

**Tales from the Tower**  
**September 2021**

Once again, we ringers have had the sad duty of ringing for the funeral of one of our own - this time, our dear friend and oldest ringer, George Boucher, who died in July leaving a widow, Reta, two sons, five grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

George was one of those people you could not dislike. His face seemed to be made for smiling, his voice was soft and gentle and if he took you by the arm and drew you aside to tell you something as if in confidence, you were compelled to listen. He was serious yet good-humoured, as ready with a thoughtful comment as with a joke. He was never unkind and always put others first.

George took his ringing seriously. He rang at Lamerton and then at St Eustachius where he served as captain during the 1970s. But he was known over a much wider area, for George was an accomplished call-change ringer and took part in many competitions, rising to the position of President of the Devon Association of Call Change Ringers.

George continued to ring regularly into his late eighties and it was only very recently that he handed back his keys to the church tower, his ringing being somewhat curtailed by the family responsibilities he took on so gladly. But it seems very little time since we last saw him amongst us, and we will miss him for a long time to come.

In other news - well, there's not a lot of other news, to be honest. We are gathering together now, with some caution, to ring for Sunday services and our Tuesday evening practices. Some of us are still a little tentative about being in a confined space with little ventilation, and not all are vaccinated, which brings some anxiety about spreading the dreaded Covid virus, both to them and to others of us who feel vulnerable. It seems we are not by any means out of this wood yet.

Nevertheless, we are all ringing when we are able, and very happy we are to be back with a rope in our hands, feeling that incomparable sensation of controlling a beautifully tuned bell, hearing the music created above, and renewing that bond and kinship that only ringers can fully understand.

Let's hope that it won't be too long before we can meet and mix freely again, without anxiety, and return fully to the performance of the art we are privileged to enjoy. Meanwhile, we do what we can to bring the sound of church bells to Tavistock once more.

And we will long remember George Boucher, with his rosy face and beaming smile, and the glow his presence always seemed to bring to any tower where he rang.

***Donna Baker***