From the Editor

Welcome to the Holidays Edition of The Separatist Post, the e-newsletter of ‘The American Friends of The Pilgrim Fathers UK Origins Association’.

Val Bowles - Editor

Harvest Festival in England

Come, you thankful people come,.
Raise the song of harvest home-
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin.
God, our Maker, doth provide

For our wants to be supplied.
Come, to God’s own temple come
Raise the song of harvest home.

We plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land.
But it is fed and watered
By God’s Almighty Hand.
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine
The soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love.

I don’t know if you, our Mayflower Friends, are familiar with those verses of hymns I have written above, if they are sung in the USA? They are so familiar to me; born at the end of the second World War, into a Christian family, even as a small child, I remember Harvest Festivals. The produce, what there was, bearing in mind that this was post war Britain, would be displayed on the Sunday at the Harvest Festival Service, (this was usually the end of September or early October) when thanks would be given to God for His goodness and the produce would be blessed. As I lived in a very small rural town called Manningtree, in Essex, almost everyone had a vegetable garden, grew
fruit, and some, my family included, kept chickens so were never short of eggs and, to my horror, I discovered one day, that we actually ate the hens when they stopped laying! I was distraught when I discovered that, one Christmas Day, we had eaten Hoppy, my favourite! Anyhow, I digress.

On the Monday evening following the Harvest Festival Service there would be an auction in the hall to sell the produce that had been donated. This could be quite lively, in a very good-natured way, and money raised would support good causes.

Well, things haven’t changed, even up here in Nottinghamshire! We still celebrate Harvest Festival in England, and on Monday 3rd October, Barry, myself and some friends went to the Harvest Supper at Scrooby Village Hall. I know that some of our Mayflower Friends have visited Scrooby so can, I hope, imagine the friendly, happy and animated atmosphere within the building. It was a lovely family event; children of all ages, parents, grandparents and friends. We enjoyed a traditional English meal of homemade meat pie, peas and jacket potatoes, followed by a choice of English desserts – fruit crumble and custard, various puddings and fruit salads, all homemade – absolute bliss! The ladies excelled themselves! After the meal the produce was auctioned, with much hilarity and friendly rivalry, raising a good sum of money for the Church and local charities.

Although you are so far away, we have so much in common – our history, shared values and principles and the same admiration and respect for the Pilgrims who left our country and became such an important part of your history. As you prepare to celebrate Thanksgiving, we do remember the Pilgrims, the strength of their faith and how they gave thanks to God for their harvest and survival after all their trials. We wish you every blessing and hope to see you here in England at some time in the future; you will be made very welcome.

Val Bowles
Secretary/Treasurer

For too long the stories of the womenfolk connected to the Pilgrims have been overlooked. In order to put this right, a serious of articles dedicated to these women will appear in The Separatist Post.

The Family of Love and the Drowning of Dorothy May Bradford

Early in December, 1620, a party of men from the Mayflower, including William Bradford, had taken the shallop to go exploring. On their return, Bradford would have the tragic
news broken to him that in his absence his young wife, Dorothy May, had been discovered drowned on December 7th.

In his ‘Of Plymouth Plantation’ Bradford barely references the death of his wife. History generally has remarked upon Dorothy May’s life even less, after all she was but just another woman in an age devoted to the stories of men, and when the name of Dorothy May Bradford has been remembered it has been associated with one pressing question; did she accidently slip that cold winter night from the icy decks of the Mayflower or did she jump? To make sense of the events of that night, we must first try to make sense of the woman herself; who was Dorothy May and where did she come from?

Three vital clues as to Dorothy’s identity come from Dutch records. According to Dr Jeremy Bangs:

‘When William Bradford (Willem Braetfert) and Dorothy May (Dorothea Maier) registered their betrothal on November 9th, 1613, in Amsterdam, where she lived on the Nieuwendijk, her father Henry May (Henrij Maijr) accompanied her. Both young people signed their names: William Bradford and Dorothy May. Dorothy was sixteen years old at the time and could not become engaged without the approval of her father in person or in writing... William was twenty-three, but an orphan. Their betrothal and banns were also recorded in Leiden’s city hall.’

The corresponding record at Leiden of November 13th, records Dorothy May as being a spinster from Wisbech.

So we know three things for certain about Dorothy May: her father was Henry May and the family came from Wisbech in Cambridgeshire. However, further research at Wisbech appears to have been hampered by the absence of baptismal records for either Henry May or his daughter, Dorothy, in the otherwise complete parish records of that town. The May family name appears in Tudor burial and marriage records of St. Peter & St. Paul’s’ Church, one of the two parishes in Wisbech at that time. The May family name does not appear in the registers of the other parish church, St Mary’s, until 1732. So why, I wondered were there no baptismal records for Henry and Dorothy? However, in trying to find other ways in which to confirm the Leiden Mays’ family connection to Wisbech, I stumbled across something very interesting which may explain the lack of this vital documentation.

By a process of deduction, it seems extremely likely that Henry May could have been the son of John May and Thomasine Cross who married in St Peter & St. Paul’s Church in 1570. If so, then Henry was born into a very unusual religious, dissident family. His father, John May of Wisbech, was an active member of the little known and utopian religious cult known as the ‘Familiar Caritatis’, which translated from Latin means ‘The Family of Love’. The Family of Love might
in many ways be compared to modern day Hippies.

The Family of Love was founded on the continent by German mercer Henry Nicholis or Niclaes – or who was often simply referred to at that time as H.N.²

Nicholis became almost prophet like with his religious message spreading far and wide through his writings which were translated and distributed across the Continent. His followers asserted that all things were ruled by nature and not directly by God, denying the dogma of the Trinity, and rejecting infant baptism. They believed in freedom of the mind and held that no man should be put to death for his opinions. Like the later Quakers, members of the Family of Love, or ‘Familists’ as they were also called, objected to the carrying of arms and to swearing anything like an oath. They felt no need to openly spread their message in public and to risk being branded as heretics, instead members blended into their communities, quietly remaining in the background confident in their elite status as part of the Godhead. They are also rumoured to have believed in ‘free love’.

These Familists were also usually a part of the established church. Indeed in 1579 John May and fellow Family of Love member, Thomas Pierson, both held the position of churchwarden at St Peter & St.Paul’s, Wisbech reporting to the authorities on all sorts of misdemeanours on the part of their congregation but never their own heresy.

The biggest colony of Familists known in Elizabethan England centred upon Balsham in Cambridgeshire not far from Wisbech.

