



Jim Hoyle



The Empty Chair

Time cannot heal the emptiness,
Or fill the empty chair,
The one that's in the family room,
I see it empty there.

Or the chair that's at the table,
Where together we would dine,
Although I sit there still,
The only hands that pray are mine.

Still I give thanks to God each day,
I pray this prayer comes true
You save an empty chair for me
When I come home to you.

Love Maureen

Solid, stable, dependable. That was Jim! At the same time he was extremely warm and friendly. Jim had been an elder at the church ever since I joined the church over forty years ago. I always found him to be a man of deep principle and faith in Christ, which was clear not only in his preaching, which was wonderfully illustrative, with provocative images from the sciences, but also in the honourable conduct of his life. This stood as a great example to us all. Everything Jim ever said to me was encouraging. My late wife Liz and I had the privilege of sharing in a family holiday in Bamber with dear Maureen & Jim, along with Christine & Peter, not forgetting Keeno of course. It was a memorable holiday for all the right reasons. Jim and I talked, and talked, and talked, and talked.... What a blessing! He'll never be forgotten.

Rob Stredder

I am already missing my brother Jim. I will never forget his advice and all the spiritual and historical discussions we enjoyed on the way back to his home after the services. As I remember the prayer meetings, his deep baritone voice still rings in my ears as I hear his prayers. His wisdom and loving character meant so much to me, and I was so pleased to have the privilege of being a member in the same congregation as this dear brother in the faith. It was a blessing and a privilege to be his spiritual friend and partner in the race to heaven - a race that he has finished before me, but I trust and pray I will finish with the same faithfulness. I thank God for Jim's encouragement and help along the way and pray that we will soon be together in glory.

Robert Kiss

Jim was converted in 1961, having attended a Billy Graham crusade at Maine Road, Manchester, and along with Ernie Westwell, the only two believers working among about 200 employees in what was then the Bradford Dyers Association Dye Works. The whole mill was talking about these religious transformations that had taken place in two men that were well known in the community, a rare occurrence in those days.

For Ernie and Jim, it was a real baptism of fire and a great environment for learning to witness for Christ. About the same time, I began working on the day shift as a chargehand on a stenter machine and, along with the rest of the workforce, would shake our heads in disbelief at how two men of the world had now turned so religious. Of course, Jim and Ernie were two completely different personalities and witnessed in their own way. Ernie had more opportunities to share his faith due to the fact that he moved around the mill as a mechanic.

There were some real characters working at the mill in those days, and fallen humanity was displayed in various manifestations. Some were quite dismissive of Ernie and Jim's claims and waited patiently for them both to abandon their silly notions and get back to the way they were. Others were amused, while yet others showed hostility in being told they needed to repent. Yet, some were challenged by what they heard. I remember one of my work colleagues saying, 'they really make you think; I wonder whether there is something in it after all.'

When I was convicted and converted a couple of years later, I was the only one in the entire mill that responded to their faithful witness, and even that must have been discouraging for them as they had almost given up on me. When I was converted, we became a threesome. We would have lunch together in the works canteen, take walks in the same lunch break, and often end up at Pastor Raymond Gregory's home; thus, we began a long friendship that lasted nearly sixty years.

Jim remained faithful in his commitment to Christ and also to the fellowship. He was appointed as a deacon shortly after being converted, and when Raymond rejoined us to take up his pastorate a second time, Jim joined the eldership, making Jim the longest-serving church officer we have ever had spanning 55 years.

One could always depend on Jim. He played an integral part in keeping the fellowship together when we went through the difficult and distressing time of church division, followed by a period of no pastor or building.

May God continue to effectually call more men and women of Jim's dedication and faithfulness. As he does, the future of Trinity Grace Church will continue to be a shining light in the challenging years that lie ahead.

Les and Ann

My Dad was the finest of men. He was honourable, honest, kind, compassionate and people often commented what a gentleman he was.



I have many treasured memories of my Dad both in good times and in difficult times. He was the sure and steadfast influence in our family and was totally reliable, trustworthy, and dependable.

He had two great loves in his life, one was his family and the other was his love of God and the church – he deeply loved and cared for both.

