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Prestbury Parish Magazine

nc North Cheltenham
tm Team Ministry

June 2024

50p

Parish Directory

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When the office is unattended please leave a message on the answerphone

Baptisms (Christenings) & Weddings

may be arranged with the Team Office *(contact details above)*

Other Pastoral Matters & Reconciliation (Confession)

please contact one of the clergy *(telephone numbers above)*

Views expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the Editors, the Clergy, the Parochial Church Council, or of any authoritative body of the Church of England

The Parochial Church Council of the Ecclesiastical Parish of St Mary and St Nicolas Prestbury Cheltenham - Registered Charity No 1130933

continued inside back cover

Cover Picture:
The Mad Hatter's Tea Party
'In this Style 10/6'
Image by OpenClipart-Vectors from Pixabay

THE OFFERING

We in the prime of life
offer you bread fresh baked
on golden plate.
But when our heads grow grey
you hold the silver chalice
with the wine.
A lifetime now mature
the vintage of our years.

Joan Copeland

What to Drink

In this issue you will find articles on the theme of drink. To keep a fine balance I shall write a few notes about my go-to drink: a nice cup of tea!

England has been described as a nation of tea drinkers but as one travels around the country one realises that this description will soon be lost. The secret to a nice cup of tea is in the making.

First you need a tea pot. Second you need a kettle with freshly-drawn water (let the tap run for a few moments before filling the kettle and rinse the kettle each morning). Boil the water. Pour some into the teapot and wait until the outside of the pot is warm. Tip out this water. Add the required number of teaspoons of tea to the pot and add the boiled water. Put the lid on the pot and place a tea cosy over the pot and leave it for five minutes.

Meanwhile pour a little milk into the tea cups. When the tea has brewed pour some into the cups. Find a comfortable chair to sit, drink, relax and enjoy!

Get to know your tea pot. Experiment with the quantities of tea and water in the pot until you get the perfect brew.

Some prefer to dunk a tea bag in a cup of hot water. It should be remembered tea has colour, strength and flavour. The water may soon be coloured but the strength and flavour emerge slower. Do not be in a hurry to remove the tea bag! Equally do not leave it too long. Never add milk when the bag is still in the cup.

When you are ready why not try a different blend of tea? There are many to choose to suit the time of day. It is not always tea time as depicted on the front cover.

Brian Wood

Advertisements

C1 *To advertise your business please contact advertising@prestbury.net*

HORLICKS, the drink of a lifetime

I have been drinking Horlicks all my life and, as mentioned in the February issue of this magazine, my first memory of Horlicks was at Dunally infant school in Cheltenham when I was three years old. (Lots of the children came from very poor families and were under nourished, so Horlicks was fed to all).

This drink of malted wheat, barley and milk was first developed in 1873 by the brothers William and James Horlick and has supported explorers on their way to both North and South Poles, nourished soldiers through two world wars, and fortified athletes in the Olympics.

The links I have with this healthy drink are not just drinking of it but the many connections enjoyed with Cowley Manor, home to James Horlick from 1895 until 1928. During those 33 years he made it into one of the grandest and most richly-decorated houses in Gloucestershire, filled with antique furniture and china.

Pam and I made the discovery that prior to the James Horlick era, Cowley Manor was owned by William Baring-Bingham whose estate manager was one William Bethell, my Uncle Will's grandfather. His son Thomas was also employed on the estate as cabinet-maker. This information came from a Bethell relation who was researching his family history.

In 1851 while supervising the felling of a tree, William lost his life instantly when it crashed down on him. He was buried very close to the church porch (which is very close to the Manor) and his employer had inscribed on the grave's headstone the following:

> "Watch, for ye know not at what hour Your Lord does come to ye, therefore be ready for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh"

This was obviously meant to be a reminder to all who entered and left the church that the unexpected could happen at any time so be spiritually prepared for that moment.

Because this headstone began to lean towards the church porch at a dangerous angle, the Rector, instead of having it straightened back up removed it all together, and put it right out of sight and leaned it against the back of the tower, far away from William Bethell's grave. It is my intention to have it put back over the grave it is supposed to mark and where the wording can be read by "all who pass by".

