The Graveyard

He was alone in the graveyard, other than the remains of 17 of his ancestors, all buried there.

The church records only showed 14, and he had heard stories of vicars taking the money for the grave plots, but pocketing it themselves, without making a true record. It mattered not. The county archive told him all he needed to know, in terms of who and when. He was willing to spend some time on where they all were in the graveyard.

Ten were easy to find, cross-referencing the headstones with the map he had acquired showing all the plots. On the other 3 the writing had crumbled away, and he made a note for new name plaques to be produced.

The other 3 errant graves had eventually been found, and he updated his notes.

He found this to be a tranquil place to be, amongst his family from days gone by. For over 200 years they had been buried there. He would not be joining them, when his time came, for his life was on the other side of the world. That was his home now. However, it was important to him to mark his families presence at this place, to feel part of that sense of community and history. He turned and left the graveyard, never to return himself, but knowing he left a record for his children and grandchildren to read, and understand.

Inspired by the research done by my uncle, Michael Procter, and his younger son Rick, into our family history of being farmers for over 400 years. (was born and brought up on the family farm in Worcestershire, where had lived for about 180 years.)

More stuff from Jules Procter can be found at :- http://www.banburyshire.net