

Rev George Stewart

Just memories... from a 6 year old child who suddenly found herself in a strange place of quiet after noisy London and constant gunfire, bombs and fires.
The quiet was scary.

The Rector, Rev Stuart, lived in the Rectory with his two sisters and several horses. Everything about him, the church and the Rectory was dark. He did not do services except when necessary - funerals that I can remember.

One particular and very vivid memory is of a funeral - I think Mr Eden's who lived in one of the middle bake oven cottages. Mr Eden was very old (probably 50!) and always smiling. Connie, Doreen Raine and me were interested as it was something we had not seen yet in Quinton. The three of us stood behind the hedge in the buttercup field, now the village green and watched. Rev Stewart, all in black, stood at the church gate - he could not see us. He seemed in a hurry. the coffin suddenly appeared around the corner of the Cottage (now September Cottage) carried on the shoulders of village men - one was Mr Sydney Mills (very short) one was Edward Raine (very tall) I cannot remember who the others were. They were wearing their 'wedding suits'. Rev Stewart waved to them and shouted to hurry up as he had not got all day.

Inside the Rectory it was also very dark (we had no electricity in Quinton) it smelt very damp and musty. His study was just inside the door on the left, down some steps. He might have had some services, as I can remember being in Church with blackout and oil lamps, and have a photograph of me, Connie and Terry our cousin in Sunday clothes being taken to Church by a cousin Jenny who lived with us, but it have might have been when Canon Hopkins came.

I found out in later years Mr Eden fell into the sheep dip poor man.

(written by Frances Piercy)