Summer 2026

The Fulwood Messenger



The Magazine of Fulwood Old Chapel
(Unitarian)
Whiteley Lane, Sheffield S10 4GL



Message from the Chair



Dear All,

I am writing this whilst sitting in my friend's flat overlooking a lovely square filled with spring green. I am here at the behest of my sister in law who is going to a concert at the Berlin Philharmonic hall. I have long wanted to go to a concert in this iconic building but I am often here in the summer when there is a summer break. It is a concert conductor by a famous man who is 98, Herbert Blomstedt!
I do not, however, need an excuse to visit this wonderful city. There are always new things to discover and history round every corner.



The Berlin Philharmonic Hall

My next service on the 13th May is all about home and this may well have been and gone by the time this is published, however I want to mention the 'Stolpersteine' or stumbling blocks as they are translated as. They are concrete cubes, measuring 10 by 10 by 10 cm , topped with a brass plate with an inscription. As you can see by the photo this has the name , date of birth and death of a person, usually Jewish, who was rounded up mainly between 1942-44 and sent to the concentration camps.

There are 4 Stolpersteine from this block of flats I am in, commemorating 4 people who died too young. They are very emotional for me, every time I look at them I can't help thinking how they were dragged out of

their homes and basically murdered. These stones are all over Berlin but many in this area . It is, I feel, a good way of remembering those people who so brutally lost their homes. Not only this of course but many more were killed by the RAF bombers who destroyed so much of Berlin towards the end of the war. Therefore we have much to be grateful for here, no war as yet, no invasions, we still have the security of home where we hopefully feel safe.

This chapel has stood here for nearly 300 years and has seen wars and much change but also continuity, stability and has been a comfort and pleasure for those of us who attend services here. Our liberal values continue and it is a welcoming space for all.

As we drift into summer the garden looks wonderful as usual and the chapel seems in good health thanks to some wonderful people. My thanks to everyone who wants to keep it going and do such great work .

Jane

Thank you to Jane once again for giving us her thoughts each edition.



Patrick Timperley's final service at Fulwood



Here we are on the occasion of Patrick Timperley's final service with us before his move to Brighton.

Just in case you haven't seen us for a long time:

Back row L-R:
Marie Fitzpatrick, Ariane Lawson, Robert Ince, Peter Lawson, Peter and Janet Rowson, Patrick, Richard Allis, Andrew Rayner, Sarah Hopkins, Mike Day, Philippa Allis, Ernest Betts.

Middle row L-R:
Jill Eke, Anne Rayner, Sue Toulson, Jane Moore,

Front L-R:
Tim Simkins, Nigel Hopkins.

Behind the camera: Rod Cumming. Thanks for this, Rod!

Someone from the chapel's past, who never forgets us, is Howard Hague. In fact he and his wife, Gill, brother Graham and his wife Judy, and youngest brother David were all here with us recently. In the last edition, I published a piece written by Gavin Mason after their dear mother, Norah's, death in 2010. Now Howard has sent me this very interesting piece for inclusion in this edition.

WORKING IN NIGERIA – FIFTY YEARS AGO!

Possibly like other people of a certain age, I have been making some notes about my life and career (if only to assist 'when the time comes'). Although it is now some fifty years ago, aspects of my time spent working in Nigeria (1971-1976) are still quite vivid in the memory. There is no reason why readers of The Messenger would be particularly interested in my jottings, but here goes:

Adopted by a Cat



In fact I was adopted by cats on two different occasions when I was in my twenties. The first was in Brighton when I was a graduate trainee at the University of Sussex Library (1969-70). For that year I rented a bed-sit which had a door leading out on to the back garden. One day a black cat made an appearance, quite liked my room, and stayed for several months until I was ready to move back to Sheffield.

During my year of postgraduate library studies in Sheffield I had applied to Voluntary Service Overseas (VSO) to work abroad and, having been accepted, was sent out to northern Nigeria, where I ended up in charge of the medical library at Ahmadu Bello University in the town of Zaria. I was allocated a staff flat on the hospital compound and this remained my home for the next five years.

