Spring 2026

The Fulwood Messenger

"Where flowers bloom, so does hope"

Lady Bird Johnson (1912-2007)

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





Message from the Chair



Dear All,

It is strange that when you read this spring will be round the corner, January has just let us out of her grip and now to me it is midwinter, although, although, the days are stretching and Christmas and the dark days needed to be lit with lights is far behind us.

I have just come back from Kerala in India, a Southern state dominated by water. One of the richest in the country, it boasts a high literacy rate and a well educated population. There were many different religions, but a huge number of Christian churches, their congregations being the wealthiest. Many of our nurses have been educated in Kerala. The main language is Malayalam, similar to Sanskrit, but many other languages are spoken too. The diversity of the population is mirrored in the varied landscapes. There are huge mountains and lush tea plantations as well as big rivers and flat lands with paddy fields, canals and waterways. Our houseboat experience was amazing. There is also a long coastline with beautiful sandy beaches lined with coconut trees. It was a great tour, lots of sitting in a coach but well worth it. I think I will be giving curries a miss for the near future though!

We have had a few changes in the roles of the committee and I want to take this opportunity to thank Anne for all her hard work as warden, Nigel has very kindly stepped up to take on that role. We are now zooming from the back of the chapel which is aesthetically more pleasing but has not been without its teething problems. The heating is performing a bit better now and hopefully if it gets a bit warmer it may be less of an issue.

We are very pleased to welcome Sue back after her adventures on holiday and the traumas she has endured. Also a very happy 80th birthday to her to too which was at the end of April. Tim is recovering

well from his broken arm and it is lovely to have Judith back in chapel regularly.

Peter does a marvellous job making sure we have enough preachers for our weekly services, anyone is welcome to take one or help to. Thank you to everyone making a contribution to the chapel , even if that is just coming on a regular basis.

We have had the pleasure of welcoming a new grandson, as a proud grandma I've got to include a photo.

I include a poem on hope later in the messenger, spring always brings hope, hope of warmer weather, new growth, a chance to breathe that sweet perfume of grass and trees.

Jane



Kip

Thank you, Jane I'm delighted to share my birthday with your new grandson!

I'm sorry that this edition of The Messenger is very late. I've been out of circulation, as they say, after an accident while on holiday in Tunisia in November. It resulted in two weeks in hospital out there, then a stretcher transfer home by private jet (get me!), five weeks in hospital here and now at home taking my time about recovering! I won't tell the long and convoluted tale of my adventures (or misadventures) here, but let me urge anyone travelling anywhere this summer to make sure you have your travel insurance firmly in place! I think that I would have been in Tunisia still if I hadn't had very good cover.

That stretcher transfer home alone cost £40,000... As things get more expensive and finances tighter, it must be very tempting to risk going without the insurance. I have nightmares thinking about what I would have done without the wonderful service provided by my insurer! I'd have been passing the hat in hope, I think! While I'm on the subject, my heartfelt thanks are due for the many acts of kindness I've received from Fulwood friends, since the early days to the present, (I'm still not quite recovered). I've been very traumatised, and kind words and actions have helped hugely to get me back onto an even keel (mentally if not yet physically!).

The Chapel Christmas Meal

The Chapel Christmas Meal, once again organised by Nigel, took place in the Chapel again this year, provided by very capable caterers working in our own kitchen. They even took away all the used crockery/utensils afterwards to wash on their own premises. The food was very good. I know all this because I was told, as I was in hospital at the time so missed it! Janet and Peter visited me afterwards, bringing me mince pies and chocolate teddies from the table. I was also sent some photos of the event and I'm sorry, but I can't find them now!! Completely disappeared into the ether!

Hope

by Iris Jubb

This poem first appeared in the BUF News, June 2023. The author, Iris Jubb, was 11 years old when she wrote it, making her our youngest Worship Words author so far.

