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Prestbury Parish Magazine

 North Cheltenham
Team Ministry



July 2026

£1

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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:

From Summer to Winter

Canoes within the Forming Ice - Lake Louis, Canada

by Angie Brassey

Reflections from the Reverend Jacqueline

As summer settles in around us, there is a noticeable softening of pace in our parish. The days stretch out, the gardens fill with colour, and even the familiar walk to the shops seems gentler in the warm light. Summer has a way of reminding us that rest is not a luxury but a gift—one God encourages us to receive with open hands.

This time of year also brings its own shared rituals. Wimbledon returns with its comforting traditions: the quiet before a serve, the collective intake of breath during a long rally, and of course the strawberries and cream. The cricket season unfolds with the T20 World Cup and the finals of the FIFA World Cup will give us moments of national excitement—times when we gather in living rooms, pubs, and community halls to cheer, hope, and occasionally groan together.

These sporting moments, whether triumphant or tense, remind us how deeply we value being part of something larger than ourselves. They draw us into community, into shared emotion, into the simple joy of being together.

Scripture often uses the imagery of summer—growth, ripening, gathering—to speak of God’s quiet work in us. Jesus tells stories of seeds taking root and harvests coming in their season. These images reassure us that God is present not only in the dramatic moments of life but also in the slow, steady unfolding of ordinary days.

So perhaps this summer, amid the matches, the holidays, and the gentle hum of parish life, we might allow ourselves to be more attentive: to the beauty around us, to the people who cross our path, and to the still, small voice of God. Rest is not idleness; it is an act of trust. When we pause, we make space for gratitude, healing, and renewed purpose.

Whatever your plans—whether you’re travelling, tending the garden, watching the tennis, or simply enjoying the long evenings—I pray that this season brings you peace, refreshment, and a renewed awareness of God’s enduring love.

“The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

He makes me lie down in green pastures;

He leads me beside still waters,

He restores my soul.”

(Psalm 23 vv.1-3)

I wish you a relaxing and enjoyable summer.

Reverend Jacqueline

British Summer Time

It is a strange thing, even stranger when known as Daylight Saving Time, which my colleagues in Australia call it. Surely no matter how often you move the hands on the clock, each day will have the same amount of daylight! The clock changing does provide me with the opportunity to drive Nichola crazy for two or three days twice a year, telling her what the time is “in old money”.



There is something lovely about our seasons, summer time – when the living is easy, the fish are jumping and the cotton is high, well perhaps not the last two in Prestbury, but lovely warm days, to enjoy being outside. As I type these words, it looks as though the weather is going to be more than warm, we will be staying inside and venturing out to water parched plants! Very hot days are unusual, summer in England is known for beautiful gardens and a wide range of glorious flowers. No-Mow May has become popular in recent years, I know that opinions are divided, but certainly near where I live in Bishop's Cleeve I

cannot remember such lovely wild flowers as I have seen this year. One of the newer developments, Cleavelands, has been allowed to grow, mostly un-mowed and it has walking paths through it. For those with mobility challenges or perhaps who have a family member in a wheelchair, the paths are easily accessible, well-kept and flat. On the previous page are a few pictures from one of my walks, where I also saw as many butterflies as I can remember for a long time

Chris Horswell

Something else caught Chris's eye



A scene outside St Mary's Church recently

Picture by Chris Horswell

BRITISH SUMMER TIME



*In July the sun is hot.
Is it shining? No, it's not.*

Ever hopeful, there it is again in the diary for 29 March, the information that 'British Summer Time Begins'. Clocks spring forward by an hour until they fall back again in the autumn on 25 October: six whole months of British Summer.

From Gershwin's 'Summertime' onwards, there are numerous songs which celebrate the summer and its hopes and joys. After Cliff Richard and the Shadows went on a cinematic 'Summer Holiday', Mungo Jerry sang 'In the Summer Time' in 1970, while Bryan Adams sang about 'The Summer of 69', and so on. The novelist Henry James declared that the two most beautiful words in the English language were 'summer afternoon'.

What and where do you most associate with the British Summer? Does the idea take you to the seaside? Or do you think of summer gardens? The motor-mower and the smell of new-mown grass with the lawn in stripes. Or games of cricket with the tock of red leather ball on willow-wood bat yellowed by linseed oil. Meanwhile, swifts fly at slip-catch height over sunlit water-meadows and wasps buzz around warm bitter ale in frothy pint glasses in the pub by the river.