Soon after my arrival a cat appeared and, it seemed, wanted to take up residence. It was never clear whether it had belonged to the previous occupant of the flat or whether it was just looking for suitable accommodation in the area. My next door neighbour - a doctor at the hospital – said the cat reminded him of a friend of his called Marcus, so 'Marcus' he became and he remained with me for several years. I never had any mice (or worse) so I think he made his contribution to the domestic economy. During leave in England in 1974 I fell ill with what turned out to be hepatitis. I had caught this in Nigeria but it didn't come out until I was back home. Because I had recently arrived from 'the tropics' and nobody was quite

sure what the illness was at first, I was admitted to Lodge Moor Hospital when it still had an isolation facility (the hospital was finally closed in 1994 and the site became housing). It was several weeks before I was well enough to return to Nigeria.

On my return to the flat in Zaria I was very touched when Marcus – still in residence – made a fuss of me and wouldn't leave my side for quite a while – who says cats don't show affection!

Owning a Motorbike

One of the quirks about being a VSO volunteer at that time in the north of Nigeria was that we were offered the chance to buy a motorbike to provide personal transport. Railway lines were few and far between, and local buses had a very doubtful safety record. And so I bought a Honda 90, the only time in my life when I have driven or owned a motorbike. It's difficult to remember now, but I presume we paid for them over a period of months from our allowances.

Helmets were provided, but the only training we received was riding round the field behind the British Council office in Kaduna, which was then the local state capital. I don't remember taking a test, so I guess my British driving licence must have been acceptable at the time. In fact the Honda 90 was incredibly useful for getting around the area. The hospital in Zaria where I was based was some eight miles from the main campus where the university library was located, and I needed to visit this two or three times a week. For the year when I was a volunteer I even used the bike on the odd occasion to drive the fifty miles between Zaria and Kaduna, where we had a branch library in the local general hospital which was used for training medical and nursing students. One of the advantages of changing from being a VSO volunteer to working on a local contract with the university was that I could get a loan to buy a car, which is what I did (a VW Beetle).

I subsequently used the car to travel from Zaria to the other three hospitals which were used by the medical school for training purposes and where we were developing libraries for the students and hospital staff. As well as Kaduna these were in Kano, a big city where there was an orthopaedic hospital, and in the small rural town of Malumfashi, which was used to introduce the students to more community-based health care. There were library staff in all these outlier sites, and supervising them was not always an easy task.

During my time in Nigeria I developed a high regard for the work of the British

Council and the contribution it made locally (e.g. to libraries and education). On occasions they gave us grants to buy medical books, which was much appreciated. It is very sad that subsequent British governments have never really appreciated the Council's value, and keep cutting its budget. I suspect it's partly because many British politicians seem uneasy with the idea of 'culture'. I doubt whether German politicians have similar doubts about the work of their Goethe institutes, or French politicians about the Academie Francaise.

An Encounter with Baboons



One of the few occasions when I felt concerned for my personal safety in Nigeria was on a Sunday morning excursion to one of the inselbergs that are found in the Zaria area. These are isolated rock hills that rise abruptly from a flatter area where the hard bedrock has resisted the erosion that has worn away the surrounding landscape. I had parked the car in the woodland at the foot of the hill, and a friend and I walked up and around the inselberg, enjoying the view from the top. On returning to the woodland clearing we found ourselves surrounded by quite a large troop of baboons. They looked at us with interest, chattering away to themselves. Apparently it was unusual to see so many together in this area.

What to do? Should we make a run for it? Fortunately we decided to remain where we were, as still and unthreatening as possible. After what seemed like an age but was probably only a few minutes, the baboons started to move away, and we returned safely to the car. But it was certainly a tense moment.

Howard Hague

Don't we have some fascinating 'pasts' between us? I wish more people would share them!! Howard says that he thought his notes might be useful 'when the time comes'. I've got to say that we often only find out the really interesting stuff about people at their funerals. John Clennell's was a case in point. It would be lovely to hear about your past before your eulogy!



A mother was talking to her daughter:
"You have two wolves fighting inside you.
One is loving, kind, thoughtful, caring and understanding. The other is hateful, cruel, unkind, uncaring and lacking understanding."

"Oh," said the daughter, "Which one wins?"
The mother replied: "The one you feed."

Anonymous



Judith Short and Caroline Thorpe attended the GA this year on behalf of the chapel, and Judith sent me this.

General Assembly 2026.

