



FAITH MATTERS

“ Kind words are like honey - sweet to the soul and healthy for the body”

I'm sure that at some point we've been on the end of some words that have hurt us. Sometimes even those "throw away" comments from someone seem to stick. What about those times when we have climbed into bed at night and realised at the end of the day, that there was something we wished we hadn't said. Sometimes our words don't always carry gentleness and thoughtfulness. I love that bit in the film Bambi, where Thumper is reminded by his mother about what his father had said to him earlier " if you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all".

Kind words can make a huge difference. Words of encouragement can go a long way. They can show love and hope just in the same way that Jesus did as we read in the gospels, when he went around the towns and villages meeting all sorts of people.

Kind words thoughtful words can transform us and ourselves. Imagine the difference it would make in the world if only kind words were used! Words that carried love, understanding and hope. So let's think about the words that we use to others and may they be like honey, sweet to the soul and good for the body. Love and prayers .

Georgina <><



Local Wells Dressings in May and June

Tissington starts May 14th

Monyash 23rd

Ashford 30th

Litton, Youlgreave and Tideswell June 20th

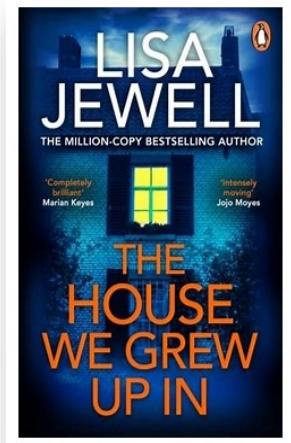
Hope and Hayfield June 27th

Whaley Wells Dressing and Carnival June 27th



'The house we grew up in' by Lisa Jewell is a gripping novel, as are all her others.

It is the story of Lorelei and Colin Bird and their 4 children. Living in an old Cotswold stone cottage with a large garden all seems idyllic on the surface. Every Easter free spirited Lorelei organises an egg hunt in the garden and these become more elaborate as the years pass. Sadly one of her teenage children dies and Lorelei harbours a secret which changes her. She begins to hoard, to such an extent that Colin moves into one half of the house to get away. As the house fills she seems unaware of the distress her now adult children feel. The story that unfolds both captivates and upsets and makes for a book that is hard to put down. You know—the sort of book that you want to get to the end but when you do, you wish it wasn't over. I can't wait to get her next book and can recommend this book or any of her others for a jolly good summer read. *Chris*



BIRDWATCHERS CORNER



It is now spring as I write, and the birds are singing. Our winter visitors are leaving for habitats further north, whilst our summer visitors are starting to arrive. Several martins, swallows and chiffchaffs are taking up territories. Blackbirds are feeding their young and a cuckoo has been spotted not far from here. Three wheatears like the one here on your left, have been spotted recently on Cracken Edge and a ring ouzel, pictured right, at Dane Bower. Back in March, 64 curlews were counted at Combs reservoir and they are now dispersing onto the local moors where they will breed. House martins, which are rarely seen in this area, have been seen in Derbyshire.



All in all wonderful start to the season and a sheer delight.

George

When Chris suggested I might like to be a guest contributor about gardening for Faith Matters I was quite pleased as I have always been interested in plants and gardening. Then I thought, hold on, am I the right person? I may have always been interested but I can't say I've ever created a garden, I don't have the design and artistic skills some gardeners have. Then again, lots of people write about things they love but can't do! Perhaps the thing I have done most in gardening is grow some veg so I thought I would write something on that theme.

I think every year of my adult life I have grown something – even when life was very busy. Twice, we have had an allotment. The first one was not a good idea – at a time when we were very busy with work and small children. I think that only lasted two or three years. The second allotment (thirty years later) was more successful – we had it for about five years and gave it up when we planned our move to Whaley. Anyway, this year my growing begins with tomatoes and (chilli) peppers. Tomatoes in particular are a great crop to grow if you have limited space or experience, although they do need regular care and watering. Nearly any outdoor space can be home to a large pot with a tomato plant. I haven't had a greenhouse for many years but have found they can grow well outside. I wondered if this would be the case when we moved a little further north but, so far, I have had a crop here every year.