The white seeds of willow trees float like fluff through the air. On their pallid green tubes, dandelions shine yellow like little radiant suns on verges and then their grey-haired seed-heads glow briefly like full moons before the airborne regiments of parachutist seeds drift and fly off to procreate more weeds and seeds.

Beer in the beer garden. Spritzers on the terrace. Glasses clinking with ice and clouded by condensation. Knock-out jugs of brown Pimm's No 1 contain fruity bits floating among sprigs of mint. Barbecued sausages on glowing charcoal sizzle in the sunshine. Picnics are made with cold chicken and hard-boiled eggs, mayonnaise, tomatoes and crisps.

Champers and hampers at Henley and Ascot. The triangular sails and billowing spinnakers racing off Cowes. Clubbable old chaps in blazers and boaters with shield-shaped lapel badges sport white flannels at Henley, as the youthful crews race down the river past Temple Island in six or so minutes of co-ordinated effort. Strawberries, cream and vanilla ice-cream are sold at Wimbledon while the manicured green grass is worn brown and powdery by the whirlwind demonic servers. And now Hawkeye declares whether the tennis ball clips the line or not. Wimbledon is purple and green on telly. Test matches are played at Lord's while T20 is on TV with increasingly rowdy crowds and garish attire.

Then there are the garden sequences of red tulips, blue irises and pink roses. In May it's the Chelsea Flower Show to which I have never been. Pick your own strawberries and then Victoria plums.

The Lido on a summer afternoon. The café and the picnickers. The flattened pattern left by the rug on the lawn. The shouts of children hurtling down the slide and the shrill whistles of the life-guards in their red and yellow uniforms of rhubarb and custard. The sea-gulls miles from the sea fly over the azure-tiled pool water which is then reflected sky-blue on their under-feathers, while the unique islands of vaporous clouds sail and saunter eastwards across the calm blue ocean of the summer sky.

Humans are practised in the manipulation of time and its many calibrations. In the United States of America, they have six time-zones from Eastern Daylight through Mountain Standard to Alaska Daylight. In Russia, there are eleven time-zones. Here in Britain, time was standardized largely to accommodate the railway timetable. The idea of Summer Time or Daylight Saving was introduced in 1916 to provide longer periods of daylight in the evening hours. It has been said that Time is a construct which helps us to lead our lives. It has also been said that we have on average about a thousand months here on earth, more or less. The cost of living may be high but each year provides us with the blessing of a free trip around the sun. As A.E.Housman wrote:

*And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.*

Duncan Forbes

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Making Change from Summer to Winter



