

A Visit to the Soviet Union. November 5th - 18th 1988.

On Saturday November 5th I left Heathrow for Leningrad with a party of sixteen, on a tour organised by Goodwill Holidays Ltd. of Welwyn, Herts. This is a firm set up by some quakers in 1986 and the emphasis in their arrangements is providing opportunities to meet Russian people.

I took with me my stole which carries 148 badges accumulated over more than fifty years of peace campaigning. I took one copy of a Russian Bible, having ascertained that it is not illegal to do so, nor is it illegal to make a present of a Bible before leaving. I took also a hundred postcard reproductions of one of my wife's drawings which shows two young mothers, one black and one white. They are each holding the other's baby, gently and admiringly.

The metal badges showed up on the Xray and I was asked to open my bags. A rather puzzled customs officer began to pull the stole from the snow boot where I had stowed it. He spoke good English and I explained the badges and that a stole is an ecclesiastical garment! This satisfied him and I then opened my other case, immediately showing him the Bible. "Have you only one?" he asked, and when I said yes he tore open the envelope containing the post cards. His face changed as he looked at them for some moments. "They are a reproduction of one of my wife's drawings," I explained. He looked a few moments more and asked hesitatingly, "May I have one?" "Yes, please take one." I replied. Again hesitatingly he asked, "May I have two?", so I gave him three.

The morning of the 6th was taken up by a sightseeing tour of the city which finished with a visit to the Piskarevsky Cemetery where lie in mass graves the remains of something like half a million people who died in the 900 day seige of Leningrad. Many of the deaths were from starvation. There was snow underfoot and a bitterly cold wind blowing. At the entrance a permanent flame is kept burning, and as one walks down the avenues between the mass graves sad and solemn music is heard. The music ebbed and flowed on the wind in crescendo and diminuendo as I walked to the memorial at the far end and back to the flame.

Shelling, bombing, hunger and cold took their toll for the 900 days of the seige. For much of the time the utilities of water, sewage, electricity and transport functioned ill or not at all because of damage. For one period of 35 days the ration of food was 250 g of bread for those able to work, and 125 g for women and children. There are no trees in Leningrad as old as 45 years. By the end of the war they had all been cut down, not only to provide fuel but to find space to grow food. At the beginning of Nevsky Prospect, still fixed on an official building, there is a plaque which reads, "CITIZENS! DURING SHELLING THIS SIDE OF THE STREET IS MORE DANGEROUS."



As I stood by the burning flame, trying to realise what I had seen, a wedding party arrived and the bride laid her bouquet at the flame where many war-bereaved visitors come daily to lay flowers. They left and another wedding party came. This time (having learned the Russian equivalent of 'Peace be with you' from a Russian priest) I shook hands with bride and groom giving them the peace greeting which was returned.

The whole place conveys an air of desolate tragedy, yet something more. As I walked in the cemetery, words from the epistle to the Hebrews sprang in my mind: "Surrounded as we are with these serried ranks of witnesses..." and I seemed to be aware of "un grand chuchotement penible de ceux qui meurent de faim." ( a great painful whispering of those who are dying of hunger) Why the phrase should have come to me in French I don't know unless it was because there are no words to describe such suffering, AND ITS PRESENT CONTINUATION. Those dying of starvation in the world today would fill such a cemetery EACH FORTNIGHT. The voices of the dead plead with us to create a different sort of world. The brides who lay their bouquets are longing for a world that will be safe for their children.

Five weeks later, while waiting for a train on Chester station I wrote the following.

LENINGRAD.

Four hundred thousand dead.  
Maybe three hundred and seventy thousand,  
Perhaps even half a million  
Though it's not statistically likely  
It was a level number of thousands.  
Yet  
Of five sparrows sold for two farthings  
Not one is forgotten;  
Even the extra one thrown in  
To make it cheaper than two for a farthing.  
How deep then  
Is the ache in the heart of our creator  
When we number those dead through our iniquities  
By the nearest thousand or so.  
But now, we've far surpassed that reckoning  
As we calculate in megabods.

