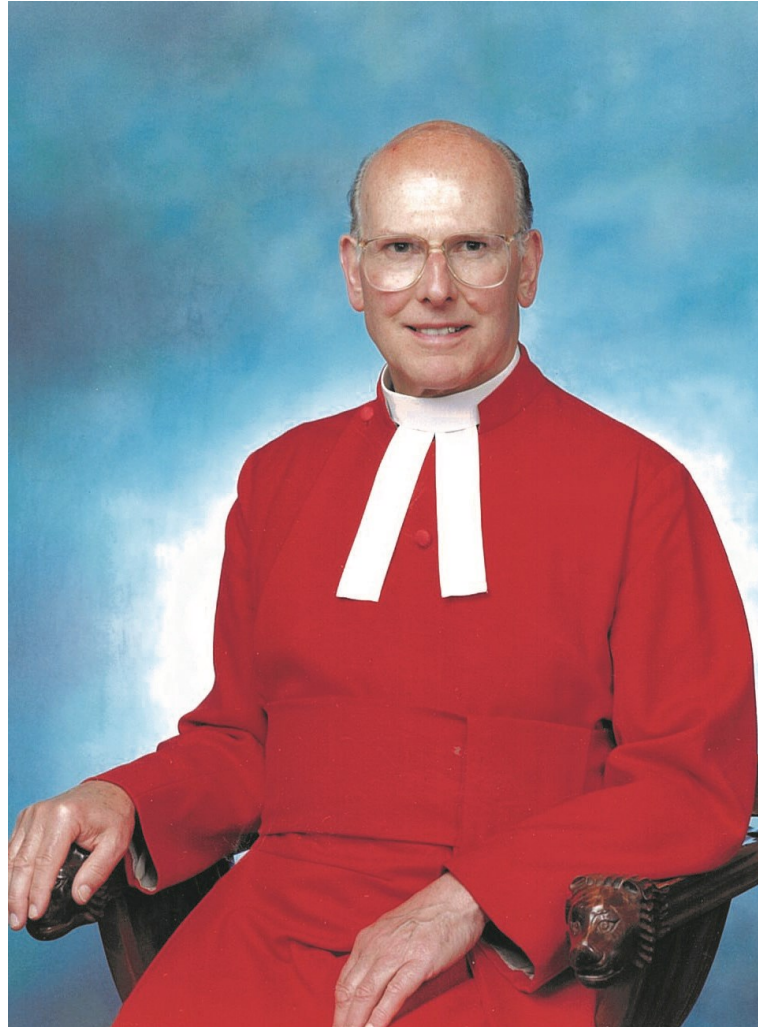




The Shell



The Magazine of St James the Greater, Leicester

In Memoriam

The Very Reverend Derek N. Hole Hon DLitt, Hon LLD

5th December 1933 - 4th September 2021

Vicar from 1973 - 1992

Winter 2021 - 2022

SUNDAY WORSHIP

8.30 am Holy Communion 10.30 am Choral Eucharist
6.30 pm Choral Evensong & Sermon

MIDWEEK

MORNING PRAYER

9 am Tuesday-Friday

WEDNESDAY WONDERING

12.30 pm Wednesdays

COMPLINE ON ZOOM

21.00 Wednesdays - see weekly sheet for links and codes

HOLY COMMUNION

10.30 am Thursdays

See Calendar for variations and details of special services

MINISTRY TEAM

Vicar

Revd. Andrew Quigley MA (Oxon) MTh

0116 254 4113

Associate Non-Stipendiary Priest

Revd .Jane Sharp

Readers

Dr .Angela Jagger BA PhD

Sheila Roberts MA

Pastoral Assistant

Sacristan

Miss Vicky Roe B.Phil..Ed. MA

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Please send items for the next edition by Tuesday 1st February 2022
to Dr. Paul Jenkins at: editor@stjamesthegreater.org.uk

The picture on the front cover and others of Derek in this special edition have been used with permission from
Derek Hole's family and Caroline Beardsmore.

From the Editor's Desk

Paul Jenkins writes ...



Thank you everyone who made encouraging comments about the last issue of the Shell. I am also very grateful to Vicky Roe who does a brilliant job of getting the Shell together in an organised format.

Recently Rev David Clark stepped down from taking services. When I started to come to Evensong, I remember a service taken by David. When it came to the sermon, Mike Rule came from behind the organ and sat in the front row, the congregation seemed to me to have a feeling of expectation. David never fails to satisfy our need for a topical sermon that hits the nail on the head. So it was, at the last 8-30 service where David was the celebrant. His subject of course was 'Black Lives Matter', which was printed in the last issue of the Shell. Thank you, David for your unfailing ability to make Christianity relevant to today's world.

Some months ago, Church Warden Phil Jones stepped down from this role to devote more time to his new job. Phil was from Swansea, and I am from Port Talbot, so it was very nice to have a fellow Ospreys and Tigers supporter at St James. Phil worked tirelessly organising every aspect of worship at St James the Greater and it was a privilege and pleasure to work alongside him. Best wishes for the future Phil.

Can I say thank to the new music team of Mike Rule as Director of Music and Guy Steed as organist. I have enjoyed Guy's playing at Evensong for several weeks. The All-Souls Day service last week was wonderful with Guy conducting, Mike at the organ and the augmented choir in fine voice. The Faure Requiem was beautiful, and it matches the sentiment of bereavement so well. Rev. Canon Alistair Helm, the celebrant also gave a sermon of great sensitivity and understanding. The whole event was an inspiration.

The famous Russian Conductor Yuri Temirkanov once said, 'Beethoven speaks to all humanity in his music, but Tchaikovsky speaks to each one of us personally.' This quotation reminds me of Derek Hole. I felt that a service taken by Derek was personally directed at me. Each member of the congregation at 8-30 am on a Sunday morning would have the phrase 'The body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy body and soul to everlasting life,' spoken to them individually when they received communion. I felt Derek was conveying the Christian message to me personally and I found that inspiring and challenging of course.

My other contact with Derek came from my job at the University of Leicester. Derek often attended Graduation ceremonies. I could count on him for some good advice on my efforts as Public Orator when I gave speeches about eminent people receiving Honorary Degrees. Derek would also comment on my choices of pieces for the musical interlude in Degree Ceremonies. After services at St James, Derek's comment to me was always, 'How are things going at the University?' He was keen to know the inside story, but very often I learnt more about the inner workings of the University than he did from me!

Derek funded a series of lectures on theological subjects at the University. Most recently by Bishop Martyn and Bishop Guli. I will miss seeing Derek in his Sherlock Homes hat and staff walking along Southernhay Road on his way to the park for his daily constitutional walk. In fact, I imagined I saw him this Sunday at 7-30am!

The Vicar writes ... Fond Farewells (sort of) ...



Many of you will know that, in the Autumn, David Clark decided not to renew his "Permission to Officiate". Sadly, David Brunning and Pam Howe have also decided not to renew their licences this year. This means that we say farewell to them as licensed readers, although not as members of the congregation.

Pam transferred her license here from St. Philip's just a few years ago, and became a regular preacher at our services, often grounding her message with accounts of her experiences in nursing, bringing much valued "real life" into her sermons.

David has been with us much longer, ministering both here and in his other home in Sark. David's analytical mind came through in his preaching, conveyed with wonderful warmth. Besides his public ministry David has been a friend, supporter and confidant to many, particularly on the musical side.

I pass on my thanks and I'm sure the gratitude of many in our church family, hoping that Pam and David will enjoy many years of "retirement" with us as members of the congregation.

As we approach the festive period, many people will inevitably be thinking of those they will not be seeing this year. For this church community, as you will see in this issue, the memory of Derek Hole looms large. His many years of ministry, not just in this church, but across the city and elsewhere, his lasting influence on St James, and his enduring friendship with many will not be soon forgotten.

I only knew Derek in the last few years (although I knew of him for many years before that!), and found him generous, supportive, and always keen to offer ministry to the limit of his abilities. Although he had seen and achieved so much in his long ministry, he was never condescending and was always friendly.

