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Prestbury Parish Magazine

North Cheltenham Team Ministry

March 2025

£1

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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:

Two ladies in fashionable clothes

drawn using Artificial Intelligence

An art teacher?

I don't know if anybody else suffered the same fate as a parent as I did but every school concert and parents' evening meant that my daughter, Emma, would leap into action and inspect what I was wearing. She felt that I had the dress style of a "redundant art teacher".

I clearly must have managed to escape to a parents' evening at Cleeve school without the customary inspection and I toured around the school meeting various teachers. That year Emma's art teacher happened to be an old neighbour of our's from when we lived in Prestbury. It was fairly quiet so after we had discussed Emma's progress, we drifted onto a general catch up about what our families were doing. Then I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned to face a woman who I did not know.

"When are you going to stop chatting to him and go and sit at your own desk because I'm waiting for you?" she demanded.

To my horror, I realised that she had mistaken me for another art teacher so I explained, "Oh I am sorry but I am a parent."

Totally undaunted, she snapped, "Well you seem a bit overly friendly with him!"

I made a swift exit at this point but I told my daughter about the incident when I got home. Like any other teenager she was mortified and groaned, "Not only were you mistaken for an art teacher but somebody thinks that something is occurring between you and my teacher!".

Has it changed my sense of style? Not a bit of it! I dress as I please but many years later Emma did some family history and on my mother's side we discovered that I am descended from a family of artists in Boston, Massachusetts, so I am just blaming my dress sense on genetics!

Janet Waters

This month's theme is FASHIONS

Letter to the Editor

Dear Brian,

I am writing to thank you for the February Parish Magazine. I always look forward to reading the magazine each month but the latest publication is special!

The articles are so interesting and the photographs excellent. I especially enjoyed Bernard Parkin's contribution – but I always do. He writes so well and I love his sketches of Fr Nick and the Queen Mother.

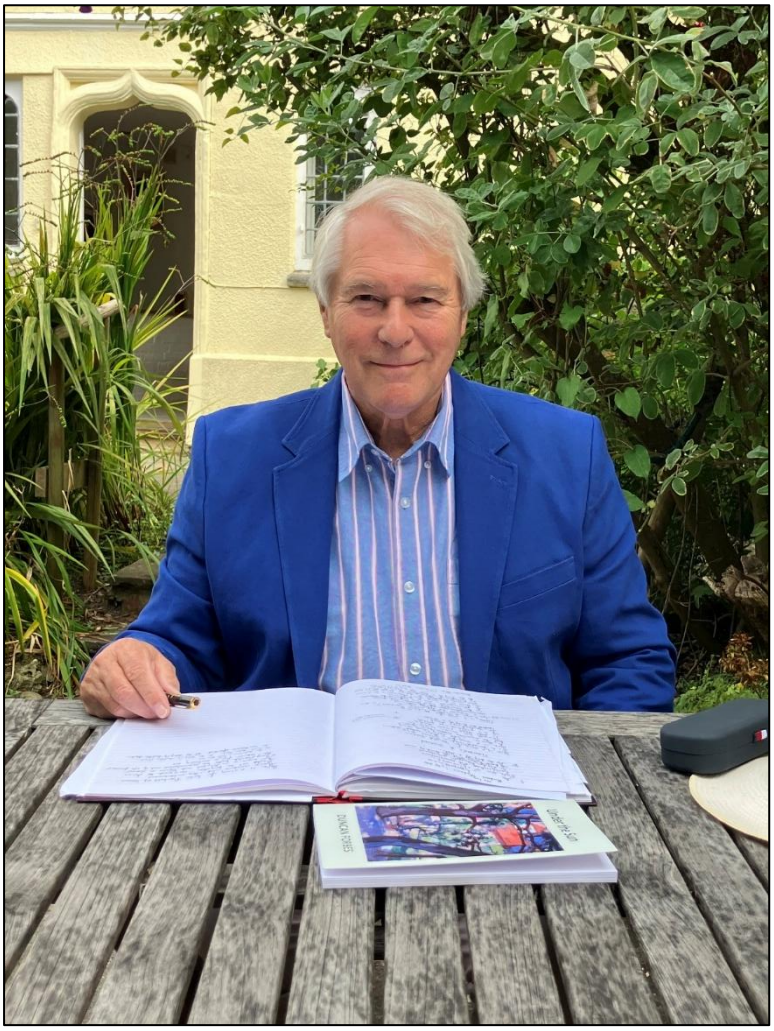
Bernard and I are the same age; both born in 1930, so I can relate to many of his childhood experiences.

Thank you again.

Yours sincerely,

Joan Bell

MY MODELLING CAREER



Imagine my surprise when I received an email from Peter Christian, Gentlemen's Outfitters. I had been a good customer of theirs for a number of years beginning with a blue cotton suit, I think. They had no shop and the clothes came illustrated enticingly in a seasonal catalogue in which the director styled himself as Lord Trousers of Partridge Green. Into this catalogue of menswear, they had introduced a new feature called the 'Signature Look' in which customers wore their chosen Peter Christian outfits and introduced themselves and their main interests.

