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Prestbury Parish Magazine

 North Cheltenham
Team Ministry

June 2026



£1

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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 Sea surrounding the British Virgin Islands
by Brian Wood

Reflections from the Reverend Jacqueline

Over the weekend of Saturday 27th and Sunday 28th June there will be two ordination services at Gloucester Cathedral. Eleven new Deacons will be ordained by Bishop Rachel Treweek. They have been through a rigorous formation process and theological training in response to what they have perceived to be a vocational calling on their lives. Some of these new Deacons will stay in their current jobs and minister on a part-time basis. Others have moved into a new parishes to start their ministry full time.

A Diaconate year (the first year after being ordained as a Deacon) is a full twelve months and forms the foundation of all priestly ministry. The Deacon is encouraged to serve their parish in worship, proclaiming the Gospel and ministering to the community. It is an opportunity to settle into a new parish and home and put down some roots at the start of a curacy. Priests and Bishops and even Archbishops always remain Deacons first and foremost, with the call to strengthen the faithful, leading worship and distributing Holy Communion. Priests, however, are ministers of the Sacraments and this shift in ministry is the reason why there is a second ordination service.

Priests in the Church of England are “anointed and appointed” and through prayer and the laying on of hands by the Bishop, are given the gift of the Holy Spirit. This is the key moment in the service where ordinands are presented to God as servants to continue the work of Jesus Christ and mediate between Humanity and the Divine. Sacramental ministry is best described as ‘an outward sign of an inward grace’ and it is a role where Christ is made present to all people.

There is a lot to reflect on and think about before ordination. Priestly ministry isn’t just about presiding at a Holy Communion service on a Sunday. It’s about discerning gifts in other people, blessing and bearing witness to the bringing in of the Kingdom. There are five roles listed in the Ordinal Declarations which are read by the Bishop. They are: servant, shepherd, messenger, sentinel and steward. These all form the basis of priestly ministry and our calling. Yet there are other roles which individuals hold within their own families. Mine include wife, mother, daughter and sister and amongst my friends of differing faiths (and none). The priestly ‘job’ does not stop when I take my collar off. It starts to grow through daily life like the words through a stick of rock.



It takes a lot of courage to say “yes” to God and yet, this is what we are all asked to do. We all have individual gifts and skills which we are encouraged to use in service to others. The churches across the North Cheltenham Team Ministry have all recently had their Annual Parochial Church Meeting where priorities and finances were discussed. As part of the plans for the year ahead, we are challenged to consider how we all might best serve our communities. There are some big decisions to be made about what the future of the

Church might look like, both locally and nationally. It is everyone's calling to help bring in God's Kingdom into our small corner of the world. Please do contact me if you would like to talk about how you can contribute. Perhaps it might be visiting neighbours, offering refreshments at a community group or using professional skills such as writing grant applications. However you might be able to help others, be reassured that your outward sign of an inward grace will be much appreciated by those who receive it.

Reverend Jacqueline

*"The one who sows sparingly will also reap sparingly,
and the one who sows bountifully will also reap bountifully."
(2 Corinthians 9. 6)*

Ordinary Times

There is nothing ordinary about ordinary time,
But it is very difficult to tell it in rhyme.
We celebrated Christmas with great good cheer
And saw the turning of the year.
We have worked our way through Lent
And experienced Easter and all that that meant.
Now the Holy Spirit has come
We find there is work to be done;
The naked to clothe, the hungry to feed;
To share one's faith in word and deed.

Clare Wyatt

This month's theme is THE SEA

The Sea of Galilee

I grew up by the sea in Plymouth, it has become known as “Britain's Ocean City”, I’m sure a claim that many other splendid locations would challenge, but as a proud Plymothian I will go with it. It has a long history associated with the sea, Francis Drake, the Mayflower Steps from where the Pilgrim Fathers set off to settle in America, Sir Francis Chichester, the first man to sail single handed around the world. It also has a historic dockyard once the home of the famous aircraft carrier, Ark Royal, you can burst into song with “I am sailing” now! The population of the city mostly joined the Royal Navy for national service or in times of war, including my own Dad. I still have the watch that he was given for his 21st birthday present, when he came back from serving in Mountbatten’s fleet. It was only when we celebrated the 80th anniversary of VE Day that I reflected on how young Dad was coming back from the war, I have no idea what age he went, his parents only child, what a dreadful time for them. I met Duncan Forbes while he was locking the church one Tuesday evening, he spent much of his childhood in Plymouth, in fact living between where I went to school and where my wife grew up, we could have talked for a long time.

