

Northern *news*

BRINGING YOU THE LATEST NEWS
FROM OUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS
AROUND THE WORLD

February 2018



Editorial Ramblings

On 6 February 2018 we celebrated what would have been Annelise's 3rd birthday. This was also the date, two years ago, that we left the Royal Manchester Children's Hospital and brought her home for her one and only birthday party. The first photograph below the family picture (*left*) was taken at her party.

On 14 February we had St. Valentine's Day - when I was given notice of termination of contract - so I'm out of work - last day: 22 February 2018. A free man once more!

The middle of February was the time that we were all wiped out with 'Flu. How we suffered! When Grace and I were at our lowest ebb, JP (who recovered first) came to the rescue; looking after us like an angel. Cooking food when we could eat and making us hot/cold drinks all beautifully presented. No one could have been kinder or more helpful - Day and Night! Our HERO!

On 25 February 2018 we celebrated the first year in our new home.

In late February, I remember the anniversary of my going to live overseas for the first time when I moved to the Philippines in 1997. What adventures I've had since then!

One of the many things we miss since returning to England (apart from the sunshine) is the social life which is as non-existent here as it is possible to be. We used to receive visitors almost every day - or be invited out. Here, we may as well be in the middle of the Gobi Desert. In fact, that may be a better place to live as it rarely rains there; unlike here where it rarely stops raining. Here, not only do we almost never receive visitors; we hardly go out - mainly because the weather is so terrible. Our caravan hasn't been used since we stopped living in it as there is little point parking it in the middle of a wet muddy field in the pouring rain when there are more activities, and space, available at home. Of course, we could sell our caravan but we're reluctant to do so as it was the only home that Annelise had before she became unwell. **It has very special memories.**



We celebrated Annelise's birthday this month - 6 February 2015.

above: A very happy Grace and JP in our caravan with Annelise when she was one week old (13 February 2015).

left: Flowers on Annelise's grave and her birthday cake for her third birthday.

Cover photograph: A view along Windermere from the Bowness ferry terminal taken by JP on 4 February.

Next page: A very happy JP with his (very) little sister, Annelise, when she was about 1 day old.





St. Peter's Parish Church
Sawrey

St. Peter's Parish Church

Sawrey



On 4 February we set off on one of our trips to who knows where. More of this later. However, we chanced upon this delightful parish church in the village of Far Sawrey on the edge of the Lake District. The stained glass windows particularly caught my eye, hence my devoting a few pages of this little magazine to them. I hope you like them as much as I do.

Sawrey is a rural parish bounded by Esthwaite Water and Windermere in the Southern Lake District. It includes the villages of Far Sawrey, Near Sawrey and the hamlet of High Cunsey and various outlying properties. Near Sawrey's most famous resident was Beatrix Potter who lived in the village at Hill Top.

St Peter's Church was completed in 1869 and designed by Robert Brass, a London architect. It is built in a superb situation with views of the fells. Pevsner calls it a 'decent, honest piece of work'. It is built of local stone in the Early English style with transepts and a north-east tower. It is on the Southern edge of Far Sawrey alongside a well used footpath leading from the ferry. Even though the number of permanent residents in the parish is only about 150, the church is surprisingly large, with seating for about 400.

Originally, the area of the parish was included in the ancient parish of Hawkshead, but Sawrey became a separate parish in 1873, when the church was built. Since 1982 it has been part of a United Benefice with Hawkshead, and on 1st May 2003 the parishes of Rusland and Satterthwaite joined the Benefice.

Courtesy of URL: <http://www.hawksheadbenefice.co.uk/sawrey.htm>







† THE REAPERS ARE THE ANGELS

† THIS WOMAN WAS FULL OF GOOD WORKS

† TO THE GLORY OF GOD IN MEMORY OF

JANE ROBINSON WADE. PUT IN BY MAJOR WADE 1886





THIS WINDOW WAS ERECTED IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM FISHER GERM

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FATHER A. D. 1868

A Trip to the Lake District

Once JP had de-iced the windows on my car, we set forth on 4 February, with the temperature at 0 °C (32 °F) on a brief visit to the Lake District. Our first stop was in the Sawrey area where we visited St. Peter's parish church, which you will have seen on the preceding pages. As you can see from the photographs, there was snow and ice on the mountain tops. As you will also observe, some of this month's photographs have been taken by JP and Grace, as well as myself. A family of photographers.

Incidentally, just in case you're wondering, I'm very pleased with the images produced by my recently acquired camera - albeit less than impressed by the ergonomics when I'm using it to record video - as expected. Video and still images really are two separate entities and deserve separate cameras.



The North side of Kirkstone Pass, looking towards Brothers Water in the distance. *Photograph by Grace.*

