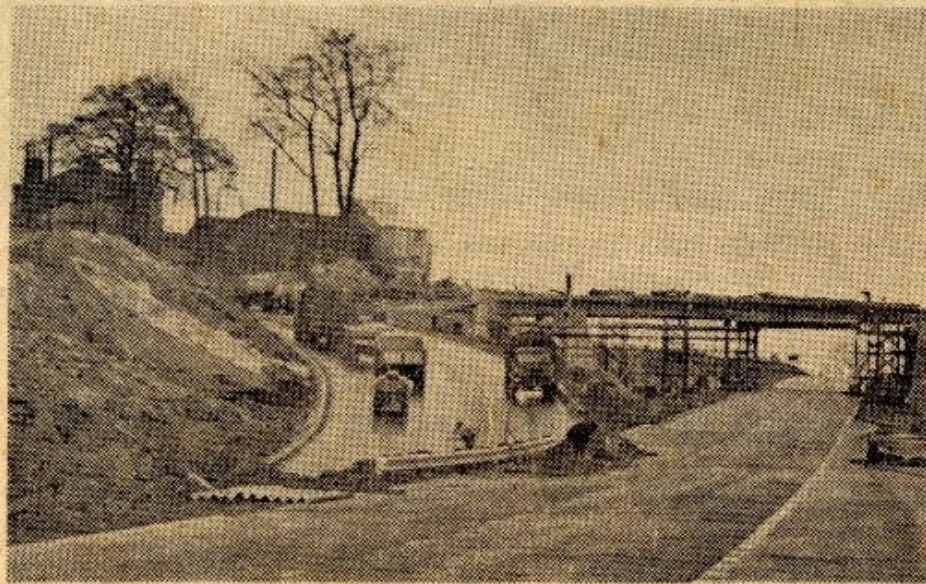




LAST OF THE LORRIES. Above, heavy lorries rumble through Bramham village, on the Great North-Rd., which will be by-passed next week by the opening of a mile-long stretch of single carriageway. The by-pass, right, forms part of the Aberford-Wetherby road improvement. (Yorkshire Post pictures.)





Robert Blackburn

O. B. E.

1885—1955

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH
BRAMHAM

15TH SEPTEMBER, 1955

ORDER OF SERVICE

HYMN

ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
When other-helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.
I need Thy Presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? Where, Grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

PSALM 23

THE Lord is my shepherd : therefore can I lack nothing.
He shall feed me in a green pasture : and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.
He shall convert my soul : and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for His Name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me.
Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me : Thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.
But Thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

HYMN

THE strife is o'er, the battle done ;
Now is the Victor's triumph won ;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia !

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed ;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst,
Alleluia !

On the third morn He rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign ;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia !

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee.
Alleluia !

NUNC DIMITTIS

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace :
according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen : thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared : before the face of
all people ;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles : and to be
the glory of thy people Israel.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to
the Holy Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be : world without end. Amen.















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BK 2130

ACK 379

7th Sept. 1942
1, Lyndon Crescent,
Bramham. Nr Boston Spa.
Yorkshire. England.

Dear Mr Hearfield;

It is a year since I last wrote to you on behalf of the Bramham War Comforts Committee + Workers, sending their best wishes.

First, I should like to say how much I appreciated your letters acknowledging the Christmas gift. Many wrote very interesting letters too, telling me something of your life in a strange land. Others were sorry to say they could only talk of sand! sand! To these we express our admiration for the way they endure the unpleasant things in life. We are proud of you all, who, thro' trials + temptations are standing firm for freedom + the love of your homes + country, + not only your own, but the many oppressed peoples + lands. We think of you often, + our prayers are for your safety + safe + speedy return.

What a day that will be! when the millions, now divided, once more are

re-united in peace, & in the bonds of
fellowship + love.

You know the saying "chins up", well
ours are well up despite the fact we have
difficulties to grapple with - planning out
rations - seeing how far the food points will
go - trying, in vain, sometimes to squeeze
into buses - groping about in the black-out &
but all these are mere details compared
with yours.

Once again we are thankful that during
this last year of many set-backs (+ God
only knows how some of you have endured
them) that the casualties among our village
lads have been so light. I pray I may
always be able to say that.

Some of you say, you like to receive a
letter best of all - I wish I could write a
personal letter, but the number on my list
grows weekly so please forgive this method.

Enclosed please accept with our very
best wishes this P.O. as a small Christmas
gift; trusting that before another Christmas
you will all be amongst us once again.

Yours sincerely

Olivia Fenwick

Hon. Secretary.

HEARFIELD

TRANSPORT CAFE

The real cream, the cream
Scilson's
Condensed
MILK
Now joined the best

CAPSTAN