In the afternoon I went with two others to the Lenin Museum. There was no restriction on our movements and we could make our own programme if we chose but of course the Russian guide accompanied the majority on the programme she had planned. Most of us made some excursions separate from the majority at different times. The only snag is that in the museums almost the entire texts about the exhibits are in Russian but as there is so much visual arts it's not really a problem. Two paintings in the Lenin Museum



stand out in my memory, one of Lenin in his study, and a vast oil painting of Lenin addressing shipyard workers. The extraordinary thing about the shipyard painting is the detailed portraiture of each person in the crowd, equally detailed in the nearest and furthest people.

We returned to our hotel via the metro which in Leningrad runs far deeper than the London tube. The escalators move quite fast and when one is about a third of the way down neither the top nor the bottom can be seen. On following the signs to the trains we came to a large hall with no rails or trains to be seen. After a few minutes we heard a train coming, heard it stop, and the walls opened opposite the open doors of the train. By this arrangement it is impossible for people to fall onto the track. Fare anywhere on the underground is five kopecs, equivalent to five pence, and not a graffito or piece of litter in sight.

Because of the change of callendar since 1917 the October Revolution is celebrated on November 7th. We had an early breakfast and went by coach with our guide Svetlana to a place where we would be able to join in the procession when it came. I wore my cassock, stole full of badges, a large Christian CND badge and a CND hat. Many cameras were pointed at me from all angles during the course of the day. I was videotaped by members of an American group called Global Family and exchanged addresses with them. While waiting for the procession to arrive I began to talk to a group of eight teenagers and began to sing "Strangest Dream" and they joined in , in English, and also when I followed with "The Family of Man." A Dutch woman looking very scared came up to me and asked, "Aren't you afraid of the police?" and seemed quite incapable of understanding when I said no. The singing happened only a few yards from a line of soldiers who were there for traffic control.

When the head of the procession arrived we stood as spectators for about ten minutes before joining in. I found it impossible to estimate the numbers but having been in most of the big peace demonstration processions in this country I would think it was bigger than any of them. It was of course a procession to celebrate the revolution but the longing for peace was unmistakable. There was an air of carnival. When we reached the vast Palace Square there were lines of sailors acting as stewards to funnel 'lanes' of people to different exits of the square. This was necessary to avoid confusion and possible danger of a crush if too many people happened to make for the same exit. Thus it happened that part way through the square the folk in front of us wheeled off and with members of our group I was in the front line of the next 'lane' of people. The stewards were spaced at intervals of about thirty feet and alternately faced opposite directions so that they could see people on either side. It was very amusing when we became visible as the front of



the next section of the procession. Those who could see the strange sight of my cassock and stole swivelled their heads to their neighbours who faced the opposite direction, and in turn their heads turned to look. I was able to take some by the hand and give the peace greeting. There were no marching troops or military hardware in the procession. Shortly after leaving the square I looked around and found I was separated from any other member of our group. There was no other way to go except in the direction the part of the crowd I was in was moving but whether it was in the direction for our hotel I had no idea. I had listened to Russian on tape every day for a month before the trip so now was the time to try it out. I managed to convey to the first three people I spoke to that I needed directions to my hotel but they didn't know where it was. The next person I asked happened to be one of a group of school teachers, one of whom was a teacher of English. Problem solved. They were going towards my hotel and after a short while we met the group I had been with, coming back to look for me. But the brief encounter was sufficient to be able to talk to them about peace.

After lunch at the hotel we visited the Fortress of St. Peter and Paul, a grim prison from tsarist times. One of the Tsar's sons, Alexis, spent six months in a cell there before being tortured to death on the orders of his father. I wonder what Peter and Paul think of having such a place bear their names! It was good to finish the day with a visit to the ballet. The story was difficult to follow but as a spectacle of colour and movement, of exuberant physical energy and beautiful choreography it was a delight to watch.

The next morning, November 8th, we packed before leaving for the Hermitage galleries in the Winter Palace. The Hermitage contains more than two million items, ranging from prehistoric artefacts to classics of modern art. To see each item for just one second would occupy seventy, eight hour days. If, or when I am able to revisit the Hermitage I intend to spend the whole time available in the impressionist and post-impressionist galleries. As it was, with a guide and about two hours available, I emerged overwhelmed by this gargantuan display of human creativity. Three paintings stick particularly in my memory: a much reproduced bridge in a garden by Monet; a Van Gogh of a circle of prisoners in an exercise yard, and a Picasso of a circle of dancers.