Canoes within the ice. Lake Louis - Canada

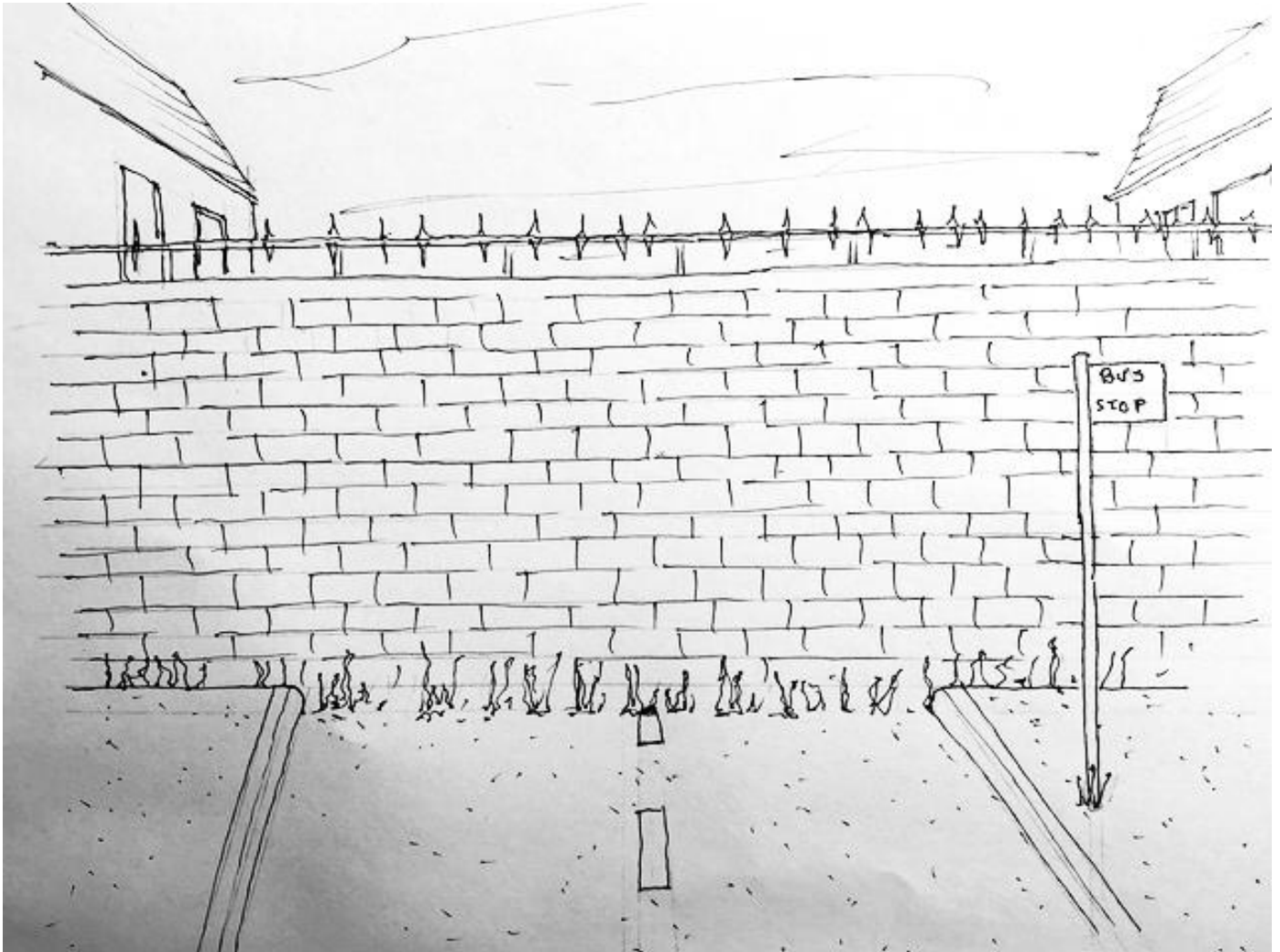
Angie Brassey

I caught the bus in the shadow of the Cutteslowe Wall

The subject this month is British Summer Time, reflecting on the fact that I tend to view the arrival of BST and BWT as separating the year into two halves, I decided to write about another, but physical dividing line.

I went to primary school in an area called Cutteslowe, some three miles from my home in the centre of the City of Oxford (This was before the establishment of school boundaries). I started in the Infant department with that gentle hand on my back, to propel me in, to which Father Nick referred in his sermon on the 17 May 2026.

By the second year, however, I had graduated to travelling to school alone on the bus at six years of age. Bus money tucked into my gloves (well, in the winter, at any rate). The bus arrived and left after a circuitous route, out to the northern bypass and then back in again, down a road which was parallel to the route it had taken initially. The bus stop sign was at the foot of a forbidding two-metre-high wall, complete with long, sharply pointed spikes set tightly along the wall's top course of bricks. No one was intended to cross this wall. Indeed, the pavement kerbs disappeared under the wall, rather like Harry Potter's trolley at Euston Station, and yes, in the evening, there was a shadow across the bus stop.



On arrival, on the eastern side of the wall, I left the bus and walked the half-mile to the school itself and thus back in the westering sun of the evening, hence the title.

BUT.....WHY WAS THE WALL THERE?

If you walk down Carlton Road in north Oxford, you will come across the scene of one of the most famous episodes in housing history. It's a story that has come to symbolise the class divisions of the past. About halfway down the street, you'll notice something strange: the house numbers suddenly go out of sequence, and the street name changes to Wolsey Road. (Based on an article by Inside Housing)

Reason: The houses in Carlton Road were built by a private developer, and those in Wolsey Road by the council.

The Private Developer built the wall to separate the two estates.

Earlier this year, Polly Weston, of the BBC, presented three, one-quarter-hour, broadcasts on the wall based on her visit to Cutteslowe, and using the same title that I purloined for this article. In this programme, she talked to many of the original residents and people on both sides of the wall.