In the 1830s, Prestbury Park was used for a number of sporting activities, including steeplechasing. Twenty or so years later, the park was sold to a gentleman who refused to allow racing to take place. Then, in 1895, Baring-Bingham sold Cowley Manor, bought Prestbury Park and re-established racing there, railed off the course and rebuilt the grandstand. A trial meeting took place in 1898 and then on the 9th and 10th of April 1902, the first National Hunt festival was staged with the first race named the Cowley Maiden Steeplechase, a race I have photographed many times.

Cowley Manor was again sold, this time in 1935 to Cyril Heber-Percy who, in the 1950s owned a horse called Virgin Ice, trained in Prestbury by Tim Hamey whose stables were at the end of Park Lane and actually protruded onto the racecourse. They are now demolished but in their day horses racing on the hurdles course had to circumnavigate them by switching onto the steeplechase course. Heber-Percy asked me to make a drawing

of his horse. This was my first professional foray into the world of equestrian art and was displayed in Cowley Manor.

It was customary as my children were growing up to visit Cirencester Park on Summer Sundays to photograph and enjoy watching the polo. On the way home we would call into one of the village churches en route to attend Evensong. Unable to find one open for a service and becoming somewhat desperate, as we approached Coberley we heard the tolling of a church bell. Turning left into the village we found no sign of a church, but guided by the "dong, dong, dong" found the church of St Giles behind large barn doors and in the most tranquil setting of a farmyard cum graveyard. Welcomed by the rector we found the church used the old prayer book and the hymns we grew up with were sung with gusto to a well-played organ. We decided there and then to adopt St Giles, Coberley as our regular place of worship even though it was ten miles from home.

Before long Pam and I were elected onto the church council and for the next 25 years our lives revolved around the parishes of Cowley, Coberley and Colesbourne, known locally as "The Three Cs" as all were under the same ministry, that of the Reverend Ian Pulford.

In their school holidays our children, Charlie and Nicola, found jobs at Cowley Manor which was now (1975) owned by Gloucestershire County Council who bought the property as a conference and hospitality venue. One day as Charlie was engaged in the cleaning of one of the rooms, staff brought in an elaborate three-tier wedding cake to await the bridal couple later that day. Left alone with this culinary work of art, he couldn't believe his eyes when one of the supporting pillars gradually sank into the not-quite-set icing underneath it. Soon, the whole thing collapsed, and Charlie, thinking that he would get the blame, and not the chef, quietly and un-noticed crept away from the disaster!

Gradually we were finding out more and more about my ancestors. We were aware that my maternal grandfather was born and raised on the Elwes Estate at Colesbourne but did not know that his father and his grandfather were cordwainers in the village before him. Then, one day when trying to find the best spot from which to photograph the church tower at Coberley, I came across a grave the headstone of which told me that my great great uncle was buried beneath it. Giles Wallcroft was my grandfather's uncle, and he too was a cordwainer. For some three years, Pam and I had become very friendly with Cyril Underwood, a stalwart of St Giles, Coberley, and were regularly entertained at his home in the village, Rose Cottage. When we told Cyril of our discovery he said "but this was his home many years ago." A little later he produced the deeds to Rose Cottage and there, in black and white, was the signature of Giles Wallcroft. I cannot help but think that fate led us to those three villages, Cowley, Colesbourne and Coberley, the first three villages on the River Thames.

In 1981, Nicola's wedding took place at St Giles, Coberley on the most beautiful of summer days. The reception was at Cowley Manor, and a surprise send-off organised known only to myself, my wife, the bridal couple and our son Charlie. A helicopter was engaged to hover overhead and then, at a given time when the bride and groom exited from the front of the manor after the reception and waved off by all the guests, the chopper would drop down and land on the lawn below the terrace at the rear of the building .

With the bridal couple's car now away and out of sight the guests hurried back into the manor and onto the terrace to see what they thought was a VIP arriving. Meanwhile, the

bride and groom had about-turned and secretly re-entered Cowley Manor. They passed through the open-mouthed guests, and boarded the helicopter and were whisked away to Bibury Court for the first night of the honeymoon.

