

The Fulwood Messenger

Autumn 2022

*Let's take our hearts for a walk
Through the autumn woods
And listen to the magical
Whispers of old trees*

Another message from the Chair!

Hello everyone,

I am trying impress our new Editor and August is here and the heat has returned! However, the nights are not as short as they were and I always feel at the end of August the light nights are a thing of the past. We have been fortunate in seeing some magnificent sunrises, sunsets and big full moons, the latest being the harvest moon which was wonderful. I often think of Thomas Hardy describing the harvests and the summers on a farm, he is so descriptive and captured the rural life, it's so dependent on the harvest, the heat and the storms. Also John Clare wrote a great poem about August but it's very long. Here is a short exact:



Harvest approaches with its busy day;
The wheat tans brown, and barley bleaches grey;
In yellow garb the oatland intervenes,
And tawny glooms the valley throng'd with beans.
Silent the village grows, — wood-wandering dreams
Seem not so lonely as its quiet seems;
Doors are shut up as on a winter's day,
And not a child about them lies at play;
The dust that winnows 'neath the breeze's feet
Is all that stirs about the silent street:
Fancy might think that desert-spreading Fear
Had whisper'd terrors into Quiet's ear,
Or plundering armies past the place had come
And drove the lost inhabitants from home.
The fields now claim them, where a motley crew
Of old and young their daily tasks pursue.

Of course by the time this comes out we will be past this heatwave and it will be feeling autumnal!

I have had the good fortune to have travelled around Europe a little this summer, mainly in Germany and Switzerland. These countries are really geared up for warm summers and have some beautiful old medieval towns with so much outside dining. I wish sometimes I could bottle their essence and re-visit it in the Winter. I hope some of our congregation have also had a good summer and it will have boosted vitamin D levels if nothing else.

We had a good trip to Scarborough even though we were a bit thin on the ground! It was interesting to see Arek in another setting and we were invited to a proper sit down lunch afterwards.

Closer to home, Peter does a fantastic job in making sure of our service leaders and we are lucky to have such a varied and interesting collection of people willing to contribute.

I wish everyone all the best for the Autumn months and hope to see even more of you in chapel if you can make it.

Jane

Jane Moore
Chapel Chair

Chapel's Charity Collections

June and July our charity collection was for Send A Child Hucklow and you may remember Judith Short with Mum, Sue Kelly, reminisced their wonderful summers spent at Hucklow explaining why it is still important to Send a Child to Hucklow celebrating its 60th anniversary. As a result the chapel collected £630.

August and September the Chapel charity was Assist and we collected. £225.00.

Many thanks for all those who have contributed.

Services coming with Sarah

Sarah Tinker is enjoying her visits to lead worship at Fulwood Old Chapel and asks anyone who would like to get involved in co-leading a service to get in touch with her. Maybe you'd like to do a reading or a meditation, or speak about a topic you care about?

Sarah will be with us on the following Sundays:



16th October - when she'll be considering the spiritual value of making mistakes (Sarah's service are always fun and we can't wait hear what these might be!)

20th November - when she and Marie Fitzpatrick (our organist) will celebrate St Cecilia, patron saint of music and musicians.

4th December - an opportunity to consider shaping a Christmas and Midwinter to suit us as well as others - Building Your Own December

You can contact her via email sarahtinker54@gmail.com and she'll be glad to hear from you.

From the Editor

This edition was prepared initially in early September – thus some of the contributions came in before we had lost the summer days and, more significantly, before the news of the passing of our dear Monarch, Queen Elizabeth II. Consequently, there is something of a mixed focus, which I hope readers will not find perplexing.



I wrote the words ‘our dear Monarch’, and include words of praise for her long reign and the devotion, guidance and steadfast faith which were an inspiration to many, in the knowledge that not everyone reading this will share these opinions. Well, that is what they are, opinions, and I trust that you will respect them, as I respect yours.

Shortly after the sad news of her Majesty’s death, Rev Andi Philips led our Sunday service, and included this very suitable prayer.

Source of all being, Universal Mystery



We bring before you the life and the passing of your servant Queen Elizabeth II. She served the British nation and the Commonwealth with dignity, restraint and great honour throughout her reign and she has our deep gratitude for doing this in a way that united our troubled land far more than it divided it.