After lunch I decided my coefficient of absorption was probably below zero so I had a half hour siesta and spent the time till dinner, writing postcards, drinking tea and coffee and talking with a couple of Americans, medical people with a concern for holistic medicine. After dinner we were taken by coach to catch the 11.00 p.m. overnight sleeper to



Moscow, a journey of about 400 miles. I took with me my shooting stick which was very useful not only for sitting on at various times. It saved me from several falls on frozen surfaces and on a few occasions I was able to save other people from falls because my stick was firmly anchored. I found a new use at the station. All bunks have to be booked and luggage is loaded on platform trolleys in the same sequence as one's place on the train. The platform was jam packed with people when the trolley with our luggage came along. I was with Svetlana and she said to keep up with the trolley but soon the rest of the party were well behind us and couldn't see us. I held my stick in the air and we all arrived at our berths with our luggage. The shooting stick is not native to Russia and was much admired. I would sit on it in the hotel lobby as we were assembling to set off somewhere and on a couple of occasions the doorman asked me to demonstrate its use to his friends. The sleeping compartments are quite roomy, four bunks in a compartment larger than that for six on the continental couchettes, but it would be an exaggeration to say that I slept.

On the outskirts of Moscow we saw a large acreage of glass houses lit with fluorescent lighting for food growing. We were sitting down to breakfast at 9.00 a.m. in our hotel, a place with more than 2,000 rooms, each with its own bath and/or shower. We spent the morning visiting Tolstoy's town house and a small but very ornate 'working' church, i.e. it is in use for worship and is not a museum. In the afternoon we did a sightseeing tour of the city and arrived in Red Square just as the light was fading. As soon as the sun goes in there is a marked drop in temperature and there was a breeze with a chill factor of about fifteen degrees. I took my glove off just to press the shutter of my camera to take a photograph of St. Basil's Cathedral and it took half an hour for my hand to feel warm again. By the evening I was very tired from not having slept well on the train and felt like the Sherpas say when they need a rest for their souls to catch up with their bodies so I turned in and slept soundly till 7.00 a.m.

The next morning, November 10th, there was an organised visit to the Lenin mausoleum but I had no wish to see the embalmed body of someone who died in 1924. There is a guard of two armed soldiers all round the clock, changed every hour. I couldn't help reflecting about the other tomb where the guard was kept and was redundant within seventy two hours.

With several others I went instead to the GUM stores on the other side of Red Square. This is a large two - storey covered arcade of shops built in the nineteenth century. Some of the items seemed to be Regent St. prices and I contented myself with window shopping. I spent three quarters of an hour in the impressionist gallery of the Museum of Fine arts, and referring to my diary I realise it was here that I saw the Monet and Van Gogh I mentioned



as being in the Hermitage. Here also I saw a delightful portrait of a young girl by Renoir. In the afternoon we visited the Arbat, the only pre-Napoleonic wooden buildings in Moscow. The Russians set the city on fire and retreated, thus denying shelter and provisions to Napoleon's army for the winter and forcing his disastrous retreat back to France in 1812.

Along one street there, were some artists displaying their work for sale in the open- a cool day's work. I gave a number of them a copy of Phoebe's postcard which they appreciated.

Next morning we did a tour of the Moscow metro stations. Svetlana took us to see the more spectacular ones with mosaics and sculptures and one with stained glass panels. We were pestered by a young man who followed us through several changes of train asking us to change our sterling for roubles at five times the official rate. He wouldn't take no for an answer until Svetlana really told him off and he left us with an ugly scowl on his face. We had lunch at the Exhibition of Economic Progress followed by a visit to the Cosmos Pavillion where were displayed a replica of the original sputnic and many of the various types of space vehicles. In the evening we went to a magnificent folk music concert. I packed most of my stuff before going to bed because we were to make an early start next morning, Saturday Nov.12th by coach to Vladimir, a journey of about 120 miles on icy roads.

