

Anne Smithers' Memories

In the thirty years of happily being shepherded within the fold of St Andrew's Church, later to become All Saints there have been so many memories and incidents to record, that it becomes only a series of random reminiscences dredged from our collective experience.

Newly returned from America, with a two-and-a-half-year-old son and another child well on the way, we virtually stumbled over 'our spiritual home', where in accordance with the times, there was a fairly rigid format of worship, fully Bishop-approved and rather 1660s. It wasn't until the ministry of Ken Gardiner that the guy ropes were loosened, and especially remembered is the time that he ate a bowl of cornflakes in the (then) pulpit, during a family service, and subsequently cut out one of the hymns from the morning worship – causing a restrained uproar.

After moving to our newly built house on the 'Amberley Road' estate we experienced a unique phenomenon of seeing about 6 or 7 cars on 6 or 7 drives simultaneously revving up and driving off with assorted parents and children towards the same destination of our communal church. A common band of immediate kinship formed, bloomed and flourished, and many of those young

friendships made through Sunday School, youth groups and movements have lasted up to the present time.

Our children were very fortunate in their early integration, and learned not only of 'the Way, the Truth and the Life', but many social graces along the way.

Harvest Suppers and Barn Dances were highlights, the former bringing to mind vivid pictures of Cartledges' meat and potato pies, baked in massive bowls, kindly lent by St Andrew's school kitchen – and surprise pieces of cow cheek were often to be discovered lurking in the depths of the gravy – to be hastily disguised by the pickled red cabbage accompaniment. High spirits and lively conversation was paramount.

The Barn Dance provided the girls some anguished moment of decision, as to whether long or short skirts should be worn, and the boys whether ties had to be worn. It was the one evening when the children were allowed to stay up until 9.30pm (even on a school night), and thus created great excitement. Older members danced with youngsters standing on their feet in order to learn the steps; the Ladies Guild taught us all the 'March of the Mods' and the 'Palais Glide', and I really think it was these 'family' occasions that we all learned to converse across the barriers of age, social and varied backgrounds.

The annual 'Flower service', where we joined together with St Michael's Church in their hallowed halls, was another landmark in our clerical calendar, and an opportunity to learn the way that 'things had always been done'. We needed to be shown the intricacies of weaving and placing flowers in the various adornments, as directed by Fanny Steele, Lily Bethell, and the many other loyal ladies whose word was sacred law and whose legends are revered. The younger noviciates were fumble-fingered and slow to catch on, but willing to learn and strong enough to lift those buckets of flowers! (And we were all told where Fanny kept the all important ribbons on top of her wardrobe, in case anything untoward should befall her!)

It was the pinnacle of achievement when each of the girls was considered tall enough to carry the 'Crown' of flowers atop a pole, with four long ribbon streamers to be held by acolytes in dainty dresses. Fathers photographed the event for the family album, and mothers preened prettily. The whole procession was lovely to see, and was accompanied by a Scout band who made up in enthusiasm whatever they lacked in tunefulness, and it was viewed along the route by many dewy-eyed former school and Sunday school pupils. I remember so well the year that Jim Bethell, our friend and caretaker (he who always had a pocket full of mints to sneak into children's sticky fingers) was recovering from illness, and waved to

us all from his bedroom window on Crompton Road. He received a special drum-roll.

The men's role on these occasions was all important, as the Crompton Road Sunday School banner that was to be processed was a might weight, and carrying it required strength and stamina. The tallest two men each year donned the leather holsters and heaved the perilously flapping thing aloft – but it required real endurance to control the four guiding ropes and hold them steady to maintain equal tension in gusts of wind and in the delicate task of corner-turning!

On several occasions the services of the children's evangelists Ralph Chambers and Irene Wardle were engaged to conduct the Children's Christian Crusade for the benefit of Sunday School and Church members alike. In the earlier years a huge tent was erected on the Boy's Club field and nightly meetings were held, when we learned such songs as 'Don't have a face like a Coffee pot' and where many young people learned of the love of the Lord. A rota of stalwart men slept in the tent at night to guard the canvas cloisters, and I imagine fun was had by all. Later the venue was changed to the Drill Hall, and still a van toured the district daily, exhorting kiddies to make the secret 'CCC' sign whenever they saw it coming.

At some hazy point, and for a period of about three years the Church Hall was opened at night to allow some homeless people to seek shelter under a dry roof, and this also required church members to take turns in being present during the times of occupancy.