You may well be familiar with the basics of tomato growing but, if not, you'll find the details in many gardening books and usually covered at this time of year on the TV's Beechgrove Garden and Gardeners World. The RHS web site is also full of information (<https://www.rhs.org.uk/vegetables/tomatoes/grow-your-own>). You can start with seeds (now) or buy young plants which are usually available until late May. I thought I would add couple of tips from my experience: A first tip is timing. Gardeners often aim to produce an early crop – perhaps a legacy of the days when we didn't have everything available all year round. However, I have always found having plants ready too early is not helpful for outdoor growing as the plants can get leggy and in need of more space. I don't plant tomatoes outside until late May or even early June depending on the weather. Tomatoes sown and planted a little later soon catch up and will keep fruiting from Aug. until late Sept. in my experience. I then harvest the green tomatoes and ripen them indoors. Often, we are still eating home grown tomatoes in November! This year I am growing Crimson Crush (medium/large). Secondly, I have experienced in recent years blight on outdoor tomatoes. The plants and fruit suddenly grow brown blotches and decay – just as they come to the point of ripening after all the work! I have recently grown Cocktail Crush (smallish) and Honeymoon (large) but this year I am growing Crimson Crush (med). It's the beginning of April as I write and this morning I planted my seeds, the next 10 days should see the miracle of new life unfold. *Graham*



A day in the life of: Nye Rowlands

30 years ago I was having my photo taken for my (mature) students pass at Mancat in Manchester and a man tapped me on the shoulder. I turned to find Nye Rowlands from church “What are **you** doing here?” I asked. He laughed and we chatted and my tutor said later (jokingly) “Well you should be sure to pass now”. I hadn’t a clue what he meant , until he told me that Nye was the Principal of the College. In fact more than that he was, in fact ‘ An elected President of the Association of Principals of Colleges.’

Born in 1939 to a Welsh Presbyterian family, Nye lived in a terraced house, his father a postman. He grew up opposite a Chapel dedicated to William Williams (Guide me O thou great Jehovah). At the age of 11 he went to the local grammar school with its 80 girls and 40 boys ,which Nye says was ‘an interesting experience’! When I asked how he met Sue he joked “ I bought her for 3 sheep and two cows”. In reality she lived a few streets away and they had known each other since junior school. (They went on to marry in 1962).

Nye went on to study at the University of Wales in Swansea, and after his degree and diploma in education he began his first post, teaching liberal studies in Keighley in W. Yorkshire. In those days apprentices had an hour each week of these studies as part of their apprenticeship learning— referred to by the students as ‘ Sex and Motorbikes’. They discussed everything from politics, books, the British constitution to management.

The following few years were busy for Sue and Nye as they raised their 3 girls and with teaching careers. In 1965 Nye worked in Havering , a Borough of London, and then as a Senior lecturer at East Ham. It was here in 1968 that as a member of the labour party he was adopted as a candidate for the Havering Council. Unfortunately he says he came bottom in the election which ended his political ambitions and left him humiliated (he adds, tongue in cheek). He was appointed Vice Principal next in Barnet and played cricket for Southend. Later he says he ‘looked after’ a local British Legion team and he would take his daughters to their matches. (Of course these days he is an **avid** Stockport County fan).

One of Sue and Nye’s greatest achievements (and for which they are still lauded) was their invention of flexi-study which became the open learning programme. This was widely acclaimed and adopted worldwide. Specialist colleges were opened in Russia and Latvia. Nye assisted the British Council to upgrade colleges in Turkey, St. Petersburg ,Oman and all over the world. (Editor. I might add here that my few sentences hardly do justice to their life work and the huge difference they have made to methods of study and to education.)

After further promotion to the Principal of Field and Park College, then to Central Manchester College, Nye played a key role in the merger of 12 colleges to become Mancat (Manchester College of Art and Technology) in 1989. This was a huge undertaking, with over 800 staff and 46, 000 enrolled students, widely plauded as a college of excellence, it was well funded both by the European market and as a result of their work with the open learning programme. Nye decided to retire at the pinnacle of the college success in 1997. He adds that 6 months after his retirement he was the Dame in the church Panto in 1998 ,in Nye’s words “ How the mighty fall!!

