

# InHouse

The Journal of the Lincoln Cathedral Communi-

## A Fond Farewell to Verger Jim

When the InHouse magazine was relaunched in 2008, the new editorial team immediately turned to Jim Newton to provide the photographs. He has generously and cheerfully done so ever since. We therefore have a special reason to thank him and to regret the fact that he is retiring. We are not the only ones.

*"What are we going to do without him?" "He is so approachable and helpful."*

*"Jim is a fountain of knowledge." "I look forward to hearing his jokes." "The best source of bad jokes I know." "It'll be a great loss." "Friendly, tactful and absolutely trustworthy." "He always cheers me up."*

These are just a few of the many comments I received when I canvassed members of the Community last week.

When Jim started to help our magazine, he had recently moved to Lincoln to join the Choir as an Alto Lay Vicar. He had already led a fascinating life. A talented golfer, on leaving school he turned professional, and earned his living in that pressurised and competitive world for three years. Jim then joined the Ground Staff at Chilwell Manor Golf Club. He relished this job, working in nature and delighting in the birdsong as he started work at the crack of dawn. The post of Head Green keeper then followed and he also became a member of St Mary's Choir in Nottingham. He pointed out to me that many of the back row of our Cathedral Choir have migrated from there. A practical and creative individual, he eventually left the world of golf and set up a successful "Complete House Restorations" firm. He was running this when he moved to Lincoln in 2007 to take up his role of Alto Lay Vicar. Within a few years he had to give this up when he joined the Vergers' team. I asked him what he most enjoyed about his job. I was not surprised when he answered that his favourite part was helping the congregation and the general public for he is such a "people person". He is heartened by visitors' enthusiasm and interest in our ancient cathedral and he finds consoling people in distress very satisfying. A great highlight of his time in the choir was during their visit to Chartres Cathedral where they were due to sing for the main service. At the last minute Aric was asked if they could sing at the end of the service, as well, to replace the farewell voluntary.



They sang the Hallelujah Chorus and the congregation broke into a round of spontaneous applause. Magic! Jim wants us to know that he feels that he has been privileged to work with such a great team throughout his tenure but he is also looking forward to his retirement and to following his two main interests; namely house restorations and music recordings. He has lovingly restored an old cottage which was once the caretaker's cottage of a Primitive Methodist Chapel and he plans to do more. He is very proud of his sound recordings and currently has four on the go. His most recent one is a recording of Colin Walsh playing Vierne and Tournemire. Jim raised the money for this, produced it, engineered and then edited it and so is delighted that many reviews have awarded it 5 stars. This is on sale in the Cathedral Shop. So ...if you want a true souvenir of Jim, how about purchasing a copy? And, on this note, let us just say our heartfelt thanks to Jim and to wish him a splendid retirement!

Judi Jones

## A message for Easter

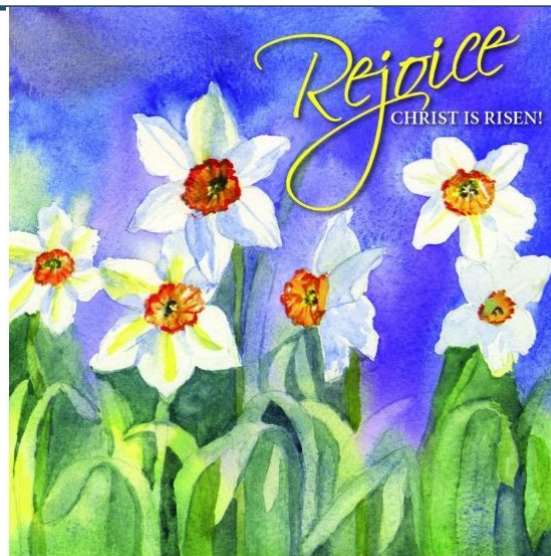
Context is important. I met someone in Lincoln last week who greeted me like a long-lost friend, we had an animated conversation about a number of things, but as I walked away five minutes later, I had to admit to myself that I had no idea whom I had been speaking to! It was only later that I remembered who it was: I was used to seeing them in a different context.

In the accounts of the resurrection, I am often struck by the moment Mary Magdalene encounters the risen Jesus for the first time. Fleeing from the empty tomb, she almost literally collides with him, but she does not recognise him, it was the wrong context, he was supposed to be dead in a tomb and not walking around a garden! She was to learn very quickly that her Lord could not remain bound in the grave cloths and walled up in the tomb.

That same, at times painful, lesson is one that Christians have had to learn down the ages: St. Paul, baptising Gentiles without reference to the law; Luther and the Reformers, cutting through dogma and rigid structures; Lincolnshire's John Wesley, taking the gospel out into the highways and byways preaching to the poor of the countryside and the new industrial towns; and today, discussion still rages about human sexuality, its most recent incarnation being 'Living in Faith and Love'.

Could it just be that on occasion we stand alongside Mary Magdalene, wringing our hands in despair, asking "Where have they taken my Lord?" and, as it happens, he's right there in front of us!