The email invited us to respond with a view to recruiting fresh individuals for their Signature Look. It is generally thought unwise for a serving teacher to moonlight as a male model but here I was now underoccupied and safely retired and so I decided to reply in reasonably chirpy prose. To be honest, I didn't think I'd stand any chance of being selected for further enquiries.

In due course, Lottie of the Digital Marketing Team said they had been 'blown away by the number of responses.' But I was then asked to send further information and photographs of self in signature-look Peter Christian outfits. Photographs were retrieved and a few fresh ones taken in the summery garden and attached to my reply. (See above.) I was also asked a number of questions including the following.

- How would you describe your style?

Before I give my brief response, may I suggest you try answering that question for yourself and you may see how tricky it is? (Shabby chic? Urban Cowboy? Old gent?) Here's my effort.

'Ah, yes. The style. Smart, casual, snappy, urbane, dashing and dapper: I have heard each of these words used of my individual style. Sometimes I hope it is gentlemanly and understated and at others more colourful and flamboyant.'

Next question. Please could you tell us anything further about your hobbies or the inspirations for your poems?

As regards my interests, I wrote as follows:

'I do not see poetry as a hobby so much as an occupation or preoccupation. The poems tend to be as varied as the experiences and ideas which prompt them and I like to think

that some of the poems are funny and others sad. For your interest, I attach a thoughtful one called 'In the Wardrobe' which refers specifically to clothes and indeed to some Peter Christian items.

'I think the first two Peter Christian (Gentlemen's Outfitters) items I bought were two splendid cotton suits, one navy and one stone, both advertised in *The Spectator* or was it *The Times*? Lord Trousers may know. That must have been about twenty years ago now and I have worn them frequently since then.'

I imagined that, once the marketing department viewed my geriatric vanities and verbiage, they would soon say thank you but no thank you.

After the lapse of some weeks, I was asked to arrange a video conference with Lottie and Craig. Help. We were just about to go on holiday to Ireland and so a date was arranged for a Zoom meeting on our return. Meanwhile, the story had started to circulate in the immediate family and daughter Ellie, son Tom and his partner Delia were each interested to learn how it developed and whether I might become a male model at the age of 77. Tom had recently been bought some stellar blue PC leisure shorts and so they had the lively and witty catalogue.

The video conference with Lottie and Craig eventually took place and I was interviewed online. They asked me about my interests and possible locations for a photoshoot. I was asked about writing and painting. Since Brexit, they said, they had found it more difficult to sell in Europe but were expanding marketing and sales in North America. I remember saying that in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles alone there were thirty million potential customers. I also said I'd be delighted if you feature me but philosophical if you don't. By the end of the interview, I decided I had probably talked myself out of any assignment.

But no. They decided to consult further. I waited. And then the email came. They had taken the idea to the top and Lord Trousers himself had decided that in view of the political poems on my website they could not sensibly invite me to represent them as one of their 'Signature Looks'. Diplomatically, Lottie wrote:

'Unfortunately, while we absolutely agree with the point of view expressed in your poems and found humour in the cartoons, we have some concerns regarding the *Politicos* category on your website and how it may be perceived by our American customers. As much as we appreciate the creative direction, we need to be mindful of how certain topics might resonate with our audience.'

Instantly, I could see their point. It was not the satirical comments on Putin and Kim Jong-Un which had worried them as they are hardly likely customers. But I presume it was primarily my disdain for Donald Trump. This was just before the US election and he has his supporters, over 77 million of them or more. Who said poetry makes nothing happen?

As a goodwill gesture, however, Peter Christian kindly placed a generous £100 on my account. Some members of the family were disappointed that I had fallen at the final hurdle. Others seemed almost relieved. Our daughter Ellie was much amused to hear that I was the architect of my own downfall. And what do I think? Well, I like to imagine I'm philosophical about it. The episode is just one more fork in the 'trouser-leg of time'.

Duncan Forbes

FASHIONS

While at school in wartime Britain, I was in my early teens, and like so many others who were keen to 'do our bit' for the War Effort, we joined either the Army, Air or Sea Cadets. My choice was for the former because I was influenced by my father who had been a regular soldier and had then answered the call to join the Local Defence Volunteers, who were soon renamed the Home Guard. He was then drafted into the Army Cadet Force with the rank of Captain and became my commanding officer - and didn't he put me through it! Anxious not to show favouritism to his offspring in front of the other boys, if no-one stepped forward as a volunteer, he would regularly pick on me, pointing his finger and shouting 'That man!'

In the Cadet Force one learned discipline, posture and always to be smart, whether in or out of uniform, which was exactly the same as a regular soldier of the day. Fashion has changed and soldiers in modern times wear camouflaged fatigues, which by comparison are casual, but over 80 years ago it was thick, khaki, serge battledress blouse, trousers of the same material, webbing belt and ankle gaiters, steel-studded black boots and serge forage cap with regimental badge. (Two badges if you were of the Gloucestershire Regiment, one at the front and the other at the back, The Glosters being the only regiment to wear a back badge. This was to commemorate an action on which occasion two ranks of soldiers fought back-to-back when the enemy attacked on two fronts.) All badges, buttons and buckles were of brass and had to be highly polished, as did your boots, especially the toecaps. Also, the webbing gaiters and belt needed regular 'Blanco-ing' (colouring) and it must be said that I much preferred all those pre-parade cleaning chores to doing my school homework! As a fourteen-year-old, the Cadet Force was highly influential in my growing-up years and for that I am extremely grateful. In addition, it was a very good preparation for life in the real army when called up for National Service three years later. Already proficient in the use of small arms, fieldcraft and 'square bashing' (ie. foot and arms drill), I had a head start on my untrained colleagues.

