



THE FULWOOD MESSENGER

Autumn 2023

Note from the (new) editor

Dear Readers

The publication of this copy of the Messenger is very delayed, for reasons which will become clear elsewhere. Some of the articles refer to events long past (as in : Happy Summer, everyone!). I hope to be up to date by the next edition, which I hope will cover November, December and January. Any items for inclusion will be received with gratitude before Oct 20th.

Sue Toulson, Editor.

From the Chair

Happy Summer everyone!

It is high summer , I never liked this time as a teacher, the last weeks of term always seemed to drag. However the summer holidays were such a relief!

Now time seems to merge but it is still lovely to see the changing seasons. The garden is in full growth, we went away for a week and it's suddenly a jungle out there. Even though it is getting hotter everywhere we do still get plenty of rain . The produce in the garden loves that and we have had some great raspberries and the courgettes are coming fast now.

We were in Italy staying on the side of Lake Como in the North, it was very green and beautiful and fortunately not too hot. I love staying in a foreign country, sampling the cuisine , seeing how the locals live. Surprisingly not too many people spoke English, perhaps a sign of things to come.

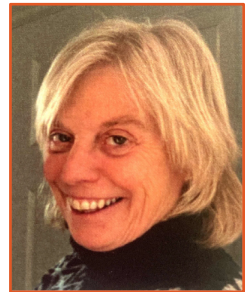
The Fulwood fete was a great success again, but the weather was so hot not sure as many people were as interested in coffee and cake. We made a good amount of money and it was lovely to see so many of the congregation helping for all of the afternoon. Thank you so much for that.

Our little outing to Hucklow went well, we planted a few plants and enjoyed being in a different church.

We are still missing our lovely church members, Susie, Roger and Beryl so much, it has been a very sad time in the chapel. Our thoughts are still with Robert and Penny's families especially. Thanks also to Peter for helping to sort out Beryl's house and contents.

I have nominated two poems Nation's Ode to the Coast, we have had before but I love it. The second poem is by Hollie McNish called FOREIGN and is something to think about.

Thank you, Jane



Nation's Ode to the Coast

Dr John Cooper Clarke

A big fat sky and a thousand shrieks
The tide arrives and the timber creaks
A world away from the working week
Où est la vie nautique?
That's where the sea comes in ...

Dishevelled shells and shovelled sands,
Architecture all unplanned
A spade 'n' bucket wonderland
A golden space, a Frisbee and
The kids and dogs can run and run
And not run in to anyone
Way out! Real gone!
That's where the sea comes in ...

Impervious to human speech, idle time and tidal reach
Some memories you can't impeach
That's where the sea comes in
A nice cuppa splosh and a round of toast
A cursory glance at the morning post
A pointless walk along the coast
That's what floats my boat the most
That's where the sea comes in ...

Now, voyager – once resigned
Go forth to seek and find
The hazy days you left behind
Right there in the back of your mind
Where lucid dreams begin
With rolling dunes and rattling shale
The shoreline then a swollen sail
Picked out by a shimmering halo
That's where the sea comes in ...

Could this be luck by chance?
Eternity in a second glance
A universe beyond romance
That's where the sea comes in...
Yeah, that's where the sea comes in ...

FOREIGN

Hollie McNish

I find it strange when people complain about foreign people in the UK so much

And ignore all the foreign stuff that we use.

I find it strange the way we treat foreign people and families differently than the way we

Treat foreign money or products or food,

Let foreign ships sail to our shores filled with things we take

But turn them away if the foreign people who make them want to come too.

Kebabs and pizzerias and foreign sugar cane sugary treats,

Munching on foreign cocoa bean chocolaty sweets,

Complaining between every bite about the foreign folk down our street

We're ok with wearing foreign clothes,

Stuff we love to buy because foreign wages are so low,

Our whole household comes from Shanghai and Tokyo and I know,

That we're ok with driving foreign cars, so fast,

Filling up our buses with foreign petrol piped from their parts,

Foreign heating gas extracted by digging up their plants

watching foreign TVs as we sit on our starts complaining to each other about the

foreigners in

our kid's class.

We're ok with going on holiday to a foreign beach,

lying in foreign sunshine,

swimming in foreign seas,

foreign heating gas extracted by digging up their plants,

Sipping sangrias and Cuban cocktails as much as we please

We're ok with using foreign places to get away from UK rainy days,

watching programmes on TV showing British families as brave,

buying cheaper foreign properties and showing what they save,

we're buying up entire Polish villages for English resorts and greasy spoon beach

breaks,

complaining in Spain there's no ketchup with the chips and covering

Ibiza's shores

with booze

and teenage sick as we complain about the foreigners that come to us to work and live.