If we had not heard the tolling of the church bell back in 1974 and responded, none of this would have happened and I might still be unaware of the strong family connections with "The Three Cs".

There is no doubt that the home of James Horlick has an abundance of happy memories – and the drink he invented was pretty good, too!

Bernard Parkin

Rite of passage to 'drinking'!

My parents drank very little. There was rarely a bottle of wine in the house when I was young, but there was always a bottle of whisky, some sherry and a bottle of port.

So one Christmas when it was decided, at the age of about 10, that it was time I was allowed to join in with the 'cheers' at the celebratory meal, I was given a thimble full of port with some lemonade! This I found delicious and felt very grown up to be allowed to join in! It has been a favourite drink of mine ever since, although the quantity of port has considerably grown!

Gradually, over the years I was introduced to the rather anaemic Liebfraumilch and Blue Nun and other such innocuous white wines, the occasional glass of very sweet sherry and Martini!

The introduction of beer took a little longer as I didn't really like the bitter taste, but I think I learnt to enjoy consuming beer as a college student, when sometimes on a Saturday evening in a Yorkshire pub or College Union bar, copious quantities seemed to get consumed! And other rather odd concoctions were tried such as Black Velvet and Black and Tan!

Eventually, after starting to travel abroad to France, Spain and Greece for holidays other drinks were tried and tested. French red wines - such as a good bottle of Bordeaux or Bergerac or Gigondas still remain my favourite. But also along the way other more fiery and higher alcoholic beverages had to be tried and tested, such as Greek Ouzo, Absinthe, Pernod, Raki and Sunset Rum! Apart from enjoying the rather pleasant sudden alcoholic kick, I began to appreciate that this high level of alcohol probably wasn't doing my stomach or liver any good!

I will always remember a science experiment at school when one day the teacher showed us what happened to a piece of chicken liver when put in a glass of pure alcohol. (I will leave you to image the instantly shrivelled up white piece of disintegrating flesh that appeared in front of our eyes, after quite a short space of time!)

To get over this problem of liver damage one can of course revert to the modern day option of 'colourful mocktails', which I enjoy with my U3A lunch time diners!

To sum up:- it is always good to be able to join in to celebrate something with friends and family, such as a birthday, a wedding or Christmas, and an alcohol drink can also be used on occasions to help one relax.

But from a health point of view I personally feel quite strongly that alcohol should be restricted to a limited number of days per week! And a little self-discipline doesn't go amiss to keep alcoholic consumption 'balanced' in one's life!

Cheers, a votre santé, and Slainte Mhath (pronounced Slanj-a-var) in Ireland and Scotland!

Angie Brassey

The Moles' Hole (Yes, the apostrophe's in the right place!!!)

My father had an allotment, sandwiched between a narrow lane leading to a mill and a tennis court. The only access to water was the river that drove the mill. This involved, for my father and other allotment holders, in a 200-metre trip via narrow grass paths to the river and then having to kneel on a make shift deck to submerge the three-gallon drums in the water, whilst endeavouring not to slip into the rapidly flowing mill race and the foaming waters beneath it. Having filled them and carrying a 15 kg drum in each hand he would, as did the other gardeners, return along the narrow paths to the allotment.

Good physical exercise no doubt and in the summer not entirely unpleasant and he seemed to thrive on it. Eventually of course I was pressed into service to carry drums as well.

At this point and recalling my physics and geography lessons I reasoned that with the water level, only some 30cm below the river edge, and with only a slight rise to our allotment, it should be possible to tap directly into the water table. Hence at the age of about 14 I started to dig. I chose a spot in one corner of the allotment where there was a small dip in the ground and where no other gardeners used the path. The spot was about 1m from a Cotswold stone wall and so was well protected. I calculated that I probably needed a hole about one metre deep and one metre square. At first the digging went well; my father having double dug the ground over many years. Then I began to hit the more compacted ground and digging became more difficult but I was determined to reach water. Finally, I reached clay which looked hopeful and then one day, joy of joys, the bottom of the hole became wet and then with a few more thrusts of the spade to open a flower pot size hole WATER. I had done it!