Talking of heads, when summoned to our basic training camp to be changed from civilians into rookie soldiers, all new recruits were told to make sure they arrived with a good, short haircut, of which only I seemed to take notice. Longer hair amongst the youth of the day was fashionable. On our first day, the very fierce bombardier lined about thirty of us up in two lines, inspecting each head for long hair. All except me were ordered to visit the camp barber post-haste. Left standing alone feeling pleased with myself, the aforementioned bombardier placed his face very close to mine and whispered 'Think you're clever, do you?' Not knowing what to do with me, he barked in his loudest voice 'Barber shop at the double!'

At the end of the War my parents decided that it was time I took on more responsibilities. There was now no need for Mother to buy my clothes. I had been saving my pocket money for the last four years and therefore had enough to do my own shopping. That money was earned tending the gardens of neighbours and mowing their lawns with Dad's push lawnmower, as well as making model aeroplanes and warships from off-cuts gleaned from his woodcarving workshop. These were sold to Cheltenham Cycle Co in town who sold them on from their shop window. I had a good little bank balance for a boy of my age. At this time, Dad began to introduce me to The Plough Inn and The Vine Tree Inn in Mill Street, the latter (which closed in about 1950) was at Fourways, opposite Home Farm. He

wanted to make sure I started my drinking life responsibly and I began to think of myself as a grown man instead of still a boy of 15.

There were several tailors in Cheltenham, both for men and for women, and it was fashionable to have one's suits and dresses made-to-measure. I decided to have my first sports jacket made by the cheapest tailor I could find, 'The Fifty Shilling Tailors', which was a countrywide chain of inexpensive tailors, nothing costing more than fifty shillings (one shilling was 5p in today's money). At the same time, I began to frequent Army Surplus outlets and most of my outdoor clothes were very cheap but really top-quality garments. In 1950, when I was aged 20, I bought some sheepskin-lined RAF aircrew over-boots which were massive and incredibly warm, perfect for riding my motorbike. I often wondered what action over Germany they had seen. At the same time, I bought for 30 shillings an unused pair of Army despatch-rider's breeches. Those I wore for dog-walking over the countryside for about fifty years. Another good buy was a bit of a fashion-setter in the shape of a Swedish Army snow-coat. This was a thick, heavy, sheepskin-lined overcoat with a huge, collar, purchased in 1960 and which I still occasionally wear to the races when the weather is exceptionally cold and the wind is on the bitter side.

In 1961 I graduated from 'The Fifty Shilling Tailors' to Hector Powe, another chain, from whom I had made a three-piece, dark grey, pinstripe suit. When measuring me up it was discovered that my left shoulder was three quarters of an inch lower than the right. That rather classic suit lasted me well, was always in fashion and because I had no waistcoat for my morning suit, wore that waistcoat to the funeral of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother in 2002. Then because Pam liked it so much, I wore it to her funeral in 2024, sixty-three years after it was made!

Having become a friend of Herbert Edwards, an elderly tailor whose premises were in Regent Street, in about 1964 he phoned to tell me he'd come across a set of very nice waistcoat buttons he'd like me to have. They were brass with embossed foxes' masks on a corrugated relief. He made me the waistcoat which I paid for and gave me the buttons. When racing at Cheltenham a few weeks later I had occasion to photograph the horse ambulance and its crew, one of which was a gypsy, a member of a well-known, local Romany family. He spotted my waistcoat and was pleased to tell me, as he fixed his gaze on my buttons, that his father once had some fine waistcoat buttons and was murdered for them. Needless to say, I moved away from him rather quickly!

If I see a second-hand bargain, I'll snap it up. One such item was an emerald-green, velvet smoking jacket with contrasting embroidered edging, which had belonged to a member of the Wills (tobacco) family. This I purchased for £5 at a charity sale in the 1990s. The jacket had a Cecil Gee label inside, and I made the discovery that Cecil Gee was the 'tailor of the day' in the Swinging Sixties. I also found out that Brian Epstein, manager of the Beatles, wanted all four of his rising stars to wear elaborate, colourful jackets, identical in style, so he took them to Cecil Gee's in Shaftesbury Avenue to be measured up for their Sergeant Pepper outfits. Those vivid jackets, with their high collars and embroidery, I'm sure would now be valued at many thousands of pounds each. Despite its remote provenance, I don't think my jacket would be worth that much - probably less than I gave for it! I continue to enjoy wearing it around Christmas time (my family think I'm somewhat eccentric!). One thing is certain, anything to do with The Beatles will never go out of fashion.