We come in our sadness, both for the human loss of Elizabeth a person who has been a public presence through all our lives and as Queen for the vast majority of them. But also for the symbolic loss of the figurehead of our nation, for all that says about home and rootedness and belonging for each of us. We may be sad, or even cry, for her but also for things we find hard to express that her loss catalyses.

After the loss of her beloved husband Philip she was still mother, grandmother, great grandmother, and she leaves these loved ones and others now with a very real sense of human loss, an absence that we understand from losses in our own lives even as we mostly do not participate at a fully personal level in this one. May those children, grandchildren, great grandchildren find comfort and solace both in one another and also in the knowledge that hers was a life extremely well lived. May they also have time and space to grieve privately within what must seem like a treadmill of official duties to deal with over the coming days.



We also pray for her friends and for those of her households to whom she was close. We pray for all that have to grieve without acknowledgement of what they too have lost.

May her death be as unifying as her life was. Not all of us are royalists but even from critics of the monarchy there has been much praise for how the Queen conducted herself. She has walked a difficult line over period of great change for our nation and world and she has kept her balance admirably. May those for whom the loss of a monarch cuts deep into their sense of nationhood and indeed selfhood find comfort at this time and may those who might otherwise be critical remain mindful of this loss and treat it with deep sensitivity for its impact on others.

That there has been injustice in the history of our nation and its governance, some of which that can be laid at the door of the monarchy as an institution, is not a controversial view even while one may respect and even love the monarch. Thus may those hungry for that injustice to be righted not lose their passion but know when to speak and act for best effect.

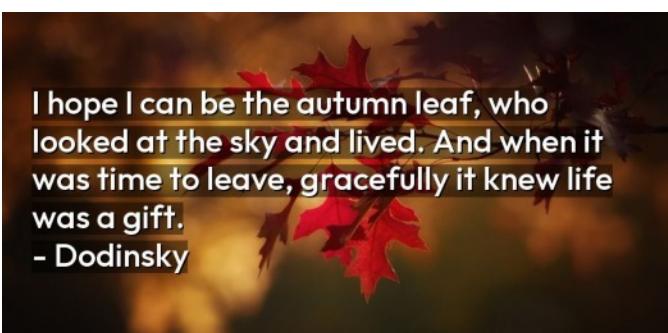
And for all of us, whatever our status and whatever our perspective, may we have the ability to assimilate this major change – loss of a Queen, accession of a King – with surety of step as life continues in our land.

At the end of her long labours may the Queen rest in peace. Meanwhile may our new King Charles III enjoy good health and fortitude as he begins his reign. May he sense your overarching presence and direction in his life and may he have the discernment to know when to stand above the tides of history that flow around this nation and when to wade in.

These are not easy times – grant him courage as needed as well as the forbearance his mother so admirably demonstrated. When we might pray, and even sometimes sing, God Save the King, we trust that he and the nation he represents, will be guided in truth and love towards that Kingdom of God that might yet be both here in this nation, green and pleasant, and all over this third planet out from the Sun.

Amen

Rev Andi Phillips 11 September 2022



I hope I can be the autumn leaf, who
looked at the sky and lived. And when it
was time to leave, gracefully it knew life
was a gift.
- Dodinsky



Editor: I'm rather shamefaced as I admit that I've never had anything but the haziest idea of what 'safeguarding', in this context, really means. I do tend to be rather dismissive of what I regard as bureaucracy' despite having worked for many years in Adult Education, where it abounds. (A good thing that I retired when I did!) Thank you, then, to Peter Rowson for the following.

"Safeguarding" is not a word or even an idea that normally sets the heart racing. It is more likely to evoke thoughts of bureaucratic procedures with the hidden fear of apocalyptic ruin if these procedures ever have to be put into motion.

So it came as a pleasant surprise when Caroline Thorpe reported back on a meeting on Safeguarding that she attended at the GA in Birmingham in April. This meeting, led by Gavin Howell, promoted a change in emphasis. The new approach, whilst not discarding in any way the need for vigilance regarding possible instances of abuse, stresses the need to ensure best possible practice in all Chapel activities.

