Autumn 2026

The Fulwood Messenger



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



Message from the Chair



Dear All,

It is still high summer, we have had no rain for over a month now, but I am sure by the time you read this, the weather will have well and truly broken. For once I have spent most of the spring and summer here in Sheffield, most unusual for me.

As most of you know I had a hip replacement in early July and I have been very grateful for the beautiful hot weather we have had. It has made my recovery much easier as I have been able to sit outside, enjoy the garden, and more especially I have been able to watch all the Summer sport. The Tennis at Queens and Wimbledon, the World Cup, the golf and the Tour de France. All of that has been tremendous.

I would like to thank everyone for their good wishes for my speedy recovery, I feel blessed to have so many friends and family thinking about me. I think my recovery is going well and I think I will be back on the golf course and the tennis court soon.

In the meanwhile the Chapel attendance seems to be very healthy and it is good to see some new faces. I am including a poem by Sue Clennell which she read out loud in my last service entitled Home. We were all quite moved by the poem as it was about leaving a beloved place and Sue will shortly be leaving her most recent home in Sheffield to move nearer her family in the Southwest. She and Jon were very faithful and committed members of the Chapel and gave many years service to the community. We all want to wish Sue all the best for her new home.

In the last edition of the Messenger I wrote about the Stolpersteine, these commemorative stones laid mainly in Germany to recognise people who had been dragged from their homes and often murdered in concentration camps but I failed to add the relevant photograph which is now shown on the next page.

I hope everyone has had an enjoyable summer which will set us all up for the weeks to come.

My thanks to the Committee members and others who are always willing to give their help to the Chapel and to the people who visit it.

I am also including this piece (below) from my German friend, she has just been to Sheffield to keep me company and help me out whilst recuperating and she had this idea of contributing to the messenger which I find really nice.



Jane

Perhaps you have asked yourself who is this person with that strange name appearing occasionally on Zoom or perhaps you have even seen me at the Chapel. So let me introduce myself to you. I am a friend of Jane's whom I met way back in the 80s at Leipzig University in the former German Democratic Republic, when she was teaching English and I was one of her students. I was keen on practising this language, because we could not go to an English-speaking country at that time. And after a while we became friends.

A few years after the Wall came down, my little daughter Anna and I went to see her and her family in Sheffield. Anna's age was just between Jane's eldest and her middle daughter, so we spent some lovely days together at home, in the garden and parks and in the beautiful landscape the Peak District offers. I also got to know Jane' s parents too without imagining at that time that some day I would occasionally look after her Dad.

It started 2012 and Joe Woodhouse –some of you will remember him very well- took me to the Chapel... or rather I took him and left him there whilst I was exploring the stunning scenery of the Mayfield valley. But then I was curious and started to stay and listen to the Services which were really interesting and spoke to me as they were talking about topics of human interest like life itself, home and hope, questions and new beginnings and many more. It was that open-mindedness and tolerance that got to me and of course it was all food for thought.

And then the Pandemic came and you started to put the Service on zoom. So I took my chance and listened to it online. And I also began to read the Messenger Jane has been kindly sending to me and which I enjoy reading very much.... and I have many questions -as probably many of you have- so I like to get some input and inspiration to find an answer.... Or as Rainer Maria Rilke put it in his „Letters to a young poet“:

Have patience with everything that remains unsolved in your heart. Try to love the questions themselves, like locked rooms and like books written in a foreign language. Do not now look for answers. They cannot now be given to you because you could not live them. It is a question of experiencing everything. At present you need to live the question. Perhaps you will gradually , without even noticing it, find yourself experiencing the answer, some distant day.

You never know, don't you? So attending the Service might help.... And besides, it is good English practice for me! I would like to thank you all for opening your doors to me and enriching my life in so many ways.

All the best to you and lots of love from Berlin!

Ute



Honestly – what would we do without the weather to provide our excitement? You'd think that we would be rather blasé about it; we have enough of it for goodness' sake! But no, we have some unusual heat or a heavier than expected snowfall, and we have total panic on public transport and in all the news outlets. What would the tabloids do without the headline 'Phew! What a scorcher!' Or 'Traffic chaos in freezing weather!' (aka 'we have two inches of snow in Kent'). Does it ever occur to you, as it does to me, that while all these exclamation marks are breaking out over the front pages and the trains aren't running (What????), there are huge numbers of Brits queueing in the airports for a trip to bake on Caribbean beaches or freeze on winter ski slopes? We just don't have 'extreme' weather here, let's face it! Just take a look at the southern states of the USA, or Canadian winters. We don't have it so bad!