There was a period of interregnum between the ministries of Ken Gardiner and Wally Snook, and I truly believe that this potentially difficult time was blessed by the Holy Spirit. It was a time of bonding, when everyone worked together with a concerted aim to keep the Body of Christ alive, but also to keep the fabric and workings of the whole church in good order. Could this have been our 'finest hour'?

As families told other families that Sundays were good at St Andrew's, the walls could have benefited from having elastic properties, but the screens at the back of the church were duly removed and stacked when the need arose, extra chairs brought in and kneelers placed between chairs to seat children when space was at a premium.

We grew and learned lessons, sometimes the hard way and not without the usual human conflicts, and I personally learned a great deal about the power of prayer when a young member of the youth club was found to have a virulent form of cancer. A twenty four hour prayer

support was put into action, making sure that each part of each day was covered in prayer for healing, for comfort, for peace. Mark recovered, and though this cannot always be God's ultimate answer it was a solemn and tangible evidence of the power of such a commitment and the church was uplifted because of it.

From time to time members of St Andrew's met for an 'Agape' – literally, a 'love-feast', during which we shared a meal together, and concluded by giving Communion to one another in a truly family token of love and peace. Lent lunches were held for many years in the home of Ron and Maureen Sutton, and some other venues, when we shared soup, bread and cheese – donating the money saved on our own meal for missionary of church work. The difficulty came when no-one wanted to leave, the food was consumed, the laughter still abundant and we all looked forward to the next one. I think some of the point was lost on this particular participant!!

Anne Smithers 1996

Early days of All Saints

Janie and I were introduced to the idea of coming to Macclesfield by Frank Haslam, a former vicar of St Michael's, and we travelled down to Macclesfield to meet Michael and Daphne Gear at St Michael's Vicarage. We all four got on very well straight-away, and over the course of the day he showed us round Macclesfield and told us of the plan to form a Team Ministry amongst the central parishes of the town – St Michael's, with its daughter church St Andrew's, Christ Church, and St Peter's. The initial plan was that we would move into St Peter's Vicarage on Windmill Lane.

However, on July 23rd 1982 we moved, on a temporary basis, into Christ Church vicarage at 31 Great King Street, as the house on Windmill Street was in such a poor state that Janie and I refused to move there until it was made habitable. Grass growing up through the living room floorboards, and grease half an inch thick all round the cooker didn't help!

Christ Church was in a run-down state – both in terms of morale and maintenance. The building itself was a cavernous eighteenth century barn with little architectural merit other than a large ornate marble tomb to Charles Roe, its founder. He had been an early industrialist involved in copper mining in North Wales and Alderley

Edge, but mainly famed for pioneering the silk industry in Macclesfield. He was a keen evangelical in a time when Methodism was enjoying its heyday, and Roe was keen to build a church and put a clergyman of his own choice in to preach the gospel. Mind you, it was designed, it is said, so that if the church failed it could easily be converted into a factory!

The previous vicar had not been the the most dynamic, nor very popular, and the congregation he left behind was rather demoralised and so quite keen on joining with St Michael's and St Peter's and becoming part of a team parish. Church services weren't that easy to conduct there with everybody sitting in box pews , which meant that when I said, "Let us pray", the congregation disappeared!

That first autumn passed well enough, but one day in later November disaster struck. The boiler failed, and the quote for repairing it, and getting the whole heating system into good shape, was extortionate for the size of congregation. So at a PCC meeting the following week, because the Agenda had been issued days before, the suggestion that we close the church for good came up under Any Other Business. Despite it being such a momentous decision the motion was passed unanimously, with common sense overcoming nostalgia.

A Team Parish Council for all three parish churches had been formed, and was due to meet to discuss the way ahead, and in a way, the decision to close Christ Church was a boost for the initiative. It was decided that the Christ Church congregation would join with St Andrew's Church, and that the church would be given a new name. All Saints' was thought to be suitable and inclusive, and it was a good idea, whoever's it was, and welcomed enthusiastically. The other clergy, besides Michael Gear, were John Coyne, who until then had been looking after St Andrew's, and Tim Herbert the curate at St Michael's – famed for his bizarre, and sometimes tactless sermon illustrations, but with his charm and cheeky smile just about managing to get away with it! As the team parish got started we decided at first to share the services at all the churches out between us, in a rota, without attaching any particular person to any particular church, but after a few months we realised that people like to know who “their vicar” is, and so I became team vicar at All Saints'.