Personally, the loss of my father at the end of April means I will feel his absence very keenly this Christmas, and I know many people reading this will have bereavements of their own that will be still painful.

Nonetheless, I trust this will be in the main a time of joyous anticipation and celebration. Services are much more "normal" than this time last year, and Leicester has gone from having among the worst Covid case-rates in the country to among the lowest (although things can change very fast!). With simple precautions in place (most importantly mask-wearing), a full range of services for Advent and Christmas are planned.

Wednesday Wondering is back at 1pm from December (following a break for my recuperation after surgery). If you haven't tried this yet, it is a brief service of prayer and reflection with a focus on a piece of art, perfectly timed to fit into a lunch break!

It has been lovely to see so many faces returning to services - more each week it seems - as well as some new faces. If you still haven't returned to church in person, can I encourage you to begin the new Church year at Advent by renewing the habit? And if you're already coming, you might want to think about friends or neighbours you could invite to some of the wonderful services we have coming up. Christmas is in many ways the "shop window" for the church, a great time to welcome people in and show how much is on offer.

I mention this because all churches inevitably lose regular attenders as time passes - people move away, change their weekly routines, or die. The pandemic has increased all these factors, and many churches are noticing that some people seem to have lost the habit of going to church. I truly believe that our lives are better when shared as a community of prayer and praise, and feel that people are missing out if they're missing church.

Furthermore, now is a time to be thinking about "building back better", bringing more people to church, but also widening what we do as a church. How we serve the parish and community around us, our part in the wider diocese and world, how we grow and thrive in the future are all questions to be considering and praying about.

For now though, let me just say how much I am looking forward to Advent and Christmas - the music, the candles and decorations, the food and the fellowship! I hope you will be able to enter into the prayer, the excitement and the celebration of the seasons. I pray for every blessing on you and those you love, and that we may all truly know Emmanuel, God is with us.

Sermon given by Reverend Martin Court at the Requiem Mass on Friday 24th September 2021

I have to say it was a real privilege to work with Derek for what was really a rather a short time for my second curacy, before he went down the road to be Provost at the Cathedral. In the 16 months I worked with him, and Alistair, I experienced a wealth of ministry that it would have been hard to have had elsewhere. I had heard that Derek could be a hard task master, so I came in some fear and trepidation. But it was not a hard taskmaster that I found: it was simply a priest who demanded the very best one could offer to God. And that we tried to do. As he used to say: 'There are no second chances in worship.'

So this evening, I am honoured to be taking part in this Requiem and to be among you as we remember this faithful priest and friend.

There is no doubt though – Derek was a real character, and to me he achieved so much here and elsewhere purely through dint of character. Here there was never any doubt who was in charge, but he did enjoy our banter as we discussed matters theological, ecclesiastical and practical at our staff meetings. Perhaps my favourite story concerns the first Easter I was with him. It has to be said, I came from a High Church tradition that was a little further up the candle than Derek, but he was clear that the Church of England remained part of the church Catholic.

I had occasion, that Easter, to remind Derek of this when we were discussing whether there was to be an Altar of Repose in the Lady Chapel on Maundy Thursday. I reminded him of his words about the Church of England being Catholic and Reformed. His response was very clear: "Yes, reformed by me!" There was no arguing with that!!

But when all is said and done, Derek's faith was orthodox and he tried to live as one with the theme he gave for this address: the Resurrection Hope.

And the Resurrection Hope is surely what is at the very centre of Christian faith – the hope that somehow, in some way, we will rise to glory with Christ once our earthly life is done. And it makes such a difference to our lives. An example of this was evident in the life of Cardinal Basil Hume who, when he was diagnosed with terminal cancer, rang to tell his friend, Timothy Wright, the Abbott of Ampleforth, who replied:

"Congratulations! That's brilliant news. I wish I was coming with you!"

That sort of reply you are not going to get from someone who doesn't share our faith.

And it is something that is expressed every time we gather together to celebrate and share in the Eucharist – for here we remember the self-giving of Christ – the self-giving of God – as we are fed for our journey through this life and look to the life of the resurrection.

The Eucharist, was, of course, central to Derek's life, and even when he could no longer attend church, he received communion at home – still being fed for the journey.

So I was overjoyed when I heard that Derek had requested a Requiem to be celebrated for him after his death. For this is the most appropriate way for us as a Christian family to remember him – gathered around an altar, praying that he is fed for his final journey just as we are fed to continue ours.

Reverend Martin Court's Sermon

Continued ...

We live in world that has changed rapidly – and this is perhaps seen no more clearly than in the relationship the majority of the population have with the Church. It feels that for so many we have become nothing more than a commodity into which they buy for things like funerals and weddings and baptisms.

At Scraftoft, we have a very busy churchyard, which is attended regularly by the loved ones of those who have died over recent years. We are constantly having to check that memorabilia and suchlike left at graves aren't going to be in the way of the Harborough mowing team, who now have care of the Churchyard.

But one thing has struck me over the years: whilst many of the graves have all sorts of things put on them in addition to flowers, by and large this isn't the case with graves of those whose loved ones still worship with us. It seems that so many place their 'faith' in what is here – a grave and its attendant stuff – while believers are already looking beyond the grave - to the life of the resurrection.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer, who was put to death during the 2nd World War, demonstrated a similar confidence in resurrection when he wrote: "Death is the supreme festival on the road to freedom" and as he said to a fellow-prisoner, "This is the end. For me, the beginning of life".

Tonight, as we give thanks for Derek's life and share in the Eucharist together, we too express our belief that the Resurrection hope is not a vague hope but is something of which we are confident. So, in the funeral service, the deceased is committed:

"in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life
through our Lord Jesus Christ,
who will transform our frail bodies
that they may be conformed to his glorious body,
who died, was buried, and rose again for us".

That is resurrection hope, and as fellow pilgrims, we are expressing our firm belief that this is not the end, but the great new beginning for Derek, which he goes to having done his best to live the resurrection life while he was with us.

There is a phrase we use at Easter which is a good one for us to remember at times like this: "We are an Easter people and Alleluia is our song!"

We can say this because of our resurrection hope and tonight, as we remember and celebrate together, I simply want to end by saying:

'Thank you, Derek...and may you rest in peace and rise in glory.'

Amen.

Derek's Early Life as written by Digby Hole and read by Liz Herman, Derek's sister at the funeral on Saturday 25th September 2021

Derek was 2 years 8 months older than me. It doesn't sound much when we are older, but when young it is a great deal. Our friends matched our ages.

Mum called the shots.

I was 3 years and Derek 6 years at the start of the Second World War. Our Father was called up to the RAF. This left Mum to get a job and look after us.

The local Church played a big part in our lives. Derek and I both joined the Choir at 8 years old; we also joined the Cubs. We attended Church every Sunday and Sunday School.

Derek was very musical, learning to play the violin which he took to Grade 8. I began learning the piano and could play each hand separately but not together! I agreed with my teacher that the piano was not for me. However, I saw a film called 'The Benny Goodman Story' and I was hooked. I was given the loan of a clarinet from my local library and had lessons from a member of the Royal Marine Band. He would turn up every Sunday morning driving a Bond three-wheeled car. It didn't look right to me only having three wheels! Derek and I both played in the Plymouth Youth Orchestra.

Derek and I were quite different. He was more serious-minded and not at all sporty.

Our Mum was brought up in the country. Our Grandparents had a large bungalow. Mum was the eldest of six, although her Mother didn't want any children! However, one of her brothers died at the age of 21. So, we had one Uncle and three Aunties.

Every Sunday we would all meet at our Grandparents' bungalow which was called Brookland Cottage. The parents sat around a very big table in the dining room and all the children sat in the bay window and were told not to talk unless somebody spoke to us!

Grandad kept pigs, geese, chickens, goats and ferrets. We would go with him and the ferrets to catch rabbits. He also had an orchard. We were well-provided with meat and fruit during the rationing period.