We're ok with buying foreign goods we love to from abroad, then dumping
all our
Rubbish on
Foreign people's shores

Filling foreign landfills over-spilling with our household cans complaining
about the
Foreign
People with accents we can't understand
And how our British culture is being killed by the foreign man
And all the foreign families
While we keep eating our Ugandan chocolate treats,
Keep watching our Chinese TV, our Korean MP3, our Taiwanese DVD,
posing in our Indonesian jeans,
going on holiday in our Spanish seas,
biting down on our scones and jam and cream,
sipping at what we proudly call our English Breakfast tea, forgetting as we
sip
that those are
Indian leaves, made from Indian seeds, shipped across in ships that sail
from
Indian seas.

So please, do not tell me foreign people are a burden to our economy, I
feel it's
time we sipped
a little bit of our hypocrisy and thought about how differently we treat
the nationality of
Foreign money, products, goods and food
to Foreign people and their families.

Remembering Susie, Roger and Beryl

As Jane mentioned in her piece, just as our last edition of the Messenger went to press, we were shocked, and saddened, by the deaths, only days apart, of Susie Ince, Roger Webster and Beryl Ramage. Susie had for years been the writer and publisher of The Messenger. Recently I had helped with the writing, but Susie continued to put everything onto the page and submit it in printable form to the printer. Susie passed away the day after she sent to last edition to print. Now you will understand why this edition is late: I had/have no idea how to do what Susie did. It has been a steep learning curve and it wouldn't have happened without the help of friends, particularly Ed Fordham and his tech-wizz husband Russell..

Susie Ince

Submitted by Robert Ince

Susie was a person of many talents and very varied interests, so much so that few people knew the breadth of her contribution to so many things.

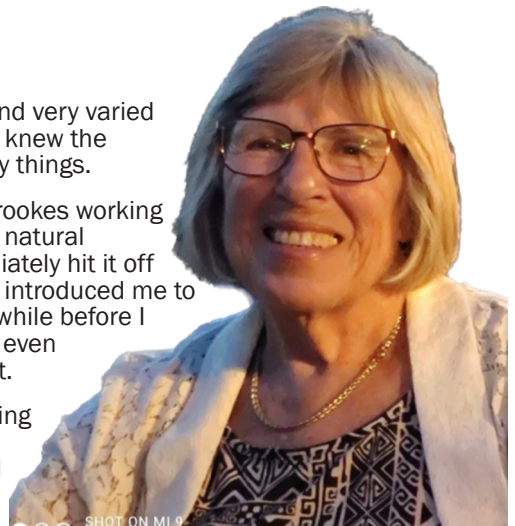
I first met Susie at a dance class at Crookes working Men's Club in 1996. It was hardly the natural habitat for either of us, but we immediately hit it off and were married the same year. She introduced me to Unitarianism, although it was quite a while before I really understood what was all about, even though from day 1 it just seemed right.

She was Sheffield born and bred, having grown up and lived in Fulwood Lodge Moor all her life. She had hoped that I would take her away somewhere else in the world to live, but I found I quite liked Sheffield and wanted to stay, so we lived in the same house throughout our married life. Actually, that's not entirely accurate, because we also lived in Dubai and Montenegro at the same time.

We also spent our time travelling all over the world, going on our adventures (as she thought of them) Susie was very adept at finding the best hotels and planning our trips, particularly when we were driving around Europe. She enjoyed the experience of new cultures and of catching with old friends who lived all around the world. These were friends she had met in Dubai and for many years she was one who kept them all together through regular newsletters.

Her early career had been in journalism running Star Women's circle, during which time she met all sorts of celebrities and always had stories to tell (good and bad) about the events she organised.

Subsequently she worked in advertising, where she met her first husband and



then having gone through a difficult time of bringing up to young daughter on her own, she got a job as a Fundraiser for Arthritis Research. So, basically, she was good at organising – events and people.

This came into its own during Covid. She was already editor of our chapel magazine, where her easy going style proved very popular and much content was written by her. When Covid hit and services in the chapel were not possible, she was the one who organised the Zoom services. Not just to video somebody leading the service, but to include hymn words and YouTube videos. Sadly, those have now fallen by the wayside because it was her enthusiasm and effort that made it happen.

She was fascinated by electronics, computers in particular and spent a lot of time teaching and encouraging those who needed help. I never had a problem with Christmas birthday presents. The latest computer or electronic gadget was always the right present. Even our house is more or less fully automated.

She was very committed to help others and fighting for change in people's lives. She was, as many of you know, committed to changing the law on assisted dying, having seen both her parents suffer in their final days. So she became Membership Secretary of the campaign group MDMD sorting out much of the administration and increasing membership dramatically over a number of years until her health forced her to stop.

Sadly in 2022 she had a stroke that went undiagnosed for some time, but left her with hearing difficulties, which she learned to accommodate, and we still continued to travel. We thought her heart condition had been brought under control by medication, but this proved not to be the case and suddenly, without any suffering, she died on March 30. It was of course a great shock to us all, but I for one am grateful that there was no suffering and no lingering decline.

