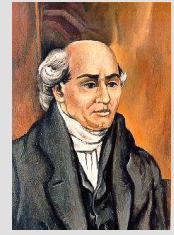


Carey Family NEWSLETTER



Issue thirteen

2007

Editor

Mike Comber



First I would like to thank those who have contributed to this edition of the Carey newsletter. The newsletter does need contributions from you the reader; and I could do with more from you! Also photographs you think would be of interest to others. They will be returned to you when I have scanned them, unless you are able to send them as attachments to emails.

As you will see in the report of the committee meeting held earlier this year there is a suggestion that next year (2008) we have a reunion. We, the committee, think London is the easiest place for members to reach and suggest Friends' House in Euston Road. I enclose a form for members to let the committee know what they think, and whether they would be interested to attend. Unfortunately overseas members would probably be unable to attend, but would be very welcome if they managed to join us. Please either return the form or email me with your details and answers as soon as possible.

I have had the good luck to meet up with a nephew this year who I last met 45 years ago. Chris is the middle son of my sister Margaret, who emigrated to Australia with all her family in 1962. Since that time Pam and I have met up with all Margaret's family either here or in

Australia, or both in most cases, but never Chris. He returned to this country for the first time this year and we had the pleasure of his company along with his partner, Sue, for a week; before they set off for Chris to visit places connected with his childhood in Cornwall. They then went on to visit friends in Wales, Ireland and Scotland; from where they flew home to the centre of Australia. There are two articles by Chris later in the newsletter; one of a meeting with a famous person in Cornwall and the other about his life in the centre of Australia. He is the manager of an aborigine community and Sue works in the office.

When he arrived here he had two presents for us, one a book and DVD on Central Australia; the other a book especially published for S P Carey by Hodder & Stoughton as a present for SPC due to the pride and pleasure the company had in the publication of his work. There is a letter from Sir Ernest Hodder Williams to SPC pasted in the front of the book, dated December 1923, wishing SPC best wishes for Christmas. There were two of these special volumes published and presented to SPC, but I don't know who has the second copy. This one has lots of alterations and notes by SPC and very much his personal copy. He had written on a page at the front that he wanted this copy to go to his first grandchild, who was Margaret, my sister. She decided that she wanted me to have it, so Chris brought it over. After 80 years of use there is some wear and tear, so I have arranged a bookbinder recommended by the Curator of Horsham Museum

CAREY FAMILY ASSOCIATION

Attempt great things for God

1

to repair it. I have also acquired another book that I have wanted for some time that is a copy of Memoir of William Carey DD written by Eustace Carey, Carey's nephew. It was published in Boston, USA in 1836, and had been a library book in the California Baptist Theological Seminary in California. It had last been withdrawn from the library in 1967, as the date due list is still stuck inside the front cover. I think before belonging to the library it had been a privately owned book as there is an Ex Libris sticker in the front saying it belonged to a J Wallace Chesbro. The book has been rebound at some time in its history, but otherwise in good condition. I found it using a website: abebooks.com that is extremely useful for finding both old books and new.

There has been some discussion about the famous Carey saying: 'Attempt great things for God. Expect great things from God'. I was reading a pamphlet by Sunil Chatterjee the other day that put forward the argument that Carey actually only said 'Attempt great things Expect great things'

Most books quoting Carey give the full version though Francis Wayland DD, President of Brown University in the 1830s gives the abbreviated version in his introductory essay in Eustace Carey's book Memoir of William Carey DD. So I think you have to make your own choice as both have the same meaning in the end.

Chairman

Ruth Wrigley



Greetings to all our members. The sun is shining and the wind is blowing, whilst the birds are eating their breakfast and giving us such joy to watch them. Yesterday we saw mother duck cross the lawn closely followed by three ducklings when they reached the pond they dis-

appeared and we hope they lived happily together. Our resident family of foxes might not see eye to eye with us on this topic.

I hope no one will be upset by the content of the Nun's prayer (see last page). I have always found

it amusing and full of wisdom. I have just celebrated my seventy-seventh birthday and it is particularly relevant to me. Although I don't feel "that age" whatever one is meant to feel at that age.

A recent event woke me up with a jerk and I told myself to change my ways. My husband Edwin and I have known each other since we were 11yrs old as we both attended the Quaker boarding school (so did Margaret and Mike) at Saffron Walden. The school has a very active Old Scholars Association. Recently we received the annual magazine in which I read that a school friend had died; this saddened me greatly. I had last seen Renate at an Old Scholars reunion, it was lovely to see her again and I made up my mind to visit her as we both live on the South Coast; but now with the news in the magazine I am too late. I phoned Malcolm, Renate's husband, and had a chat with him. We had a special connection with Renate and Malcolm and a motor bike. At one point the three of us met together in Cambridge. I had a teaching post there, due to finish as Edwin and I were marrying that August, Renate and Malcolm recently married were living in Cambridge. At this time I had a beloved motorbike which had carried me all over the country and I regarded as a special friend; but Edwin persuaded me to sell it. As a quarter of all admissions to the hospital where he was working were from motor cycle accidents. As Malcolm wanted a motorbike I told him I had such an item for sale. He had a trial run; he liked the machine and bought it. This they used for three years before buying a car.

Now I want all to know that I was only able to buy the bike initially because Grandpa (S P Carey) left each grandchild a gift of money so that enabled me to buy my first bike. A B.S.A. Bantam two stroke which I rode all over the U.K. but it was a vehicle that would not easily carry a passenger particularly when travelling up hill; sometimes the passenger had to get off and walk uphill. Eventually I changed it for a more powerful vehicle which was grand to ride.

One of my habits, developed over the years, is liking to visit houses I have lived in as a family if we chance to be nearby. Edwin does not approve of this but I have yet to visit anyone who has not seemed sympathetic to my visit. I have not been

back to 7 Hilltop Rd, Reigate Surrey, where our family first lived before the war; I hope to do so one day.

I wanted to visit, 9 Hatcher Street Dawlish, it was here that Grandpa lived with his three step sisters. It so happened that we were close to Dawlish on our last Devon trip and we had time to spare. When we reached Dawlish we parked near the railway line for old time's sake. I had to check that the beach was accessible from the road under the railway line; it was unaltered as was the railway line. In due course we found Hatcher Street, knocked on the door of no 9. To my delight a lovely lady opened the door and I explained who I was and why I had come. We were welcomed in like long lost friends; quite wonderful. It was a very extraordinary feeling being in the house where I had last been about fifty-seven years ago; of course the decor was changed and other changes had been made; but the front room where grandpa slept and did his work (for he was working on his book John's Jesus) until he died, had a special atmosphere about it

Madeline, the owner of the house had been doing some work in the garden and had only just unearthed a very heavy concrete plant pot which she suggested might be grandpa's, insisting we brought it home with us. We hope to keep in touch with each other.