The rules were strict; one lad I knew, let us call him 'Jim', for the purpose of this article, his father was a painter-decorator. He had a friend on the other side of the wall, whose father, 'Dan', was also a painter-decorator. Jim's dad donned his well-decorated overalls each morning, climbed on his bike and set out for his designated paint of the day. Dan, however, while he could use a bike, he was NOT permitted to park a van outside his house or be seen on the posh side of the wall in his overalls; he had to appear as a businessman!!!!

These were the divisions of the estates.

The houses on the 'posh side' were owned by professional people or rented by 'craftsmen'!!!

Did I have problems with this? Basically, at six years of age, although already committed to equality of the sexes, I simply thought it stupid that the bus had to add at least one mile onto its journey to deliver me to school and thus had to wear a heavier glove than I needed to have. I did 'enjoy' some name-calling by older pupils, usually about being a posh----- (I will leave you to fill the words in), but no actual bodily harm.

The Wall came down in 1959, some 7 years after I left Cutteslowe School.

Cutteslowe now. Polly visited some of the former council houses that had been family homes and found that they were now houses of multiple occupancy by Young Professionals who could not afford to buy their own homes!!!!!!

John Moles

Footnote:

The controversy still rumbles on today, see Ethan Gudge's 14 June 2026 article on his interview with Roger Needle:

'My uncle didn't build the walls to split rich from poor'

SUMMERTIME DOWN UNDER

This is part two of the Great Uncle Frank story which began last month. Having arrived in Queensland on November 14th 1874, after leaving Gravesend on a sailing ship on May 14th 1874, he was plunged into the scorching heat of the Australian summer. So the letters home mostly describe life in the bush and hardships endured. Here are a few excerpts:

Up in the Bush, Sunday July 11th 1875

My Dear Isabel,

.... I am now in uncivilized society and it's not very easy to obtain the necessaries for writing everywhere. For instance, this paper has been under water in the Dawson Floods for over a fortnight and rescued by a boat. I must tell you I have now got a house of my own, which only weighs a few pounds and I carry it about on my back like a snail, it is a very fashionable house about here, it is made of calico, in other words a tent. It cost me 1£ 4s so I shall not have to pay any rent as long as it lasts. I hear that the mail that my last letter went with got delayed through the breaking down of the small steamer that takes the mails from Rockhampton to Keppel Bay, a distance of about 50 miles, to meet RMS (Mail Steamer) Brisbane, and were too late to catch her when they forwarded the mails in a small boat. I am very sorry to hear you have had bad eyes, that is a very common complaint out here, the sandy blight they call it here, I have seen numbers of people nearly blind through it. I am very glad to see you can write so well and correctly. The native Kings and Queens you are so envious about think they can speak English, but it's about as much like English as I am Spanish. The Kingship out here does not descend from father to son as it does in England, but it depends on strength, convincing or cleverness....

Blackwater Creek, 2nd GNR, March 28th 1877

.... I hope you received all the papers I sent you. I have had some slight attacks of fever, there is very little to write about as this is so out of the world that I expect you know more about Australia than I do, as I seldom see a newspaper except when I am in town 117 miles away or hear any news. We have had very bad weather lately, either heavy, hot, dull or drizzling wet days, just the weather to encourage fever or ague. The hospital in Rockhampton is full.... I am employed at present in getting tallow or stone for the railway. We are about 3 miles south of a range of mountains called Expedition Range and when it rains much about the mountains the creek swells and rises very rapidly. Last Monday night week it rose over 30 feet in 4 hours and we were within touch of being drowned in the camp, 4 or 5 inches more would have done it but it turned and went down almost as rapidly as it rose, and Wednesday night we were able to cross it on foot, but all that time we were shut out from our supplies of food except those who had some in stock, of which number I was one.... I got 10/- for digging a grave, of course there are no cemeteries here, so the friends just choose some pleasant spot, and they must be buried the same day they die. The Government do provide coffins for their employees, about the only thing they give them.

Springsure, Sep 17th 77

.... I have left the railway, as they were going on into such unhealthy country, so I had a little walk over 150 miles. This is quite a town, with one church, a small wooden building but quite large enough for the congregation. I am helping to put up a kangaroo proof fence as they are

quite a plague here, they eat all the grass, and as it has been a very dry season, the want of grass has been very serious, the poor cattle are too weak to get away from the water holes and die there in great numbers, but we have had steady rain all night and prospect of more. ...The Royal Mail Coach passes my tent 4 times a week, Sunday evening and Monday morning and Wednesday even and Thurs morn. The nearest railway is about 79 miles from here, nearly all the sheep-owners have been shearing, but owing to the scarcity of water the sheep could not be washed first, so it has done away with a lot of work; any amount of bullock and horse teams keep passing with the loads of wool....