There are so many fun memories of family times together and holidays together that it is difficult to choose which memories to write about. My dad had a fantastic sense of humour and enjoyed messing around and having fun – there were many times when he was really funny without trying to be!!

I think back to the days, during the 1960s/70s, of our summer family holidays in Cornwall with my Uncle Tom's family. The girls in the family really enjoyed going pony trekking and we all loved the speed boat rides in Padstow. My Dad never got any peace until we had done both activities. I recall the time when he went to book the pony trekking and was herded away by the "security geese" on the farm.



My poor Dad had quite a dilemma, to either face the hissing geese or face our disappointment if he didn't book the ride – obviously, we did go riding so my Dad must have managed to "man-up" against the geese! When it came to the speed boat rides, whoever sat in the back of the boat ended up being wet through – this was often my Dad!!



There was also one particular year in Cornwall when more family members and friends joined us – have you ever tried ordering 22 ice-creams with it all dripping down your hands? My Dad and Uncle Tom did just that – the ice-cream man nearly ran out of supplies!!

In more recent years, Peter and I took my Mum and Dad on various holidays which included Croatia, a river cruise on the River Danube, Northumberland,



the Lake District and around the Malvern Hills in Worcestershire and Herefordshire. It was great to be able to spend these times with them both and to see my Dad's face as he enjoyed the simple pleasures of watching the wildlife around the cottage we rented in the Malvern Hills. He especially enjoyed the birdlife and the badgers that came right up to the patio

windows at sundown to gorge on the food we had left out for them.

I am so thankful to God for my Dad's long life with us all – we have been truly blessed. In 1961, not long after I had been born, my Dad became a Christian and he has faithfully run the race of the Christian life for 60 years right to the end. Knowing that my Dad is now safely in the everlasting arms of his wonderful Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, brings great comfort during this sad time.

All my love Dad, until we meet again

Christine x

Two things have struck me as I remember our dear friend, brother and elder of the church for many years.

Firstly, he was a great thinker. He had a good mind and thought carefully about the issues he addressed. I always remember the afternoon house group meetings. Jim always came prepared with 5-10 minutes of material that he wanted to share. He always had Bible verses, hymns and other references to bring to us in order to do us good. His contribution was always valuable to the group.

Secondly, he was a great talker. He loved to chat. This was especially so when it came to the subjects he was most interested in. You knew that if he got on to one of those, you were in for a long innings! Even so, what he brought to you would always be full of deep knowledge and with great concern in his heart.

Tony Flanders



So many happy memories of my dad it is difficult to choose any one.

As we all know dad had boundless patience and tolerance however whilst he was teaching me to drive this was tested to the limit. I pulled out of a junction, straight across the road and into a hedge. Seeing his life flash before him provoked an understandable reaction. I cried all the

way home and sobbed to my mum such was my utter shock, something I had never seen before and I have never seen since.

My dad was also great fun, I fondly remember family parties where he would dress up and make us all laugh. The endless practical jokes he would play on us all. All of us can relate a story of dad or grandad's tricks and all remembered with such happiness.

All through my life he has been supportive, loving and always dependable. My inspiration. My rock. My Dad.

With love from Nicola

Jim was not just my father in law he was also my friend. We used to work together often and we jokingly referred to him as the skip man as the amount he could cram into a skip was rapidly becoming the stuff of legend. All day long we would discuss things often having opposing views but it was always good natured and friendly, I never once heard Jim say a bad thing about anyone, a real Gent.

It is said you can choose your friends but you can't choose your family. Well I was so lucky to have Jim as family and blessed to have him as both.

Miss you Jim.

Love from Neil

He spent quite a few holidays with us in Spain and we have so many happy memories.

Probably his most unlikely action was to buy a pair of crocs, and all who know dad will realise just how unlikely this was. That in itself was not so bad but much to mums displeasure they were bright green!! evidence to follow.

We can never go into a restaurant where pizza Rienne is on the menu without thinking of dad and the many times we had to confirm the ingredients, so funny, so idiosyncratic and so dad.

You have left a light shining in our hearts dad that will never go out..