As the Encyclopædia Britannica Eleventh Edition says:

‘Nichol’s followers escaped the gallows and the stake, for they combined with some success the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove. They would only discuss their doctrines with sympathizers; they showed every respect for authority, and considered outward conformity a duty. This quietist attitude, while it saved them from molestation, hampered propaganda.’

The authorities in England began to see the Family of Love as heretical and a subversive threat to good order. In 1580 Archbishop Grindal issued a proclamation against The Family of Love and all of its writings. Around Wisbech, many of its members were brought before the bishop of Ely, interrogated and imprisoned.

John May died in 1584 and in his will names two children, a son named Henry (aged under 21 at the time of his fathers’ death) and a daughter ‘Jacomyne’ aged under 16. There are no further records for this Henry May or his sister to be found in England.

Henry’s mother, Thomasine, married very quickly after John May’s death and to a man named Edward Wite. Wite does not appear

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² *The Family of Love in English Society, 1550-1630* Christopher W. Marsh
to have been a member of the Family of Love as he and Thomasine had several children baptized at St Peter & St Paul’s Church.

Henry May of Wisbech next appears as an Elder of the Ancient Brethren Church in Amsterdam. He had become a member of that Church around 1598 and so it is quite possible that some of his children, including Dorothy (who was born around 1597) were not born in Wisbech at all but probably in Amsterdam, where many English Church records are missing. She was probably named after her paternal aunt, Dorothy May.

In many works Henry May is reported to have had a daughter, Jaqueline, who was married to another Ancient Brethren member, Elder Jean de l’Ecluse. De l’Ecluse, a French Walloon and printer from Rouen, was formerly a member of the Walloon Church in London before moving to Amsterdam. In October 1596, The Amsterdam Walloon Church bemoaned the fact that one of their members, Jean de l’Ecluse, had gone over ‘to the English at Naarden’, where the Separatist Church, formerly of London, had briefly settled before establishing itself at Amsterdam and meeting in the house of de l’Ecluse’s. Soon after this time, The Ancient Brethren’s original figurehead, Francis Johnson, and his brother George, along with fellow Separatist, Daniel Studley, had been able to re-join the church in Amsterdam where it took on the identity of the Ancient Church or Ancient Brethren in order to distinguish itself from later newcomers. De l’Ecluse was also heavily involved in printing in Amsterdam and by 1600 was under investigation for printing three suspicious theological books.

On March 23rd, 1593, Daniel Studley had been imprisoned in London for his Separatist beliefs and condemned to death. Instead of being executed, he was sent instead with fellow condemned prisoner, Separatist preacher, Francis Johnson, to help found a colony on an island in the St. Lawrence River. When one of the expedition’s ships foundered, the other turned back to London. Johnson and Studley managed to escape by going into exile in Amsterdam.

In 1606, conflict arose when members of the Ancient Brethren accused Studley, now a Deacon of the church, of incest with his wife’s daughter by a previous marriage. He was reported to have given his wife a “blew eye” and beaten her when she had protested. Francis Johnson’s deep friendship with Studley, which dated back to the dangers of their shared past, no doubt clouded his judgment and stayed his hand from acting against his friend, perhaps excusing his ‘crimes’ because of the oppression he had suffered for the cause of Separatism. Added to this, many of the Amsterdam congregation still held Studley in

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high esteem. However, the matter of Studley’s suitability as a church leader would soon rip the Ancient Brethren church apart.

In November 1610, a large number of the Separatists at Amsterdam, led by Henry Ainsworth, sought the help of the church at Leiden to intervene in a dispute between them and the opposite faction led by Francis Johnson. Once again, at the centre of this conflict stood Daniel Studley. This time Studley was accused of a further number of immoral acts; he had been teaching schoolchildren in his charge lewd song instead of religious studies. He had also counselled one young female church member, Mary or Marie May, (almost certainly Dorothy’s sister), to have sexual relations with her fiancé before marriage. As there appears to have been only one English family by the name of May in the Ancient Brethren at this time, Mary was almost certainly a sister to Dorothy May. Even more damning than all, Studley had allegedly made sexual advances towards another young girl – Henry Ainsworth’s own daughter.5

The result was a dreadful fracture within the Ancient Brethren. Henry May was among the thirty Separatists who, with Henry Ainsworth, split from Francis Johnson’s Church.

Henry May was still alive in February 1615 when, after a successful legal dispute with Francis Johnson’s faction, ownership of the Ancient Brethren’s Meeting House was transferred to among others, May and Jean de l’Ecluse, for the benefit of (Ainsworth’s) ‘English Congregation’.

William Bradford, in his First Dialogue, makes it clear that his theological sympathies were with Ainsworth, writing that:

"Mr Henry Ainsworth, a man of a thousand, was teacher of this church at Amsterdam at the same time when Mr. [Francis] Johnson was pastor. Two worthy men they were and of excellent parts. He [Henry Ainsworth] continued constant in his judgment and practice unto his end in those things about the church government, from which Mr. Johnson swerved and fell. He ever maintained good correspondence with Mr. Robinson at Leyden, and would consult with him in all matters of weight, both in their differences and afterwards.”

As John Robinson’s Leiden congregation kept up good relations with Henry Ainsworth’s Church in Amsterdam, it is possible that the two churches exchanged visits and so William Bradford may have known Dorothy May quite well. However, Dorothy May lived in an era where society, and especially her church, would have expected her to marry a man of equal status and so a decision to marry often involved more than just the couple in question. As the Separatists rarely married

5 ‘The Profane Schism of the Brownists or Separatists (Amsterdam?)’ 1612’Christopher Lawne, John Fowler, Cement Sanders, Robert Bulward

6 Dr Jeremy D Bangs, The Pilgrims, Leiden and the Early Years of Plymouth Plantation, 2006 - Amsterdam Municipal Archives, Rechterlijk Archief, inv. Nr. 2164, Register van Kwijtscheldingen van bij Executie verkochte huizen en schepen, fol. 95 verso. Ainsworth’s congregation may have included further only the wives of these men and their children. Perhaps more likely is that the congregation was larger, and that these are the names of the elders and deacons only.
outside their own circle, coupled with the acrimonious break of Ainsworth’s followers from the church of Francis Johnston, the pool of possible future spouses in Amsterdam was somewhat limited. It is highly likely that a marriage for William Bradford and Dorothy May was partly brokered by John Robinson, Henry May and Henry Ainsworth based upon the relevant party’s standing within their respective churches and the community as opposed to the notion of a romantic love-match.