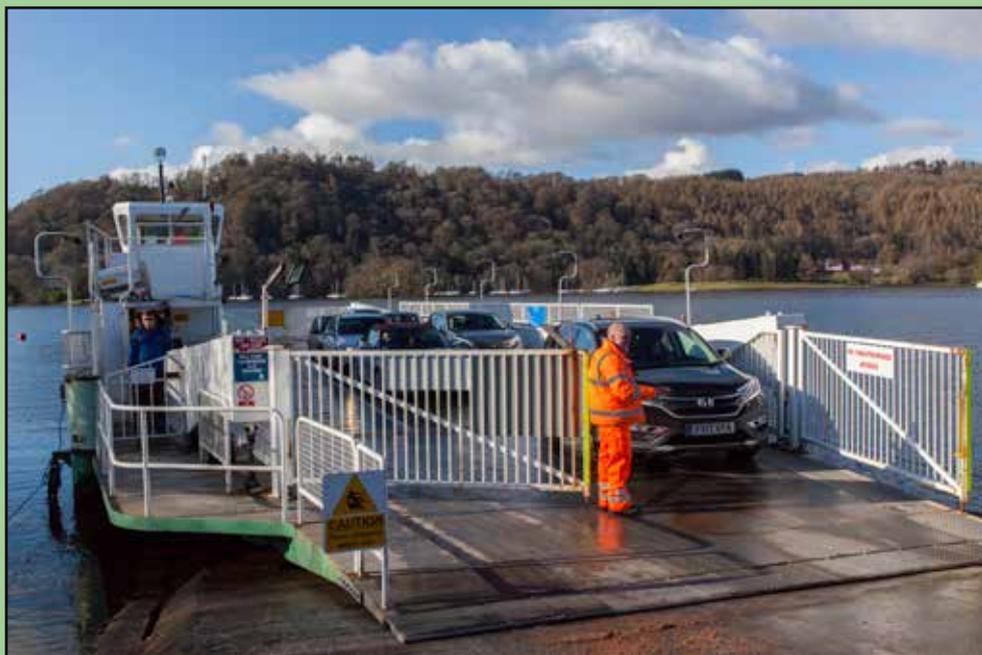


Whilst JP went off to play in the ice and snow alongside Kirkstone Pass, Alan cooked steaks to go with Grace's salad and mashed potato - outside temperature now 1 °C. *Photographs by Grace.*

[Click here to see a two short videos of our trip.](#)

Two of JP's photographs looking North (*top*) and South (*lower*) along Kirkstone Pass. If you look closely you can see where we are parked (*top photograph*).





The three photographs below and left were taken whilst we were waiting for the Bowness ferry.