With love always Nicola and Neil



Grandad, how do we even begin to put our time with you into words. The only way to describe you, a true gentleman, always so caring, loving, and supportive. You made us laugh even when you weren't trying to. We have so many cherished memories of you, picking just a few seems impossible, but we will try.

We would sit in suspense to see if today would be the day the pink flamingo would say it liked us, and if it didn't, Chris would reply with "I don't care if it doesn't like me", when really, secretly he always wanted it to. Every family meal we would hear the words "Maureen they're looking at the supplements". Deep down we all knew we could have the steak, lamb, or cheese board if we wanted. Any visit to see grandad would normally include some form of wrestling, and we knew that if grandad had us pinned down the signature nail move was on the way. And finally, the memory all the grandchildren share, the infamous caravan trip, from illness to bed swapping, and wet tissues being flicked to scare us at night, it's no surprise this was a onetime trip.

Not only were you an amazing grandad but an equally amazing great grandad to Ava, Tommy, and Bella. Any family outing you were always watching over them as head of their security entourage, something we are sure you will continue to do.

We are going to miss the chance of making new memories with you and will cherish the ones we have. We are simply going to miss you. All our love forever and always.

Laura, Chris, Kyle, and Shonna



To my great grandad Jim, everyone keeps telling me I am so lucky to have had a great grandad like you and they are right. Every time it snows, I will remember the time you built me my first snowman, and my first snowball fight. If I ever become a singer, I have the perfect album cover photo thanks to you and grandma. I know you will always keep an eye on me, just like you always did.

I will miss you grandad, huggles, cuggles, kisses and love Ava xxx

To great grandad Jim, its Tommy here. I just wanted to thank you so much for all the fun and games we played together in your garden. I mastered the hula hoop because of you and grandma. But my favourite game of all was hiding the big black cat, and whenever I would get close to finding it you would hide it up your top. I will forever miss you grandad, but I know you really won't be far.

All my love Tommy



To grandad Jim, firstly can I say thank you so much for treating me like one of your own. It made me feel so happy, you have such a big heart, and it has really shown. I'm going to miss Mr flamingo and finding your special stones in the garden. I just want you to know you really are going to be missed.

Hugs and kisses love Bella Boo

Jim was very much like my own Dad – they both would reminisce and recall several incidents of their times in the Royal Army Medical Corps, my Dad during World War II and Jim during his National Service. Some were funny and some were poignant, but they showed the affection and commitment they had to their times in the army. Although their service in the army was some 20 years apart, I could never get a word in edgeways when they both were reliving their history.



My Dad and Mum had both died by the time I was 25 so didn't get the chance to see their grandchildren. I'll always appreciate, and I'll never forget, how Jim and Maureen welcomed both me and my two children, Andy and Michelle, and made us feel so part of their family. They had no hesitation in travelling the 125 miles down to Coventry to be there to meet my two grandchildren, Ollie and Elysia, just after they were born, and always attended their Christmas and birthday celebrations.



I knew we were part of the Hoyle family when we went through the "pink flamingo initiation rites". This was a child's soft toy that Jim had, and he would hold it in front of you and ask the pink flamingo if it liked you or not. As a bit of fun, to wind the grandchildren up, Jim would sometimes make the pink flamingo shake its head that it didn't like you. Thankfully the pink flamingo nodded its acceptance and happily welcomed us all – what a relief!! However, Jim got carried away when he tried the same initiation with our dog, Keano. Keano, a stocky Staffie, didn't understand what Jim was trying to do and decided to attack the toy while Jim was still holding it! How he desperately cried out for help from Maureen and how we all ached with laughter at Jim's dilemma!!

Jim was clearly a committed Christian and this was evident in the way in which he lived his life – his faith and trust in God, his presence, his wisdom, and his kindness to others always shone through. Through my connection with Jim, I started to regularly attend the services at Trinity Grace Church and eventually became a Christian and a member of the church myself.



In fond and loving memory, Peter



There are so many memories that's it's hard to know where to begin. I first met Jim nearly 29 years ago and from the outset I was welcomed by both him and Maureen into the family; I count myself very lucky to have them both in my life whilst living so far away from my own family. In recent times Jim took over the role of guiding father figure since my own

father passed away.

