

Issue 3

August- September 2025



FAITH MATTERS

WHALEY BRIDGE UNITING CHURCH

What a wonderful time of year, the glorious days of Summer. Family time together creating precious memories. Friends walking together, or having a coffee, hopefully in the sun's rays.

And as we approach September new beginnings, as children prepare for school and in no time at all go on afterwards to University, college and employment.

And for us here at Church, a new beginning too with a new Deacon. In August Georgina Brooks and her husband Richard will move into the manse and Georgina's welcome service will be held on September 3rd.

Georgina will have the ministry, community and pastoral care for the churches at Whaley Bridge, Chapel, Hayfield and Low Leighton.

We welcome them to Whaley Bridge and hope they love the area as much as we do.

Georgina will be asked to write a reflection in the next issue. *Chris*

Let us forgive each other
only then will we live in peace.

Leo Tolstoy



Happy birthday to Lynne
Whittle Sept 7th and
Alison Wheeldon Sept 19th

And in our prayers

Joyce Clayton
Bill Jackson
Jean Mellor
Anne Reeves
and the family of our
dear friend Dorothy
Hulme

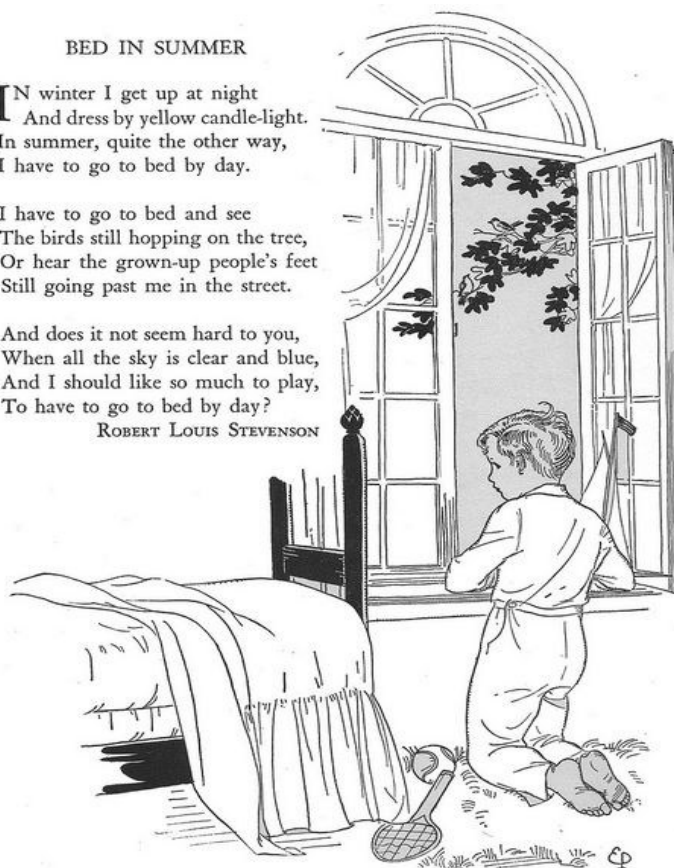
BED IN SUMMER

IN winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



Whaley Bridge Carnival 2025 (thanks to Donna for the photos)



Jeanne Bowker 1929-25

Jeanne was born in Saddleworth and she and sister Beryl had a healthy, happy childhood, mainly due to her Father's abundant produce from his allotment. Sadly he was called up in the war and Jeanne was left in charge of the crops. She always ensured that her extended family were well supplied. She went to school in Ashton and attended the Sunday school at the Methodist church. When she left school Jeanne took up an apprenticeship in tailoring, working in Ashton. She loved to go dancing at the Palais with her friends where she met Alan. They were married in 1951 and went on to have 4 children and shared a happy married life for 59 years before Alan died aged 85 yrs. During their married life they moved with Alan's work to Stoke Newington so that he could work in London, while Jeanne was employed as a tailor on Savile Row.

2 children later they returned to Whaley, first to Jodrell Road then later to Williamson Crescent. Jeanne was very settled into the life of the village, she was very much a home maker and was involved with Church, school PTA, Townswomens Guild, and despite a further 2 children found the time to make bread, cakes and jam. She walked with friends after church, helped to sew banners, made the children's clothes, sewed for pantomimes, enjoyed flower arranging, coffee mornings, helping at everything that was happening at church, oh ...and millinery.