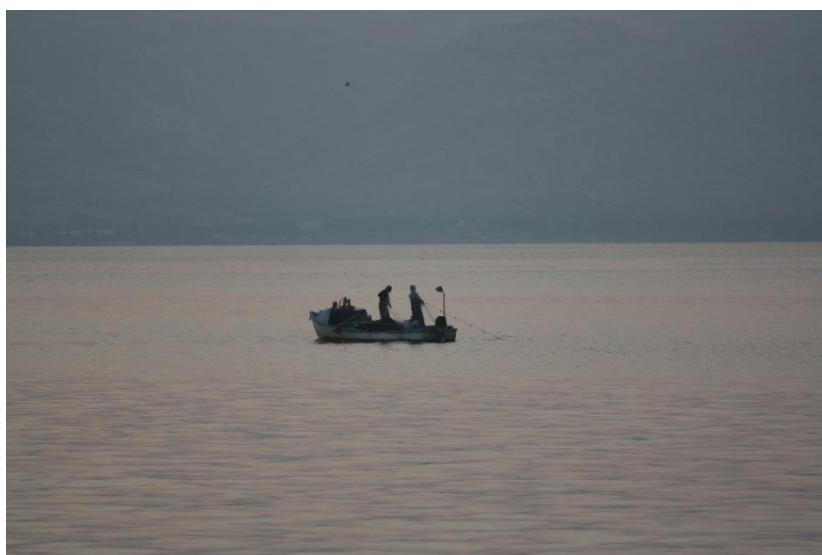
The above is all a bit of a diversion, what I really wanted was to write something about the Sea of Galilee, for Christians one of the most important locations in the world. It was the heart of Jesus’s ministry, where he taught, healed, and performed many of the miracles that shaped early Christian faith. If we think of all of the Gospel stories that we hear and read:

Calling of the first disciples, fishermen who left their nets to follow Him after a miraculous catch.
Feeding of the five thousand, where a small offering of bread and fish multiplied to feed a crowd.
Jesus walking on the water, approaching his disciples’ boat during a storm.

Calming the storm, commanding “Peace! Be still!” and bringing instant calm to the lake.

Post-resurrection appearance, where the disciples recognised Him after another miraculous catch of fish.

These stories give the Sea of Galilee a unique place in our faith, I was lucky enough to be there in 2015 and would love to go again, I was on a trip organised by the Diocese. Some of you will know that I am an early bird, something that caused amusement to my fellow pilgrims. One morning while out for an early walk I saw this lovely scene and took a



picture, my camera records that it was at 04.44am. I have lots of pictures of churches, historic sights, spectacular plans, butterflies, birds and lots of people, but this is my favourite picture from the trip. I imagine the scene that I saw early that morning, of fishermen who returned to the shore as the sun came up, was the sort of scene that Jesus must have seen when He called his first disciples.

The Sea of Galilee that morning was a place of calm and peace, something that we pray will return to the whole region.

Chris Horswell

My Visit to the Seaside

My first ever visit to the 'seaside' was probably in 1955....a Sunday School outing to CLEVEDON ! We went on a scheduled Steam Train from Willersey (nr Broadway) ...packed lunch ..and had a wonderful time ...what I didn't really enjoy was having to wear a hand-knitted bathing costume (made lovingly by my dear Mum)our pleasures and expectations were oh so different then !!!!

Marilyn Powell

New School Governors

Congratulations to Andrew Wood, Natalie Banwell, Jane Bradbury and Marcia Thomas on becoming new Foundation Governors at St Mary's Infant and Junior Schools on Bouncers Lane.

Feedback

Referring to Bernard Parkin's article 'Modern Life' in the April issue of the Prestbury Parish Magazine, I thought readers might be interested in some feedback. Bernard took the liberty of sending a magazine to both the Dean of Southwark, The Very Reverend Dr Mark Oakley, and to Queen Camilla, as both were good friends of Jilly Cooper and very much involved in her memorial service. He has since received letters in response.

The Dean's letter says that he greatly appreciated receiving the magazine and thoroughly enjoyed its contents. In particular, he was very interested in the way Bernard connected campanology to Dame Jilly's service. The piece, he said, was both thoughtful and professionally presented. Queen Camilla's letter was more personal, but the message was similar and she referred to his article as 'brilliant'.

How heartwarming that these two people, with such busy schedules and so many important commitments, made time to read and comment on our magazine!

Ed

Who wants to be Coxswain?