We had many interesting conversations and I was always amazed at his knowledge on a whole raft of topics. More recently I became his own personal IT consultant and we had many times together whilst we worked through different computer glitches that occurred.

Since my daughter Kathryn was born, I cannot say how many hospital appointments Jim took us to and waited patiently to find out what was next in her journey. In addition to that he was with me every time Kathryn had to have a general anaesthetic and held my hand whilst I wept in the corner as they took her away.

I loved all his quirky sayings and I will never be able to look at "Daff of the Dils" ever again without thinking of him!

It's safe to say that in this life that we rarely meet another human who leaves such an indelible impression on your heart.

I will miss you more than I can express.

**Thinking of you always ...
your Scottish "daughter" also known as Donna x**



We both have very fond memories of Jim who had an extensive knowledge of many subjects and yet was a faithful and humble man of God. He was a pillar of the church for many years, his faith built on the Rock, the Lord Jesus Christ, whom he loved and served.

Louise has memories of Jim helping her to earn her "Astronomy badge" in the Summerseat Campaigner group back in the 1960s and remembers standing outside the church building looking at the night sky as Jim pointed out the various stars and the wonder of God's creation.

I first met Jim in 1975 when he was one of 2 photographers at our wedding, and then a year later at the church services in Lilian's house. I remember that he would bring his 3 young children, James, Christine, and Nicola, the girls always immaculately turned out!

Jim had a unique style of preaching, always full of illustrations. We will never forget the "Old ladies' apple tree", the parable of "The labourer's hire" and "Jack the shop steward", which still lives on in our memories.

I served alongside Jim as an Elder for almost 30 years and found him to be a great help and encouragement at all times. Jim has gone from this life, but we know we will see him again in eternal glory, since he loved and trusted the only true Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ.

Maurice and Louise Blezard

Jim was a faithful and famous elder at our church, when members of the congregation visited from Rhosneigr church they wanted me to point out two people, Jim Hoyle and Les Yates. This was due to my dad's sermon illustrations which invariably involved stories about Jim or Les or the Flan or all three!

I will never forget Jim's sermon about the "stagnant pond" and how that pond needed to be purified by fresh water going in and out, then there could be life !!!!

Jim was greatly loved and will be sorely missed. Safe in the arms of his precious Saviour Jesus.

Graham and Louise Westwell

Where do I begin... Grandad you are the most, caring, funny and gentlemanly man I have ever had the pleasure of knowing, and I am sure all those who know you would say the same. You always told me to go far and reach for my dreams, and I will continue to do that for the rest of my life whilst you are looking down on me. I am forever going to be grateful for the 22 years of joy and laughter you gave me, Grandad.



I will never forget the marigold man, chasing us through the house flicking pretend bogies at us until we were on the floor laughing and screaming begging you to stop, when really, we wanted it to last all night. I will never



forget how the flamingo always landed on "yes" whenever you asked "do you like Kathryn". I will never forget all the times you wanted to read my university work because you were so genuinely proud of everything I had achieved. I will never forget the advice and guidance you gave me on where to go next. I will never forget our special stones in your beautiful garden. Most of all I will never forget you, Grandad.

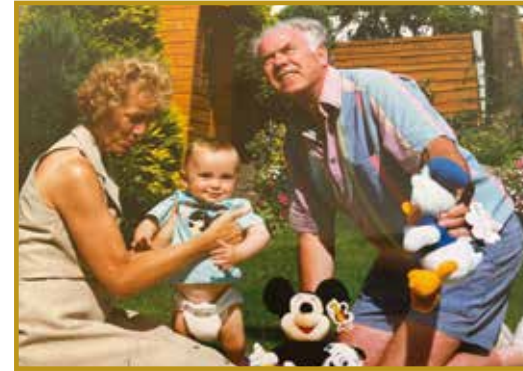
I am going to miss how you never wanted to hug me, or kiss me, but of course you never had a choice, even though I know you would welcome

me with open arms. I am going to miss the witty sense of humour you so proudly carried with you wherever you went. Most of all I will forever miss you, Grandad. Thank you for always telling me to eat my fruit and veg, and to brush my pegs and wegs every day and night. Thank you for teaching me to be kind, caring and generous just like you. Most of all thank you for holding my hands through the walks of life, from my operations to watching me drive off to university and finding out I had my first career job. Even though I never got to tell you about my first day at work, just know you were with me every step of the way and I hope I am making you proud.