Bradford had sold his remaining property in Austerfield and purchased a modest house on the Achtergracht or ‘Black Canal’ where he and Dorothy May set up home. Soon the couple had a son, John. It has often been supposed in histories that the child was probably named in honour of John Robinson, as John does not appear as a Bradford family name at Austerfield. That is a nice sentiment and possibly true. However, as we now see, John Bradford may have been named in honour of his Familist great-grandfather, John May.

We do not know if William Bradford and Dorothy May shared a deep love within their probably arranged marriage. It is somewhat curious to note though that during seven years of marriage, the young and probably highly fertile Bradfords appears to have only produced one child.

Moving forward in time, the subsequent drowning of Dorothy May in December 1620 was the result of either two acts; either it was a tragic accident or she took her own life. So let us examine the facts of the matter.

Why would Dorothy May have been on the deck of the Mayflower in the first place? The most likely explanation is that she was visiting the head, the toilet area at the front or head of the ship. With so little privacy below decks, given the choice a woman’s sensitively would have more likely drawn her to have gone up on deck to defecate.

The next question has to be that, during a time when almost 40% of all accidental deaths were due to drowning, and with women particularly susceptible, did Dorothy May fall overboard from the Mayflower accidentally or did she cast herself into the water as the result of a wilful and deliberate act?

Firstly, let us look at the conditions on board ship that night and at what Dorothy May was wearing. It was freezing weather. Given the crowded circumstances and lack of privacy aboard, it is likely that the passengers may have slept in their day clothes, or at least only partially undressed for bed. It would not have been either decent or practical for Dorothy May to have gone on deck scantily dressed on such a cold night. So Dorothy May was almost certainly fully dressed and wearing a dress almost certainly made of wool. And it is the wool that would have sealed her fate when she entered the water- either accidently or intentionally.
Wool was the most common fabric for clothing and most practical for a long period of travel. Wool has the capacity to keep the wearer warm by trapping air in its fibres. However, wool also has the capability of rapidly becoming saturated when put into water and as a result also rapid becomes many times more heavier than its dry weight. So much so that it was this factor that added to so many deaths by drowning in the Tudor/Jacobean era, even in relatively shallow amounts of water. A saturated wool dress could efficiently drag its wearer under water and struggling to tread water or to drag themselves out. The struggle was often just too much to overcome quickly causing drowning.

Another factor contributing to her death would have been what effect the freezing temperature of the sea water would have had on Dorothy May.

Cold Shock Response is the effect that cold water has on a person’s breathing and lasts for only about a minute after a body enters the water. Initially, there is an automatic gasp reflex in response to the rapid cooling of the skin and if Dorothy’s head was beneath the surface, then water may have involuntarily been breathed into her lungs during the gasp. This would have resulted in drowning.

A second element of the Cold Shock Response involves hyperventilation. Like the gasp reflex, this is a natural reaction to the cold. Although this physical response will subside, if Dorothy panicked that could have caused hyperventilation to continue, this in turn could have made her faint. If she had been rendered unconscious, Dorothy May would have quickly drowned.

The other significant Cold Shock Response is that as the arteries narrow (vasoconstriction), the heart has to suddenly work harder to pump the same volume of blood throughout the body. This additional, sudden workload could have caused Dorothy’s heart to go into cardiac arrest.

Something called ‘cold Incapacitation’ occurs within 5 – 15 minutes of a body being in cold water. Vasoconstriction decreases blood flow to the extremities of the body in an effort to preserve heat in the core, in order to protect the vital organs, while at the same time allowing the periphery of the body to cool. When cold, muscle and nerve fibres don’t work well and so within this critical period of time, Dorothy would have lost meaningful movement in her hands and feet, and then followed by her arms and legs. Without a modern-day floatation device, Dorothy May would have found it very to stay afloat and so would likely quickly drowned.

Why did no one see or hear Dorothy May fall into the water? Why should they have? If a watch was placed that night, it was probably only a token one as the likely hood of hostiles approaching the ship by water was minimal. Any watchman may have simply fallen asleep or not have been present at the head end of the ship.
In the dark and with the ship rising and falling, even in the calmest water, the lapping of the waves against the side of the ship may easily have masked the sound of Dorothy May falling from the Mayflower. If she had slipped from the ship she may not have even had time to cry out and once in the water, was probably rendered unable to do so. Even if the alarm had been raised within moments of Dorothy May entering the water, it is quite likely she would have drowned anyway. The only comfort William could have drawn from his young wife’s death is that it was probably quick.

Could Dorothy May have taken her life deliberately? Anything is possible. We know that the majority of those aboard the Mayflower were by this stage suffering from scurvy. But what are the effects of scurvy? There are numerous ways in which scurvy acts upon the body, many related by Bradford himself in his journal. However, depression can become a major symptom depending on how advanced the lack of vitamin C has become. Not a feeling of sadness or gloominess but a deep, dark, feeling of abject misery and hopelessness can quickly envelope a person. Despite her deeply religious faith, it is indeed possible that Dorothy May could have taken her own life while the balance of her mind was helplessly affected by this dreadful disease. We can never know for certain.

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How we use our funds to help those extra special Mayflower visitors

If you needed an extra reason for feeling good about supporting us by becoming a Mayflower Friend, then surely this story will do that.
For American student Tashi Bradford, it should have been a very special father-daughter cycle ride around the Mayflower Pilgrim sites in our area. Sadly before it could happen, Mr Bradford died.

However, Tashi was determined to complete the ride in memory of her father.

‘I’m one of the many American descendants of Mayflower Pilgrim Governor William Bradford.’ Tashi explains. ‘I moved to Preston, England four years ago, and my Dad had wanted to come visit me so we could go to Austerfield together, but he got cancer and passed very quickly, within less than two months after diagnosis. He was an avid cyclist, and big on family history too. We were particularly interested in seeing the Bradford house and the church where he was baptized. We’d planned to go to Scrooby too.’

Mayflower Pilgrim, William Bradford was born in Austerfield in the spring of 1590. As a teenager, Bradford was so inspired by Babworth preacher, Richard Clifton that he regularly walked the eight miles journey from his home to Babworth, to hear him preach. He also became a member of the Separatist congregation who met in secret at Scrooby Manor.

After sailing on the Mayflower in September 1620, William Bradford rose to become one of the principal figures in 17th century New England serving for several decades as Governor of the Plymouth Colony.