Context is important. God's context is that he recognises each one of us as his beloved child; wherever we may be, whatever we may be doing, whether we are at our best or at our worst, he recognises us, loves us, and desires us to follow the way of Christ.



The Easter resurrection is the dawning realisation of what Good Friday has achieved. That Jesus' way of self-giving love means that there is nothing that can separate us from the love of God and our failure and inadequacy is made good in his strength and new life. Even when we fail to recognise him, he never fails to acknowledge us as a sister and brother.

In the Garden of Gethsemane on that first Easter Day, Mary did not recognise her Master and Lord, she thought he was the gardener. In the garden of the world, Christ recognises us as the person we are. Our challenge in our own contexts is to know and recognise Christ in those whom we encounter, not to walk past, or to mistake Christ as someone he is not – the gardener – but to recognise the Risen Christ in all those whom we encounter: to love our neighbour and in our own contexts bring closer God's kingdom on earth as it is in heaven.

Rev. Canon John Patrick

## A Word from the Editor

Welcome to the Spring edition of InHouse!

Our Cathedral community magazine is packed with articles and information about the life and work of the Cathedral and our members. We mark the 80<sup>th</sup> anniversary of VE Day on 8 May 1945 with some reminiscences from members of the Cathedral community, and Andrea Paterson, the Secretary of the Lincoln Cathedral Community Committee, tells us about her unforgettable experience of marching in the Remembrance Sunday Cenotaph Parade last year.

We also pay tribute to two very well-known figures in our community: Jim Newton, who will be retiring from his role as Verger in May, and the Venerable Canon Christopher Laurence, who died recently.

The Cathedral Community, now in its new incarnation as the LCCC, continues to celebrate fellowship with regular social events, including the annual Shrove Tuesday pancake supper, and tea and cakes around the Table for the Nation on Candlemas Sunday. Please join us for Pentecost Cakes in the Cloister on Sunday 8 June following Choral Evensong. And don't forget to sign up for the new Cathedral Community and Worshipper Rolls at <https://lincolncathedral.churchsuite.com/-/forms/wyngdeh3> to ensure that you stay in touch with everything that is happening at the Cathedral.

As always, our thanks are due to all our contributors, those who have kindly donated towards the cost of printing this colour edition and the editorial team led by Elaine Johnson, ably assisted by Margaret Campion, Judi Jones and Theresa Moses. We hope you enjoy reading this issue.

Wishing all our readers a Blessed Easter!

Simon Crookall, Chair, LCCC



## Candlemas Cake around the Table for the Nation

Candlemas celebrates the Presentation of Christ in the Temple and the story gives us a rare insight into the events of His Life before the start of His ministry, much later in life as a 30-year-old man. I suppose it was like infant baptism – an event you are told occurred but of which you (and He) would have had no knowledge – it contributes in my mind to the normality of Christ's life before his adult ministry began.

Here in Lincoln Cathedral the opportunity to make use of the amazingly beautiful Table of the Nation was too good to be missed and so the idea of a Candlemas Tea at the table was originated and it was such a successful event I feel sure it will become an annual event for many years. The sight of this enormous table beautifully set out with plates, cups and saucers and lots of yummy cakes with willing helpers replenishing the teacups was a delight and, as one who sat at the far end of the table right under Bishop King's eagle eye, to view the length of the table was remarkable. Every seat was taken but the figures at the opposite end from Bishop King were rather hazy and certainly unheard! Although that might be due to my fading sight and slightly muffled hearing!



I am told there were about 70 people present including visitors from Evensong and I am sure they would all agree that it was a quite delightful occasion.

Margaret Campion

## Lincoln Cathedral Community Social Events

### Shrove Tuesday Supper

**S** Supper in the Chapter House  
**H** High quantities of lasagne,  
**R** Restaurant quality courtesy of Kieran (Cathedral Cafe)  
**O** Oven roasted garlic potatoes plus delicious  
**V** Vegetables; and vegan option followed by  
**E** Entertainment provided by our choral scholars

**T** Tables of eight kept  
**U** Up a constant chatter, trying to  
**E** Elucidate answers to Linda's seasonal quizzes.  
**S** Sugar and lemon pancakes as a second course:  
**D** Dietary essentials of the day, because  
**A** Ash Wednesday follows, the start of our  
**Y** Yearly season of Lent.



The newly formed LCCC, Lincoln Cathedral Community Committee (formerly the LCCA) held its first social event on Shrove Tuesday. In a warm Chapter House the evening opened with a welcome from the Chair, Simon Crookall, and some beautiful singing by the choral scholars. Dean Simon prayed a grace before we ate, also remembering those without food, as did the guests who had brought foodstuffs or cash for the Lincoln Foodbank. The scholars\* sang for their supper again, between courses, to great applause. Linda Jones's quizzes on Lent and Easter kept minds alert and tongues chattering, and the atmosphere overall was one of great sociability: good food, good drink, good company. Thank you to all of the LCCC for organising this annual event.