If you don't like the Autumn, you can just leaf me alone ...

Of course we got the Eclipse to give us something to focus on, too. I was quite surprised that we were getting it, because I remember the one in 1999, and I'm sure that we were told that there wouldn't be another for a very long time. However, this one was apparently a sub-total bonus. I'd decided to watch the run up to it on the TV this time – I was out on Collegiate Crescent for the last one as it was in the middle of a working day – but I was keeping an eye out of the window too. I was a little perplexed to see my neighbours out on the front garden, but apparently facing the wrong way – away from the sun. Then I realised that they were wielding colanders and all became clear: they were following the latest viewing instructions! Those of you who know me well will probably not be surprised to know that I then looked up at the sun (from my window) without glasses, colander or hole in a card. Well, it was hidden behind the trees for goodness' sake ... I then spent the next half hour dazzled... Well, I saw it, mainly on the TV, knowing that I definitely won't see one again... I rather wished I'd joined the viewing party at Hathersage pool, though!

I hear regularly from Geraldine Bennett, who runs the Fulwood litter-picking team. Sadly, her messages almost invariably arrive two days after the Messenger has gone to print, but I thought I'd include part of the message about the August litter pick as there is some other information.

After the information about meeting for litter picking, Gerry continues:
It is now school holidays so we will have less litter around the schools, but I suspect there will nevertheless be plenty to keep us busy.

Some of you have told me you are very frustrated by the ongoing problems of water leaks and potholes!

Let's consider leaks first:
We have had yet more leaks with clean water running down roads. Please don't assume that somebody has reported the problem and that Yorkshire Water are aware of it! The more reports they get then more notice is taken. They are based in Bradford, and so you need to be able to identify the location ideally by a postcode of a house number close to the problem or a what3words code when reporting the problem. I have found calling the number to report works, but you can report via their website. Be patient as it is a tedious process.
Tel no: 0345 124 2424 **Online Report a leak.** You can upload photos/videos if needed.

Potholes:
Please report these as you cannot assume that the Council are aware of the one you are concerned about. You can report using:
Report a problem with a road, pavement or cycle lane | Sheffield City Council
If you are happy to use your smartphone, you can also use the free Fix My Street app. **FixMyStreet** Both allow photos to be uploaded.

I hope you'll find this useful.

A perfect summer day is having a broken lawnmower. **James Dent.**





One Sunday in May I arrived at chapel to find a little camper van parked outside, with the back opened to show a little water boiler and dishes of food, with a rug on the road surrounded by chairs .... The driver told me that there were some people from Nicaragua doing the round walk and, having visited Nicaragua she felt she should provide them with a welcome as they arrived at the park.

I told her rather sniffily that I hoped she wouldn't be playing the music she had for them too loudly as we had a service going on. (I was actually feeling sniffy about the fact that she was taking up several parking spaces. I can get very possessive about parking spaces...) She didn't turn up her music, and they didn't disturb us, and we got to meet them after service when the door opened and they all trooped in to use the toilet. Their friend had told them we wouldn't mind! Rod took some photos afterwards. They all look very happy, as well they might. The little feast she'd prepared looked very good.

Speaking of Rod, he had a lovely party, to which chapel friends were all invited. It was to celebrate the fact that he'd decided to retire – 47 years of helping small businesses with their

accounts and tax ended on 31st May 2026. May 1979 to May 2026, and now having reached the age of 77. No, I know, I can't believe it either! He clearly has inherited terrific genes from his father who likewise looked youthful into his 90s! There were lots of people there, including Lizzie's twin George who carefully took photographs to record everyone's attendance. Some of them are here. Rod took some too. Go on, guess who is where! There's the gang of five – Peter Lawson, Anne and Andrew Rayner, Ariane Lawson and Sue Tyzack; there's Janet and Peter Rowson; Rod and Lizzie with colleague Charlie, whose wife Lesley used to teach the Sunday School at chapel; there's Ernest with Vickie; Bill and Jackie Scragg whose son Matthew was a long time member of the Sunday School and a Sunday School Captain; then there's a couple canoodling under the stairs, and Billy No-mates on her own in the corner trying to work out how to get up off the chair...