“I’ll do it!” called a voice instantly, and in the semi-darkness of the swaying bridge, a member of St Nicolas’ congregation pushed her way forward to assume the Coxswain’s chair.

Taking the wheel, she asked for her orders.



Angie at the helm

The Instructor ordered her, “Take the boat out of the harbour mouth and turn left”.

“No!” came the reply, “I will take the boat out of the harbour mouth and turn to Port”.

“There is a stricken vessel, make for her right-hand side”.

“I will make for her Starboard side”.

“Ok! Ok! Starboard side”.

“Now cut across the trough to check her state”.

“Certainly not. I will cut across the trough at an angle. Otherwise, we will broach to and roll over”.

“Ok! Ok!”

“Now cut close around the back of the vessel!”

“No, I will steer well out behind her stern because there is a backwash that

will take us under her stern overhang and onto her rudder!”

“Ladies and gentlemen, I think this lady has done this before!!!!!!

So it continued throughout the lengthy ‘Rescue’.

Text and photo by John Moles, passed by Angie Brassey’s editorial pen!

Footnote:

The Venue: RNLI training headquarters, Poole. The visit was arranged by John’s sister Jen Church.

The situation: A training rescue lifeboat simulator, complete with severe pitch and roll.

Anyone feeling sick was invited to leave by the rear bridge door.

Was the Instructor ignorant of the ways of the sea?

No. Of course not, he just hoped for a few calamities to demonstrate the self-righting capacity of an RNLI Lifeboat and the strength of her hull.

He was deprived of these pleasures!!!

FOUR MEN ON A BOAT



We arrived in March sunshine and the next day it snowed. The boat was an ocean-going yacht and it belonged to the Island Cruising Club in Salcombe, where I had agreed with my friend Jon to attend a week-long Introduction to Sailing course. We had been at school together and he was now a barrister and I an English teacher. We were joined in Salcombe by the third member on the course, a publican called Bob from Moseley in Birmingham. Our skipper was called Dave and he appraised the three of us warily.

The cold first day was spent practising manoeuvres in Salcombe Harbour itself. The next day we went out in rough seas over the bar as the boat bobbed and bounced around in the breakers. Dave wanted us to put up the jib. He let us hoist it the wrong way round to teach us a lesson. When the weather had improved, Dave and his crew of three novices set off down the Devon coast westwards in the beautiful yacht towards Newton Ferrers and Noss Mayo.

‘I used to have a yacht like this,’ Dave muttered cryptically.

‘What happened to it?’

‘I might just tell you later on.’

Passing buoys marking lobster-pots, we used the motor and sails to reach the Yealm estuary. There we went past the sand-bar to pay the harbour-master and to anchor for the night in the creek of the tidal estuary with its strong marine smells of seaweeds and mud. We paddled across in the yacht’s dinghy for supper in the Ship Inn, Noss Mayo. Over a pie and pint, Skipper Dave told us what had happened to him a couple of years before.

‘Well,’ he said or rather he would have done if I could still recall accurately what our skipper told us. As it is, I shall have to reconstruct Dave’s startling story from what I remember and from what he told the British Press Association at the time in 1988.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘I entered the single-handed trans-Atlantic yacht race in my 30-foot yacht called Hyccup. We set off from Plymouth and I was about thousand miles into the voyage when I realised I had company. There were whales swimming alongside my boat and I don’t mean just a few whales. There was a whole pod of them. About fifty whales, I guess.’

‘Why?’

‘I don’t know. Nothing I could do about them. This went on for three days and three nights and then it happened. They started squealing, snorting and jumping out of the water and then one of them, the biggest one, rammed my boat.’

‘What did you do?’

‘I rushed out a Mayday call, inflated the life-raft, grabbed a few belongings and left the ship quick as I could. I watched the boat sink. The whales went quiet, circled round me in the life-raft a couple of times and then they dispersed. Just like that.’

‘In daylight?’

‘Broad daylight. Mid-Atlantic.’

‘And how were you rescued?’

‘Eight hours later. Fortunately. By a West German freighter called Bavaria.’

‘Why did the whales attack?’

‘Who knows? But they were out to kill me. I’m sure of that. I gave an interview by radio from the freighter.’

‘Did you write about it?’

‘No. Journalists did in the papers. The story’s in Reader’s Digest and that’s why I’m doing this job now.’