Hope is a sea birds eyes, cold and lost
Hope is a heartbroken love
High in the heavens above
Hope is a heartbroken love
High in the heavens above
Hope is the snow and the frost hiding love and loss
Hope is a small green bud lifting the soil
Hopefully with a plan like that it won't foil
Hope is dark grey skies
clearing before your eyes
Hope is clean crisp air on a spring morn
Hopefully you will
cherish it till dawn
There is hope within

Even when the leaves fall to the ground
beauty can still be found
Even when the warmth goes to sleep
Hope is something you can always keep
There is hope within

When people think all hope is lost remember
All cold hearts will defrost
And a spark of magic hides
When the cold and damp seeps in
Hope lights a fire inside
So remember when the sorrowed bird sings
There is hope within

Candlemas

A date last week which should be celebrated was, as usual, ignored. Candlemas, on February 2nd, is traditionally the day on which Christians remember the presentation of baby Jesus at the temple, but the reason I think it should have a place in the calendar is that February is the month when we most need cheering up. Sharp frost and clear winter days have been replaced by mud- and this year enough rain to launch a flotilla of arks.

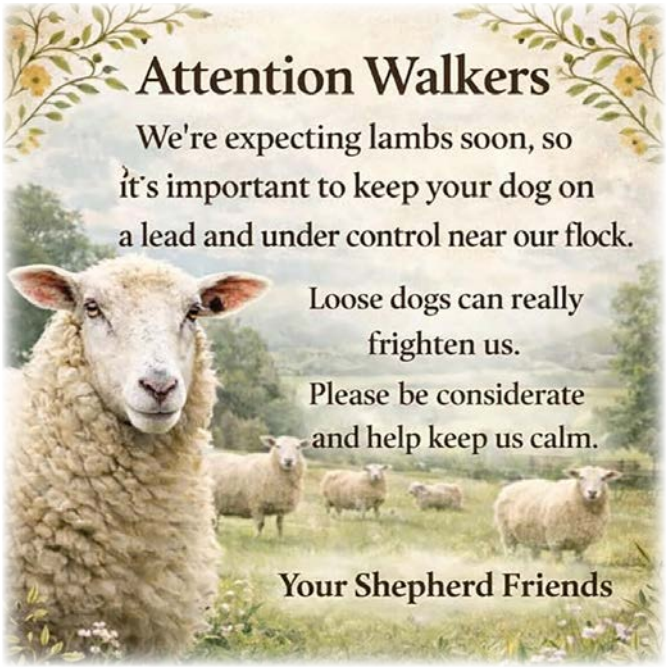
Candlemas! Even the name, full of warmth and light, is encouraging. When I am dictator, all households will be compelled to display open flames in their front windows on dank and depressing February evenings and to hell with health and safety!

Emma Duncan
The Times, February 9th

Thank you for sending this, Philippa.

Sue Hedges asked me to enclose this reminder.

Gladly done.



Seeing the 'Attention Walkers' notice on the previous page,, this song came irresistibly to mind. In my memory it seems to be linked to Sunday evenings and an old fashioned radio .... What a pity I can't reproduce the melody for you.

All in the April evening,
April airs are abroad.
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.
All in the April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.
The lambs were weary and crying
With a weak human cry:
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.
Up in the blue, blue mountains,
Dewy pastures are sweet.
Rest for the little bodies
Rest for the little feet.
But for the lamb, the Lamb of God
Up on the hilltop green,
Only a cross, a cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.
All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
I saw the sheep with the lambs
And thought on the Lamb of God

Writer: Hugh Stevenson Roberton



You can find a few choral renditions of this lovely song on the internet.

I'm indebted to Sarah Tinker for the following.

Sarah's Offerings for The Messenger

Marking The Days

This carving is thought to be some 25,000 years ago. Carved in limestone in the Dordogne, we will probably never fully comprehend its significance to the people who created it. It shows a woman turning towards a horn she holds. The horn has thirteen carved notches on it. A lunar calendar? A menstrual cycle? Connected with fertility, with goddess worship perhaps?



Photo, with thanks to the DonsMaps website, which has extensive information about prehistoric sites and carvings.