I was up at 6.45 in time to photograph a brilliant red sunrise from my 20th floor bedroom. The day remained clear and for most of the journey the sky was filled with changing patterns of soft mauves, greys and blue-greys. We stopped for coffee at a wooden cafe, passed through several small villages and a couple of towns before reaching Vladimir, a town with a population of about 300,000. We were welcomed at the hotel by a young woman in their traditional regional costume, who offered us bread and salt. One breaks a piece of bread from the newly baked loaf, dips it in the salt and eats it. A companion is someone with whom we eat bread and this simple ceremony made me feel really welcome. Several of us went to a church service (Orthodox) where I had no idea of the ritual significance of any of the proceedings so I know no more about the Orthodox church than before I went.

On Sunday we went by coach to Suzdal, a large town twenty miles away. It has a well documented medieval history (and earlier) with the usual stories of invasions both from Baltic peoples and from distant eastern peoples. One prince among the many tried to get the Russians to unite to resist the invaders but they quarrelled so much among themselves that they could offer no effective resistance with the result that many cities were rased to the ground, one so thoroughly that it was two centuries before the site was rebuilt. There was ample evidence of European architectural influence, for example norman arches in the churches. There used to be 14 monastries in the area



and five of them have been or are being restored. The monasteries we saw this day are much less ornate than the Moscow churches and have pleasant coloured frescoes instead of the proliferation of gold leaf so common elsewhere. We visited a museum of religious artefacts, one notable item being a chalice, the base being decorated with minatures depicting stations of the cross and other Biblical scenes.

Very little remains of the authentic wooden buiding period so some isolated wooden buildings have been dismantled and rebuilt to form an open museum village. Churches were often built in pairs, a large one for use in the summer and closed in the winter, and a much smaller one which could be heated for use in the winter, a very practical arrangement for the hot summers and bitter winter weather. We trudged about two kilometers across snowcovered fields to an isolated church which we were told was very beautiful, but when we got there it was shut. On the way we had to cross an unguarded railway crossing. Two freight trains, each with two very powerful electric engines passed, hauling 140 freight cars each, a rather more sensible way of hauling freight than the fleets of heavy lorries that would have been needed by road for the same load. I noticed two motorcyclists and one motor bike and side car outfit and a jogger, with the temperature -5. BRRRR

For me Monday November 14th was THE event of the visit to the USSR. We spent the whole morning in a school which specialises in teaching English. It was a mixed school with the whole age range of 7-17, the usual age range in Soviet schools. There is no selective exam for places at the school but parents living in the catchment area opt for their children to go there if they want them to learn English. The children were obviously expecting visitors and there was a buzz of excitement in the entrance lobby as they saw us, and the immediate impression the chidren made on me was that they were in a place where they enjoyed life. Having been a teacher of 11-15 year olds for 12 years I know of course that when visitors come to a school the staff, quite rightly, make every effort to present the best side of their school's life. There is one very important thing that cannot be presented if it is not there and that is the creative relationship between teachers and taught, a relationship of genuine mutual respect between children and staff, and I knew this was there the moment I entered the school.

We were welcomed by the principal, Yelena Kuritsyna, her deputy and another member of staff and briefed about the school. Vladimir is twinned with Canterbury and the school has exchange visits with a Canterbury school. In July 1988 twenty pupils were exchanged each way and it is planned for thirty to exchange in July this year. What a pity that the whole of the final year pupils of each school do not have the opportunity of exchange, and not only



the chosen few. There will be many sad children in the Vladimir school when the children know who has not been chosen to be amongst the thirty. With what small expenditure of those silly bits of paper and metal we call money, could many thousands of children of all nationalities, savour life in each other's homes, and learn their common hopes for a world of peace, learn to make friendships that would refuse to be broken by political barriers.

We were then entertained by a concert given by the pupils. The first item was two songs by a choir of the youngest children, in Russian. I didn't understand the words but they were obviously fun songs which the children enjoyed singing. When they finished one of them stepped forward with a plate of pancakes they had cooked and we each ate one. Two of the senior pupils then gave us the scene of an encounter between Katherine and Petrucio from *The Taming of the Shrew*, in Russian, followed by an excerpt from "*The Importance of Being Earnest*" in English, both brilliantly acted. There were various other songs in English about their preparations for the visit to Canterbury and the keen competition to be one of the chosen thirty. One boy said, "I want to go to Hyde Park Corner, to stand there and say, Here I am, a real live Russian boy at Hyde Park Corner."

The final item of the concert was the following song, sung in English by its composer, a fifteen year old girl soprano. I button-holed her and asked for the words which she wrote down for me.