With Dave’s nightmarish tale in our minds, we paddled back across the rustling creek in the starlit dark to our bunks, wondering whether his sloop had been insured and what was in store for us. The next morning, we hauled up the anchor and set off on the ebb-tide, past herons fishing on the shoreline. We motored down the River Yealm towards the calm blue sea. Dave had positioned Jon and me on the bow as lookouts.

‘Getting shallow,’ we shouted.

‘How deep?’

‘Sandy now.’

‘Very sandy.’

With a thump and a judder, the keel lodged itself firmly in the sand-bar. Why had Dave tried to motor over it rather than go round the bar in the navigable channel? He put the engines into reverse and revved fiercely. Clouds of sand were stirred underwater but the yacht wouldn’t budge. We were stuck fast. As the tide went out, the yacht started to heel over at an increasing angle. Hours passed. A local yachtie shouted cheerily from an incoming boat, ‘Someone does it every year.’ Eventually, after hours on the tilt, the incoming tide lifted the yacht clear of the sand-bar and the curses of Dave.

After that, we went under sail past Wembury and the Mew Stone to Plymouth Sound where we practised tacking in triangles in Kingsand Bay. A friend who happened to be standing outside the Fish and Chip shop in Cawsand later told me he could not imagine why such a large yacht was repeating intricate manoeuvres so near the shore. Eventually, we sailed over to a berth at Queen Anne’s Battery where we enjoyed a wonderful meal of fish and chips ourselves.

We discovered that each of us on the sailing course, Jon, Bob and I, was exactly 43-years-old. Mid-life sea-fever? The yacht on which we had been introduced to sailing was due to go to the Azores the next week. Following the course, my friend Jon developed his skills in navigation and in time skippered yachts across the Channel and back, sometimes even in gale force winds. I have since remained mainly on dry land. Bob the publican returned to Moseley and, as for our skipper Dave Sellings, there have now been many more authenticated stories of whale strikes and attacks by orcas. The best such narrative I have ever read is *Survive the Savage Sea* by Dougal Robertson which has become a classic of its type. It’s an astonishing story, brilliantly well told, and I recommend it

Duncan Forbes

The Sea and the Importance of Letter-writing

A friend of mine, Sir Martin Gilliatt, said it was the letters from a girlfriend that kept him sane while imprisoned in Colditz during the Second World War. Weekly letters from my girlfriend throughout the 18 months I was abroad (1948-49) informing me of all the happenings at Saint Mary's and in the village, led to a very happy 69 years of marriage. My parents, sister and aunt corresponded regularly as well. Those letters were the only means of communication and took seven days to reach Malta by Forces Sea Mail. I have kept the last letter from Dad safe for 77 years. It was still only half-way there when I was half-way home on compassionate leave. That letter was received back in Prestbury three weeks later at the very spot where it was written after it had travelled over 2,300 nautical miles. This is nothing compared with letters from my Great Uncle Frank to his family in Paddington after he emigrated as a young man to Australia over 150 years ago. He set sail from Gravesend on 20th May 1874 and arrived six months later at Rockhampton, Queensland, on 14th November 1874. His sister Isabella, my grandma, copied the letters by hand into a leather-bound book and this is one of my most treasured possessions. Here are extracts from some of Frank's early letters in 1874 and 1875:

Ship Suffolk, Gravesend, May 10th, 1874

Dear Father and Mother,

I enclose a portrait of the ship I am onboard. This is I hear, a very good ship, and we have a good captain, officers and crew. I am pretty well satisfied with the treatment at present. There are about 120 single men and 90 single women and about 64 married couples with some children. The men are rather a rough lot but pretty good natured. We had a minister come on board yesterday afternoon and he held a short service, and he gave a testament to those who had no Bible; he came from the Thames Church Mission and this morning another minister came and held a short service and presented most of us with a hymn book and a few tracts. He came from a place called the Bethel of Gravesend. We expect the inspector of the Board of Trade this morning and also the inspector of the Queensland government and we expect to start finally on Tuesday morning. Goodbye. God bless you all.

Off the West Coast of Africa, June 2nd, 1874

Dear Father and Mother,

I hope you are well and received the ship's portrait I sent from Gravesend. I sent it ashore by the postman who brought some letters and he charged me 1d for taking it ashore, besides the 1d for the stamp. While we were at Gravesend a boat came alongside with oranges, tobacco, cheese and all sorts of things to sell to the emigrants but were not allowed to come onboard, but the man managed to sell a good many things by throwing them on the deck.... There are about 430 people onboard. We have enough food but none too much....