Since we'll never know for sure, I like to think of this carving as showing an early calendar of some kind, a way of marking the passing of time. Who was it, back in the mists of time, who first marked a special day? A birth, a death, an anniversary, an event that meant something to the people of that tribe?

Marking the days is a way we strengthen human connection, forge bonds, awaken awareness, share both our griefs and our joys. I'll be looking at ways we humans mark the days in two services this spring. Why not put these dates on your calendar and join us at Fulwood Old Chapel on March 8th and May 3rd. In March we'll be celebrating International Women's Day and thinking of ways to appreciate the Spring Equinox, as light returns to our northern lands. In May we'll mark the pagan festival of Beltane and connect it with many other festivals, religious and political. What does May Day mean for you?

If you're someone who'd like to get more involved in service leading here at the chapel do get in touch. Maybe you'd like to do a reading or write a prayer, or a reflective piece about your own 'marking of the days'. Send me an email.

When we take note of particular days, it helps us to pay attention to life itself. What are you noticing in life? Beyond the grim news we too often hear or read about, our planet continues to turn, and our lives are lived out in small moments and unexpected encounters. Let's tell each other what we are appreciating in our lives and share all that lifts our spirits, however small and inconsequential it may seem.

Author Paulo Coelho suggests that 'when every day seems the same, it is because we have stopped noticing the good things that appear in our lives'. Or maybe it's because we have become experts at finding something special in every single day! Something to discuss over a cup of tea. See you at the chapel.

Some Unitarian Groups & Resources Online

Staff at our Unitarian headquarters send out a monthly email that's full of news about our Unitarian movement, called Uni-News. You can sign up for this email on our national Unitarian website

https://www.unitarian.org.uk/

or simply by doing a search online for Unitarians UK. Signing up for this one email a month is a great way to get a bit more involved with our wider movement and to hear of interesting events and useful trainings and resources.

Have you heard of the Findhorn Unitarian Network? It's group aimed at people who share the Findhorn Community's values alongside their Unitarian connections. The Findhorn Community has its base on the Moray Firth up in north east Scotland and has a worldwide community committed to three core principles that guide its spiritual and ecological life: Inner Listening (tuning into inner guidance), Co-creation with Nature (collaborating with the intelligence of nature), and Work as Love in Action (performing service with love). These values underpin their dedication to conscious living and sustainability.

The Findhorn Unitarian Network offer free monthly meditations on the third Saturday of the month at 10am and the following Tuesday at 9.30am.

These are led by a variety of facilitators, and use a variety of meditation practices to help us calm and focus. If you'd like to sign up for these meditations, just send an email to **funtomeditate@gmail.com** and you'll receive a monthly Zoom link. You then don't need to register, simply turn up online if you want to join in that month.

There's another weekly meditation on offer called **Together in Meditation** , that meets online every Thursday at 7.15pm for a 7.30pm start. This group is also open to all and offers a shared meditative practice online. It's offered by the long-running Meditational Fellowship alongside GA staff member Lizzie Kingston Harrison, Unitarian minister Sheena Gabriel and her partner Dr Rob Oulton, who is a climate activist and trained in mindfulness. You can find our more with this web link:

https://www.unitarian.org.uk/event/together-in-meditation/

Thank you, Sarah. It's so good to have you keeping an eye on us!



Submissions for the next edition of The Messenger

Thank you to anyone who has contributed to this edition. Please continue to do so, and do join in if you haven't so far! I'm conscious that we have a poetry group and a writing group amongst our chapel activities: I'd be **really** willing (possibly deliriously happy) to print anything produced or examined there. Please try to get anything for the next edition (early summer) to me by the **middle of April.** Yes I know it isn't far in front of the time you're reading this, but I'd like to try to get the next one out in reasonable time.

You can send items to me at susantoulson@gmail.com
or by text message to 07971 924 329
You can send me items by post, of course, too.

Not a Rehearsal

By Joanne Moore

The star of this story;
It's all about you,
The co-stars, the scenery,
Are all yours to choose,
The world is your critic,
Writing constant reviews,
Create your own happy ending,
Show them dreams do come true.

