

The Old Vicarage and Our Garden were inspired by my family home in Yorkshire, England. In January 2002 Irene and I saw the Old Vicarage was for sale. It was located at the other end of Main Street in the village of Auckley, in Doncaster where we live.

At the time we lived in 1 Dursley Court, beside the Eagle & Child. When we first saw the Old Vicarage we fell in love with it straight away. We bought it from a lovely couple called John and Pauline Olma and moved there in March 2002.

The Old Vicarage

Our house, in the middle of our garden
No front, no back, no side so obvious
The door you choose, is the one we use
A choice of four, can cause mirth, with a stranger
As they look all the same, tall and strong, to ward off any danger

Built for the parson, in those centuries of old
The Old Vicarage of late, it's been called, we're told
But not used as such, for many years, many fold
With windows so big, so grand, so bold

We work long and hard, for it to restore
A labour of love, a never-ending chore
Yet it is lived in, when no one's about
It stands tall and proud, all these years throughout
The cellar of secrets, many yet to be told
With tunnels and walls, blocked in days of old

It's heart in the kitchen, where love and Mother's, mostly found
A place to eat, to chat, to play, with warmth abound
The first place to welcome, the last for farewell
It's always the place, where most folk do dwell

Surrounded by family, those memories so pure
Surrounded by pictures, of my birthplace by the Nore
The poets, the playwrights, the authors from this place
Surround a picture of our house, our place

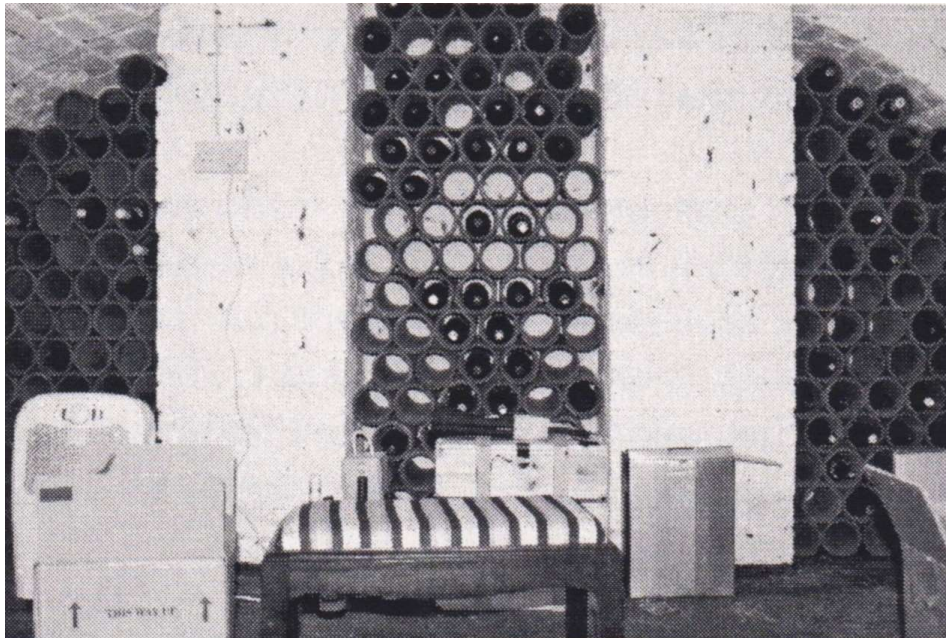
The big room, so tall, so bright, and yet so warm
A place where the sports fans, tend to swarm
It's the room where all day, it's full of sunlight
It's a room for evening time, when the moon's so bright

The dining room so spare
Used at times oh so rare
Stands proudly to the front, by the big door so bare
It's full of such things, that we all love to share
When that time comes, everyone takes care

The big table top, made in the workshop so near
The candles so many, only lit for those so dear
The plants that have been with us, since our first Auckland home
The bookshelves so full, family pictures, places we roam
The chess sets, so precious, but battered I fear
Many years to gather, now mature each year

The hallway, the stairs, so tall and so bright
With the largest window, to catch the moonlight
The bedrooms of four, for family and friends we invite
Every room so different, with each view so pleasant
Each one its own memories, of people, past and present

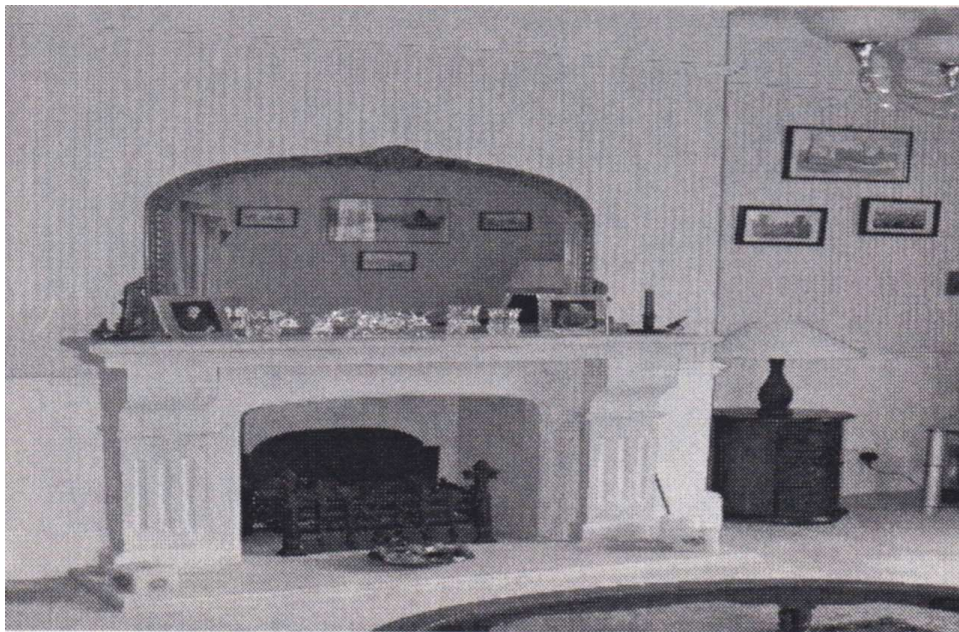
Next year a new challenge, as one or more room needs care
Another job for Rich if he'll dare
A never-ending cycle, 'till the cupboards, but bare
Our house, in the middle of our garden



Vicarage Cellar 2004



Kitchen 2004



Lounge Fireplace 2005