

THE TITLE

Printer's Pie was the term used by compositors when their carefully composed page of type fell out of the forme accidentally— usually because the quoins hadn't been sufficiently tightened to lock the type in securely when being moved to the press. The resultant pile of loose type was called 'pie'.

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THIS is a story of adventure. How did a Nottingham printer and businessman find himself caring for the needs of his city and for people and places all over the world, from Nizhny Novgorod in Russia to Richmond, Virginia in the USA, from Brazil to China? It is a story of faith fulfilled, of unexpected action, an on-going experience of a change of heart, and, late in life, a wonderful love which widened and deepened all that I did or hoped to do.

It all began in 1931, when I was born to Tom and Sylvia Hawthorne, the second of their five children. My father owned stationery shops in Nottingham and, in due course, Hawthornes further developed as highly regarded colour printers.

Not long after I was born, my parents met the work of the Oxford Group (later MRA and now Initiatives of Change or IofC). It enlivened and reinforced their already firm faith, my father being a convinced Methodist and the Captain of a Boys' Brigade Company and my mother a Girl Guide Commissioner. Family times of listening in quiet for God's inspiration and making the absolute moral standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love a touchstone for life became part of our growing up. For me, this way of living has lasted a lifetime, giving me direction and purpose for my living and the corrective of change in my heart and life.

School was endured rather than enjoyed,

reading comics rather than *Pride and Prejudice*, listening to *Dick Barton, Special Agent* and escaping during long lunch hours to watch cricket at Trent Bridge. I became a Sergeant in the Boys' Brigade. Our Captain, H A Brown, arranged for some of us to operate one of the scoreboards at Trent Bridge, where he was Secretary of the Nottinghamshire County Cricket Club. Cricket at Trent Bridge has become a lifelong love.

Leaving school at 16 in 1947, the adventure of serving at Hawthornes' new Ilkeston shop, the company's fourth, did not work – I was too shy. A two-year apprenticeship as a compositor at our Maypole Yard printing works, learning the printing trade from the ground up, was a far happier option. This included hand setting type, printing menus for the nearby Black Boy Hotel and attending day release classes at Nottingham Technical College.

Two years of National Service with the Royal Engineers followed, learning to drive and service vehicles and then constructing a Bailey bridge over the Thames for the 1951 Festival of Britain. Unfortunately we tipped it into the river before reaching the first pier and I ended up in hospital for a hernia operation! After this, I returned to Hawthornes, operating the printing machines and the guillotine and taking evening classes in Costing, Estimating and Management.

Throughout these years our family maintained its links with the work of Moral Re-Armament. In 1946 the Westminster Theatre, near Buckingham Palace, was purchased as a memorial to men associated with this work who had died in the war. The

in April 2015 when I participated in the 'Healing History – Memory, Legacy & Social Change' IofC conference in Richmond, Virginia. I was accompanied by Maxine Cockett, who had the original idea of 'Holding Hands around St Ann's'. New friendships made there are set to develop further.

Ever since the early years with David, Jennifer, Rosemary and Chris, family has continued to be an important part of my life. Our visits to Rosemary and John in Norfolk and David and Mary in Somerset will always be memorable. The latter's move in Somerset from Triscombe to Bishops Lydeard means that they are still only 45 minutes away from Meili's brother Walford and his wife, Sue. Regular invitations to meals in the homes of Jennifer and Chris are much enjoyed.

Events continue to crowd in – St Nicholas' church, the Inter Faith Council, 'Bringing People Together', IofC meetings, a conference at Caux—and Test Match cricket at Trent Bridge!

Close friendships have developed from all my activities in Nottingham, the UK and abroad. Most weeks I am sending several birthday or wedding anniversary cards or emails. My Christmas letter is sent to over 300 friends worldwide. The responses are heart-warming. And the Welcome Mat is always out, as I greatly enjoy hosting visitors – long may it continue.