Thrust into the limelight,
The saga begins,
You can't hide in the shadows,
Or wait in the wings,
You don't know how to act,
How to dance or to sing,
But the curtain goes up,
And you must do your thing.

This is no dress rehearsal,
You're there on the stage,
The main leading character,
In your own dramatic play,
The script is unwritten,
It unfolds day by day,
But the show must go on,
And the audience won't wait.

This is improvisation,
And things will go wrong,
You'll tire of the spotlight,
But you must carry on,
Perhaps it's a musical,
Your life set to song,
A comedy? A romance?
It can be what you want.

Unsure of the plot?
Or can't remember your lines?
They said "Break a leg!"
" 'Be alright on the night!"
Just enjoy your performance,
Push aside that stage fright,
And keep them all entertained,
As you act out your life!

Now comes the finale;
Your last encore and bow,
Keep the audience guessing,
About what happens now,
Make them laugh, make them cry,
Not a dry eye in the house,
And leave life's great stage,
Before the ovation dies out!

Ovation coming from me, Joanne! Great to have a new contributor. Readers note that Joanne will be performing poetry solo and collaboratively at the Shelter event advertised on the next page.



There are over **19,000** households on the waiting list for social housing in Sheffield.

Join **Shelter** for an evening of spoken word and live panel discussion on what needs to happen to change this.

FREE TICKETS:

Tickets also available on the door

I receive messages from Geraldine Bennet, who is the Nethergreen and Ranmoor Litter Picking and Recycling group lead. (nethergreenlitterpickers@gmail.com) They're very active in our area. Here is some news I didn't know about...

Exciting news about recycling in Sheffield from 31/3/26:

Brown Bins

From March 31, residents can add plastic pots, tubs, trays, aerosols, foil, and cartons into their brown bins. This means much more common plastic waste from supermarkets as well as items like empty deodorant cans, aluminium foil, and yoghurt pots. Households will also be able to request an additional brown bin.

Blue Bins

In March, residents can double the size of their existing 140-litre blue bin by swapping it for a 240-litre one. Residents can also keep their existing blue bin for storage if they want to.

Food Waste will not be collected by Veolia in Sheffield, as I understand that Sheffield has been granted an exemption.

I would encourage you to report potholes and leaves on the pavements to the council via SCC or the Fix My Street app. Both these hazards once identified, will be logged and a plan put in place to address them.

***Apologies** if you've already had this information from elsewhere, but I thought it was too useful to miss! Bins are an endless source of interest, somehow!*





Putting the clocks FORWARD

In the past, people generally lived their lives as dictated by daylight. However, by the 19th century many people lived by the clock. Standard times were adopted in response to the spread of railways and telegraphic communications. In 1880 in Britain the clocks were set to Greenwich Mean Time (i.e. when the sun is at its highest in the sky it is 12 noon at Greenwich). A problem of using GMT – and isn't there always a problem with anything new? - was that it was light by 3 a.m. and dark at 9 p.m. at midsummer at Greenwich. Times of work, study, sport, religious observance and sleep were becoming normalised nationally and could not easily be altered with the seasons. People's daily pattern no longer fitted with the natural day. It was a costly mismatch in terms of use of artificial light and lost opportunities for evening sports and recreation. Neverthless, it continued until the major conflict which was WW1 necessitated changes.

British Summer Time (BST) was first implemented in the UK on May 21, 1916, following a campaign by builder William Willett, who published "The Waste of Daylight" in 1907; to maximize daylight, conserve coal during World War I, and improve productivity. (There is a popular misconception that it was for farmers, but this isn't the case. Farmers don't like the dark mornings.) Germany introduced the addition of 1 hour first in April 1916 (although I can't imagine that they dubbed it British summer time), followed quickly by the UK in May 1916. The clocks advance one hour (GMT+1) in spring and return to GMT in autumn. Notably, "Double Summer Time" (two hours ahead of GMT in summer, one hour ahead in winter) was used during WWII, and a three-year experiment, to reduce traffic accidents, from 1968–1971 kept clocks at GMT +1 year-round. I remember that, do you?

