

My Dear Family,

6th July 1997.

Can I say, like Mary, how time flies, here we are in July already, and soon soon, it will be the end of the year, and another one gone. One more score to notch up.

There was no letter last week, so there are two weeks to report on, but the first was primarily taken up with getting ready for the second. Cathy and Adrian finally decided on the house, and now just wait for completion date. We went shopping for food to take on holiday with us, some of which got used up, but not all. We tried to sort out what to take, and that is always a big problem. Stan ended up taking 4 jackets. His smart one, his fishing one, his light weight go anywhere one, and his raincoat. I took two - my warmish one, and a raincoat.

The holiday was really very good in lots of ways, except for the weather. I do hope that Mary and John have brought some warmer clothing with them, for their welcome to Britain this time has been cold and wet. We had one really shiny day, and that was all, and that happened on Friday - the day before we came home. Despite this we went walking. Donned our raingear, and set out, and let come what may. If we had not done this, we would have been cooped up for most of the week, or been riding around in the car, going to look at this and that that may, or may not, have been interesting. The views when out walking were lovely. You have, in Cornwall, to be able to stop at farm gates, and look out over them, the hedges are that high that you just cannot see over them when sitting in a car, and so car riding gets you there, but once there, you really do need to take to shanks' pony.

Jean in the meantime went to Cambridge and had the last of her weekends for the course. The pressure is off now for the summer holidays, and then she will continue for a further year. She has enjoyed most of the course, but like the curates egg, it was good in parts. Some of the bits were not up her street, but she has, on the whole benefited from the course, and is gaining in confidence, and in outlook. We shall see where this leads her in the end. I do hope that it proves a bridge to some sort of real involvement that will use her talents. Somehow I am not a great one for believing that the church can, or does, employ any but it's ministry to the best advantage, and I have often felt that more could be made of the lay folk with huge talent in our churches. But maybe we are coming to that, with the shortage of candidates for the ministry. This is an acute problem in Britain over the denominations, and not only here.

Adrian's parents seem to have enjoyed themselves. Irene was reluctant to go home when the last of the holiday was in sight. Let's hope that they set off on their own, now that they have sampled a bit of travel again, and find real pleasure in it. We got home last evening, after what seemed to be a long long ride. Golly, I do not know what is going to happen eventually to the roads of Britain. The thousands of cars streaming along the motorways in both directions were really an astonishing sight. It looks as though the big lorries have decided that the Saturdays are days for the holiday makers to use the motorways, so one did not feel that they were hogging the show - as a matter of fact we saw few of them, but the cars, little and large and towing caravans, motorised vans, really one almost got to the point of saying where are they going to fit them all in. There are endless holiday places, camping fields, and set ups like the one we were in, i.e. a large estate with a big house, and stables etc had been bought and a complex of entertainments built, with swimming pool, and tennis courts, a cabaret room, with a small floor for dancing, and another room for eating and drinking together. The old house had been turned into a restaurant and bar, and quieter diners went there to sit and talk and enjoy a meal. Mind you, the meals cost a bomb, we paid well over £100 for a meal for 6.

We saw only one accident, at least - saw the aftermath of one accident, with a helicopter being used to transfer someone to hospital, and all of the motorway in one direction blocked off, and the tailback of cars went for miles. It makes me a little pensive about how just one mistake can cause not only drastic results to the person

*Handwritten notes:*  
The story came from Mum - I think it only dates back to the generation. She used to speak of playing with it - and it happens for fingers - as if  
that's what I said with it  
done Pamela Ruvell (nee Lewis)



making the mistake, but to hundred of others who doubtless were hoping to get to someplace before a certain time. The junction between the M5 and M6 was pretty bad for a little spell. We were reduced to 25 miles an hour, but I don't think that we were ever stopped dead, and we got through pretty well.

Now we await a phone call from Mary to say what time they will be with us tomorrow. We are all looking forward to having them with us, and have been trying to get ourselves so organised that we can join in with a little of the fun. Unfortunately Cathy has landed a job interview on Tuesday, so probably will not be able to spend lots of time on Monday night and Tuesday morning with them, but she and Adrian will catch up with them a bit later in the day, once they have been to Garstang, and then they will take them on from there. Stan and Jean and I will go to York with them, thus making it possible for Jean to take the girls off to something that she feels is more appropriate for them, and Stan and I are to take John and Mary off in another direction. We shall see if that all works out, but Jean has put some very careful and caring thought into the project.

End of page, and end of letter. Thanks for all the ones received.

Love

An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure

Refer P 11. of album.

Postcode

Rev Dr & Mrs S H Russell  
8 Daneway Close  
Heaton Norris  
Stockport  
Cheshire SK4 2HX  
U.K.

Name and address of sender

Mrs Jean Jones  
28 Chalcours de France  
Vae de France  
Pretoria  
South Africa  
0184



By air mail  
Par avion