The way to heaven is paved with good intentions which are completed to-day if possible and not put off until tomorrow. I hope to live according to these words in the future.

Committee Meeting report

Sally Edwards

CFA Committee meeting March 31, 2007

Present:

Kay Carey, David Allen, Jeremy Taylor, Mike Comber, Sally Edwards, Barry Eliades

Apologies:

Ruth Wrigley

Keith Farrer, author of the latest book on Carey, 'William Carey: Missionary and Botanist', has asked for the newsletter to be sent to him.

The committee will decide a complementary list for those who will receive newsletters who are not

fully paid up members. Mike will invoice CFA for additional newsletters.

Discussion about a reunion in London – Spring 2008. Membership will be consulted. Mike will put information in the Newsletter with a reply slip. Barry is developing a website and suggested invitations could be put there.

£500 will be sent to Serampore. Last year Dr Lal made three suggestions and we chose supporting staff salaries. Consideration was given to Dr Lal's last year's email where he mentioned the upkeep of the Carey Library. We will suggest the donation this year will be for upkeep/maintenance of the Library as Dr Lal sees fit.

Barry put forward the idea of some of the Library books being captured digitally to be made available not only to members of the college but also to a wider public.

Newsletter and Family Tree:

Mike said the Newsletter will come out later in 2007. He asks for more articles. Keith Farrer will be asked to put in something about the research for his book, 'William Carey: Missionary and Botanist'.

Website:

Barry has registered 2 domains: careyassociation.com and careyassociation.org. Barry shared the website as far as he has taken it. He will build it with photos, pictures, information, and family tree. It will not give any personal information.

Anne Savage (father, Brenton Carey) advised the committee of a conservation plaque in Nottingham which was in place, but now removed. This was a commemorative plaque for William Carey and a map to show where he preached his famous sermon in the Baptist Church in 1792 that led to the formation of the BMS. We would like to be able to tell the membership of the plaque when they visit Nottingham. Suggestion that this is coordinated with the BMS.

Carey Baptist Grammar School in Australia has sent Mike their magazine and it was made available to the committee

The 'Carey Hymn': there are suggestions it may be more modern than one written by S P Carey's brother William – it may have been written by E. Leslie Wenger in 1938. There are other hymns written by WC's great-grandson, William Carey.

There is also list of books in the Carey Library at Serampore at Regents Park College, Oxford.

It is still possible to get copies of the biography of Dorothy Carey as it is being republished.

The CFA has been in existence for 14 years since the first meeting of Kay, Sally, Yvonne Gladwell (Sally's mother) and Rosalind Mead at Charing Cross Hotel.

CFA Membership and Treasurer's Report

David Allen

We currently have 46 individual members on our books. Three new members joined during the past year – two in the UK (Shally Hunt and Penny Wadsworth) and one in Australia (Robert McKenna). Our oldest member, Jessie Ridge, has died at the age of 103 and Daphne Watkins has resigned. We also continue to have two institutional members – the Carey Baptist Grammar School, of Kew, Victoria, Australia, and the William Carey College, of Mississippi, USA.

At the time of the Committee meeting which was held on 31st March 2007 we had a bank balance of £860 compared with £1040 twelve months before. The cost of the Newsletter last year was £94.08 compared with £66.63 for the previous issue.

It was agreed by the Committee that the Association should again donate £500 to Serampore College in furtherance of one of our stated aims of "donating funds to Serampore College out of any surplus from our subscriptions after running costs". We requested that the donation should be put towards the cost of maintaining the Carey Library and Research Centre and this will be done by the College.

Comings and goings

Jeremy Taylor's son and daughter in law had triplets on 31st July 2006 (see photo).

He says that all are doing well, but at the time Antony and Louise – the proud parents – were not getting much sleep! Let's hope things are improving now. Well done both parents.



Imogen, Annabel and Olivia with their parents

As noted elsewhere Jessie Ridge died at the age of 103 in December 2006.

Young William Shepherd was christened in March this year (see photo, he's the one in the pram!).



It happened in Cornwall

Chris Moon (in an email to Pam & Mike Comber)

A little story from our holiday that you may appreciate. Sue and I were in Plymouth looking for something to do and decided to take a ferry to Cawsand. (A place just over the River Tamar in Cornwall) The ferry is basically a converted fishing boat that takes about 10 people. We were the only passengers and as we approached Cawsand the skipper asked if we had travelled across to meet Prince Charles. We laughed and said that it would

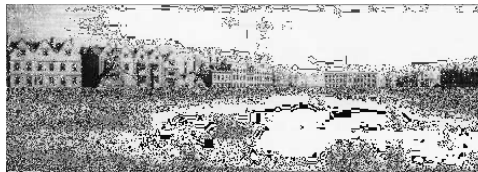
be appropriate for him to personally welcome me back to Cornwall, me being away for so long and he being the Duke of Cornwall or whatever he is. As we walked around the fishing village it did appear that something was going on as the police came through with sniffer dogs and checked shops, alleys, etc; so we asked and sure enough we were told that Charles was definitely coming, so we decided to wait around to see what the fuss was all about. We were told his intended route and decided to camp ourselves in an alley near a building that he was scheduled to visit and unveil a plaque. As we nested in the doorway of a building the police came down and endeavoured to push everyone back so I said to Sue to hold back and be the last to move which meant that as the police finally moved us we kept to the wall and ended up standing next to the stairway that Charlie had to climb to enter the building. This also meant that he had to walk right up to us and pass us to enter. Down came the entourage and sure enough Charles ended up standing in front of me and was shaking my hand when I told him that I had travelled all the way from Australia to meet him, I also told him that I had left Cornwall 45 years ago and that this was my first day back in the place, so he welcomed me back and we had a chat for a few minutes about what we were doing etc. I don't know what the protocols are but I asked him if he would mind me taking his photo to which he replied "Why not" and stepped back in a pose so that I could get a good snap. I thanked him and off he went but then another hand came out to be shook and this time it was Camilla, who I hadn't even thought of. I turned on the charm and said "Camilla, you are looking particularly beautiful today" this made her blush and I asked if I could take her photo as well, so she also stood back and posed for me. There were all sorts of comments from the people standing around about how I had asked them to pose etc and one of the journalist's asked about what we were talking about etc (naturally I told him that Charlie and I were old friends!) I am certainly a royalist but do remember telling you that I thought that the Royal Family should have been making a special effort particularly, and the Queen could not meet us for morning tea, so I feel the meeting with Charles and Camilla was appropriate.