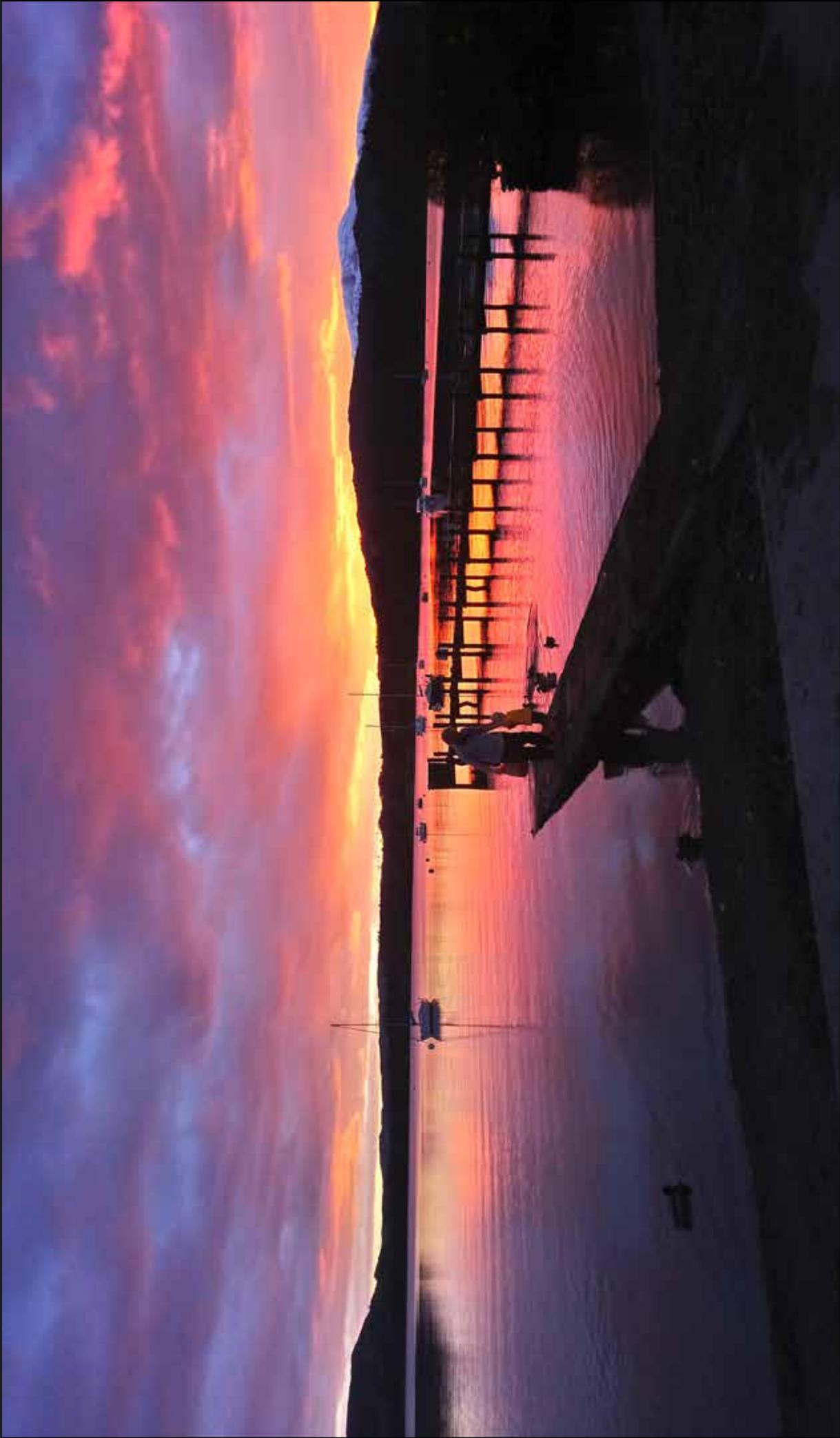




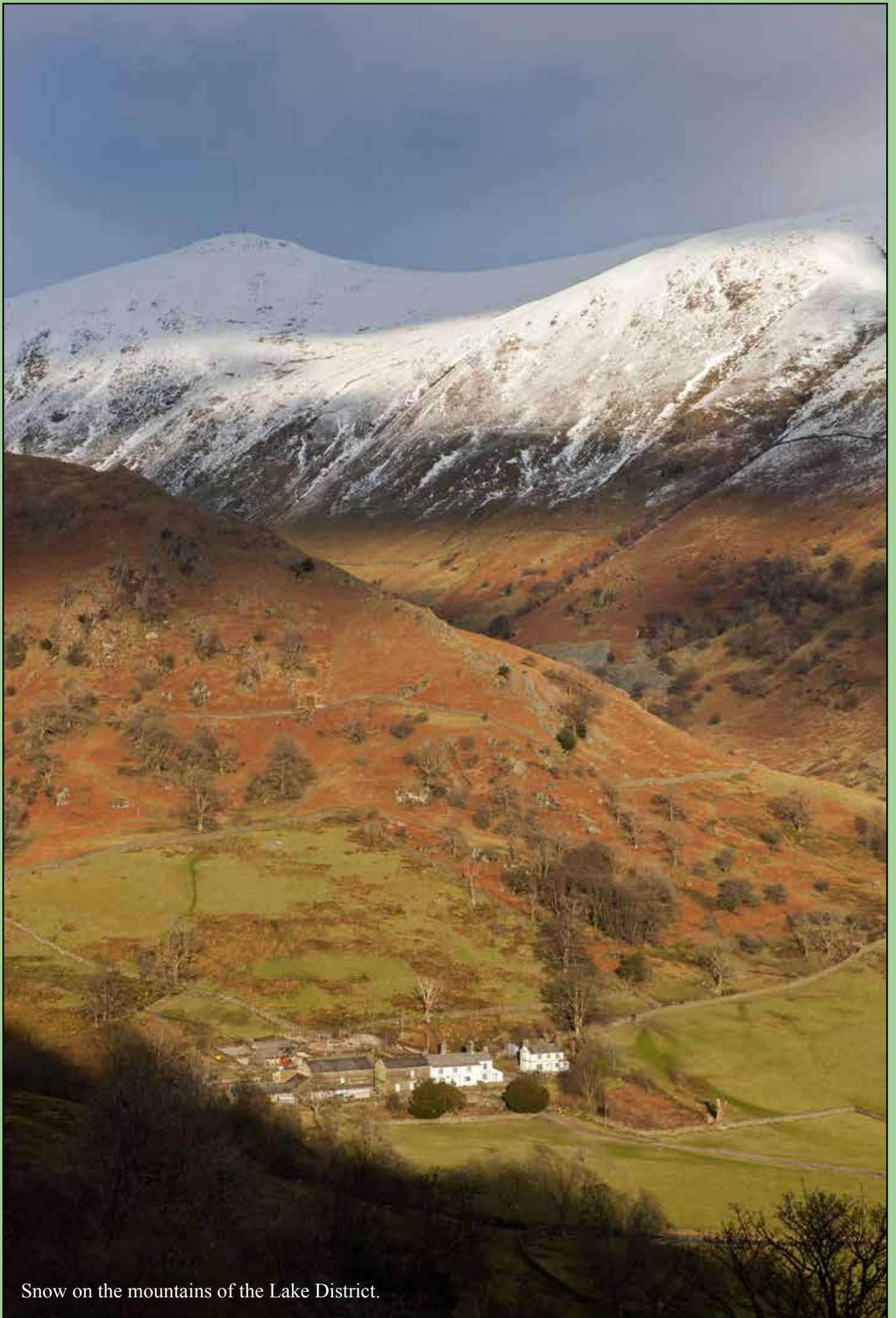
Above: Snow on the mountains of the Lake District.



Left: One of JP's *Selfies* taken on the mountain overlooking the Kirkstone Pass.



Sundown over Windermere. *Photograph by Grace.*



Snow on the mountains of the Lake District.