Spirax Sarco in Charlton Kings was in the habit of awarding prizes for long service. This began with a watch for 20 years and was reviewed every five years. I served the company for a total of just over 48 years, so my 45-year present was to be the value of £500. Staff, once they had done their 20 years could choose their own gift which, as each five-year period succeeded its predecessor, increased in value. What on earth should I ask for? At sixty-one years of age, I felt I had all I needed. Eventually I decided to ask the Chairman, Tony Brown, for another suit of clothes, one that would last for the rest of my days, however many that might be. He, being an extremely sartorial man, thought that an excellent choice. Horace Barton, again based in Regent Street, told me it would cost £425 - which left £25 over. Now at Gieves and Hawkes, the military tailor, there was displayed in their Promenade window a bow tie I quite fancied. As I always dressed this window for the Gold Cup Meeting every March (with racing photographs, drawings and memorabilia) they knocked £5 off the £30 price tag. When, at the annual sales conference, the time came for the presentation of the long service awards, Tony Brown stood up, dangled the bow tie at arm's length between finger and thumb and announced, 'Bernard has chosen for his award this very nice bow tie'. Gasps of astonishment from the 160 delegates from around the world, and much muttering. The Chairman then added 'and to go with the tie, he has ordered a new suit, but his tailor has not quite finished it. I think he was having trouble with the shoulders!'

My grandparents played their part in the fashion industry – well, sort of. My great-great-grandfather, my great-grandfather and my great-uncle on the maternal side were all cordwainers (boot and shoemakers) on the Cotswolds. They lived on the Colesbourne estate where they shod the inhabitants of the village and all the villages along the Churn valley. My grandma on the paternal side was seamstress and dressmaker at Barbon Manor in Cumbria, and my mother-in-law, Edith Humphreys, who lived opposite Prestbury war memorial, was a dressmaker working just off Cheltenham Promenade. Edith made Pam's beautiful wedding dress in 1955 and plenty of clothes for our daughter Nicola right from babyhood, mostly from remnants of fabric and often from Pam's old skirts and dresses.

I too had my place in the sun! When still a schoolboy during the War, having seen a magazine article on how to make a rag doll from scraps, I had a go at making one out of Dad's old long johns for my younger sister, complete with a set of clothes. For some reason I did not give it a face. The lasting memory I have of this sizeable, far-from-fashionable doll, is of it being in the side pocket of my jacket (Lord knows why!) beneath my cassock and surplice on All Saints Day. Processing round All Saints Church with a full choir, candle bearers and clergy, with the Mothers' Union banner held aloft, this bulge in my pocket kept bumping into chairs on the edge of the aisles with regularity, which of course at my age and on such a serious occasion as this, was quite embarrassing! One thing I do know, is that there cannot be many stuffed dolls that have been carried in procession around a church and then lined up in front of the altar and received a blessing!

Bernard Parkin

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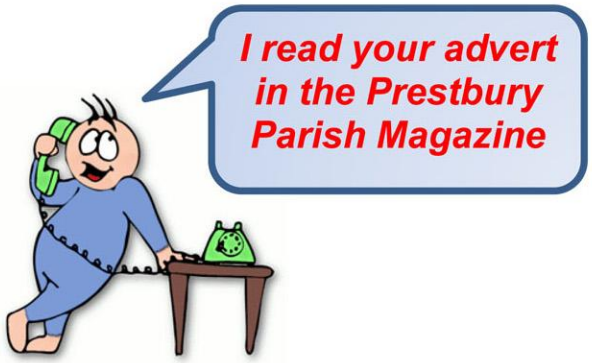

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Prestbury WI – ABBA Night

In January Prestbury WI went back to the 1970s for an evening of ABBA music, reminiscing and dancing. It all began with an idea for an event but it sparked endless conversations about the fashions, foods and music. Most conversations began with 'do you remember?', things we loved and missed. Arctic roll seemed to be a favourite. With all the various ages at the WI, the times in our lives were recounted fondly. Some in their teens, some married in that decade and others young mothers.

The 1970s were an iconic decade for fashion, with bold, expressive and vibrant styles. Who could forget flared bell bottom trousers, particularly if they were denim? Often personalised with embellishments. those wide legged trousers were everywhere. They were high waisted and tight at the top and then flared out from the knees down. Typically paired with platform shoes and if you really wanted the ultimate fashion statement the bottoms of the trousers were wide enough to completely cover your shoes!

Those platform shoes were worn by everyone. The heels were big and chunky, a real statement. They were coveted if you were a teenager but looked on with disdain by our parents. They were too high, they were dangerous, you will sprain your ankle, they look ugly were all comments from the older generation, but we didn't care they were like something we had never seen before and we just wanted to be like everyone else.

Shape wise we were getting lengths to the extreme, from maxi skirts and dresses to hot pants so short they were basically underwear! With those low cut pants came high cut boots. Clothing flared out and moved, made for dancing. Collars were big and big collared shirts poked out over bigger lapels. Shirts were tucked into high waisted trousers and skirts and even paired with waistcoats both knitted or crocheted. Who didn't own a tank top?

Then there were the icons. Farra Forcett was huge, starring in Charlie's Angels with her flick hairstyle which influenced the hair of the era with women and girls trying to flick their hair out in a similar way.