My family, l to r: Rosemary, Jennifer, David, Mother, Chris, myself, Father

up a Nottingham group called 'Bringing People Together', to raise funds to assist with this programme, and also to start the 'My Story Project'. With the help of experienced youth workers, this has mentored young people and families in difficult situations and relationships. Those taking part have eagerly responded, sharing their stories and writing down their experiences. It has transformed lives.

A 2011 visitor was Rob Corcoran, whose work in Richmond, Virginia, had developed the Hope in the Cities Dialogues. He spoke to groups in Nottingham, Liverpool, London, and Holland, about his book, *Trust-building: an Honest Conversation on Race, Reconciliation and Responsibility*. This connection continued

performances put on there aimed to bring faith and new life to all who saw them. From Nottingham we organised many coach parties to London to see these plays, taking friends and neighbours and keeping in touch with many who responded. We also took many friends to MRA's international centre at Caux in Switzerland, whose work for reconciliation in national and international affairs has been universally recognised.

During the 1950s the company faced many changes. Despite increased turnover in the early 1950s, Hawthornes experienced a difficult period with profits fluctuating. The Radford Road and Clumber Street shops were sold. By the late 1950s there was a dramatic drop in sales. The financial position

became dire. Our home at Ransom Road was sold and we moved to rented accommodation. At this critical juncture I was appointed a director.



Chris, Dad & myself at Palm Street.

By the early 1960s my father began withdrawing from his responsibilities. The day-to-day running of the business fell to me and David Hind as Joint Managing Directors. David had joined the company at the age of 17 and became our sales representative two or three years later, doubling the results of his predecessor. After 1939-46 service in the Army, he volunteered with MRA around the world. In 1960 he returned to Hawthornes and introduced the selling of safes and office furniture, adding a new division to the company.

By the end of the decade the business was expanding. I became responsible for our

Hands around St Ann's, as well as the Sheriff of Nottingham showing us the Council House and visits to Nottingham Castle and the statue of Robin Hood. I have DVD copies (in English) of the resulting TV programme for any who wish to see them.

For many years I have been involved in the Nottingham Inter Faith Council, having served as Chair and then Secretary. Our aim is to *Build trust, respect and community through people of different faiths and beliefs*. We make available an exhibition of banners and packs of leaflets giving information about ourselves and the different faiths. Multifaith events we organise have included 'Come and Dine with us', 'Kicking it with Faith' for footballers, 'The Listening Experience', 'Inter Faith's got Talent' and a Faiths Trail when we visit a range of places of worship.

In 2009 I was in Bosnia, part of a travelling conference arranged by the Christian Muslim Forum UK, helping to explore ways in which faith communities can assist in sustaining civil society and promoting unity and friendships in their communities. We met Orthodox Serbs, Bosnian Muslims, Croatian Catholics and civic leaders in Sarajevo, Srebrenica, Tuzla and Bijeljina, for fruitful conversations, using our own experiences of change and reaching out to different communities.

'Hope in the Cities' was the inspiration for the work we began in St Ann's. Initial funding from Hope in the Cities, IofC UK, had provided bursaries for young people to attend the IofC conferences at Caux in Switzerland. The effect on those who went was so marked that we decided in 2010 to set

from Hu Zhou, a Mandarin Chinese teacher, Jacqueline Mhlanga, a refugee judge from Zimbabwe, and Chris Cann of the Nottinghamshire Refugee Forum. There were also songs from the Inner Wheel District Choir and a cornet solo by David Cao.

Meili's sister, Fran, her brother Walford and his wife, Sue, had been away in Hankow at the time of the first service. They had been special guests at the 140th anniversary celebrations at the Wuhan Union Hospital. Their grandparents had been instrumental in its development, with financial support from a range of church and other groups. They were able to tell of this at the second celebration service.

I have greatly missed sharing with Meili the thoughts we noted down in our early morning quiet times - often an inspiring source of teamwork for the day. I will forever be grateful for our 24-year adventure together. It continues to push me forward. As an active widower I have continued travelling to further the work of IofC and I enjoy meeting people when on holiday.