I give you this detail to show that we were a very close family. This was also good for Mum, with Dad away during the war.

With all the heavy bombing Plymouth received during the Blitz especially, we were lucky to survive the war.

To give you some idea of Derek's calling to the ministry: At Christmas, when he was 12 and I was 9, Mum asked what we would like for Christmas. I replied: "A fort and some soldiers". Derek replied: "A cross and two candles"!

After Christmas, Derek started to play Church services in our bedroom. He dressed up (as best he could) as a Vicar; I think he liked dressing up! I was his congregation. The service was modelled on matins or evensong depending on the time of day. He always included an offertory hymn when he would ask me to take the plate around. I would put in about two pennies. I did make the point after the service that I was not only his congregation and choir, but the only one putting anything in the collection! Perhaps he could leave that bit out.

Derek's Early Life

continued ...

The next highlight of our lives was reached when I was 13 and Derek was 16. Mum had a baby girl named Mary Elizabeth, known as Liz.

Derek left school aged 16 and worked in an office. At 18 he was called up to do his National Service in the RAF. After he was demobbed aged 20 years, he went to Oxford to a job in the Codrington Library. His aim was to work in an academic environment and prepare himself for training in the ministry. This he did at Lincoln Theological College. He went on to become Ordained at Leicester Cathedral on the 24th September 1961 which was 60 years ago yesterday.

During his ministry, Derek shared his good fortune to help our parents make their lives more comfortable in their later years. He has also been generous in helping both Liz and myself, as well as being a loving uncle to our children, always remembering their birthdays.

On the last time we talked on the phone, I said "Derek, we never had a cross word all our lives". He replied, "No, we didn't, did we".



Derek with sister Liz Herman and younger brother Digby Hole.

Sermon by Rev. Canon Alistair Helm

at Derek's funeral on Saturday 25th September 2021

Derek has stood in this very pulpit on hundreds of occasions and proclaimed with joy the Christian faith, witnessing to the risen Christ who walked every step alongside him in his life's journey.

I owe a great deal to Derek, more than words can ever express, I would not be in this pulpit right now if it wasn't for his care and nurturing. He changed my life, as he did many others, and so I feel very privileged to stand here and pay this tribute to him.

Derek was my training incumbent and when I preached at services, just out of the corner of my eye, I always noticed him glancing at his watch. 'Eight minutes at the morning service' he would remind me, 'no longer'. At the evening service you were allowed a little more time, but you were always told how long you had been when you got back to the vestry after the service and if you had been too long you got 'the look', but always, finishing with that lovely smile that he had. When I asked Derek, 'Why eight minutes?' he turned to the days when as Queens' Chaplain that was the maximum you were allowed, 'If its good enough for the Queen,' he said, 'it's good enough for us here!'

That was the worship that Derek excelled at, worship which drew people to this place; worship that was well planned with precise, beautiful music, but importantly, relevant and always, always worshipping the God he served all his life. He was never afraid to take on new ideas and it was a joy to learn so much from him, and, when Martin was also here, the three of us had such happy and fun times together.

This is a funeral service, not a memorial service. It is a time of reality as Derek's body lies in the nave of this church, dressed in his cassock alb and holding a palm cross placed lovingly there by Caroline. The cross, a sign of hope for us all.

But Derek, being Derek, is wearing his customary brightly coloured socks, yellow on this occasion, which I think, Caroline, might get us in a spot of bother because they, of course, do not match the church's colour of the season.

The life of each one of us can be thought of as a series of stories which come together over time to form just the one story. A story which is profoundly ours, and absolutely unique.

When you became aware of Derek's death, your relationship with him, the things you had done together, those funny stories, they will all have passed before you. However, there are facts about a person's life that tell the real, the full story about that person.

I think that this is particularly relevant to Derek's parish ministry, where he went about his business with love and dedication to his Lord, and with hard work. This full story is known only to God, but I would like to offer a glimpse of the parish priest that we all grew to love, admire and respect.

We will hear later from Bishop Tom about Derek's work in the wider Diocese and his time as Provost of Leicester Cathedral.

Philip Yancey is the author of a book called 'The Jesus I never knew'. There is also a Derek that many never knew, and would never have seen as he went about his work as a parish priest.

We've heard about Derek's formative years in his beloved Plymouth, happy times where he enjoyed life with his younger brother Digby and later Liz, who has asked me to stress that she is much younger than both of them! It was Digby who remembers that Derek recognised his calling to the priest-hood as a boy of around 12 years old, and that he never wavered from that calling.

Sermon by Rev. Canon Alistair Helm

Continued ...

Derek trained for ordination at Lincoln Theological College.

His first post, in 1960, was at St Mary's Knighton, where he used to drive proudly around the parish in a Black Triumph Mayflower motor car, loaned to him by Mrs. Simpson, a member of the congregation.

Margaret Terry, here in the congregation this morning, remembers him screeching to a halt alongside her and a friend as they walked along the road. Derek leaned out of the window and said, 'I've seen you in church, but I don't know who you are.' Within days he had made a pastoral visit, a commitment and care for his congregation that he continued all his ministry.

After a period of chaplain to the Archbishop of Capetown between 1962-1964, he returned to England, and between 1964-1967 was a curate in Kenilworth, after which he spent six years as rector of St Mary the Virgin, Burton Latimer.

It was in 1973 that Derek was appointed as Vicar of St James the Greater, a post he held until 1992 when he was appointed Provost of Leicester.

The preparation and dignity of the services that Derek led here at St James' were quite wonderful, all done for God's glory and for no other reason. The Advent carol services and the traditional Christmas services saw this church absolutely full, people used to arrive an hour and half before the start of these services to ensure a seat. This was the opportunity for Derek's charisma and enthusiasm to fill this place and draw people to the Saviour he served.

But behind those services and his work with prominent people in the City and County, his honorary degrees from both Leicester and De Montfort Universities, his time as a Chaplain to HM the Queen, was his work as a priest in this parish that went on without fuss, often unnoticed, but with dedication and love to the person he was ministering to.

I remember well accompanying Derek as we took Easter communions to residents of Glenholm Residential Home for the Elderly just around the corner in St James Road. Derek had told me that he would have to shoot off at the end because of a meeting with the Bishop, so could I take things back to church.

As we left the home and were through the door, a nurse shouted to us that there was a retired priest who had just arrived at the home and he would like to receive the Sacrament. I expected Derek to leave it to me, or come back another day. But we both went to the room, gave the priest communion and then spent around an hour talking with him. Derek could have easily walked away and said he would return the following day, but he knew the importance of these pastoral contacts. For that hour he gave himself to that priest, who died later that evening.

Derek was a faithful visitor to members of St James. Many of you here will have been uplifted by his visits to your home. I used to be handed a list of names of people each week for me to visit, and if someone hadn't been in church on the Sunday you were sure of a telephone call to see that all was well. He loved this place, and the congregation and they loved him for the care and concern that he showed,

When Derek's death was posted on facebook, it was quite remarkable how many young people expressed their sadness, but also gratitude for his ministry to them.

Derek was not a sporty person, but I have such a vivid memory of the time he visited a church youth weekend at an activity centre in Irthlingborough. He arrived, as ever, immaculately dressed, three piece suit, clerical collar and very shiny black shoes. It was drizzling and so he wore a very smart cream coloured raincoat. To the youngsters this was like a royal visit, and they gathered around and chatted and then encouraged Derek to have a go at archery.

Sermon by Rev. Canon Alistair Helm

Continued ...

Now you have to close your eyes to imagine a cleric, immaculately dressed with a full size bow firing arrows at the target, but Derek did it. And when, eventually, one of his arrows hit the target the crowd of youngsters which had by this time grown, gave out loud cheer, they loved him for being alongside them. I think he realised that he couldn't improve on that and left pretty soon after!

Derek touched many lives, and had an immense capacity for friendship. He had a great skill in identifying gifts in people that they didn't realise they possessed. He nurtured people in his congregations, gave them confidence and all for growing the Kingdom.