Ship Suffolk, off Mauritius, August 7th, 1874

Dear Mother and Father,

....We had some very rough weather since I wrote last and nobody would know the ship again by the portrait I sent you. We have had two or three gales, some lasting two, some four days and nights, and lost two yards, and three or four sails blown away and one man fell overboard, a boat was sent after him and the lifebuoy thrown over, but as it was dark the boat came back without him. He was a Scotch sailor. On July 25th a gale which had been blowing two and a half days increased in violence and the vessel shipped several seas, and between 7 and 8pm the foremast, mainmast, mizzen topmast, bowsprit, jib boom, figure head, cat-heads and head rails were blown overboard, but although the masts were over the side they were still held strong by chains fast to the deck and it took a long time, two or three hours to get them adrift. The sea kept thumping them against the side in a way to make us think they were coming through the side. We did not sleep at all that night for some of the people were singing hymns, some praying and some crept into their berths, too frightened to do either, and all the single men were employed at the pumps all night, one gang going on as the other came off, while the sea came tumbling over and through the broken bulwarks, wetting us to the skin. The main mast was a hollow iron mast and the masts in their fall smashed 3 boats and injured 2 others, so that there was only one left, so there was small chance to be saved if the ship had gone down, but the hull was tight and the ship made no water, that was one blessing, but we must be very thankful we have our lives spared, as we did not expect it. We have been busy assisting to put up jury masts and sails ever since to enable us to run into Mauritius in the Indian Ocean to refit as we are too much disabled to pursue our voyage further. It was blowing just as hard as ever and bitterly cold as we were so far south, we have had snow several times hereabouts. We are glad to creep along at the rate of 3 or 4 knots an hour now instead of 12 to 14. There have been 9 or 10 young children buried overboard, one man lost, and one birth since we sailed. We have not seen a ship for nearly 3 weeks, nor land since we first started....

Artillery Barracks, Port Louis, Mauritius, September 4th, 1874

Dear Father and Mother,

I hope you are all in good health still, as I am.The ship has her three lower masts and the bowsprit in, and she has been in the dry dock to have her bottom repaired where the masts had knocked the copper off and damaged the timbers, and now she is afloat again and we expect her to be ready for sea in about 3 weeks.The natives are all very fond of their finery and as the Port Louis races were held on the 24th, 26th and 29th of August, they came out in all their finery as the 29th was a general holiday and it was really a very brilliant sight on the racecourse.We have about 15 English churches on the island and we went to one a little larger than All Saints [Paddington] but called St James' Cathedral; it is built in the form of a cross, and the service is the same as in England, ancient and modern hymns too. I wrote this letter intending to send it by a merchant seaman who sails for London tomorrow, and he will post it in London when he arrives as 11d for a small bit of writing and 1/8d for a letter like the last is a bit too much....

Ship Suffolk at sea (still), November 9th, 1874

Dear Father and Mother,

We were all heartily tired of Mauritius when we re-embarked on October 3rd. The Sunday before we left the harbour the Bishop of Mauritius came onboard and baptised 5 or 6 children and gave us a parting address in which he alluded to the bad behaviour of the single girls and some married people and said he was very much grieved by it and hoped they would lay his words to heart and profit by them. ...We made a first-rate passage from Mauritius to Tasmania, or Van Diemens Land as it used to be called, where they used to transport people, and reached there on October 28th. One day we ran 336 miles in 24 hours, the next 2 days 338 each and November 2nd 385 in 24 hours. But since then we have had either head winds or calm and have done 30 or 40 miles a day and some days nothing. While the calms lasted we began to think that we were like the Phantom Ship or Flying Dutchman condemned to wander about the world forever.... We have had 2 deaths since we left Mauritius, one a single man and the other a little child, making about 12 deaths since we left London, including the sailor who fell overboard. I hope you will have spent a Happy Xmas... love to all friends. It does not feel like November here as it is scorching hot and we are glad to get in the shade and go in our shirtsleeves. Nobody would conceive the immensity of the ocean except one who has been on a long voyage like this.

Dawson River Bridge, Boolburra, Queensland, Australia,

January 25th, 1875

Dear Father, Mother and Sisters,

I hope you're all quite well, I am thankful to say I am. You cannot tell how pleased I was to receive your letter of September 22nd. It seems such a time since I heard from England. You will be surprised when you see what employment I have been following since we landed. For the first 6 weeks or so, I was navvying on the 2nd Great North Railway. You may guess it was very hard work for me to do, as I was wholly unused to such work in England and the heat at the time was considerably over 100 degrees. It seems to be nearly as much trouble to find a lump of gold out here as it is in England, and the only safe way is to go steady to work and earn it. People endure awful hardships on the goldfields, many hundreds go to them either to die on the way or to be nearly starved there, or else murdered by the savages and sometimes eaten after being killed...