I returned home in triumph. With another 50 cm or so of digging we could at least lift buckets of water if not 3-gallon drums.

I returned full of confidence the following day…. DISASTER! A driver attempting to turn a large lorry, in the narrow lane, had backed though the wall and the rear end had fallen into MY well, filling it with Cotswold stone and large clumps of earth. (Ahhhhhhh!)

The lorry was extracted; Magdalene College, the owners of the land, decreed that my well was a danger to passing lorries, not that many lorries passed because there was nowhere to go; the mill was at a dead end. Furthermore, they decreed that the well must be FILLED, after all my efforts!

So, satisfied I had proved my point, it was back to strenuous exercise; lugging 3-gallon drums winter and summer.

An early case of Health and Safety before the word had been invented? What, however, would Health and Safety in the 21st Century have to say about a skinny lad of 14 carrying 30 kg of water on slippery, narrow tracks and sometimes several times a day during a dry season?

Still, it seems to have caused me no harm and my point was proved.

John Moles

WINE SOCIETY

'UNCORK WITH CONFIDENCE'

Well, water's fine but by 'drink' we often mean alcoholic beverages. And, although I love beer, when I think of a drink I often mean wine and more particularly a glass or two of red wine.

Founded in 1874, The Wine Society is celebrating its 150th anniversary this year. Some people think it must only be for wine snobs, vintage connoisseurs and pretentious oenologists, but it remains a friendly association full of bargains as well as some pricey bottles. To join the Society and thereby own one share costs £40. No other purchase is necessary. You are then a life member and there are no further fees whatsoever, just a wealth of wines to choose from. And that initial one-time purchase entitles you to a £20 discount on your first buy. There are currently more than 180,000 members in the Society and a range of about 1,400 wines to select from.

As you may well know already, one of the Society's slogans is 'members before profit' and many of the wines come at reasonable prices, even if you can do well or sometimes better through supermarket discounts. The Wine Society delivers wines promptly and here are two of its very best features. Delivery is FREE. (i.e included in the list price.) And, a welcome recent development, you can now simply order ONE bottle which will be delivered to your home address absolutely FREE: 'Free UK delivery. Any bottle. Every member'. It's a superb new facility unmatched anywhere in the British wine trade. In addition, you can order a mixed case of twelve completely different bottles or just a few bottles in any quantity of your own choosing.

As the Society says, 'Wine discovery should be fun and with our Promise you can return any bottle you don't like for a refund or exchange, no questions asked.' And it's true because I have been refunded for one sole disappointing Champagne purchased one Christmas long ago.

Imagine the mental travel as you browse the catalogue which covers the wine regions of the globe, not just France, Italy and Spain but Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, Chile and the USA. The Society prides itself on providing wines from lesser-known vineyards and

districts 'off the beaten track' such as in Turkey, Slovenia, Hungary, Moldova, Greece, and even (at a price) Switzerland and Canada. Originally set up 'To introduce foreign wines hitherto unknown', it now offers fermented grape juice from all over the wine-wide world, as well as a few spirits, beers and ciders and lastly a few attractive low and no alcohol beverages too.

Browsing the offerings online or in their printed catalogue is a mouth-watering education in itself. You can look by country and visit the vineyards of Austria or Greece. You can let yourself be beguiled by winemakers in Germany or a co-operative in Argentina. During lockdown, we experimentally ordered twelve different bottles of Pinot Noir from the Wine Society and enjoyed (or moderately enjoyed) bottles which had travelled to their warehouse in Stevenage from wineries in New Zealand, Chile, France, Hungary and Germany. The names and even the labels become more evocative after a classy glass or two.

The Wine Society was set up in 1874 to specialize in bringing unusual wines to their members and the enticing catalogue offers a wide range of treats and new vintages. Online and in print form, they produce much colourful background material, if that's your thing: tasting notes, articles, interviews, recipes, food matches and wine-tasting events in various venues in the UK. There are also frank five- to one-star ratings by members to agree or argue with or even add to, if you feel so wined and inclined.