If we are alike it doesn't give us the right  
To call you a foe if we don't really know you as people.  
And if we are both the same  
We shall all be put to shame  
As we point fingers at you  
And say you are the true enemy.

You are the enemy, they say,  
But when I met with you that day  
I find a person, who likes to live  
Who likes to love, and who likes to love  
Just like me in certain ways.  
You are my friends, you are my family.  
You are a human being like me;  
But to some, you are the enemy.

And if we're different in one way  
How can we simply say  
That we are right and you are wrong?  
For we sing different songs  
Throughout our lives.  
And if we are both the same  
We shall all be put to shame  
That we all become friends  
So this war will truly end  
For ever.

(Continued)



You are the enemy, they say,  
But when I met with you that day  
I find a person, who like to sing,  
Who likes to share, and who likes to smile  
Just like me in special ways.  
You are my friend, you are my family,  
You are a human being like me;  
But to some you are the enemy.  
How can that be?

After the concert we separated into pairs and each pair of us went to a classroom for a full lesson period with a class. I went with Douglas and we each told them a potted biography and answered their questions. I was asked what I thought of Mrs Thatcher! I told them that the thing that makes me most angry about Mrs Thatcher is her constant references to the Soviet Union as our enemy. We must give up thinking and talking of each other as enemies. There is one world and one human race to which we all belong. I have met children from many different countries. Children do not think of each other as enemies unless adults teach them so to think.

After a meal we drove back to Moscow to the hotel where we had previously stayed. For myself I would have thought my visit to the USSR well worth while if this had been the only day there.

The next morning we went to meet journalists at the offices of the Moscow News. I judged the occasion to merit ceremonial dress so wore my cassock and stole. The journalists we met were revelling in the new freedoms brought by perestroika and glasnost. The Moscow News is published in seven languages for 140 countries and sales exceed 1,000,000 weekly. A quarter of a million copies are published in Russian in the winter and rather more in the summer. The size of the edition is limited by the supply of newsprint. Copies are very quickly sold out and there is even a market for second hand copies at a higher price. The London edition is 60,000 and is distributed by Maxwell distribution and Collets distribution. We had a session of more than an hour of question and answer and there was no attempt to dodge any of our questions. We asked whether they thought that Gorbachev might one day be replaced and his reforms reversed. Their answer was that the process has already gone so far and so many people are involved that it is not possible to be reversed.

They admitted a shortage of consumer goods but said it would be a bad policy to have a rapid depletion of their natural resources just to provide consumer goods for a short period. We were given a copy of the current issue of the paper and a back number from July. The July issue has an article headlined, "The question that must be asked: Could it happen again?"

"Words won't stop another Chernobyl."