Sue and Nye’s move to Whaley 45 years ago was on April 27th - in thick snow that delayed them.

Later, as Chair to the Governors of Combs school, with 22 pupils, he took up their plight when it was faced with closure and it survived after a long battle. He was appointed as Chair of the Governors at Chapel High school and became involved with our church- first as a steward, then as Senior Steward and a founder member of the Church Outreach Group under the leadership of Rev. Pam Butler. Around this time people were looking for a place to have coffee in the village as well as at the Tuesday mornings at our church. George and Pauline were keen that their previous shoe shop would be used as a social hub, and were pleased when Churches Together took it on with local church volunteers , particularly from the Catholic church. Since then it has become hugely popular. (Nye was instrumental in much of this and finding the funding—although he doesn’t say this). He is now their secretary. Nye has done a sterling job as our church Treasurer since 2021. He is also one of a small team responsible for streaming our weekly services on You Tube, serves as a trustee, and is always keen to ensure we, as a church, leave our footprint in the community. He also adds that we need to be future proofing the church and looking for a new treasurer, also allowing him to fully retire.

Editor- Nye is still busy at the age of 87 years but always has time for people. He is one of the canniest, most creative, sagacious and astute people I know, yet unassuming and unpretentious at the same time, many people, including those worldwide, respecting him (and Sue) for their huge contributions to the world of education.



Happy birthday to

May

3 Sue Callister and Hazel Thompson

7 Brenda Warrington

9 Sam Vesey

23 Jennifer Mulholland

June

4 Pat Mirams

17 Maureen Gerrard

26 Alan Talbot

We wish you all a Happy Day

From out of the mouths

Little Philip was spending the weekend with his Grandmother, after a particularly trying week at school.

Hi Grandmother decided to take him to the park on Saturday morning. It had been snowing all night and everything around looked so beautiful in the dazzling white snow.

His Grandmother said to Philip " Doesn't it look like an artist painted this scenery?"

"Do you know, I think God painted it just for us".

"Yes" replied Philip, " God did it and he was left handed".

This confused his Grandmother so she asked him " What makes you say God painted it with his left hand?"

"Well" said Philip, " we learned at Sunday school last week that Jesus sits on God's right hand."



Our thoughts and prayers are with

Joyce Clayton

Bill Jackson

Jean Mellor



An exasperated Mother, whose son was always getting into mischief, finally asked him."How do you expect to get into Heaven?" The boy thought it over and said "Well, I'll run in an out and in and out and keep slamming the door until St Peter says" For heavens sake Jimmy, come in or stay out!"

Chicken Basque Style. Recommended by Anita Males, volunteer at the Luncheon Club and Over the Road. She says it makes for a lovely one pot supper dish, ideal for this time of year, add a simple green salad on the side.

Ingredients:

- 3.5lbs chicken, jointed into 8 pieces or thighs work well.
- Brown basmati rice measured to the 8 fl oz level in a measuring jug.
- 10 fl oz chicken stock
- 6 fl oz of white wine
- Half large orange cut into wedges, leave the peel on
- 1 level tsp of fresh thyme
- 2oz of black olives, pitted if you prefer
- Salt and freshly milled black pepper
- 2 large red peppers
- 1 very large or 2 medium onions
- 2-3 tbsp extra virgin olive oil
- 5 oz chorizo sausage skinned and cut into 1cm slices, - or use skinless
- 2oz sundried tomatoes in oil
- 2 large cloves of garlic, chopped
- 1 level tbsp sun dried tomato paste
- Half level tsp hot paprika

You will need a wide flameproof casserole dish with a domed lid approx.8.5 pint.