There was concern about dark mornings, when children were going to school, and there was a little epidemic of reflective belts and stickers. People who worked in areas without windows to the outside – and this included people in department stores, some offices, warehouses, and me – found themselves going to work in the dark and coming home in the dark too until the days lengthened. Scotland particularly campaigned to have the experiment stopped.

Since 2002, the UK has aligned with EU directives for the start (last Sunday in March) and end (last Sunday in October) dates.



The clock shown above, if you look carefully, has two minute hands, a red one and a black one, showing at 10.57 and 10.47 respectively. The clock is on the Corn Exchange in Bristol: the red hand shows GMT, the black hand Bristol time, set by local solar time.

Before the need for time to be standardised nationally-for transport timetables for example- there was no reason why areas where the sun was highest a few minutes earlier or later than London should set their clocks to be the same as London. So they didn't. Bristol was ten minutes behind London and, judging by this clock, were not particularly keen to toe the GMT line.



Spring
has come when you
can put your foot
on three daisies.

Old Country saying

Because this edition is late, I'm not sure that you will receive it before Easter, if not, here are a few reflections...

Easter

The faith of Easter is that beyond darkness there is light, beyond sorrow there is joy, beyond death there is life.

Cliff Reed

The Good Friday side of life is where we find each other touch each other and realise we are not alone.

Ric Masten

Easter

*I'm of the opinion that it's not possible to declare truthfully 'Unitarians believe that ….'. '**Some** Unitarians may be of the opinion that……. ' **(possibly…)** is about as far as I would dare to go, I think! We are, after all, individuals and allowed to have our own ideas. Easter, and how we approach it, is always a vexed question. This (below) came from t'internet. The writer(s) seem less inclined than I would be to insert words like 'may be', 'perhaps','some'…*

Unitarians and, in the USA, Unitarian Universalists (UUs) celebrate Easter as an often, metaphorical triumph of love, hope, and life over death, rather than a literal, physical resurrection of Jesus. It focuses on themes of renewal, the rebirth of nature, and the capacity for transformation in human lives, often incorporating secular spring traditions. For many, it is a time to reflect on how to create "beloved community" and bring about justice in the world, inspired by the spirit of Jesus.

Key aspects of Unitarian \UU Easter celebrations include:

- *Metaphorical Interpretation: The resurrection is viewed as a story of new beginnings, transforming despair into hope.*
- *Reclaiming Traditions: UUs may use traditional symbols like eggs (representing new life) and flowers to signify the arrival of spring.*
- *Focus on Humanity: The focus is often on the lessons of Jesus's life and death rather than a miraculous, divine intervention.*
- *Community and Reflection: Services often emphasize personal growth, community, and the ongoing, human work of "rolling back the stone" (i.e., overcoming obstacles).*

***Courage.** I've been dipping into the Winter Olympics coverage recently. I'm open mouthed at the instincts which cause apparently sane humans to fling themselves headfirst down mountains on 80mph tea trays, to wreck any hopes of having knee joints in the future wriggling round slalom courses, and particularly those who set off on snowboards or short skis to throw themselves high through the air, spinning and*

turning – and landing! I have to say that I find the 'lads' commentating on the snowboarding utterly entertaining, despite the fact that they're apparently speaking a totally new language masquerading as English 'Oh wow! A double switchbackside alley oop on an 18 and winding front side; ran out of pipe, laid it down, oh no, a backside 16.....'
It's a whole new world!!

"There is no creature whose inward being is so strong that it is not greatly determined by what lies outside it."
(from George Elliot's "Middlemarch")

From the Past

This time I'm including items which appeared in the then bi-monthly Messenger from ***March 2010.*** *(I think Philippa was the editor at the time).*

First a photo from a meal out at the Castle in Bradway (it's closed now). What a difference 16 years have made: 6 of the 9 friends in the foreground have now passed away from us. I think I can see Gavin and Nigel in the background and I'm not sure who is sitting opposite Nigel. Gone, but not forgotten, are Malcolm and Sheila Ellis, Margaret Sanderson, Judy Witham, Anne Eyre and Jean Mason.