Theresa Moses

\*Ruben Dales, Rahul Gaitly, George Haylock, Thomas Loughlin, James Upton.

**Save-the-date:** LCCC's next social will be at Pentecost, June 8; Cakes in the Cloister (weather permitting)

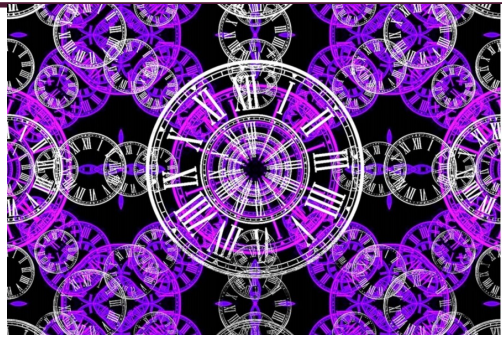
God's first words were ***"Let there be light"***

Genesis 1:3

Time is one of the most mysterious and powerful forces in our existence and this February saw the return of Luxmuralis and their new light show 'Time'.

Time marks beginnings and endings, growth and decay, light and darkness and in this space here at Lincoln Cathedral time can feel both vast and intimate. Time incredibly stretches back through centuries yet still meets us here in the present moment. It is illuminated here, by Luxmuralis's light show using art, history and Faith with visitors being invited to come along on the journey.

Light is not only used by Luxmuralis but is a symbol of Christ, of divine truth, revelation and salvation. "Christ the light of the world" – John 8:12, a guiding light through our own passage of time and our own challenges of life. Luxmuralis used its own play of light to remind us that time, like faith, can be both fleeting and eternal, much like the light that dances across the stone floor on a sunny day. Our faith as Christians teaches us that whilst our time on Earth is short, God's time and love is eternal.



The coloured patterns and changing hues of the Lux light show reminded us that these moments pass but God's love endures.

Visitors were dazzled by the colours and sounds; it was lovely to see the many smiles of families as they left for home. Lux gave space for visitors to contemplate their own journey through time and ask questions such as how does the past illuminate the present?

Within the grand stage of Lincoln Cathedral time and faith have been intertwined through the use of light, creating much more than just a light display, a reminder that time is God's gift and light is his promise.

Jo Blanchard

## Canon Christopher Laurence, 1929-2025

Friday 21<sup>st</sup> February saw the Cathedral lose Christopher, a much loved former Canon and a very long time member of the congregation. The sight of Christopher and Dilys slowly helping each other into their places in St. Hugh's Choir on a Sunday morning, even though both had very limited eyesight, was always a joyful one. As a relative newcomer to the Cathedral, I could see how revered and loved they were, as members of the congregation quickly surrounded the couple, keen to talk to them.

Christopher's connection to the Cathedral goes back to 1974 when he was appointed St. Hugh's Missioner in the Diocese, following a fifteen-year incumbency at St George's, Crosby, in Scunthorpe, becoming a fellow Canon with his father. He was the fourth successive generation in his family to have been a parish priest in the Diocese and he was delighted to discover that an ancestor, John Laurence, had even been a Canon of Lincoln Cathedral in 1700.

His impressive ecclesiastical career ended when he retired as Archdeacon of Lindsey in 1994. Christopher immediately involved himself with the Cathedral Community Association and InHouse is particularly grateful to him as he was responsible for reviving this magazine in 2008.

However, it is his life outside of the church that I think made him the character that endeared him to so many people. My personal connection with him was through his son Peter, one of his two children from his first wonderful 62-year marriage to Margaret who died in 2014.

Well into his 80s, Christopher was a renowned member of the early morning swimming group at the Yarborough Leisure Centre. Not for him the slow swimmers' lane!

Rather, Christopher was to be found in lane 2 for "quicker" swimmers, although I am told his backstroke was something to behold! Most mornings he would cycle to the Centre and indeed Christopher would often be seen on his bike around uphill Lincoln. Even though in later years he moved onto e-bikes he was remarkable for his age, being so active. When cycling stopped he took to walking and his 'buggy'.

As recently as January, he and Dilys were to be found walking slowly around near to their home popping into a neighbour's garden for a friendly chat.

Indeed, it is with that neighbour's description of Christopher that I would like to finish. "He was a Gentleman and a Gentle Man."



Charles Rawding





# 'Searchlight Beams, Bonfires and Bunting'



The headline in the *Lincolnshire Echo*, 8th May, 1945



## VE Day 1945. Mike Cobb

On VE Day 1945 I was living in Spencer Street, just off the Lower High Street, where the electrician across the road installed on the upstairs front wall of his house the letters VE in red fluorescent tubing. After five years of the blackout this would be the first time children of my age and older had seen such a spectacle.

**VE Day 1945.** Families in Westwick Gardens celebrating VE Day 1945. **Linda Cobb** is the little girl on the right at the front.