The Old Market Square

Nottingham

Ann Savage

When William Carey came to Nottingham in May 1792, he stayed at the Angel in Long Row by the north-west corner of the wide Market Square.

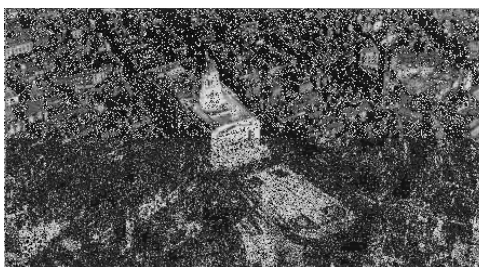


1740 Market Square looking towards the 'New Change'

He gave his famous sermon at the Baptist Chapel in nearby Friar Lane on 30th May. Sadly, the Chapel and the Angel have been demolished but the roads and the Market Square are still there.

The Market Square is one of the largest in Europe and in William Carey's time it was used for markets, fairs and large meetings and there was an Exchange building known as 'New Change' on the east side.

In 1929 a new Council House was built replacing the Exchange and sunken gardens were made in the square with ponds, fountains, and steps. This was opened by Edward, Prince of Wales, later Edward VIII on 22nd May 1929.



The Council House and Sunken Gardens About 1929

A few years ago it was decided to change the square again. Unfortunately, the attractive sunken gardens gave little room for large gatherings and markets. The new design brought back the wide open space as in William Carey's time.

It also included fountains and a waterfall at the west end. Tonnes of earth were brought in to fill in the sunken gardens then the square was levelled and paved and raised flower beds were planted by

the Scouts and Guides on the north side. The alterations which took one and half years were completed in March 2007 and cost eight million pounds. Some people were sorry to lose the sunken gardens though others liked the open space.



The new Square looking to the Council House

The new 'Old Market Square' was opened by Princess Anne on 3rd April 2007.



My husband, John, and grandchildren, Emma, aged 8, and William, nearly 6, watched the Princess accompanied by the Lord Mayor and Sheriff of Nottingham spend half an hour meeting representatives of the armed

forces and local organisations and the architect in the square. Princess Anne then unveiled a plaque. It was a first royal visit for our grandchildren and there was great excitement.



William and Emma by the plaque

On 22nd April 2007 the centenary of the Scout movement was celebrated in the square. The Nottingham Scouts formed a large number 100 and

our grandson, William, a new Nottingham Beaver took part.

There were also various events including concerts and a firework display which marked the completion of the new 'Old Market Square'.

Report about Carey Grammar School Melbourne

Much of the ethos of the school seems about caring and as part of this a group of year 10 and 11 students plus two staff members headed for Tanzania in November 2006. For the previous 18 months the students had worked in part time jobs and various money making projects to raise funds for the trip. They spent a month in Tanzania a part of which was spent hiking in the Livingstone Mountain Range and travelled through regions rarely visited by tourists.



Cooling off by a mountain stream

They were surprised to find so few beggars until they realised that with everyone so poor, no-one could have shared with the beggars.

Their main purpose was to work in a poor community school, the Lundamatwe School pictured in the accompanying photos.



Matthew Cox with boys from the school

Here they gave English lessons to classes of 65, painted and repaired doors, window frames, blackboards and 55 desks and chairs; at the same time becoming friends with the children in the school.

Stephanie Andrews with a group from the school



Diseases from dirty or polluted water make many children very ill; sadly, the school had the water pump from the well stolen, and since their return to Australia the group have been working to raise funds to replace the pump and to supply a shelter for the school playground, where there is no shelter from the hot sun whether natural or manmade. They hope also to send educational materials and play equipment that the school itself cannot afford, apart from a stick of chalk per classroom.

Several of the group wish to return to Tanzania and continue to work with a village community.

Managing an Aboriginal Community

Chris Moon

So I manage a remote Aboriginal Community, what does that entail? Most people I meet and describe my job to assume that we are missionaries but this is far from the truth. Whilst we give credit to some of the work of previous missionaries, we also have many problems that stem from the aspects of life that missionaries introduced into the Aborigine's life.

The community that I manage, 'Warakurna' is located some 800 kms from the nearest town of Alice Springs, 350 kms west of Yulara (Ayers Rock) just inside the Western Australia border at the same location as the Giles weather station.

The nearest Western Australia town is Kalgoorlie which is 1200 kms west of us.



Aerial view of the Community



Feral camels. They do much damage in the desert. They foul water holes and

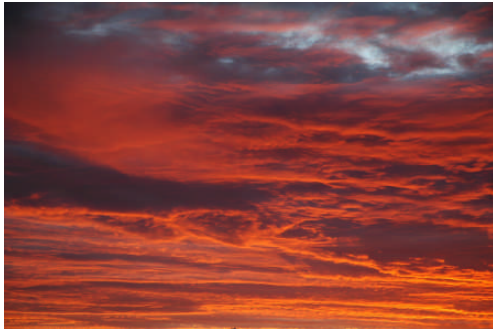
eat large amounts of vegetation.

The community is inhabited by about 160 of the Western desert people from the Ngaanyatjarra tribes. These are the most primitive Aboriginal people of Australia with most of them having their first interaction with white people during the 1950's as the British Atomic testing facility was being established at Maralinga. These people were moved out of the desert to avoid any radiation from the tests plus it was recognized that during these years massive droughts were evident through central Australia causing many of the nomadic people to move towards established missions such as the Warburton mission in Western Australia. Still people missed from the early evacuations drifted into some of the other communities as late as 1998 and we have people living in our community that were living their traditional lifestyle as late as 20-30 years ago.

The communities were mostly established during the late 1970's into the 1980's as

governments recognized that these people wanted components of their traditional lifestyles.

Warakurna is a typical community in as much as it has a range of services and staff available to ensure the community functions as a western style habitat but that the aborigines have a chance to maintain their traditional cultures.



Sunset over the range at the back of Chris' house

The community has a school, general store, clinic, workshops, swimming pool, recreation grounds, community hall, cemetery, Communication centre (TV & radio), administration office, art centre, playgroup, airstrip, 36 houses allocated to the indigenous people and 16 houses allocated to staff. The community recently saw the opening of a multi functional police facility with 3 full time police officers. The facility is multi functional as eventually it will house people from interstate quarantine services plus justice and welfare agencies.

The facilities that the communities don't have include public transport, library, restaurants, choice of shops, banks, post office, welfare agencies, secondary education facilities, dentists, medical specialists, hairdressers, fresh produce and many other services taken for granted in most places.

The roads to Ayres rock and Laverton are not sealed so hazardous driving on gravel roads for 350 and 800 kms respectively.