Season the chicken joints with salt and pepper. Slice the red peppers in half and remove the pith and seeds. Cut into half again to make 6 strips. Peel and slice the onion and slice to the same size. Drain and dry the dried tomatoes and cut into 1 cm pieces. Heat 2 tbsp of olive oil in the casserole to fairly hot and add the chicken pieces 2 or 3 at a time and brown to a nutty brown on both sides. Remove to a plate with kitchen paper. Add more oil to the casserole, turn heat up to just over medium and add the onion and peppers to brown a little for about 5 mins.

Add the chorizo, sun dried tomatoes and garlic until they have browned. Stir in the rice and when covered in the oil add the tomato paste, paprika and chopped thyme.

Add the stock, wine and seasoning. Turn down to simmer.

Add more seasoning and place the chicken on the top (it's important to keep the rice down in the liquid). Finally places the wedges of orange in among the chicken and scatter with olives.

Cover with a tight fitting lid and cook over a gentle heat for 50mins to 1 hr or until the rice is cooked but retains a little bite. Alternatively cook Gas Mark 4 . 350 F. 180C for 1 hour.



TIP. If you want to use white basmati rice instead, add it half way through cooking time, otherwise it will be mushy.

Do you know your wild flowers?



Answers : left to right

Buttercup, scabious, clover/ vetch, coltsfoot, ox eye daisy

Cornflower, celandine, lady smock/cow parsley, welsh poppy

Abecedary of the Peaks

E. Enclosures.

In 1760-1820 the enclosure acts came into being. Common land was enclosed and miles on miles of stone walls were built. This meant that rural labourers lost their right to graze their cattle on old waste and common land. Back in the 1600's a piece of land was allotted to each house to be tilled by oxen to feed the family. These strips can still be seen in Chelmorton. In those days walls were built to divide these lands and give shelter to animals. After the Black Death of 1348 there was a huge loss of agricultural workers and so people turned to breeding sheep which outnumbered people 3:1



F. Feasts and food and drink

On Jan 4th 1799 there was a huge feast in the banqueting hall at Haddon Hall. The 5th Duke of Rutland was 21. 250 tenants attended and the Duke and 70 guests ate in a private room. 10,000 people called at the hall on the day and were invited to eat. 4 oxen and 16 fat sheep were roasted and 40 hogsheads (9000 litres) of ale costing £135 was drunk plus £112 worth of wine. His Grace's steward said afterwards 'I believe all who wished to be drunk were so'.

Many years ago the local dishes were Lumptytums, (a kind of porridge) hasty pudding– also oatmeal based and rabbit stew. Farmers who bred pigs, had more variety. It was said there was no waste on a pig 'You only waste the whistle'. Birds beaks were added to giblet pies. But at Chatsworth the Christmas feast was game birds and hares. Every good wife baked most days except on a Sunday when only the dinner was cooked.

Flagg Races

Of course I have to add a bit about my home village and its famous point to point races. In 1929 the then Duke of Windsor rode in the races and they were very popular until 2014 when the High Peak Hunt ran out of money and they ended. Renowned for its chilly location it never stopped people from travelling from far and wide to attend.



G. Gunpowder was made at the powder mill now under the waters of Fernilee Reservoir. Once the largest employers in the Goyt Valley with over 100 men working there. It was an ideal site with plentiful water and far enough away from the village should an explosion occur. Newspapers at the time reported many incidents and it was a very dangerous place to work. The Stockport Advertiser

in May 1836, following an explosion reported 'two unfortunate creatures were in one moment deprived of their existence' and just 2 weeks later another man George Heaps, married with 4 children, was blown 600 yards in a similar explosion on the very day his youngest child had been baptised. His brother also died from his injuries. It is said that the gunpowder for the Spanish Armada was supplied by the Fernilee Powder Mill.

G. Gypsies, travellers and pedlars

One of the most colourful characters in Bakewell was Oseri Boswell known as Rozzer. For many years he and his wife slept out in the open but in old age they lived in a shack on Crow Hill Lane. Local people treated them kindly and gave them firewood and tobacco, but in 1912 Rozzer had to go into Bakewell infirmary where he died a few days later aged 100. They say he never recovered from what he felt was a huge disgrace from having to go to what was once the workhouse.