I remember Susie coming to Fulwood with her two little girls. When I heard her surname I realised that I used to go to Sunday School with her ex-husband. Sheffield the village! In those days we were still doing the (in)famous Ladies' Concert, and Susie joined us whole-heartedly and with an excellent pair of legs, too.

Since her passing, we at the chapel have come to realise just how much she did with publicity, design and printing of leaflets, posters, and not least The Messenger. I think it will be some time before we discover the extent of her contribution to our community. Editor

Roger Webster

Submitted by Penny Webster

Roger was born in Sutton Coldfield near Birmingham, just before the second world war.

He was an only child, and his family did not have much money to spare. The highlight of Roger's year was their annual trip to Blackpool, which was sheer heaven for him. They went to a show nearly every night, and his love of theatre must have started there.

He went to Bishop Vesey's grammar school in Sutton Coldfield, where his skill at mathematics began to show. In due course he did his undergraduate and doctorate degrees at Birmingham University. After a year as a maths lecturer at Birmingham, he moved to Sheffield University in 1964, where he remained until he finally retired in 2019, aged 80! He loved teaching and the letters we have received from former students going back to the 60s would indicate he was very good at it. More than one has said "he changed my life"!



He wrote many articles and just one book. It took 21 years to complete, and Oxford University Press said that at the time it held the record for the longest period between commission and completion! He taught maths courses for many years for the Open University, summer school courses in Canada and the USA, gave dozens of talks all over the country and spent two semesters at a college in Pennsylvania.

Roger and I had married in 1970 in London and spent the next year in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he taught at Dalhousie University. Michael and Anne were born after our return to Sheffield. Anne married Béla (whose family was originally Hungarian) in Fulwood Old Chapel in 1999. The wedding was conducted by Kenneth Ridgeway, who spoke to the groom's family in Hungarian! The following day Roger went back to the chapel to collect some flowers. The service had not quite finished and so he waited at the back. He was so impressed by it and by the friendly welcome from Gavin Mason and the congregation, that he decided to become a regular. And a regular he remained until his death on April 12th. The chapel meant so much to him and on May 9th he was given a great send-off. One person present said "I have never laughed so much at a funeral".

This would have suited Roger. He was a great enthusiast for life and had a wonderful sense of humour. He adored his family and one of his last outings was to the birthplace of his hero Sir Isaac Newton in Lincolnshire, with his two precious grandsons. His enthusiasms also included opera (he documented over 800 visits), his beloved D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, crosswords (and recently Wordle with dear Beryl Ramage), snooker at the Crucible, music hall, Laurel and

Hardy and many more. He loved travelling and we visited opera houses across Europe and much further afield – even Hawaii!

So life with Roger was never dull and we miss him terribly.

If I should go

Joyce Grenfell

If I should go before the rest of you
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone,
Nor when I've gone speak in a Sunday voice
But be the usual selves that I have known.
Weep if you must, Parting is hell
But life goes on, So sing as well.



Beryl Ramage

5th April 1923 – 24th April 2023

Our good friend, Beryl, passed away shortly after her 90th birthday, which she had celebrated with a lunch at EGO for close family and friends, and then, the following Sunday, with cake and wine after the morning service here at the chapel, a place she loved.

Beryl joined us at Fulwood after the death of her husband, Alec, who had taken to attending Services in his later years. We saw Beryl when she dropped him off and picked him up again, but after his funeral she started to attend herself and soon made friends among the congregation. She was particularly close to Susie and Roger – who rang her twice daily – as well as Esme, her cinema and Scrabble partner, and Roger Newton who would pop in to see her. She loved social occasions and was very gregarious.



Beryl was born in Southport, where she lived with her parents and her two brothers, one older, one younger. She met Alec, a merchant seaman, at a dance, and after a whirlwind courtship they got engaged before his next trip to sea. After Alec left sea he found a job in Sheffield and they moved to Peterborough Rd as soon as they were married. Beryl's father was a skilled carpenter, and he made them a complete set of fitted bedroom furniture before they moved in. Sadly he died 6 weeks after their wedding.

During Alec's lifetime they had a very happy social life at the Freemasons' Lodge on Shore Lane, and Beryl continued to meet the members of the ladies' group until her own death. Beryl and Alec travelled a lot during their married life, visiting some very exotic parts of the world, partly, she said, because Alec had visited all the more mundane places during his time at sea. Their daughter lived abroad for most of her adult life and they made trips to visit her, too.

Beryl worked first as a GPO telephonist supervisor, but had to leave when she got married, then worked as an accountant's assistant, then she worked at Hardwick Hall and Eyam museum. She was still volunteering at the museum at age 85, when she fell and broke her pelvis for the first time and was unable to return.