Now, with the help of the Pilgrim Father's UK Origins Association, Tashi completed the pilgrimage over the weekend of 24/25th September 2016 carrying some of her father’s ashes with her. In honor of her father’s passion for cycling, she rode her bicycle, a BikeE semi recumbent ideally suited to her physical abilities.

‘It has been a real pleasure to be able help Tashi to complete her own special pilgrimage’ Chairman Sue Allan said. ‘It is one of the prime aims of our Association to help build a special bond between us, our area and Mayflower descendants from the USA and so after hearing about Tashi’s desire to go on her own very special pilgrimage around the Mayflower Trail, how could we have let a Bradford descendant pass through without offering her as much support as possible?

And so the Association not only vetted and provided free accommodation to suit Tashi’s personal needs but also supported her every step of the way as their special guest.'
“This pilgrimage has been a dream of mine since I was a small child reading about my famous ancestor. The curious-sounding names of the villages would run on repeat through my growing mind. It was surreal to then find myself pedaling along a country road and come upon signage that informed me I was in fact arriving in Austerfield… Bawtry… Scrooby. Sue’s guiding, expertise, and companionship were truly invaluable, as was her patience with writing pages and pages of notes to this Deaf pilgrim. My dad would have loved this trip and it was my great honor to carry it out in his memory. I’m forever grateful to Sue and the Pilgrim Father’s UK Origins Association for helping me realize this mission.”

Editor’s note.

Your membership fee as a Mayflower Friend of The Pilgrim fathers Origins Association helped us to make this one disabled descendant’s dream come true.

Thank You!

Sue’s Versatile Thanksgiving Cranberry, Ginger & Orange Preserve

Cranberries are high in pectin and so set really well in making this delicious jam-cum-marmalade preserve which is so very versatile. A spoonful can be heaped on a plate to serve as a delicious compliment to hot or cold Turkey, pork chops or ham and so much more. It can
also be spread on hot toast as a Christmas morning treat!

For each pound of cranberries used add at least two –three plump fingers of fresh finger (peeled and chopped), and three finely sliced satsuma or clementine –type thin skinned sweet oranges (often sold as ‘Cuties in the USA), and the zest and juice of two lemons (scrubbed first if waxed).

Weigh the combined mixture then set aside exactly the same amount of granulated white sugar to warm gently in a low oven.

- Heat the cranberries, citrus fruit, ginger, lemon juice over a gentle heat until the cranberries begin to pop and let go their juice. If needed, added a little water or Glühwein to prevent sticking or burning (around a quarter – half cup should be more than enough).

- Add sugar and stir until dissolved.

- Raise heat and bring mixture to a rolling boil for 15 minutes or until setting point is reached.

- Setting point for jam is 105c (220F) so a good way to test for setting point is to have a sugar thermometer clipped to the side of your saucepan, with the end dipped in the boiling jam mixture. Once the boiling mixture has reached the correct temperature then your jam should set.

If you do not own a sugar thermometer then carry out a saucer test. To do this put a china saucer into the freezer for about fifteen minutes before taking it out to test a spoonful of hot jam mixture.

Push your finger through the jam on the plate while looking for it to wrinkle and not flood back in to fill the gap.

If it is not ready, then turn the pan back onto heat, simmer for five minutes and test again.

Important: turn the heat off while you test – you do not want to overcook the jam if it has set.

Pot the mixture up into sterilized jars, seal, label and store in a cool, dark place. Keeps for months if not gobbled up first!
It's not easy being a dog. Although I grew up from a pup at Scrooby Manor and am now in my second year, I still often feel like a foreigner in a strange land. Everyone is always talking to me but I do not always understand what they are saying or what is exactly going on or, worse still, what I am meant to do about it.

Take the red machine for example. I see it lots of times through the window suddenly arrive from out of nowhere and then a man-human called Silly Boy get out and running up to the door with lots of pieces of useless paper or boxes up to the house. As soon as I see the red machine I bark like billy-o and no-one really tells me off apart from saying, ‘It’s OK Jeff. It’s only the postman, Silly Boy!’

Then there has been a lot of very strange mini-humans called twicatweets around the neighbourhood lately. Now even I know that they are very bad because they are wearing hats, mostly pointy hats or ones with horns and other strange things on their heads. Every dog knows that people wearing hats are evil - even if they try to trick you by wearing of loads of glitter. So I really, really bark at those twicatweets to send out a sound warning to my owners that evil is here. And what do my owners do? Shout at me, 'No, Jeff!' As I say, it can be very confusing.

Then, a couple of days after the ‘twicatweets’ have all suddenly disappeared, the banging nights begin. The banging nights are worst of all. I might be dozing off in my basket having a nice dream about chasing after those pesky rabbits that we have all over the Scrooby Manor grounds when suddenly there is a screech and a flash of light followed by an almighty ‘BANG!’ I hate it. And when I tremble and hide under the table my
mistress often peeks under it as says ‘It’s ok, Jeff. It’s only fireworks. They won’t hurt you!’

Apparently humans love fireworks. Fireworks are things that whizz up in the sky before bursting into a pretty shower before falling down towards the ground again and disappearing. They may be pretty but I still do not like them.

I have done some research in order to try to understand why it is that in early November the night sky seems full of them. Apparently on November 5th, an awful lot of people in our country still celebrate ‘Bonfire’ or ‘Guy Fawkes’ Night’ in memory of the failed ‘Gunpowder Plot’, an attempt to blow up King James I at the State opening of Parliament, which took place on November 5th, 1605. The plot was hatched by disgruntled Roman Catholics.

York man Guy (Guido) Fawkes and his fellow conspirators managed to smuggle 36 barrels of gunpowder into a cellar beneath the Houses of Parliament, more than enough to have destroyed the buildings completely. However, unknown to the conspirators the gunpowder had spoiled and may never have ignited properly even if they had managed to set the fuses as planned. But as luck would have it, the cache of powder was discovered in the nick of time when Guy Fawkes was spotted lurking in the cellar and arrested.

Fawkes was tortured mercilessly and held out for two full days before giving up the identities of his fellow conspirators during which time he expressed his regret at having failed in his mission. Strangely his steadfast manner and resolve earned him the admiration of the King who described Fawkes as possessing ‘a Roman resolution’. No matter how much King James admired him, Fawkes was still condemned to the dreadful death of a traitor by hanging, drawing and quartering.