I remember saying to him very recently that he had been so fortunate to have had such a great set of churchwardens during his time here at St James, many of you are here today. 'Yes,' he said, 'all properly democratically elected...by me!'

Derek never missed an opportunity to share his love of the gospel message in a variety of settings. As a member of Rotary he was there every Monday for lunch at the Grand Hotel, in his dog collar, of course. He enjoyed being a member of the Royal Western Yacht Club in his home town and next door when in the Old Horse he never missed a chance.

One Sunday after evensong, the two of us were sitting at a table enjoying a drink, not participating in, but listening to the Sunday night quiz. There was a Biblical question, I can't remember the details, but it was something obscure like you would find in St Matthew's genealogy of Jesus like, 'Who is the father of Ammin'adab?' (Ram), and Derek could not resist shouting out an answer. Every one wrote it down. When the answers were given, Derek had got it wrong, a groan spread throughout the pub. He did no more than stand up and say, 'Well, if you come to the church next door at 10.30am next Sunday you will get to learn the answer for yourself.' He then turned to me and said, 'Come on, we're going!'

Every human story finishes in death. It's not the end that we would wish, but as Christians, we have hope, a hope so enthusiastically proclaimed by Derek throughout his ministry. The palm cross that Derek now holds as he lays here is the greatest sign of hope that the world has ever known.

Death does not have the last word in the story

'O death where is your victory? O death where is your sting?' the Bible tells.

Every human story is the story of a journey, the journey of life.

The resurrection of Christ opens up all our stories to the prospect not just of a good ending, but a glorious ending. The first and last words in every one of our stories belong to God.

Derek was so lovingly cared for by Caroline during his final months on this earth, we reach out to her, to Derek's family Digby and Liz and the nieces and nephews who I know were so fond of 'Uncle Derek'.

What, in the end, makes our lives seem valuable after the storm and stress has passed and there is a great calm? The questions often asked at such a time concern us all.

How loving have I been?

Have I found joy within myself or am I still looking for it outside myself?

Derek can give a positive answer to all those questions and I am confident that Derek's ministry and life left us all with the hope that, for those who knew him he has taken us to the place, as the hymn tells us, whose 'ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace'.

Death is not a full stop, but as a way into another dimension of life.

That is what Derek proclaimed all of his life.

Sermon by Rev. Canon Alistair Helm

Continued ...

As T. S. Eliot put it
*'What we call the beginning is often the end.
And to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from.'*

Derek died peacefully, slipping into eternity with Caroline holding his hand after having been anointed with holy oils and surrounded by the prayers of the church he loved and had served so faithfully.

We commend Derek with our love and gratitude into God's sure keeping and into the arms of his maker, to whom I am sure he will say
'I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee.' Job 42.5

Many people have said to me that this is the end of an era.

It is the end of an era here on earth, but just imagine how Derek is reorganising the worship of the angels in heaven.

There will be good liturgy, glorious music, but above all they will all be adorned in well-polished black shoes!

Derek's life and ministry reflected the Gospel he so passionately believed in and which drew people to Jesus. He has now entered into that joy where we pray he rests in peace and with all the saints rises in glory.

Forgive me Derek, my dear friend, for going on far too long on this occasion, there is not enough time in this service for us to express our thanks, but we in our own small way we thank God for everything you have done for each one of us.



Sermon by Bishop Tom Butler

at Derek's funeral on Saturday 25th September 2021

Derek was one of the first people I met when I was appointed Bishop of Leicester in 1991. Before we had moved into our new home just down the road, he invited me and my wife, Barbara, to tea in the Vicarage here and that thoughtful concern continued throughout my seven years as Bishop here and indeed long into both our retirements. Only three years ago, Derek was the first non-family person to visit Barbara when she was recovering from a serious operation in hospital here in Leicester.

This was typical of the pastoral care and support that he gave to innumerable people during his ministry.

His appointment as Provost of the Cathedral was one of the first appointments which I made in the Diocese, and, I would claim, it was one of my best. It really was a no-brainer. When the vacancy occurred in 1992, Derek was the obvious choice as the new provost. We've heard from Alistair of Derek's fine ministry here and from my perspective, Derek had developed, here at St James's with its fine music and worship, what in practice was an alternative cathedral and so I thought that he was well qualified to attempt do the same at the real thing.

And so it proved. With the three colleagues whom we inherited, Michael Banks, Michael Wilson and John Craig, he placed dignified worship and excellent choral music at the heart of the Cathedral's life, which was much appreciated by its regular Sunday worshippers and those who came to the Diocesan set-piece services such as ordinations, perhaps the most memorable being the service in 1994 when women were ordained priest for the first time.

In several ways Derek's move to the Cathedral brought sacrifices. He laid down his role as a Queens Chaplain, of which he had been greatly proud, and he didn't enjoy living at the Deanery next to the Cathedral and then just across the road from a bus garage. But, as at St James's, Derek made his home a base for entertaining and giving hospitality to a wide variety of people.

But generally, in those days before the discovery of Richard III's remains made the Cathedral a focus of national attention, the Cathedral was having a modest impact on city and county life. Car parking wasn't easy around the Cathedral and there was some reluctance by people outside the city to make the effort of attending services, although Derek himself, through his role as Chairman of the House of Clergy in the Diocesan Synod, was well known and liked around the county, and the Cathedral was increasingly recognized as being a welcoming "mother church" of the Diocese.

Drawing upon his many links and contacts from his earlier ministry at St James's, Derek set about strengthening the Cathedral's place in city life. In a multi-faith and multi-cultural city, he had the wisdom and sensitivity to see what distinctive contribution the Church of England could make in such a city, whilst being a good neighbour to others. This was clearly illustrated in the way that people of all faiths came into their Cathedral to sit and reflect following the tragic death of Princess Diana in 1997 and her memorial service, which he arranged and where he invited Richard Attenborough to speak, was memorable occasion.

As Alistair has said, Derek was not much into sport himself, but in 1996 he quite saw how remarkable it was that in the same year the Tigers won the Pilkington Rugby Union cup, Leicester City football team were the Coca-Cola winners and Leicestershire County Cricket team were County Champions. A special service was held in the Cathedral, in which players from all three teams participated and to which many of their supporters came into the Cathedral, many of them for the first time. A special statue was later erected in the marketplace to mark that sporting achievement.

Sermon by Bishop Tom Butler

Continued ...

Derek enjoyed his links with the educational life of the city. He was a governor of both the Boys Grammar School and the Girls High School and he enjoyed participating in the life of both Leicester and De Montfort universities. He was immensely proud of the honorary degrees which they both awarded him and his name will be remembered through the awards and lectures which he sponsored.

I was pleased to hear from him in retirement that when the bones of Richard the third, after their examination at Leicester University, were being moved from the University to the Cathedral. The University invited Derek to be present at the special ceremony marking the occasion. This gave him much pleasure. Indeed, I find it pleasing that the work that Derek and his colleagues did back in the nineties, striving to raise the profile of the Cathedral, has very much come to fruition in recent years with the way the present Dean and his colleagues have responded to the challenge of the discovery of those bones.

Derek also immersed himself in the civic life of both city and county. He had three stints as Chaplain to the Lord Mayor of Leicester. He was ten years Chaplain of Leicester High School and five as Chaplain to the Haymarket Theatre.

In the county, the fact that Derek was a natural establishment man went down well and his being Chair of the House of Clergy meant that he was well known to the clergy and lay leaders everywhere. He served as Chaplain to seven High Sheriffs, and his trusteeship of the Leicestershire Historic Churches Trust was only one of many similar commitments.

In 1996, as a Liveryman, he served as Master of the Merchant Taylors Company and after retirement he was Chaplain to the Master of the Worshipful Company of Framework Knitters.

Throughout his ministry he was also successful at discreetly raising funds by writing personal letters in support of a cause that he cared about. He had a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances and in retirement he kept up his deep knowledge of their doings and interests.