Above all, it's a mutual society not a hard-nosed profiteering supermarket or bibulous rip-off merchant. You are a shareholder. To my taste, the Society's labelled own brand wines are generally most reliable but, if you can afford to buy expensive fine wines, they have a good stock and they also offer excellent wines *en primeur* where you can buy cases on spec before it's even been bottled. It can be one of the more reasonable and exciting ways to acquire a fine case of Bordeaux or, for the big spender, Burgundy.

I still possess my father's untransferable share certificate and I remember him unpacking his treasure troves of delight, those wooden boxes containing dark green bottles of claret wrapped in protective yellow straw. Our son and daughter are now both shareholders and Ellie has even referred to Château Heel-taps, a phrase originally used by her grandfather, I think.

But if you see a speciality, a good bet or bargain offer, be quick, says our wine-minded son Tom. He regards Wine Soc members as particularly sharp-elbowed and rapacious for a well-priced top drop.

Duncan Forbes

Marle Hill WI

We met on Monday 13 May – a week later than our normal meeting due to the Bank Holiday. We did not have a speaker this month as we were discussing the Resolution that was going to be voted on at the National Annual Meeting at the Royal Albert Hall in June.

The Resolution, which was asking the Government to increase NHS Dentists and NHS Surgeries. After a debate Marle Hill members voted YES for the resolution, which will be debated at the National Meeting in London.

Another of our members was going to give a demonstration of how to get on to the National Website where there is an abundance of items for everyone, including craft, cookery and general information, but unfortunately the Wi-Fi let us down, but if any members wanted to know more they were advised to get in touch with her.

We had the Bring and Buy stall followed by the business side of the meeting. We were informed of the dates for the Book Club, Knit and Natter, Monthly Lunch Club. We once again asked for volunteers to help with the catering at the upcoming Royal Three Counties Show, and also for donations for cakes.

Do come along to our next meeting on Monday 3 June where one of our members will be giving a craft demonstration.

Visitors are always welcome.

Sue Davies

UNICEF Water

- **Worldwide, 2.2 billion people still lack access to safe drinking water.**
- **Nearly half of the global population does not have access to safe sanitation.**
- **Two billion people do not have access to handwashing facilities with soap.**
- **Still, 419 million people practice open defecation.**

Statistic UNICEF

I am sure that many of you already contribute to a Water Charity but if not, perhaps you could give this world-wide problem some consideration.

It is only in my life time that Europe has achieved universal safe drinking water.

Let's keep going!!!!!

John Moles

DRINK

From before we are born and then after we are almost magically thrust in to the big wide world we DRINK. If we did not we would not last too long for our bodies would quickly shut down. It's called "Dehydration". It is a necessary form of food.

I could commence a dialogue and describe different varieties of DRINK or liquids and we could discuss the constituents that go to make up all the multitudes of DRINKS known to man. We could discuss from where they originated and when; where and why alcohol was introduced et al... But I will not, so... I will base my narrative on my memories during my life and they are guaranteed to be original and not from any other sources.

Not too long after I was able to recognize DRINK from food I was to learn the meaning of the word 'DRINK'; it involves my Uncle (Father's brother) Geoff and also holidays. The reason Uncle Geoff comes to mind is because of the following little memory that has stayed dormant since very young childhood.

Uncle Geoff was drafted into the Army when WW2 started. What's this got to do with 'DRINKING'??.. You will soon find out because all through my story, DRINK is featured.

Uncle Geoff unfortunately contracted Rheumatic fever as a teenager, therefore after enlisting, he was not allowed to serve abroad, yes really. At some time during the war, after an injury, he was withdrawn from operating a massive Machine Gun on the Yorkshire Coast and he then sat in an Office whilst remaining serving with the Royal Artillery.

To get to the point, he used to sometimes come home on a weekend leave with a kit bag loaded with bottles of DRINK (Beer). He and the family would consume this somewhat strange smelling liquid before he hurried off to catch the train back to Catterick.