We all have a responsibility to do all we can to ensure the health and well-being of everyone involved in the life of the Chapel. In a sense this may seem obvious, but it is not as easy a task as this bald statement might imply.

We all know the tricky areas covered by such words as confidentiality and privacy and the worries surrounding unwanted intervention. But we also know that a problem shared is often a problem halved.

The new approach involves us all in ways that are constructive. We do not have any children attending Chapel regularly at the moment. This in itself is something we regret but it does not relieve us of Safeguarding duties. We all have times of loneliness, times of feeling low, and times of family difficulty which can take a wide variety of forms. We need to keep our eyes open and pass on concerns where appropriate. Rather than concentrating solely on procedures to be activated when serious abuse is involved, we can all play a lower-key role in promoting the welfare of us all.

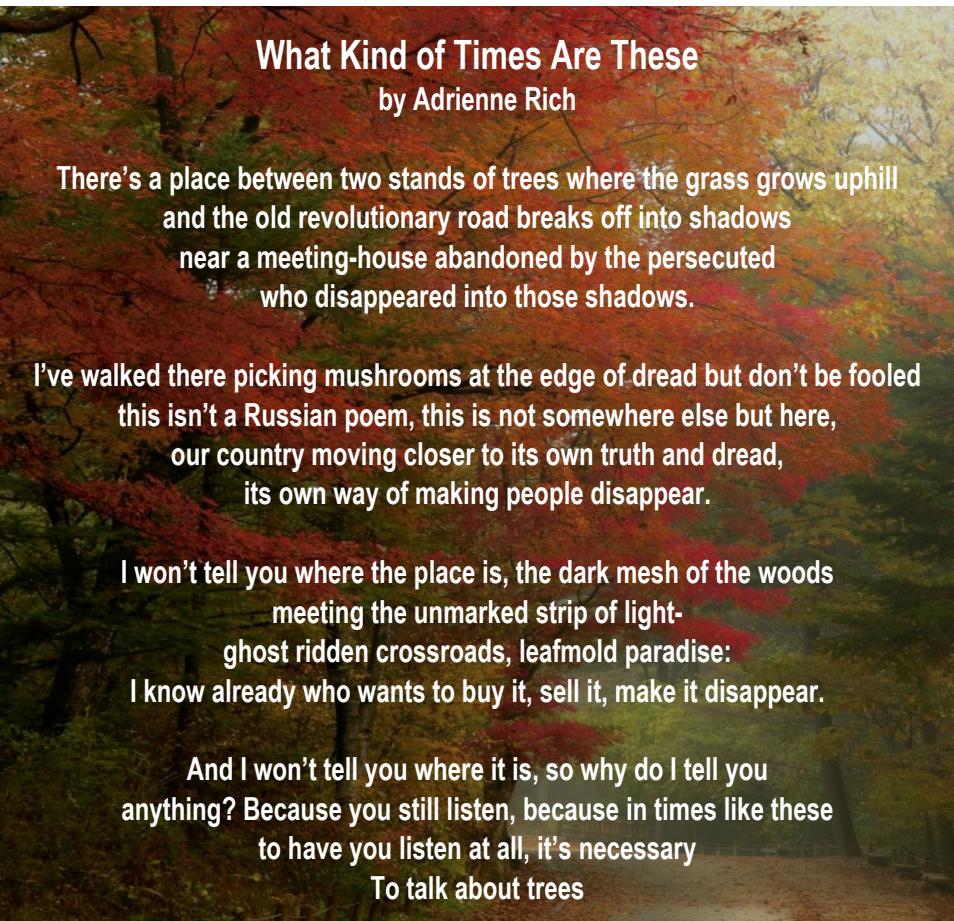
Peter Rowson: Safeguarding Co-ordinator
Tel: 0114 236 5894 janetpeterrowson@gmail.com

Caroline Thorpe: Deputy Co-ordinator
Tel: 07941 444707 carolinethorpe54@gmail.com

What kind of times are these?

From Mike Day, who kindly sent this a long time ago, after I threatened the congregation with retribution if I didn't receive enough copy for the Messenger -Ed).