Of course, as Derek was a member of my senior staff team, I benefitted immensely from his unstinting support, his cheerful good humour, and the wisdom and experience which he had accrued during his long service of the church in the Diocese.

After I left Leicester to become Bishop of Southwark in 1998, Derek played a significant part in taking the Diocese forward during the Episcopal interregnum, and he enjoyed staging the enthronement service for Bishop Tim Stevens in 1999, before retiring at the end of that year, a little before Provosts were retitled as Deans. A pity, Derek would have liked been called that.

He spent his retirement years living not too far away from this church of St James the Greater, which again became his spiritual home.

His final words to us are those from an anonymous poet, printed as a postscript to our service sheet. The last sentence reads,

“I’d like the tears of those who grieve to dry before the sun of happy memories that I leave when life is done.”

We thank God for the many happy memories that we have of Derek Hole, a dedicated priest, a good man and a fine friend.

May he rest in peace and rise in glory.

Following-on from Derek

Canon Glynn Richerby writes ...

Derek had regularly visited a particular member of the congregation. A day or two after the Induction of his successor, word reached the new Vicar that this person expected to be visited forthwith. He quickly responded, assuming this to be a pastoral emergency. For the visit to begin with an effusive expression of gratitude for Derek's ministry was to be expected. But the theme was developed at length and in a manner that didn't allow for interruption. After a patient hearing, the hapless visitor stood to leave. "I'll tell you another thing about Derek, he always had beautifully polished shoes" – she said, looking down at my feet. I was wearing sandals!

Nineteen years is a long time for Derek to have established a place in the congregation's affection and for them to have got used to his distinctive way of doing things. This was sufficient to affect my initial response to being invited to follow Derek. Not likely! I was perfectly happy where I was after (only) 12 years at the text-book parish of St. Thomas, South Wigston.

Previously, as a visiting preacher at St James on a number of occasions, I would be invited back to the Vicarage for Derek's customary hospitality. Invariably, he would talk about two things. He would tend to be anxious about the eclectic nature of the large congregation at St. James, typically adding "It's a church built on sand." He would also want to speculate on "Where do I go from here?" In the event, he went a mile down the road to be Provost of the Cathedral. I had visions of the people of St James' following him there. Who, in their right mind, would want to take on St James the Greater in those circumstances? Well, eventually I was persuaded to do so – for the next 23 years!

Bishop Tom Butler was very confident in putting me forward as Derek's successor. I was informed, to my astonishment, that Derek had told the Bishop that I was the only person he could recommend to follow him. On being interviewed, the churchwardens assured me that St James was ready to move ahead "under new management" and to my surprise I warmed to the prospect of this fresh challenge.

Following Derek in taking up residence in his former Vicarage was in itself a challenge. As a bachelor, he did not feel justified in asking the Diocese for any upgrading of that vast house.

The only signs of recent internal redecoration were areas painted in the same terracotta shade as the ceiling of the church. Was Derek over-enthusiastic about the (then) controversial colour he chose for the church ceiling? Or, more likely, was use made of paint left over from the church?

One particular investment Derek made when he had moved into the Vicarage was a good-quality fitted carpet in a large reception room. Famously, this carpet was always covered with 'drugget' – a heavy protective fabric – whenever he held a reception in that room.

Following-on from Derek

Continued ...

Legend has it that even Princess Alice, Duchess of Gloucester – hosted by Derek when attending a special service to mark the Queen’s Silver Jubilee – had to tread on that drugget!

On visiting Derek soon after he moved into the Provost’s House, I noticed that although he had removed the aforesaid carpet when he left the Vicarage it had not been reused in his new home. I asked about it, to be told it was rolled up in his garage and he agreed to sell it to me for a surprisingly large sum. I agreed, realising that it would have been preserved in good condition – having been covered over so often. Later on, I discovered that he had required the precise sum that he had paid for it, 20 years previously!



Over his many years, the name ‘Derek’ had become synonymous with ‘the Vicar of St. James the Greater’. Often in my early days there, and even years later, it was not unusual for me to be addressed as Derek. I would reply that he was a smooth man whereas I was a hairy man. (Oddly enough, when Roger Powell arrived as my Curate, he was sometimes addressed as Glynn – but Roger was a smooth black man whereas I ...) The point is that names and titles alike relate to what we represent in ministry rather than who we are. More importantly, with only one or two exceptions, the congregation did not decamp to the Cathedral. Derek maintained many friendships among the people of St. James, but their commitment remained with the church that was firmly established as their spiritual home.

Even though I gratefully entered into Derek’s legacy and was determined to emphasise continuity, differences of personality and style between Derek and me inevitably unsettled some members of the congregation – quite apart from sandals. One stalwart who was especially welcoming commented that I was coming across as somewhat reserved in comparison to Derek whom he described as “a showman for God”.

Some were grateful for my steadier pace in taking services – but not by all. One complained, “We keep thinking that something has gone wrong when you leave pauses.” To his great credit, when Derek returned to St. James in retirement from the Cathedral, he was at pains in taking services “to do it your way”, especially in observing a long silence at a certain point in services of Holy Communion – which had become a characteristic of our worship.

Following-on from Derek

Continued ...

In retirement, it is not usually the done thing for a priest to settle at a church he or she has previously served. But I was delighted to welcome Derek back. One of his predecessors, Lawrence Jackson, had said to me that for Derek, "St. James is his life and his wife." During his seven years away as Provost of the Cathedral, Derek had been unfailingly supportive and encouraging of me as his successor. As far as I was concerned, he never put a foot wrong. Mind you, I was careful about what I told him, knowing that he could sometimes speak more freely to others than was pastorally helpful.

Derek continued to have a much valued ministry in retirement for a further 20 years based at St. James. It was a very happy period of his life – taking services, preaching well and visiting – without the worry of raising money and having to contend with difficult issues in meetings. His presence represented continuity in our life together at St. James. His good friends at the church treated him as if he were a member of their families.

The extraordinary length of Derek's dedication to ministry at St. James the Greater and the manner and style in which he served is the stuff of legend. He was a hard act to follow. To God be the glory.

Memories of The Very Reverend Dr Derek Hole Hon LLD Hon DLitt

by Joy Gibbons

My family and I were saddened to hear of the passing of Derek.

We worshipped at St James The Greater from 1977 -1983, when we moved to Nottingham from Wigston Magna.

I was a member of the Ladies Choir and made many friends. Derek was very supportive, especially when we moved away, and always kept in touch. We had many happy visits to Leicester to visit Derek and also to worship at St James.

We also went on some lovely Church Holidays with Derek and other members of the Church. Derek christened both of my children.

RIP Derek.



1981 centenary commemorative cake for the anniversary of the foundation of the church, showing the temporary building opened in 1881 and the permanent church finished in 1914.

Memories of Derek

by Caroline Beardsmore

Derek was my dearest friend for thirty-seven years. We met when I came to Leicester for my job, initially with a contract for three years, and I walked into St James the Greater one Sunday morning. The style of worship suited me, though on that first morning it was the choir who most impressed me rather than the vicar!

Derek made sure I was welcomed and encouraged me to participate in social occasions at St. James, and we soon got to know each other. He introduced me to Plymouth, Devon and his family, and I made sure he became acquainted with Yorkshire. He got on famously with my father, and these two parish priests had much to talk about whenever they met, so Mum and I would often leave them to get on with it.

Back in the 1980s, the Leicester Mercury published a series of supplements detailing country walks around the county. Derek would present me with these, and many Saturday afternoons were spent walking and exploring new territories. Derek would charge off in any direction he chose and only then ask if he was going the right way! I always had to do the navigating. I soon learned how much he disliked mud, so read the descriptions of the walks ahead of time.

We always kept our own independent homes and outside interests. Our different tastes usually enriched our shared experiences, with the occasional exception of cinema trips (he remembered 'Jude the Obscure' as a film where it always seemed to be raining!). Our circles of friends became overlapping, and given our different professional backgrounds, we each got to meet people we might otherwise not have known.