The congregation has made some visits lately. As part of our informal partnership with Underbank, members of their congregation have joined us for service – usually a good turnout, helping to fill our chapel, and members of our congregation have joined them at Underbank. We were also invited to the Old Chapel at Great Hucklow by Judith Short, who is using her considerable energies and organising skills to keep the chapel active, ably assisted by Emma France (Anne Jenkinson's daughter). It was lovely to see her when we visited. Judith led the service as to the manner born (well, she was, now I think about it ...) with a most interesting topic, relating the Creation to her scientific bent. In the entrance to the chapel was a large blow up of a Schulz cartoon (I hope!) where the characters wondered who had lit the explosive for the Big Bang. One of them decided it must have been God.. " well then, where did he buy the matches?..... " After the service we had very nice pink bubbly and cake, because we wanted to celebrate Sue Clennell's impending move to live nearer to her daughter. Sue isn't yet sure of the date – we all know how difficult it is to be certain about anything when house sales are involved!. Whenever it is, she can be sure that the good wishes of the Fulwood Congregation will follow her.

I was rather remiss in not taking as many photos as I should have, but there are a few candid camera shots taken from my seat in the coffee room (and yes, I triumphantly arose from it at the end without having to accept the several proffered arms....)








Pictures (on the previous page): *a little snippet of the chapel through the door from the coffee room. A row of umbrellas – Hucklow prepared for any weather. Sue Clennel with Nigel, and Rod in the background; Sue with Tim – she was telling us some fascinating tales of her childhood; Judith with Christine and Tim. Sorry I managed to give the waste bin pride of place. There is also a picture of the Peace Wheel, created by the Foy Society on their latest visit to the Nightingale Centre.*



Although there are no public Bank Holidays in September, there are still cultural and seasonal events, including those connected with the Harvest. We don't see the big harvest festival events so much these days – there are fewer chapels and churches to celebrate them apart from anything else! We still celebrate ours in a very much more restrained way then we used to do: our harvest decorations could be what I can only describe as exuberant! Driving around the countryside and through small villages though we can still see gratitude for a good harvest celebrated. In the Peak District of course we also have the well dressings which take place through the summer, some early in September. Judith Short has been asked this year to be the celebrant at the blessing of the Great Hucklow wells. (The picture is just an example of a well, unidentified).

One of the fairly recent September events which is becoming a tradition, is the Heritage Weekends. Historical buildings all over the country open during the month. We haven't always opened at Fulwood, but I can remember once we did, when it coincided with our Harvest Festival. Eric Timmons and I were manning the doors, not being exactly crowded out as it was a rotten damp day, when who should walk in but Sir Derek Jacobi, appearing in The Tempest at the Crucible, and out walking his dog in the park. If you look in the visitor's book you will see his signature, which Eric had the sense to obtain while I stood there and burbled....

This year Fulwood is going to open its doors, and there will be a display covering our history, first designed and created by Susie Ince. My word, we miss her skills – but it's good still to be able to celebrate her contributions to the chapel. Upper Chapel will also be opening, this year on Saturday and on Sunday afternoon, but the weekend before ours (Sept 12/13).

Fulwood Old Chapel will be hosting Heritage Open Days 1-5pm on Saturday/ Sunday 19-20 September. We will offer refreshments and an exhibition (created by Susie Ince) about the history of Chapel and Fulwood. **We will need help. If you can spare some time, please put the dates in your diary and your name on the list in the Chapel or contact Tim.**

Blast from the Past

This segment is from a 2010 issue of The Messenger

Dawn Buckle, for many years Chair of the Unitarian Education and Training Commission, took our service on July 11th and was able to present seven members of Junior Chapel with Chalice Award Bronze Certificates. Junior Chapel Leader Brian Holmshaw was on hand to explain the work the children had been doing and their plans for the future.

Now that Junior Chapel has a new dedicated room, they are planning a mural for one of the walls and a special garden just outside their front door!
Dawn presented awards to Jo Cleobury-Jones, Lucy Cleobury-Jones, Alice Cleobury-Jones, Ted Barganski, Anna Barganski, Rose Holmshaw, Elly Holmshaw.