## VE Day 1945. John Davies

Apparently, one of my first words was "Tobruk". I must have heard it on the wireless (sorry, radio). One of my earliest memories is of my mother looking up from her newspaper to exclaim "We've sunk the Scharnhorst". I wasn't aware of having done this and didn't know what a Scharnhorst was but it seemed to have been a good thing that "we" had sunk it. So, VE day when it came was a bit of a letdown. I saw no parties, didn't hear young Humphrey Lyttelton, still in uniform, playing his trumpet amid cheering crowds. Instead, we stood in a queue that seemed even longer and slower than usual beneath iron grey skies. I've no idea what we queued for, but somehow that day seemed to foretell continued rationing and shortages. But gradually – or was it quickly – buildings replaced bomb sites; our own house was repaired from minor bomb damage. Soon we had a health service and the country moved towards what seems now a brief golden time – of coronation and university grants, of free healthcare and new music. None of this could have happened without the courage and sacrifice of our armed services and equally of those at home, my young mother among them, and my Welsh grandfather, a WW1 veteran who did amazingly brave things in the London blitz. So, VE day after all, was wonderful – a day to thank God for.

## VE Day 1945. Pru Chadderton

I have no actual memory of VE Day but I think there might have been celebrations at the time! I was born on 6th February 1946, exactly nine months after VE Day, so it seems entirely possible that 8th May 1945 could have been the date of my conception. Perhaps another reason it's a date to be celebrated!!

## VE Day 1945. Adrienne and Dudley Proctor

I remember it well. It coincided with my sister's seventh birthday. I was nine at the time. On the previous day, my mother knew she had to expand the planned birthday party. She found about 20 boys and girls who attended, with their mothers providing extra food (there was food rationing to contend with). It was a glorious sunny day and from somewhere she conjured up trestle tables which were set up in the driveway outside the back door of our semi-detached home in Dorchester, Dorset. It went well but the crowning moment was at the end when our father, a Navigator Flight Lieutenant who we had rarely seen since 1941 (he enlisted on my 6th birthday) made a surprise appearance. He was stationed at nearby RAF Warmwell, having been assigned after illness to accountancy duties.

A year earlier, the road outside our home was lined with US Army Lorries packed with soldiers at the ready to leave for D-DAY. My mother had cooked chips for them which my sister and I took to the men and were rewarded with chocolate and chewing gum!

Adrienne remembers the Day too. She was at boarding school in Rickmansworth and coincidentally it was the same day as her 12th birthday. The only concession given by the Headmistress was for all the girls to be allowed to go to bed later than usual!!

## A Weekend to Remember - Andrea Paterson

Remembrance weekend in November is a time to remember both those who lost their lives serving their country in conflicts across the world and those whose memories stay with us even if they themselves are no longer part of our daily lives. However, Remembrance weekend 2024 will stay long in my memory as I was honoured to be invited by the RAF Widows' Association to be one of their representatives at the two biggest events in the world organised by the Royal British Legion to commemorate all those who have given so much and to recognise the courage and dedication of the Armed Forces community.

Firstly, I received my invitation from the Royal British Legion requesting "the pleasure of your company" at the Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday 9<sup>th</sup> November 2024 and secondly, I was informed that I had been allocated a place to march in the Remembrance Sunday Cenotaph Parade on 10<sup>th</sup> November.

As both the Festival of Remembrance and the Cenotaph ceremonial service and march past are widely broadcast, many of you will be au fait with the proceedings so this account focuses on little snippets of behind the scenes and my personal experiences of these national events.

After an initial panic about being part of such important national events, I quickly logged in to the RBL portal to confirm my attendance which included various security checks on-line including verification of my ID. Having done this, a gargantuan 7-page document plus 4 maps arrived in my in-box containing instructions on where to go, timings of different parts of the events, what to take, how to dress, what commands to follow, how to form up, how to march and where to disperse. Then began the mind-melting task of organising accommodation, travel, suitable attire etc – my penchant for lists came in very useful!

Arriving in London for the Festival of Remembrance, dressed in my best black "day dress" with Duncan's dress set of medals pinned to the right shoulder as per instructions, I met up with other RAFWA representatives. We had been advised to be at the Royal Albert Hall for 6pm to go through extensive security checks which we all agreed was understandable at an event where so many prominent people would be present. Once inside, we were escorted, much to our surprise, to a loggia box which was directly below that of the Royal party and the festival commenced at 7pm with the entrance of the Standards with the Royal Party arriving shortly afterwards.

The 2024 Festival of Remembrance honoured the bravery of all who fought in the key battles of 1944 – in Italy, D-Day and Normandy, Monte Cassino, Kohima and Imphal as well as more recent conflicts in Iraq and Afghanistan and the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of NATO.

We listened to emotional accounts from veterans and their families interspersed with musical performances. We stood to applaud the entrance of the Royal Chelsea pensioners and the bereaved families' cohort

and, with handkerchiefs in hand, we witnessed the traditional drum-laying, the muster of the Armed Forces, RBL and civilian services personnel ending with the laying of the Book of Remembrance. This was the moment that really brought me to tears as Sarah, Bishop of London led the service of remembrance during which the poppy petals fell in complete silence, punctuated by sobs from those assembled, including our cohort of RAF Widows. Finally, just before 9pm, the evening ended with the National Anthem – a surreal moment for us as all eyes in the Albert Hall turned towards the Royal Box just above us. We had to look upwards and I had to stifle the temptation of giving a royal wave!