I was lucky to attend the General Assembly meetings again this year, and had a great few days, this time at the Hayes Conference Centre in Derbyshire. It was another grand opportunity to worship and network in the company of 300 or so Unitarians from national and international congregations. The Plenary Sessions efficiently caught us up with the ongoing work of the executive committee and GA staff on our behalf, in their efforts to keep Unitarianism a relevant and active religion at a time when regular worshippers are dwindling. It was reassuring to hear that the GA finances are in good shape.

There was an emphasis this year on social concern, and the need to strive for peace in a troubled world, along with promoting the right to protest against injustice. The new LGBTQ+ network was launched and seems increasingly important as members find themselves under threat from right-wing politics. The keynote lecture was a thought-provoking and inspiring description of craftivism - the art of quiet protest using mindful art and crafting to send a message.

As ever, there were several parallel programmes of workshops, meaning there were many happening simultaneously that I would have liked to attend. I focused on safeguarding, maintenance of buildings, administration and facilitation, and innovation, in my role as Trustee at both Fulwood and Great Hucklow Chapels.

The anniversary service, for which I joined the choir, was led by the new Joint Presidents of the GA, Jean and Alex Bradley, who were entertaining and thoughtful.

We look forward to seeing them again when they lead the Sheffield District Association Service at 2pm on Sunday 17th May at Great Hucklow Chapel. I hope many of the Fulwood congregation will attend to help give them a warm welcome to the SDA.

If you have never been to the annual GA meetings, I would recommend a visit. It is a busy and exhausting few days, but also uplifting, inspiring and nourishment for the soul.



Right: Caroline, proudly carrying Fulwood's banner at the GA.

From the Editor:

I was at the GA too, but as part of the Women's League. I relinquished my president's chain of office this year (had to be tied down kicking and screaming as they wrenched it from my protesting neck... I enjoyed my two years as President!) We welcomed Diane Rutter as President for the next two years. Each President fronts a charity. Diane's is WELLBEING OF WOMEN, a charity providing easy to understand health information and support on topics covering periods and menstrual health, gynaecological cancers, pregnancy and birth, perimenopause and menopause, fertility and incontinence. You can find out more on their website at: **www.wellbeingofwomen.org.uk**

Mine for the past two years has been the Unitarian Ministerial Students Fund and at the end of each of my years in office we were able to hand a cheque to Rev. Ant Howe on their behalf. Not huge cheques – there aren't many of us left for fund raising these days – but gratefully received. Ant told us this year that our efforts must have given the GA a nudge about the difficulties met by the trainees, as they've suddenly given a very large grant! It's a worthy cause. Here are details from the GA website.



Sue presenting Rev. Ant Howe with a cheque for the Unitarian Ministerial Students Fund.

Please support the Unitarian Ministerial Students Fund

The Unitarian Ministerial Students Fund is one of the ways that the Unitarian movement shows its support to those who are training for our professional Ministry. The fund helps students in a number of ways:

- ***It pays for student travel to necessary training events.***
- ***It pays for students to attend specific Unitarian conferences***
- ***It covers overnight budget accommodation where necessary.***

In addition, and perhaps most crucially, it can give a means-tested grant towards living expenses whilst a student trains for Ministry. This grant can free a student from full time secular employment so that they are able to concentrate more fully on their Ministerial formation.

As the costs of everything has risen, so have demands on the Students Fund! It's important that we have well-trained Ministers who will go on to serve and inspire our congregations. The students fund is a vital tool in the training of our future Ministers.

The fund is in currently in need of replenishment and we invite donations. Any donation, however large or small, is an investment in the future leadership of our Unitarian movement. We gratefully welcome donations and fundraising efforts from individuals, congregations, districts and groups. Get in touch with Simon Bland, Congregational & Ministry Support Officer for details on how to contribute.

As our first effort for our new charity, we ran a tombola in the exhibition room. Diane and I with assistance from Marion (wo)manned the stall and had an absolute hoot! A tombola needs a lot more prizes than a raffle does, but we'd had a lot donated and hardly anyone went away empty handed. Judith Short had very kindly loaned (and lugged) a huge tombola barrel for our use. We had the chance to chat to lots of people while we were doing it.