She loved working for George Hill at the shoe shop and later volunteered at the church shop. She enjoyed singing with the WI and going to Halle concerts. She loved her Great Grandchildren dearly and loved their visits.

In later years Jeanne depended on friends to take her to church and to Diane in particular for all the support she gave to her Mum to enable her to live at home. Jeanne was a person who lived a full life, with abundant love to give to all. All in all a busy lady, but one who always had time for others and a smile right until the end.

Back to School

This is the time of year that most children hate.

Buying a new school uniform - you've outgrown the old one and need everything in a size bigger.

Except Mums never do that do they? There has to be plenty of growing room and so children go back to school, more often than not, in uniforms to grow into.

I will never forget the smell of my new leather satchel and I still have my required small Bible with my name, in best writing and of course done with a real pen and real ink.

Do you remember ink wells? In a little pot in the corner of your desk? Nature tables? School dinners?

Paddling on a day out in Buxton? And those dreaded words from Mum on the eve of returning to school... "School in the morning"—as if I needed reminding of that!!!!!!

Who is the mystery guest standing in the middle?



If you haven't guessed the answer is in the next issue

Skylarks and blackbirds with George



'Awake ,awake to love and work, the lark is in the sky'

'Morning has broken like the first morning, blackbird has spoken like the first bird'.



The dawn chorus, from around 4am, - what a glorious sound, reminding us of the beauty of God's creation.

Our birdwatcher George, reports that sadly blackbirds in the South are being threatened by a bacterial disease coming from Europe and spreading North and the numbers of skylarks are sadly declining too. Although there are a good number in this area, fewer nests are to be found these days. Sadly farmers are cutting silage from late May and skylarks are not able to get their young from the nests by then. Farmers who make haylage in late June are more likely to have skylarks soaring over their fields, singing their song of joy. George says that there is a local farmer who hasn't put any chemicals on his fields for 30 years and he has curlews and skylarks quite happily thriving.

Thankfully more farmers and landowners such as the National Trust are designating part of their lands for sustainable flower fields to encourage wildlife. In our gardens collared doves are disappearing and wood pigeons more likely to be seen this summer.

And don't forget it is still important to give birds clean water to drink and for a cool bath and provide blackbirds with some nice pieces of apple, which they love. Please take care when you walk through open fields as skylarks nest in the grass. Happy twitching.

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people.

In some areas it was the custom to dig up coffins, take the bones to the 'bone house' and reuse the grave.

When opening these coffins a quarter of them had scratch marks on the inside. As a result of burying people alive, a string was tied to the wrist of the corpse, fed through the coffin, up through the ground and tied to a bell.

Someone was employed to sit outside in the graveyard overnight, this was known as the 'graveyard shift' to listen for the bell. Hence the saying that someone could be 'saved by the bell' or was considered 'a dead ringer'. What an amazing true fact!

Did you hear about the man who drowned in a bowl of muesli?

He was pulled down by a currant!

Agnes' Austrian biscuits

(aka. Rachel's Grandma's biscuits)

6 oz butter

3oz castor sugar

2oz custard powder

6oz SR flour

Cream butter and sugar together, add custard powder and flour

Roll into balls and flatten with a fork

Bake 15– 20 mins at 160 c

My Favourite Recipe by Alison Hill

A favourite recipe of mine, and my mums, is a simple tea loaf. The recipe, submitted by Mrs Wharam, was included in

67 Favourite Recipes

a collection of favourites from people associated with Whaley Bridge Methodist Church. I'm guessing it was when Rev Vickers was the minister, as one recipe was submitted by a Mrs Vickers, and it must predate 1971, as most recipes are in pounds and ounces.



Our tea Loaf recipe actually uses tea cups to measure the ingredient's – another reason why I like this recipe, because I use a cup that belonged to my grandma, also an avid baker.

The original recipe did not include mixed spice, that was added by my mum.

The night before:

Soak 1 teacup of sugar plus 2 teacups of mixed dried fruit in ½ pint of strained tea. The next day, stir in 2 cups of SR flour, 1 egg, and 1 teaspoon of mix spice and beat well.