We had many lovely holidays, in earlier years, travelling abroad and more latterly in the UK, taking holiday cottages in different parts of the country. We could potter around market towns, country villages, museums and gardens ad infinitum. There were always churches and cathedrals to be visited, when Derek would expound on their good and less good attributes. If we chanced upon a guide or staff member, I knew Derek would be chatting to them for at least 20 minutes and we would come away with a deeper understanding of the background and characteristics of the church and congregation.



Derek's cancer diagnosis hit him like a hammer blow, but he was determined to continue his everyday life as far as possible and he maintained his pattern of daily walks until that was no longer possible. He participated in a clinical trial and remained very well for over a year.

Latterly, when confined to his home, he engaged cheerfully with the carers who visited, showing his concern for their problems despite the privations of his illness.

Derek asked for a particular poem to be read at his funeral service. The words encompass much of what we shared, so I reproduce it below, in grateful thanks for everything Derek meant to me.

I thank thee God that I have lived

Elizabeth Craven, 1750-1828

I Thank Thee, God, that I have lived
in this great world and known its many joys;
the songs of birds, the strong sweet scent of hay,
and cooling breezes in the secret dusk;
the flaming sunsets at close of day;
hills, and the lonely, heather covered moors;
music at night, and moonlight on the sea,
The beat of the waves upon the rocky shore
and wild white spray, flung high in ecstasy;
the faithful eyes of dogs and treasured books;
the love of kin and fellowship of friends
and all that makes life dear and beautiful.
Because of these and other blessings poured
unasked upon my wondering head,
because I know there is yet to come
an even richer and more glorious life,
and most of all, because Thine only Son
Once sacrificed life's loveliness for me –
I thank Thee, God that I have lived.

Derek and Tim Lees on Tour

by Paul Dean

Derek often referred to the part of his ministry, when he was at St James the Greater with Tim Lees as his Director of Music, as his 'Golden Years'. Going on tour with the Choir formed some of the highlights of this era. These are my recollections, which after 40 years may well contain inaccuracies.

During Pentecost in 1979, the Reverend Alex Viola from Hendersonville, North Carolina, was staying with Derek and contributing to our services. He was bowled over by the standard of the Choir and invited us to stay in Hendersonville for four weeks in July and August 1980. We were to be guests of his congregation while leading the worship every Sunday. We had to fund the travel, but Alex's Church would cover the rest. Derek loved his role as figurehead of the group and using his charm and personality, he would steer the Choir into various situations.

So, the Choir and maybe 20 other people, such as family members, nurses and enthusiastic followers, were flying in a Jumbo Jet over Iceland. The choirboys were taking full advantage of limitless peanuts and fizzy drinks, when we were told we were about to sing. Derek had told the chief steward about the Choir and our trip, so he introduced us to the 200 bemused passengers. We stood in a group facing most of them and sang three unaccompanied pieces that were greeted by much applause. Imagine that today, post 9/11 and modern "elf'n'safety"? Derek was also expert at motivating stewards. He would be sitting with a G&T while the rest of us were still settling in.

Derek had more free time than the Choir because he didn't need rehearsals. He used some of this time to promote the Choir in Hendersonville, so he made many new friends, of course. One friend I recall clearly was Sallie Middleton, an East Coast intellectual who created, painted and then made limited print runs of wonderful Appalachian wildlife scenes. We have a print of a Bobcat. You can see every hair and tiny moss leaf. Derek was enchanted and bought maybe ten prints which were put on display on the Vicarage staircase. He joined the local Lions and the Country Club and got to know the Mayor and the D.A., so the Choir had some good local 'gigs'.

Derek and Tim Lees on Tour

continued ...

Derek was mindful of the families back home, so he ensured that postcards were written by the choirboys, which he delivered in person when he broke his American trip to lead the Patronal Festival back in Leicester.

He made a point of coming to all the informal Choir events, mainly held in Summer Camps in the foot hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. He thought of the Choir, especially the boys, as family and he was always there to support us. So, I remember Derek swimming in various lakes; where like the rest of us, he caught 'Swimmers Ear'; speeches introducing the Choir to audiences of American teenagers; many informal meals and barbecues (he and I soon became disenchanted with Macdonald's but the boys never did), and him getting to know the host families, often around or in a swimming pool.

One can never forget Derek's hot weather clerical attire. There was a heatwave in the USA in 1980 and 100° F was normal most afternoons. We sang in many local churches, including Ashville and one down in the Piedmont, where it was 110° F (or 44° C) and the Choir soon rated churches as Air Con or not. He wore a T shirt, shorts and long black socks under his cassock, much to our amusement and his pleasure. He also liked the informal concerts given by 'The Habit', a sextet from within the Choir, performing Barbershop and other *a capella* pieces. Singers included Neil Archer and Tim and Andrew Chapman, all of whom became professional musicians. They started performing in the States as soon as we landed, while we were queueing for the customs at Atlanta airport.

The second trip in 1984 was a whole new level. Our first concert was in Washington National Cathedral, live on local TV, with a report in the *Washington Post*. Derek loved the kudos of being in Washington, especially the visit to the United Kingdom embassy and the Capitol, (No we didn't riot, but the new sextet, 'Six in a Bar', for which I was second bass, did sing in both places.) There were long coach trips, between five different locations and Derek, during these trips, used to have long chats with the men of the Choir. Our second stay was at Lexington, Kentucky, where Tim Lees ran a course for American choirmasters to learn the 'English Way'. I believe Derek landed the plum place to stay: Calumet Farm. This is the most famous horseracing stable in Kentucky, where many Kentucky Derby winners are bred. I never saw it, but a millionaire lifestyle was followed. The Choir, fronted by Derek, led the worship for two Sundays. He also enjoyed a visit to The Museum of the Horse and a day trip to a theme park in Cincinnati.

We then moved to New Harmony, Indiana, which is a simple historic religious settlement. Derek liked the monastery-like ambience and I remember him conducting Compline there. Our next stay was back in Hendersonville, meeting old friends with Derek and the Choir leading the worship again. Our final destination was Kingston, Virginia, where again Derek and the Choir led worship. I clearly recall a daytrip to Virginia Beach, where Derek and the rest of us had a lovely day of sun, sand and sea.

The Choir also toured by coach in Europe at least three times and again Derek loved to accompany us when he could. During different tours, we visited Belgium, Holland, Germany (especially Krefeld), Switzerland and France. Please ask one of the younger men, Simon Edwards, for more details! Derek was involved with many services, often Catholic, where there was a more relaxed and inclusive attitude between Catholics and Protestants than in the UK.

Derek especially relished his role as father figure to the choirboys on these trips, whilst Anne De Graeve and Margaret Matthews were the mother figures. Again, he used these long bus trips to get to know the choirboys and men better and he clearly supported all that the Choir was able to offer to its listeners, not just musically, but also spiritually.

I find it hard to summarise 'Derek on Tour', but I think that to describe him as a caring figurehead for the Choir, who helped lead the worship down his '*Via Media*', would be a fair description. Derek also loved the music we made. He never missed a concert by the Choir, or by the more informal Habit and Six in a Bar.

Memories of Derek

by William Woolley

I was out of the country for most of Derek's incumbency so have little to offer. This anecdote put me firmly in my place:

Until I went to University in 1967, Margaret was rather in my shadow ("William's sister"). However, when I was introduced to Derek, his immediate response was, "Oh yes, Margaret's brother." A few years later, he introduced me to a new curate as "Brian Carruthers' brother in law" (Margaret was by now at home with the children).

My nephew Andrew Carruthers was baptised by Derek on 20th August 1978. He is seen below with his godmother Jane White and his godfathers, who need no introduction. Years later, Derek presented him with his Chief Scout's Award.



PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

by Julia Walker

Back in 1990, Derek led a Holy Land Christian Tour to Jerusalem and Lake Tiberius, known to many as the Sea of Galilee. We had the most spiritual time knowing that we were walking in the footsteps Jesus.

