

ST CHAD'S CHURCH, BAGNALL —NEWSLETTER 12.05.24

I really enjoyed looking at the photos last week of the social evening, although there was just a pinch of envy thrown in as I couldn't be there, and it gave me pause for thought about circumstances that change our lives.

There are some people who physically couldn't be there due to illness or disability. These are very visible signs, but there are also those, like me, who find even an evening with friends an impossible feat and our symptoms can't be seen. Even my trips to church on a Sunday can be daunting. I have to force myself to get in the car and come. I'm fine when I get there but every trip that I make has to be planned to the last detail. What exactly is my route, where will I park, are there toilets, etc etc This is not just when I'm driving but with Brian, Jo and anyone else. I bet you think when I'm there doing my meet and greet or having my coffee afterwards that I'm just fine, but.....

I've already cancelled 2 medical appointments this year from sheer terror of the journey, not so much the actual treatment. The first was my diabetic eye test in Hanley although I did reschedule and actually made it. I was a nervous wreck for weeks beforehand and yet on the day Brian got me there, parked the car and took me in, so simple! He left me chatting away to the other patients and teasing the staff, coming back for me afterwards as my vision goes out of the window with the eye drops. What on earth was I worried about? The second was a dentist appointment, just for a check up. That's also been rescheduled for June and I'm already thinking about it.

We went to the Stafford Arms for lunch last week. The journey was no problem but I still worried about going and this was in broad daylight when everywhere is relatively quiet. It does rather spoil the treat.

Pre covid and then Brian's near fatal trip to hospital definitely made things worse. Brian used to force, no, encourage me to go out and we'd actually manage Tittesworth, Buxton and even further afield. But now he's lost a lot of confidence and a certain amount of his physical ability and worries almost as much as me about going too far. We are both quite happy in our home and garden except when I miss out on what seemed to be a great social evening!

So there we are. I wrote this in the hope that some of you will empathise with how I am and maybe feel that your problems are not isolated to you alone and, also, to make everyone think about those people who have a hidden disability of the mind rather than the body.

Thank you for reading if you didn't give up after the first paragraph!!

Look Who It Is!

A very unexpected but pleasant surprise on Sunday afternoon in Leek—we bumped into Maryanne and Alan who were having a stop-off in Leek before heading to Buxton.

We all know what HUGE cricket fans they both are (especially after their mammoth trip to New Zealand), so it was no surprise to hear that they had tickets to the Buxton Opera House for "An Audience with Aggers and Tuffers" (aka, cricket legends Jonathan Agnew and Phil Tuffnel).



I am sure they were in for a great evening of laughter, anecdotes and insider stories!

Esther x



Meaning business



Kathryn and Phillip just before they face the Commissioners to decide the fate of Horton with Bagnall and Endon.

More red tape before we can even think of getting a vicar.

Thank God for our team of dedicated lay volunteers who make church such a pleasure!

(and thank you Marion for the photo)