All Saints was built as a church aided school in the nineteenth century, but had closed some years earlier and since been re-jigged to become a church that seated 120 people or so, and with a suite of rooms that were useful on Sundays for Sunday School and youth work, and in midweeks for holiday clubs, pre-school organisations, and any non-church group who wished to hire it for activities such as tai chi or dog-training.

The congregation was drawn from the immediate area, with a reasonable number of people coming from outside the parish boundary who wished to be part of a church that had a broadly evangelical stance, with a dash of charismatic fervour to add spice. The introduction of forty, or so, members of Christ Church was welcomed by the majority but a bit of a threat to some, who wanted the hitherto pleasant and comfortable regime to continue. Their church had always previously been run by a curate, who they could 'manage', whereas now they had a seasoned, and opinionated vicar who had been foisted on them! The contrast for the Christ Church people moving from a huge parish church to a small former church hall, now a daughter church, was seen more as a relief than a threat, thankfully.

So it all worked out well enough. To help launch the newly named church through its first year, two church wardens from each of the former churches was appointed – if I remember rightly, Elizabeth Braddock and Ian Hankinson from Christ Church and Brian Gleaves and Mike Smithers from St Andrew's. A new Team Parish Council was chosen, and whilst a few elements of tension remained the process and progress went fairly smoothly. The church was mostly full each Sunday, with lots of young children, teenagers, and families alongside the middle-aged and elderly.

All Saints's Centenary

Some Memories of John and Margaret Owens

We arrived in Macclesfield in 1982 and started worshipping at what was then St Andrews Church. We stayed for 17 years, leaving when Margaret started ordination training in September 1999. In those days there was a curate, not a vicar, as St Andrews was the daughter church of St Michaels. Revd John Coyne was young, tall and rather Angel Gabriel like with his mop of blonde, curly hair, something he doesn't possess these days! The congregation was young too with 20 year olds such as Terry and Ollie Gibson and their friends John Blackburn and Mark and Jude Loveridge. Chris Campbell-Kelly was expecting twins when we arrived.

During 1982 a new vicar of Christchurch was appointed, Revd John Staley. Within months he'd achieved national notoriety after missing a coconut shy at a local fete and breaking a young girl's nose! So his reputation preceded him when Christchurch closed its doors and its congregation joined us at St Andrew's, John Staley becoming Vicar of the joint congregation, now to be known as All Saints Church. John Coyne transferred to St Peters. John Staley knew that the church had to change and 'move with the times'.

The organ was removed, much to the chagrin of the organist, and the church reordered. It didn't help that soon after the reordering, there was a fire in the building. At some stage in this building and rebuilding process the church had to temporarily decamp to All Hallows School Hall. The reordering of the church included the new Upper Room – opened by the then Bishop of Stockport, with the eldest member of the congregation (Lilly Bethel) and one of the youngest (a Noonan girl) cutting the ribbon at the bottom of the stairs. The new room was so useful as a meeting room but especially for the youngest Sunday Group led by Sheila Williams, the 'Climbers'. Children's Sunday Groups were well attended in those days with a regular attendance of over 60 children – including 4 sets of twins!

There was also a monthly Family/Parade service which was well attended by beavers, brownies and scouts, marching to church behind their band from Bond Street Scout HQ – it has to be admitted that there were a few local complainants who disliked being woken up so early on Sunday mornings! We have so many happy memories of those days.

It was about 1985 when the Women's Study Group decided that they needed to be more outward looking and, prompted by the Vicar, decided to stop the group and start the 0-5 Club for carers and young children. It

was an instant success and, as the children of those days were older when they started school, we were able to teach Bible stories with puppetry, visual aids and songs. A lot of time and fun went into practising and preparation. Later on, John Smith's playdough time was also very popular.

At a similar time students from Wycliffe College came to the Team Parish on Mission, with an Afternoon Tea and Chat being so popular that it morphed into a regular monthly event known as the 'Good Companions', an afternoon session for the over-50's led by Sheila Williams – with a short talk and afternoon tea. It remained popular for many years.

There were various family events organised by the new 'Family Committee' with one of the most memorable being a weekend away at Conway Youth Hostel. The annual party (Mr Men, Bob the Builder, Teletubbies and other themes) for children baptised at All Saints and for the 0-5 children and parents was always great fun to plan and prepare for, together with Chris C-K, Dot Philips, Helen Preston, Linda Hallatt and others.