In those days there were no mobile phone or any social media, all we had was our eyes and a camera.

Our journey started at Heathrow Airport. That was an experience I am sure none of us would ever forget. It was Passover and security was very tight. Israeli personnel were everywhere with armed soldiers in tanks on the tarmac alongside the plane. We had to keep our suitcases with us until boarding the enormous jumbo jet, no checking in at the desk and seeing the luggage disappear down a chute.

We were all called up and taken into a room where an Israeli Military Officer with the most scary voice asked, "Any metal in your case?" We all said "No", but for Wyn Evans, Derek's house keeper, he yelled at her "Open!" Out came a silver tray, tea pot, milk jug and sugar bowl. The soldiers looked on in amazement. Wyn went on to explain, "The Vicar needs his early morning cup of tea." We could not believe our eyes!

Thank you, Derek, for all the wonderful memories you made for us.



Photograph of the pilgrimage party on Temple Mount courtesy of Julia Walker.

My memories of Derek by Chris Geere

St James congregation 1985-2020. Now living in Chester.

It is unlikely that there is anyone in St James's congregation that knew Derek before I did.

As a 4 year old child in 1950, my family lived in the then northernmost suburb of Plymouth, called Crownhills. Each Sunday the family attended the garrison church of St Christopher (after whom I believe I was named), a short distance from our home in Bowden Park Road. My 6 year old brother, Francis, was invited to join the church boys choir, where the head chorister was Digby Hole, Derek's older brother. My grandmother, Frances Tall, became a good friend of Derek's grandmother, and my mother, Peggy Geere, had much to do with other choir parents in those years. I was sometimes taken as an infant to play with Derek and other kids in their back garden while choir outings and church business was discussed by the adults inside.

I admit that at that age, I barely remember Derek himself, as we played hide-and-seek and other children's games in the shrubs and lawns on those sunny afternoons, but I do recall once being given an ice cream, a rare treat in those days, on one of those visits.

Two years later, my brother aged 8, was awarded a semi-scholarship to Exeter Cathedral chorister's boarding school. Then, my father was posted to the Royal Naval Air Station at Lossiemouth, in northern Scotland. So my family moved north and regrettably we lost touch with the Hole family.

It was only at the St James celebration of Canon Derek Hole's 25 years in the ministry that I became aware of the connection we had had so many years earlier in Crownhills, Plymouth. Derek was in charge during the years my own son, David, joined St James' splendid choir and eventually became its head chorister.

I should add how grateful my whole family was to Derek for conducting the comforting funeral service in 2001 for my dear mother, Peggy, who had come to live near us in Leicester, but passed away after a bowel cancer operation.

Memories of Derek by Andrew Kirk

(Chorister at St James 1979-1988)

Derek was present at my parent's wedding, when he was curate at St Mary's Knighton, in July 1961. When he returned to Leicester as Vicar of St James in 1973, the links with my family were renewed. My siblings, Philip and Heidi, came on the St James Choir USA 1980 tour - such a memorable experience for the sixty of us in the tour party. It would never have happened without Derek and Tim Lees' enthusiasm. I can still picture Derek in his light blue T shirt with 'Vicar' printed on the back in Hendersonville, North Carolina. It was a wonderful time.

Derek was interested in people. He encouraged me in my musical studies when I was a chorister and Organ Scholar at St James. I enjoyed working with him to organise the music for the Patronal Festival after Tim Lees had left for Oman. He preached at Pembroke College, Oxford, when I was Organ Scholar, and in 1997 gave an excellent sermon for the organ rededication at St John's Ranmoor, Sheffield, where I was Director of Music from 1994-2003. He always expressed a wish to preach at St Mary Redcliffe Church, where I now work, but alas, for various reasons, this never happened.

Derek was very well connected and belonged to many different societies. I admired him for his cheerfulness, his attention to detail, his high demands and levels of energy. As someone said to me recently, after the funeral, 'They don't make them like Derek anymore!'

Juicy gift for church Fund.

Leicester Mercury, Friday July 27th 1979.
Supplied by Mr. Michael Molloy.

The Vicar of St. James the Greater, London Road, Leicester, the Rev, Derek Hole, is rather partial to oranges, but it would have been a mistake to eat the one he was given recently. It turned out to be a cheque for £50. The juicy gift was one of the many donations, totalling £2,907 received by the Vicar during a 12-hour vigil outside his church. The money will go towards the £30,000 cost of restoration work.

He said 'The orange was given by my deputy warden, Mr Michael Molloy. He chose it because it matches the new colour for the inside of the roof.' The cheque is drawn on a city bank and Mr Molloy obtained their approval before writing his unusual payment. There is no doubt about the fate of the cheque once it has been cleared. 'I shall eat it of course,' said Mr Hole, 'I enjoy a good orange.'

Derek Hole memories by Gill Bausor

Derek Hole was Assistant Priest at the Parish Church of St. Nicholas in Kenilworth from 1964 until 1967, when he moved to become Vicar of the church in Burton Latimer.

During his three years as curate, he made a significant contribution to the life of the parish and the worship of the church.

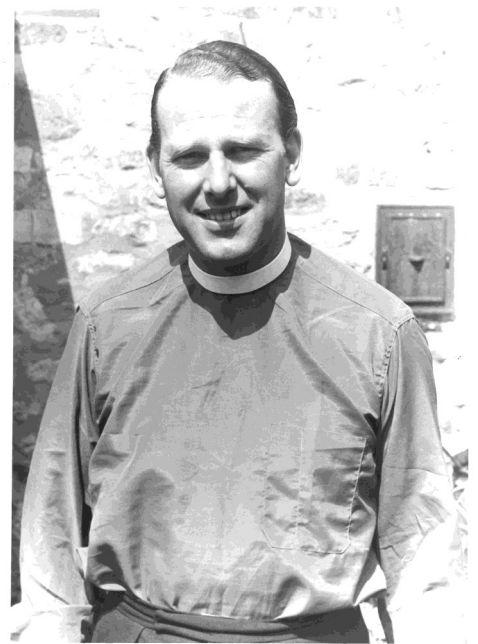
Derek surrounded himself with a number of loyal and lasting friends and endeared himself to members of the congregation. He was a popular guest at parties and attended events both in the parish and the town.

The Vicar of the parish retired whilst Derek was in Kenilworth and so he had the opportunity to take charge of church activities during the interregnum, which he did very ably and successfully.

He arranged special services and social occasions and had a great gift for introducing and bringing together members of the town and the congregation. Derek was always well organised and imaginative and his enthusiasm and commitment proved to be infectious

Despite his short stay in Kenilworth Derek made a lasting impression at St. Nicholas Church and maintained contact with his many friends in the town.

He is and will be remembered with affection and respect.



Derek Hole by Jane Lockyer Willis

I was very sad to learn of Derek Hole's recent death. He was, at one time, my father's curate at St. Nicholas Church, Kenilworth, and he and I kept in touch thereafter, mainly via Christmas cards.

My father, John Thomson, thought very highly of Derek. Like him, he knew how to conduct a service and was also a great help in the very busy parish. Derek was like a breath of fresh air, possessing a marvellous sense of fun and humour. He and I got on very well and I was sorry when he left.

Derek robed at my father's funeral in Salford Priors, and I was especially moved to hear at his own memorial service the hymn, 'O love that wilt not let me go.' It was my father's choice at his own funeral.