The community invested funds into a roadhouse that provides service to the tourists and passerby's travelling on the Great Central highway running from Ayres Rock in the East to Laverton in the West.

The community, like all aboriginal communities, has many challenges with attracting recurrent funding, managing community member expectations,



Chris walking in typical bush country

frustrations, substance abuse, conflicts, poverty and all the usual problems that exist in most communities aboriginal or otherwise but perhaps are not as visual as they are in the aboriginal communities. Ultimately our job is to train and prepare the aboriginal people to eventually take over their own community management however this is a goal that could be one of two decades away still.

In the interim I see my job to manage the financial aspects of the community, encourage, mentor and resource all the staff. Train the aborigines with governance, management, recruitment and sustainable policies, promoting pride plus positive outcomes at the same time respecting their culture and endeavouring to have them retain the cultural aspects of their lives that are important.

I live on the community with my partner, Sue who works in the administration office as the office manager and who is most definitely my best friend, counsellor and sanity control officer.

The job is definitely the most frustrating and challenging role that I have ever taken and the attrition rate amongst staff is high, however the job and country has rewards and whilst I won't be doing this role for the rest of my working life (it is most definitely not a career path) the past four years working on the communities has been an amazing experience that I would recommend to others and would not have missed for the proverbial quid's.

A meeting with Dr Lalchungnunga

Kay Carey

I recently had the pleasure of meeting Dr Lalchungnunga again when he was in the UK. We met at Regent's Park College in Oxford. I was amazed to realise that it was seven years since we had last met and I was glad to see that Dr Lal was looking well as he had angioplasty in 2006. We talked, of course, about Serampore, and Dr Lal mentioned the constant need to spend money on the ageing buildings. The leaking roof of the theology hostel had been repaired and the outside colourwashed so it now looks much smarter. I asked about the mahogany tree near the main gate which had been uprooted in a storm and which had, fortunately, fallen away from the Carey Library. Dr Lal said that the other four trees, all of which had been planted by William Carey, had been checked and were deemed safe for many more years. When I mentioned the Carey Library Dr Lal said that they were urgently in need of money to repair the air conditioning in order to keep the books in good condition but they also needed money for the maintenance of St Olave's Church where they worship every Sunday. I asked, also, about the Cheshire Home which is just down the road from the College and which Michael and I had visited. Some of the College students from the theology department regularly visit the patients. I was delighted when Dr Lal said that last Christmas they had managed to transport a number of the patients to the College for Christmas celebrations. It must have been a wonderful treat for them.

Some thoughts on the character of William Carey

Taken from an Introductory Essay written by Francis Wayland DD President of Brown University to the book 'Memoir of William Carey DD' by Eustace Carey.

In the intellectual character of Dr Carey, there were none of the elements of what is commonly spoken of, under the appellation of genius. His understanding was strong and clear. His power of acquiring language was great,

and his taste for physical science decisive. He was said to be almost destitute of imagination. In rich intellectual endowments, therefore, he was not peculiarly distinguished. The secret of his power resided in energy of will, in indomitable perseverance, and in unconquerable resolution. Hence, whatever he possessed, he used to the uttermost; and, by so using, he every day made it greater. In this, more than in anything else, he differed from other men. Without this, he would have sunk into the common level, and have been scarcely known out of his native village. By means of it, he made himself one of the first men of his age, and has sent abroad an influence, which will continue to increase with every year of our world's duration.

He seems to have had a tolerably correct estimate of his own character. To his nephew he said, "Eustace, you may know by this, whether what they say of me is true. If they say I am a plodder, it is true. I have no genius, but I can plod."

.....

Whenever Dr Carey saw a work to be done, without any peculiar mental excitation, or any pompous flourish of trumpets, he resolutely set himself to accomplish it. Without complaining of difficulties, or bemoaning the want of sympathy, he laboured at it as a daily avocation.

....

Dr Carey possessed, also, in a remarkable degree, a childlike simplicity of character, and, also, that which is commonly united with it, a stern and uncompromising moral integrity. Concealment was apparently out of his power. It seemed as though nature had rendered him incapable of anything other than perfect transparent openness of purpose.

....

The temper of Dr Carey was kind, and his habit that of uniform cheerfulness. Though never enthusiastic, he seems to have been rarely desponding. This happy equanimity was of great importance to the accomplishment of the vast labours which devolved upon him.

....

Another fact to be remarked in Dr Carey, was his unwearied diligence and most scrupulous

employment of every moment of his time, to the purposes to which he had consecrated it. He would scarcely allow himself to write a letter, unless it was demanded by an imperative call of duty. Early and late, he was at his table, with his pundits; and we are given to understand, that his powers of labour were so great, as to consume the strength of three of them incessantly.

How I wrote a book about William Carey

Keith Farrer

Mike Comber has suggested that I write something about how I came to write this book. To do that I have to go back to my school days at Carey Baptist Grammar School, then a small day and boarding school for boys established in 1923 on the pattern of an English minor Public School. It is now one of Australia's leading independent schools; a very big co-educational Christian day school with international connections. Every student knows, as I did, that Carey was a missionary of stature and a linguist of genius, and every year, on the Wednesday closest to Carey's birthday in August, special assemblies of Middle and Senior Schools celebrate Carey Day; but no one else has mentioned Carey's botany.

To my shame, I had not read very much about William Carey. When I was about thirteen I received a young person's biography of him as a Sunday School prize, but, as can be imagined, that was a 'missionary biography'. What, then, prompted all my recent interest?

In 1993 the Indian Post Office issued a stamp commemorating the bicentenary of Carey's arrival in India and I realized with a start that I had better have another look at Carey. So, I began to read, and altogether I have read twelve biographies of him. Only a few study him in depth and none probes his botanical contributions. Samuel Pearce Carey devotes a chapter to Carey's horticulture, but not his botany, and notes that he was a Fellow of the Linnean Society. This was my clue and I wrote to the Society to find who nominated him. That would tell me about his standing in the world of botany. From that letter, on three visits to the Society, I had wonderful help from the Archivist, Mrs Gina Douglas, and Carey's considerable contributions began to emerge. At Regents Park

College, Oxford, where the Carey Archive is kept, the Librarian, Mrs Susan Mills, produced more evidence of Carey's botanical contributions. I did not go to Liverpool, but by telephone, mail and email from Dr John Edmondson, Head of Botany in Liverpool's World Museum and Botanical Secretary of the Linnean Society, provided much crucial information and advice. Eventually, he paid me the considerable compliment of writing the Foreword to the book.

