

THE HOLE IN THE FENCE I was all of 10 3/4. First day at 'Big School'. It was 1952 and England was just getting back to life after the War. So there I was, all on my own, with 20 miles to travel to school. I cycled 2 miles to the station and left my bike at a garage But the train... was full of sailors going back to sign on again in Portsmouth, I couldn't see a free seat as they were sprawled out asleep on the bench seats, No corridors, so I had to wake someone up! Very apologetically one came to and let me sit for the half hour journey. Wow!

Then I had to cross the war ravished bomb sites to reach the High School near the sea front – about a good mile. Buses .. who knew when they ran? Not me, no watch or phone then..so I walked. There I was in my brand new clothes (a first for me ... I was the third child and always wore 'hand me downs') A grey wool skirt, maroon blazer sporting a splendid badge, grey gloves, white socks, navy blue knickers, and a grey hat with rows and rows of stitching round the brim. On the ribbon round the brim was a badge that declaimed 'Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed'. Acknowledging that education for women had not been an automatic right, but the result of a campaign for the rights of women to be educated and vote. So quite a responsibility then.

I set off along a crumbled road with derelict buildings making sad ominous silhouettes against the skyline (the likes of which I'd never seen :no TV) the rubbled road bent right, then left ,then in front of me a high wire netting fence around a big crater. It was full of dank water, surrounded by buddleia bushes in flower, and humming with midges. But a large jagged hole had been torn in the meshing. A fox had left some fur as he'd pushed through. If I went through I might save time and not be late, but could I get out the other side?

So I made the decision not to go to that evil looking place, but uphold the fought for right to education; my mother's trust in me having saved all those clothes coupons to be able to wear such an amazing uniform, and fundamentally to be safe.

Yes, I was late for my first day at school. But I was forgiven and made welcome. Great! a good decision then.

Life is full of 'Hole in the Fence' decisions. The rather old fashioned words of the Lord's prayer still hold true 'Lead us not into temptation and deliver us from evil.' or in other words

Don't Even Think About It and Stay Safe!

Jo Betts—Sept 2025

What's On—September 2025

Monday 1st

MBC Café—open to all 10.30am—12pm

Friday 5th

MBC Café—open to all 10am—12pm

Sunday 7th

10.30am Morning Service With Mark Buckley

Monday 8th

MBC Café—open to all 10.30am—12pm

Friday 12th

Jack & Jill's baby & toddler 10am—11.30am

Sunday 14th

10.30am Morning Service With Megan Thompson

Monday 15th

MBC Café—open to all 10.30am—12pm

Friday 19th

MBC Café—open to all 10am—12pm

Sunday 21st

10.30am Morning Service With Steve Nixon

Monday 22nd

MBC Café—open to all 10.30am—12pm

Friday 26th

Jack & Jill's baby & toddler 10am—11.30am

Saturday 27th

In person Prayer meeting/ event TBC

Sunday 28th

10.30am All Age Harvest Service With Heidi & Chris

Monday 29th

MBC Café—open to all

Minister: VACANT

Administrator: Tracy Cripps e: admin@markyatebaptist.org t: 07419 846982

Working days—Tues and Thur.

Deacons:

Jeremy Bottrill, Ruth Kieran Chris & Heidi Trew Mark Buckley Rob Wills

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Moderator

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