

# *England*

## *Winter 2018*



*Bob and Molly Hillery*

*We spent six weeks at our nephew's flat in Ilkley from the middle of January to the end of February.*

*As usual on our vacations here, we spent the time doing essentially what we would have done at home in Mason and our daily routine was very similar. We had breakfast either at home or at our local coffee shop—just 1/2 mile from the flat—and the rest of the day would typically include some walking and, for Molly, some shopping. She tends to revert to an English mode of shopping while here and will visit the supermarket or other local stores almost every day. This also provides some exercise as she walks down the very steep hill into town and usually takes a local bus back with her daily haul.*

*For Bob, the hills and valleys in this beautiful part of England provide some very pleasant walks, ranging in length from about 3 miles to as much as 10. Often there will be an elevation change of over 1000 feet through the course of a walk so it is not only quite different from walks in Ohio but provides much greater cardiovascular activity.*

*Dinners would be either at home (together with an evening of British TV) or at one of the dozen or so good to excellent restaurants within a mile of the flat. We have said it before, but Ilkley has an amazing selection for a town with a population of less than 20,000.*

*In addition to our “home away from home” routine, visits here also allow us to spend time with family and with an ever-increasing circle of friends. In the span of six weeks here we dined, or at least had a coffee, with two dozen friends and family members.*

*Occasionally we will experience something during our stay that is a little out of the ordinary and worthy of more than a line or two in our journal. We have detailed four such in this account which form the bulk of the journal and have included the “daily diary” for completeness (and our records) only. Hopefully, this will provide some interest as well as a little insight into our English “home”.*

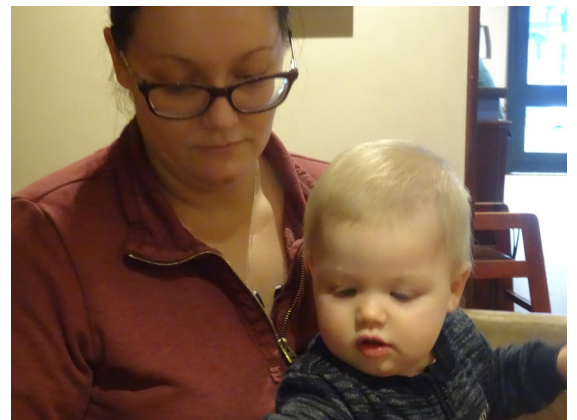


## *Visits and Visitors*

In all, we visited and/or were visited by two dozen friends and family during our six weeks stay in Ilkley. Obviously we saw many of our immediate family members (sister, cousin, nieces) and enjoyed meals with them but we also saw a number of our “extended” family, that is, relatives of our siblings. In addition, we met, on more than one occasion, with long-time friends and those we have become friends with in more recent years. Included in the latter were the priest at our Ilkley church, and his wife, and another couple who attend St Margaret’s.

Our youngest visitor was Jensen, who will be one year old in March. Jensen is the son of Catherine (Cat) and Stephen and they live in the small town of Barnoldswick, about 20 miles from Ilkley. Cat had been a barista at the Ilkley Caffè Nero until about three years ago, when she moved into an office position nearer home. We remained friends, however, and kept in contact so we were thrilled when Cat and Stephen announced that they were expecting child.

We first met Jensen last summer when we were here on vacation and we were excited to see how he had grown and developed in the intervening months. So, early in this visit we went to nearby Skipton and had coffee with him and his mother (Sephen was under the weather).



It was Cat who suggested that we were here long enough to fit in another get-together so, on our second last Sunday here, the three of them joined us for “afternoon tea” at the flat in Ilkley. Jensen was extreme-



ly well-behaved on both occasions and enjoyed the freedom that a run around the living room provided. He seemed to enjoy his afternoon tea and cake, also.

Cat and Stephen have done a really good job in raising their son and we look forward to watching his growth over the years.



On our third Sunday here we drove to Ripon (about 27 miles) to visit Bob's sister Dorothy and her husband David at their home. Also visiting were their daughter Amanda and her two children, Isobel and Ellis. Isobel and our granddaughter Samantha had become pen pals some time back and spent the night together in the Ilkley flat during Samantha's trip to England this past summer. Amanda is going through a rough period since her husband Chris had a stroke last October—at the age of 48. so, it was good for us to spend a little time with our niece and express our concern and hopes for better days. Ellis was not overly interested in visiting, but we were able to capture a couple of pictures of him, Isobel and the family.



On another visit to Ripon several weeks later we once again visited Dorothy and David, this time taking with us Elizabeth, Molly's sister-in-law, who had come to stay with us for a few days from her home in Sheffield. Elizabeth's husband Richard had died last November and we had seen her at the funeral, so it was nice to see her under more enjoyable conditions and to show her a little of North Yorkshire. After coffee and biscuits with Dorothy and David, we drove north from Ripon to the market town of Leyburn



where we had a light lunch in a typical English tea room.