Although the Festival in real time ran from 7pm for two hours, the televised version began at 9pm to allow, so we were told, for any glitches in the proceedings to be overdubbed by the afternoon performance.

Participation in the Cenotaph Parade on Sunday morning was as co-ordinated as a sergeant-major's dream. London was heaving with medal-wearing veterans and serving soldiers, sailors and airmen and the "Poppy" taxi drivers who were ferrying for free those participating in the Cenotaph parade to Horse Guards Parade for 8.30am to go through the mandatory accreditation procedure followed by hot drinks, bacon rolls and the necessary visits to the ablutions.

The RAFWA column was nearest to Admiralty Arch and we stepped off from Horse Guards Parade to Whitehall where we stood formed up ready for the Ceremony at the Cenotaph to begin 90 minutes later. Everyone was in good spirits and members of the public lining the footpaths were offering us folding chairs, sandwiches, and drinks. From where we were standing, we couldn't in reality see what was happening at the Cenotaph itself so followed the service on the nearby big screen which, unfortunately, had to be on mute.

Following the National Anthem, at the end of the Ceremony, we at last received the instruction "by the left, quick march", (which we were informed equalled 100 paces a minute) to march past the Cenotaph where, on the command "eyes left", we paid tribute to those commemorated and our wreath was laid at the foot of the monument.



*(continued on page 7)*

### VE Day 1945. Anne Senior

I was at school a few days after my 12th birthday, when the momentous announcement was made! We were allowed to go home early; for me only 100 yards from school.

My dad had been in Egypt with Bomber Command for the last four years without any trip home, so we had blue Air Letters and parcels full of Middle Eastern things. No international phones and no TV, so Mum and I listened to the BBC Home Service – the only source of news. As a probably naive child I had been sure that Mr Churchill would win the war; how could we not have confidence in that wonderful voice and ringing phrases! I don't remember anything happening, just a feeling of relief, and then what DIDN'T happen anymore. No more nights lying in bed listening to the pulsing drone of German bombers high overhead on the way to bomb Manchester or Liverpool or Rolls-Royce in nearby Derby where Spitfire Merlin engines were made. I was sure that a bomb would drop on us 'by mistake'.

Two fields beyond our back garden an 'Ack Ack' Battery of powerful huge guns had been set up and these fired very loudly most nights. But suddenly the guns ceased, the great, grey barrage balloons, like huge floating pigs, disappeared from the sky which was no longer criss-crossed by the powerful beams of the Hun-seeking search lights. We no longer had to put up the blackout screens and curtains every night and the one familiar street light in our little lane shone again.

We went to the top of our old house and hung a Union Jack from the big attic window!

It was several months before Dad was able to come home from Egypt as Bomber Command in Cairo and Alexandria had to be 'closed down', but he had kept fascinating diaries all through his time in Egypt, which I have and read often. These memories are still so vivid - we are so lucky that we have them!

Anne Senior

### VE Day 1945. Dick Denby.

Dick was 9 years old on VE Day 1945 and has vivid memories of his parents discussing both the run-up to the end of the war which began when our troops pushed the Italians out of North Africa to Sicily and then onwards through Italy. This series of battles was known as 'the Hinge of Fate' after which it was possible to believe that the war would end successfully for our country. He still remembers the general air of excitement and a palpable sense of release after 8 May 1945.

He remembers VE Day itself because he was taken with his family to the Stonebow where people were dancing on both sides and through the archway and he was allowed two glasses of beer after which he remembers lying on a sofa listening to the grown-up excitement! He also recollects the searchlights from Canwick Hill trained onto the cathedral and joining with searchlights from other points all coalescing on the cathedral towers.

Another, less certain memory is of a farmhouse on the A57 between Saxilby and Lincoln. This house, standing back from the Fosdyke itself, had the large illuminated device "VE ...-" shining brightly on the wall facing the road. The "dot dot dot dash" is Morse code for VE! This apparently stayed in place for many years after 1945.

### A Weekend to Remember *Continued from previous page*



The columns then dispersed from Whitehall by continuing to parade, still at quick march pace, back to Horse Guards Road where, at the column commander's order "Eyes right", the salute for every individual contingent was taken by William, Prince of Wales.

Afterwards, as I made my way wearily back home, I reflected on my weekend to remember - the respect and pride, the sadness and joy, the honour and respect.

Treasured as are the physical reminders of my weekend to remember: invitations, tickets, programmes, orders of service, my enduring memory is the humility I feel at having been in the company of heroes; young and old, veterans and current military personnel, able and disabled, from all countries and all faiths.