Ten-Pin Bowling in Preston



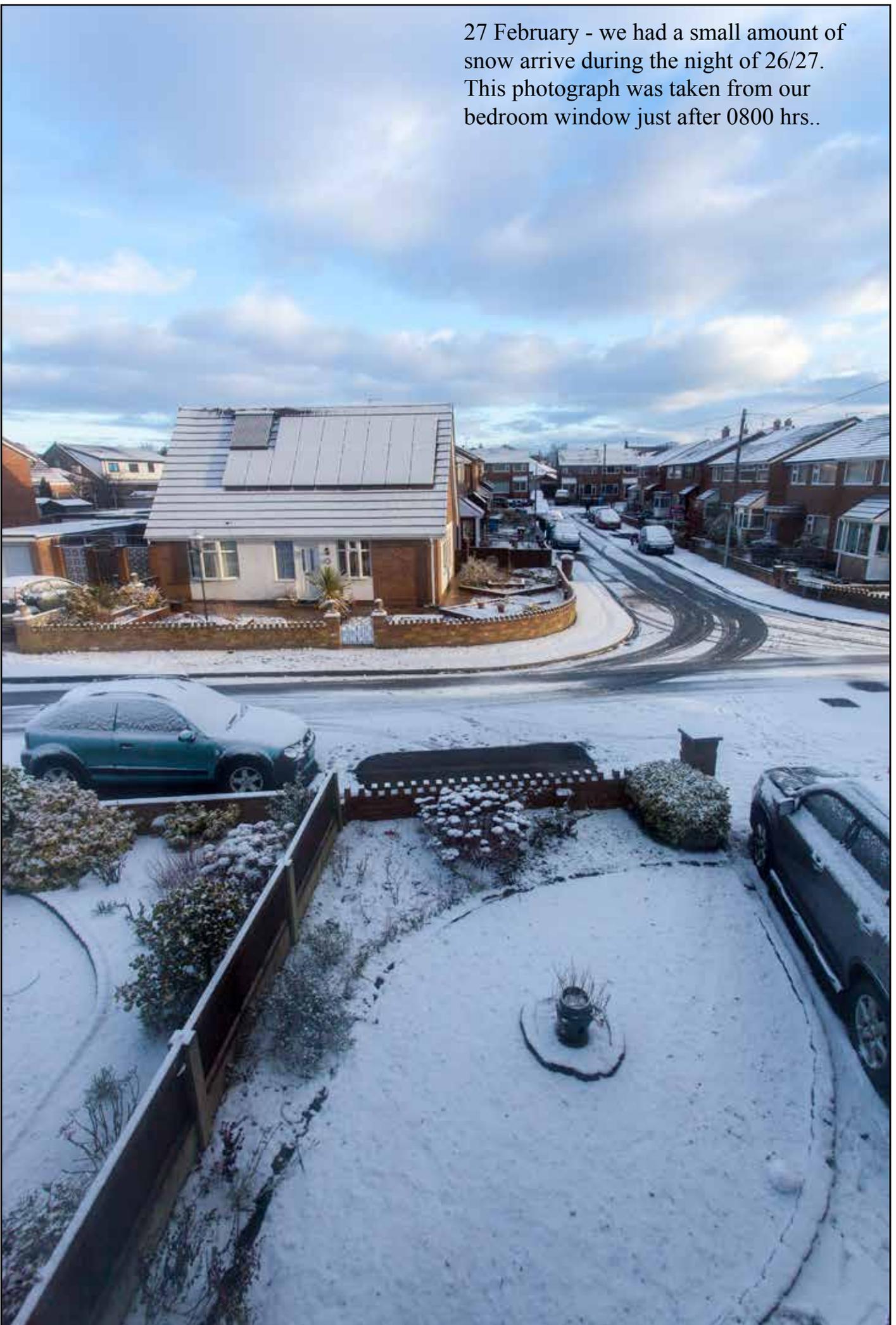
On 12 February 2018 we went ten-pin bowling. This was the first time we'd all gone together. It is many years since I last rolled a bowling ball so it took me a while to get back into it. In 1971 / 1972, I used to play for my college and was reasonably competent, scoring over 200 in a few games - a far cry from what I achieved on this day. Of course, I was playing several games a week in those days and used my own bowling ball, which I still have somewhere, but playing consistently well is never easy. In my first '200' game, I scored 5 strikes in the first 5 balls and went on to score 203. Sadly, the bowling alley that we went to in Preston is the worst I've even been to; filthy dirty and really scruffy, the balls and the lanes all in dreadful condition and, what really surprised me, was that people weren't expected to play in bowling shoes! They were allowed to bowl in their ordinary shoes. I couldn't get over that. Not only that but lane etiquette was entirely absent. How badly things have gone downhill since I used to play seriously - just like everything else in this country. I certainly won't be returning to this bowling alley.



JP constructing a Lego model of the double helix DNA structure. This was his own design and construction (not from a 'kit' of parts).



27 February - we had a small amount of snow arrive during the night of 26/27. This photograph was taken from our bedroom window just after 0800 hrs..



The Adventurer's Page



Every month, I hope to add something of interest to this page (or pages!) concerning the world of travel and adventure. This may be a personal story of adventure or travel, a book review, or about something I've read or seen on-line. I would welcome contributions from any of our readers, many of whom I know are extremely well travelled. I hope some of what is written here inspires you in your future travels.

“Not all those who wander are lost”

A line from the poem “All that is gold does not glitter”, written by J. R. R. Tolkien for The Lord of the Rings.

One of the greatest pleasures I have in life is to wander in what may seem to be an aimless manner on a journey with no destination in mind. JP now understands what I mean when he asks me where we're going and I answer by saying “*Following my nose*”. As a family, this is not an uncommon activity on those odd few days in the year when the weather makes it possible to go out for a trip in the car. To that end, we've sometimes covered hundreds of miles in one day - and seen some amazing places - many of which have resulted in photographs that you've seen in this little newsletter.

The big problem is, as ever, that old enemy: *TIME!* To go in search of the sunshine takes quite some time and effort. For example: from our home, one day is taken up with getting to the Harwich ferry terminal followed by an overnight crossing to the Hook of Holland and at least another day heading South to the sunshine. Then the same back again. All in all, one really needs to allow at least 5 days out of the holiday before getting anywhere where there is a chance of being warm.

In the case of a caravanning trip, at least two extra days would be required - and even more if one includes preparing the caravan for the journey and allowing for an ‘unpacking and recovery’ period after the trip. That's at least a whole week gone out of one's holiday time - just to make a trip to the sunshine. I might also add that there is a very considerable expense involved too. No small wonder that ‘package holidays’ are so popular. We've had a couple of these ourselves and thoroughly enjoyed them. However, I do love having our ‘home on wheels’ with us (and would love to live in ours once again - on a very long tour in the sunshine) but, for trips abroad, the cost in terms of time and money make it unacceptable (and uneconomical) for anything other than major expeditions; preferably out of the main holiday seasons. For trips nearer home, the weather makes it almost unusable. Maybe I should just park it in the Italian sunshine and visit it sometimes.

