

Borwick & Priest Hutton

Village Newsletter

June & July 2020

Issue No: 259

Hello all!

Given all that's going on, we don't have the usual kind of newsletter this time, but I hope you will still find it an interesting read. Lots of people have contributed who have never done so before, which is very encouraging!

I've been sent lots of photographs of people's activities during the lockdown, and I've used as many as I can. It's always interesting to see what people have been up to! We also have photographs and reminiscences of the recent VE Day anniversary on page 8.

Don't forget to contact Sal Riding if you need help or assistance of any kind – shopping, prescription collection, someone to talk to, or perhaps someone to accompany you on a walk (while observing social distancing of course!). Sal has a list of volunteers ready and willing to help. Her contact details are:

Sal Riding 07437724330 or
sal.riding@icloud.com



Here to help!

We're all in this together.

The deadline for copy for the next newsletter (August/September 2020) is midnight on Tuesday 28 July.

Hilary Rooney



The Cummins family learning to make rhubarb crumble ...



Pam Beaumont doing a spot of tidying up!



St Mary's Church



A 'Chapel of Ease' in the Parish of Warton, providing a place of worship for the villagers of Borwick and Priest Hutton.



COVID-19 CORONAVIRUS RESPONSE

Towards the end of March, guidance was received from the Church of England that all church buildings should be closed and kept locked. This was to prevent transmission of infection through people touching door handles, light switches, furniture, etc.

Now that all services and activities have been suspended, villagers are invited to come together 'in spirit' by joining in the common prayer of the Church from your own home. There are a number of ways you can do this:

Go to the benefice website at www.ubwby.org, download the **Morning Prayer** sheet and join the Vicar at 9.15am each morning.

There is also a recorded service of **Night Prayer** for you to share in each evening at a time that suits you. You can watch it via this link: <https://youtu.be/2r1vSxfgoZM>.

Download a copy of the Night Prayer service booklet from the link on the benefice website.

Each Sunday there will be a service livestreamed at 10.30am. Please see the website for the link to the most recent service, and how you can link live to subsequent ones. You can also download a service booklet from the link on the website.

St Mary's

See the benefice website or St Mary's page on 'A Church Near You' at

www.achurchnearyou.com/church/11651/, where you can download a copy of the current church magazine and weekly notice sheet.

Make sure you keep up to date with all the latest news, so...



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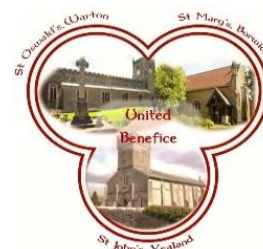


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The Revd Robin Figg 01524 732946 or vicarwby@outlook.com

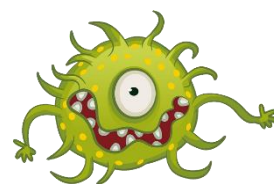
Please note the Vicar's new email address.



Memories of Lockdown (with apologies to Paddy McGinty, his goat, and Jackie)

Now the Government decreed a nasty virus was around,
And the only way to halt it was for folks to go to ground.
No meeting up with family or friends for quite some while,
Until the danger passed, when we could greet them with a smile.

They called it a 'lockdown', the rules were harsh and strict,
But to beat coronavirus, we'd obey to get it licked.
Apart from daily exercise, on foot or hoof or bike,
Or to shop for food or get your pills, your home was now your life.



In Borwick and Priest Hutton, tucked away in Lancashire,
We sat at home in lockdown with a glass of wine or beer.
The books came out, and needles for the wool or sewing thread,
And homes and gardens sparkled as we thought we'd get ahead.

Meanwhile on a fruit farm, a mile or three away,
The sun blazed down and made the rhubarb swell more every day.
It sprouted and it stretched 'til the field was overthrown,
And Farmer Jackie wondered what to do with all she'd grown.



The streets were still and quiet as the folk obeyed the laws,
Their daily stroll the only time to see the great outdoors.
Then Jackie passed Priest Hutton green and thought 'Now there's a sight!
I'll put some rhubarb on the bench, stand back, and watch 'em fight!'

As if out of nowhere, the word spread far and wide,
The tempting fruit was snaffled fast as it could be supplied!
The pies and the crumbles, they fed the hungry throng,
Then Borwick said 'It's just not right, in fact it's plainly wrong!'



So Jackie gave some to Borwick too, to try to make things fair,
Then with jams and chutneys in their jars, she laid them out to share,
And others followed in her wake, all keen to do their bit.
Without a doubt at all the 'Magic Benches' were a hit!

Books and magazines came, and scented samples too,
Plants for the gardeners, and things for kids to do.
With gifts shared between us we are fortunate indeed
To live among such people who'll help all who have a need.