I am not a botanist. Someone else will write the definitive account of Carey's botanical work. Therefore, as other information emerged from the scientific literature, I have been at pains to include the references. I have, however, found out enough to show that Carey was not 'just a missionary' and that the students at Carey B.G.S., and others, should know about this great man's considerable contributions to botany and to his adopted country.

THE ROYAL MAUNDY

Jeannette Ellison

This year, 2006, HM the Queen chose Guildford Cathedral to distribute the Royal Maundy. My husband, Bob, and I are worshippers and stewards at Guildford Cathedral and last autumn we were asked to help with the arrangements for the Maundy Service. For security purposes, the Queen's visit to Guildford was to be kept secret until the New Year, but for an event of this magnitude, preparations are begun months in advance. Our main tasks would be to be responsible for the allocation of tickets and seating for the event.

The distribution of alms and the washing of feet on the Thursday of Holy Week can be traced back with certainty to the reign of King Edward 1 and since 1953 the Ceremony has taken place either in Westminster Abbey or at a different Cathedral each year. The act of washing the feet was discontinued about 1730, but as a symbol of this ancient custom, the Lord High Almoner and his assistants still wear linen towels and they and the four Children of the Royal Almonry (this year chosen from Church schools within the Diocese of Guildford) all carry herb nosegays.

From the fifteenth century, the number of recipients of the Maundy Money has been related to the

years of the Sovereign's life. Thus, in Guildford, there were eighty men and eighty women recipients. They were all aged over seventy and had been selected because of the Christian service they had given to the Church and the community. One of the recipients was the uncle of my brother-in-law, John Savage a member of the CFA. During the distribution, the Queen walks to each recipient giving each two leather purses, one red and one white. The tradition is for the red purse to contain an allowance for food and clothing, and this year it contained a newly minted five pound coin plus a fifty pence piece marking the 150th anniversary of the Victoria Cross. The white purse contains the special silver Maundy coins, newly minted each year, in values of one, two, three, and four penny pieces, so this year the white purse contained eighty pence in Maundy coins.

The Sovereign is always attended by her own choir, the Chapel Royal Choir, at the Royal Maundy and with this choir augmenting all the choirs of Guildford Cathedral, the choral singing at the service was magnificent and the music, which included trumpet fanfares, was uplifting. The Queen's bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard also plays an important part in the service. Six of the Yeomen carried special alms dishes containing the purses on their heads.



Maundy Thursday, the Thirteenth of April, dawned bright and clear. There were swarms of police around the Cathedral and, following security checking and sniffer dogs the previous evening, there had been a police presence at

the Cathedral all night. When we arrived at 07.45 the approach roads were being cleared of litter and the A3 had miraculously lost its cones and evidence of road works!

The Cathedral was spotless and the flower arrangements were beautiful. The chairs in the nave had been turned round to face North and South and were arranged in blocks. The recipients would be sitting facing the centre aisle and the North and South aisles, so the Queen would effectively be walking around the Cathedral twice during the distribution and most people would get an excellent view of her. In all, the Cathedral could seat 1263 people.

Everyone who entered the cathedral that day had been security checked and they were meticulously checked again at the door, before they were allowed into the building. All fortunately went like clockwork and everyone was seated by 10.10, for the processions to begin at 10.20. The most colourful of these was the procession of the Yeomen of the Guard who were resplendent in their red and gold.

Everything was timed to the second and the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at 10.50 to be met by the Dean and Members of the Chapter at the West Door. The Queen looked lovely in a cream outfit. The service was extremely moving and full of pomp and pageantry. There were wonderful hymns, anthems, prayers, and readings. The Duke of Edinburgh read one lesson with great sincerity. But, of course, the main part of the service was the distribution of alms when Her Majesty gave the purses to each recipient.



After the service, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were met on the Cathedral steps by

eighty school children chosen from schools in the diocese. They then went to a short reception at the Deanery, before being driven into the centre of Guildford for lunch with the Mayor and guests at the Guildhall.

I felt it to be a great privilege to be involved with the organisation of an occasion such as the Royal Maundy and I know I shall remember the day for a long time to come. I think my most abiding memory of the event will be the excitement of the recipients and the delight on their faces, because, after all, it was their day.

Mary Carey

From 'Great Baptist Women'

The Carey Kingsgate Press

Second part

A LIFE OF SUFFERING

THE outward events of Mary Carey's life are few and painful. Born in 1765 - she was five years younger than William - she was paralysed at 24, and from then on could write only with the greatest difficulty. 'Such is my weakness', she wrote, 'that when I begin to write, I am obliged to keep my head just in one position.' Yet such was her devotion to her brother and his family that she lost no opportunity of writing them long and detailed accounts of life at home in Paulerspury whenever there was any means of transmitting news through friends or relatives visiting London, and thence to India. How much these letters meant to Carey in his remote outpost can be seen from his dejection when mail failed to get through in the early days of his settlement. And even if, as he became more established in his work, especially as Principal of Serampore, the links with home became fewer and perhaps weaker, there is no doubt that he cherished to the end those forged by the constant affection and fidelity of his beloved Mary. During the whole of Carey's life in India she was his 'eyes' focused upon the scene at home. By her 'conversing', as she loved to call it, she kept him in touch with all the family affairs, and at the same time revealed through her letters her own radiant faith and an observant mind, tempered by shrewd common sense.

For many years she was unable to speak, and although her speech returned for a short time after

an attack of smallpox from which she was not expected to recover, it went again, never to come back. Only through her pen, painfully and laboriously wielded (for her right arm was her only limb not affected by paralysis), could she give expression to her love of her family and her keen interest in the world around - thoughts and emotions which would otherwise have had to remain unuttered. In the light of these considerations one can perhaps better grasp the full significance of her letters which might, on first sight, appear garrulous and at times even a little tedious, with her constant repetition of certain ideas, such as her desire not to be a burden upon her sister who had enough to do without having to support the added responsibility of an incurable invalid.

Her elder sister, Ann, and her husband, William Hobson, in spite of their family of seven, made room for Mary, and Ann continued to mother her to the end of her days. The two

sisters had been baptised together in 1783 in the river Tove by Carey's friend, Thomas Skinner, of Towcester, as a direct result of their brother's influence, although Mary was actually brought to a decision by the preaching of Thomas Scott, who had himself deeply influenced Carey during his years in the service of Thomas Old, of Hackleton. Like her elder brother, Ann travailed long with the desire to win a soul for Christ, and eventually won her husband. His willingness thereafter to open their farm kitchen for the preaching of the Gospel brought down upon the little family the wrath of their landlord, Sir James Langham, a firm adherent to the teachings of the Established Church. After the death of William Hobson, of which Mary gave a full account to her brother in a letter of 16th May, 1816, Sir James evicted his widow and her family 'because ours is a conspicuous family and we have such influence it drives others from the Establishment'. 'I wish we may be more conspicuous for God as a family and individually', Mary added. The local Rector, who had persuaded her to write to Sir James stating her own case and her sister's, tried to persuade Ann to compromise by attending the church, 'Tho he said he was the last that wished to interfere about matters of conscience, yet he thought it might be right in this case.' 'Sister', Mary writes to Carey, 'chuses to

fall into the hand of God. She as [sic] proved his faithfulness - but Sir James she as not.'