Memories of Derek Hole

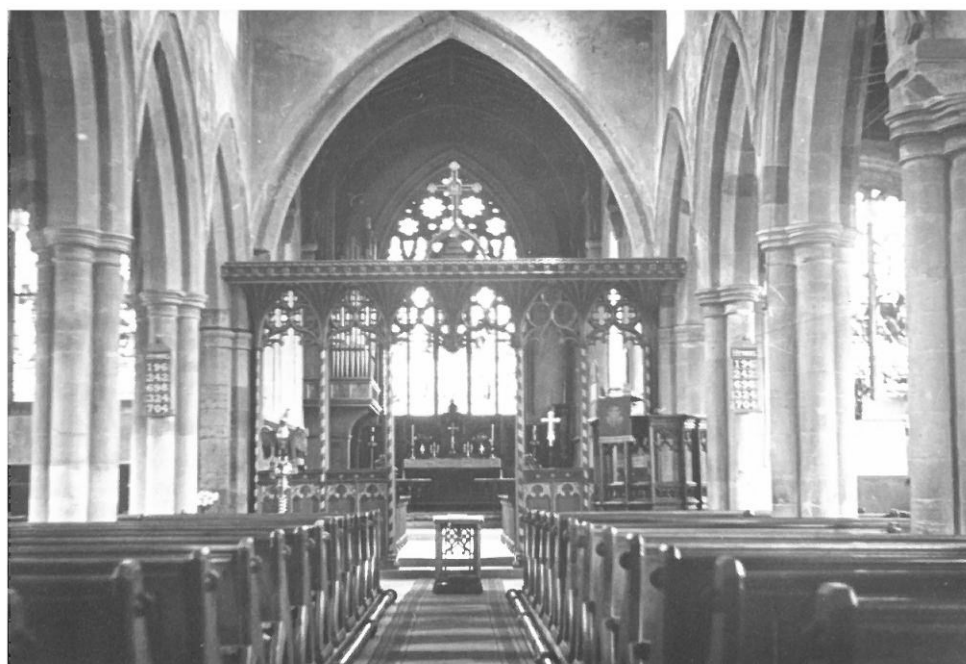
by Nicholas Loake

St. Mary's, Burton Latimer, was Derek's first parish as Incumbent Rector. He came to us in 1967 and stayed some 6 years. During his time here he displayed a young man's energy, enthusiasm and drive in completely transforming our church, its worship, and its outreach.

He instigated massive improvements to the fabric of our church; high quality work which has endured to this day. The drab brown paint covering the interior walls was replaced with an attractive lime wash, which dramatically brightened the interior. A local carpenter produced a superb nave altar arrangement, enabling the priest to celebrate in the heart of the church facing the congregation. Derek also obtained a significant grant from the Pilgrim Trust, which enabled the church to secure the services of the celebrated conservator Eve Baker to uncover and restore our remarkable medieval and Jacobean wall paintings. He also introduced coffee at the back of the church following our morning Eucharist, and we all got to know each other rather better through being able to socialise.

In Derek's time we were still an open churchyard, which included responsibility for its maintenance. Shortly before Derek's arrival, huge lime trees had been removed from the boundaries, and young cherry trees had been planted to replace them. The churchyard was no longer gloomy and dark, and the church was now clearly visible from the road. But how were we to continue to maintain the churchyard and cut the grass, etc? My father, Richard Loake, was Derek's warden for the duration of his incumbency, and against his advice, Derek introduced a small herd of goats to keep down the grass, and save the cost of mowing. This was not a success. Within days the goats had done an excellent job on the grass, but had also managed to destroy most of the cherry trees! The goats were duly removed, and sent off to pastures new!

With my father being Derek's warden, and Derek being a bachelor, he was a frequent and much loved visitor to our home, sharing all our major family occasions and festivals with us, and he was of course most excellent company. Dad was a keen gardener, and Derek would joke that all the big decisions he had to make for the Parish, were decided in our Potting Shed! Dad and Derek remained firm friends until my Dad's death in 1990, and he would say many times that Derek was the best friend he ever had. My wife Gillian and I maintained that friendship and were so very grateful for his support in both good and difficult times. He will be remembered with affection by all who knew him in Burton Latimer.



More images of Derek from his album



Derek when he was Chaplain from 1962-63 to Joost de Blank, who was Archbishop of Cape Town from 1957-1963.

The dedication of the memorial on Victoria Park to the men of the United States (All American) 82nd Airborne Division who served in Leicester and County prior to the 'D' Day Invasion of Europe 1944.





Derek receiving an Honorary Doctorate from De Montfort University,
with sister Liz and the High Sheriff of Leicester Allison Wilson.



Relaxing on country walks.



Calendar of Services and Events

See inside front cover for regular services pattern. Officiants given in the weekly sheet.

NOVEMBER

28 Sunday

ADVENT 1

08.30 Holy Communion

Celebrant: The Vicar

10.30 Sung Eucharist

Celebrant & Preacher: The Vicar

18.30 Advent Procession

Preside: The Vicar

DECEMBER

5 Sunday

ADVENT 2

12 Sunday

ADVENT 3

19 Sunday

ADVENT 4

18.30 Nine Lessons & Carols

24 Friday

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

16.00 Family Carols

Officiant: The Vicar

23.30 Midnight Mass

Celebrant & Preacher: The Vicar

25 Saturday

CHRISTMAS DAY

08.30 Holy Communion

Celebrant: The Vicar

10.30 Family Service

Preacher: The Vicar

followed by Holy Communion

Celebrant: The Vicar

26 Sunday

CHRISTMAS 1 AND ST. STEPHEN

10.30 Sung Eucharist

Celebrant & Preacher: The Vicar

JANUARY

2 Sunday

EPIPHANY

9 Sunday

BAPTISM OF CHRIST

16 Sunday

EPIPHANY 2

18.30 Epiphany Carol Service

23 Sunday

EPIPHANY 3

30 Sunday

CANDLEMAS

18.30 Candlemas Service

FEBRUARY

6 Sunday

4th BEFORE LENT

13 Sunday

3rd BEFORE LENT

20 Sunday

2nd BEFORE LENT

27 Sunday

SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE LENT

MARCH

2 Wednesday

ASH WEDNESDAY

19.30 Sung Eucharist

Commemorative Flowers



There are a number of vacancies for Commemorative flowers available throughout 2022.

If you would like to Commemorate or Celebrate a special date or event, please contact Julia Walker for more information on 0116 2719347 or E-mail juliabentom350@outlook.com

St. James Flower Guild will arrange a pedestal of your choice of flowers and colour for £25. This can be for a one-off Sunday or on-going annually.

2022

9 January

Caroline Beardsmore in memory of her parents John & Pat Beardsmore

16 January

Margo and Rex Woolhouse in memory of their parents Mary & Arthur Birley and George & Ada Woolhouse

23 January

Lin Mawer in memory of her husband David

30 January

Jeremy & Christine Josephs in memory of Sarah

6 February

Vacant

13 February

Vacant

20 February

Vacant

27 February

Vacant

6 March – April 10

Lent

17 April

Easter

What's on ...

Sundays	Coffee after Eucharist Organiser: Liz Turner	11.30	Church
Thursdays	Coffee after Eucharist Organiser: Liz Turner	11.00	Church
Thursdays	St James's Singers Director: Michael Rule	19.30 alternate Thursdays	Ashman Music Room
Fridays	Boys' and Girls' Choir Practice Full Choir Practice Director: Mike Rule	18.00 19.30	Ashman Music Room

Who's who ...

Churchwardens	Simon Edwards MBE April Rule	fabric@stjamesthegreater.org.uk
Deputy Wardens	Paul Jenkins Janet Burton	
PCC Secretary	Jennifer Clegg	pcc.secretary@stjamesthegreater.org.uk
Church Administrator		office@stjamesthegreater.org.uk
Treasurer	Alastair Jackson	treasurer@stjamesthegreater.org.uk
Acting Director of Music	Michael Rule	dom@stjamesthegreater.org.uk
Acting Assistant Organist	Guy Steed	
Flower Guild Coordinator	Julia Walker	juliabentom350@outlook.com
Head Server	Emma-Jane Hunt	ej_finn00@hotmail.com
Parish Safeguarding Officer	Vicky Roe	pastoral.assistant@stjamesthegreater.org.uk 0116 255 2108
The Shell Editor	Paul Jenkins	editor@stjamesthegreater.org.uk