

RENEE INGLEBY



Renée Ingleby did not manage to write her faith story for [#SpeakOut2016](#) with the Diocese of Truro. Sadly, she died. But her son, Tony Ingleby, wrote “Mum’s Faith Story” below for Liskeard Prayers.

“Renée Joan Ingleby, Resting in Peace. 27 December 1921 to 16 March 2016.

Saved from death in WWI by a wound which took away half his face, Renee’s Dad worked on Birmingham Trams. Her Mum was just grateful he hadn’t died on the battlefield. They had two children, Reg and Renée, and then, to Renée’s delight, adopted Val.

As a girl Renée changed from ‘chapel’ to ‘church’ because her best friend, Doris, went. (Nan was happy as long as they went somewhere.)

WWII looked to have been kinder to the family: Doris married Reg, Renée married Laurie and gave birth to John (1943) then Trevor (1945) just days before she received THE TELEGRAM. Tactless words from her Vicar undermined her allegiance to the Church of England.

In 1948 she married Ted who had spent most of the war in North India; it did not help his Church Lads Brigade experience blossom into personal faith. However, ‘the boys’ went to Sunday School and choir (even John who was not ‘pitch sensitive’) and Renée attended at Christmas and Easter, whilst Ted only attended Weddings, Baptisms and Funerals.

Renée’s faith was, however, not extinguished. For instance she embroidered broaches to raise money to build a new Church and later, when Tony wanted to ditch the Gideon New Testament given out at school, Renée rescued it for her own use. Later she attended Church in Wythall and Hooe, but never with such regularity as would give Ted cause to complain.

When Renée came to live in Liskeard she loved to sit in Church with Joan and they would help each other walk to the Communion rail, to the consternation of health-and-safety minded individuals.

A spirituality blossomed in this period owing more to old hymns and new friends than brilliant sermons. Now she sees face to face and hears clearly!”