Springsure, March '78

.... I have just received a letter from Mother posted a year ago, which has been on a voyage of discovery I should think. As I am now living in a town I get news fairly up to date. I belong to what they call a School of Art, we should call a Reading Room and Library, plenty of Newspapers and Periodicals and about 150 books by standard authors. I am sorry Mother has been so bad these last winters; the winter here is much the best, much fewer mosquitoes and snakes, there are a great number of deaths from sunstroke here, but often could be avoided, as it is caused by having the head uncovered or drinking spirits, there were 7 cases in Rockhampton, one day all fatal...

Springsure, June '78

.... It is very awkward about answering letters, being so far up country. The mail has been in over a week at Rockhampton and the letters not come on here yet, then the mail goes back directly. I have been very unwell lately and this is an expensive country to be ill in, the cheapest lodging with board 1£ per week. There was quite an interesting sight here on 24th May, the native blacks had their new blankets given out on that day, in commemoration of the Queen's birthday, there were 67 in all served out here, afterwards they marched off singing "For she's a jolly good fellow" concluding with 3 cheers...

Avoca, March '79

.... I am fairly well now, but we must expect the hot weather.... I am afraid if I were to go home now I should feel the change of climate very much. I see according to Mr Bishop's letter that you have Electric Light introduced into London and various other marvels.... I have just been looking at your portraits of my nephew. I hope the next nephew will have one of my names pushed in if only edgeways.... I only see a man once a week when he brings my flour, tea and sugar, etc, unless I go into the head station which I may do once or twice a year. I kill a sheep about once a fortnight and salt what I can't eat fresh.

Avoca Station, Belgrando River, via Springsure, July '79

.... I have had no letters from you since last November, so perhaps you had better send direct here. If there is any want of money at home do not hesitate to use mine. The grass here is so bad, cattle and sheep are starving so we are going to travel for 2 or 3 months to allow this grass to grow again. I hope Uncle Ambrose got the money I sent him and that it will do him good.... I very often do not see a soul for a fortnight or more unless I happen to meet the man who brings my supplies. My only companion is a black and tan dog called Monkey, so I am not

overburdened with society, but I don't mind it. I take a look at you all, especially on a Sunday. I have given names to several of the sheep and they each know their own and come at call...

Avoca, Oct '79

.... Have received letters and newspapers for which accept many thanks. I am sorry to hear Mary has not been well, a sea voyage here and this climate is splendid for the lungs, and it's a grand country for English girls, they don't stay single long but often marry into very comfortable homes. The sheep shearing and washing will soon be done and then the country will be over-run with men out of work. There is no work except among the sheep, often a station has 150,000 head of sheep or 50 or 60,000 cattle on it employing very few men. One station often occupies 250 to 1,500 square miles and only 40 or 50 men employed on them regularly. Our station is a very small one, the head one's house, which is as nearly as possible in the centre, one can travel from in any direction 10 or 15 miles without being off the station. I am often at home, but I don't suppose you see me, I was walking up and down Stanley Street last night, looking at the house and thinking "Ah, they don't know I am in England yet" but when I woke up I was in my hut so I had had a quiet journey. I often dream about you and sometimes see you. I saw Father the other night, but he did not speak to me. I expect he did not know me. ... We had very bad weather for travelling our stock, hardly ever dry blankets or clothes the whole time, we were away 9 weeks and 4 days but got back to the station alright. I am very well now but got a slight touch of rheumatics through so much wet and cold for this country. Please excuse this writing as my light is bad, it being a tin full of fat with a piece of mole skin for a wick, and a very windy night....