"I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavours to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. ... In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty, nor weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them."

From Thoreau's 'Walden' which Peter Rowson had submitted.

I think you'll find this interview with Priscilla Cottrell interesting. She suffered considerable deafness in her later years, but she met it head on and dealt with it...

Interview with Priscilla

Priscilla Cottrell celebrated her 90th birthday recently and in an effort to understand the difficulties she faces in coping with her deafness, Robert Ince chatted to her about it recently.

Have you always had hearing problems?

Quite the opposite. It was only in later years that my hearing started to deteriorate, maybe 10 or 15 years ago. Prior to that my hearing was very good. In 1938, I was studying German in Vienna when Hitler invaded so my parents suggested it was time to move. I went to Heidelberg, which appeared to be a safe place because of its University status. I was 17 and stayed with a German family. The daughters were members of the Hitler youth and we went to a Nazi rally. Unfortunately, I didn't get to listen to the main speaker because my friends decided it was a little too dangerous to hang around.

During the war, I joined the WRAF and was stationed at many places around the coast. I had to listen to German air crews talking over the radio, trying to pick up any pieces of useful information. Later on, we were joined by a lot of Jewish girls who had escaped from Germany. They were far better than I was, because German was their mother tongue. I learnt a lot from listening to them. But now my eyes are also very bad, so it does limit how much I can do.

How do you feel about that?

Well, I'm philosophical about it actually. Things are always going to get worse as you get older and I just have to adjust my life accordingly. There are days of course when I don't feel good about it at all, but on the whole I know I must just get on the best I can. It's no use feeling sorry for yourself!

Do you listen to much music these days?

Yes, I do. In fact I listen to the radio far more than I do television. Usually Classic FM or Radio 3. Sometimes Radio 4. Living on my own now, it's good to have something in the background. But, you know, there is the bliss of solitude. I think it was Wordsworth whose poem started "I wandered lonely as a cloud that floats on high o'er vales and hills, and goes on to say "That inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude." I read a lot more poetry these days. I find that reading is easier than listening because if I miss something I can always go back and read it again. If you miss it on the radio or television, it's gone!

What about the problems of coming to the services at chapel on a Sunday?

To be honest, I come mostly for the friendship these days. I do enjoy the hymns and I can sit next to Joe (Woodhouse) and compare notes. With not being able to see very well, it is rather difficult to join in like I used to. And it is not just a question of volume - hearing also depends on the voice of the person taking the service. It is clarity rather than loudness. Enunciation is also very important. Missing the first few words makes it a lot more difficult to get the gist of what is being said.

It is very helpful when people tell me beforehand the theme of the service and also the hymns, because I can't see the board at the front of the chapel. Strangely enough, I also find my hearing problems affect my balance, so standing up proves difficult too.

The hardest thing, however, is being in a room with a lot of people because with my hearing aids, I can't work out where each separate noise is coming from. It just ends up as an awful wall of sound. Just one person talking is so much easier, even on television.

I'm aware that some or our current congregation won't remember Priscilla, which is a pity. I had a lot of respect for her. I also had a lot of respect, and affection for Norah Hague. When the Spring 2010 edition was published, she had just passed away. Here is the tribute which appeared. It was written by Gavin Mason.

Nora Hague (21 September 1912 to 25 February 2010)

Nora Hague grew up in Rotherham and there attended a Congregational church. On our way back from district events in Doncaster, we used to divert through Rotherham and she showed me where she went to school, played in the park and went to the Congregationalists. She came with her husband, Clifford, when his work with the Yorkshire Penny Bank brought him to Sheffield. They watched from across the valley at High Storrs as their new home in Whitfield Road was built in the 1930s. The family endured the Sheffield blitz and, no doubt also, the worry over her brother, Ralph, serving in the RAF.

It was later in the early 1950s that Rev Fred Sokell came to her door and said that he understood that she had 3 boys (Graham, David & Howard) and he had come for them to join his Sunday School!