As Judith said, we were at the Hayes Christian Conference Centre this year. I liked it there, but it did have the disadvantage of being spread over a large, hilly site. The elderly members definitely suffered from this. I'd taken my little mobility scooter, which was fine during the day but not too good at night as it doesn't have headlights and some of the pathways were very dark. I was just about stuck one night but was rescued by Sarah Tinker with her little torch: she escorted me all the way to my room (in a rather distant block, reached only by outside pathways) searching out the scooter-accessible routes with no steps and lowered kerbs..... Quite a challenge, and I was very grateful to Sarah!

Hard work will break no bones
But more than bones are broken
By the inescapable stones
Of fond words left unspoken.

I can't remember where I found this next piece, but thought it might be of interest – even though we aren't mentioned.

Fulwood

Fulwood's history is deeply tied to its transformation from a remote "forest clearing" to a prosperous suburb. During the summer months, the Fulwood History Group often hosts heritage walks and outdoor meetings to explore the area's transition from a collection of scattered farms to a Victorian middle-class retreat.

Summer Heritage & Landmarks

• **Fulwood Spa & Waters:** During the 1666 Great Plague, Fulwood became a popular summer destination for Sheffield residents who came to "take the waters" at the local mineral spring to avoid disease.

• **Forge Dam & Porter Valley:** The summer months historically saw large crowds at the local dams for boating, swimming, and model boat racing.

• **Outdoor History Walks:** The local history group typically uses the "beautiful midsummer evenings" in June to conduct guided walks, such as exploring the fields above Forge Dam.

Notable Historic Sites

• **Fulwood Hall:** A 15th-century hall in the Mayfield Valley, one of the oldest large residences in the area.

• **Christ Church:** Built in the 19th century as middle-class industrialists moved to the area for its "sunny, south-facing aspect".

• **Fulwood House:** A 1911 Edwardian house that later became an NHS facility; its historic facade is being preserved amidst modern redevelopment.

Sporting History

The area has a strong association with summer sports, detailed in the group's "Sporting Fulwood" research:

• **Cricket & Football:** A "capital cricket club" existed by 1854, and Hallam FC (one of the world's oldest clubs) has roots in the local sporting culture.

• **Hammer and Pincers** This former public house on Old Fulwood Road was a central venue for sporting competitions and bowling greens in the 19th century.

This poem was sent to me by Mike Day. Thank you so much for this, Mike.

Who's Faith ?

What is Faith, if not personal. My Faith is different to
Yours even if you don't believe me. For centuries
You have told us what to believe and how we must
Speak, dress, live. Half facts and myths formed in
Bygone times manipulated to control those lacking
Knowledge but wanting answers and certainty.

Faith is not singular, it changes path, grows,
Recedes, responds to environments and lives lived.
Don't believe them when they say their Faith is the
Only true way, a doubting mind challenges the
Spoken creed looking for its own solutions. When
We give it space it will blossom and reach deeper.

The world is changing faster than before. Truth
And fact are becoming distorted as we move
Nervously into unknown artificial worlds. Jobs,
Relationships, expected lives are no longer given.
The inner world of personal Faith becomes more
Important as we seek to understand our existence.

True feelings are not stored and processed by
Machines. Feelings come from human experiences,
Individual and shared. Many of us are succumbing to
The vacuous but comforting closeness of artificial
Companionship, seduced by false intimacy.
Prepare for the future for it is here and daunting.

Mike Day



June

Gateway to Summer: June acts as the threshold to sunny, warm weather, often associated with escaping the cold to enjoy "knee-deep" nature.
Renewal & Growth: Often regarded as a time to shed the "dark spots of life," it encourages stepping into a lighter, more confident mindset.

July

July is marked by major historical, scientific, and cultural milestones, including the US Declaration of Independence (July 4, 1776), the Apollo 11 moon landing (July 20, 1969), and the founding of the NHS (July 5, 1948). Key events include the start of the Battle of the Somme (1916), the handover of Hong Kong (1997), and Bastille Day (July 14).

August

August is often described as the "Sunday of summer"—a golden, lazy, and bittersweet month that marks the end of carefree days, harvest time, and the transition toward autumn. It is characterized by lingering sunshine, falling stars, and the "sweetness that hovers" before the season changes.



On Friendship

by Kahlil Gibran *(From Tim Simkins)*

I was unable to read this at the congregational service on 'friendship' owing to shortage of time, so I'm sharing it here. Kahlil Gibran (1883 – 1931) was a Lebanese-American writer, painter and philosopher. This piece comes from his 1923 work 'The Prophet'.