Beryl had all sorts of skills, one for calligraphy, and we found a poem which she'd transcribed and which appears elsewhere in this edition. She was amazingly organised and, when the time came to sort out her paperwork, those of us involved were in awe of her office and her filing system.

Beryl was latterly a 'Lady who Lunched', and this is where our particular friendship developed. I like to lunch, too, and we started to grace lots of local eating places with our patronage. When it came to the Pandemic and lockdown, we formed a 'bubble' as we both lived alone, and were able to continue our outings. We spent some very chilly winter days determinedly eating on terraces, under marquees and in gardens. It was at this time that I discovered how much Beryl enjoyed driving. Wherever we went, we met at her house and Beryl would drive. She was a really good driver, confident, and FAST! Stirling Moss had nothing on Beryl! I never worked out how she managed to see where she was going as she peered over the top of the steering wheel: Beryl was mighty in mind but tiny in stature!

I'm glad to remember that she took her car for a little tootle around the neighbourhood only a couple of days before she had to be admitted to hospital for the last time. She was very poorly during that last week, but her beloved brother, Austin, was able to visit her with Jules, one of his daughters, and I was with her as she slipped peacefully away.

I can't leave this without mentioning little Sally, Beryl's poodle. What a dear little thing she was and much pandered to by her loving 'mum'. During Beryl's last weeks, when she was finding it difficult to cope, Sally, went to stay at her 'holiday home', the Millhouse Animal Sanctuary in the valley, and there she stayed after Beryl passed away.

Beryl has been, and still is, missed by so many people, and we all hope that she, and Roger, and Susie are resting peacefully.

Susie, Roger and Beryl.

**Your souls live in the people you touched,
and you remain in our hearts.**

Rest in peace.

The Fulwood Fete

The Fete went ahead in wonderful weather. The sun shone brightly, and there was a fine variety of sunhats on display. At the opening ceremony, a warm tribute was paid to Susie Ince who had been very involved in the organisation of this and previous fetes.

At the chapel we were responsible for the raffle, the refreshments and the bricabrac stall. We were kept very busy as people came into the comparative cool of our building. We had some very high quality bricabrac, much of which came from Beryl's house and some lovely items kindly donated by Robert Ince.



Update from Philippa Wooven

As many of our readers will know, Philippa is a chapel member who has regularly taken services at Fulwood Old Chapel. For the last several months she has been unwell, recovering from surgery and chemotherapy. She and I are the two remaining members of our online WORDL group, which was begun by Susie and Beryl. Philippa regularly tunes in to Sunday services by ZOOM. She has recently sent the following update on her progress.

Dear friends at FOC

It's been 8 months now since I was last at chapel, and I wanted to let you know how I'm getting on.

It's been a long and frustrating time since my surgery in January. I started chemotherapy in May, but after 3 sessions the consultants decided it was doing more harm than good. I think I spent as long recovering from that as I did from surgery!

I will be having another operation in a few weeks' time at the Northern General, after which I should only require regular check ups. However I've been told to expect a recovery time of 3 months. So I'm afraid it's a while until I will be back to taking services with you at Fulwood.

I do enjoy joining you on Sundays by zoom, and I thank those of you who work hard to ensure that this is possible, especially as we, so sadly, no longer have Susie with us. She worked so hard and effectively to get us all tech savvy.

With love to you all and looking forward to being back in the fold before too long.

Philippa xx

More Questions than Answers

By Roger Newton

If ever a story needed to be told in full, this mystery ranks high amongst contenders. The headstone pictured above can be seen on any day of any week in any weather. Many pedestrians feel uncomfortable walking down the public footpath leading past the church due to the sharp bend and narrow road, all of which can be intimidating when large cars are using it. Consequently, more passers-by walk past this headstone without ever pausing to read its message. It is located a few yards from the South facing door of the Parish Church of St. John the Baptist in Dronfield, North East Derbyshire.



Back to the headstone. It reads as follows:

*Sacred to the memory of Thomas, the son of John and Martha Lane,
Oldham Street, Manchester.
Adieu sweet youth an early victim I felt
To baneful nostrums by Empiries dealt:
Yet sense of hearing, quack'd with loss of life,
Has hence removed thee from all noise and strife:
To realms of peace and harmony Devine
Where bliss immortal and complete is thine.*

It would seem from the above verse that the little child was born deaf and that the parents employed the services of a quack doctor to try to resolve this. The use of the expression 'baneful nostrums' suggests that the poor child was forced to drink some very distressing potions. Empiries is just another word for quack doctor, a dishonest person claiming to have special knowledge and skill. Equally distressing is the probability that the quack doctor also charged a large sum for his services. I think that 'devine' is simply a mis-spelling of divine, by the stonemason. The facts are somewhat scarce. The child was buried sometime in the second decade of the nineteenth century. Why the parents decided to have him buried some 35 miles east of Manchester is a complete puzzle. The church records are housed in the archives of the Derbyshire County Council in Matlock and have been difficult to gain access to because of the Covid outbreak and aftermath. Oldham Street still exists today and is not far away from Manchester Cathedral. Neither was Saint Peter's Field where the Peterloo massacre occurred on Monday 16 August 1819. Eighteen people died and somewhere between 400 and 700 were injured when cavalry charged into a crowd of about 60,000 people who had gathered to demand the reform of parliamentary representation. After the dispersal of the crowd, groups of the local yeomanry rode around the streets chasing after those fleeing from the event. One group must have passed the house on Oldham Street where John and Martha Lane lived.