Gogango, Queensland, June 13th, 1875

My Dear Father and Mother,

I daresay you have begun to be uneasy at my long silence. I am very sorry I have not been able to write to you before, but I am now a long way up the Bush and postal affairs here are not like they are in England. I saw a letter addressed to me in the newspaper in the middle of last March but have not succeeded in getting it yet....

October 4th, 1875

....I am sending several newspapers and photos of myself. I should like to hear from my newly married sister and whether she advises my following her example. Tell MA I will describe the kind of wife I want, when I feel inclined to jump the broomstick. I am afraid that my sort of girls

are few and far between.... I have today been for a walk of 4 miles to the PO as the English mail was in, hoping for a letter, but there was none....

Several more letters were written chronicling his new life in Australia until he died in 1896, we think in his early forties. It is very gratifying for me to be able to read the story of my grandmother's brother. Had it not been for the letters he wrote home to his family in London, which had to be carried by sailing ship thousands of miles across the sea from the other side of the world, I would not know very much at all about this brave young man. Hallelujah to the power of the sea and to the power of letter-writing!

Bernard Parkin

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Watercolour of 'The Suffolk' by John Rogers

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Dearly Preloved Charity Shop celebrates its second birthday!

It's wonderful to reflect on two successful years and all that has been achieved. I would like to extend a heartfelt thank you to our incredible volunteers and loyal customers for their time, energy, and generous donations. You have helped make our little shop what it is today. We are delighted to be increasingly well known for our excellent quality and affordable prices.

To mark the occasion, we held a day of celebrations in the shop on Saturday 30th May. There was cake, a little fizz, and a warm welcome for all—for those able to pop in and join us, we loved seeing you.

I'd also like to take this opportunity to remind everyone that we are always in need of good-quality donations. Our turnover is high, so we are constantly looking for clothing and bric-a-brac to keep our shelves well stocked.

We hope to see you soon.

Julia Martin-Jones

The Biggs Family have something to Celebrate



Sam and Charlotte at the end of their London marathon—proud Mum and Dad moment for a fantastic achievement and time (4hr 30) on a hot day!



ПапуБЫ закрыты. Тех, кого смыло за борт, подбирать не будут

The Ship rose slowly up out of the trough, sea water poured down across the bridge window, the small round Kent Screens spun furiously trying desperately to clear a small patch of vision for the lookouts, at the breast of the wave Jackie stiffened; rose in her seat; stepped across to the bridge door and went out onto the exposed Port Wing of the bridge; raised her binoculars to her eyes, and then as the ship lurched forward she dived back inside the bridge firmly sliding the door to and locking it behind her. She looked across at the captain standing on the starboard side of the bridge and shook her head. "Spasibo", he said (Thank you).

The ship began her descent as a massive green roller loomed before her, foam tearing from its crest in the Force 10 Storm. The ship continued its descent until it smashed into the green wall of water rising and rising in front of it. The ship shuddered. The fore deck disappeared, buried beneath tons of water, and the wave broke over and around the bridge. I could swear that for a brief moment she had stopped moving, when with a shudder she began to rise slowly at first and then faster until she breasted the next wave, and there in the distance to Port loomed a patch of white, the search light swivelled and the ice reflected its light.

The Captain ordered a minor alteration to Starboard; anything dramatic would have been fatal, and the ship began its descent again. I turned to the captain and asked what I could do.

"Get some sleep and come back in four hours", was his reply. I left the bridge and entered our cabin, just abaft the bridge, set my alarm for four hours, wedged myself into my bunk and fell asleep.

Translations of:

"ПапуБЫ закрыты. Тех, кого смыло за борт, подбирать не будут". "The decks are closed. Anyone washed overboard will not be picked up". This was delivered three times, over the ship's Tannoy, which is the normal Emergency alert procedure at sea.

The ship: Академик Иоффе, The Academic Ioffe, a Russian research vessel supplying the International Bases in the Antarctic, in happier times.

A Kent screen or clear view screen is a glass disk mounted in a window that rotates to disperse rain, spray, and snow. A clear view screen is typically driven by an electric motor at the centre of the disk, and is often heated to prevent condensation or icing. *Wikipedia*

John Moles

Nigel's Recollections about the Sea

What can you say about the 'Sea'? Well, I can describe it as a massive expanse of water that ranges in colour from grey to black to all different shades of blue depending on the weather conditions.