*At the going down of the sun and in the morning, we will remember them.*

Andrea Paterson



## 'Operation Manna' April 1945



The end of April commemorates the ten days of 'Operation Manna' in 1945 when nearly 7,000 tonnes of food supplies were dropped by Lancaster bombers over the Netherlands. The mission followed a blockade of supplies by German forces in retaliation for Dutch rail companies going on strike in support of the Allied offensive and the particularly harsh winter of 1944/45 which compounded food shortages. 20,000 people had died through starvation and a further 980,000 were classed as malnourished.

A floral mosaic illustrating the operation was unveiled at the cathedral in April 2015. Made up of tulips and grape hyacinths, the bulbs were donated to the International Bomber Command Centre by the Dutch government. The ceremony was attended by veterans from Bomber Command and representatives from the Netherlands, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Poland, Germany and the US.



Photos courtesy of Jim Newton



### VE Day 1945. Janet Miles

*Janet aged 6, on VE day on Tyrella Strand in County Down with her cousin, 4 and her sister, 2.*

I was born six months before war was declared and have no memories of the world before it changed.

Two years after war was declared Belfast, with its shipping and aircraft production, was very severely and persistently bombed so, like many other children, we were evacuated to our grandparents. They lived in Ardglass, a quiet fishing village, where the harbour was used by the Royal Navy.

When America joined the war two American air bases and a hospital were built near the village. The Americans persuaded their families to send treats for the local children, sweets and cake and wonderful things like that. They also sent clothes which was very exciting once Grandma's ingenuity with a needle had altered them to fit (before that I only had cut downs of adult clothes).

As a result of their kindness, the Americans became part of the society in Ardglass.

We were lucky as up the lane was a chicken farm where I regularly collected the eggs for them and brought some home. I could not resist the temptation to bring something else home with me - my grandma was less excited about the addition of kittens to the family. Some were returned but we did keep Tingaling for many years.

As a retired army schools' teacher, my grandmother not only taught me to read and write but also worked in the village school when she could. My father, as a bank manager, was in a reserved occupation so he could not join up. Instead, he served in the Home Guard in Belfast. My mother and aunt, as senior nurses, did escort duty on boats bringing injured servicemen to safekeeping in Northern Ireland hospitals.

When VE day was announced, the village and the American forces decided to have a party for everyone on Tyrella Strand. It was the first party we had ever been to and the photograph has always been on show as a reminder of a very exciting day.



## Tom Bailey, Organ Scholar September 2024 to July 2025

Having come to Lincoln from his organ scholarship at Doncaster Minster Tom is now over halfway through his time as one of the Cathedral's two organ scholars. He will be moving on to be an organ scholar at Robinson College Cambridge. For his recent lunchtime recital at the end of February Tom chose the programme to include a mix of French and English music already known to him and new pieces, with the most difficult (for him) being kept as the finale ... Duruflé's "*Choral varie sur le theme du Veni Creator*"

With a broad appreciation of musical styles Church music isn't Tom's main love, and he describes becoming an organ scholar as reflecting a snowball's path rather than a planned one. Starting with piano aged about eight, informal organ lessons followed at school when he was 12, though he admits he didn't start to incorporate any foot action until he was 17! Given that he is now just 19 he is pleased to have secured three organ scholarships in a row, and is very grateful to those who helped set the snowball rolling. Despite that success he plans to major in Geography at Robinson. Alongside his degree course and his scholarship Tom sees himself continuing to be involved in choral groups ... he's currently conducting a group in Burton ... and no doubt he will be called on to help with music for parish worship. He confirms he has been well taught on that score; being a Cathedral scholar has given him an insight and training into how to accompany worship; he feels he is getting better at "covering" music, so that it's becoming more creative rather than simply functional. Not all church organists develop that skill; some feel that the organ is always more important than the congregational singing. Tom has also found another educational point in the breadth of hymns sung at the Cathedral, matching seasons and celebrations.



When he is playing for a service Tom hears the choir through synchronized speakers in the organ loft, but there will be other sounds, like dogs barking, people coughing and papers rustling, so despite it seeming a little creepy being in the Cathedral on his own Tom enjoys the "out of hours" practice times as they provide a chance to really hear the instrument without any distracting noises. Since practice sessions can be at odd times of the day, (there are four folk needing to practise) it is helpful that Tom almost lives on the job, sharing rented Cathedral accommodation with the other organ scholar. And of course, there are plenty of chances to socialize with the other Cathedral musicians.

We wish Tom well for his remaining months with us and his future in Cambridge.

Theresa Moses

### Micky Philp attended Tom's organ recital

I was very fortunate to go to a recital of organ music by Tom Bailey recently in which some of the choral scholars also took part. Tom selected a very peaceful programme on the whole and it was lovely to hear Father Willis in really reflective mode.

First came a piece of Christmas music by Daquin. There was beautiful light rhythmic dancing through many registrations and with a great range of stops. It was wonderful to see Tom's elegant long fingers dancing through the music. This was followed by a really contrasting piece, Dido's lament '*When I am laid in earth*'. This was sombre, tender and plaintive.