However, on the day of execution while climbing up to the hanging platform, Fawkes deliberately jumped from the ladder and broke his neck, thus dying instantly but his lifeless body was nonetheless quartered before the baying crowd and the pieces sent out to the ‘four corners of the kingdom’ to serve as a warning to others.

Parliament declared November 5th a national day of thanksgiving, and the very first celebration of it took place in 1606. And so it is that for over 400 years as dusk falls in the evening, town and country humans alike across Britain light bonfires, set off fireworks, and burn an
effigy of Guy Fawkes, in honour of his failure. They even have a special rhyme about it:

‘Remember, remember the fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot.
We see no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!
Guy Fawkes, guy, t'was his intent
To blow up king and parliament.
Three score barrels were laid below
To prove old England's overthrow.
By god's mercy he was catch'd
With a darkened lantern and burning match.
So, holler boys, holler boys, Let the bells ring.
Holler boys, holler boys, God save the king.
And what shall we do with him?
Burn him!’

Guy Fawkes mask.

Sorry folks, I really must run now. I have just spotted Silly Boy heading towards the house and...he's wearing a hat! WOOF!

Happy Holidays!

Jeff © Jeff Dunstan 2016
Murder most Horrid!

It was a crime that shocked society to the core. Two hundred miles away from Doncaster an article in the London Times of February 25, 1828 said it all:

“It is this week our painful duty to record one of the most cold-blooded murders that ever darkened the annals of crime, a deed which has spread a wider gloom and deeper horror than any event which has occurred in this neighbourhood within the remembrances of the eldest inhabitants.”

And it had happened in the sleepy parish that William Bradford once called home.

John Dyon of Bancroft Farm, just north of the main village of Austerfield, was the second son of John Dyon the Elder, a wealthy landowner of Austerfield and the surrounding area. He was a hardworking, industrious individual who lived a respectable and quiet life. He was happily married to his wife, Betty Conway and together they had three beautiful little daughters, Elizabeth aged ten, Mary, three, and Matilda, just two, who were the apple of their father’s eyes. Added to the Dyon’s joy, the couple were expecting another child, which they hoped would be a son. The Dyons’ first son, John, had lived for only a few weeks.

John Dyon had a good personal work ethic and a very healthy working relationship with his father, which quite naturally was rewarded with paternal gifts and favours. In 1826 and 1827 alone, it is thought that John Jnr. had been given sixty-three acres of land and £300 in cash from his father.

However, John was not an only son: he had an older brother, William. William had also received many gifts from their father as a younger man, but William grew into a hopeless wastrel and the money his father gave him was mostly squandered and drunk away instead of wisely invested as his sibling had done. As a result, the gifts to William from his father stopped coming. So it came about that as John prospered and thrived, his older brother began to struggle to make ends meet and deep resentment became to grow inside him against his younger sibling. Moreover, William often vented his rage and anger over his father’s perceived favouritism towards brother to his own son, also named John, thus poisoning the young man’s mind towards his uncle and grandfather.
On Saturday, the 16th of February, 1828, John Dyon left Betty and the girls at home to make one of his regular visits to Doncaster Market in the company of a couple of friends. He returned home that evening in the company of his friend, Mr Wagstaff (a descendant of the same family of the wife of William Bradford’s uncle Robert) who rode with him until parting company but a short distance from John Dyon’s home. The time was about eight-thirty. However, as John dismounted from his horse to open the first gate to his property, quite some distance from his farm house, he was set upon, shot, and left for dead.

Betty had retired for the night, leaving the groom to wait up for his master. But as the hours passed by until after two in the morning, Betty Dyon awoke and grew more and more concerned that her husband, John, had not arrived home as expected and so sent the groom to ride out to look for him. What must have run through her worried mind was the fact that only the Saturday before, her husband had openly spoken about a premonition that he was going to be murdered, a fear that friends had tried hard to allay. The servant found John’s mare, wounded in the gullet by shot, standing near the second gate of the property, but there was no sign of the master.

A neighbour was quickly summoned to help the groom in his search and by lamplight the two set out once more. This time John’s body was found slumped in the shadows by the first gate, stiff and covered in hoar frost. His greatcoat was peppered with shot. John’s body was taken back to the Dyon’s home and laid out upon a bed by the fire with his distraught widow at his side while awaiting Surgeon White from Bawtry to arrive. White later described how John Dyon had bled out from a single ball which had entered his body under the second rib of the left side, which was broken, and proceeding through the chest cavity between the third and forth rib of the right side where it lodged beneath the skin.

As soon as they heard the dreadful news, Magistrate Edmund Becket Denison, Q.C. and the local constable immediately rode out from Doncaster to the Dyon homestead to begin their investigation. Mr. Denison was a keen follower of the new-fangled, fledgling practise of forensic sciences, so was pleased to find the murder scene offered up an abundance of clues. On the Saturday it had rained and the so ground
was quite moist. Overnight the temperature dropped below freezing and so the footprints of two assailants and the route they had taken was preserved. Mr. Denison also observed that one of the attackers was smaller and lighter than the other. He noted that these persons were not commoners as first thought because they each possessed a pair boots with a specially made right and left foot. He also noted that the owner of the larger footprints had a distinctive outwards–toe gait.

The effect on Betty Dyon of the murder of her beloved husband, as one might expected, was devastating. On the Friday following the death of her husband, Betty lost the precious child they had been expecting.

The following Monday an inquest was called at The Crown Inn in Bawtry by the coroner. After the presentation of evidence, the jury delivered a verdict of “Wilful murder by person or persons unknown”. Many people in the area had heard the ill-will held by William Dyon for his brother, and so he and his son were then arrested. However, both having provided alibis and vehemently protesting that they had been nowhere near the scene of the crime, the magistrate had to let them go. The two even had the audacity to attend murdered John Dyon’s funeral as if nothing has happened.

After his release by the authorities, William returned to his home at Morton Carr near Gainsborough and was overheard in a pub bragging about how he had “humbugged” the local magistrate, and while drinking apparently let slip further details of the crime. William Dyon’s drunken boastings were soon brought to the attention of Magistrate Denison and further inquiries were made. A farmer named John White, who had previously worked for William Dyon, admitted that he knew of William’s and his young son’s plan to kill John Dyon. He also admitted that he had hidden the gun at his home for a week prior to the murder because William had both bribed and threatened him to do so and keep quiet about it.