As we emerged from the dark days of the pandemic each of us had survived, as best we could, in our own way. We are no doubt changed through our individual experiences and had hoped to move into the light but new external and painful challenges cloud the sky. Energy, poverty, climate the list goes on. For my generation, it wasn't supposed to be like this but it is and we must make it better. I recall below a popular poem by the late American poet Adrienne Rich that I believe speaks to us now.



What Kind of Times Are These

by Adrienne Rich

There's a place between two stands of trees where the grass grows uphill
and the old revolutionary road breaks off into shadows
near a meeting-house abandoned by the persecuted
who disappeared into those shadows.

I've walked there picking mushrooms at the edge of dread but don't be fooled
this isn't a Russian poem, this is not somewhere else but here,
our country moving closer to its own truth and dread,
its own way of making people disappear.

I won't tell you where the place is, the dark mesh of the woods
meeting the unmarked strip of light-
ghost ridden crossroads, leafmold paradise:
I know already who wants to buy it, sell it, make it disappear.

And I won't tell you where it is, so why do I tell you
anything? Because you still listen, because in times like these
to have you listen at all, it's necessary
To talk about trees

A YouTube video is available with Adrienne Rich reciting the poem giving it intimate and personal meaning. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TRQapdNY-F4>
Mike Day

September

The summer drought relinquishes its grip,

But for the odd hot day and blue sky

When new school uniforms are stifling

And boys refuse to remove their jumpers.

The rain and cool nights take over

Work and school and early nights

Are at the forefront of many minds.

Except the very young and retired

Who escape to beauty spots vacated,

But only find other old people and babies.

"What are they all doing here?"

Pubs and restaurants still full,

With signs showing 'lack of staff'

'Be patient ' 'Booking essential!'

Lucky for the organised who

Book everything in advance..

Pity the car drivers in September

Normally the return of the commuter.

Will working from home continue

Its hold on those happy with only

The computer for company?

Brave new world of sitting with blankets

Confined to one room of warmth

Reminiscent of the one bar

Electric fire in a bedsit.

Spend money on fuel or gas

What a conundrum of the 21st century.

September harvests, not just the Ukrainian wheat,

But crops everywhere have suffered.

We, in the West will have plenty of food

If we can afford it.

We will be warm

If we can afford it.

Jane Moore

Harvest Time

Because Ann Mills, the visiting minister for our Harvest service, had indicated that she would be speaking about Harvest celebrations, it was decided that we ought to make a little more effort than we've been able to do recently to make the chapel look festive, at least. There was a little spanner put in the works by the (very welcome and delightful) visit of the Palm Court Trio on Saturday evening, which meant that no transformation of the chapel could take place until after the concert. However, we kept it simple and there was some nice autumn colour in the chapel by Sunday morning...

There was a lovely lunch after service, culminating in crumble and custard. Oh joy!

Thanks to Beryl Ramage who stumped up for three lunches as two of her companions had arrived without their purses. I'm not saying who – but I'll get round to paying you back soon, Beryl. Honest.



Our Harvest raised £158.00 for the Archer Project.,

**Autumn is a second Spring,
And every leaf a flower..**

'Delicious Autumn!
My very soul is wedded to it,
And if I were a bird I would fly about the Earth,
Seeking successive Autumns'

George Elliot.

Harvest

'You reap as you sow'. This was one of my grandmother's ominous sayings, alongside the even more menacing comment: '*The mills of God grind slow but they grind exceeding small*'. Both these ominous assertions left me feeling, as a child, more than a little alarmed, and with a definite anxiety about mills and millstones. Logically, grinding stuff into smaller pieces ought to be a good thing – making life more efficient, less onerous. But though I didn't understand what the 'mills of God' were, I picked up on the vindictive, negative emotion. '*Mills grinding exceeding small*' expressed an expectation of vengeance; an assumption that all stupid, naughty or incorrect actions were logged in God's giant punishment book, and that – at some point – however long it took, punishment would be exacted. All of which explains, perhaps, why Harvest, for me, is not a term solely invested with nature's bounty, and the rich colours of autumn. It carries instead the more malign metaphorical associations of retribution, coming for you as surely as autumn follows summer.