The article is a completely frank interview Academician Valery

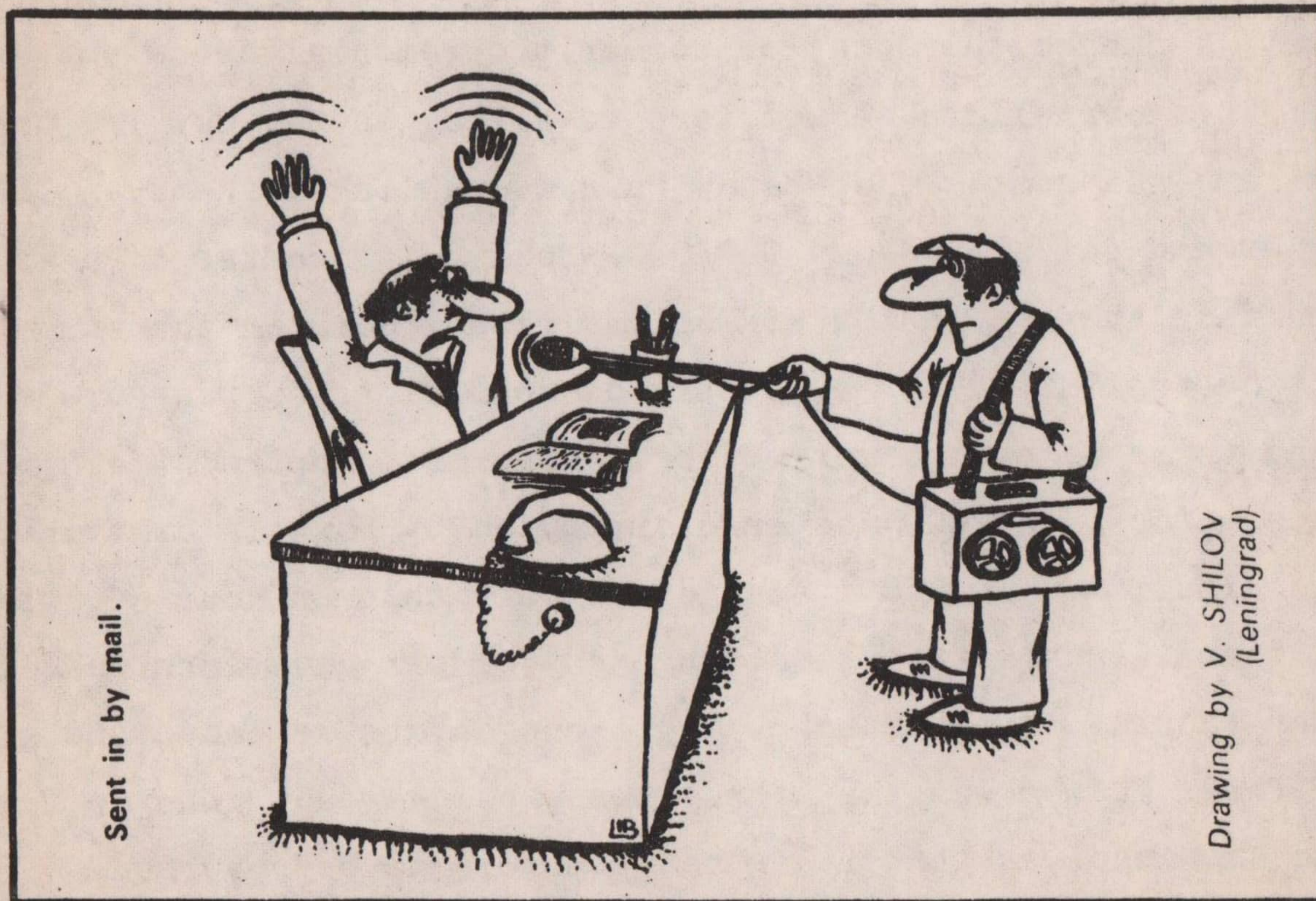


Legasov who was involved in the operation to seal Chernobyl's failed reactor. The interview took place not long before Legasov killed himself on the day after the second anniversary of the disaster. A quote from the article:

"Legasov was at the scene of the disaster from the very first day. He went to the most dangerous area and received high doses of radiation. We talked for a long time, and he told me a Chernobyl-size <sup>accident</sup> could strike again because 14 Chernobyl-type reactors are operating in this (USSR) country."

The article is too long to quote further and covers a full page of the tabloid size paper. We still have not been told the whole truth about the Windscale disaster of 1957. They changed the name from Windscale to Sellafield. I am sure that if the press of this country carried equally frank articles about the damage already done by accidents in this country involving nuclear power and nuclear weapons, and the accidents waiting to happen in our ageing power plants, the horrendous radioactive contamination that will continue to damage all life on earth for centuries to come, there would be a great public outcry to halt the whole programme of nuclear power and nuclear weaponry. But such frankness would come under the interdict of the Official Secrets Act or whatever Parliamentary Bill replaces it.

I like this cartoon from the November 13, 1988 issue of Moscow News.



The journalists told us they had no fear of being penalised for exercising their new freedoms. Who knows? Perhaps glasnost may be infectious and our press start ignoring D notices.



In the afternoon we paid a further visit sightseeing in the Kremlin, where I learned that many cathedrals and churches have been built down the centuries to celebrate various military victories. It was the realisation in my early teens that God cannot be a schizophrenic psychopathic sadist, directing the killing in all sides of every war in which nominal christians have fought, that drove me to the conclusion that to follow the way of Christ requires as a sine qua non, total rejection of all war and all preparations of armaments. The non-pacifist church has no credibility.