An Even Stranger Headstone

By Roger Newton

A more bizarre message on a headstone is hard to imagine. The wording defies all understanding.

Just outside the East Door (I think) of All Saints Parish Church in Darfield stands this monument to incredulity for all to see.

The inscription on the headstone reads:

*Here lieth the mortal remains of
Robert Millthorp who died Sept.
13th 1826 aged 19 years. He lost
his life by inadvertently throwing
this stone upon himself whilst in
the service of Ja. Raywood of Ardsley
who erected it to his Memory.*



A verse follows, the bottom of which is clipped off by the surrounding grass:

*Alas how frail this brittle clay,
Though formed with matchless art,
Death waits in ambush for his prey
And none escapes his dart.
A youthful frolic prompted on,
Whilst the grim Tyrant gave
The mortal stroke by this same stone
That marks...*

It seems that there was some kind of an inquest after the young man's death, from which I can only conclude that the cause of death was accidental. If suicide had been the verdict, then the deceased would not have been buried in a Church of England cemetery. A rough calculation suggests that the

headstone was 3.5" thick and rectangular in shape measuring 6ft x 3ft. A stone of this size would weigh well over 1 metric tonne in weight. I cannot for one moment imagine how a 19 year old man could lift this kind of weight and throw it upon himself. Perhaps the wording was very carefully chosen to fit a witness statement. His employer must have spent a pretty penny paying for the headstone, which has barely weathered after all these years.

October Birthdays

That's enough about dying. Here are some totally random facts about people who were born in October.

Oct 1 1207 **Henry III**, became King of England at the age of nine, he inherited a country that had been torn apart by King John his father's misrule.

Oct 6 1732 **Nevil Maskelyne**, London-born Astronomer Royal who produced the British Mariner's Guide and Nautical Almanac thus helping to open up the world to British navigators and explorers

Oct 7 1573 **William Laud**, Archbishop of Canterbury and advisor to Charles I, his high church policies proved so unpopular he was impeached and beheaded on Tower Hill.

Oct 9 1940 **John Winston Lennon**, first found fame as singer and songwriter with the Liverpool pop group the Beatles, later married Yoko Ono and together lived and loved to Give Peace a Chance. Shot and killed 1980.

Oct 10 1731 **Henry Cavendish**, physicist who discovered the existence of hydrogen, carbon dioxide and the chemical composition of water. He started to play with the theory of electricity as early as 1771.

Oct 12 1537 **Edward VI**, King of England and Ireland from the age of ten, the long awaited but sickly son of Henry VIII and his third wife Jane Seymour, died at just 14 years from TB,

Oct 15 1881 **P G Wodehouse**, English author of more than 90 books who created the characters of Bertie Wooster and his famous butler Jeeves

Oct 16 1854 **Oscar Fingal Wilde**, dramatist and author, wild child of a Dublin surgeon and leader of the cult that believed in art for art's sake. Acknowledged himself as 'a lover of youth

Oct 21 1632 **Sir Christopher Wren**, architect, who after the [Great Fire](#) (1666) prepared the grand plan for rebuilding London, designed St. Paul's Cathedral and fifty other city churches, hospitals, theatres, etc

Oct 22 1917 **Lord Thomas Babington Macaulay**, Liberal MP, historian and essayist who as a member of the Supreme Council of India fought for the abolition of slavery and reformed the education system.

Oct 27 1728 **Captain James Cook**, Yorkshire-born naval explorer whose voyages in his ship Endeavour led to the discovery and charting of Australia, New Zealand and the Hawaiian Islands

Nethergreen Litter Pickers

News from Geraldine Bennett,

1. Clean up the Crag in the Peak District went very well.
2. Litter picking sticks and bags are available from Ecclesall Library, phone first though to check.
3. I can give you official bags if you need them. This may help if you can't pick on the day of our event.
4. The Hidden Library in the phone box at Tom Lane/ Fulwood Road has a makeover. Take a look. We got some holiday reads and grandkids books as well as donating some of our books. What is not to like there?
5. Please continue to collect clean used foil, used stamps with 1cm margin around them, and any cables from defunct appliances and bring them along to a litter pick. The stamps are for RNIB and the cables and foil are recycled by Aspire Sheffield a Social Enterprise group. Once I have a critical mass I send them on.