From Leyburn we drove west for a few miles before turning south through the beautiful area of Coverdale. This required a climb to about 1000 feet over high moorland where there was still an appreciable amount of snow in pockets on the ground. Fortunately there was none on the road as maneuvering across this open land on narrow roads and steep gradient is was tricky enough. But this is quintessential Yorkshire Dales country and we were fortunate to see it on a bright and sunny day.



### *Coverdale*



Other visits during our stay were with “immediate” family (Keith, Eileen, Joanne and Robert), in-laws of family (Linda, Stephen and Susan), long-time friends, Keith and Zena and new–this-visit friends, Steve and Margaret. We also had meals with friends from our Ilkley church: Stephen and Joyce and Father Phillip and his wife Sue.

It would take a version of our family tree and a long explanation to put all these friends and family in context but suffice it to say that we feel very fortunate to have such a wide and varied circle to draw on in our temporary home. And with a spread in age between 11 months and 86 years, we certainly had a broad spectrum and an interesting series of conversations.

## *A New Bishop Installed*

Our Ilkley Church of St Margaret of Antioch is in the Diocese of Leeds, which covers a very broad area of West and North Yorkshire, and a few towns beyond (See inset).

*The Anglican Diocese of Leeds (previously also known as the Diocese of West Yorkshire and the Dales) is a diocese (administrative division) of the Church of England, in the Province of York. It is the largest diocese in England by area, comprising much of western Yorkshire: almost the whole of West Yorkshire, the western part of North Yorkshire, the town of Barnsley in South Yorkshire, and most of the parts of County Durham, Cumbria and Lancashire which lie within the historic boundaries of Yorkshire.*

*It includes the cities of Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield and Ripon. It was created on 20 April 2014 following a review of the dioceses in Yorkshire and the dissolution of the dioceses of Bradford, Ripon and Leeds, and Wakefield.*

*The diocese is led by the Anglican Bishop of Leeds and has three cathedrals of equal status: Ripon, Wakefield, and Bradford. There are five episcopal areas within the diocese, each led by an area bishop: Leeds, Ripon, Wakefield, Bradford and Huddersfield.*

*The Bishop of Leeds is bishop over the whole diocese generally and the Leeds episcopal area specifically. He has cathedra (Bishop's throne) at Ripon Cathedral, at Wakefield Cathedral, at Bradford Cathedral, and (if he designates the minster as a pro-cathedral) at Leeds Minster.*

We were fortunate to be in England on the date of the installation of a new Bishop of Ripon so we decided to drive to that town for the service on the afternoon of February 4. The installation had several facets that piqued our interest. First, it was in a town that we know very well (Bob's sister Dorothy has lived there for over thirty years) and the cathedral itself is beautiful. There has been a stone church on the site since 672 when Saint Wilfrid replaced the previous timber church of the monastery with one in the Roman style. This is one of the earliest stone buildings erected in the Anglo-Saxon Kingdom of Northumbria. The crypt dates from this period.

Second, the new bishop (Helen-Ann Hartley) was coming to Ripon from New Zealand where she had served as Bishop of Waikato for three years. She was the first woman trained as a priest in the Church of England to join the episcopate, and the third woman to become bishop of the Anglican Church in Aotearoa, New Zealand and Polynesia. We have visited New Zealand several times (one of our favorite countries) and were particularly interested in the fact that Bishop Hartley was to be accompanied by several of her Maori priests at the ceremony—who would bring an added dimension to the service with the custom of rubbing noses, etc.

Finally, we had an Ohio connection to this event. The Bishop of Leeds (who would be Bishop Ann's new "boss") is a friend of the rector at our local church (Phyllis Spiegel) in West Chester. In fact, Molly and I met Bishop Nick at a ceremony in Bradford cathedral about a year ago (when our Ilkley Vicar was being installed as an area Dean!) and had had a very pleasant conversation with him after passing on regards from Phyllis. We hoped that we might get a chance to talk with him again in Ripon and once again send love from West Chester.





So, we arrived early for the 3:30 service—or so we thought! In fact, when we walked into the cathedral almost 30 minutes before the service was due to start we were greeted by a packed house. All the available seating was taken and already there was quite a standing contingent—which we joined for the next 1 1/2 hours.



We were in time, however, to see Bishop Hartley enter the cathedral and escorted down the aisle by two Maori priests, who were chanting and gyrating in a manner reminiscent of Maori war chants that we have seen on a number of occasions—and which can be quite terrifying in appearance. Apparently they also have a kinder, gentler side.





Prior to her arrival, dozens of clergy (including probably 20 or more bishops), local dignitaries and other persons of note had processed and taken their assigned places in the vast nave. It is perhaps worth noting that civic and military personnel from the region not only attended but greeted the new bishop after her installation and, in effect, presented their credentials and welcome on behalf of the city. In addition, local schoolchildren presented her with gifts representative of the industry and farming that comprise this diverse diocese.

This ceremony had the added interest brought by the Maoris in attendance. Although we couldn't hear (let alone understand) much of what was said between the New Zealand priests and the Archbishop of York, they were, in effect, bringing Bishop Ann to serve here and would be watching that she was treated at least as well as she had been down under. If not, they promised to return and take her back. Smiles and nods of acceptance by the assembled "pointed hats" presumably indicated that they understood and were not likely to upset these rather formidable and well-built clergy. The Hongi (simultaneous touching of nose and forehead) was exchanged between the Maori and Bishop Ann, underscoring their continuing friendship—and perhaps re-enforcing the "threat" to the English clergy.

