

A close-up photograph of a cluster of snowdrops (Galanthus nivalis) in full bloom. The flowers are white with a green tinge at the base of the petals. The leaves are long, narrow, and green. The background is a soft-focus field of more snowdrops and greenery, suggesting a natural garden setting in early spring.

The Fulwood Messenger

Early Spring 2023

Another message from the Chair!

Another message from the chair. I hope the festive period and NewYear were good for everyone, unfortunately some people have been poorly and missed out on get togethers which had been postponed for the last two years. Fingers crossed these meetings can be arranged for sometime in the coming year. I was very fortunate to spend a healthy Christmas period with all my family, that certainly brightened up the gloomy weather. We have two grandchildren now both babies, Lara and Otto, so a very exciting time for us.



2023 sounds to me like something out of science fiction, at one time 2001 seemed pretty futuristic! However it is already racing by and I hope Spring will be here soon. Soggy January has been wearing, although the rain has been essential to replenish the reservoirs, which have since filled up.

The church has been ticking along, we have had a few technical problems with the sound and with zoom but we have brilliant technicians in Robert and Susie and they seem to sort most of the problems out. I have been trying to learn how to work zoom but I have no where near enough proficiency and need to practise more. As with everything new, especially technology, you need hands on experience to master it properly. A bit like learning a language, practice and more practice.

I wish you all the best for the coming months and especially the coming of the lighter nights and eventually spring and Easter, the time of rebirth.

Best wishes

Jane

A poem for February

Gay Lucidity

by Katherine Harris Bradley, . 1893

Gay lucidity,
Not yet sunshine, in the air;
Tingling secrets hidden everywhere,
Each at watch for each;
Sap within the hillside beech,
Not a leaf to see

From the (merry) Editor

The Messenger future editions.

Please note that in future the Messenger will be published quarterly. The next edition, then, will cover April, May and June. I shall be looking for your contributions by March 14th, please. Do offer something - our content is very eclectic these days – and you know I'll hunt you down if you don't

.....



Winter blessings in the last issue. I challenged you to see how many words of 4 letters or more you could find in 'Winter Blessings'. Susie Ince found 70. I found one she didn't get, but I think she has to be proclaimed supreme champion. Here's one for this issue.

How many words of 4 or more letters (no plurals and proper nouns) can you make from the words

'Brighter morning suns'?

Send your answer to susantoulson@gmail.com by 12th March

Spring New Year Resolutions.

We've been so happy to welcome new people into the congregation over the last year, and one of them, Sarah, wrote about her family's Christmas tree tradition in the last issue. Responding to the panic she perceived in my eyes when I was asking for material for this month's issue, she sent this.- Ed.

March was the first month in the early Roman calendar as it brings the first day of spring with the Spring (vernal) equinox, the start of new beginnings.

I like that idea, it seems much more in tune with the rhythms of nature. Making New Year's resolutions in January is too much like hard work. Nature is just getting through these cold, dark winter months, either hibernating or keeping a low profile. It's not making big promises!

So this year I'll make my New Year's resolutions in March, in tune with when nature starts its year. As nature awakens from its winter slumber and green shoots burst out of the ground, so too will I venture out a bit more and have more energy to do things. And with this new approach to New Year's resolutions I might have a chance of seeing them through!

Happy Spring, when it comes, and to starting New Year's resolutions in March.

Submitted by Sarah Welsh

Why are there only 28 days in February??



By Jonathan Hogeback

Each month in the modern Gregorian calendar consists of at least 28 days. That number would be a nicely rounded 30 were it not for February. While every month besides the second. So why is the most widely used calendar in the world so inconsistent in the lengths of its months? And why is February stuck with the fewest number of days? Blame it on Roman superstition in the calendar contains at least 30 days, February falls short with 28 (and 29 on a leap year).