The motto reduce, reuse, recycle continues to be a mantra to help to consider the impact of 'new' stuff.

Please keep me posted with litter hot spots, fly tipping and any other ways we can do our bit by looking after our area and places we visit.

Finally let me know if you would be happy to be involved in our group. Either myself or Rosemary are there to lead the event on the first Saturday of the month but it would be nice to get more folk involved! Email me if you are interested.

nethergreenlitterpickers@gmail.com

Best wishes, Gerry

Did you know?...

The name **September** comes from the old Roman word 'septem', which means seven, because in the Roman calendar it was the seventh month.

The Anglo-Saxons called it Gerst Monath (barley month), because it was their time when they harvested barley to be made into their favourite drink – barley brew.

October was initially the eighth month of the 10 month year. October is from the Latin octo, which means “eight”. The number “eight” is said to be a symbol of wealth, prosperity, peace and fertility. October is normally time of the year when farmers harvest their crops.

Nothing Gold Can Stay

Robert Frost

Robert Frost wrote this poem about this time of year, just 100 years ago.

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf,
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day
Nothing gold can stay



Beryl's calligraphy

The poem below was written out by our late friend Beryl Ramage. Calligraphy had been one of her hobbies, and she was in demand for writing out table plans and place cards, gift cards and certificates. The blots happened as we were looking after it – they weren't hers. The verses are by George W Dench.

All that really matters is the way in which we live
The way we face our troubles and the happiness we give
The way we deal with others whom we contact on life's way
The way we work the things we think and the sort of prayers we pray
All that really matters is our attitude of mind
The way we meet life's rough and smooth and the set backs we find
The way we try to right the wrong and the way we check despair
The way we use our talents and the things for which we care
All that really matters is the character we build
The way we shape it's glory by the missions we've fulfilled
The rays we cast through goodness across the ways we've trod
These are the things that matter to ourselves as well as God.

Susie Ince on Autumn

This piece was written by Susie Ince in 2021. I thought that it was fitting to include it here.

For me Autumn is an exciting time of year. I love the turning trees - the wonderful red and browns against a crisp blue sky; the cosiness of sitting by a warm fire as the temperature drops and the days grow shorter; the anticipation of Christmas coming and the excitement of being with my family once more.. I am lucky that I don't mind the nights closing in. It thrills me to look out knowing that I am warm and snug - it gives me a sense of security and an appreciation of just how lucky I am. Life hasn't always been good. There was a time when I would dread bills falling on the mat; feeling dreadful that I was dishing up veg stew yet again spiced up with a rotating choice of jackets, yorkshires or dumplings! My comfort zone in those dark times was lying in bed secure in the knowledge that the postman couldn't possibly come before morning! This was my turning point religion wise. From a dark and dismal place wondering why God had forsaken me I finally found Unitarianism and the freedom not to simply rely on what I was told but being able to think things out for myself .The warm hearted caring people at Chapel didn't disapprove of me voicing my thoughts as I tried to work things out but rather encouraged me to come to my own conclusions . Maybe I had lost my cosy notion of God being my loving Father (who had at that time 'forsaken me'!) And by opening my eyes I could see that God, in nature, was everywhere. And - yes!! - I had a roof over my head, clothes to wear, happy children to love and I gave thanks and life got better. Autumn tends to be a time of reflection and remembering - we have the harvest celebrations and thanksgiving - without them, would we just take for granted that our shops will always be stock full of goodies? We have Halloween and Guy Fawkes Night - the latter especially was very much a family affair when I was younger when all my Aunts, Uncles and cousins congregated around a big bonfire, munching toffee apples and parkin, cracking hot chestnuts while, all the time, oohing and aahing at the fireworks that my father would be lighting - a distant figure at the far end of the garden. And then there's Remembrance Sunday -I still find this a very awkward time because I find it impossible to glorify all the lives that were wasted! Instead, I want to rant and rave at heads of states and their greed, the lessons still not learnt. But others, I know, treasure this time and find it a wonderful time of compassion and I try so very hard to be like them. But this year there is also the 20th anniversary of Sept 11 - a time that is very poignant for Rob and myself because for 6 awful hours we thought we might have lost little Lucy forever and I wonder, if we had, how I would feel on Remembrance Sundays! I thought I might share with you the correspondence we had from her as she coped first hand with the awful horrors that took place that day.

September 11th 2001

11th September, twenty years ago, saw one of the most horrifying acts of terrorism the world has ever seen and our daughter was there! Fortunately she lived to tell the tale! I thought I would share with you her first hand account: Lucy, who would be 19 that October, had been working over the summer at the

Unitarian Summer Camp in the Adirondacks. Her boyfriend, Phil, had been working at another camp nearby. They were scheduled to fly back from New York to the UK on September 11. My elder daughter, Pippa, lived in Newbury and I was driving there to stay with her until it was time to pick Lucy up from Heathrow. As I drove into Newbury there was a news flash on the radio. A plane had flown in to one of the World Trade Centre Towers. Five minutes earlier, Lucy had texted to say that she was about to go down into the WTC subway to go to the airport and would lose her phone signal so she would text me again once she had arrived. I arrived at Pippa's just in time to see the second plane hit Tower 2. We frantically tried to get hold of Lucy but we kept getting error messages. Six agonising hours later we got this email.