Little insignificant incidents such as the one just described above remain in one's memory for a life time; the colour of the DRINKS bottle, the smell of the DRINK. Also what fascinated me were the variety of labels on the DRINK bottles.

Wind the clock forward to when I was still at school. We were en route to a sports fixture travelling on a coach. We just so happened to travel through the heart of the town of Burton on Trent. Many of you will be aware that this small town was once looked upon as the epicentre of the Brewing Industry in this country. Why?..'cos the waters of the Trent contained a chemical, gypsum.. ask a chemist what that is but it makes good beer. The smell or perhaps aroma drifting across the town would not be believed. Quite irrelevant to our theme but interesting to us were the number of railway level crossings in the town to allow train loads of DRINK to trundle from brewery to wherever.

When at Sunday School we youngsters were taken out of town once a year in the summer to a massive park where deer roamed and all sorts of interesting other features abounded. We were split into two 'teams' and the game was called 'Coastguards and Smugglers'. It could be a rough game and when it was hot, one could work up a thirst. Our leader drove out with a van load of food and DRINKS and on this particular day it was very hot. We assembled at break time and filed up to the said van, hungry and thirsty. When he opened the van door, what did we see... most of the bottles had rolled about on the floor and leaked. Oh heck.. can you imagine it.. no DRINK!!!

DRINK is frequently but not always associated with holidays and periods of relaxation when folk take to..well DRINK. We were on holiday many years ago, Bournemouth I believe.

Imagine, sitting in the Winter Gardens, the holiday makers are sitting comfortably in deck chairs wearing sun hats and rain coats, well it would be raining would it not? Empty DRINKS bottles lying on the ground because the waste bins were overflowing with DRINKS cartons etc.. We were watching / listening to a military band; I loved it but not everyone shares my taste. All of a sudden the band struck up and from high up above the Gardens a voice rang out of a hotel window (all part of the show) and guess what he was singing in a baritone voice? why.. DRINK. DRINK. DRINK. Two eyes that are bright...

I recall Owen Brannigan (who's he) singing that song at a Promenade Concert. Back to Bournemouth Winter Gardens; following the song about DRINKING, there was a short pause and then everyone was woken from their slumbers when the band struck up with the "Post Horn Gallop". I never saw any horses.

I have a church DRINK memory. My brother and I were selected to play for our local town clergy cricket team. It was to be played on a beautiful cricket ground elsewhere that was owned by the local mental hospital.

Vicars at the time were in the habit of loading up their cars with crates of bottled beer to DRINK after the game was finished. After the lunch interval, the 'inmates' were allowed out of their quarters to presumably watch the game. It would appear that said inmates were more interested in slaking their thirst than watching a game of cricket. When proceedings were complete we players ambled back to the pavilion and guess what? All our crates of beer were scattered around and most of the DRINKS were missing. We very soon established where. Have you ever heard a vicar swear? I have.

Finally, a memory of an event involving DRINK. My friend Colin and I were on holiday in Jersey. One evening we were entertained at a hotel where some local hard DRINKERS were involved in a competition.

It involved anyone who liked a DRINK and could fancy his or her chances of DRINKING the most quantity of the local brew. Colin and I were having a DRINK but not to excess. The DRINKERS were all big lads and without going into detail, I would think the winner who could DRINK the most had consumed about 12 pints. I wonder if he is still around!!!

Nigel Woodcock

Forthcoming Events

Prestbury Local History Society

Just a reminder that because of the May Bank Holiday Margaret Davies talk about Linden cottage, "The house with two faces" will be on 3rd June. The WI hall refurbishment is completed so we may use the front door and the new toilets.

Our normal June talk will be on the 24th June when I hope to take you on a journey, "To Cleeve Hill by Tram".

Both meetings are at 7:30pm.

Tony Noel Chairman PLHS

Bereavement Friendship Group

We will be in Prestbury Library on **Monday, 17 June 2.15 - 4pm**

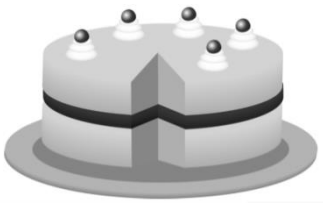
If you have lost a loved one and would like to talk to others in a similar situation, please come along. You will be most welcome, whether you are new or have come before.

