeds was never bombed and I really enjoyed my teenage years. I was glad the war was over before I was 18, otherwise I would have been drafted into the ATS whose uniforms, I was sure, were designed by men who hated women and made them look fat.

I am sure other people will have quite different memories, but as I said, these are mine.

**June McNicol**