Am safe. Have a place to stay and food to eat. We are with one of Phil's friends. Keep seeing scenes of them (the towers) collapsing- wow. Just wanted to let you know that I am ok. Be in touch when can. Love u - Lu

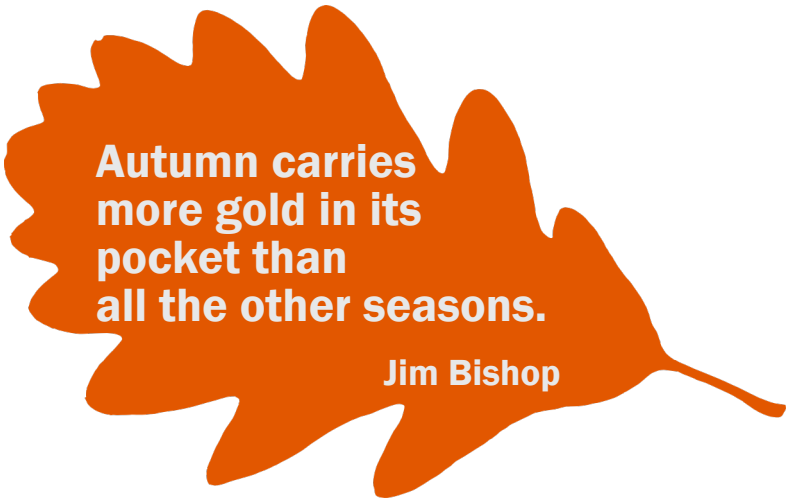
This was then followed by the following emails:-

Can see the buildings (well one now) - amazed. We are about 10 blocks away from it. Amazing, the world trade buildings have been blown up. Lower Manhattan completely evacuated. No flights are going from NY at all. Will not be able to get my flight. All phone lines are down so cannot find out when I will be able to fly. All airports closed. No chance of getting out. All subways stopped. All American and Canadian airports are closed. No escape. Phone lines not working. Gob smacked. All trade will be affected... .. We have been watching the news and they said that the planes hit high up which was a minor miracle. If they had crashed at the bottom then the buildings would have collapsed over instead of down and we would probably have been caught. As it happened the floors just collapsed upon themselves. We were up the tower 2 days ago. 10 mins later today we would have been getting the train beneath the trade centre to go to the airport. Amazing how life works out. There is mass panic buying here. Surreal. Stuck in America! Hey! Got pictures of the buildings before they collapsed.Am quite scared as buildings keep collapsing and it feels like the card house effect. Plus it feels like they will attack any time. I just want to get out of here but am scared of the planes. Am probably being paranoid but you are literally looking at death in the eye.... There's people in the buildings burning. - they jump from the buildings as it is better than burning to death. But instead they jump to death! There is this one person who jumps but just keeps hitting the building as he falls....I wasn't affected at first but seeing the people jumping just jolted it all. A couple of hours later, several days earlier and that would have been me. Got pictures on top of the buildings and now the buildings have gone. And the fact buildings are still falling and that the attack may not be over.... Anyway this is probably scaring you so I will go. If you guys could ring or whatever that would be good - tried ringing you but it won't work. ...It seems like a dream. Going to wake up soon! I heard a low flying plane. Obviously it was crashing into the WTC. Can't believe we had just been up there. The flights that were hijacked were American Airlines- my airline! The worse thing is it happened at the start of the working day. All American trade has gone! There were schools nearby. The zone is at least 15 blocks. There's an inch of ash! Just amazing. The city is at a standstill. Even if there were flights we could not get there because the world trade centre is a major subway route.

There's people walking about covered in ash ...another building has just collapsed! WTC no 7. They think it is due to the damage of the other 2 that it collapsed. Apparently there is a bunker there that was controversially built! Bummer...!There is no traffic below 14th street. We are just below 4th so I have no idea how I am going to get anywhere. Mum, we can't get out! They have told everyone to stay in otherwise the rescue mission will be hampered. Get me out Mum! ...Subways have just been reopened - limited though. NY is so quiet- virtually no cars, most shops closed, people taking their time- chilled and shocked. The smoke is bad- can see it in the air. More buildings near the WTC are on fire - problem! Have to wear masks cos it is so bad- look like aliens! ...Hope I can get out tomorrow - money is getting very low. (Rob wired some money over enabling her to try and get a flight back) ...There are absolutely no flights leaving NYC. Only military planes can fly. Do not know when I will be home. S..t Mum - Stuck in America. Need to see you Need a hug - Loves you loads - Lucy

After many frantic phone calls between England, New York and to the airline, we managed to get Lucy a seat on two flights on 14th September, and another two the next day. Each one was aborted for various reasons before she even got to the airport! Phil, her boyfriend, was flying on a different airline and was more fortunate so they couldn't even remain together. Finally on the Sunday Lucy, herself, managed to get on a flight out to Dallas and she eventually landed at Gatwick Airport on 17th September. Whenever, reports on the Trade Centre appear on tv Lucy would quietly leave the room. All her photos were lost - accidentally or on purpose we will never know! Phil had a break down over the falling bodies.....