Some very young faces – including the handsome young man standing at the back there ... We seem not to have photographs of all the children, which is a pity.

Speaking of young faces, it's worth remembering that we start aging on the day we're born, and we can't do much about it. However, it isn't all bad when you consider the alternative...

This last few months, as chapel people have realised, I've had to depend heavily on others, first even for getting around, before I was able to drive again, and then, until quite recently, hauling me off the chairs, bringing me my coffee as I can't carry it while using two sticks... etc etc. Earlier this year I suddenly went into the doldrums, feeling useless, helpless, a burden to others. It was PTSD, I was told. Anyway, I met with such kindness that I really had no option but to give myself a shake and come out of it, which I did. Nowadays I feel as well as I have for years. However, the temporary (and unusual for me) resistance to depending on others made me reflect on how difficult this can be for many elderly, or aging, people. Sarah Tinker recently sent me some readings to help me with a service I was putting together, and this piece was amongst them. I thought that it would be useful to share it here.

Thomas Ryan on accepting being dependent upon others.

Little by Little, Accept Depending on Others and Not Just on Yourself

"Learning this is particularly difficult for those of us who, for diverse reasons, are accustomed to taking care of things by ourselves. Autonomy, whether driving or walking or preparing our own meals, is one of the things we cherish most dearly. Clinging to it when we no longer have alertness or flexibility can become a new source of suffering. It is a lesson we must inevitably learn. The fruit of this learning is to one day consent to letting go, to accept that we are no longer in control, and to gratefully receive what is given.

"As we age, the real task of life and love is to continually hand over, without bitterness, regret, or envy, all the things that were once so much our own: power, attention, popularity, usefulness, turf of every sort. It's something we will have to work at. Disability, inactivity, hopelessness, helplessness, anger at being dependent, and even feelings of worthlessness are the stuff of depression. Resistance to aging thrives on the assumption that somehow this should not be happening to me. But aging is a part of life. It calls forth from us a new level of honesty, openness, and willingness to face the inevitable. While we do not get to choose when or how we are going to die, we can decide how we are going to live.

"A good strategy is to cultivate friendships not only with those of our own age, but also with those who are both younger and older than ourselves. We can

draw upon the wisdom and experience of our seniors and learn from their coping skills. And since one of the least attractive aspects of aging is the feeling that one is no longer up to date, younger friends can serve as mentors and coaches to keep us in the game with digital technology that enables us to stay connected.

"The aged person is no longer defined by possessions, but by this new capacity to receive gracefully what is offered. One enters into a gratuitous world where everything is given and nothing is owed. In the ordinariness of daily life, this experience can open to a deepening of the spiritual life in which one simply allows oneself to be cared for.

"We are called at this time in our lives to bless others, especially the young, by admiring their energy, beauty, and achievement without envy or bitterness. This involves saying what John the Baptist said when Jesus appeared: 'He must increase and I must decrease.' "

That seems to me to represent some very good advice. I hope you agree.

What the Bible says about living with changes in our lives or the world about us:

- ***Hebrews 13:8:** "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever."*
- ***Malachi 3:6:** "I the Lord do not change."*
- ***Psalm 102:25-27:** "In the beginning you laid the foundations of the earth... They will perish, but you remain... you will never end."*

Personal Transformation in a Changing World

- ***Romans 12:2:** "Do not conform to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind."*
- ***Ezekiel 36:26:** "I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit in you."*

Hope for the Future

- ***Isaiah 43:19:** "See, I am doing a new thing! Now it springs up; do you not perceive it?"*
- ***Revelation 21:5:** "He who was seated on the throne said, 'I am making everything new!' "*
- ***Matthew 24:35:** "Heaven and earth will pass away, but my words will never pass away."*



"A Penny for the Guy"

I'd guess that it's a very long time since you've heard those words! You might not even have noticed the demise of the scruffy urchins with the old pram and a bundle of old clothes stuffed with newspaper or straw and a paper bag head with its carefully drawn face and even possibly wearing its young creator's knitted balaclava.

Until the late 50's they were a regular feature of early November. The money collected – little enough – was spent on the fireworks on sale for just a few days each year, and set off carefully around the family or neighbourhood bonfire. The guy was burned in the top of the fire (possibly having had his balaclava wrested back by a prudent Mum). Oddly enough, few people saw more than a bit of fun in the spectacle of burning a human effigy ...