The Gregorian calendar's oldest ancestor, the first Roman calendar, had a glaring difference in structure from its later variants: it consisted of 10 months rather than 12. In order to fully sync the calendar with the lunar year, the Roman king Numa Pompilius, added January and February to the original 10 months. The previous calendar had had 6 months of 30 days and 4 months of 31, for a total of 304 days. However, Numa wanted to avoid having even numbers in his calendar, as Roman superstition at the time held that even numbers were unlucky. He subtracted a day from each of the 30-day months to make them 29. The lunar year consists of 355 days (354.367 to be exact, but calling it 354 would have made the whole year unlucky!), which meant that he now had 56 days left to work with. In the end, at least 1 month out of the 12 needed to contain an even number of days. This is because of simple mathematical fact: the sum of any even amount (12 months) of odd numbers will always equal an even number—and he wanted the total to be odd. So Numa chose February, a month that would be host to Roman rituals honoring the dead, as the unlucky month to consist of 28 days.

Despite changes in the calendar as it was altered after Numa's additions—alterations that include the shortening of February at certain intervals, the addition of a leap month, and eventually the modern leap day—February's 28-day length has stuck.

Yes, I got the above from the internet, and those who know me well will be aware that the second paragraph means absolutely nothing to me. The mathematical concepts are utterly beyond me! However, I am uneasily aware that there will be people reading this to whom it's all perfectly clear, and who may be ready to contest the account here. Please do – the next issue awaits ED.

<https://www.britannica.com/story/why-are-there-only-28-days-in-february>

St Valentine and St Patrick

Sue Toulson

Even if you don't 'do' saints, you really can't escape St Valentine and St Patrick. I remember being in Beijing when 'Valentine's Day' (he lost the title of saint about the time the card companies got hold of him), was in full sway. Not a chance of a taxi anywhere and I almost ended up spending the night in a school ...! So yes, this particular saint is well known world wide, as the patron saint of lovers. How many actually know his story?

Valentine was a 3rd century Roman saint, although born in Italy. He went on to become a priest and Physician in Rome. We are told he is the patron saint of beekeepers and of those with asthma and epilepsy, and of 'courtly love'. It is said that, in defiance of the Emperor Claudius, he married young couples to save the men from having to go into war. (You'll note 'It is said that ...' as it sounds decidedly fishy to me!) Anyway, Claudius found out and poor Valentine was beheaded on February 14th (on our calendar). We all know what happened when the card manufacturers and purveyors of single red roses wrapped in cellophane got hold of him.



St Patrick is also celebrated world-wide. Apart from apparently being the patron of people wearing green top hats and sprawling unconscious in rivers of Guinness from New York to Shanghai (though possibly not in Ireland where he's venerated as an actual saint) he was a fifth century missionary and Bishop in Ireland. He first landed in Ireland after having been kidnapped from Roman Britain, but after escaping and returning home, he later returned there as a missionary and has been credited with bringing Christianity to its people. He's also supposed to have cast all the snakes from Ireland. It's said that he used the shamrock plant as a symbol of the Trinity while

teaching Christianity. However, nowhere is there evidence that he wore a green top hat (or green anything else) and he definitely didn't drink Guinness. He also wasn't Irish: he was almost certainly English. Unusually for anyone accorded sainthood, he did not die a martyr, but lived to the grand old age of about 73.

These days, ex-pats and those claiming an Irish or British ancestor all over the world, but especially in the USA, go mad on March 17th. New York probably has the most famous St Patrick's day parade, alleged to be a great day for criminals as large numbers of the police force take part in the parade. Around the USA, rivers are dyed green, green beer is served and people go on leprechaun hunts, to name just a few of the activities. Of course, Guinness has to be consumed in great quantities and, although I've never worn a green top hat in my life, I can't deny a taste for the black stuff!

Instructions for Giving your Cat a Pill

I sometimes look after my friend's lovely Staffordshire Bull Terrier. Recently I had to give her a course of medication. No problem. Show her food of any kind and she opens those amazing jaws into a big grin, and pill and titbit go down without touching the sides.

Cats, on the other hand ...