Light refreshments will be provided.

Marion Povey

Welcome on Wednesday

Wednesday, 19 June at **2.30pm in the St Nicolas Room**. There will be home-made cakes, tea or coffee for £2 and the chance to meet friends and have a friendly chat. So please come along, maybe bringing a neighbour?



Sunday Club at St Mary's

We are now able to hold Sunday club on the 2nd and 4th Sundays of every month, within the 11 o'clock service. Children aged (about) three years and upwards are very welcome to join us for stories, prayer, music, discussion and crafts. Visiting families and friends are of course very welcome too! For more information contact Helen 07814 638990

Helen Mann


Everyone Welcome!
Friends of St Mary's
QUIZ
At The Royal Oak Pavilion
On Thursday 18th July 2024 7:00pm
£5 per person Bar Meals available £8
Tickets Contact: Helen Eagger 01242 573035
helen.eagger@prestbury.net

TIMES OF REGULAR CHURCH SERVICES

St Mary's Church, Prestbury

Sunday		0800	Said Eucharist
	1st Sunday	0930	Breakfast Celebrate! – All-age worship
	Other Sundays	0900	Breakfast Celebrate! at Infant School
		1100	Sung Eucharist
	1st Sunday	1830	Evening Prayer at Capel Court
	2nd Sunday	1830	Benediction
	Other Sundays	1830	Evening Prayer
Thursday		1030	Said Eucharist

St Nicolas Church, Prestbury

Sunday		0930	Sung Eucharist
Tuesday		1000	Said Eucharist

All Saints Church, Pittville

Sunday		0800	Said Mass
		1030	Sung Mass
	1st & 3rd Sunday	1730	Choral Evensong and Benediction
	Other Sundays	1730	Evening Prayer and Benediction
Wednesday		1830	Said Mass
Thursday		1115	Said Mass
Friday		1200	Said Mass
Saturday	1st Saturday	1000	Said Mass for Our Lady of Walsingham

St Lawrence Church, Swindon Village

Sunday	1st Sunday	1030	Together @ 1030
		1830	Holy Communion
	2nd Sunday	0915	BCP Holy Communion
		1830	Evening Prayer
	Other Sundays	0915	Holy Communion
		1830	Evening Prayer

St Mary Magdalene Church, Elmstone Hardwicke

Sunday	1st Sunday	1045	Holy Communion
	2nd Sunday	1045	Family Service (no communion)
	3rd Sunday	1045	BCP Holy Communion
	4th Sunday	1045	Family service (no communion)
	5th Sunday	1045	Celtic Communion
Wednesday	2nd Wednesday	1900	Celtic Communion
Thursday	4th Thursday	1900	Celtic Communion

A Sunday Service is streamed on the internet
from St Nicolas at 09:30 or from All Saints at 10:30.
These and other services are recorded so may be accessed later on
the team's YouTube page -
https://www.youtube.com/NorthCheltenhamTeamMinistry/streams

Parish Directory *continued*

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Safeguarding Officer
Linda Biggs 07769 581822

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Copy Dates and Themes for Future Magazines 2024

Issue	Copy Date	Theme
July	Sunday 16 June	Monarchs
August	Sunday 14 July	History
September	Sunday 11 August	Party
October	Sunday 15 September	Comedy
November	Sunday 13 October	Folly
December	Sunday 10 November	Excitements

Prestbury Parish Magazine is usually published on the last Sunday of the month. The copy date is usually the Sunday 2 weeks before this, but there may be scope for some flexibility.

Copy may be sent in a clearly marked envelope to 'Prestbury Parish Magazine'
2 Honeysuckle Close, Prestbury, Cheltenham, GL52 5LN
or preferably by email to **magazine@prestbury.net**

July 2024 Magazine Theme: Monarchs

Please send copy by Sunday 16 June 2024
or soon after

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