Franck, a prelude, followed in very soft and calm mode, a great contrast with much of what our organists have given us of Franck. Stanford next, with a hymn-like piece and a real touch of Englishness: *allegretto* from 6 short preludes and postludes.

Over to Messiaen, *Le Banquet Céleste* really unusually quiet and restrained as it opened, gradually building the mysticism of the title via pedals leading to a final resolution.

Next the hymn-like '*Prelude to 49th parallel*' during which the sun came out in the cathedral and also in the music. This had been arranged by Tom himself.

Lastly Duruflé: "*Choral varie sur le theme du Veni Creator*". Five choral scholars lined up and gave a magical performance; five young men with one voice in unison, which is a great deal harder than it sounds, with a final glorious burst on the organ as Tom unleashed it.

Many thanks to all for a beautiful recital.

Micky Philp

## The Cathedral Joinery Team

You may be aware of the Cathedral's small joinery team, responsible for keeping the roof over the Cathedral watertight. But what many people may not realise is that at the same time they are also undertaking a huge amount of work on the Cathedral's historic eighty properties. The team comprise the equivalent of three fulltime joiners on the tools with David Skelton, Head Joiner project managing, along with Sam, painter & decorator and Wes, our lead worker. Projects are wide ranging, from planned maintenance on the houses and the Cathedral through to unexpected changes of tenants and emergency/reactive work. To give you an idea of the scale of work the team face at any one time, they are presently gearing up to replace the guttering round the top of the Chapter House - a six-month job for Wes and one of the joiners.



*Joinery team: back row left: Sam Farrow, David Skelton, Stu Cooke, Gareth Symonds, Sam Armistead and front row Gary Jackson-Croft and Jonathan Swift.*



*Gary Jackson Croft fixing the new reader's desk in the choir*

They are also tackling an unexpected major structural repair to the gable end of 4 Pottergate, which has suffered considerable decay of the timber and its render. No. 17 James Street is undergoing external maintenance (repairs and painting of windows, doors, chimney etc.) and no. 20 Minster Yard (the largest Number house) has had a change of tenant, requiring a new kitchen, shower, full re-decoration, carpets etc., as well as similar for 15 Minster Yard. In addition, our property agents, have supplied David with a list of maintenance requirements from our other properties with 50 smaller jobs which need planning and budgeting for over the next six months. 2026 will see maintenance work to the Georgian fronted properties of 13 and 14 Minster Yard; no. 13 alone has eighty-six windows!

If this isn't enough to keep the team working hard, what is often found is that what at first may appear to be a small job can quickly escalate to something highly complex and expensive. A current example is no. 2 Exchequergate, where a bathroom leak has evolved into a serious and extensive case of dry rot, which has put part of the building at structural risk and requires urgent major intervention by David's team over the next 4-5 weeks. Issues such as this are a challenge for David and Director of Estates Mark Wheater, throwing out carefully planned programmes and budgets.

Our joiners are exceptionally skilled at high end work such as sash window repairs, replicating mouldings and undertaking sensitive conservation of medieval timbers. Throw in the occasional repair to the choir stalls, cleaning and caring for the medieval doors and the odd table or organ stool and its clear to see what a diversely talented team they are. Mark Wheater is very aware of the Joinery Team's contribution: "We are lucky to have such skilled joiners/painters as part of our works team and are currently advertising for an additional joiner and painter to help the team."

Jane Cowan



*Sam Farrow working on a new oak beam in the workshop*



*Not all worshippers at the cathedral have an Anglican background, many coming from several different churches, including the non-conformist. Independent Methodism and the Congregational were both remembered as extended families by Paul and Carol Hill as they talked about growing up in them.*



Carol described the Independent Methodist service as a 'hymn prayer sandwich'. She said that there was no minister, instead they had a President. He was licensed to do weddings, funerals and communion so must have had some training but he was not ordained. There were also lay preachers, of whom Carol's father was one. She remembers that communion was held once a month and the sermons were very long, up to half hour. The children attended Sunday School in the morning and went into the main service for half the time, followed by Sunday School again in the afternoon. Before the children left the main service they had a mini sermon – a children's homily. The children were given marks for weekly attendance which went towards the prize they received at the annual prize giving. Every year there was a Sunday School anniversary where the children were on the stage doing readings and singing songs.

The Congregational Church has a long history, originating from the Separatist or Puritan movement of the late 16th and 17th centuries. For Paul it was his nearest church, where his father was an Elder and played the organ. Each congregational church was self-governing and had a minister, whom he remembers taking most services, although there were some local preachers. There was a very lively Sunday School with more than 80 children, where Paul's mother ran the primary department.

The family went to morning service every week and then it was Sunday School for Paul in the afternoon.

The Sunday School anniversary was the highlight of the year, taking place over two Sundays. There were three services the first week with the children on stage at all three. Between the afternoon and evening services the children went home with somebody else's parents for tea. The second Sunday had a normal morning service with the children on stage in the afternoon and evening. Paul was not baptised as a child as his father believed that people should make their own commitment as adults. Carol's infant baptism was called a christening and in both churches the children christened were listed on a Cradle Roll displayed on the wall.