Yet one of the strongest summer memories I carry, is of actual harvesting – the only time I ever did it. I was about 12 years old when, on holiday in Donegal, I went haymaking. We were staying that year at a guest house which was also a farm. (We were staying there by accident – we weren't able to book our usual week in our usual hotel.) The guest house owners were getting the hay in, and any guests who fancied trying their hand at it were welcome to join in. My mother was very disapproving when my siblings and I did just that. She felt that her children were being exploited as unpaid labourers. I was just keen to experience haymaking, and to spend time with other people – young people – well, actually, with the slightly older boy and his brother who had already appalled my mother by teaching us how to play poker in the guests' sitting room when we were supposed to have gone on a healthy afternoon walk in the healthy sea air.

So that was why I went haymaking – but, as with so many childhood memories, I don't retain a full narrative of that day. Instead I have mental film clips of isolated moments. I remember watching some of the older kids clowning around in the hay wagon itself, and realising I had absolutely no desire to be up there with them, swinging around dangerously. (Well, I thought it looked dangerous. My brother was keen.) I remember how hot it was, and how my nose and arms got scratched and sunburned, though they only ached later, at night, back in the guest house.

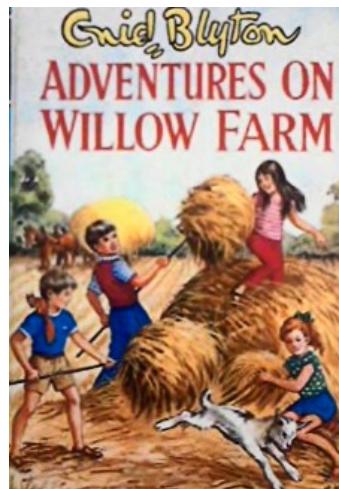


I remember figuring out how to balance the pitchfork, blissful as I gradually got the knack of it and got into a rhythm. And then my surprise, towards the end of the day, when I noticed my hands were blistered – and how only then, as I looked down at them, did they suddenly start to smart.

I remember the strange implement, looking like an old-fashioned hand drill, that the farmer's uncle held: it generated twine – presumably to tie the hay with though I can't remember that, just the twine itself and the expertise with which he kept it taut. The grandfatherly uncle had a birthmark, covering half his face: I especially remember how he seemed quite unconscious of it. A girl in my class at school had a comparable purplish mark. In school, you had to have your hair pulled back, off your face. But once she was outside the school gates she pulled her hair free so that the long loose fringe, falling across half her face, hid it. The uncle, focused on his work, made no such effort.

I remember the last wagon load, overfilled, tottering out of the field, leaking wisps of hay as it swayed up the lane towards the barn. I straightened up then, feeling the stiffness in my back, and the sudden sting in my hands, and thinking how I'd had 'an adventure' comparable to those in Enid Blyton's stories which some day I could write about.

Even if it has taken me until now to do that.



Many thanks to Marie Fitzpatrick for allowing our Editor to share with you this piece.

***"I cannot endure to waste
anything so precious
as autumnal sunshine by
staying in the house."***

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, THE AMERICAN NOTEBOOKS



In Spite Of War

In spite of war, in spite of death,
In spite of all man's sufferings,
Something within me laughs and sings
And I must praise with all my breath.

In spite of war, in spite of hate
Lilacs are blooming at my gate,
Tulips are tripping down the path
In spite of war, in spite of wrath.
"Courage!" the morning-glory saith;
"Rejoice!" the daisy murmureth,
And just to live is so divine
When pansies lift their eyes to mine.

The clouds are romping with the sea,
And flashing waves call back to me
That naught is real but what is fair,
That everywhere and everywhere
A glory liveth through despair.
Though guns may roar and cannon boom,
Roses are born and gardens bloom;
My spirit still may light its flame
At that same torch whence poppies came.
Where morning's altar whitely burns
Lilies may lift their silver urns
In spite of war, in spite of shame.

And in my ear a whispering breath,
"Wake from the nightmare! Look and see
That life is naught but ecstasy
In spite of war, in spite of death!"

By Angela Morgan

To hear : <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7eMLAltO-kY>

Nature no needs GPS!

Peter Rowson wanted to share an article he spotted from the Times on 12th August.



Tiny trackers reveal secret of moths' flight over Alps

Sadly, because of the Times copyright, we are unable to let you read the cutting. But there's nothing to stop me googling! Why is Peter so intrigued death's-head hawk moths flying across the Alps? Intriguing ...!