1. Grasp your cat firmly in your arms. Cradle its head on your elbow, just as if you were giving a baby a bottle. Coo confidently, "That's a nice kitty." Drop the pill in its mouth.
2. Retrieve the pill from under sofa. Carefully sweep shattered figurines from hearth and set to one side for gluing
3. Repeat Step 1, but with left hand hold your cat's front paws down and their back paws down with the elbow of your right arm. With right forefinger poke the pill into its mouth
4. Retrieve cat from under bed. Get a new pill from the bottle. (Don't resist new cat - yet.)
5. Repeat Step 1, but when cradled in the bottle-feeding position, sit on edge of chair, fold torso over cat, bring right hand over left elbow, open cat's mouth by lifting the upper jaw & pop the pill in - quickly! .
6. Apply band-aid and remove blood from carpet with cold water and soap
7. If you are a woman, have a good cry. If you are a man, have a good cry.
8. Pull together. Retrieve cat & pill. Assuming position 1 again, say sternly, "Who's the boss here anyway?" Open your cat's mouth, Force in pill. Hold mouth shut for ten.
9. Crawl floor search for pill. Have good drink (strong). Repeat and then take step 1, & 2
10. Retrieve cat from curtain rail. Wedge cat firmly between knees, holding front and rear paws. Ignore low growls emitted by cat. Put pill in end of drinking straw. Force cat's mouth open with pencil and blow down drinking straw
11. Check label. Is pill harmful to humans? Emit low growls at cat. Grab cat.
12. Place cat in cupboard. Close door onto neck to leave head showing. Force mouth open with dessert spoon. Flick pill down throat with elastic band. Cat spits out.
13. Flatten cat's front and back legs over its stomach. (resist the impulse to flatten cat.) Rotate your left hand to cat's head. Press its mouth at the jaw hinges like opening the petals of a snapdragon.
14. Drop the pill into cat's mouth and poke gently. Voila! It's done!
15. Sweep up loose fur (cat's). Apply bandages to wounds (yours).
16. Take two aspirins and two or three strong drinks.



Dogs, on the other hand ...

1. Wrap pill in cheese and confidently say 'What a good boy!'



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March

by Emily Dickinson

A Light exists in Spring
Not present on the Year
At any other period –
When March is scarcely here

A Color stands abroad
On Solitary Fields
That Science cannot overtake
But Human Nature feels.

It waits upon the Lawn,
It shows the furthest Tree
Upon the furthest Slope you know
It almost speaks to you.



Then as Horizons step
Or Noons report away
Without the Formula of sound
It passes and we stay –

A quality of loss
Affecting our Content
As Trade had suddenly encroached
Upon a Sacrament.

Mind over Matter (aka Faith over Feather)

Phobia is defined as:

phobia is an anxiety disorder defined by a persistent and excessive fear of an object or situation. It can last for 6 months or more.

In my case, for '6 months' read 64 years.

From the time when I was discovered, aged about 18 months, standing at a bedroom door, pointing at a tiny curled feather from a pillow on the floor, refusing to go in and sobbing 'there's a pedder' until I finally made it through the hypnotherapist's door 60-odd years later, I was terrified of feathers. Birds, obviously, once I'd realised they had feathers, but you wouldn't catch me in the same room as a feather duster, either. You can't imagine the times I've had to be escorted through secret passages in National Trust properties to avoid trophy rooms with stuffed birds in glass cases, or had my long suffering husband or friends steering me by the shoulders, eyes tight shut, coat over my head while I had to negotiate town pigeons. Nightmare!!

I was travelling a lot for work at one time, here and worldwide, and it was becoming almost impossible. I don't know how many of you realise that all railway stations have their resident pigeons and they were all Waiting For Me!!

In the end it got too much and I went, in fear and trembling, to Martyn Oldfield, a hypnotherapist, who in 2 hours destroyed that lifetime of fear. It would take too long here to explain how, but believe me when I say that my life was transformed.

The first time I actually touched a bird I was on holiday, had an eagle on my wrist (no baby steps here!) and stroked its back. It was like satin. I was so excited that I rushed to ring my father - everyone had suffered through those phobic years- and we celebrated tearfully over the phone.

The cure has lasted me ever since and recently on a short stay in the countryside I had an hour of falconry. In turn a falcon, two owls and a Harris hawk flew to me out of the trees and landed on my wrist. It was wonderful - all the more exciting for me because I'm conscious of the many, many years, when I lived in terror.

If you want to know more about the fear or the cure, just ask me. I can bore you for hours on the subject.