Holiday Clubs were initially held in Summer and Easter holidays, with sponsorship from the local Council. These were definite highlights of the 80's and 90's and became hugely popular in the locality. Morning activities were

held at the Church and largely based on a Biblical theme. Health and Safety regulations were less rigid in those days and we had the freedom to play wide games in South Park, which we did on many afternoons. A favourite game was 'Hunt the Leader' when about 50 leaders and other adults from the church had to put on some kind of fancy dress and distribute themselves in South Park. Meanwhile, the children had to hunt for them, give the appropriate password and get their signature. I guess parents (or the police) wouldn't approve nowadays but back then it was permissible and tremendous fun was had by all. Holiday Club Outings were also popular - admittedly taking the children on a coach to places such as Chatsworth could be a nightmare when in spite of counting up numbers immediately before boarding our double decker bus to return home, it was not unknown for some reprobate to run off to buy an ice cream!

Occasional variations in Holiday Clubs were provided by the CCC – Children's Christian Crusade (in the early days) and Rhema Theatre Group (later years).

John Staley was always very supportive of all the children and families events and regularly put in appearances at Holiday Clubs. On one occasion during Passion Week, he asked a number of children to find somewhere to hide and then to pretend they were Jesus

rising from the tomb when he gave the word. Unfortunately, he was rather distracted as his wife, Janie, wasn't well at the time and he totally forgot about the hiding children! I'm sure the children resurfaced eventually.

On another occasion, John was working in the garden on a Saturday afternoon when he received an urgent call from a frantic 'best man'. This was before the era of mobile phones so Janie or the children must have been in the house to take it. Apparently the vicar of Sutton had gone on holiday and asked another clergyman (they were only men in those days) to conduct a wedding for him. Unfortunately, this man had forgotten and there was no-one to marry the wedding couple. After asking for a few minutes to get the hedge cuttings out of his hair, John sped off to the rescue. We can only imagine the sighs of relief as he arrived at the church – providing another story for the local newspaper!

Whole church weekends away, while not frequent, were also very special. Particularly memorable was a weekend at Rydal Hall with a Taizé evening led by the Rydal Hall Community and a walk around Rydal Water, led by Phil Marsh. It was a perfect autumnal weekend with autumn colours unforgettably mirrored in the Lake – in fact, looking back at photographs, it's hard to tell which way up to view them.

Walking was a favourite pastime for many of the congregation. The Good Friday walk was something we looked forward to every year. A friend told us that the year before we came to Macclesfield Good Friday was so hot that people were sunbathing as they made their way along Rudyard Lake. In spite of many years at All Saints, this never happened for us; being rained on was far more likely. It was Terry Gibson who suggested we started what he called 'Greek Walks' as he told us that the ancients used to philosophise with each other as they ambled along. These were held on Thursday summer evenings, ending up in a local hostelry: I'm not sure how many serious talks took place. We ourselves once planned what we thought would be a brilliant route up Croker Hill and it looked very inviting as we tried it out in May. When it was held several weeks later led by Margaret (John was on duty at the hospital), the grass had grown significantly and there had been a lot of rain. Everyone got very wet. Eight year old Jade kept asking 'Are we nearly there yet?' and Ted Woodburn had one of his epileptic absences and had to be taken home. Not a great success!

The Annual Car Rally was an event we looked forward to with great anticipation. It was always well attended with the winner having to plan the event the following year. Held around the longest day of the year it was still

generally dark when the final car loads of the more serious competitors returned to the destination – again a local hostelry

As time passed Margaret often helped in services, leading and preaching. Preaching faux pas were fortunately not too numerous. For Margaret however, one Trinity Sunday sermon is unforgettable. Looking for a 'three in one' example Margaret mentioned to the Scouts how she'd recently seen Dave Gosling, Senior Park Keeper in Macclesfield, Dad to two young members of the congregation, and Scout Leader to others, in West Park 'without his uniform on'. That of course led to much raucous laughter from the congregation and a red face for Margaret!

We loved our time at All Saints and still have a lot of friends there. That was where our children grew up so it will always have a special place in our memories.

John and Margaret Owens

Helen and Peter Tattersall Memories

Our memories of All Saints begin in July 2011. Having moved with my Mum from Matlock we were keen to find a church and All Saints became our chosen spiritual home. The welcome was warm, the teaching was excellent and the seating was very comfortable!

Over the following six years we enjoyed Christian fellowship at its best. A Holiday Club offered programmes for local children and was most impressively organised. Our grandsons blossomed under the leadership of Shirley Hotchkin at 0-5 Club, monthly Messy Church on Saturday afternoons was a treat to look forward to and a chance to work with a group who offered their all. In "Sunday School" Antonio Cerval-Pena passed to our grandson, Jack, a note which read "You are my best friend". His brother, Toby's, contribution to art work with paint and oil still hangs in our hallway here in Wales.