Then on a Thursday evening, at eight o'clock each week,
We'd gather on our doorsteps keen to clap and drum and shriek,
And we put a rainbow picture in our windows just to say
A 'thank you' to the workers facing dangers every day.



To doctors and nurses, and hospitals in siege,
Carers in the old folks homes, who tend to every need,
Supermarket workers, and truckers hauling food,
And posties bringing letters, all to lift the nation's mood.

We've all felt embattled, with our worlds turned upside down,
But through it all we know our friends and neighbours are around.
We live in a community where people lend a hand,
And kindness is a beacon shining bright across the land.



Memories of lockdown - some cheerful, others sad,
For we've had to change and lose some things that used to make us glad,
But one thing is certain; we won't face it with a frown,
And 'til Covid-19 fades away, we won't be beaten down!

Hilary Rooney

CRAFT GROUP

Well here we are again, and I can't believe how busy we've been since the last newsletter. We were in the first few weeks of lockdown when I wrote that my project was to make a blanket, using up all my spare wool. I was hoping it would be a small one which meant that we would be out and free by now. Well, the blanket continues to grow with the help of friends. Not at all sure how big it will be when freedom returns, watch this space.

Little did we know or could have imagined some of us would be helping to sew scrubs for Morecombe Bay Trust. The call came again yesterday from Maureen (WI secretary) as she had received a phone call to see if we could do more. So the next few days I'll be happily sewing, listening to Magic FM from New Zealand or any country in the world I fancy on my laptop. It's a wonderful way of travelling to far distant countries and hearing how they are coping with lockdown, with the addition of uplifting music.

Thank goodness for technology which has kept us sane and in touch. We've celebrated three family birthdays in May.

Granddaughter Florence in Suffolk, who was 8, and our daughter and grandson in Australia. Amazing how despite the distance and the screen between us, they managed to blow the candles out on the cake I'd made. That's just Magic!

Daughter in Suffolk challenged Colin to take up art which he duly did. I must say he is amazingly good, so not only are we watching the birds in the garden, Colin is actually painting them.

Goodness only knows when we'll have craft group again, and how we miss the friendly chattering. I know though that there is such a lot going on between us all and look forward to seeing it just as soon as we can. Stay safe and keep crafting.

Jane Taylor

Craft Project Gallery



Mairwen's been busy!



A school-at-home project completed by Arlo! (Yet to have its maiden voyage.)

Colin's new hobby! →



Hilary finally finished her cardi...



(Gallery cont. on next page)

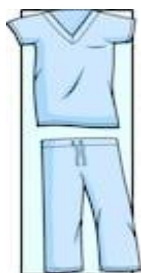
Craft Project Gallery (cont.)



Chris Heginbotham's been turning her needle to an appliqued wall hanging, a child's quilt and two pieces of embroidery. Phew, Chris, time for a rest, chuck!

Morecambe Bay Scrubs

About three weeks into 'lockdown', Borwick & Priest Hutton WI were asked if any of its members would be willing to help Halton WI sew 'scrubs' for the RLI, with the aim of providing some of the PPE to meet the overwhelming demand necessitated by Covid-19. Several of us agreed. However the request for sewers went viral which resulted in many volunteers, including more from our two villages coming forward, hence 'Morecambe Bay Scrubs' was born, still being very ably led by Sandra Lively and Linda Frankland who initiated the original 'Halton Scrubs'.



Standfast & Barracks Fabric of Lancaster have been brilliant, donating in total over 2,000 metres of fabric to the group and Lancaster Commercial Sewing of Halton have provided cutters and cutting machines to enable 50 patterns to be cut at any one time. For those of you that sew you will know what a tedious and time consuming process this is.

Each sewer has been tasked with sewing a set of scrubs (top and 2 pairs of pants), to include pockets, facings, top stitching, casings, etc. all in a turnaround time of 2-3 days, not easy when the weather for much of the 'sewing time' has been glorious. Several of our sewers have actually done double quantities.

Some of you may have seen BBC Northwest News on Monday 18th May at 6.30pm when they did a lovely section on MBS; some of us actually featured and had our 3 seconds of fame!

We continue to do our bit. After a couple of weeks off we were again asked this week if we could provide more 'tops' for staff in children's homes, so out came the sewing machines yet again.

Could I thank the following please for all their time, help, effort and support. I know it has been very much appreciated at MBS: Hilary, Carole, Lesley C, Lesley M, Sue D, Dot W, Jane T.

Maureen Thomas

Reports from the villages

Priest Hutton Parish

CARNFORTH RECYCLING CENTRE

will be open on a limited basis from Thursday 4 June by appointment only.



Our next Parish Meeting will be held on Tuesday 15 September at 7.30pm in the Memorial Hall – all being well!! In the meantime, keep safe and well and please contact me if you have any issues.

Jean Johns – Clerk to Priest Hutton Parish

Tel 781887 /jeanjohns43@gmail.com

Thank You!