On the night, the WI members didn't disappoint. They came suitably attired ready to dance and enjoy the food they all fondly remembered, and many said 'Let's do this again'.

Jill Curran

Redecorating at St Nicolas

After 20-odd years the painted walls at St Nicolas were looking 'tired' and in need of repainting. We took the opportunity to do this work at the same time as moving the choir back into the space used as an office since the time of the retirement of Fr Stephen Gregory. Some readers will remember during his incumbency the parish office was in the Vicarage and the printer was in the former Church Hall in Bouncers Lane.

The redecorating turned out not to be as simple as we imagined. The plaster was in poor condition and some areas needed replacing. All in a day's work for Erik! We were fortunate and very grateful he managed to work in stages between the times the church was to be used. We were able to carry on without disruption,

Brian Wood

▲ showing plaster removed from behind the organ
▼ redecorating a plain wall. Note the slight change of colour.

St Nicolas Flower Arrangers Stepping Down

After very many years of faithful service Molly Campbell *(left)* and Janet White *(right with Janet Waters)* have stood down from the Flower Arranging team at St Nicolas.

Marle Hill WI

Marle Hill WI met on Monday 3 February 2025. Our speaker this month was Nick King who gave a very interesting talk entitled "Goats of the Gorge". He talked about his involvement with having to take goats milk for health reasons to having his own goats and eventually running a very productive business.

Members were reminded of the dates for the monthly meal out, Knit and Natter and the Book Club.

Our next meeting is on Monday 3 March 2025 at St Nicolas Church Hall at 7:30pm. and we will be having a quiz.

Visitors are very welcome to attend. Come and see what we have to offer and have some ME time.

Sue Davies
Marle Hill WI

COLOUR AD 1 withheld by the editor

COLOUR AD 2 withheld by the editor

We sought the style

Jackie and my father

Jackie in her going away dress

The Jumbo Cord Jacket is still going strong, the boots less so; the Jumbo Cord Trousers 'shrank in the wardrobe', many years ago!!!

John Moles

We sought style here; We sought style there.

In 1961, I got my first job as an exam paper checker for the local GSE board. We were given the last two weeks of school off, so we 6th. formers could avail ourselves of this offer. I earned the princely sum of £1 10s (£1.50) per week, paid in cash.

As regards fashion, 'The times they were a changing' with the dull post-war greys and browns giving way to brighter colours. With my first self-earned cash jingling in my pocket, I headed straight for that great leading fashion store M&S; yes, I know, but these times were desperately short of 'Fashion' shops. At M&S I purchased a shirt with broad blue and white stripes. Wow! Never mind Elvis, I felt 'The King' turning up at the youth club in my new blue striped shirt, and brown Calvary cords trousers!!!!!. So next had to come the blue denim drain pipe jeans with the six-inch turn-ups. Following that were the shoes, school regulations required Oxford shoes and a new brand on the market was the 'Modern Oxford', a chisel-toed shoe with NO toe cap. Wow, now I was rocking; with my quiff hair, cemented in place; longer at the back and with sideburns, I was now the 'Leader of Fashion', well at least at the Cowley Road Youth Club near the Morris Motor's Car factory!

Then in 1965, Dr Zhivago hit the screens at the same time as my fiancée, Jackie, entered college, naturally, we went to see it and the wonderful costumes designed by Phylis Dalton. Soon after the Long Jackets and Maxi coats hit the market. I had a jumbo cord suit with a long jacket and Jackie made a camel maxi coat, what a pair we looked. Her in an ankle-sweeping maxi coat, over a mini skirt, and I 'splendid' in my cord jacket; jumbo cord trousers and long brown boots, wow, we felt the bee's knees as we sipped schooners of sherry in the cellar in a Montpellier pub!

Jackie was studying needlework, later to be more accurately described as 'The Textile and Design' course. With the encouragement of a forward-thinking principal lecturer, she made many cutting-edge designs.

I then entered teacher training college where Nancy Bradfield, Fashion Historian, was my principal art and design lecturer's wife. She held court in their house at Rose Hill every Friday. Here she engendered debate about current fashions to track down the very idiom of 60s fashion, for the update of her scholarly reference tome, '900 Years of English Costume'. Biba had also hit the market by this time, and with Carnaby Street in full operation, this was surely a heady time to be 'involved in fashion'.

Jackie went on to design and make many 'in-the-moment dresses', a very short purple 'A' line dress; which worn over Mary Quant's purple tights, brought the Brasenose College Senior Common Room to a halt at a drinks party! Dresses based on the idea of 'Gear' (the in-word for clothes at the time) followed. For example, a black mini dress with bright red cog wheels, each larger than a dinner plate for 'The Rising Sons', debut gig at what is now Brookes University. A white cocktail dress with free machine embroidery then appeared on the walkway at a fashion show at Cheltenham Town Hall. Then a purple/green mix heavy wool medieval dress, inspired by a Beardsley print of a thistle, complete with a lead weighted train for a party at The Highway Hotel, Burford. After that a long flowing wedding dress with a full-length veil for our wedding at the medieval church in Cumnor. Then came perhaps, and only just perhaps; her most Avant-garde piece: a white ball gown with a dozen

appliqued shiny black 3cm ring washers spread in concentric circles around an elegant bodice centrepiece made of a black soffit board air vent, for a ball at Blenheim Palace!!!!!!!!!