This was the means by which Nora and Clifford were brought into the life of Fulwood Old Chapel and they made many friends in the congregation (The Dandos, Durrants, Foxes, Marsdens & Westons, among others) and Nora became a leading member in the Women's League. She was Women's League Secretary locally, with district posts and helped to support Mrs Sokell when she was the National President.

The Hague family were the backbone of the Chapel and the mainstay of the congregation when numbers fell in the late 1970s and early 1980s and she and her family were, in a very real sense, responsible for maintaining the life of the Chapel; and indeed its very existence as a place of worship when things were at a low ebb.

Nora was unofficially in charge of the kitchen and she was always willing for anyone to stay and talk but they were found a 'little job' to do! This led later to the sketch in the Women's concert with the 'Fulwood Fairies', led by Nora.

Nora was a tower of strength in the Sales of work, necessary to raise the money to keep the Chapel going. Judy & then Gill were welcomed into the Hague family. Judy joined Fulwood and became Secretary to the congregation, Gill

being involved in Unitarianism at Hinckley and Kensington.

Until recently, Nora was a Trustee of the William Ronksley Trust, which is the owner of the Chapel buildings, which she served faithfully. She was also a member of the Chapel Committee for very many years, as Women's League representative until ill health caused her to relinquish this appointment and also undertook the task of Distribution Secretary for the Messenger, the 'Unitarian' & the 'Enquirer'.

I remember Nora's welcome, first to me in 1983 and then to my family when we came in late 1984 to Fulwood. Nora became a surrogate grandmother to both my children, Heather and Andrew, but especially Andrew, as she said that she had had more experience dealing with boys and was less sure what to do with girls. On one occasion, when in her 70s she looked after Andrew for the day, he came home having had a wonderful time and full of the fact that she had played table tennis with him. I will also remember her enthusiasm for her garden.

All of us who are connected with the Chapel are aware of the debt of gratitude that we owe Nora for the support she most generously gave in every aspect of Chapel life. We will miss her and we grieve with her family at her loss and remember her in her better days when she was so full of energy, encouragement and (as a Lancastrian recognising this) giving a very warm Yorkshire welcome to all who came in contact with the Chapel. She was a friend to all my family and to very many others, within and without our Chapel community and a lovely person.

At 97, Nora was the oldest member of the congregation and we give thanks for her very many achievements. She earned our respect and love for who she was and for what she did. Nora would probably have disputed the fact but I believe that she was in every sense an extraordinary person who tackled life with great good humour, determination and hard work. We will all miss her greatly.

Gavin was right all those years ago. We did, and do.

Speaking of memorials, it is the time of our 'ver tempore horribilis' that awful springtime three years ago, when we lost Susie Ince, Roger Webster and Beryl Ramage all within barely more than three weeks. They were survived by Robert, Penny and Michael, to whom we send love. Beryl had no family here, but is fondly remembered by her friends (and many local restaurants....).

Spring Memories



The scent of damp earth wakes the sleeping year,
As daffodils lift golden heads to sky,
The chilly, silent months now disappear,
And lambs beneath the swaying branches lie.
I hear the echoes of a distant song,
Of sunny days when time moved slow and free,
A gentle breeze that carries me along,
To cherished days that still abide with me.
The world, reborn in shades of vivid green,
Invites the heart to cast off winter's grey,
A quiet, hopeful, and renewing scene,
That paints a promise on the edge of day.

Stan Holliday

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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**

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Caroline Thorpe 0114 281 8337 carolinethorpe54@gmail.com

Safeguarding Officer
Sue Toulson 07971 924 329 susantoulson@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.

March 2026

1st - Peter Rowson

8th - Rev. Sarah Tinker

15th - Mothering Sunday - Janet Rowson

22nd - Rev. Maria Pap

29th - Jane Moore

April

5th - Easter Sunday - Peter Rowson

12th - Robert Ince

19th - Peter Rowson

26th - Marie FitzPatrick

www.fulwoodoldchapel.uk