The weekly Prayer Group was a must for us and we savoured the opportunity to meet at Maurice and Shirley's for Fellowship Group and to worship midweek. Being invited to participate on a Thursday in Open the Book visiting local schools with Dot Phillips' amazing team, was probably one of our most precious memories. Then there was Book Club, Peter being the only male

other than the learned Robert Marshall. At the first meeting, when the gracious Jacqui Donaldson, asked Peter which books he liked to read he replied “Oh I don’t like reading”, but becoming a member was a new and very enjoyable experience for him.

We moved to Wales in October 2017 to renovate the house previously owned by Peter’s father and it is wonderful to have welcomed the Prayer Group, the Open the Book team and, more recently, Pat and Stephen and their friend Audrey at Bryn Gwynant. We still chat with the lovely Ann Walton and Chris Gleaves on the phone. Thank you all for still being there for us and for actively sharing the love of Jesus.

Helen Tattersall
27 June 2022

The 1970s and 1980s was a time when Anglican worship was going through considerable change - after three hundred years of constancy - from the 1662 Book of Common Prayer and the the 1928 Prayer Book, to Series Two and more recently Series Three. This was helpful in allowing congregations (and clergy!) to offer various types of service for various needs, i.e. a quiet early morning 1662 communions for the more elderly and conservative members, or more upbeat Series Three for services that included children and young families. I was inclined to go even further, and was happy to leave out large chunks of liturgical gobbledeygook, alter other parts to make them suitable for our particular congregation, and at the same time cut out psalms and canticles unless they were in hymn form. I preferred hymns that had more than four verses, and shortened longer ones ruthlessly!

Assisting in compiling the services, and also helping to provide support in all the preaching, music and leading worship, we had a good and able team that came from a wide background and we would meet monthly to discuss themes and content of the services, and also any pastoral issues that we were aware of.

It was soon felt that work needed to be done to the building to update it and add to its resources, and over the next months a scheme to create a new entrance, add a new kitchen block, vestry, and a large airy parish

meeting room above was approved, planned and built. In a newly decorated church, the whole ensemble was formally opened by Frank Sargeant, the Bishop of Stockport, with the tape being cut by Mrs Bethell, the oldest church member.

Several annual highlights from those days stand out. One was the Holiday Clubs, that began modestly one summer and combined with a children's mission. Scores of local children attended, with their parents probably only too pleased to have an event that occupied their children for five days of the holidays. Eventually we held holiday clubs each Easter and summer, and they were always very well attended and led by a team of church helpers of all ages – including several from our Over 60s club! It was always entertaining trying to incorporate a sort of 'holy' theme into the proceedings, and, who knows, we may occasionally have succeeded. They certainly served as a good advertisement for the church in the locality and brought a lot of new church members.

Another successful annual event was the Good Friday walk, when we would fill a couple of coach-loads, go to a place of interest - usually in the Peak District or North Wales – and then either go for a hike or a coach journey before meeting up to eat our packed lunches before then holding a short service in a local church.

We had a parish weekend away most years, sometimes as a Team Parish, but the first couple were at Llandudno, when we had the ethical problem of addressing the accommodation needs of two of our number from The Rowans Care Home who wished to share a room although not married. I seem to remember it all was resolved happily! And then, at Kinmel Hall – again in north Wales - where Janie and Daphne ended up looking after all the children after Michael and I had thoughtfully volunteered their services!

We also had a parish mission in the early days, led by students from Wycliffe Hall, an Oxford theological college. A gang of twenty-five or so, led by one of their tutors, Peter Southwell spent eight days in all of the churches of the Team Parish, with members of the congregations offering them hospitality. A substantial programme of Sunday services, house meetings, youth activities, sessions for Senior Citizens, and one-to-one visiting did a lot to encourage the church members as well as bring new people in. Two consequences of that mission were that the All Saints 0-5 Club was founded to bring mums with children under school age into contact with church members on Wednesday afternoons, and Good Companions was launched to provide a club for the over-60s so they could meet, chat, listen to a speaker, and bring a friend to enjoy tea and biscuits and much more.

It all seems a long time ago. And, of course, it is!

Revd John Staley

Memories of a family church

The birthday cake

Our first encounter with All Saints Church was through a birthday cake. One day attending St Michaels' Mum and Tot Group on a Tuesday morning, I heard of another Mum and Tot group at All Saints on a Wednesday afternoon and that on the children's birthday a decorated cake was produced with a candle, an irresistible prospect. Victoria and I went along and after a few weeks, John Staley appeared on our doorstep and invited us all to attend church. This was the beginning of the whole family's close relationship with All Saints Church, when we soon felt very much part of the church family.