Soon after this, William and his son, John were arrested. Their homes were searched and boots and a gun was recovered. During the trial John White testified to everything he knew, including that William had showed at his home on the evening of the killing to collect his gun. Several witnesses also came forward to testify about the open hatred that William and his son bore the murdered man. They also testified that
William had a distinctive gait, walking with his toes pointed outward which tallied with the prints found.

Up until the very point of his execution on April 4, 1828, William Dyon’s demeanour was described as being “most callous”. Even on that morning, William had passed two notes to his son that was intercepted. In both he told the boy to hold his tongue and say nothing.

Around noon the two men were taken to the scaffold; as prayers were said young John, looking pale and mentally distressed, earnestly joined in, repeating the Lord’s Prayer followed by anguished cries of “God have mercy on me” while his father looked on unmoved. Just before the hoods were placed over their faces, the Under-Sherriff stepped forward to speak with the lad and as he did so his father did his best to stop him. When asked of his guilt, the lad confessed that he and his father were indeed guilty of the wretched crime. William died quickly after the drop but his poor son suffered more than five minutes before quitting this life. After being cut down, the two men’s bodies were given over for medical dissection: John’s being advertised in the newspapers for public viewing at Leeds Infirmary for several days before dissection began.

John Dyon the Elder had to live through the murder of his youngest son by his eldest, but he had also lost his only living grandson, who had acted as accomplice to his father, and the expected grandchild that Bessie miscarried. He died a broken man in 1833.

Widowed Betty Dyon never remarried and lived out the remainder of her life on an annuity at an address on Bawtry High Street. Her daughter, Mary lived with her mother and died unmarried. Elizabeth Dyon married Robert Furniss Long and emigrated to Illinois, in the USA.

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Ten Things that make a great British Christmas

1. In the UK our children write letters to Father Christmas but instead of mailing them, we Brit parents burn them on the fire. We are not being mean to the kids or trying to make them cry. No... by burning the letters they magically go straight to Santa at the North Pole who can read the messages in the smoke. Job done!

2. No milk and cookies for Santa and Rudolf here in the UK! By tradition we leave Father Christmas a stiff Brandy and a nice mince pie (see #7) to see him on his way. Hopefully he will not get breathalysed by the pixie police!

3. We do not celebrate Thanksgiving in the UK so Christmas is our big family holiday celebrated with a turkey blow-out meal. Christmas Day is a public holiday but so also is the following day, Boxing Day.

We Brits were eating turkey long before the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Turkeys are believed to have been brought to England by 1526 by Yorkshireman and navigator, William Strickland, who had acquired six birds from American Indian traders on his travels. His family coat of arms shows a turkey cock as his family crest and is among the earliest known depictions of a turkey in Europe.

Henry VIII was the first English King to enjoy turkey, although his son, Edward VII made eating turkey fashionable at Christmas replacing peacock at the Royal Courts. Therefore William Brewster probably enjoyed eating turkey as a child at Scrooby Manor long before the voyage of the Mayflower and probably
may have considered the wild variety to be had at Plymouth just a little tough in comparison to the plump, juicy domesticated variety to be had and relished back home!

4. No respectable UK household would willingly go without ‘pigs in blankets’ alongside their roast turkey at Christmas – in the UK these are small sausages wrapped in bacon and cooked in the oven.

5. We have Christmas crackers with our Christmas Dinner - and not the type that leave crumbs on the table cloth! Instead our crackers are made out of brightly coloured paper and cardboard. The idea is for two people to grab each end of one with one hand and pull until a tiny explosive inside goes ‘CRACK’. Crackers are designed break unevenly so that one person, ‘the winner’, is left holding the largest portion and therefore claims the contents, by now spilled out of the cracker.

6. On the big day, we have Christmas pudding as our featured dessert - not pumpkin or pecan pie. Christmas pudding is a kind of very dense boiled cake filled with vine fruits and alcohol which boiled, then aged for months, or even years, before being boiled again, doused in Brandy and set on fire.

Once the cracker is broken in this way, out spills a novelty gift, a Christmas Motto or a joke (to be read aloud at the table) and a paper crown that has to be worn during the meal, and usually long after. By tradition, Tom Smith of London first invented crackers in 1847.

It has always been a tradition in the UK to stir a silver sixpence into the pudding mix, to bring the finder wealth and good luck in the year to come. Many silver sixpences have been handed down in families for generations. It is also good luck for each family member to take a turn at stirring the pudding mixture and to make a wish.
7. No Christmas is complete without mince pies. Originally made with real meat, today’s little pies are made with a mixture of vine fruits, suet, apple and spices with just a splash of something boozy. They are often served with Brandy Butter which is softened butter beaten together with icing sugar and as much Brandy as you can persuade to be beaten into the mix without curdling the butter.

8. The Queens Christmas Message. Every Christmas afternoon her Majesty sends her loyal subjects a Christmas message, a bit like a relaxed state of the nation address, reflecting on the events of the past year and delivered into every home through the magic which is television. Luckily the message is a one way affair, and that Her Majesty cannot see her subjects as most of the nation is asleep in front of the television, the worse for wear after eating too much Christmas pudding and turkey.

9. Christmas is the traditional time for Pantomimes in theatres up and down the country. For over 100 years, pantomimes, with their bawdy dames, slop scenes and raucous singalongs, have been as much a part of Christmas as turkey dinners and family arguments.

Typically in a Pantomime the following happens:

- The leading male juvenile character (the principal boy) is traditionally played by a young woman, usually in tight-fitting male garments (such as breeches) that make her female charms evident. Her romantic partner is the principal girl, a female ingénue.
- An older woman (the pantomime dame – often the hero’s mother) is usually played by a man in drag.
- Risqué double entendre, often wringing innuendo out of perfectly innocent phrases. This is, in theory, over
the heads of the children in the audience and is for the entertainment of the adults.

- Audience participation, including calls of "He’s behind you!" (or "Look behind you!") and "Oh, yes it is!" and "Oh, no it isn’t!" The audience is always encouraged to hiss the villain and "awwww" the poor victims, such as the rejected dame, who is usually enamoured with the prince.

- Music may be original but is more likely to combine well-known tunes with re-written lyrics. At least one "audience participation" song is traditional: one half of the audience may be challenged to sing "their" chorus louder than the other half. Children in the audience may even be invited on stage to sing along with members of the cast.

- The comic pantomime animal, is played by an actor in an "animal skin" or animal costume. This creature is often a pantomime horse or cow, played by two actors in a single costume, one as the head and front legs, the other as the body and back legs.