Now, where did I leave my brand new, thick toasty; long-sleeved, fleece top???????

Footnotes:

The Kinks 1965:

They seek him here, they seek him there
His clothes are loud, but never square
It will make or break him, so he's got to buy the best
Cause he's a dedicated follower of fashion

Mary Quant (1930 – 2023) was the most iconic fashion designer of the 1960s. A design and retail pioneer, she popularised super-high hemlines and other irreverent looks critical to developing the 'Swinging Sixties' scene.

Biba was a London fashion store of the 1960s and 1970s. Biba was started in 1963 and run by the Polish-born Barbara Hulanicki and her husband Stephen Fitz-Simon. They introduced the idea of fast relatively cheap fashion with a postal service as well. This ensured their fashions spread rapidly across Britain.

Phylis Dalton who died recently aged 99 was a costume designer whose impeccable eye for detail led to many awards for films such as Dr Zhivago, Lawrence of Arabia and Henry V.

Aubry Beardsley, was an Art Nouveau aesthetic and graphic artist; the thistle on Jackie's dress was inspired by a drawing of Isolde's dress in the print 'Sir Tristram and the Love Drink'.

Jackie's wedding dress was donated via the URC to a group of ladies in Kenya who run a Wedding Dress Hire Company. Kenya was one of Jackie's favourite countries. Readers may be puzzled as to why MY father was photographed with Jackie, so a quick background: my father and my father-in-law worked together and had done so since they were 14 years of age and then socialized together throughout their teens and early adulthood. So, the families knew each other well.

On wearing my **New Oxfords** to school, I was apprehended by my building master (it was a technical school) who stated that these did not comply with school rules. Now, according to Wikipedia: 'An Oxford shoe is a type of shoe characterized by a feature termed "closed lacing". Originally, Oxfords were plain, formal shoes, but they evolved into a range of styles on the basis of function and the dictates of fashion'. Which, broadly speaking, was my response. He was however adamant that the school shoes had to have toe caps. I disputed this and he agreed to take my point to a staff meeting, after which the school rule had an addendum: 'With toe caps'. Oh well! I had tried, so back to the boring uniform shoes!!!

John Moles

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Forthcoming Events

Bereavement Friendship Group

We will be meeting in St Mary's Church, Prestbury

on Monday 17 March at 2.15-4pm

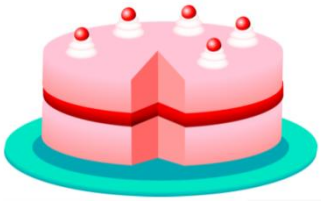
If you have lost a loved one and would like to talk to others in a similar situation, please come along. You will be most welcome, whether you are new or have come before.

Light refreshments will be provided.

Marion Povey

Welcome on Wednesday

Wednesday, 19 March 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?



Notice of Prestbury APCM – Sunday 6th April 2025

This year's meeting will be held at 1.15 pm at St Mary's Church, and will take the form of a 'Bring and Share Lunch' together. This will give people the chance to get to know each other better and help our many new faces at both churches to meet others from our congregations!

The Annual Meeting of Parishioners, which begins at 1.15 on Sunday 6th April, at St Mary's church, is a short meeting to elect Churchwardens: two for St Mary's and two for St Nicolas'. Candidates must be nominated and seconded before the meeting begins and nomination lists will also be displayed on the notice boards of both churches. Anyone who lives within the parish or who is on the church electoral roll may attend and vote at this meeting.

The Annual Parochial Church Meeting will follow the Annual Meeting of Parishioners. This is a chance to come to hear a review and reports of what has taken place during the last year, together with plans for the future and an opportunity to ask questions.