When one is born and grows up about 100 miles from the SEA it is a little difficult to imagine what the sea is. Then one day a card arrives from a nice relation and guess what: there is a picture of the sea. So that is what it looks like and even more what is it like to jump in because it does look like water. We will have to wait a year or four to find out the answer to that question.

Whatever our personal circumstances most of us in this day and age do get to visit the seaside eventually! I still recall the great and momentous day when we were told , 'We are off to the seaside next week children. 'How we were going to travel there was not part of the conversation nor were we sufficiently bright enough to enquire where we were going to visit the sea.

The much looked forward day dawned and guess what ... it was drizzling! The next slight surprise was to be told we would travel by train. Our nearest appropriate rail station was about a 3 mile walk, yes really; There were other stations nearer but the trains from these ran in the wrong direction to where we wanted to travel.

The buses in our town didn't begin running on a Sunday 'till 9.00am. However I have a recollection of walking all that way with the family. The station was situated at the top of a steep climb up wooden steps. Our Father had already booked tickets since this train was termed 'A Special'.

The train duly chugged in, a relatively light looking locomotive. Oh yes, we are talking about a time when steam was in charge. It had to pull forward a bit because the train length was too long for the platform. We will fast forward to when we were finally at our destination, the rain had stopped and we arrived at Skegness, known fondly as 'Skeggy'.

When we alighted we were knocked sideways by the intense cold blowing off the sea. Well it was called the North Sea! It was a miserable day for us and it will not be a good idea to dwell on it.

None of us were tempted to walk to the water's edge and, well, we had certainly discovered what the sea was like and we were not impressed. I have no memory of the journey home except it was dark and, thankfully, we were able to journey home on a nice warm bus.

Continuing the theme of the sea, the next time yours truly was to venture to the water was when we went on Scout Camp in the New Forest in Hampshire, it was then; maybe it is now in Dorset?

On this occasion we were able to journey to a pretty little village which was on the coast. Our Scout leaders were keen for we boys to check out the water aka the sea. By an amazing coincidence because the weather had been warm, so the water temp was bearable! Most of we boys couldn't swim very well and we were taken to a safe section of the beach. I was absolutely blown away to feel the water pushing my body up to the surface ... buoyancy I think it may be termed? Other memories have long since left me. ...but I was in the sea and what is more, I could taste it!!!!!!

One outing I recall quite clearly was the day our leaders took us on a trip to nearby Poole Harbour. Little did I know that one day we would have family living in this locality. We stepped off the bus, walked around a corner and I nearly fell backwards with a shock; there in front of us was the BIGGEST ship I have ever set eyes upon, maybe the first for that matter. It was a massive Aircraft Carrier; its name I have never forgotten; it was called INDEFATIGUABLE, I think that is correct

In these days of the Internet I have researched this vessel, and it weighs in at 55,000 tonnes!!

I don't believe it could enter Poole Harbour today since the water (sea) is not dredged and it has silted up. I do seem to recall we were booked to go aboard this vast vessel. There were no aircraft aboard, they had flown off to their base. I was interested to look down at the sea and asked a guide how deep was the water in the harbour. He replied that the carrier went down to a depth of about 50 feet; he said this was its draft ... I think that was what he said!

Fast forward to an experience that befell me in the sea off the coast of Menorca. We were invited by the hotel to experience a sea trip on a boat that resembled a glorified trawler. Not many folk took up the offer!!! We proceeded out to sea, about 5 miles maybe.

Towards the final part of the trip by which time it was dusk, a cruise liner hove into sight. It was or appeared to be a safe distance from our location. It sailed by us quite slowly or so we thought!

About 5 minutes later there was an almighty bang and what must have been the 'bow wave' from the liner struck our little vessel broadside; our boat tipped over probably about 20 degrees. Some of us were then thrown sideways and before we could react a massive wave came across and enveloped a group of us ... we were drenched. DON'T talk about the SEA to me, thank you very much.

Nigel Woodcock

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Marle Hill WI

Marle Hill WI Meeting – Monday 11 May

The speaker at Marle Hill WI on Monday 11 May was Joyce Brooks, who members may remember from her lingerie shop in Cheltenham and also from Cavendish House. Joyce brought along a selection of items for WI members to model and gave an interesting talk about the kind of products she sells.

After refreshments, members moved on to the business side of the meeting, which included voting on the two resolutions going forward to the national annual meeting. The resolutions concerned homelessness for women and asking the government to provide more accessible public toilets for women. Members agreed that both were very worthwhile resolutions and voted for the delegate to support them accordingly.

