

**Remember, remember, the 5th of November,**

*Gunpowder, treason and plot.*

*I see no reason*

*Why gunpowder treason*

*Should ever be forgot.*

*Guy Fawkes, Guy Fawkes, 'twas his intent*

*To blow up the King and the Parliament*

*Three score barrels of powder below*

*Poor old England to overthrow*

*By God's providence he was catch'd*

*With a dark lantern and burning match*

*Holler boys, holler boys, let the bells ring*

*Holler boys, holler boys*

*God save the King!*



In my family we've always celebrated on the 4th of November, my birthday. I was, apparently, born to the sound of fireworks (I was born on a Saturday and in the good old days Sunday's were kept for church and leisure so bonfire night was a day early.

Ever since we've always had a party and fireworks at home. That is until covid when large gatherings were frowned upon! Even during various lockdowns and restrictions, Brian and I have let off at least one firework on the 4th.

As a child I can remember the family gathering, aunts, uncles and cousins. Mum would cook hotdogs and jacket potatoes and we'd let off the fireworks in the garden. If dad had a spare piece of ground we'd also have a bonfire with a guy to burn. This was usually dad's old clothes stuffed with newspaper and probably with one of his old pipes stuck in it's mouth. We had to live with this, sitting in a chair, for at least a week before it had the privilege of being burnt!

As we children got older the celebrations were scaled down a bit, but still with the fireworks!



Then, when we in turn had our children it all started again, this time with me in the driving seat. Still with hotdogs and jacket potatoes but now including beef burgers!

And so the tradition continues. The family has diversified somewhat. There's now grandchildren, but we're still together for my birthday (well, as many of us as can make it)



These are the children in 2015. We've now added chicken legs to the menu, very cosmopolitan! And I have to admit Jo and Debbie are helping me out.

The bonfire, alas is no more, Brian refuses to ruin his garden layout to incorporate such a frivolous waste of flower space!



But, there are fireworks, and lots of them. One year we had a really big one that was so loud it set off all the car alarms in the village. Bet we were popular!!!!

And then there was covid. It's amazing how a break in the traditions makes it so hard to get back into the routine. That's not the only reason of course. The children in the photo are all grown up now with lives of their own. Not to mention the fact that I'm significantly older and the thought of catering and hostessing all my family fills me with dread, much as I love them all!

And so to new traditions, but still with fire works.....

This year I'm going to celebrate. I'm having a three day birthday!

Friday 3rd.....

Debbie and Sophie bring me presents and cards.....

Sophie had made flapjacks (she's a terrific baker). Unfortunately Imran and Asif were at work so it was just the girls.

They wanted me to open my presents while they were With me so they could see my expression.

I've been complaining for ages now that I have no recent photograph of my two elder grandchildren, and, lo and behold, there was a terrific framed photograph of the two of them. It may look a bit as if they've been forced into by their mum (they're 15 and 18 ) but it's still a great photo and I love it!



We had a lovely afternoon and it was the perfect start to my birthday. The day was made complete when I had a birthday phone call from Asif on his return from work. He is my first grandchild and the only boy. I was lucky enough to nurse him just a few hours after he was born and I have to admit he holds a special place in my heart.

Saturday 4th.....

A quiet day spent opening cards and presents, Brian cooking lunch, putting my feet up and reading a book UNTIL 4.30pm when Jo, Steve, and twins descended with cards, presents, hot dogs, jacket potatoes, birthday cake and, of course, fireworks! No more peace for me but an absolutely fantastic evening. Jo had bought all the food and did all the cooking. Steve let off all the fireworks ("No bang" fireworks for us) and very good they were too! I just had to sit back and enjoy it all.

The girls were so excited and maybe I was too! The night was rain free and not too cold and a really good time was had by all.



I had some lovely cards and presents and phone calls from far way friends and loads of cuddles off my beautiful granddaughters.

By 7.30 (past their bedtime) they were ready for home and I have to admit I was ready for a bit of quiet.

I've sneaked upstairs to write this and left Brian in the kitchen, smoking his pipe in peace and doing the dishes. A perfect end to a perfect birthday.

And so to Sunday 5th November.....