One of the most inspirational travel and adventure websites I've come across is that of the Clark family. What they do as a family is just amazing. Trips by canoe and bicycle to some of the most remote places on the planet. Their videos are quite stunning. A little of the text from their website reads:

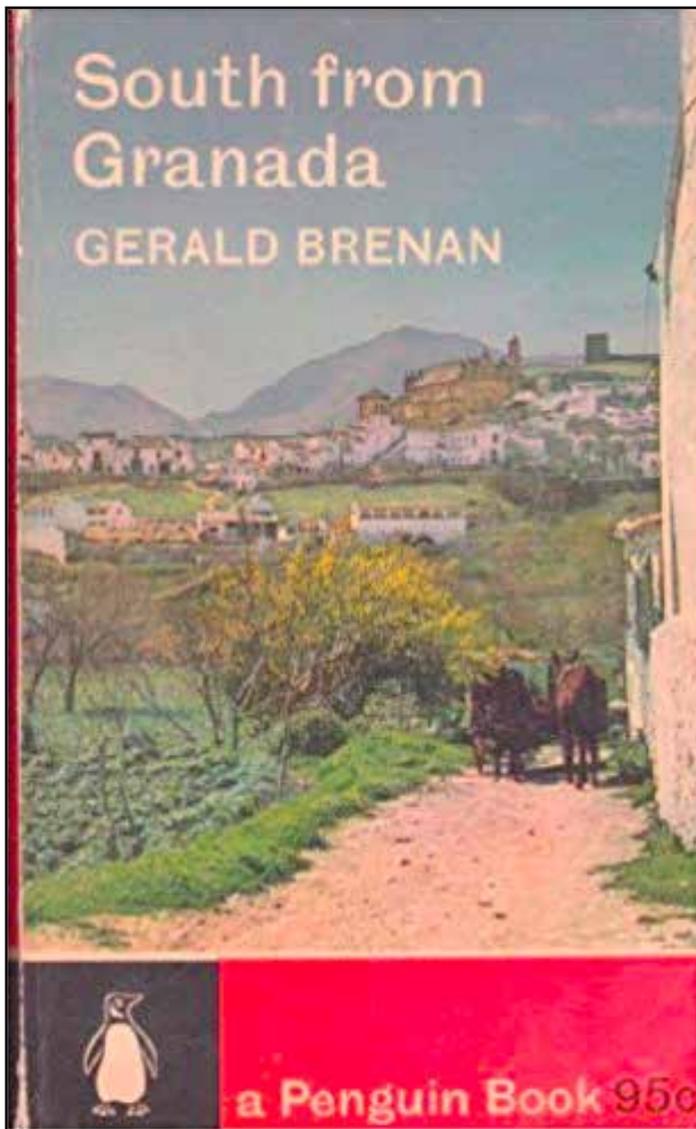
Our goal is to complete extended self-propelled wilderness camping trips with our two young children. We love spending time together as a family outdoors, and we are at the forefront of the trend to get kids into the wilderness on big adventures. As a family we have travelled 6000 km by canoe in the Arctic, and another 6000 km by bike in South America. We've slept under the stars over 500 nights during these journeys and look forward to another adventure.



The photograph above is the Clark family and is from their website at URL: <https://www.simplypropelled.com>

The only reservation I have about this family is the amount of support they seem to have whilst on their cycling trips. What do you think? I'm awaiting their response to my e-mail regarding this.

Click here to visit the Clark family website.



One of the books I'm enjoying reading this month is entitled *South from Granada* by Gerald Brenan.

I've had this book for many years but have only just got round to reading more than a few pages of it, having left it in store when I left the UK all those years ago. Although first published in 1957 it describes a period shortly after WWI in the villages of a very rural Spain now changed beyond all recognition.

Gerald Brenan went to live in the extremely poor village of Yegen in the Alpujarra after serving as a young officer in WWI. There he rented a house and settled down with his thousands of books (delivered by donkey) to a life of literature and philosophy - as well as exploration of the Sierra Nevada region in which he lived. Between 1920 and 1934 he spent about seven years there, taking a great interest in the affairs of the village, its religious and cultural life, customs and traditions together with its superstitions, folk-lore, festivals and its characters.

He also describes the flora and fauna he observed during his long walks in the mountains, as well as the shepherds and other local people. His walks could

take him as far as about 60 miles in a single day, so he was obviously a very fit young man and his love of the countryside and the region gives this book a special richness.

I find books like this to be of immense interest, and value, as this book, along with others of similar ilk describe life in communities that existed almost a century ago that exist no more. Whether or not you think this is a good or bad thing depends on your point of view but Brenan's book provides a fascinating account of life not all that long ago - remember that my grandparents were born before the time period described in this book and both my grandfathers served in WWI, as did Brenan (although this is not the topic of the book and is scarcely mentioned).

Gerald Brenan also received a number of well known visitors to his village home, including a number of writers (Virginia Woolf being one) and descriptions of their visits and how they coped (or didn't!) with life in the village are also included, although, to me, this is the least attractive aspect of the book and adds nothing worthwhile at all to what is already a good read.