Sue T

susantoulson@gmail.com

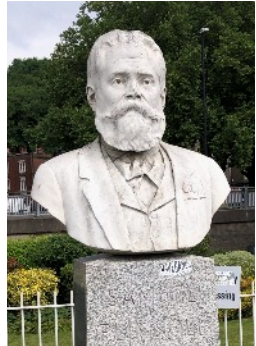


Editor: I was delighted, recently, to hear from Paul Fox, offering me this article, Aside from being happy to hear from Paul, I found this article very interesting, connecting a very well known historical character with Fulwood. - Ed

Samuel Plimsoll (1824-1898)

Last July, Sarah and I went to Bristol to attend a celebratory party for my youngest niece (Harriet) which was a delayed wedding gathering and also to see her new son, to whom I'm great Uncle. He's called Jack, named after my father (former Fulwood Chapel chairman) and his paternal grandfather, a vet - animal, not military!

On a morning walk from the area where we stayed, near SS Great Britain (Canons Marsh) we passed a bust on a pedestal, of Samuel Plimsoll who was born in the city. Why am I writing about this historical figure in a Fulwood magazine you might ask? Well, every time you walk into Chapel through the main door, you walk over the grave of one of his daughters. He had two daughters, Eliza and Harriet with his second wife.*



The story of his local life is interesting, maybe more of a Sheffielder than Bristolian. He married his first wife Eliza Ann Railton, daughter of Hugh Railton from Chapeltown in 1858. Since Samuel was now in Sheffield he rented Whiteley Wood Hall from 1864.**

Samuel's first wife Eliza died in Australia in 1882 (no living offspring). However, a baby girl was born on 24th July 1865 at Whiteley Wood Hall. She was named Eliza. She lived for four hours and died the same day "...from imperfect respiration.." and was buried at Fulwood Chapel. Originally the Chapel had its own graveyard in front where the garden is now and beyond. Due to road-widening earlier last century, the graveyard was altered. I believe one or two graves were moved inside the chapel and placed under the aisle from the porch towards the rear wall. (My mother Margaret remembered, as a Sunday School attendee, dropping collection coins and them rolling between slats of the floor through which graves could be seen, before the floor was made more solid.)



He married his second wife (Harriet Wade), whose father was from Hull and Hornsea in 1885 and she bore him six children. He was survived by two daughters and one son, (Samuel Richard Cobden Plimsoll) from his second marriage. Is this where Cobden View Rd got its name? There is a record of Plimsoll's sister's obituary in the Sheffield Telegraph on 15th November 1882, leaving behind her husband, Rev. F. J. Falding.

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Plimsoll was elected as Liberal MP for Derby in 1867 and he tried to pass a bill dealing with the subject of a safe load line for ships. There was resistance from a number of powerful MPs who owned ships. In 1873 he published a book entitled *Our Seamen* to support his case and in outlining the scale of the problem, the book detailed documentary evidence that nearly 1000 sailors perished annually on ships around British shores. A Royal Commission was appointed and in 1875 a government bill was introduced which although he regarded as inadequate, he accepted.

Disraeli then said in the House that the bill would be dropped and Plimsoll (enraged!) applied the term 'villains' to members of the House. A suggestion of reprimand was deferred to permit Plimsoll 'time for thought' and Plimsoll eventually apologised. He had however, a lot of support and the view that his proposal had been stifled by pressure of ship-owners forced a bill to be passed by the government and the year after, it was amended into the Merchant Shipping Act (1876). This gave stringent powers of inspection to the Board of Trade and the mark we know as the Plimsoll Line was put onto ships indicating safe loading limits, although credit for line itself is with James Hall, a Newcastle ship-owner with much more ship-related knowledge than Plimsoll. He (Plimsoll) had been on a boat journey from London to Redcar in 1864 and encountered a storm and on seeing four shipwrecks vowed to improve the lot of the sailor, championing the load-line idea.

Originally the symbol was simply a horizontal line through a circle, the rule being that the water was not to be above the line when the ship was laden but it was further developed to accommodate a vertical line next to it with branch definitions for different densities and temperatures of water as encountered in other regions of the world.