No doubt you all know, of course, that the death's-head hawk moth is infamous from *The Silence of the Lambs*. We won't go into this! Not only is that it's reputation is of a morbid omen of death. With alarmingly marks resembling a human skull and with the ability to frighteningly squeak when agitated, one should never cross their path on Halloween!

Frightening, but yet it is an amazing little insect! Tiny that it is, they annually migrate between Europe to Africa maintaining an amazing straight flight path despite strong crosswinds they face. How do they do this?

And now back to Peter's article, we hear about the tiny trackers. These are the clues German Scientists have fitted minuscule temporary backpacks on to these moths that contain radio-transmitters. Then following them alongside with light planes, they can study their flight paths..

According to Myles Menz from the Max Planck Institute, they suggest that these death's-head hawk moths possess complex navigation skills utilising the altitudes and wind conditions. For instance, when the wind is blowing in the moth's face it will then fly low to the ground to better control and speed better. But when the wind is at its back, it takes advantage of these winds to speedily upwards soar.

The moths choose pathways through the mountains with topographical features (such as high-altitude passes) - one of these pathways they flew through a wide valley running west-southwest that enabled the moths to circumvent the Alps altogether.

Clever stuff ! No flapping maps and no annoying 'Gladys,' the GPS! How incredible nature is! No wonder Peter was fascinated.



So, that's it in a nut shell!

Oh! And I have forgotten - what is amazing - Peter has had to scan the article AND has had to attach it to an email us!!!

Surely Peter hasn't become an IT geek?

Spooky! ...

Happy Halloween!

It must be the air in S10!



ESME - WHAT'S YOUR SECRET?!!

Our wonderful nonagenarian, Esme Wall, celebrated her 97th birthday at the Harvest service this year. Yes, I know that we aren't supposed to reveal a lady's age, but when the lady in question looks as well on it as Esme does, it's just too tempting!

My word, she's got energy and stamina. I've never forgotten that ten years ago, in her middle- eighties, she and her son explored St Petersburg ON FOOT, including the Winter Palace and Hermitage. I did about a tenth of Esme and her son did, when I was barely 70, and it nearly KILLED me.

Esme has had some health issues over the last couple of years, but my word she has bounced back each time.



UNCLE RALPH - 104 - NOT OUT!!

from Howard Hague.

(Those more recent members of the congregation may not be aware of 'Uncle Ralph' is long association with our chapel. His sister was Norah Hague – of legend - and for many years he visited her, and the rest of the family, for an extended stay each year. He visited us, too, even after Norah had passed away. He clearly still has the vim and vigour we saw in those visits. - Ed)

"Uncle Ralph (Wild) celebrated his 104th birthday on 27th September! This picture shows him at a lunch held in his honour at the Royal Canadian Legion in Winnipeg.

I (Howard) spoke to him by phone on Wednesday, and he remains in very good spirits. He says he has slowed down a bit recently (!) but remains well. He still remembers his time at Fulwood Old Chapel with great fondness, and also his walks around the Mayfield Valley and Forge Dam

when he was living on Whitfield Road (and the pub lunches in Derbyshire). I was able to tell him about Sheffield United's good form at present, which pleased him."

On Turning

by Rabbi Jack Riemer

Now is the time for turning.

The leaves are beginning to turn from green to red and orange.

The birds are beginning to turn and are heading once more toward the South.

The animals are beginning to turn to storing their food for the winter.

For leaves, birds and animals, turning comes instinctively.

But for us turning does not come so easily.

It takes an act of will for us to make a turn.

It means breaking with old habits.

It means admitting that we have been wrong; and this is never easy.

It means losing face;

it means starting all over again; and this is always painful.

It means saying: I am sorry.

It means recognizing that we have the ability to change.

These things are hard to do.

But unless we turn, we will be trapped forever in yesterday's ways.