And a youth said, Speak to us of Friendship.
And he answered, saying:
Your friend is your needs answered.
Kahlil He is your field which you sow with love and reap with thanksgiving.
And he is your board and your fireside.
For you come to him with your hunger, and you seek him for peace.

When your friend speaks his mind, you fear not the "nay" in your own mind, nor do you withhold the "ay."
And when he is silent your heart ceases not to listen to his heart;
For without words, in friendship, all thoughts, all desires, all expectations are born and shared, with joy that is unacclaimed.

When you part from your friend, you grieve not;
For that which you love most in him may be clearer in his absence, as the mountain to the climber is clearer from the plain.
And let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of the spirit.
For love that seeks aught but the disclosure of its own mystery is not love but a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught.

And let your best be for your friend.
If he must know the ebb of your tide, let him know its flood also.
For what is your friend that you should seek him with hours to kill?
Seek him always with hours to live.
For it is his to fill your need but not your emptiness.
And in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter, and sharing of pleasures.
For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed.





Once again I've delved into a Messenger from the past – this time July 2012. I think I remember this exercise (but am pretty sure that I didn't make any of the answers seen here)... It had formed the focus of one of our Sunday services, although I don't know whose initiative it had been.

Theme: Community -
The Chapel Community and the Chapel in the Community

People answered two questions (some read them out in Chapel - all knew that they were to be collected for the Messenger):

Why did you first come to Fulwood Old Chapel?

Why do you keep coming to Fulwood Old Chapel?

Here are some of the answers:

Why did you first come?

Came to the funeral of our neighbour - never heard of Unitarians before.

Born into a Unitarian family and moved to Sheffield to be near family who already come to FOC.

Started in the Sunday School with Rev Fred and Gertrude Sokell.

Born into a Unitarian family and lifelong member of the movement; came to Fulwood with family that I married into.

When Unity closed I thought I would try all the other Chapels. I started with Fulwood and I received such a warm welcome that I stayed.

Judy Hague dropped a Messenger through our post box.

Came to a memorial service and like the tolerance and intellectual honesty.

I joined the Chapel when I was lonely after my husband left me. My friend asked me if I would like to come and I said "yes". It suited me very well; everyone was so friendly and welcoming.

Became a member of the Sunday School during the ministry of Rev Fred Sokell and his wife Gertrude in the 1950s. I've been a Unitarian ever since in different congregations.

After years in 'conventional' churches I started to THINK.

The Church of England would not marry us because we were divorced.

Played the organ for 25 years.

FOC provided somewhere to get married that was open to our ideas of how the ceremony should be and to our friends and family.

I went to Unity Church when I got married and came to Fulwood when that closed.

Why do you keep coming?

The sense of community and the opportunity to reflect on many aspects of life.

Felt welcomed from the first day (March 1952) and have been coming ever since.

If I didn't come to FOC I would not attend any place of worship.

I would miss FOC very much if I did not come.

The warmth and acceptance we as a family have found here.

To remind myself of what is important in life - priorities: love and people.

They do not throw you out for singing out of key.

Evolution still keeps me at FOC and the Mayfield Valley

Have attended other Unitarian meeting places but now at FOC because of family.

Warmth of community and religious tolerance - seems we were always Unitarians, despite having been to C of E/Congregationalist/Quaker services.

Do you recognise any of these comments as yours? Would you like to do this again, now? It's interesting that rites of passage often bring people in.

And another memory of that time – from Janet Rowson. I thought you might find it interesting as you may recently have been thinking about the late Queen on her 100th birthday.

The Thames Diamond Jubilee Pageant: A Riverside View.

by Janet Rowson

Our visit to the pageant did not suffer from over-planning. In fact rather the opposite. We knew we'd be in London visiting relatives that weekend and we only got tickets because they had 2 spare. We set off for Battersea Park with no picnic hamper (in fact no food at all), no camera and, tragically, no umbrella. Even before we got to Vauxhall tube station the sheer number of people travelling was already impressive. Then there was a long queue, even for ticket-holders, to get into the park. And in anticipation of vast numbers, the provision of portaloos was astonishing – several lines of them, each about 200 yards long! Some people had already been queuing for riverside places for hours when we arrived, but somehow we ended up only a few layers of people in an excellent spot directly opposite The Spirit of Chartwell, although we only found that out a bit later on. We didn't have the benefit, or otherwise, of a screen or a formal commentary. But we did have excellent fellow pageant watchers, one of whom knew everything about everything and another who was very tall and had binoculars. What more do you need? We hadn't brought any food or drink, but the queues for the food outlets put you off eating and drinking, and anyhow it made the sausage roll we ate on Victoria Station some hours later seem like a banquet.