To the distress caused by their eviction was added the further sorrow of the death of their beloved father, aged eighty-one, who had hoped to join his two daughters and share their home, however much it was at that time threatened by their enemies. The sisters remained unshaken in their simple faith, and Mary's letters at the time reflect an ever deepening awareness of the goodness of God, even in the midst of adversity. Their plight was somewhat relieved by the kindness of other members of the family, notably Carey himself, and Ann's daughter, Phebe, who contributed what they could, especially to the support of Mary, and her gratitude to them runs through her letters as a constant refrain.

Shelagh Stannard's biography

Part four

In India the poor are so dreadfully poor that they have to borrow money for such things as sickness in the family, a dowry for a daughter or for a decent wedding, so the only person they can go to for a loan is a moneylender. He is called Agha, which is a term of respect, and he is usually an Afghan. He will charge an exorbitant interest - indeed the unfortunate borrower will be paying for his loan for many years and in some cases his children will have to take on his debt after he dies. These moneylenders are usually very tall and well dressed and imposing in voluminous white trousers, white shirt and over this a colourful embroidered waistcoat, topped by a beautiful starched white turban. In his hand he would carry a lathi or long wooden staff with which he would have no compunction in beating a hapless debtor if he didn't pay up. Here is an amusing story about one of these men. One day we discovered that a swarm of honey bees had settled themselves in one of our trees, so we sent a servant to fetch the local bee keeper to remove them. This man scorns the wearing of all the protective clothing that a western bee man would consider essential. All this chap does is strip to the skin except for a loin cloth and armed with a bunch of mouldering green leaves giving off thick smoke, he climbs up the tree, with a container of some sort to put the honey comb in, and then comes down quite

unharmd. During this operation all of us and the servants would retreat into the house and shut the doors and windows until it was safe to come out. On this particular day we had shut ourselves safely indoors and were watching the bee keeper climbing the tree; he had removed the comb and was about to collect the bees to take away, when who should come swaggering down the road but the local moneylender! Mother told the servants to shout a warning to the man but after giving each other meaningful looks they remained silent. When the hive was removed the incensed bees looked around for someone or something to vent their spite on - they spotted the only moving target in sight, the moneylender; off they rushed at him and the last we saw was his fleeing figure discarding bits of clothing as he ran surrounded by a cloud of infuriated insects! The servants were absolutely delighted!

All the houses we lived in had their resident guests of Geckos living on the walls. These are small harmless lizards which are very useful and they eat up all sorts of insects, including mosquitoes which are such a pest. They had a peculiar call which could be written down as 'tch-tch-tch-tch' and the local legend has it that they make this sound whenever they hear someone telling a lie. If anything tries to attack one of these creatures it will suddenly jettison its tail and dash off leaving the wriggling appendage behind to distract the predator; in time it will grow another one. Mosquitoes were a terrible problem in most parts of India, not only for their itching bites but also for the Malaria that the anopheles variety carries. It is possible to spot the ordinary 'mossie' from the nasty one by the way it sits. The virulent one will stand out at almost right angles to the surface it's on and the ordinary one will sit down flat. Len and I had our share of Malaria but, thank goodness, it was the benign tertian type; we were doused with all the usual medicines and eventually got rid of it - but it is a very unpleasant complaint. Normally the mossies come out at night but if they are particularly ravenous they will bite by day. An effective way to keep them at bay was to light a slow burning fuse which gave off a smelly smoke which they didn't like. In the evenings, before it got dark the bearer would go round to all our beds and pull down the mosquito nets and tuck them under the mattresses so that the insects couldn't get inside.

We were very fortunate in always having large gardens wherever we lived. On one occasion our house was the last one in the row and beside us there was a vast expanse of unoccupied land belonging to the Railways, so father asked them if he could lay out a golf course. They agreed, and with the help of a squad of coolies, he made a reasonably good 9 hole course which was a blessing when visiting VIP's had to be entertained. Sometimes my sister and I would come home from a dance at about 5 a.m, bath and change, have breakfast and go out for a round of golf! We grew all sorts of exotic trees in our gardens, such as Mango, Lychee, Banana, Pawpaw, Lime, Lemon, Orange and Grapefruit, and if one was lucky, a beautiful Flame of the Forest tree, which is a mass of orange flowers for several weeks of the year. We might also, have a Frangipanni which has an exquisite scent The flowers are used for making garlands along with jasmine and marigolds and many others. A walk in the local flower market is a wondrous sight; great heaps of flowers which, even in the hottest weather, always look fresh because the shopkeepers keep spraying them with water - so the whole place is cool and scented. I think my favourite tropical tree must be the Cotton tree; it is a very big one, covered in large red flowers which look as if they are made of wax. When the flowers drop a pod forms which in time bursts open to release a bundle of white fibre called kapok. We used to collect this cotton and use it to stuff our pillows and cushions. I still have a pillow filled with this that I've carried around with me all these years! The fruit trees, notably the Mango, were very popular with the fruit bats which could empty a tree of all its fruit overnight, if one didn't hire a guard to sit under the tree all night to frighten off unwanted guests! The bats, or flying foxes as we used to call them, were most attractive creatures, with faces that were dog or fox like, certainly not like true bats which are hideous (sorry bats!). They made lovely pets, but as they are night creatures, you can guess, it's a bit difficult. Talking of bats; real bats I mean, very often these wretched little animals would take a wrong turning and get into the house and then would start the tiresome task of trying to get them out. The best way was by turning off all lights and opening all doors and

windows, hoping that the night light outside would lure them out. If, however, they refused to go I am ashamed to confess that we used to take our tennis rackets to them, first of all tying up our hair in handkerchiefs in case they got entangled in it - we killed dozens!

When I was about twelve years old my father's uncle, John Wood, came to stay with us. He was in his eighties and mother wasn't at all pleased about it. However fate took a hand and the poor old chap developed Tuberculosis and had to be put into hospital where he died some months later. He left me and my sister a small legacy of a few thousand Rupees which we were to receive when we reached the age of 21. Father was very cross as he had expected that the money would come to him, so he set about trying to get hold of it. He applied to the High Court asking them to let him have the money now to spend on our education. The Court refused at first but eventually gave in and he got control of it. The costs of the case came out of the legacy unfortunately so with what was left of it mother decided that a trip to England for a few years schooling would be good for us. Early in 1930 preparations were made for the three of us to sail to London. I had to try and find a home for my dear bird Harry, but no one wanted to take him so I had to just leave him with the servants who promised to look after him. I was heartbroken.