The 'May Day' festival of *la Cruz de Mayo* is described thus:

This is a great occasion in many parts of Spain, when the children set up little crosses in the streets, decorate them with flowers and waylay passers-by for pennies, but in our village we spent it in killing the Devil. Parties of young people set off for the fields, ate and drank under the olive trees, and, thus fortified went in search of the Universal Enemy. They found him in the form of a tall plant of wood spurge which has the reputation of being poisonous to animals and, having selected their specimen, they tore it up by the roots, tied a rope to it and dragged it round the country and through the streets with shouts of triumph. When they had grown tired of this they attached it firmly to a tree and left it. Meanwhile the houses would be decorated with branches and flowers, home-spun silk hangings would be taken out of chests in which they were stored and an altar set up in the principal room with a wooden cross on it. In the evening there would be dancing and drinking in front of it. The Day of the Cross was, of course, a substitute devised by the Church to take the place of May Day with its pagan associations. Originally the ceremony celebrated the death and resurrection of the tree spirit, just as Easter celebrated that of corn.

This book is available (used) from Amazon in a variety of formats and editions.

Alan's Reflections

ALAN'S REFLECTIONS

I'm a prisoner! In my own home. Now I know how people under 'house arrest' conditions feel. Take this morning as an example. It's a lovely sunny day. The rain clouds have passed for a short time and the sky is clear blue. What a wonderful day to continue a photographic project I last worked on on 29 November 2016. I got everything ready. Fully charged camera battery plus a spare; 2x 32 GB storage cards; external microphone mounted on camera; exact directions to my starting point written on a piece of paper. All I needed to do was throw my bicycle in the car and go. A last minute request from Grace to do a small job in the garden before I left convinced me it was far too cold to stay outside for longer than 10 minutes - even dressed in thick fleece and hat. No way!

Now you probably think I'm a sad old git lacking in something or other, and I wouldn't completely disagree with you. From my point of view I fail to see what enjoyment there is to be had in going out in the cold, riding a bicycle on a trip to take photographs whilst dressed in a thick fleece or outdoor jacket, thermally insulated trousers, hat and gloves. What fun is there in that? So I came back indoors where we live in a constant 23 °C (73.4 °F), a reasonably comfortable environment - at least 18 °C (32.4 °F) warmer than the outside temperature and decided to write this instead of riding my bicycle in the cold (the next day it was raining and the temperature was 2 °C (35.6 °F). No progress on my project yet again. I sometimes wonder if I'll ever complete it. Better to be a prisoner than freeze to death! And remember, the summer isn't much better. Last summer was completely wiped out by the constant rain. Never once were we able to even sit on the beach because it was too cold or wet or there was a gale blowing.

Contrast this with living in the Philippines where the temperature in our living room was usually around 36 °C (96.8 °F) and where I usually went out for a walk every afternoon - and often in the morning too. I only needed to wear shorts and tee shirt. Or in the Middle East where I would go out walking in temperatures up to about 45 °C (113 °F) above which it got too hot even for me to go tramping around. I'm sure you can see there is something of a difference - and why I hate living in the UK. I'm more suited to a Mediterranean climate, which, as I understand it, is what humans are most suited to live in from a biological perspective.

As I've said before, I don't know how much longer I can tolerate being here. Every day I get more and more disgruntled about wasting my life in this country. I crave for the warmth and sunshine where I can feel alive

again, where I can go out, riding my bicycle, taking photographs / videos, without having to think too much about the weather. I sometimes feel utterly desperate in what is a hopeless situation. Holidays in the sun are no substitute at all. If anything, they make the situation even worse as they make you realise even more just how bright life could be - then you have to return to the misery of living in the UK. How depressing is that? Living here is one very long nightmare without an end in sight. And that's just because of the weather! Add to that the massive road congestion (this afternoon's trip home from JP's school, taking the slightly shorter, scenic route, because the main route was even more congested, took 40 minutes to cover less than 10 miles) and the ridiculous levels of 'political correctness' that everyone is expected to live with as well as many other factors I could list if it wasn't for having to be *politically correct*. I'm sure you get the picture.

As an example of just how bad our education system has become, Grace recently brought home a brochure from Preston's College that describes their HND Aeronautical Engineering course. It contained many errors, but one rather more outstanding than the others was this sentence: ***It will also provide the option to top up you to an honours degree.*** This from a publication produced by a college of higher education - which should be setting the standard of good written English. I really do despair! I did write to them pointing out the error of their ways but no reply has been received - which tells me a lot! Perhaps they couldn't find anyone who could write!

I sometimes feel as though I'm about to explode with the frustration, hatred and rage I experience from living in this abominable country. Instead of going out walking or riding my bicycle, I just stay in my prison getting fatter! What sort of life is that? A complete waste of the few years I may have left on this planet. As someone who loves being outdoors and having some small adventures, as well as taking my photographs / videos it is really appalling that life has come down to this - and no chance of it changing for the better in anything like the foreseeable future - if ever at all. No wonder I get bad-tempered. Nothing to look forward to except going on adventures with Annelise in the next life.

At least Annelise will make me smile again.

[Click here to Listen to the Song](#)

Passion! Now there's a word to think about.

The dictionary states that it means:

Strong and barely controllable emotion.

All those people who are talented in some way or another must have a passion about what they do in order to succeed in their particular area of expertise at a world class level.

As I said to JP just the other day, it's no good having massive amounts of talent and not working hard to maximise your ability - your talent - that's where *passion* comes in. On the other hand, working at something you're *passionate* about doesn't mean you're going to get to world class level as you must have talent to be able to achieve that status. Without that talent you won't make it to the top.

For example, which is what JP and I were discussing; musicians. For most serious musicians, music is their life. They are often consumed by it - and most of their friends, and often their family, are musicians.