- The good fairy enters from stage right (from the audience’s point of view this is on the left) and the villain enters from stage left (right from the point of view of the audience). This convention goes back to the medieval mystery plays, where the right side of the stage symbolised Heaven and the left side symbolised Hell.

American celebrities who have appeared recently in Pantomime in the UK include David Hasselhoff, Priscilla Presley and Henry Winkler.

10. Twelfth night is very big in the UK and defines the official end of Christmas. On that day everyone scrambles to take down the Christmas decorations as not to do so is considered bad luck! Otherwise, in order to counteract that bad luck you either leave the offending items up all year or you must leave those decorations up till Shrove Tuesday, when you take them down, burn them, and cook your pancakes over their flames.

If you are not certain when Twelfth Night is then here is a hint. It can be easily recognized by the fact that by that day your true love will have sent you twelve whatevers doing something-or-other!
**Slow cooked beef in Glühwein**

Mulled Wine or Glühwein is a warm winter German version of sangria that tastes like Christmas in a glass. But Glühwein is not only good for drinking - it can help you make a slow-cooked, one pot wonder that is simplicity itself but also bound to win you lots of praise and admiration.

It is very simple. Take a joint of beef (around 3-4 lbs in weight is ideal) - no need for the most expensive cut as the cheaper ones work best. Remove and excess fat but leaving a little to melt away during cooking to add flavour.

Heat an oiled skillet and quickly seal the meat on all sides allowing to brown just a little.

Place the meat into a slow cooker and pour over the Glühwein so that it comes about half way up the side of the beef. (One bottle of Glühwein is sufficient to cook up to three joints and keeps well once opened).

Season with a little pepper.

Cook on high for 4 hours, then turn the joint over and cook until tender (between two and three hours more, carve a small piece off to test for texture).

Remove beef from pot and wrap in foil to ‘rest’ for a while until ready to serve. Meanwhile thicken the juices as for gravy or do as we do in the UK stir in some Bisto Beef gravy granules (available from Walmart online). For a really European twist, at the start of cooking lay your beef on a bed of shredded red cabbage before adding the Glühwein and let them cook together. The red cabbage can be removed before thickening the juices and kept warm in a dish ready to serve as side dish. The addition of a little apple sauce stirred through makes it extra delish!).
Any leftover beef is lovely served cold and thinly sliced. Cranberry, Ginger and Orange preserve makes a lovely compliment to this rich beef.

Vice-Chairman's Report (or should I say ramblings?)

Well, how time flies when you are having fun! It doesn't seem possible that it is 'that time' again; it only seems a couple of weeks since the first edition of the Separatist Post. I bet our Chairman, Sue is thinking that as she is recovering from her serious knee operation. We make a right good pair at the moment as I am still recovering from a total hip replacement. As I said, what fun we've been having here in Pilgrim country!

So, what has happened here during the last month or so? Well, the annual Scrooby Village Show came and went in September. Although it rained 'cats and dogs' as we say over here, it was again a success. Everyone was thankful that the organisers once again hired a large marquee in case of inclement weather. To call it inclement was probably an offence under the Trade Description Act, as the rain just kept on pouring down! However, we were not disheartened – the home-grown produce, cakes, pickles etc. and beautiful handicrafts were kept dry. Some outside activities had to be cancelled, but at least we in the marquee were dry.

The PFOA had a small display, provided by Sue, and a short film about Pilgrim country and the importance of our local heroes and heroines, leading up to 2020. We emphasised that it wasn't just about the Mayflower- so much happened before then and it started here, in Scrooby.
Early in October Val & I came to the Harvest Supper here which Val describes in her Harvest Festival article, and there are more events lined up for later this year.

Now to report on our future plans and project – the most important concerns the comforts of our Pilgrim/Mayflower friends who hopefully wish to come and see for themselves where their ancestors once lived. As I reported in the last edition we are progressing with our plans for an extension to Scrooby Village Hall in order to provide you with more accessible facilities (toilets/rest rooms etc.) when you visit.

We have had new plans drawn up, (see below) and we hope that you are as pleased with our architect’s work as we are. The existing Village Hall is on the right of the design and the Boules Court to the left would need to be moved over a bit. Although we are delighted with the design we just pray that the Planning authority is as happy and grant the application when it is submitted. Your prayers will certainly help as well.

We obviously need to raise a considerable sum in order to finance the project – unfortunately, grant funding from the National Lottery and other public bodies is in short supply at the moment so we are attempting to do this, hopefully with your help. Our Chairman, Sue, is in the process of organising a scheme for donors to purchase a brick, with their name on, as a lasting memory of their ancestors’ part in establishing the New World. I thoroughly endorse Sue’s efforts on our behalf and would ask, if you are able, to participate, even in a small way, in our fund-raising attempt when it is launched.

There is nothing more to report at present, as all of the above has to go through the approval process, but we will keep you informed as things progress.

I wish you all a very happy Thanksgiving – perhaps you could share some photos with us? It is a strange thing really – you cook and eat pumpkins in the USA, but here in England they are just used as Halloween decorations with candles in:
after Halloween they are just thrown away. They don't seem to have caught on here as a popular vegetable. What a waste!

I hope you enjoy this Holidays edition of The Separatist post and I send you the very best of wishes for a Blessed and Happy Christmas.

My very best wishes to you all.
Barry
November 2016

At about this time 409 years ago...

Depending on whether you go by the ‘new’ calendar dating, or the dates recorded at the time, around the end of September and the second week in October 1607, our Scrooby Congregation were beginning to make their escape attempt from England and trying to get across to Holland. They had probably waited for the harvest to be in and whatever crops they had managed to raise to be sold to enable them to have as much money as possible to make good their escape.

The summer of that year had been long, dry and hot giving little indication that the winter to come would be one of the coldest in memory and rightly described after as the ‘Great Winter’. During that winter yet to come, trees would apparently die due to the severity and length of the frost and ships would be stranded by ice several miles out into the North Sea. All of this was yet ahead for our would-be escapees. For now they had to decide where make that escape from.

The nearest port was just over a mile away at Bawtry but that would be madness. Everyone knew everyone else by sight in such a close-knit community. Brewster especially would be recognised in moments and suspicions raised. Hull was relatively close too but that was seething with officials looking for people trying to leave England without permission to pass port by the authorities.