We went by train from Calcutta to Colombo in Ceylon, now called Sri Lanka, a journey of about 4 days. A causeway carries the train over the Gulf of Manaar, from India to the island of Ceylon; I think it's called Adam's Bridge, and then on to Colombo, where we embarked on a P&O ship bound for Tilbury Docks, London. I don't remember very much about this sea trip except for being very sea sick on and off. We called at Naples in Italy and had a tour round the town and saw Vesuvius, and visited a museum where artefacts from Pompeii were on show. We arrived at Tilbury on a grey, cold wet morning, all bundled up in our enormous brown coats, feeling like the three bears! After a day sightseeing in London, including Madame Tussauds Chamber of Horrors, we took the train for the Isle of Wight, where my mother had spent a lot of her childhood. From Portsmouth we took the ferry across to Ryde and

then the train again to Shanklin where we stayed in a boarding house called Penrhyn. Now by a strange chance this house had belonged to my mother's family when she was a child, and it was her father who had given it the name Penrhyn! Incidentally, her father, Capt. John Leahy, is buried in a Shanklin cemetery. After a while we left Shanklin and moved to Ryde where we rented a flat in a large block which was once a private house called Wilmington, in Appley Rise. Its extensive lawns led down, via a private gate, to the promenade and boating lake. We used to don our swim suits at home and run down to the beach for a dip in the sea. My sister could swim but I could not and used to keep afloat with one toe on the bottom! After a time in this flat we moved to another one in an annexe. It was wreathed in Wisteria and the scent wafting through the windows in summer was wonderful. Also living in Wilmington at that time was a Mrs Glendenning, mother of the well known sports broadcaster, Raymond Glendenning. She and my mother became quite friendly.

We also lived for a short time in a workman's cottage, not far from the High Street, but it was horrid. My sister and I had to share a double bed; it had a sagging mattress and we used to roll down into the 'dip' which has made us loathe double beds ever since!

When the school year began my sister and I were sent as day scholars to the local Convent. We were good at sport, particularly my sister, she was a good sprinter and won a medal at the Vectis Sports running in a pair of voluminous navy bloomers with her long hair streaming behind her. The nuns allowed her to dispense with her gymslip as it was a very hot day. She had a very sweet voice and sang in the church choir. This reminds me that in our younger days our parents used to bring us out to sing for visitors, we didn't mind it at all but all of a sudden I just could not do it; I don't know what happened but my shyness, was overwhelming. After that whenever I was expected to sing I would just open my mouth and pretend - no sound issuing forth! We played tennis at the Convent playing field at Bembridge and most Sundays we'd walk to Quarr Abbey for Mass. It was so peaceful with the monks singing in plain chant. I was very good at drawing as well as arts and crafts and for

some time had wanted to be either a commercial artist or a hospital nurse. Mother told the art mistress about this and one day she put a large sheet of paper in front of me, put a pencil in my hand and said "draw me a poster"! I hadn't a clue where to start; she told my mother I had no talent, so that was that and it never went any further.

After a year of schooling the family fortunes took a dive again and as I'd reached the school leaving age of 15 I left the Convent. It was about this time that father came to stay with us on 6 months leave from India. He was a very gregarious man and soon found friends including a young nurse from Southsea with whom he formed an association. When he left to go back to India she went with him and, for the sake of propriety, she went as his sister. Needless to say we knew nothing of this for several years. Father and this woman set up home in the house I mentioned before in Amingoan with the thatched roof, on a hill, beside the river, and didn't live happily ever after! As father's sister she was able to do as she pleased and go out with whoever she liked and father couldn't do a thing about it! Eventually after some months, she married a tea planter and at the wedding father as her 'brother' had to give her away! Father was not an evil man as regards women, just a very foolish one. Anyone could spin him a hard luck story and he'd swallow it hook line and sinker. To him all women were truthful, wonderful, innocent creatures who had to be protected and he would go out of his way to do so. Once when he was on duty at Amingoan Station an elderly woman missed her train and as there wasn't another one 'til next day; he brought her home and said to mother 'be a mother to her Gert'. Mother nearly exploded as the old dear was nearly twice her age! On another occasion he brought home a 14 year old girl who said she'd missed her train. She stayed and stayed and after a week or two mother sent her packing. We didn't like her and thought she looked much older than 14, and we couldn't understand why she was wandering about on her own anyway.

Uncle Andrew's Diary

Part two

There are occasional gaps signified as These are where words in the original text could not be deciphered.

Tuesday December 5th

Before we turned out today we heard the good news that she was laying her course and had been favoured by fair wind all night. Got up at 8am had a breakfast of oatmeal porridge or Burgoo (the nautical term for porridge). I feel a little better this morning. It was wet and we therefore could not get on deck. I stayed down in my cabin and had a read but keeping downstairs always makes me worse. I turned into my bunk in the afternoon. Got up to tea, had a chat afterwards. The wind was very high today blowing for a gale, so says the mate, I hope not. Four topsails carried away to ribbons and the main crotch brace, a wire rope 3 inches across, snapped in two with the violence of the wind.

Wednesday December 6th

This has been a red letter day indeed, one I can never forget. It's all over, and now calmly settled in mind I'll try to give an accurate description of it. I had no sleep last night and felt too ill to get up this morning and therefore lay in bed till dinnertime. Dinnertime came but no dinner. Five more sails had been carried off this morning and all hands including cook and carpenter were up aloft bending new sails, and it was blowing a squall so the report came down to us at 12.45pm. Another minute, the Captain lifted up our hatch (for it had been closed and covered as she was shipping such tremendous seas) and shouted down below 'Give us hand lads'. I was in bed, six of our mates went up and the others stayed below. I did not think anything serious was up as the others kept below so stayed in bed. In another second one of them came and shouted 'They are throwing the cargo overboard, more hands'. The others flew upstairs and I sprang from my bunk and slipped into my trousers and followed them but was too late to give any assistance, they had done. It appeared that there was £600 of acid lashed on the deck, combustible and not allowed below. One of the cases containing had burst and liquid fire was oozing out. Eleven cases of them all bid fair for a similar result and so they pitched them overboard.

