

The Pittsburgh Press

Englishwoman Misses Churches

I have lived in the U. S. with my husband and children for seven years and have become pretty well acclimatized to the American way of life.

In one respect, however, I am homesick for the old country, England. I speak of the churches.

Although the churches here are bright and comfortable and packed to the doors, and contagious with goodwill, I yearn for the simple country services I have known in beautiful old historic churches, hallowed by the prayers and

praises of countless generations of worshippers.

What an atmosphere of devotion these old buildings have, where so much love has been outpoured in deep devotion and selfless service.

These lovely ancient churches are a priceless heritage. Many of them stand in shrunken villages, where the population has migrated to the towns and cities.

The handful of remaining villagers struggle manfully, against increasing odds, to preserve the sagging roofs and decaying stonework so that they may hand on their heritage to those who shall come after.

All too often it is a losing battle.

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Dinah Hutchison Pelly

(daughter of Rev. Gerald Hutchison)

With this article she raised funds for Nettleton Church

I think of my own particular country church, tucked away in the foothills of the Cotswolds, not far from the old Roman city of Bath, and the well-known beauty spot of Castle Combe.

The little hamlet of Nettleton, in the County of Wiltshire, of only some 300 people, is struggling to render their 13th century church watertight.

If any of your readers should be among those lucky ones who will be visiting England this year, they certainly should not miss the opportunity of visiting this gem of a church.

They will be assured of a warm welcome, and their interest and sympathy will bring strength and encouragement to a devoted people engaged in a labor of love for posterity.

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