Pour into a greased 2lb loaf tin and bake in the centre of the oven, GM 4, for 1 hour. Slice when cold, and butter.



And I bet it keeps and freezes very well Ali?

Chris

Summer Anagrams

The answers are all to do with Summer

1. ECBAH
2. NESHUIN
3. CHECKRAID
4. SLUNGSASSE
5. LOWREFS
6. HAYDOLI
7. MONEDALE
8. DISEASE
9. DANESTALCS
10. SCURNAME
11. ANDLASS



Answers in our next issue

Walking with Jean J.

I walk on a regular basis with Chapel Ramblers on Wednesdays. The short walk is 6-7 miles, the longer walk over 8 miles. These days I do the short walk which leaves those doing the longer walk to continue on their way. We often come across places that have changed in the past such as buildings that have been demolished. This has been the case in Baslow where I led a walk last year.

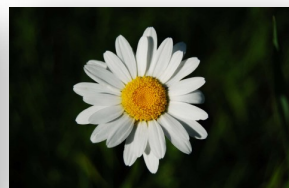
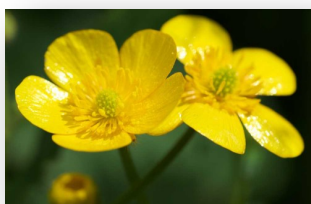
On the climb up to Baslow edge, you pass the Primary school and before continuing on to Bar Road you pass a residential area. Many things change in the landscape, both natural and by humans. Here there used to stand Baslow Hydro Hotel in meticulously landscaped grounds. Built by Henry Pawson, a Sheffield business man in 1880 it was a very impressive building and contained accommodation for 150 people. There was a waterfall, fountain, croquet lawn, bowling green, boating lake, tennis courts, summerhouses and golf course. The Hydro owed its fame to the Victorian preoccupation with healing waters, spas and hydropathic treatments. After many profitable years it went into decline and demolition was completed in 1936. You continue up the track and on to the moor. Before following Baslow Edge you can view the Wellingtons monument. You then continue to Curbar, down through the village which also has many interesting historical features. You return following the river to Baslow. Beautiful scenery and friendly wildlife as below.



Our changing verges

Sneezewort, Stinking goosefoot, Shaggy soldier—all old country flowers which have all but disappeared from our verges today because of council mowing and chemicals used on the land. Gone are the days when clover, coltsfoot, celandine, scabious, daisy, speedwell, ox eye daisy, vetch, egg and bacon and meadow cranesbill filled the lanes.

As children we covered shivering grass with silver foil, spent hours looking for lucky four leafed clovers, making daisy chains or checking with buttercups under our chins to see if we liked butter, it kept us amused for hours in the long summer holidays, and didn't cost a penny! Remember?



Two Whaleys with Sue

As we look back, one of the great watersheds in the history of our village was the Industrial Revolution. Whaley Bridge was indeed, a miniature Industrial Revolution in itself: it had all the necessary ingredients; coal, canal, reservoir, river, mills and railway. All these things gave way to a rapid growth in population and industrialisation and what we would now call nasty, dirty pollution.

Just imagine for a moment discovering Whaley before this time. You may well have been travelling between Manchester and Derby as this was a well charted route from Roman times following roughly the line of today's A6 at the start. At Disley, however, you would have turned right at the Rams Head facing a steep climb and drop down into Whaley - a bleak journey indeed on foot or horse in winter, but almost entirely rural. The lower road through Furness was not constructed until 1804.

The steep descent into Whaley (below the present old golf house on the right) would have taken you to a clutch of cottages, amongst which you would have seen the Soldier Dick Inn before it de-camped to Furness with the new road. Below these the old Coach House, offered a change of horse to face the hill to Disley. Start Lane, with its set of stocks would have given a timely warning to unruly travellers and ne'er do wells entering the village.