Jean & I would like to say a huge thank you to everyone who supported the coffee mornings and raised such a wonderful amount of money for 'Defying Dementia' and 'Versus Arthritis' in memory of Geoff & Tony. The money raised will go towards research that hopefully will, in the future, help others to suffer a little less.

Diane Sunderland
Jean Gudgeon

Gardeners' Club



It is with great regret that we have had to cancel the evening garden visit to Gressingham Hall on Wednesday 24 June 2020.

Carol and the committee look forward to welcoming you back, hopefully for the September meeting. We will keep everyone informed of any further decisions either by email or by phone. Till then keep safe and keep gardening. Meetings are held in the Memorial Hall at 7.30pm. New members are always welcome.

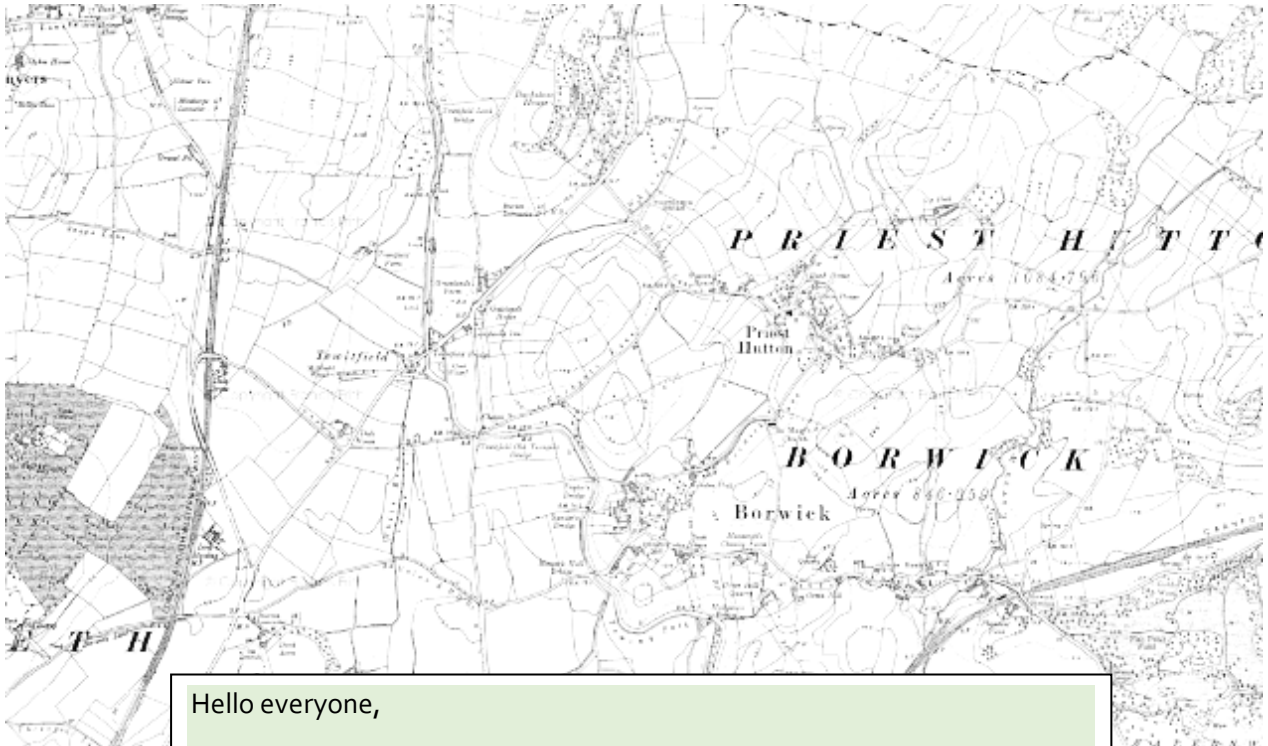
Carol Tennant
Chairman

Borwick & Priest Hutton WI

Dorothy & the committee hope all the WI members are keeping safe and well during this difficult time. Hopefully it won't be too long before we can meet up again and have a wonderful time together as we usually do. Until then don't feel alone, just pick up the phone and have a natter to someone, we are all in the same situation, and I know many members are already keeping in touch that way.

The W.I meets on the second Tuesday of the month (except August)
For further information please contact the President – Dorothy Fell - tel no. 01524 720067.

Diane Sunderland



Hello everyone,

The walking we do from our front door to take our daily exercise, has assumed an unexpected level of importance to most of us and delivered incalculable joy since the "lockdown".

This has kicked off a conversation amongst a few of us in Priest Hutton about how we might share the walks we love with one other.

We hope to get a dozen or so walks onto the village website complete with not only a printable map and description but also a discussion of what this walk has meant to you during this time and what might be enjoyed or learnt by others taking it.