Finally, thank you for being the best Grandad a girl could ask for. I can't express how much I will miss you.



I love you Grandad xxx



today. I will always strive to continue to make him proud.

James

My grandad was a very big part of everyone's life, but his influence on me as a child is probably one of the most obvious.

As a boy, grandad introduced me to wrestling. We'd spend nearly every day I saw him wrestling in the living room, my cousin Chris involved too. Grandad was always a dirty fighter though – the fingernail trick was the worst!

Even my friends from school knew about my grandad, knew he liked wrestling and would come round to have a scrap with him. This started to slow down as we got older though when I got big enough to throw him around – one particular time especially when he went up off the ground without expecting it!

Up until the last time I saw him, grandad always did something to play-wrestle with me. It was something we had grown up with a bond over, for 30 years, wrestling. That influence drove me to pursue wrestling as a hobby and I couldn't wait to show him the collectable wrestling belt I had been given a couple of years back. Best part was, he couldn't wait to wear it.

Thank you, grandad. Not for the wrestling, the memories or anything like that. Just for being you, every time.

Ste



We first met Jim in 1997 when we visited Ramsbottom Independent Evangelical Church with a view to becoming the new pastor & family. It was a daunting prospect for a young couple, just starting out in the Christian ministry, with one small child, in a new place with new people and a whole lot to learn! There were so many folks to meet and so many questions to answer; so much expectation and so many challenges; all our fears and concerns and anxieties.

In the midst of it all, there was one man upon whom we could rely without hesitation; one man who was always warm & kind & supportive & generous to us all as a family; one man who never failed to encourage and bless; one man that we always knew was behind us all the way; one man who can be summed up in that old Latin phrase, “Semper Eadem”, “Always the Same” – that man was Jim Hoyle.

Jim had been a rock in the church for a generation by the time we came, and his quiet rock-like assurance was enough to keep us pressing on through all the difficulties that came our way. He knew how hard it was to follow in the footsteps of Raymond Gregory (the former pastor), and he had a unique way of communicating that to us with the reassurance that said, “Be what God has called you to be, and don’t worry about trying to be something different – and I’m behind you all the way.” It would be hard to express how necessary that was in those early years, or how we would have managed without it.

From the very first, Jim and I got on really well because we had a common love for Latin. He would quote words to me, and I knew the meaning, which thrilled him no end, and we would discuss the etymology & composition of words to our mutual hearts’ content. Often, we would still be chatting when everyone else had left the building – precious memories of those early days.

But all of this was the fruit of something bigger than Jim or me or our education and background. What brought us together? What bound us in fellowship? What made us brothers? It was our common Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. My greatest memory of Jim is his love for Jesus. We could never talk about him too much. Every time he preached or shared or just chatted, it would always come back to the Lord and his love for us. Jim was the man he was because Jesus made him so!

We knew Jim as a saved and sanctified man, and now in his spirit he is glorified with his Lord, awaiting the day of joy when all who know the same Saviour will be raised, body & soul, to everlasting life. Come Lord Jesus!

Oliver, Alison & Family

To me, Jim was a man of few words, but that meant nothing, because just his presence in any given situation was truly a blessing, as his love for his Lord and Saviour was very evident. I remember his visits to my mum, which he did faithfully, and I’m not sure who got the greater blessing as they fellowshiped together, as they shared their love for The Lord, plus memories of the war years. Mum looked forward to his visits, and he was always able to put a smile on her face. I will never forget when I got my now two kittens Tilly and Billy, and he was amazed by Tilly’s colouring, and gave all the thanks and Praise to God for all creation. So blessed and thankful for his life, as he now rests with past saints in Glory.

Linda Hough