These days Penny for the Guy has largely slipped into obscurity and as firework safety increased, the ability for children to buy fireworks was revoked. You'd need a year's collecting, anyway, to pay for the modern high explosives which come at a huge price. A growing number of parents decided not to continue the old tradition, believing that burning an effigy upon a bonfire could be seen as violent. It is. Awful. Yet look at the contrast between the street violence and general criminality now and the comparatively innocent days when we were leaping around our gruesome burning guys. Street begging, as it was, however innocent, is also frowned upon. Nowadays we are accosted on our doorsteps by small vampires, ghosts and superheroes with threats of retribution if we don't produce sweets and treats... That's come from the USA. So that's all right, then.

Next Messenger

As you could not fail to have noticed, I had very few contributions for this issue. Could you please have a look for something to put into our next, winter, issue? I'd be very VERY grateful for contributions between now and the middle of October. Let's say Oct 19, shall we? PLEEEEEEASE.



I always forget, when I'm preparing this issue, that we'll be running over into November and thus the solemn and yet triumphal nature of Armistice Day and Remembrance Sunday. It's the occasion when we start our service ten minutes early to allow for the two minute act of remembrance at 11 a.m., being observed at Cenotaphs and in churches throughout the country and the Commonwealth. I always watch the London ceremony on the TV (nothing personal, Janet), and am always moved by it. I used to admire the wonderfully resonant and mellifluous tones of the previous Bishop of London as he spoke the famous Binyon words. There are still surviving veterans of WW11, and some of them will certainly be joining the march past this year. The ceremony was first held in the 1920s and has continued almost unchanged since then. I'm just wondering whether our joint GA Presidents will both be present to lay the wreath representing our denomination. I doubt we'll be allowed two, so I'm waiting to see whether Alec or Jean appears from that famous doorway. I'm sure there'll be no arguments between them, but I can't help recalling the moment at GA when Alec was given the official chain of office and Jean a substitute, and a female voice from behind me huffed 'well of course, the man gets the real one...'. I don't like to think of her reaction if Alec gets the wreath!! ***Above is a picture of both chains of office. Jean found hers at a craft fair!***

They shall not grow old,
as we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them.

Laurence Binyon.



‘I was delighted to receive this from Philippa Shewry’.

Rituals have always been an important part of religious practice, and I find it interesting to see how some are still going strong after hundreds of years, while others quietly disappear. The story of the ‘sin eaters’ fits into the second category, thankfully I think!

In 2018, archaeologists moving bodies for reburial from a 19th-century cemetery in Birmingham to make way for the new HS2 station were puzzled to find several that had plates on their laps. Then someone remembered a curious custom from the nearby Welsh Marches – that of the village “sin-eater”. A plate of bread and salt would be placed on the deceased’s lap while they were lying in repose. Just before the coffin was closed and the funeral cortege set off for the church, the village sin-eater arrived, ate the bread and was given some coins and a glass of ale for their trouble. The belief was that the deceased’s sins were absorbed by the salt and transferred into the bread, and then into the sin-eater.

Sin-eaters were usually elderly and destitute, and glad to have the money – not to mention the free food and drink. The price they paid was to be shunned by their community because of their macabre associations. The last known sin-eater was Richard Munslow, who died aged 73 in 1906. Sin-eating reminds us that, more than anything else, even the most staid of religions – in this case, Anglicanism – can be associated with surprisingly curious beliefs and rituals.

Perhaps because of this, it has often been claimed that religious belief arises from ignorance and superstition. If that were the case, you might expect religion to gradually fade away as societies became better educated and more scientifically oriented.

There are at least two reasons, however, why religions persist. One is the fact that, on average, religious people are generally happier, healthier and live longer. For better or for worse, they also have easier deaths when the time comes. The other is that religious people are more likely to feel that they belong to a community. In a survey I ran, those who reported attending religious services were depressed less frequently, felt their lives were more worthwhile, were more engaged with their local community, and felt greater trust towards others. These enormous benefits mean not only that religion has enduring appeal, but that religious practices make you “fit” in the evolutionary sense – and thus they tend to stick.

Cheers, Philippa

TOURIST OR PILGRIM?