Plimsoll's friend, Garside Rhodes

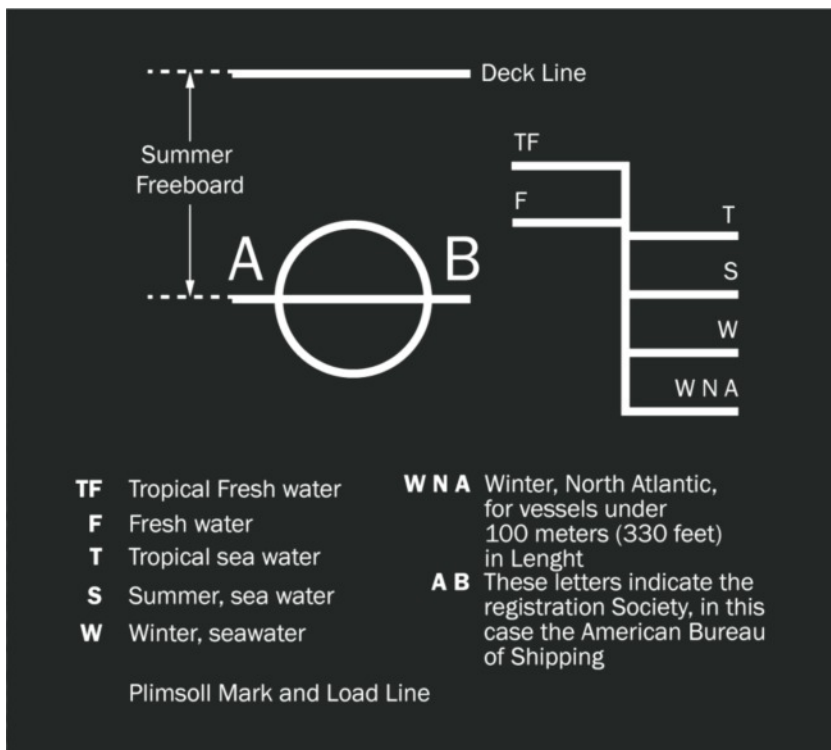
*By 1827 a fresh page in the history of Fulwood Old Chapel and its longest ministry, opens with the appointment of Hugh Garside Rhodes as Minister. A sturdy Nonconformist of the old type, a man of strong faith and deep convictions, Rhodes also played a public role in Sheffield which was long remembered. He took part in the "borough elections" joined in the agitation for the reform of parliamentary representation, and for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and was an advocate of popular education. His public spirit and energy were displayed during the cholera epidemic of 1832. He preached in the streets of Sheffield and was active in attending to the sick. One of his favourite places for preaching was the steps of the old Town Hall. In later years, he had influential friends like Samuel Plimsoll, M.P., of Whiteley Wood Hall, whose one-day-old daughter he buried in July 1865, in the chapel yard. He was also instrumental in collecting sufficient money to build the little chapel near the Norfolk Arms Hotel, Ringinglow.

**The Hall, completed in 1668, had been owned by Thomas Boulsover (inventor of Sheffield Plate in 1757) and he'd had ten children though only two survived to adulthood.

Unconfirmed stories:

1. A Liverpool shoe manufacturer first dipped roped-soled shoes into liquid latex to make them less slippery. Plimsoll was then asked if the maker could name them after him.. You may see some shoes called Plimsolls have a line on their side which indicates that if water rises above it, you will get wet feet!
2. There is the suggestion that the London Underground adopted the line and circle symbol for itself.

(On the pictured symbol with definitions, the line A/B is sometimes L/R meaning Lloyds Register



Spotlight on Sheila Ellis

(Sheila (then Bateman) was one of the group who moved to Fulwood, after Unity Church closed. We haven't seen her since the pandemic, and I asked her daughter, Anne, for news.) - Ed

News of Friends -

by Anne Jenkinson

Malcolm died in 2020 as the news swept Covid across the world. Mum was stoical about his passing deciding that life goes on. As she could drive and had a network of friends and neighbours, she thought that she would take them out to lunch. Unfortunately because of the first Covid lockdown in March short lived the plan - so she passed her time baking for the family and knitting!

Only Christine and Simon's family were based in Sheffield. We were in Bradford, Amy and her family were in Australia, Emma was in London so Christine set Mum up with a smart phone so that she could have video chats with the family. Seth and I had already decided to return back to Sheffield, in Woodseats but the Covid lockdown meant that we were not able to move until October 2020.