I'm stopping now to go down stairs again to get my cakes ready for tomorrow at St Chad's. A chance to celebrate with my church "family" . When I say my cakes, I really mean Mr Kipling's famous cakes (but don't tell anyone)!



FIREWORK NIGHT  
(By your dog and mine.)

Bang!  
What's that?  
Bang-bang! Oh hark,  
The guns are shooting in the dark!  
Little guns and big ones too,  
Bang-bang-bang!  
What *shall* I do?  
Mistress, Master, hear me yelp,  
I'm out-of-doors, I want your help.  
Let me in, oh, LET ME IN  
Before those fireworks begin  
To shoot again — I can't bear that;  
My tail is down, my ears are flat,  
I'm trembling here outside the door,  
Oh, don't you love me any more?  
BANG!  
I think I'll die with fright  
Unless you let me in tonight.  
(*Shall we let him in, children?*)  
Ah, now the door is opened wide,  
I'm rushing through, I'm safe inside,  
The lights are on, it's warm and grand —  
Mistress, let me lick your hand  
Before I slip behind the couch.  
There I'll hide myself and crouch  
In safety till the BANGS are done —  
Then to my kennel I will run  
And guard you safely all the night  
Because you understood my fright.

Just a couple of poems from the Enid Blyton  
Poetry Book published in 1934

Bonfire, you're a merry fellow  
With your flames of red and yellow,  
And your cheery cracks and pops-  
You gobble up the old bean-props,  
The pea-sticks, withered plants, and all  
The leaves blown down beside the wall.  
Your never-ending spires of smoke  
(The colour of a pixy's cloak)  
Go mounting to the starry sky,  
And when the wind comes bustling by  
Oh, what a merry game you play,  
And how you pop and roar away!  
Your heart is red, your smoke is thick,  
On, pile on leaves and branches quick!  
Let's dance around and shout and sing,  
Oh, Bonfire, you're a LOVELY thing!





## On Safari.....

At the beginning of September, we went on a safari in Kenya - a once in lifetime trip. Our tour guide, Laurence, was amazing. The thought of going on a safari and the animals getting so close to the jeep can be a scary feeling but as Laurence kept telling us, "They all just want to be famous!"



The first trip was to the Aberdare country club which involved an afternoon game drive around the Solio Game Reserve, full of Rhinos. We did start by counting how many we saw but by the 20<sup>th</sup> rhino, we gave up. The next day was a drive up to the Samburu National Reserve, this was where George and Joy Adamson raised Elsa the Lioness. I think this was our favourite place, and we were there 2 nights. On an early morning game drive, we saw a stunning sunrise, which Arnie very nearly missed as he was messing about. The hotel was stunning, and it was in this park where we had our first sightings of elephants, giraffes and lions (probably descended from Elsa) and we were very lucky to see a leopard up a tree, 1 of the big 5 and one of the hardest to find.

Friday morning was another drive down back to the Aberdare country club, but this time we were taken off to the Ark (a strange experience) in the middle of nowhere overlooking a waterhole. As we walked along the bridge towards the Ark

Fred commented on how he felt like he was in "I'm a Celebrity Get me Out of Here". Here was our first sighting of the Buffalo, right outside by the waterhole. One highlight from staying here was getting woken in the night to see an elephant right outside. Saturday morning consisted of a long drive down to Lake



Naivasha, descending into the Great Rift Valley, staying in a lovely hotel near the lake. We went on a (very) small boat around Lake Naivasha to see the beautiful hippos. Right after this, Fred got his guidebook out, announcing how dangerous hippos are and the most common cause of death is by capsizing boats. I think it's safe to say that we would not have got on the boat if we'd known this beforehand. The hippos lived near the hotel we were staying in so if we wanted to leave the room after 6pm we needed a member of staff to walk us there. Obviously, we needed to go for dinner so Arnie rung reception saying "hello, we would like an escort please".