We regularly had gypsies visit us at the farm, some to help with the potato picking, often the same ones every year, selling pegs, - there was a mutual respect for old, traditional Romanies, the same ones who had visited every year for years.

Rag and bone men would call to trade in exchange for donkey stones. Pedlars went from door to door selling buttons and laces and I recall them selling ties to my Dad.

H. Home

In the 1830's life was very hard for many as there was a huge depression in lead mining. Families needed to make clothing and bedding last and used them until they were very threadbare. A London newspaper reported this about Bradwell ' Many of these poor sufferers had their children in bed when we visited, whose bedclothes had not a vestige of either linen or flannel about them, but was composed of wrappers and old clothes.'

However in 1649 John Percival of Sheen reportedly lived very well. In his will of that year he was worth around £300 and it lists that he owned pigs, poultry, geese, 30 sheep, 24 cattle and a few horses. He also owned yokes, looms and a spinning wheel, books, cloth and napkins, pewter tableware and 5 silver spoons. In his larder he had cheese, butter and beef. He and his wife slept on a feather bed and he had 6 pairs of bed socks! This type of listing was common in wills of the day. Compare that to today!!!

Wash day was a full day. Stoves had to be black leaved with Zebra polish and housewives were proud of the shine. On bath nights the tin bath would be brought in from the wash house and put in front of the fire.

I. Inclement weather

1947 and '63 saw the worst years ever remembered for heavy snow. Telephone lines were down, vehicles buried, fifteen foot high snow drifts, farmer's milk thrown away. Villagers were isolated. In the winter of 1674 a grazier and his maidservant died on one of the high peak moors and their bodies were not discovered for 30 years. They had been perfectly preserved in the peaty soil and were put on public show for 20 years before a final burial at Hope.



J. Justice

Many years ago an old man from Matlock came across a friend sitting in the town stocks and asked him why he was there." I've been clouting our Liz" .-"Why man, they canna put thee in there for wife cloutin" said the old man."Canna? Ah but tha sees they has done. ", came back the reply. Nagging women were ducked in the ducking stool or cuckstoole. This was a seat attached to the end of a post rather like a seesaw. It was let down into a river or pond several times to cool the wife's temper. In 1680 the stool in Bakewell was reported to be in need of repair at a cost of ten shillings. A lot of money so obviously well used.

How to become a mind reader

Pick any number from 1 to 10

Double it

Now times the answer by 5

Minus 1

Focus on the last digit

I guess you are thinking of the number 9



The Oak tree

A mighty wind blew, night and day.
It stole the oak tree's leaves away.
Then snapped its boughs and pulled its bark
Until the oak was tired and stark.

But still the oak tree held its ground
While other trees fell all around.
The weary wind gave up and spoke,
"How can you still be standing, Oak?"

The oak tree said, "I know that you
Can break each branch of mine in two,
Carry every leaf away,
Shake my limbs, and make me sway.

But I have roots stretched in the earth,
Growing stronger since my birth.
You'll never touch them, for you see,
They are the deepest part of me.

Until today, I wasn't sure
Of just how much I could endure.
But now I've found, with thanks to you,
I'm stronger than I ever knew."

-Johnny Ray Ryder, Jr.



This beautiful goat was captured on camera by Louise on her travels in Wales . How beautiful, and running free.

May is the 5th month, symbolising faith and grace. The grace that lifts us in our weakness and sustains us daily. It is a time of transition , the closing of one season and the beginning of another. The promise of a new beginning and God's refreshing presence.

We pray

Father fill my heart with your peace this May. Calm every anxious thought and quieten every storm within me. Let your presence bring rest to my mind and comfort to my Spirit. Help me to walk in peace daily, trusting that you are in control of every situation. Thank you for the gift of your perfect peace. Amen.

June is the month for reflection and renewal. A month that connects the vibrancy of spring with the warmth of summer . God continually unfolding our lives with each new day.

We pray

Lord fill my heart with joy this June. Remove every weight that steals my happiness and replace it with your peace and gladness. May patience shape my decisions, actions and thoughts, and may your Spirit guide me to become a better person every day. Amen.

Items for Faith Matters can be sent to the editor :
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