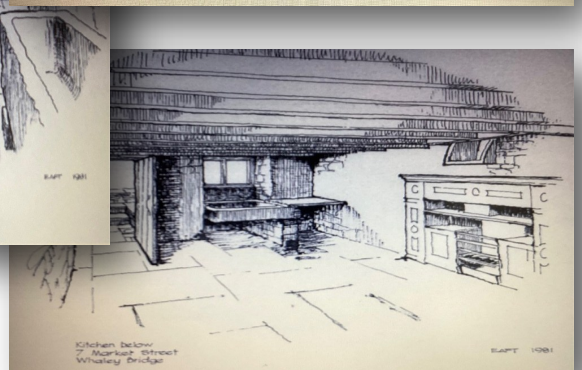
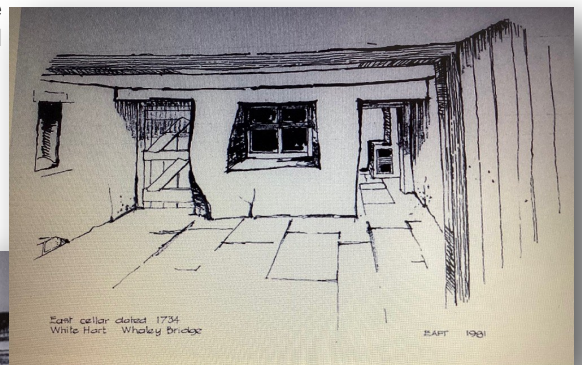
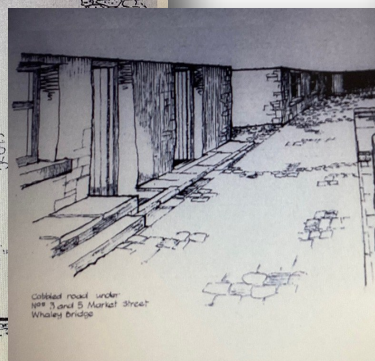
Proceeding down the hill, you would have found little habitation, the general aspect being mostly a tree lined meandering lane and fields. The Hadfield Fold frontage would have been a sizeable residence for the times. With its integrated three barns, pig cote and croft it would have been impressive.

Number 28 Whaley Lane, now a cottage, was a farm, maybe linked to Whaley Hall, its near neighbour or to the Swan Inn next door, currently a cottage being renovated. A little below, a small cross roads would have led to Hockerley Hall on the left through orchard and fields with the main driveway and access to Whaley Hall on the right. Much later, a young lad, the late Geoff Morton earned a few pence taking the co-op horses to graze on Hockerley fields. Looking along the drive and behind the hall, you might have been able to see a few cottages, later demolished. Looking on down the hill, nothing would have impeded your view straight along to the bridge over the Goyt River at the present Bridge Street, the only other buildings being the old school house, now well above the road, the Jodrell Inn, previously known as The Cock and the old corn mill. It is difficult to get a true impression of the contours of lower Whaley Lane as the road was excavated to some depth to accommodate the railway line and cottages were demolished into Reservoir Road for the later bridge. Might the school-house actually been on the lane or were there steps up to it as now? The railway arrived in 1857, with coach and horses continuing onward to Buxton for a while.

Before the railway the road would have crossed the Goyt at the bottom of Bridge Street and turned right alongside the river. The known landscape would have included meadow land, the Jodrell orchard and the rid barn. The White Hart, was a key coach stop. The onward journey would have then taken you along Old Road, down Elnor Lane and onward to Buxton.

What of Market Street, the present heart of the village? As you walk down it now, the old Whaley is at cellar level beneath your feet. There are drawings which clearly show what was found at numbers 3, 5 and 7 Market Street. Interestingly the drawing shows roadside horse troughs. There was no Market Street bridge over the Goyt at this time, but probably a simple ford. If you look over the current bridge, you can clearly see the large front door of one of the houses virtually at river level.

Whaley Bridge was part of the first Derbyshire turnpike road between Manchester and Derby authorised in 1724. It had many variations in its routing with turnpikes later taking off nation-wide in the 1830's. Old Whaley, like every town or city, exists around us and under our feet, taken for granted and mostly unseen. It has stood witness to many different lives and times. As we go about our business, we are generally completely unaware that we walk and travel upon the shoulders and lives of those who lived here before us.



Agatha Christie by Lucy Worsley. A review by Peter Callister.

Agatha Christie the 'Queen of Crime' has the interesting statistic - that only Shakespeare and the Bible have sold more copies.