Our last journey was down to the famous Masai Mara, often referred to as "the world's 8<sup>th</sup> wonder". This was another 2-night stay, and our hotel was in the depths of the park. By now we'd seen not only the big 5 (elephant, lion, leopard, rhino and buffalo) but by the time we'd reached the hotel and stopped to see our first cheetah, we'd seen the big 9 (giraffe, zebra, hippo and cheetah)! This meant that the last 2 days didn't involve any panic over missing any animals, but meant we were able to sit back and really enjoy how amazing they all were and very luckily, we were able to witness the Wildebeest, thousands of them, on their migration from the Serengeti to the Masai Mara.

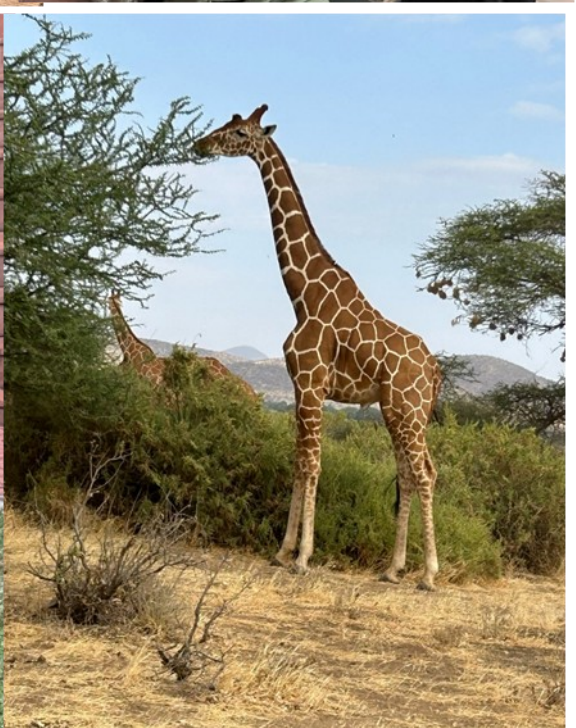


This holiday was a once in a lifetime experience and one none of us will forget. We were very fortunate with our driver, he had over 25 years a guide and he went out of his way to make sure we saw everything.



Grace







**Prayer Corner:**

**Celebrating All Saints Day November 1st,**

so we pray-  
For all the saints who went before us  
who have spoken to our hearts  
and touched us with your fire,  
For all the saints who live beside us  
whose weaknesses and strengths  
are woven with our own,  
For all the saints who live beyond us  
who challenge us to change the world with  
them,  
we praise you, O God.  
Amen.

*Janet Morley*

*Muriel*



**November Services:**

- ★ 5th—Family service—Kath and team
- ★ 12th—Remembrance service KH/MF
- ★ 19th—Holy Communion—Rev Barry
- ★ 26th Morning Prayer KH/MF/Terry Bagguley

**December Services:**

- ★ 3rd- Family service—Kath and team
- ★ 10th—Carol service at 4pm
- ★ 17th—Holy communion—Rev Barry
- ★ 24th—Outdoor carol service
- ★ 24th—Midnight Communion—Rev Barry

**Dates for your Diary.....**

**Community Christmas Fayre—**  
Saturday 2nd December at 12 noon.

**Leek Food Bank:**

Now is the time to buy those extra little treats for the children for Christmas. Spread a little cheer with such things as selection boxes, chocolate oranges etc.

**Smiles**

The following extracts are perfectly genuine—taken from actual letters sent to the DHSS (Social Security) Courtesy of "A Box of Delights"

Our lavatory seat is broken in half and is now in three pieces.

Can you please tell me when are repairs going to be done as my wife is about to become an expectant mother.

The toilet is blocked and we can't bath the children until it is cleared.

Will you please send someone to mend our broken path as my wife tripped and fell on it and she is now pregnant.

Mrs Smith has no clothes and has had none for over a year. The clergy have been visiting her.

Unless I get my husband's maintenance money soon I shall be obliged to live an immortal life.

You have changed my little boy into a little girl. Will this matter?

In accordance with your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

Milk is wanted for my baby and the father is unable to supply it.

Re: your dental enquiry. The teeth on the top are alright but those on my bottom are hurting dreadfully.

I am very annoyed to find you have branded my son illiterate. This is a lie as I married his father a week before he was born.

This is to let you know that there is a smell coming from the man next door.