Dates for the book club, meal out, Knit and Natter, and our social event were also given to members.

Marle Hill WI meets on the first Monday of the month at St Nicolas Hall. Our next meeting is on Monday 1 June, when Paul Evans will give a talk about Victoria Wood.

Do come along and see what the WI is all about — visitors are always welcome.

Marle Hill WI Meeting – Monday 1 June

Marle Hill WI met on Monday 1 June 2026. Our speaker was Paul Evans who entertained us with his poems.

After refreshments members were told of the various events like the coffee morning, knit and natter and book clubs dates and venues.

Our July meeting will be on Monday 6 July when our speaker will be Ken Brightwell who will give us an idea of what it is like as a Town Crier.

We welcome visitors to any of our meetings so do come along and see what the WI can offer you.

Please contact Sara Jefferies.

Sue Davies

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and 6th & 13th July 2026.

Everyone welcome

*Contact Rev. Jacqueline Henson on
revjacquelinehenson@gmail.com for more information*

Forthcoming Events

Bereavement Friendship Group

We will be meeting in St Mary's Church, Prestbury on Monday 15 June at 2.15-4pm

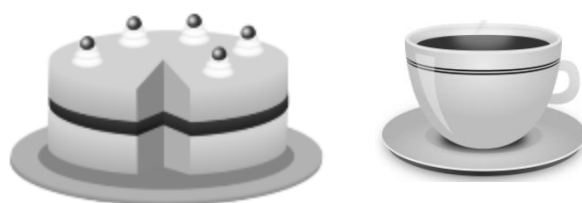
If you have lost a loved one and would like to talk to others in a similar situation, please come along. You will be most welcome, whether you are new or have come before.

Light refreshments will be provided.

Sue Challenger

Welcome on Wednesday

Wednesday 17 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?



Archdeacon's Visitation Service

There will be an Archdeacon's Visitation Service held at **St Peter's Church, Winchcombe** on **Wednesday 17 June at 7.30pm**. Many of the North Cheltenham Team Churchwardens will be there and be legally admitted to their role. Please come along and support the team.

TIMES OF REGULAR CHURCH SERVICES

St Mary's Church, Prestbury

Sunday		0800	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	1800	Benediction
	Other Sundays	1800	Evening Prayer
Thursday		1030	Said Eucharist

St Nicolas Church, Prestbury

Sunday		0930*	Sung Eucharist
Tuesday		1000	Said Eucharist

All Saints Church, Pittville

Sunday		0800	Holy Mass
		1030*	Solemn Mass
Weekdays			Holy Mass usually on 3 days, check noticeboard
Saturday	1st Saturday	1000	Holy Mass for Our Lady of Walsingham

St Lawrence Church, Swindon Village

Sunday	1st Sunday	0930	Family Communion
		1700	Evensong
	2nd Sunday	0930	BCP Holy Communion
	3rd Sunday	0930	Holy Communion
		1700	Evensong
	4th Sunday	0930	Holy Communion
	5th Sunday	1000	Benefice Holy Communion
			alternates with St Mary Magdalene

St Mary Magdalene Church, Elmstone Hardwicke

Sunday	1st Sunday	1100	BCP Holy Communion
	2nd Sunday	1100	Family Service (no communion)
	3rd Sunday	1100	Holy Communion
	4th Sunday	1100	Holy Communion
	5th Sunday	1000	Benefice Holy Communion
			alternates with St Lawrence
Thursday	2nd Thursday	1900	Celtic Evening Prayer
	4th Thursday	1900	Celtic Communion

* These services are usually streamed on the internet. These and other services are recorded so may be accessed live or later on the Team's YouTube page -

<https://www.youtube.com/NorthCheltenhamTeamMinistry/streams>

Parish Directory *continued*

Children's Work

Linda Biggs 01242 510856
linda.biggs@prestbury.net

Safeguarding Officer

Linda Biggs 07769 581822

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

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Copy Dates and Themes for Future Magazines 2026

Issue	Copy Date	Theme
July	Sunday 21 June	British Summer Time
August	Sunday 12 July	Desert Island Discs
September	Sunday 16 August	Ireland
October	Sunday 13 September	Scotland
November	Sunday 11 October	Wales
Dec / Jan	Sunday 15 November	Memorials

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 2026 Magazine Theme: British Summer Time
Please send copy by Sunday 21 June 2026
or soon after



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