Peak Downs Hospital, Clermont, Queensland (no date but would have been in 1896)

My very, very dear Nieces Lucy & Connie, (Lucy was my aunt)

I expect that you will open your young eyes very wide (OO like this) indeed, to have a letter from me whom you have never, never seen, all for your own selves, but I want to tell you a great secret, that is, that I believe and hope that soon you will have a brand-new Auntie.... The new Auntie's name that is to be is Annie Mary Larsen. She is a real good Christian girl (though I suppose you would call her a woman) and I love her very, very much and she loves me too.... She belongs to the S.A. like me, and has been an officer, but worked too hard as an officer in hard places and got very ill and had to come home to rest. I have known her as a friend for a long time, but now she is better she has promised to marry me.... Give my best love to all friends.... I must say good night as it is nearly 12 o'clock. And may Our Dear Saviour bless you and make you his own dear little girls, is the earnest prayer of your very loving Uncle, JFW.

Clermont Hospital (no date). From A M Larsen.

My Dear Sister (my grandma, Isabella),

It has become my painful duty to write these few lines to you as your dear and much loved brother, and my only friend and hope in life, has gone to be with Jesus. He and I have been acquainted for nearly 5 years and always been very dear to each other. I know my darling is at rest, for he has gone to be with Jesus which is far better. Dear sister, I feel for you. I know this news will bring sadness to your soul, but you are not the only mourner, the blow has been almost more than I could bear. However, the Lord was very good to me, I was with him almost hourly, from the time he took ill on the Saturday till the Tuesday, his heart gave way, so he did not suffer

very long. I nursed him, sang to him at his request, I prayed with and for him, so he had at least one pair of loving hands by him. I also tenderly closed his eyes and prepared him for his burial all by myself. I am sure you will feel cheered to know that he was not alone in his hour of trial. I am enclosing a little lock of his hair. God bless and sustain you dear sister, you have lost a dear kind brother and I a beloved life's partner. I know my darling is at rest, he was my best and dearest of earthly treasures.... I feel lonely now but am looking forward to the time when Frank and I shall be reunited above. I will now close with fond love. Yours in Jesus, A M Larsen.



J Frank Waters,
Treasurer, Salvation Army,
Clermont, Queensland, Australia
in about 1895, aged about 40

From newspaper reports enclosed in a further letter from Annie Larsen in November 1896, it was evident that Frank Waters was well respected both in the Salvation Army and in the town of Clermont where he had spent the last five years of his life helping those in need. His funeral procession was led by two brass bands and followed by large crowds. Of the many mourners at his graveside, several were converted to the Salvation Army there and then. Frank had been chief warder at his local hospital and treasurer of the Clermont branch of the Salvation Army. He suffered much physical hardship during most of his 22 years in Australia and the doctor said he had worked too hard and his heart gave way, causing his death. Work had included navvying on the railway in searing summer heat, driving a butcher's delivery cart around distant outposts in the bush, and as a drover, herding thousands of sheep over hundreds of miles of rough country. A lonely man for much of his life, Frank at last found the love he had been hoping for but sadly died while he and his wife-to-be were making their wedding plans.

Bernard Parkin



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FOSM Wine Tasting

On Thursday March 18 members of The Friends of St Mary's Prestbury enjoyed a most interesting wine tasting session unlike any held in Prestbury.

This took place in Deer Park Hall at Woollas Farm, Eckington on the slope of Bredon Hill with its magnificent views to the Malvern Hills and further to Shropshire.

Mark, the farm owner, first took us to one of the vineyards and explained the work involved in producing high-quality grapes and why his location was most suitable for this. Afterwards we were taken into the Hall (sometimes used as a venue for weddings) to enjoy a platter of local meats and cheeses as we sampled 5 accompanying wines he had produced. They all were magnificent.

Brian Wood



Pictures by Gill Wood

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revjacquelinehenson@gmail.com for more information*

Forthcoming Events

Moving On

Monday 6th and 13th July in St Nicolas Church

With Reverend Jacqueline. See poster opposite.

Prestbury Summer Fayre

Saturday 11 July. 12 noon to 5pm Free entry

In The Burgage; the Scouts' Field and The Royal Oak

See poster on page 17

Welcome On Wednesday

Wednesday 15 July 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?



Bereavement Friendship Group

We will be meeting in St Mary's Church, Prestbury on Monday 20 July 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

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
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St Mary's C of E (VA) Schools

Executive Head Teacher: Mr Matt Ferris
01242 383817

Hall Letting

Prestbury Hall, Bouncers Lane
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

Copy Dates and Themes for Future Magazines 2026

Issue	Copy Date		Theme
August	Thursday	16 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**

August 2026 Magazine Theme: Desert Island Discs
Please send copy by Thursday 16 July 2026
or very soon after



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