

ST CHAD'S CHURCH, BAGNALL —NEWSLETTER 31.03.24

*He is not here;
he has
Risen!*

Luke 24:6

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☆☆ *A very happy* ☆☆
☆☆ *Easter to everyone at* ☆☆
☆☆ *St Chad's* ☆☆
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St Chad's Easter Garden.....



Good Friday

Easter Sunday—He is risen



Thank you to Judith and Florence for the beautiful Easter Garden.

Clean up 2024

They say that every picture tells a story and a picture speaks a thousand words so here it all is.....





Thank You



PALM SUNDAY



The procession started with palm crosses held high and banners waving. There was loads of laughter and everyone enjoyed themselves despite the cold. Then it was back to church.

I was dry, a bit sunny, but windy and cold. Nevertheless we had a really good crowd of people for the walk around the village (although myself and several other less intrepid individuals stayed in the relative warmth of the church!) Gareth, bless him, was there to lead the procession and he behaved impeccably as always.



A quick trip around the church and a well earned nibble of grass between the daffodils for Gareth!



We had the chance to welcome a couple of visitors to not only the church, but also the area.

This is Keerthana from Bristol and Anie from Birmingham who were holidaying nearby and were drawn to St Chad's.

They were a lovely pair of girls and they stayed to enjoy a cup of tea and a biscuit and a chat to some of the congregation.

I think they will leave the Staffordshire Moorlands with some lovely memories.



A big shout out to Julia, Arnie, Grace and Fred for allowing us all to share in the delight of Gareth, as he led our procession through the village on Palm Sunday. He was so beautifully turned out and looked absolutely splendid. His behaviour was impeccable and he once again stole the show!

I think we must have made quite an eye-catching sight as we walked around Bagnall; 'Gorgeous Gareth' leading an enthusiastic band of parishioners through our lovely little village, waving our ribbon batons and singing!

Esther x



A Trip Back Home

A couple of weeks ago Geoff and I went up to Yorkshire for a few days. Every March we make the pilgrimage to my parents grave. Always on the anniversary of my mum's birthday. This year was no exception except, instead of returning the next day, we decided to stay a few days and catch up with some old friends.

Sunday morning was shrouded in fog and our anticipated journey was one of trepidation. However, as we passed through Buxton (no motorway for us), the fog lifted and we were bathed in glorious sunshine. The Pennines reflected in the still waters of the reservoir and Spring seemed on its way.

Our first stop was the grave at St Helen's church in Wheldrake where I left my flower arrangement, said a few prayers and a 'Happy Birthday'.

Mum and dad lived in a small cul de sac within the village where a friend, who looked after her, still lives. Here we made a stop for a welcome cuppa and a good catch up on village life.



On to Pickering and our base for the next few nights.

Next day we went into York. The daffodils were just appearing and soon to be in full bloom.

Cliffords Tower looked spectacular in the bright sunshine.



No trip to York is complete without a trip to The Minster. The great West Door bathed in sunshine and the new sculpture of the late Queen Elizabeth standing resplendent in her robes was quite a spectacle.



In the evening we picked up my school friend Christine (having an afternoon off from her volunteer role with Afghanistan refugees) and took her out for a meal. She, as always, was full of stories of her families and the situation still out there.

Next day we had a trip to see another old school friend. We have been friends for over 70 years so you can imagine how we enjoyed our latest catch up conversation.





Whitby for the day was next.



If I say it was a bracing North East wind it's an understatement. We did manage a walk along the pier and a trip through the old town but chickened out of walking the 199 steps to the abbey.



Fish and chips don't taste the same unless you are eating outside so we braved the cold and very much enjoyed them.



Driving through the moors we were delighted to catch a glimpse of a number of grouse. I doubt they would come that close in August.

Our few days spent in 'God's Own County' was very special and as Spring had started to show it was uplifting to know that God has created all this wonder for us to enjoy.

You can take the girl out of Yorkshire but you can't take Yorkshire out of the girl .



Judith