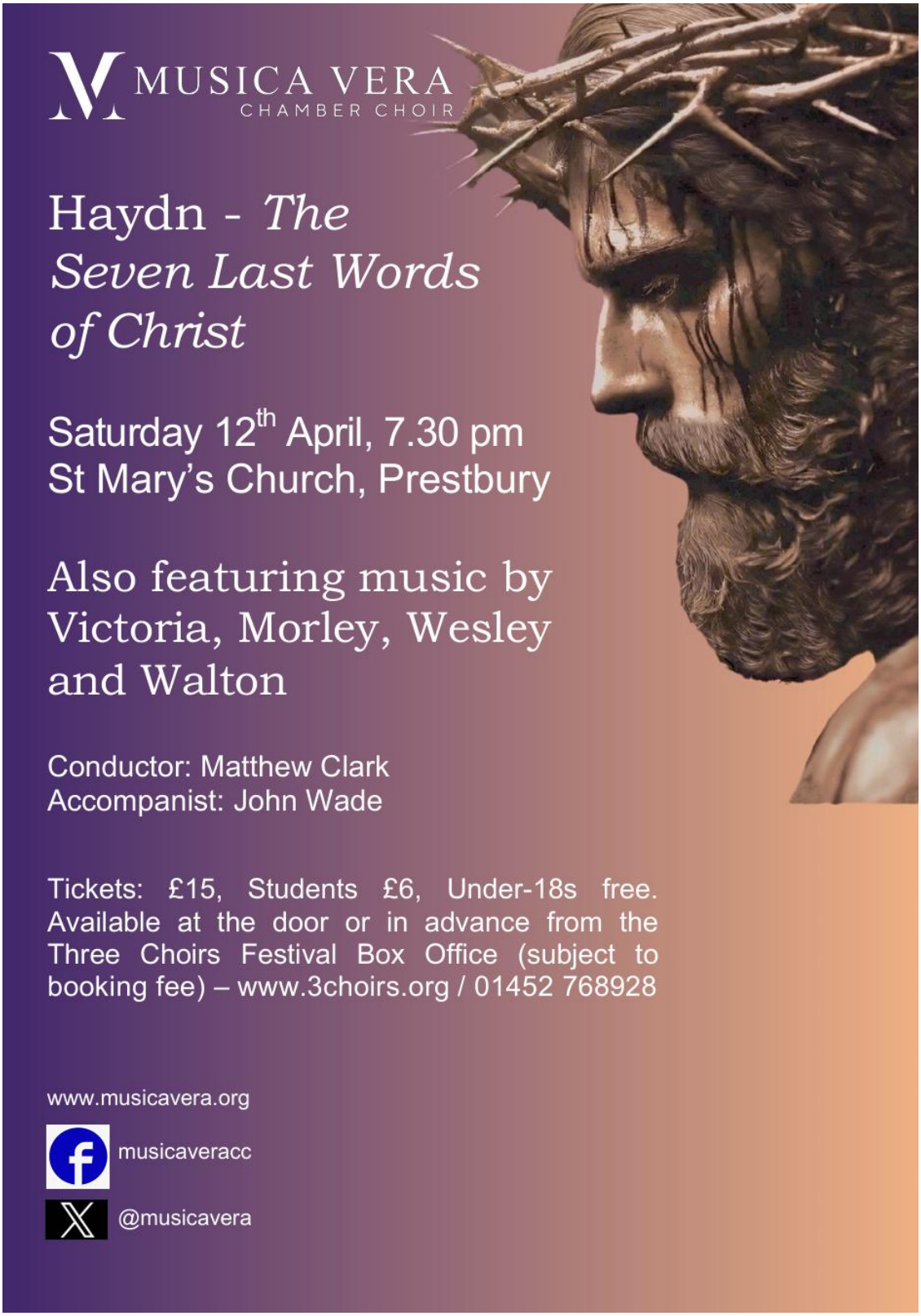
At this meeting, elections to the Parochial Church Council (PCC) take place. Nominations for PCC members will be displayed on the notice boards of both churches for at least the two Sundays prior to the meeting. Candidates must be proposed and seconded by a person who is on the Electoral Roll of the parish, and they should also have been asked if they are willing to stand.

Stella Caney, PCC Secretary

Musica Vera

Musica Vera present their spring concert for this year, featuring Haydn's oratorio, *The Seven Last Words of Christ*. This beautiful but rarely-heard gem was originally a set of orchestral pieces for a Good Friday service but was later transformed into a choral work. In this performance, each of the seven movements will be paired with a corresponding work, with music by Victoria, Morley, Wesley, Walton and others.

Do join us in St Mary's, Prestbury on **April 12th at 7.30**, for what promises to be an evocative and moving musical reflection on the Passion story.