Amazingly we could see just about everything. We didn't stay for the whole event but set off on the journey back to Kilburn after about an hour and a half. The queues for transport were again amazing. Somehow we got to Vauxhall Bridge and then, just as the heavens opened, the traffic jam of solid pedestrians came to a complete halt. It was impossible to avoid the drips from other people's umbrellas, but the mood of the crowd was almost the most striking thing about the whole day. Despite the rain, the cold and the rather poor transport and crowd management arrangements, we never heard a word spoken in anger. In fact, quite the reverse. Everyone had had a marvellous day and the weather wasn't going to spoil it.



Creative Commons Attribution 2.0 Generic license.
ianpatterson99 at https://www.flickr.com/photos/41377219@N02/7329591976

The Sprit of Chartwell

Editor's comment

At the time of the Jubilee I was in either Spain or Italy, staying in a hotel for work. Now I think about it, it was probably northern Spain as there were storks nesting on the church outside my window! I was surprised to find a BBC news channel showing the river pageant on the TV in my room, so was able to watch it. I remember most the weather – everyone was drenched! Do you remember the choir, valiantly singing on an open boat and wearing neither raincoats nor hats, and eschewing umbrellas? Even though the rain was pouring down their faces, they still managed to look joyful! I think we British are at our best when celebrating in adverse weather conditions!

NEXT ISSUE:

Our next issue will be for our Autumn quarter – hopefully August to October. I know people will be on holiday when I'm asking for contributions – but please send me something or I'll fill the space with an account of going round Cape Wrath in a gale on a fairly small cruise ship and with a very dodgy leg. You have been warned! I'll be calling for contributions in early July as Patrick (our publisher) is likely to be busy around that time too. Try to get to me by July 10th please. Thank you to those who have contributed this time.

Contacts

For personalised ceremonies and hire of the Chapel or Old Schoolroom, please email
booking@fulwoodoldchapel.uk

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

Chapel Officers and Committee Members

Chair
Jane Moore 07946 179 554 janewm58@yahoo.ca

Vice Chair
Robert Ince 07896 715 855 robert.ince@live.co.uk

Ceremonies Booking
booking@fulwoodoldchapel.uk

Treasurer
Peter Rowson 0114 236 5894 janetpeterrowson@gmail.com

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

General Committee Members
Janet Rowson 0114 236 5894 janetpeterrowson@gmail.com
Nigel Hopkins 0114 230 6662 ncgh@btinternet.com
Rod Cumming 0114 230 2703 rod@irod.co.uk
Marie Fitzpatrick 0114 230 1162 m.c.fitzpatrick@hotmail.co.uk

Warden
Nigel Hopkins ncgh@btinternet.com

Housekeepers
Janet Rowson 0114 236 5894 janetpeterrowson@gmail.com
Elizabeth Cumming 0114 230 2703 lizzicumming@gmail.com

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

Messenger Editor
Sue Toulson 07971 924 329 susantoulson@gmail.com

Website
Caroline Thorpe 0114 281 8337 carolinethorpe54@gmail.com

Safeguarding Officer
Peter Rowson 0114 236 5894 janetpeterrowson@gmail.com

Fulwood Old Chapel



Built 1728-1729

Services and Service Leaders

Sunday services at 11.00 am, finishing at noon. Followed by coffee/tea and conversation. We do not take a collection. There is a voluntary donation box for various charities, available.



May 2026

3rd - Rev. Sarah Tinker

10th - Peter Rowson

17th - Jane Moore

24th - TBA

31st - Rev. Maria Pap Joint Service with Underbank at Fulwood

June

7th - Chapel visit to Great Hucklow - No Service at Fulwood

14th - Sue Toulson

21st - TBA

28th - Rev. Maria Pap

July

5th - Rev. Sarah Tinker

12th - Rev. Andi Phillips

19th - TBA

26th - Rev. Maria Pap

www.fulwoodoldchapel.uk