To progress things a few of us got together... by Zoom of course... to knock around some ideas.

Our suggestion is, as a first step, to ask you to send a brief description of your favorite walk either to me or to Hilary. She might use some in the newsletter but we will also establish a small editorial committee who will ensure accuracy, avoid duplication and, together with the original nominator(s), develop the story to bring the walk to life.

Sal Riding

VE Day 75th Anniversary

8th May 2020



In normal times we would have gathered together to celebrate the anniversary, but not to be deterred, villagers held commemorations in their own homes or gardens instead.



Bunting and flags fluttered, corks popped, and cream teas galore were had on what turned out to be a gloriously sunny day!



David Parker



Kyla's first attempt at making scones!

Two of our residents, Agnes Bainbridge and Carolyn Loveday, give their personal recollections of VE Day on pages 9 and 10.



Agnes Bainbridge enjoying afternoon tea on the VE Day anniversary.

Agnes has kindly written down some of her memories of VE Day and the war years...

"I was nineteen years old on VE day. My husband, Edmund, was 25.

We didn't have our own farm at that time, so lived with my parents. I worked on the farm, helping Mother and Dad. Agricultural workers were a scarce commodity; several local lads had been 'called up'. I didn't have any brothers, just a sister.

Edmund wasn't 'called up' - his parents had a large farm and he was an excellent ploughman, horseman and stockman. He won many prizes for their cows. He also ploughed for other farmers who did have a tractor.

VE Day was a warm and sunny day. I remember Edmund and I deciding to

have a walk to Knott End that evening. First there were the jobs to do, milking cows, feeding hens and horses - no tractor then!

After supper, Edmund and I set off on our walk to Knott End. There were other people doing the same. Ferry boats sailed from Knott End to Fleetwood, there were two or three fishing trawlers there too. Several people were obviously in a 'celebratory mood', rather worse for wear, in fact!

I lived a couple of miles or so from the village, walking there in my new wooden sandals, very fashionable at that time, but were rather noisy! Clatter, clatter as I walked on the pavements. Edmund was wearing a sports jacket, brown and fawn with 'flannels' - casual breeches. I was wearing a dark green and cream spotted crepe dress that my sister, a trained seamstress, had made.

I do remember thinking that at long last sugar rationing would come to an end. During the war we had grocery coupons for most foods but because we were farmers, we were quite lucky, sugar was the only thing that we really missed. We were able to 'kill a pig' to eat and had ham as well as pork from it. We also rendered the pig fat and so had lard to make pastry.

I had a friend in the A.T.S. during the war. When she came to stay she would regale me with the great time she was having. I was sometimes rather envious, but I am a farmer's daughter and was married to a farmer, and I really wouldn't have wanted to be anything else."



Carolyn Loveday gives her reminiscences of being a young girl living near Portsmouth on VE Day:

"Rumours that the war was ending were difficult to believe, because bombing continued, almost to the end. This was not the talk of children.

On VE Day, I was nine years old, old enough to know that war was not a normality, yet unable to remember there not being one. Would we still say at the end of nightly prayers, 'God Bless our soldiers, sailors and airmen and help them win the war'? The Almighty was on our side.

We woke to a very happy household, difficult to explain, and told the news, interjected with many thanks to God. The adults of course had stayed up to listen to Churchill. I was living with my mother and grandmother, brothers and sisters. Father was serving. Mummy and Granny, as I knew them, seemed to be smiling and laughing all day; this impression is also held by my sister which I discovered just after VE 2020.

Taken into town, Fareham, not far from Portsmouth, we knew about the war. Everyone happy, smiling and greeting

each other, the atmosphere was infectious regardless of your age. Then the big moment, a woman wearing bloomers made from two Union Jacks was holding up her skirt, dancing and singing Can-Can fashion outside Woolworths. We wanted to stay and watch her, but needless to say we were hurried on and not allowed to clap her as others were. The festivities had begun.

My next memory is the evening. My mother, a stickler for correct behaviour, was playing her mandolin (reserved for Christmas) in the road with a neighbour who was performing on an accordion. I could not believe my eyes. I was very surprised that old people, in my view, were singing and dancing. My brother of sixteen was dancing with a girl!

Bonfires, not allowed during the war, were lit in gardens. My granny burned the blackout, and lights streamed from many windows. Children were out long after dark joining in the merriment. Mother attempted to take us in at one stage but Mr Cleal, a good neighbour, implored her to let us stay. 'They must remember today', he said. I loved him!

I will finish with a remembrance of VE Day my mother told me, though I do remember the lady in question. She had lost a son, and did not want to join in the celebrations. Neighbours persuaded her to come out and she was made much fuss of, and stayed quite a while. When she left to go home, she turned to those around her and said,

'Pray' (people went to church then) 'that these boys will never have to fight.'

And they didn't."