The Ecclesiastical Parish of Prestbury

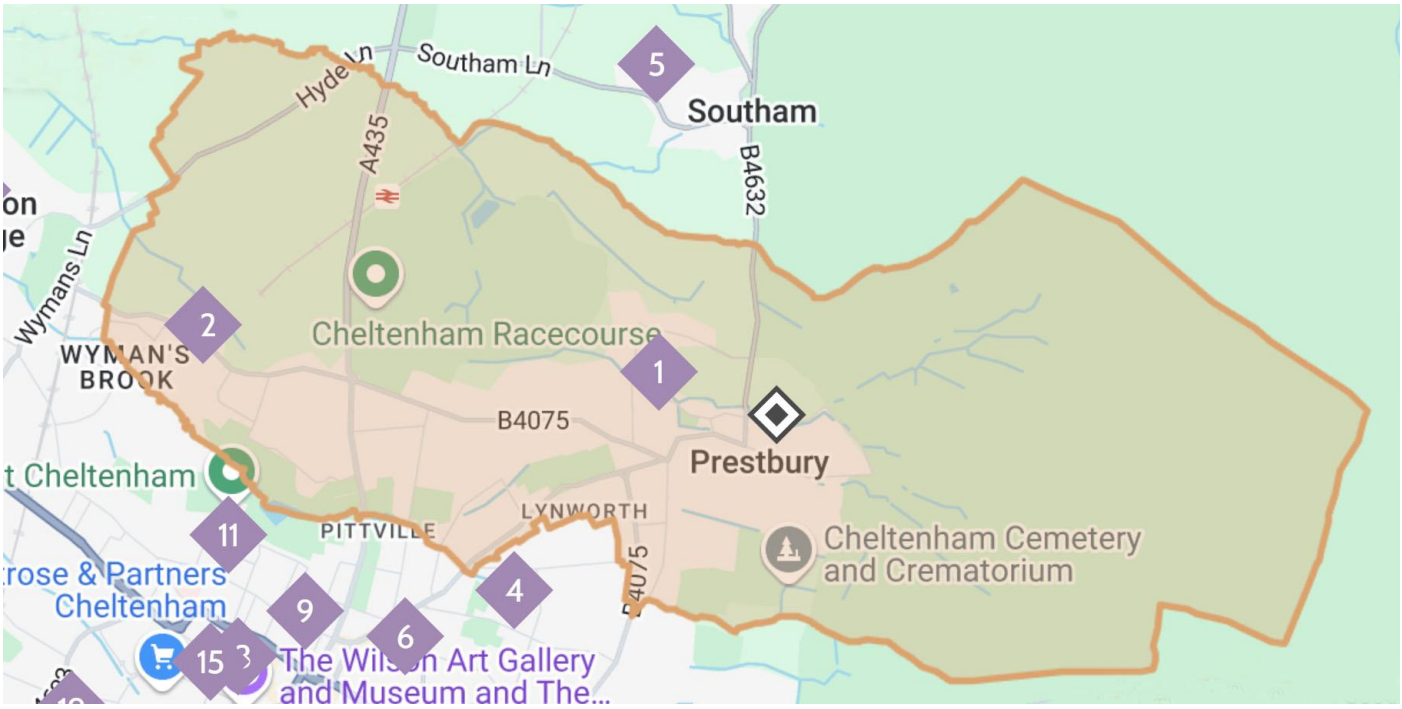
is bounded by two streams which flow west off the Cotswold Hills. The northerly stream, Hyde Brook, passes under the Southam Road, encompassing the Racecourse, Hyde Farm and Hyde Lane; the southerly one flows through the Cemetery, Pittville Lake and continues as Wyman's Brook. The westerly boundary of the parish stops short of the railway line and follows the edge of ancient meadows; to the east the boundary continues over the brow of the hill to encompass Drypool Farm. St Mary's church is, logically, in the geographical centre of this region, which was a rural area of farmsteads in a rich estate of the Bishop of Hereford, with Prestbury a market town when it was founded.

The ecclesiastical parish (not to be confused with the present-day civil parish) covers an area of approximately four square miles, being roughly four miles long east to west and just over a mile wide north to south. Some parts of the boundary are inaccessible on private land, but quite long stretches are on public footpaths or can be seen from common land.

Why not take a day off during the summer and see how much of the boundary you can identify?

Bob Lyle.

This article first appeared in the July 1999 edition of the Prestbury Parish Magazine



This map was generated on the website 'A Church Near You'. You can see which parish you live in by going to this site (*search for 'acny'*) and then search using your PostCode.

In this map St Mary's church is shown as the 1 in a diamond, and St Nicolas by the 2.

When Fr Daniel Papworth was with us there was a plan to spend a day 'Beating the Bounds', that is walking around the perimeter of the parish. A few of us tried the walk to see if this was achievable and how long it might take. Alas on the day that everybody was invited to join in the weather was inclement and the walk cancelled and never rescheduled.

Brian Wood

Parish Directory *continued*

Children's Work
Linda Biggs 01242 510856
linda.biggs@prestbury.net

Safeguarding Officer
Linda Biggs 07769 581822

Organist & Choir Director
St Mary: Peter Greaves 01452 739108
peter.greaves@prestbury.net
St Nicolas: contact the Team Office 01242 244373
admin@northchelt.org.uk

Bellringers
Tower Captain: David Lyle 01242 570453
david.lyle@prestbury.net
Tower Secretary: Jenni Scruton 01242 663948
bells@prestbury.net

Parish Magazine
Editor: Brian Wood 01242 515941
magazine@prestbury.net
Advertising: Richard Johnson 07535 417828
advertising@prestbury.net

St Mary's C of E (VA) Schools
Executive Head Teacher: Mr Matt Ferris
01242 383817

Hall Letting
Prestbury Hall, Bouncers Lane 01242 239590
bookings@prestburyhall.com
St Nicolas Hall, Swindon Lane
hallhire@northchelt.org.uk

Parish Giving Scheme
76 Kingsholm Road,
Gloucester GL1 3BD 0333 002 1260
info@parishgiving.org.uk

Electoral Roll Officer
Matthew Wilson 01242 526696
matthew.wilson@prestbury.net

Church Flowers
St Mary:
St Nicolas:

Copy Dates and Themes for Future Magazines 2025

Issue		Copy Date		Theme
April	Sunday	16	March	Favourite Places
May	Sunday	13	April	Celebrity
June	Sunday	11	May	Pet Hates
July	Sunday	15	June	Camping
August	Sunday	13	July	Photographs
September	Sunday	17	August	Routine
October	Sunday	14	September	Crafts
November	Sunday	12	October	Avenues
Dec / Jan	Sunday	16	November	New Year

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**

April 2025 Magazine Theme: Favourite Places

Please send copy by Sunday 16 March 2025
or soon after

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