In 1972 many Congregational churches amalgamated with the English Presbyterian Church and became the United Reform Church. Congregations who didn't agree stayed independent and self-governing.

Carol and Paul were both influenced by their schools and their love of music, eventually joining the Anglican church where they enjoy the liturgy and ceremony, all very different from the simpler pattern of their childhood. Compared to the half hour sermons they both experienced when young, Carol noted that the late Canon Rex Davies told her that 8 – 10 minutes was plenty long enough for a sermon: "After that, you've lost them!"

Elaine Johnson

## **LCCA EGM – Thursday 6th February 2025**

This Extraordinary General Meeting (EGM) of members of the Lincoln Cathedral Community Association (LCCA) was called to propose and pass a resolution to dissolve the LCCA. This resolution was designed, in consultation with the Cathedral Chapter over the past two years, to keep us compliant with the new Cathedrals Measure of 2021.

At the EGM, the resolution to dissolve the Lincoln Cathedral Community Association was passed by a majority vote meaning that the Community Association is no longer a separate organisation affiliated to the Cathedral but is replaced by a new Community Committee. The key difference is that we will no longer be collecting money from the congregation and passing it to the Cathedral but the new Committee remit includes continuing to run the social events, publishing the quarterly InHouse magazine, and organising refreshments after the Sunday morning service.

For further information please contact the Lincoln Cathedral Community Committee at [lccc@lincolncathedral.com](mailto:lccc@lincolncathedral.com)

Andrea Paterson

## Lincoln Cathedral on TV

Here in Lincoln, we already know that, according to John Ruskin, “*the Cathedral of Lincoln is out and out the most precious piece of architecture in the British Isles and roughly speaking worth any two other Cathedrals we have*” but it was very gratifying to have that opinion confirmed by Rev. Pat Allerton in part two of the channel 5 documentary, ‘Britain’s Great Cathedrals: To the Glory of God’ on 23<sup>rd</sup> January. He was in awe of its ‘sheer scale and presence’ and reminded viewers that it was the tallest building in the world for over 200 years until the spire collapsed in 1549. He described its ‘narrow and slender pillars,’ its ‘intricate vaulting and ribbed ceiling’ and called the 13<sup>th</sup> century ‘Bishop’s Eye’ and the ‘Dean’s Eye’ ‘two of the best examples of medieval rose windows.’

Head of Conservation, Jane Cowan, led Rev. Allerton up the stone spiral stairs to see the ‘Dean’s Eye’ in the North transept at close quarters. He took in the ‘Last Judgement’, the death of St. Hugh, angels in heaven and the resurrection of Christ. He described the detail of the features and hair, despite their being unseen from the ground, calling it ‘a portal into the past’, a legacy of the love and passion of those who had created it. Of course, it is estimated that over 90% of the medieval population would have been illiterate so the cathedral windows and carvings told the bible stories in visual form.

Jane reported that filming on the day meant an early start as the crew were on a very tight schedule.

Previously she had talked at length with the producer about the cathedral and in particular the sculpture and carvings.



On the day, she was filmed at the west front and Judgement Porch as well as the Dean's Eye. There were always a number of takes either due to interruptions or the producer wanting a different camera angle. Jane said that this was hard because the director asked her to repeat everything she had just said and she was always too busy concentrating on the conversation to remember!

The programme concluded with some of the many examples of graffiti to be found in the building, shown by volunteer, Brian Porter. There are over 7000 carvings: ships, faces, animals and even a musical stave of notches on five lines; the graffiti tour is definitely one to take. Rev. Allerton concluded with words which I am sure many of us share. He said that the cathedral was not just stone, glass and mortar; he could feel its history and see the dedication and brilliance of those who built it.

Elaine Johnson

## A date for your diary

The slightly isolated church of St Mary’s Riseholme is only three miles from Lincoln but is usually only open for its services twice a month. But on June 28 and 29, there is a chance to visit this lovely church built in 1851 by Bishop Kaye who lived in the nearby Riseholme Hall. He is buried in the churchyard as is Bishop Christopher Wordsworth whose hymns were perhaps first sung at Riseholme. Please come and visit this delightful church with its Gibbs East window and Victorian encaustic tiles. The congregation will be offering refreshments and a craft stall as a fundraising effort. More details nearer the date.



Jeanette Davies

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Copy for the next edition should be emailed to the Editors at [inhouse@lincolncathedral.com](mailto:inhouse@lincolncathedral.com) by 10th June 2025 as attachments in Word format; accompanying photographs are also welcomed as JPEG files. Please don’t insert photos, clip art or illustrations into the Word files but send them separately in as high a resolution as possible. Advice for contributors is available - please email for a copy. Regrettably it is not possible to accept hard copy as we do not have any secretarial resources. The link to InHouse is published in the chapter letter when it is produced and is also on the cathedral website under ‘Latest News’.