Lucy Worsley declares that anyone who thinks she was a quiet English lady, who wrote cosy novels featuring a little old woman, would be completely wrong.

Instead she gives an insight into a character who benefited and suffered from the incredible variations in her life.

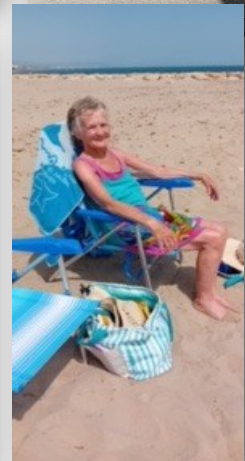
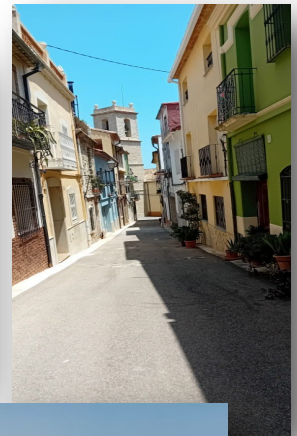
I was fascinated by the picture she paints of a woman who pretended she was an ordinary housewife, whilst surfing in Hawaii and driving fast cars, and by her travels with her archaeologist husband, which provided her with the detailed background she needed to write novels such as 'Death on the Nile' and 'Murder on the Orient Express'.

I recommend this biography by Lucy Worsley to all Christie lovers.

As Antonio Fraser says 'this is one brilliant woman writing about another.'



A few photos of where you got to this Summer

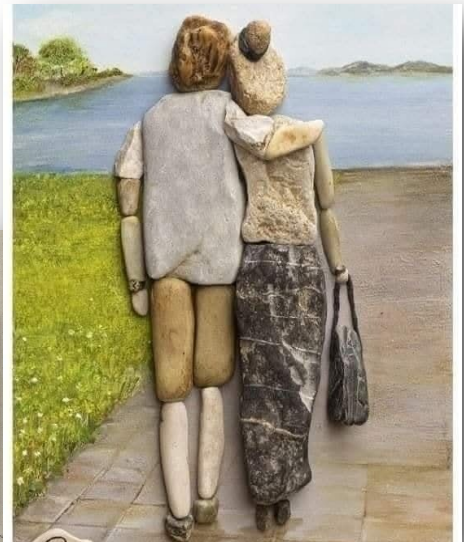


Kyoto. The Zen temple of Kinakuji, its top floors covered and lined in gold leaf, topped with a gold phoenix, it reflects the still waters in a tranquil place. See next issue for more of Sue's visit to Japan.



Pebble Art

This is the perfect craft to do with children on the beach this summer. Takes very little skill but is great fun. Just collect stones from the beach or the garden and create a picture, they will be amused for hours.



Keep up to date with the latest
texting code for the more mature:

ATD— At the Doctors

BYOT—Bring your own teeth

FWIW— Forgot where I was

IMHO—Is my hearing aid on?

WIYN—What is your name?

WIMN—What is my name?

DICM— Does it come mused?

"What do you want to be
when you grow up?"



"Kind" said the boy

And a final few thoughts:

When you are dissatisfied
and would like to go back to
your youth, just think of
algebra.

Being young is beautiful but
being old is comfortable.

One must wait until evening
to see how splendid the day
has been.

Fernilee Quiz Night August 23rd

Finally this Summer please endeavour to keep as fit as possible. I can recommend the following exercise. Begin on a comfortable surface with plenty of room on each side.

With a 5lb potato bag in each hand extend your arms straight out from your side, hold as long as you can, relax. Each day you will find you can hold the position longer. Try to reach a full minute.

After a couple of weeks move up to 10lb bags and then 50 lb bags, Eventually you will be able to hold 100lb bags and keep your arms straight for one minute.

After you feel confident at this level,(and I am myself am now at this level)-then you can put one potato in each bag!

As the sun sets gently on another summer, may our hearts swell with gratitude for the warmth and light that has graced our days. Thank you for the precious moments of joy, the laughter shared with family and friends, the awe inspiring beauty of nature all around us, and may our hearts overflow with thankfulness for the memories and experiences of this season, knowing that your love has been ever present. Amen

Edited by Chris Mellor. c.mellor174@icloud.com