

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

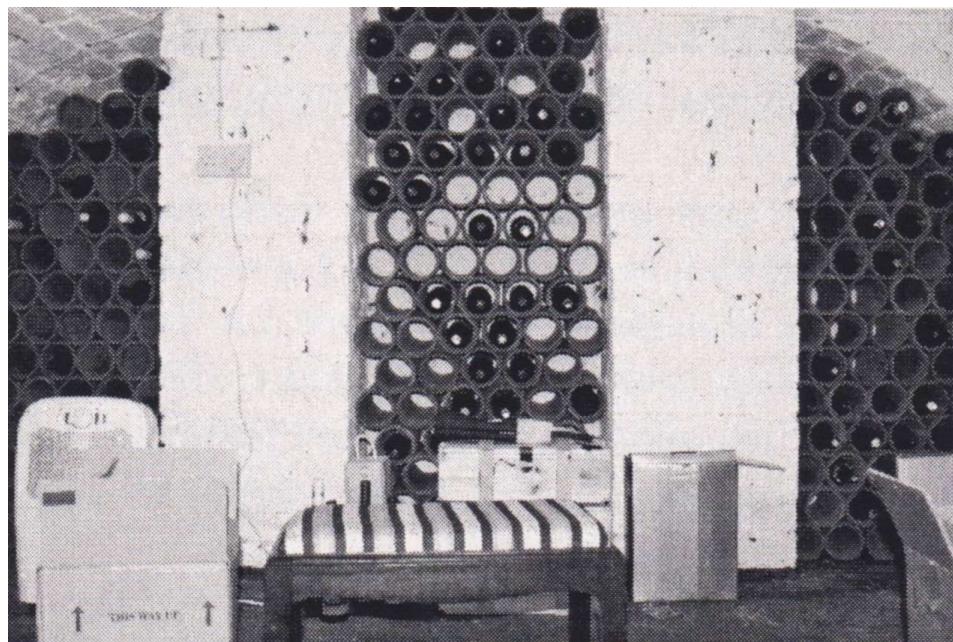
The big room, so tall, so bright, and yet so warm  
A place where the sports fans, tend to swarm  
It's the room where all day, it's full of sunlight  
It's a room for evening time, when the moon's so bright

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 Ackley 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*