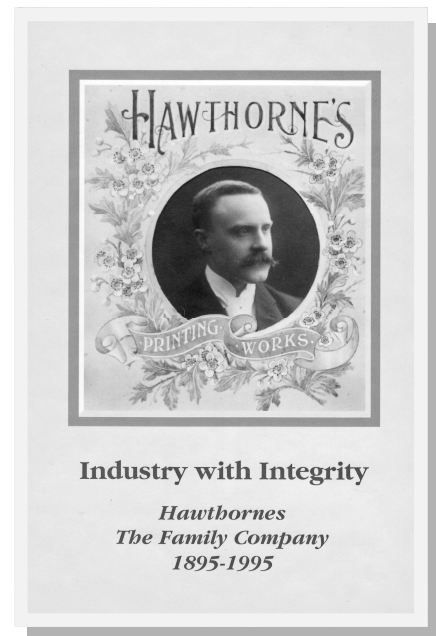
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Natalya Skvortsova, the journalist we had met in Nizhny Novgorod in Russia in 1993, came in 2008 to speak at a session of the International Communications Forum at Lincoln University, bringing her husband, Victor, the Vice Rector of Nizhny Novgorod Technical University. I was able to host them in Nottingham for the best part of a week. They had with them a TV producer, Tatanya, who was filming for a popular programme back home. Among other activities, she filmed a planning meeting for Holding

London customers, firms such as Avon, British Waterways and Saatchi & Saatchi, and developed other customers in East Anglia including Fisons, Ransomes and Harcostar.

The growing business meant developing our new site at Palm Street, New Basford, a move in which I had a large part. I relinquished the role of Joint Managing Director to my brother Chris in 1975, and my work became running our Business Printing and Office Supplies division which included overseeing our much enlarged site.

The Lord Mayor of Nottingham, Councillor Bernard Gapper, came to open these new facilities as part of the Company's centenary celebrations. We were given a civic reception and the history of the Company, *Industry with Integrity – Hawthornes the Family Company 1895-1995* is displayed in one of the Council's show cases.



Throughout these years I continued to take time each day to listen for any word or direction that I could discern that God might give me. During one such quiet time the clear thought came to take more responsibility for my home city. This led to my joining groups such as the Junior Chamber of Commerce and eventually Rotary, the Race Relations Council, the Council for Equality and Human Rights and the Young Master Printers. The latter's weekend study tours took me to meet printers in Dublin, Paris, Milan, Brussels, Gothenburg and Frankfurt. This was the beginning of a new but central part of my life.

In 1997, European money for Inner City Regeneration funded the creation of the Partnership Council for Radford, Hyson Green, Forest Fields and New Basford - deprived areas of the city. Hawthornes became involved because of our commitment to bringing people together in the area in which we were located, and tackling its inequalities and needs. I was chair of this body for nine years (1997-2006).

This widened my calling to serve my city as best I could.

In 1968 David Hind decided to leave the company to give his whole time, unpaid, with the work of Moral Re-Armament. He was able to use his selling expertise to obtain advertising for the ethical weekly newspaper which Rajmohan Gandhi, the Mahatma's grandson, was producing in India. He invited me to visit him there and we travelled to Jamshedpur in Bihar, the home of the giant Tata industrial empire whose experience of applying the ideas of MRA was having far-

delegation to build relationships with MRA in Europe. We arranged a three day visit for them to Nottingham. Then in 1997 we were in Hong Kong for an MRA conference at the time of the handover of the colony to the Chinese Republic. We went on to mainland China, visiting Hankow, Kuling (where Meili was born), Shanghai and Hangzhou, seeing many people we had met over the years. Then on to Malaysia to see friends we had made at Asia Plateau and in England.

Once again we were in China in 2000 where we joined our friend and former colleague, David Hind and his wife, Gail, on another visit to some of these cities. Like us, David and Gail had made friends with many Chinese when they were studying in Britain and we saw a number of them in their home cities, maintaining the links of love and change that had been built.