In throwing one over it exploded and had it been inside the bulwarks instead of outside, the whole ship must have been blown up; as it was it simmered in the sea. The Captain had his face rather burnt through it, and one of the passenger hands. This seemed to make the sea worse and worse and a heavy gale followed, such as none of us will ever forget. Every moment she seemed to want to go under. We were all on deck helping the men to strip the masts the whole of the afternoon. Our berths were all battened down and we were accommodated in the saloon for the night. Every rag of sail was stripped at 2pm. And now nothing more was to be done but loose the portholes and loopholes to try and let the sea out as fast as it washed in and then leave her to her fate. What a grand but awful sight, the suspense and alarm was cruel; every one of us from Captain downwards looked on with awe. The waves were some 50 to 70 feet above our bulwarks. The Bevan is a splendid ship though, so light and buoyant, that instead of taking in all the torrent of a heavy wave would often quickly ride full over and come down again ready for another spring. At 5.30pm the glass rose as rapidly as it had fallen at midday, that the sea and wind were both moderating was visibly and very thankfully seen by all. The first mate, in hauling in the mainsail caught his hand between 2 ropes with the wind blowing terrifically and cut two of his right hand fingers off to the second joint. The force of the gale was 88 miles an hour. We were all well nigh wet through and the skipper made us all have a glass full of Rum and a good meat tea. The first mate who had met with the accident gave us the use of his room all the evening. We persuaded him to go to bed at 11pm much against his will (for he wanted to be on his watch). The Captain gave up his bed to the married couple. The 2nd mate chose me to share his bunk and the other passenger had to lounge on the saloon cushions, after the gale had subsided a fair wind blew and though we had no sails up at the heaving of the log at midnight we were going 7 knots an hour. What a day! Well nigh burnt to death at one minute and almost wrecked at another. Thanks to merciful providence for preserving us in both cases.

Thursday 7th December

After the storm a calm! This is a delightful day, bright and warm, and after a rather disturbed night's rest in the 2nd mates cabin, I feel all the better. Last Thursday I was pretty well and today I feel better than I have since we left the Docks. A fair East wind blew all the morning and we were making favourable progress till noon when it fell considerably and we were only going five and a half knot toward evening. I kept on deck this morning, it was really enjoyable, the first time I have felt the voyage to be a pleasure and today it's really splendid. I have devoted the afternoon to writing this and as I feel so bright and well, I may as well go into detail respecting our surroundings here. I ought to have done so the 2nd or 3rd day but I have not felt inclined even to write till now, but to commence I must say we have the apartment duly allotted for the use of the 2nd class passengers there being no saloon passengers and only two second class. The 2nd class have taken the saloon and we have got the second class portion of the vessel, in fact aft next hold to the poop, the whole of the quarters are about the size, one large square centre and a smaller recess in the left hand corner. This recess is blocked off into 3 bed-rooms or cabins, and the square room is our mess-room, sitting-room, parlour, reading-room and everything else. The mess room consists of a deal fixed table along one side of the room, with a form on either side of it. The centre is filled with the steps or more properly a ladder that forms the descent from the main deck, while on the other side lay our reserve boxes and chests which form a sort of row and serve as a lavatory. The bedrooms are all of a size and numbered one, two, three. Number one is occupied by a young married couple, Mr and Mrs Randall. These are exceptionally nice people, native of Plymouth, and we have dubbed their cabin Devonshire House. Cabin number 2 consists of 4 bunks or beds, two across the cabin, one over the other, and two running alongside of the ship, occupied by Messrs Ainsley, Peck, Mallam and Carey. Mr Ainsley a hotel-keeper of near Dunedin is quite a gentleman and first class company. Mr Peck a sailor and respectfully connected in London, has spent most of his life in New Zealand and is in every respect a jolly fellow slightly addicted to swearing, but that

he is breaking himself of. Mr Mallam, a young fellow age 23, a lawyer's son, is a decent chum, but old and eccentric and almost simple, can enjoy a good joke however, and is very kind and well meant. Mr Carey, well he's too well known to need any further comment. In our cabin we are very lively and happy; we often indulge in discussion and lectures and the cabin is dubbed 'The Bevan Town Hall'. Cabin number 3 has four bunks on exactly the same principle as ours and occupied by Messrs Tyson, Brown, Staples and Logan, of these gentlemen I have little to say, they are most peculiar and unsociable. Mr Tyson is a settler in New Zealand, farmer, middle-aged. Staples and Logan, two farm lads age 20 and 21, apparently friends of Tysons and going out to assist him. Brown is a shade higher, a farmer going out to a brother in Otago, but the only one of the quartet that is at all interesting or agreeable. The whole four hail from Cumberland and we have dubbed their cabin Cumberland House.

Every Monday stores are given out by the mate to the passengers for the week, there being ten of us we have amalgamated into five pairs to take it in turns week by week to take the superintendancy of affairs, two a week, the duty of one being to provide the meals and the duty of the other to clear away and wash up and sweep the mess room daily. The pair whose week it is to cater takes these stores from the mate, consisting of flour, pork, beef, peas, vinegar, salt, sugar, mustard, pepper, pickles, tea biscuits, potted fresh meat, rice, oatmeal, potatoes, currants, salt, raisins, coffee and tea, a limited allowance for each meal and he can do as he likes as long as he makes 3 good meals a day for us all. Messrs Ainsley and Peck of The Bevan Town Hall catered last week and we lived high. Messrs Tyson and Staples of Cumberland House cooked this week and we have had some queer dishes indeed, rather ill-mannered at all events. We have not got on like we did last week perhaps that is owing to the fact that two or three of us hardly ate anything last week while this week we are all picking up. Mealtimes are breakfast 8am, dinner 12 noon, tea at 5pm and no supper, amen!

Committee members

Ruth Wrigley

Sally Edwards

David Allen

Jeremy Taylor

Kay Carey

Mike Comber

Barry Eliades
66 Richmond Rd
Brighton
BN2 3RW
01273 276386
barry@eliades.org

Family trees

If you want a copy of your branch of the Carey Tree then please contact me. Trees cost £5.00 each including postage. For overseas members it will be £6.00. However, if you want the full Jonathan line it will cost you £8.00 or £10.00 for overseas members

Items for the 2008 newsletter

It is always easier if items can be typed, but hand written is better than nothing written; either sent as email attachments or as part of an email.

Get them to me by the beginning of June, if possible. But get them sent even if you think you are too late.

I am interested in almost anything, it doesn't have to be serious or about William Carey. If you are interested then we will be as well.

New book

William Carey: Missionary and Botanist
By Keith Farrer

Available from Mike Comber for UK members at £10 each inclusive of postage.

For overseas members direct from Carey Baptist Grammar School, in Australia.

Email Narelle Gassner address:

She will accept credit card details by email.

The book has been recommended including by Mike.