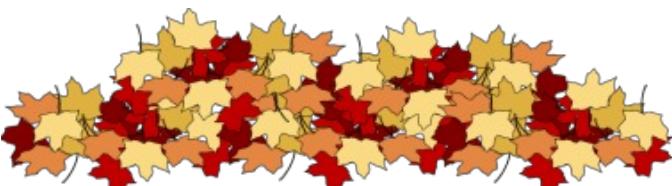
God, help us to turn – from callousness to sensitivity, from hostility to love, from pettiness to purpose, from envy to contentment, from carelessness to discipline, from fear to faith.

Turn us around O God, and bring us back toward You.

Revive our lives, as at the beginning.

And turn us toward each other, God, for in isolation there is no life

This prayer was read by Rev Sarah Tinker during one of our Services.



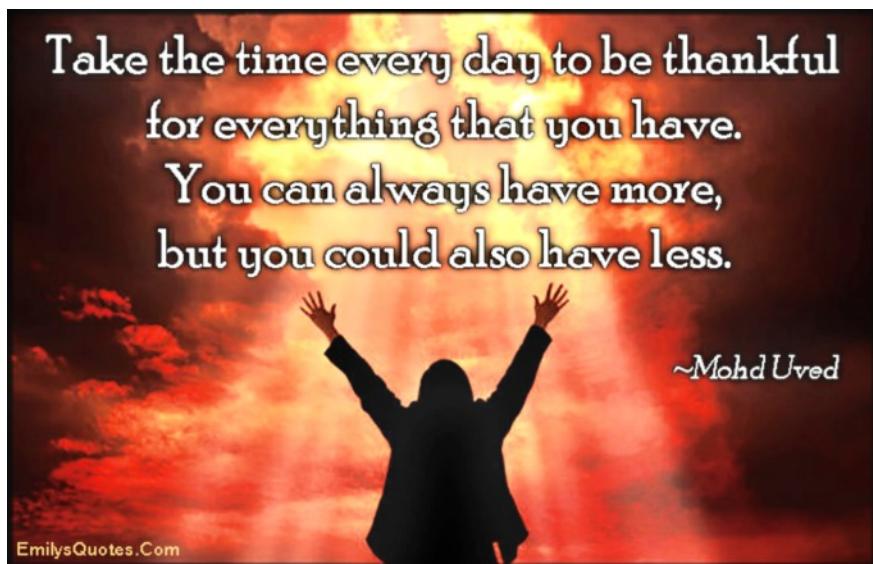
Gratitude

By Edgar Albert Guest

Be grateful for the kindly friends that walk along your way;
Be grateful for the skies of blue that smile from day to day;
Be grateful for the health you own, the work you find to do,
For round about you there are men less fortunate than you.

Be grateful for the growing trees, the roses soon to bloom,
The tenderness of kindly hearts that shared your days of gloom;
Be grateful for the morning dew, the grass beneath your feet,
The soft caresses of your babes and all their laughter sweet.

Acquire the grateful habit, learn to see how blest you are,
How much there is to gladden life, how little life to mar!
And what if rain shall fall to-day and you with grief are sad;
Be grateful that you can recall the joys that you have had.





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Activities in the Chapel

ARTFUL CODGERS - new group - every fortnight from Wednesday 7th July at 2pm
Contact Sue Manley on 0114 2301391 or email suemanley1192@gmail.com

FULWOOD WOMEN'S INSTITUTE: every 1st Tuesday at 7.30. More info at
www.facebook.com/FulwoodWI/ and contact to Victoria Cobley: fulwoodwi@gmail.com

FULWOOD WRITING GROUP: Usually last Monday in the month 7.30pm.
On Zoom until further notice. Contact Marie on email: m.c.fitzpatrick@hotmail.co.uk.

LACE MAKING every Wednesdays at 10 am . For more info please contact from Chrissie Ursell - christine.ursell@btinternet.com0783 590 3232

MAYFIELD WOMEN'S INSTITUTE: every 2nd Wednesday at 7.30 Kathy on 07903 259557
or Denise on 0114 230 170

MINDFULNESS@LUNCHTIME - 1st and 3rd Friday each month 12.15 - 2pm. Contact Gill Upham 07906 893 171 or email gill.upham@gmail.com

POETRY GROUP - every 3rd Thursday in the month at 4pm. On Zoom until further notice
Email Marie for more info: m.c.fitzpatrick@hotmail.co.uk

.Or Maud maudrobinson@gmail.com

POST NATAL GROUP: Every Monday at 15.15. For more info please contact Kate Iles
iles.kmi@gmail.com 0788 550 4875

YOGA: Mondays 6 to 7.15pm Contact Leslie on 0788 868 1274 or email
unwind@yogasheffield.com

YOGA: Thursdays 6.30 to 7.30pm. For more info please contact Fiona Wiles 0789 052 4556
email for bookings fiona.ktwiles@gmail.com



The Nethergreen and Ranmoor Litter Picking

Dates for November and December are:

5th November and 3rd December and leaping into 2023 we have one planned on 7th January.