A terrible cloud

In 2005 Meili had to have an operation to close an aneurism near her optical nerve. Unfortunately it became necessary to have further neurosurgery in March 2006. This resulted in a very difficult and frustrating seven-month coma, when it was not possible to communicate with her at all. It was a most awful and painful time.

She finally died on 5 October.

The range of Meili's faith and care for people shone through both of the farewell occasions for her at St Nicholas' church. The second of these thanksgiving celebrations enabled us to have a distinctive Chinese and overseas participation. Recollections came



ceremony by Meili, brother Chris and his wife Christine.

An unexpected link with Russia developed when we were invited by the International Communications Forum to a meeting in Nizhny Novgorod on the Volga. Bill Porter was a media professional with strong connections to IofC. He developed the Forum to tackle the question of press and media responsibility, starting with a change of heart in individual people in the media. One of our hosts there was Natalia Skvortsova, chair of the local Journalists' Union. She has remained a good friend. We subsequently attended Forum meetings in Poland, the Czech Republic and France.

Meili's Chinese links gave us openings to people in that vast land. The Chinese Association for International Understanding sent a

reaching effects. It was to be the first of a number of visits to the sub-continent.

One such visit, in 1980, was with a party of people from both sides of British industry. A leading member was Bill Taylor, a senior shop steward making Minis at British Leyland's large Longbridge plant in Birmingham. It had become a byword for strikes and stoppages. A change of heart in Bill, resulting in a new relationship with his supervisor, was a major factor in bringing many disputes to a peaceful conclusion.

Bill had an introduction to Mother Theresa in Calcutta whom we were able to meet when we were there. Her amazing love for people shone through all she said of what she and her colleagues were doing. This contrasted starkly with the fear of unemployment, loss of contracts and planning permission that lay behind so much of the bribery endemic in India.

This encounter sparked a fresh thought for me in my time of quiet the next day. I noted down that my 'duty-driven efforts to serve others and build bridges between people were undermined by fear – the fear of making mistakes and appearing a fool to those whose approval I was seeking'. I had also just read what the apostle Paul had written to the people in Rome. This clearly said that *nothing can separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus*. It was this costly love, if applied in my life towards others, which would overcome my fear of stepping out.

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A bachelor at 48!

Our party travelled on from Calcutta to the MRA conference centre, Asia Plateau in

Panchgani, in India's western uplands. There, the God-given thought came that I would need human help to fulfil this new commitment and that, as a bachelor of 48, I ought to get married! This was a real revolution. But I had no one in mind. It was two years before Meili Gillison came into my life. In the meantime my sister Jennifer was very helpful by being my Annual Dinner Dance companion when I was President of the Nottingham Printing Industries Association in 1981 and 1982.

Meili had come to nearby Ilkeston to look after her uncle, Dr Gillison. Her parents Keith and Kathleen had met the Oxford Group when they were medical missionaries in Han-kow in central China. She was christened there as Dorothy Mary in 1929. In her early years she was called Meili by the Chinese staff and it stuck. I believe it means beautiful. For thirty years she had been working in faith (i.e. without salary) with MRA around the world. I had seen her at MRA meetings. Now we worked together, inviting people to MRA film shows and meetings - and love grew. It became clear that God meant this partnership to continue and we were married on 27 February 1982.

We honeymooned in the North and in Scotland, visiting family and friends who were not able to come to the wedding. Later that year my father, who had been suffering from Parkinson's Disease, died aged 85.

Mum had been trained as one of the first female physical education teachers. She kept us involved in sporting activities such as croquet on our lawn until she died, aged 88, in 1990.



Participants in the 2003 'Hope in the Cities' 2nd Dialogue in St Ann's.

series of Honest Conversation Dialogues in Nottingham's multicultural inner city area of St Ann's. These have developed into annual *Holding Hands around St Ann's* Unity Days. Family activities and stalls are arranged on Robin Hood's Chase around the Community Centre. At an agreed time, participants are encouraged to make a large circle.

