

Licensing of Hugh Lawrance at Bramham : September 2000.

After more than a thousand years , and in its third millennium , the parish of All Saints , Bramham welcomed only its second priest in charge on Tuesday , 26 th September, 2000 , when the installation of Hugh Lawrance , clerk in holy orders , enthusiastic campanologist and anglo - catholic , re - united the parish of Bramham with its former acolyte , Clifford. A mighty fifty minute peal , rung by the new incumbent himself , his son and Selby friends , assisted by the Bramham bell - ringers , preceded the moment when , at 7 . 30 pm. , under the auspices of Bishop and Archdeacon , a dozen mixed clergy , with a gaggle of attendant wardens , processed down the ancient church.

The packed congregation , led by a large Boston Spa contingent occupying the central pews , was intrigued by the unfamiliar ceremony , performed rarely enough for all present [professionals excepted] to have forgotten what happened the last time . Wheeling round in turn to face door , font , pew and altar as the action switched in symbolic whirl , the massed ranks echoed the battles of all the saints and Clifford 's own hymn to St Luke , with Mary hailed so often as to give low Bramhamers , scattered around the side pews , cause to wonder.

Battle o ' er and victory won , priests and congregation rode on in majesty to Bramham Park [the Village Hall having been pre - booked by an intransigent village Drama Group intent on rehearsing yet another pantomime] . Courtesy of a gracious and self - effacing host , and led to the table by a host of social Christians who plainly knew how these things were done , crowded church translated to brimming great hall , where a combination of large glasses and thirsty Christians soon polished off the tasty Australian wines George Lane Fox had so generously supplied.

Whilst the new incumbent and his various family were welcomed by the clustering sinners of five parishes , Humphrey Selby moved serenely among them admiring a host of fine family portraits . He was especially beguiled by the tale of ' Catholic' George , who resigned his inheritance to the present , cadet , line , taking himself off to a monastery , before , feeling the error of his ways , he returned to the world , undertook a collection of marriages , and spawned a horde of metropolitan Lane Foxes prospering now in real estate and dot com technology.

As evening turned to night , and fine wine to apple juice , with a wealth of vocal bonhomie , local Christians made for home and bed , rejoicing that for now Bramham and Clifford had their new vicar [as near as made , they fervently hoped , no difference] --- and that they had been present to drink to the health and success of his mission.