From Robert Ince

Why do you go on holiday? Where do you go on holiday?
When you're working and have children, you want a rest – to do nothing and a change of scenery, preferably into warmer climes, though it can be too warm to enjoy. This year maybe Sheffield has had the perfect temperature, so better stay at home then?

For those of us who have more time on our hands, whose children have flown the nest, no longer wish to sit on a Spanish beach and get sunburnt, we begin to look for something different. It comes in many forms. For some a cruise will do the trick – too much food and drink on offer, but plenty of entertainment and you get to see the world. Doesn't work for everyone, including me.






I don't like to be organised, never have. I like to go where I please, stay a little longer when something piques my interest and not follow a guide around with a flag and twenty other people. I have seen it so often and on occasion experienced it, but it certainly is my preferred approach.

My best holidays have been where I meet somebody who lives in the place either on my own or with a couple of other people and can ask question can choose to stop and linger and can go off in another direction if it pleases. Better still, go on holiday hoping for some fundamentally new experience.

So, this year I went to Japan. Not the first time I'd been, but I went as a pilgrim of sorts, with a small group of people to study Japanese Buddhism and Shinto, the traditional religion of Japan. I consider myself fortunate that through my work with the IARF (International Association for Religious Freedom) We have plenty of contacts in Japan who we were able to meet and who organised all the travel. We were studying for a PhD, but rather getting a new insight into life from a culture fundamentally different from ours.

So, yes, we did see Mount Fuji and travel on a bullet train. We did go to Hiroshima

and experience the peace park and we did eat a lot of Japanese food, which by the way is wonderful, but you can have it too often.

But more importantly, we travelled into areas the most tourists would never get to. We met people, spiritual leaders, that others would never meet and we were shown things that are normally hidden from public view. It was a great privilege and everybody went home feeling that they had experienced something new and that it had changed their life in some way or other. That surely is the essence of being pilgrim.

Have you noticed that an awful lot of Autumnal poetry is terribly depressing? While some of it is lovely, like the season itself, some of it lingers far too much on dying away ...

These are a bit happier:

Plums

Gillian Clarke

When their time comes they fall
without wind, without rain.
They seep through the trees' muslin
in a slow fermentation.
Daily the low sun warms them
in a late love that is sweeter
than summer. In bed at night
we hear heartbeat of fruitfall.
The secretive slugs crawl home
to the burst honeys, are found
in the morning mouth on mouth,
inseparable.
We spread patchwork counterpanes
for a clean catch. Baskets fill,
never before such harvest,
such a hunters' moon burning
the hawthorns, drunk on syrups
that are richer by night
when spiders pitch
tents in the wet grass.
This morning the red sun
is opening like a rose
on our white wall, prints there
the fishbone shadow of a fern.
The early blackbirds fly
guilty from a dawn haul
of fallen fruit. We too
breakfast on sweetnesses.
Soon plum trees will be bone,
grown delicate with frost's
formalities. Their black
angles will tear the snow.



The Turning Leaf



The green of summer starts to fade,
A softer light in every glade.
The evening breeze grows crisp and clear,
To whisper that the autumn's here.



September's Threshold

The sun still warms the afternoon,
But chilly stars greet every moon.
The golden days begin to lean,
With hints of amber in the green.

The Changing Wind



A final sigh from August heat,
As fallen leaves dance at our feet.
The morning mist begins to rise,
Underneath the cooler skies.

Whim Wood

Katherine Towers



into the coppery halls
of beech and intricate oak
to be close to the trees
as they whisper together
let fall their leaves,
and we die for the winter



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For personalised ceremonies and hire of the Chapel or Old Schoolroom, please email
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Fulwood Old Chapel



Built 1728-1729

Services and Service Leaders

Sunday services at 11.00 am (unless shown otherwise) 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.

September 2026

6th - Rev. Sarah Tinker

13th - TBA

20th - Janet Rowson

27th - Christine Hyde

October

4th - Harvest Festival - Rev. Sarah Tinker

11th - Susan Toulson

18th - Peter Rowson

25th - Rev. Maria Pap

November

1st - Marie Fitzpatrick

8th - Remembrance Sunday - Peter Rowson 10.50am

15th - Jane Moore

22nd - Rev. Maria Pap

29th - Judith Short

www.fulwoodoldchapel.uk