

Margaret Colville remembers arriving in Hertford and being welcomed by the Church community

How long have you lived in Hertford?

We came to Hertford when we had just got married, which was in 1967, April 1st of all days, and been here ever since. I had been living in London before that. We met in a hostel thing that we both happened to be living in. And when we were engaged, we neither of us really wanted to continue in London. Therefore, he looked for a job and the one in Hoddesdon is what came up. He didn't really want to be in Hoddesdon itself because he would be too close to work. He rejected the idea of Ware because at that time the A10 was the Ware high street and he thought it might be rather busy. So, Hertford was the other one that surfaced, and where we happened to find a house that we liked. So that's why we came to Hertford.

The first house was up in Duncombe Road, just around the corner from where Westfield Road is. About eleven years later we moved to Broxbourne for about five years, and then we got homesick for Hertford, came back, and since then lived in Fordwich Rise where I was living until slightly over a year ago when I was left on my own and decided the time had come to downsize, so now I'm in Chauncy court. I'm so, so blessed in so many ways, where I am now is also perfect for positioning. I'm very, very lucky...

You mentioned your faith; has the church been a big part of your life in Hertford?

Very much part of my life. We wanted to worship where we lived. I mean, if you do sort of have a faith base, it's part of being a Christian, you very often find ways of being at home anywhere. And I did a Baptist College lay pastors' course, qualified as a lay pastor. That meant that you got onto a preaching circuit, so various churches would ask you to preach and take services for them, so I did that for a while.

That's the Baptist church, that's where I was for a long time, but for a mixture of good reasons and bad reasons, I decided I would take a sabbatical. So, I thought, right, for three months I didn't go to the Baptist church at all, I went to every single other church of the town, and I could well have stayed at St Andrews. The Quakers, I could feel at home there, I'm sure. And the URC, the United Reform Church, I started going, and that's where I am now. But I couldn't leave them now because they are very much, well, they're my family and they are a lovely, lovely group of people as well.