A well-known speaker asks us to hold hands. Then, in a time of quiet, to think how we can play our part in making St Ann's the best place to live, work and play - and decide how we could get to know someone from a different background. As this ends, the speaker suggests we have a conversation with the people beside us.

In 2002 I was invested with an MBE by the Queen at Buckingham Palace for Services to the Community in Nottingham. This was a dazzling surprise and privilege. I was accompanied at the memorable Buckingham Palace

Newcastle and Guildford. She communicates about her nutrition job in Nanjing.

Newcastle friends, whose work to bring the community together in their city is widely recognised, are Hari and Ranju Shukla. Hari has been made a Freeman of the City of Newcastle. With them, we were invited to Australia, to share experiences of creating this sense of community and what it takes in terms of care and change. We participated in MRA-initiated seminars in Sydney and Newcastle, as well as Canberra and Melbourne. Meeting civic, community and police leaders we encouraged a change of attitude regarding Aboriginal mixed race children, government policy towards them having been very negative and discriminatory.

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The following year, again with the Shuklas, we were invited to cities across the United States and Canada. In Chicago, Toronto, San Francisco, Denver, Portland and Vancouver we shared experiences with a kaleidoscope of community-building people and groups. We encouraged people to go to Richmond, Virginia, the capital of the Confederacy of Southern States which had supported slavery, to take part in a seminal gathering, *Healing the Heart of America: an honest conversation on race, reconciliation and responsibility*. It began a fundamental change in the city, its institutions and its citizens as people joined in this 'walk through history' which has become a model for cities across the United States.

A 1999 visit to Nottingham by American 'Hope in the Cities' friends who were at the heart of the conference in Richmond led to a

Meili and I were no sooner married than we were on our travels. The year after our wedding we were in India where we met the Dalai Lama at an MRA conference in Panchgani. For a seminar that followed in New Delhi, Meili composed the music for a song, *The Rivers of Life*, describing the flow of water and spiritual life from Tibet.

For many years our family church had been St Nicholas', very near to Nottingham Castle. From 1991 to 2000 I served there as churchwarden. Meili and I worked closely with the Rector, Dr David Huggett and his wife Joyce, who was a well-known Christian author. It was during this period that we made extensive alterations to the church, taking out the pews, putting down carpet and installing warm-air heating, creating a much more welcoming and family-friendly space. During these alterations we were able to hold our services at nearby Castlegate Congregational Church. There we met and made lifelong friends with a Chinese student, Harry Wang, and his family.

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Easing away from the Company

In 1991 I began to work part-time at the company, while maintaining my oversight of the Palm Street complex. This was to give me time for the increasing commitment to our work in the community. We also decided to invite overseas students to stay with us as paying guests. Carmen Caldera was our first. She had worked with YWAM (Youth with a Mission) in Brazil and came to the UK to improve her English. Before returning to Brasilia she worked in missionary care work in North Africa and also Spain. Carmen was



Our wedding group, l to r: Caroline Clemmow, David Hawthorne, Jennifer Jackson, Fiona Gillison, Chris Hawthorne, myself, Meili, Nicola Gillison, Rosemary Gooderson, Walford Gillison, Frances Clemmow & Jennifer Gillison.

followed by a number of others, who have become friends for life. Among them were Veronique, a French speech assistant at Nottingham High School for Boys and Teresia Jabcanova from Slovakia who had been working as an *au pair*. We attended her wedding in Presov when she married Martin Jansen from Holland.

Atsuko Myoshi from Osaka in Japan became a close friend. She was followed by Conglin

(Angela) Jiang from Nanjing who came to study at St John's Theological College. Angela completed her dissertation while she was with us and went on to Cardiff for further study. There she met again an Anglican Canon for whom she had translated in China. When they got married, I stood in as substitute father for her. Another student from Nanjing was Doris/Han Zhang, who did her A-levels while she was with us and then went on to study in