Singing and stories at 0 to 5 Club

All four of our children have been to 0 to 5 Club and enjoyed the singing, stories, playing with toys and in particular the play dough with Uncle John and the crafts and planting seeds with Aunty Barbara. Many church members were involved with the refreshments and the activities and I found myself drawn in and became one of the story tellers. At Christmas there was a party, in the summer there were picnics in West Park and there were the outings to Stockley Farm.



Christmas 1988, Katy at 0 to 5 Club 1996.
Ruth and Alex with Father Christmas



1990 Play dough with Uncle John



Activities with Aunty Barbara (Smith)



Visit to Stockley Farm



The 0 to 5 cake which started it all.

Holidays arranged around Holiday Club

During the summer holidays, there was the Holiday Club for school aged children, at first run by the church and then by outside people. My family became involved with helping to organise, run activities or to just generally participate in all the things on offer. On the last evening there was usually a barbeque and presentation to which the whole church was invited.



Holiday Club 1996



Extra children's events during the year included a Postman Pat and a Teletubbies afternoon.



1995 Postman Pat party



1998 Teletubby party

Special events weren't just for the children. The refugees' day stands out in my mind and made a big impression on me when we became refugees for the day at All Saints, building our homes out of boxes.

Children and Sunday School

For many years Sheila Williams and her team ran the Sunday School and I became involved especially as I provided so many participants. This led on to helping with Godly Play initiated by Margaret Marsh and when the numbers of children dwindled provision was made for children with activities at the back of the church.

Young Peoples' Activities

Older children were catered for with Pathfinders run by Carol Fieldhouse and both Victoria and Katy enjoyed many activities both in church and away with this group.



1993 Angels and Shepherds' party with Pathfinders

Rainbows, Brownies, Guides and Senior Section

The girls have all been involved with these groups which had strong links with the church with Parade Sundays and the groups have always been part of the church family. Participation in these groups led to the girls themselves becoming young leaders in one form or another.

Away days for all members of the church family

I have very happy memories of the weekends away when the church took over Youth Hostels at Arnside, Ironbridge and Conwy and Rydal Hall in the Lake District. The days were filled with activities and there was a very special family service on Sunday run by families. Days of activities were arranged for the children by the church and the Deanery at Bollington and Savio House.



1999 Deanery Day at Bollington Rydal Hall 1996



Ironbridge 1997 Conway 2000



Within the Church Year

Remembered with great affection are festivities like Christmas and the children being involved in the Nativity story, the Christingle Service and the candle light, Mother's Day and the giving out of daffodils, the Good Friday walk still enjoyed by the family today, and Easter Sunday with communion for the adults and little chocolate eggs for the children.



Nativity 1997



1998 The Good Friday walk fell on Ruth and Alex's birthday and they were given Easter eggs.

My family within the church family

All Saints has been very influential in the bringing up of our family. Three of the girls have been christened there, four of them and myself have been confirmed while at All Saints, Tony has been a sidesman and a church warden for many years. Friendships made have crossed the generations and I would like to mention Mrs Gorton and Fred who walked with us to church for several years. And it was with great happiness to us all that Katy decided to be married at All Saints last year and for Victoria to have our first grandchild christened there this year. I hope our family's relationship within the family of All Saints continues for many more years.



Katy's christening 1986



Ruth and Alex's christening 1994



Katy's wedding 2021



Holly's christening 2022

Linda Hallatt

Pathfinders

Oh, the things we did... many happy memories. I've put a few below:

- Egg throwing in the park... a game of danger and daring. Taking an egg and throwing it to a partner, with each successful catch taking a step backwards. Until we were half way across the park catching eggs that eventually exploded in our hands
- Experiencing horse radish for the first time at Passover
- Cinema, skating trips, bowling
- Walking up Shuttlingsloe for sunset and then walking back to Macclesfield in the dark
- Several trips to Ilam for weekends away. Walks, making an altar cloth (which was really quite

impressive, and somehow got 'lost'), games, nightlines, singing fluffy sheep.

I'd like to say how much these meetings meant to me growing up. I did so much with Pathfinders that I wouldn't have had chance to do otherwise and I'm incredibly grateful to Carol for the time and effort she put into organising and running these meetings. I got so much out of them and remember them very fondly.

Tora Hallatt