Most of the service was conducted in the nave but there was a brief retreat by the major participants beyond the Rood Screen to the Quire and perhaps into the sacristy. We can only assume that this was somewhat equivalent to the "signing of the registry" that a bride and groom follow in Church of England wedding services. All returned, however, for the sermon by the new bishop and more presentations and greetings to conclude this unusual and impressive service.

Needless to say, with the vast crowds and the plethora of bishops, we didn't get a chance to talk with Bishop Nick and send Phyllis's greeting. However, as luck would have it, the Dean of Bradford cathedral preached at St Margaret's the following Sunday so we asked him to say hello to Bishop Nick from us and Phyllis. The Very Reverend Jerry Lepine readily agreed—mission accomplished!



*Ripon Cathedral*  
*February 4, 2018*



## Hundreds pack Ripon Cathedral to welcome the new Bishop of Ripon

In one of the most dramatic services ever seen at Ripon Cathedral, Bishop Helen-Ann Hartley has become the new Area Bishop of Ripon.

It was standing room only in the packed cathedral as a large contingent from New Zealand, where Bishop Helen-Ann has been Bishop of Waikato, joined the congregation of several hundred clergy and lay people from across the Episcopal Area. Leading the service were the Bishop of Leeds, Rt Revd Nick Baines, the Archbishop of York, the Most Revd Dr John Sentamu, and the Dean of Ripon, the Very Revd John Dobson.



modern. The newly formed Cathedral Youth Choir led the New Zealand worship song, 'For everyone born, a place at the table', as families from churches across the area translated the words into movement.

Students from St Aidan's Church High School, Harrogate, led prayers and gave Bishop Helen gifts symbolising the North Yorkshire area.

Maori chants echoed around the ancient building as Bishop Helen-Ann was ceremonially brought forward by representatives of the Anglican Church in Aotearoa, New Zealand and Polynesia. Leading the Maori songs and chanting were Maori priests who introduced Bishop Helen-Ann as their tribal leader and a treasure. Noses and foreheads were pressed together as the visitors exchanged the traditional 'hongi' greeting.

Young people played a large part in the service which blended traditional and



In her sermon, Bishop Helen-Ann said she was touched by those who had travelled half-way around the world to be there. "It is a measure of the depths of connection, and bonds of affection across the Anglican Communion that you are here today. I am moved beyond words."



## *Walking*

People still walk in England! And, as they say, when in Rome.....

While we are in England, walking is a significant part of our daily routine. Even when we drive into town (only 1/2 mile) we then walk between car park and restaurant or shops rather than driving essentially to the door as we might in Mason. For Molly, walking down the hill from the apartment into Ilkley to do a little shopping is an almost daily occurrence, done as much for the exercise as for the bottle of milk or bag of sugar. Admittedly she will often take the local bus back up the hill with the bag of groceries but even so she probably walks about a mile almost every day.

For Bob, walking is somewhat more varied and provides a much more rigorous exercise than the few miles covered on paved sidewalks in and around Mason. With Ilkley Moor (elevation 1320 feet) right across the street from the apartment and miles and miles of public footpaths over all terrains, a daily walk can cover 3 to 10 miles of varying difficulty. Sometimes it's a sidewalk, sometimes a rocky path, often a muddy track or nothing more than a worn sheep trail across open moorland.

Generally the walks are circular in nature, beginning and ending at the flat but on occasion I would cover 5-10 miles in one direction before getting a bus or train home. Many times I would meet Molly for coffee at the destination, she having arrived by bus from Ilkley. There were even times when I would drive to a starting point and take a circular walk in a different area, returning to the car for the drive home.

The weather in the North of England can best be described as changeable and, in this hilly region in particular, the temperature, precipitation and, particularly, the wind speed can change dramatically throughout the course of a walk. On this visit, England experienced an unusual amount of snow (inches not feet) and major temperature swings (20 to 50F). These may not sound like much when compared to similar changes at home in Ohio but, with an ever-present strong wind, the effect is quite noticeable on open ground.

In all, I walked 200 miles in the six weeks we were in Ilkley and was out in a variety of weather conditions, some of which felt quite dramatic at the time. Most walks were more routine but not as interesting, so the pictures include here of some of my treks should be regarded for what they are—to create an impression of difficulty and endurance! And to show just how beautiful and bleak the countryside can be.







## ***Roy Lorraine Edgley***

***My cousin Roy died suddenly last October at the age of 72. We couldn't make it to the funeral but I was asked to join a few of Roy's closest friends to scatter his ashes on a hillside in the English lake District where he had lived for 35 years and where he had been an avid walker of the many hills in the region.***

***Consequently, on February 7 during this visit to England, six of us drove to a small parking area at the foot of a 2000 feet hill and set out to scatter Roy's ashes at the top. The account of that day is my tribute to my cousin.***