However, as someone with no musical talent, if I wanted to learn to play a musical instrument, as I have done at times, no matter how hard I practice I reach a certain point beyond which I don't improve - a sort of plateau that indicates I have reached the limit of my ability. This, of course, extends to all areas of expertise, not just music. How wonderful it must be to have a talent of some sort.

Of course, one can be passionate about something without needing any talent at all. One could be passionate about music even without talent, meaning that you could be passionate about listening to music. This is a much different sort of passion than is required to play an instrument but never-the-less strong emotions can be involved. Don't mix up the words *talent* and *passion*.

I don't have any talent at all for anything that I know about. I'm certainly not a talented engineer like I.K. Brunel, for example. Two of my interests which could possibly be described as passions include travel and photography. One certainly doesn't need any talent to travel but to become a good photographer it certainly helps to have that artistic talent - and I'm certainly no Ansel Adams or Lord Snowdon. One way of improving one's level in any particular area is to master the techniques involved in that subject. In that way a certain level of competency may be reached but it will still be impossible to get to that '*maestro*' level without talent.

How wonderful it must be to have both a talent and a passion for the same thing.

Despite being a somewhat passionate photographer, albeit not a talented photographer, I have, in the past, dabbled in work where I've been paid for my photographs / photography, however, I cannot believe that anyone would want to become a professional photographer which seems to be something a lot of young people want to do to earn a crust after leaving school or college. And I do mean earn a 'crust', as it is highly unlikely that they will eat well on what they make out of their photography. One reason being that there is a lot of *talented* photographers out there - and a lot who sell their work for next to nothing - or give it away! Since nearly everyone can now afford a digital camera and computer it seems like everyone is now a mainstream photographer - and that means a lot more competition for an ever shrinking amount of photography commissions.

If I was a professional photographer I'd have to run my photography as a business. I would have to keep my clients happy and take photographs of things that were of absolutely no interest to me whatsoever. I'd have to deliver on time every time, regardless of weather or conditions. I'd have to chase clients in order to get paid and deal with all the aspects and expenses of running a company. What fun is that?

Another problem facing photographers these days is that publications pay so little for an image that it's not worth bothering with. Many years ago, one of my images could realise, say, £200, of which I would receive half as the agency took their 50%. Nowadays, some people are even happy to supply their images FREE on sites such as 'Unsplash' for example, or just for a few pennies on other 'stock' photographic sites. What's the point? Good quality cameras and lenses cost a fortune and publishing companies are now getting their photographs for FREE because everyone thinks they are the worlds greatest photographer and are happy to share their images. It's true that there are a lot of good photographers out there - but how many are making a living out of their work is debatable.

Find out more at URL: <http://dedpxl.com/finalish-thoughts-on-unsplash/>.

To me, being an amateur photographer means I can take what pictures I want to take, when I want to take them. In other words, I can enjoy my photography. And that's what my passion is all about. I do it because I want to - not because I have to.

Following last month's newsletter, I was very interested to receive these thoughts from one of our readers:

Nevertheless, my thoughts though keep returning to the brief few words you mentioned on revolution. For much to the consternation of secular globalist in Brussels a revival of religious nationalism has begun to make pews fill up. This is due in no small part to 'Elite Secular Globalists in Brussels' and their outright hostility towards religious practice and sentiment. Now they are suffering a massive blow-back from states such as Hungary and Poland. And rightly so, for secular globalization has no sacred source from which to derive its assembled social order. It's a revolution of sorts, is it not?!? And it's on-going in many countries around the world.

Have the elite in Brussels somehow forgotten that it was the strong values, traditions and adherence to religious beliefs of Poles that brought a godless communist ideology to its knees. Now they want the Polish nation to adopt immigration policies that would destroy the nation state from within. What lunacy!

No one can blame the Poles or the Hungarians for the outright rejection of such ill-conceived impositions. In part that's what Brexit was about, was it not?!? Trump's orders to clamp down on immigration and declare Jerusalem as capital was much to the delight of the Evangelicals that voted him in. And his doing so are but a reflection of rising religious nationalism around the world.

Making Jerusalem capital was music to my ears, how about you?

The sad fact is that religion itself has been the catalyst for an untold number of wars starting from the time of Genesis to the present day. These wars, as well as religious persecutions such as the Spanish Inquisition, have resulted in the deaths of countless millions of people. Not only has religion controlled the population but it's been a massive factor in population control by reducing the population! Our reader mentions something of the activities going on in Central European countries. Remember that there was a 30 year long religious war in this region from 23 May 1618 – 15 May 1648 which killed many millions of people (when Europe had a much smaller population that it has today) and devasated the political scene in Europe at the time and brought about the *Peace of Westphalia* as a means to end the war. The last paragraph of an account of this war at URL: <http://www.history.com/topics/thirty-years-war> states:

After 1630 the role of religion in European politics receded. This was, perhaps, the greatest achievement of the Thirty Years' War, for it thus eliminated a major destabilizing influence in European politics, which had both undermined the internal cohesion of many states and overturned the diplomatic balance of power created during the Renaissance.

Of course, the main function of religion has always been to control the general populace. As one Roman Catholic priest said to me when I was watching the festival of the Black Nazarene in Quiapo, Manila on 9 January 1996: *It's all part of the game.*

One factor that hasn't been mentioned is that religion does in fact provide a good code for living. For example. *The Ten Commandments*. which are the basic rules of any civilised society. Opening up a secular (Godless) society means that the state has to impose it's own rules and control - as per the communist ideology mentioned by our reader, instead of religion imposed rules which are arguably more effective in controlling the people. However, one rule which seems to have escaped the notice of both political and religious leaders is *Thou shalt not kill*. How is it that we have had so many religious wars fought *in the name of God* where this rule is totally ignored? Indeed, the Holy Bible positively encourages this sort of murderous conduct throughout the history of the then known world as described in the Old Testament. In fact we only get as far as the 14th Chapter of the Book of Genesis before war started in which one of God's greatest leaders became involved, Abram (later known as Abraham):

The war was already being waged between a number of kings:

[14:14 to 20] When Abram heard that his nephew had been taken captive, he led forth his trained men, born in his house, three hundred eighteen of them, and went in pursuit as far as Dan. He divided his forces against them by night, he and his servants, and routed them and pursued them to Hobah, north of Damascus.