Another sea-going port was Gainsborough but again that was too close. Once the alarm was raised at Scrooby that Brewster was suddenly gone, the group would have been easily caught there. So instead they chose Boston for their getaway, some sixty miles or so across country and by a tangle of back roads. It would mean a ten mile walk each day at best meaning a week of travel to get there. It was a safer, less expected
route but even so, it meant our Separatists would have to avoid drawing too much attention to themselves; camping out at night in the woods away from prying eyes and without the comfort of a fire for warmth or hot food. And with babies and small children, on cold frosty nights and with little cover...it was not going to be easy.

At Fishtoft, just a few miles to the seaward side of Boston itself, our plucky group would be betrayed by the very seamen to whom they had paid over a vast sum of money to ensure their safe passage to Holland and turned over to the authorities. The men would be thrown into prison while the women and children had to fend for themselves as best they could with no money or valuables, having been deprived of them by their betrayers.

By November, William Brewster and those not released at Boston, were probably biding their time in the notoriously bad prison at Lincoln Castle awaiting trial at the Lincoln Assize court.

To be continued...

**Christmas Gift Idea!**

Gift Memberships are now available from the Association website. Ideal for that hard to buy for loved one with a passion for the Pilgrims! For more details visit;


**Links to America**

As my origin is in York PA, I had some inking of the history of European migrants to the New World, often escaping from religious persecution. York was mainly settled by Germans fleeing Europe 100 years after the Separatists set sail for America.
In 2007 I landed in the Lincolnshire town of Gainsborough. Walking around the town centre I was knocked out by a 15th century manor house they call The Old Hall.

Inside, which has even more wow factor than outside, I discovered the building’s association with the Separatists. Until then, like most Americans, I had no idea that this small town had a role to play in dissent from the established Church of England, membership of which was compulsory in the time of King James 1 (1556-1625). Both John Smyth and John Robinson preached their dissent in this area from which they drew their congregations.

In July 2015 the Old Hall added its own wow factor to the international launch of the Mayflower 400 project.

Tom Rooney, Gainsborough’s Independent Baptist minister, hails from Ohio. He was aware of a connection Gainsborough has with the origin of the Baptist church through John Smyth but discovered our delightful 1870s library across the road from the Old Hall to be a wealth of knowledge on the times of religious dissent in our corner of Lincolnshire and North Nottinghamshire. The library building can be admired from the tower on the Old Hall.

Tom writes on his church website “Gainsborough Old Hall was used briefly for meetings by English Separatists in the early 1600’s. After relocating to Holland, these Separatists began to practice more of the "Baptist" beliefs. Part of the group sailed to America and another part returned to England and started the first Baptist church in London in 1612. ”

On the other side of the Old Hall is the Parish Church of All Saints. A 14th century tower but an 18th century church, it has been described as the St Martin in the Fields (the famous London church by Trafalgar Square) of the North. It houses the Gainsborough tapestry, embroidered in 2000, tracking the history of the town. The visitor book shows
that folks come from across the world, and especially North America to Gainsborough.

Within sight of the Old Hall is the United Reform Church. Built through a subscription raised in America, the foundation stone was laid 1896 by the US Ambassador, T. F. Bayard and dedicated to "John Robinson Pastor in Exile."

There is a lot more to this small town famous from 1870 for over 100 years as the home of Marshall’s, manufacturer of agricultural machinery. Drawings for almost all the machines made by Marshall’s can be inspected in the Heritage Centre. Marshall’s works is now an award winning shopping mall.

If you are moved to visit Gainsborough send me an e-mail for more information as the town has other treats in store for visitors.

Barry C. Coward  barrycoward@mac.com

Editor: Barry Coward is a valued member of the Pilgrim Fathers UK Origins Association.

Dear Editor:

Thanks for such a wonderful "Separatist Post". I congratulate you on such a fine first issue. As a Brewster descendant and a clergyman, I have appreciated the background information on William and his family, especially before their arrival in Plymouth and their Christian witness long before they reached our shores. We have such a rich heritage, and as I write this on All Saints Day, "a great cloud of witnesses!" Thank you and I look forward to the next issue and great news from Scrooby!

Peace,

Rev. Kenneth L. Walsh
Yulee, Florida USA

Editor: Thank you Ken for your kind feedback.

Dear Editor

I thoroughly enjoyed reading it and found it a well-balanced blend of history, information and humour. It's always nice to have a recipe or two to
try and I'm sure the BS for tea-making went down well with our American readers.

It was fascinating reading the articles on Austerfield Church, Scrooby Manor and picturing just how very different life was when these were first built.

One question I had was this: You describe John Throop's crimes and that he was found guilty (in his absence) of 'Felony and Homicide'; would those nouns have been used back then in England?

A suggestion would be that perhaps the background could be lighter - as I wanted to print a copy to file (due to the advert in it) but it uses an awful lot of printer ink. Thinking that through ... I guess I could have emailed and asked for the word version – then that way I could have changed it!

Looking forward to the next edition!

Becky Elliott – Prop. Richard Kay Publications

Editor:

We are glad that you enjoyed the last edition and hope you really enjoy this one too. In answer to your really pertinent question about the terms 'Felony and Homicide' used in the article about the Throop case. I have checked with Sue and she tells me that those terms were lifted directly from the original C16 documents so yes, these terms were being used that long ago.

As for the layout suggestion, the Separatist Post was never intended for printing out but instead for keeping in a folder for easy future access.

We have deliberately formatted the Separatist Post to make it visually pleasing on the eye and hopefully giving it the feel of an on-line glossy mini -magazine and imparting some sense of value to it. After all, you do not pick up a magazine from the news stand and expect to make a copy of it!

Another reason is that we also wanted to make the Separatist Post stand out from run-of-the-mill newsletters and we put an awful lot of effort into doing that. Also that wanting to give our readers something of worth in return for their generous support is why many of the Pilgrim- related articles contain original research that Mayflower Friends members get to read first!

From the Association Team

We sincerely hope that you have enjoyed reading this Holidays edition of The Separatist Post. Regard this publication as being a small reward to you, personally, as someone who has supported this Association by way of donation, sponsorship of the site, or as a Mayflower
Friend of the Association. We truly thank you but respectfully ask that you please do not share this publication outside of your immediate family: doing so not only defeats our fund raising efforts but also devalues your own invaluable contribution.

All articles are subject to copyright and may not be reproduced in part or in full without our express permission. Many articles contain new research which must accredited to the author when used in all future works.

This publication is generously sponsored by The Separatist Inn located in Torworth, situated on the main Great North Road between Scrooby and Retford.

To get your free download of our first Pilgrim Print ‘Scrooby at Sunset’ simply go to the Association website and request one using our contact form.