I remember printing Lucy's messages in 2001, when I was editing the Messenger. It brought the terrible events very much to life. I thought that Susie's 2021 piece, which included Lucy's messages, was a powerful example of her work.



**Autumn carries
more gold in its
pocket than
all the other seasons.**

Jim Bishop

Activities in the Chapel

FULWOOD WOMEN'S INSTITUTE. Every first Tuesday at 7.30 pm. More info at www.facebook.com/FulwoodWI/ or contact Victoria Cobley at 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 Wednesday at 10 am. For more info please contact Chrissie Ursell. christine.ursell@btinternet.com 0783590 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 893171 or email gill.upham@gmail.com

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

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

Tel 0788 550 4875

YOGA Mondays 6.00-7.15 pm. Contact Leslie on 0788 868 1274 or email unwind@yogasheffield.com

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



What loss means

David Breednen

Just as the last leaves on branches
in autumn fail to cast shade, so
the words we cast to fill the silence

left by one we loved never are enough.
No words are. Though a few hang in

the silence to fill a slice of absence.
Like any sound, words will
break the spell silence casts,

for a little time. And even
sometimes over again.


Words may stir the afternoon,
words forming in wan light, and
the dust motes might fall

into meaning. Words may
soothe the night's stark quiet.

And so we carry words,
in our minds, in our hearts,
to fill the vast silence of

what it means to be alive,
which is what loss means.

*The Rev. Dr. David Breednen is senior minister of First Unitarian
Society in Minneapolis*



**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 is a gift.**

Dodinsky

Contacts

For info on Personalised Ceremonies
please contact Janet Rowson on 0114 2365894 or
janetpeterrowson@gmail.com

~~~~~

To hire the Chapel or the Old Schoolroom (with/without  
kitchen)

Please contact Anne Rayner:  
bookings@fulwoodoldchapel.uk

~~~~~

To advertise or submit an article for the Messenger
please contact Sue Toulson at susantoulson@gmail.com
or 07971 924 329

Chapel Officers and Committee Members

Chair Jane Moore 0794 617 9554 janewm58@yahoo.ca

Vice Chair Robert Ince 0789 671 5855 robert.ince@live.co.uk

Ceremonies Booking Sec Janet Rowson 0114 236 5894. 0771 367 9365
janetpeterrowson@gmail.com

Treasurer Peter Rowson 0114 236 5894 janetpeterrowson@gmail.com

Secretary Tim Simkins 0114 230 2656 t.j.simkins@btinternet.com

General Committee Members:

Nigel Hopkins 0114 230 6662 ncgh@btinternet.com

Elizabeth Cumming 0114 230 2703 lizzi.cumming@gmail.com

Rod Cumming 0114 230 2703 rod@irod.co.uk

Caroline Thorpe 0114 281 8337 carolinethorpe54@gmail.com

Warden Roger Newton 0124 641 7323 rogernewton12@talktalk.net

Housekeeper Elizabeth Cumming 0114 230 2703 lizzi.cumming@gmail.com

Organist Marie Fitzpatrick 0114 230 1162 m.c.fitzpatrick@hotmail.co.uk

Messenger Editor Sue Toulson 07971924329 susantoulson@gmail.com

Web & Publicity

Safe-Guarding Officers Caroline Thorpe 0114 281 8337

carolinethorpe54@gmail.com

and Peter Rowson 0114 236 5894 janetpeterrowson@gmail.com

**Sunday Reflections
In Chapel and on Zoom
At 11.00 am.**

Sept 10th Francis Elliot Wright

17th Marie Fitzpatrick

24th Vincent McCully

**Oct 1st Harvest Festival: Jane Moore~
Followed by congregational meal.**

8th t.b.a

15th t.b.a

27th t.b.a

**29th Joint service with Underbank
to be held at Fulwood.**

Nov 5th Rev Sarah Tinker

12th at 10.50 Remembrance Sunday

19th Rev Patrick Timperley

26th Rev Maria Pap

**Fulwood Old Chapel
8a Whiteley Lane. Sheffield S10 4GL
A Unitarian meeting place
info@fulwoodoldchapel.uk
www.fulwoodoldchapel.uk**