

**Jack Kerr**

**Sanctuary Plus**

Gerda knew real anti-semitism  
Her family was treated so poorly  
But thanks to persistent Christadelphians  
She found sanctuary at Corley

A warm welcome awaited the blonde girl  
At the old farm house close by the moor'  
From "Aunty" a sheepfarmer's daughter  
And every rafter, angle and door.

A smallholding was run from the house  
Along the bumpy excuse of a lane  
An old Aunty had need of some young hands  
So Gerda's life got started again.

Aunty kept chicken, ducks, ponies and pigs  
She sold grocery from what was the dairy  
Her nature was frugal – work had to pay  
Her aim ever straight, not mercenary.

Gerda learnt to use the black leaded range  
And wring washing through wooden rollers  
So much to learn, so much to do  
While designing those broad shoulders.

Food sales were controlled by rationing  
Canny folk never wasted a scrap  
Aunt had means to deliver-

Lots of fun with pony and trap

Fortune smiled on Gerda – oh happy day

Aunty arranged her riding lessons

With her daughter Jean as tutor

Over many enjoyable sessions

What better way to finish this tale

Which would take a book to completely tell,

Gerda found safety and sanctuary

And I found me a good wife as well.