The litter pick is always at 10:30 until 12:30 at the junction of Tom Lane/Fulwood Road opposite Nether Green Junior School.

Please wear gardening gloves or similar if you have them, and bring a litter stick if you have one, but we have plenty of litter sticks for use if you need one. Bags are provided. Any queries: nethergreenlitterpickers@gmail.com

fulwoodoldchapel.uk

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Personalised Ceremonies
or to hire the Chapel or Old Schoolroom
please contact
Janet Rowson on 0114 2365894 or
janetpeterrowson@gmail.com**

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Sue Toulson  
[susan.toulson@gmail.com](mailto:susan.toulson@gmail.com)**

## **Chapel Officers and Committee Members**

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| Vice Chair                        | Robert Ince       | 0789 671 5855                  | <a href="mailto:robert.ince@live.co.uk">robert.ince@live.co.uk</a>               |
| Booking Sec                       | Janet Rowson      | 0114 236 5894<br>0771 367 9365 | <a href="mailto:janetpeterrowson@gmail.com">janetpeterrowson@gmail.com</a>       |
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| Secretary                         | Tim Simkins       | 0114 230 2656                  | <a href="mailto:t.j.simkins@btinternet.com">t.j.simkins@btinternet.com</a>       |
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|                                   | Rod Cumming       | 0114 230 2703                  | <a href="mailto:rod@irod.co.uk">rod@irod.co.uk</a>                               |
|                                   | Marie Fitzpatrick | 0114 230 1162                  | <a href="mailto:m.c.fitzpatrick@hotmail.co.uk">m.c.fitzpatrick@hotmail.co.uk</a> |
| Warden                            | Roger Newton      | 0124 641 7323                  | <a href="mailto:rogernewton12@talktalk.net">rogernewton12@talktalk.net</a>       |
| Housekeeper                       | Elizabeth Cumming | 0114 230 2703                  | <a href="mailto:lizzi.cumming@gmail.com">lizzi.cumming@gmail.com</a>             |
| Organist                          | Marie Fitzpatrick | 0114 230 1162                  | <a href="mailto:m.c.fitzpatrick@hotmail.co.uk">m.c.fitzpatrick@hotmail.co.uk</a> |
| Web & Publicity                   | Susie Ince        | 0787 962 1263                  | <a href="mailto:focmessenger@outlook.com">focmessenger@outlook.com</a>           |
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|                                   | Caroline Thorpe   | 0114 281 8337                  | <a href="mailto:carolinethorpe54@gmail.com">carolinethorpe54@gmail.com</a>       |

# Sunday Reflections

11am in Chapel & on Zoom

|     |      |                                              |
|-----|------|----------------------------------------------|
| Oct | 2nd  | Peter Rowson                                 |
|     | 9th  | Rev Patrick Timperley                        |
|     | 16th | Rev Sarah Tinker                             |
|     | 24th | Rev Maria Pap                                |
|     | 30th | Julian Smith<br>Joint service with Underbank |
| Nov | 6th  | Philippa Shewry                              |
|     | 13th | Remembrance                                  |
|     | 20th | Rev Sarah Tinker                             |
|     | 27th | Roger Newton                                 |
| Dec | 4th  | Rev Sarah Tinker                             |
|     | 11th | Ed Fordham                                   |
|     | 18th | 6pm<br>Carols Service                        |
|     | 25th | 10.30am<br>Christmas Morning Service         |

**Fulwood Old Chapel**

**8a Whiteley Lane, Sheffield S10 4GL**

**- a unitarian meeting place -**

**info@fulwoodoldchapel.uk**  
**www.fulwoodoldchapel.uk**