In the evening I went with three others to meet a family in their own home. Natalie is a woman teacher of English, about 50 I would guess. She lives with her elderly mother and mother's sister. Her daughter, a young married woman with a small boy was there to meet us too. Natalie and her daughter both spoke near perfect English. Natalie spoke of her teacher training which took place during the tyranny of Stalin. She said, "There was this great flood of brain washing coming at one ceaselessly. The thing that enabled me to keep my feet on the ground was that I had access to the classics, the Greek philosophers, something that was forbidden under Stalin."

Natalie is now a committed Christian and worships at her local church. She told us how during the Stalin era, those who continued to try to express their faith in practical concern for their neighbours were jeered at with a new Russian word which I guess was equivalent to "do-gooders" but with perhaps nastier overtones. Her face lit up with sheer delight when I gave her the copy of the Russian Bible. I gave her also some postcards of Phoebe's drawing and copies of Sharing a Vision, She Prays and Life is for Living.

Wednesday morning was spent at the Institute of Economics and International Relations. Most of the time was taken by a question and answer session and every question was answered frankly, once or twice with the frank answer "I don't know the answer to that." One of the people was concerned with social and political problems of the West, with particular reference to GB. The countries of the West are no model for perestroika in the USSR though they are taking an interest in some facets of Swedish society. If this country abandoned nuclear weapons, the Soviet response would be that no nuclear weapons would be targetted on this country. People seem incapable of realising that nuclear weapons are targetted by those who have them on those who have them. The possession of nuclear weapons therefore <sup>does</sup> not constitute a defence but the danger of being a target for other weapons. This was realised by Churchill who gave instructions that nuclear power was to be 'sold' to the British public by emphasis on 'peaceful' use.



They freely admitted that the Soviet Union is faced with problems similar to ours, suicide, delinquency, alcoholism, drugs (including in schools) but thought they are on a smaller scale than we have. There is cynism and aimlessness amongst the youth but also hope for a better world. Before perestroika and glasnost these facts were swept under the carpet and went unreported which means that those who were unaware of them previously, now say that it is perestroika and glasnost that has caused them. They do have severe difficulty about adequate food supply if there is a bad harvest and there is a shortage of housing which is being tackled.

They told us the education system is inadequate and the school reforms of five years ago have produced little change. Their Higher Education is in need of improvement as is also opportunity for post school improvement and the whole system is up for re-organisation.

There is a black economy and corruption supported by international tourism. We were frequently asked to exchange our sterling for roubles at five times the official rate. There are 'Beryozka' shops where tourists may spend hard currency and roubles are not accepted. Russian citizens are forbidden to shop there even with hard currency. Many of the goods on sale in these shops are not available in ordinary shops and the prices are very attractive. The shops exist because of Russia's need for hard currency.

In common with most societies there is a generation gap. They think there is little chance of reversion to pre-Gorbachev policies because so many people are now politicised that the process is psychologically irreversible. The satellite states are becoming more independent also.

Thursday 17th November was our last day and we went to meet the Komsomol. People become members of the Komsomol at the age of 18 and all Communist Party members were formerly members of the Komsomol, though the transition at age 30 is not automatic. The district we visited has a resident population of 100,000 but a working population of 200,000. Because there are five Higher Education institutions in the district the 48,000 members are mostly students, who are playing their part in perestroika and glasnost, a contrast with three years ago when students were reluctant to be politically active. Over the whole of the USSR about 60% of young folk become members of the komsomol. They organise co-operatives to produce equipment for disabled people and also help in visiting elderly and convalescent people. They work on restoration of buildings and can then live in them. The komsomol has a staff of 18 for the whole district and also 50 secretaries to co-ordinate the work. Because of the time of our visit we were able to meet only members of staff. The students and those working were unable to attend.



In the evening we went to a celebratory dinner in a hotel which used to be frequented by Chekhov. We took the opportunity to make a presentation to Svetlana to express our thanks to her for having made our trip so enjoyable. There was a very acrobatic floor show including graceful as well as energetic dancing and a juggler who threw various articles in the air while balancing a large rotating samovar on his head.

On the 18th November we left the hotel at 6.45 a.m. for breakfast at the airport, takeoff at 10.00 a.m. We had a second breakfast on the plane. Svetlana saw us right to the customs barrier and said a very emotional farewell to each of us.

The trip was over, but the experience stays with me.

*Alfred Willetts.*

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