Then he brought back all the goods, and also brought back his nephew Lot with his goods, and the women and the people. After his return from the defeat of Chedorlaomer and the kings who were with him, the king of Sodom went out to meet him at the Valley of Shaveh (that is, the King's Valley). And King Melchizedek of Salem brought out bread and wine; he was priest of God Most High. He blessed him and said, "Blessed be Abram by God Most High, maker of heaven and earth; and blessed be God Most High, who has delivered your enemies into your hand!" And Abram gave him one tenth of everything.

Of course, I am aware that the Ten Commandments weren't published until the next book of the Bible, Exodus, when, according to Exodus 20:1–17 this constitutes God's first recitation and inscription of the ten commandments on two tablets of stone, which Moses (who is considered by many to be the writer / compiler of the first five books of the Holy Bible - even though he wasn't around during the time of Genesis) broke in anger because of the behaviour of his rebellious nation whilst he was away on the mountain receiving the commandments. These were later rewritten on replacement stones and placed in the ark of the covenant. However, this didn't bring about an end to wars, particularly religious wars; they have continued to this day.

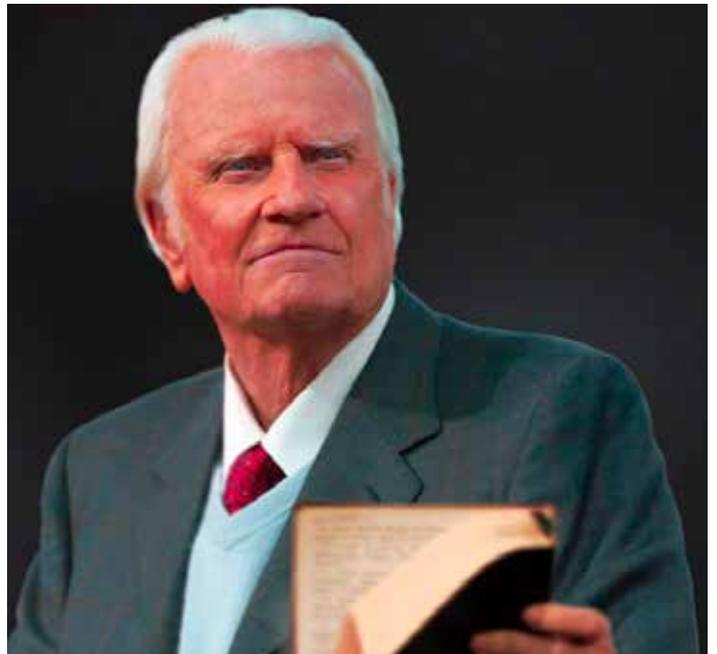
It will be interesting to see what happens regarding the events described by our reader. Will the events in Europe bring about more conflict - another revolution? Will there be a war between the religions of Islam and Judaism over the State of Israel regarding the holy city of Jerusalem?

As I stated earlier, religion does in fact provide a good code for living - apart from being the catalyst of major religious wars! Unfortunately this fact has been largely ignored by the secularists - our evil leaders. This has meant that *man-made* rather than *God-made* rules for living have crept into modern society to the detriment of us all. We now have a body of atheists ruling our planet, particularly Europe, and imposing their own rules on society which, in many cases, go against those which generations of religious teachings have given us - abortion for one, as mentioned at length in the last newsletter. This is why there is so much unrest and why there has been such a revival of traditional religious beliefs and culture in the countries of central Europe so long ruled by atheist communist leaders. In general, I believe people would rather be governed by their religious beliefs and the code of living they provide than by evil atheists. But will this result in yet more wars?

Our reader who kindly gave us his thoughts also brought to my attention the work of Dr. Steve Turley who has expressed his thoughts regarding the Poland / Hungary alliance against the European Union on YouTube:

I might add that I know nothing whatsoever about Dr. Turley, but thought his talk on this topic may be of interest.

Click here to listen to Dr. Steve Turley



This month brought us the sad news that Dr. Billy Graham, the world famous evangelist has passed away at the age of 99. What a sad loss to the world this is. He was probably the most highly respected preacher the world has ever known and highly regarded by many US Presidents. In fact, during his lifetime, Billy Graham met with 13 U.S. presidents. Commonly known as the “pastor to presidents,” many of the nation’s leaders looked to him for spiritual guidance and prayer, and thought of him as a good friend. Since his passing, numerous presidents have expressed their condolences. And not only Presidents; but our Queen too, of whom he wrote: “No one in Britain has been more cordial toward us than Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II,” Billy Graham wrote in his autobiography, *Just As I Am*. “Almost every occasion I have been with her has been in a warm, informal setting, such as a luncheon or dinner, either alone or with a few family members or other close friends.” Billy Graham’s message will be shared all across the UK—this time through the live stream of his funeral service at 1700 hrs. on March 2nd (Some text and photographs *courtesy of URL: <https://billygraham.org.uk/>*)





View of Windermere from the Bowness Ferry Terminal