Gradually in 2021 things begun to ease - activities began again at John Eaton Amshouses and Mum started to drive.

In July 2021 she was 90 and we were able to have a family celebration in a marquee. Because of Covid delays, Amy and family couldn't get over so she arranged a fabulous cake. On Mum's actual birthday we took her to visit Margaret Sanderson, who was also 90 that year and they had a pleasant time together.

At 90 mum decided that she should stop driving. She had a few health difficulties and had little energy but then the various consultants decided to try her on an iron infusion. This has made an incredible difference to her energy levels and her quality of life. She has given up the walker and pretty much the walking stick too. The knitting continues and there always seems another baby to knit for and the special baby care unit likes to have tiny hats, cardigans and blankets.

Sheila is incredibly proud of her family. Emma, has lived and worked in London for 18 years but thanks to Covid realised that she could work from home going into her office one or twice a month. This meant that she could be based in Sheffield where she could afford to buy a home.



Christine and Simon live in Bradway and mum goes every Friday for tea and to collect her online grocery shopping. Christine's son Dominic is to marry his partner Shelby in 2024, he has three children too, George 10 and Autumn and Ivy, 7 year old twins. Natalie is to marry Dean later this year at Fulwood Old Chapel. Dean has Evie 13 and Rio 6 and Natalie had twin boys Cody and Brody at the beginning of January.



Natalie (Christine's daughter), partner (Dean) and Dean's daughter (Evie) and son (Rio). their twins Cody and Brody, born on 6th January 2023. Seen below with Christine and, of course, Sheila.



Amy (above) has lived in Melbourne, Australia, with her climate scientist husband, Tilo, for 10 years. She still works part time as a nurse whilst bringing up her young family, Lily 8, Lewis 6 and Lucy 4.



Mum is certainly making the best of her twilight years and thinks that in the end, life goes on doesn't it?

Activities in the Chapel

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

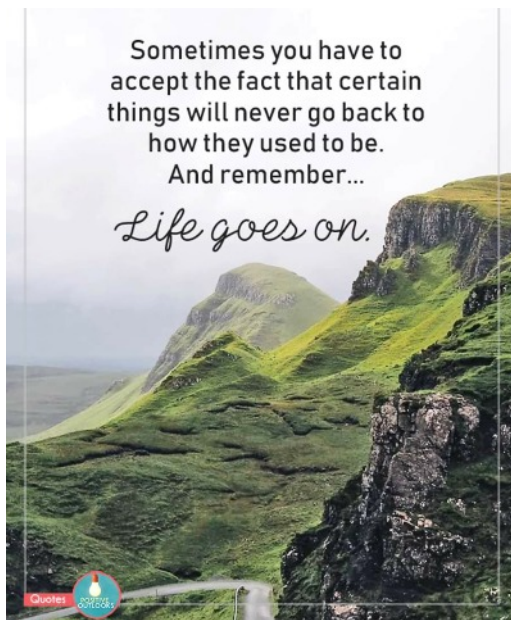
MINDFULNESS@LUNCHTIME - 1st and 3rd Friday each month 12.15 - 2pm. Contact Gill Upham 07906 893 171 or email gill.upham@gmail.com

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



fulwoodoldchapel.uk

For info please contact:

Personalised Ceremonies
Janet Rowson on 0114 2365894 or
janetpeterrowson@gmail.com

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**To hire the Chapel or Old Schoolroom**  
**Anne Rayner**  
**[bookings@fulwoodoldchapel.uk](mailto:bookings@fulwoodoldchapel.uk)**

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Sunday Reflections

in Chapel & on Zoom

11am

Feb	5th	Rev Sarah Tinker
	12th	Jane Moore
	19th	Marie Fitzpatrick
	26th	Rev Maria Pap
March	5th	Rev Sarah Tinker
	12th	Francis Eliot Wright
	19th	Mother's Day
	26th	Ed Fordham
April	2nd	Rev Sarah Tinker
	9th	Easter - Peter Rowson
	16th	Francis Eliot Wright
	23rd	Rev Maria Pap
	30th	Joint Service with Underbank

Fulwood Old Chapel

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- a unitarian meeting place -

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www.fulwoodoldchapel.uk



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