

St James the Great Wroughtington with Heskin



PARISH MAGAZINE



DECEMBER 2025 - JANUARY 2026

Useful Numbers



<https://www.stjamesthegreat.net>



<https://www.facebook.com/StJamesWrightington>

CHURCH CONTACT	Church mobile	07769462502
CHURCHWARDENS	Jonathan Ormesher email: tjormesher@icloud.com	07539224968
	Pauline Chapman email: pauline@chapman47.plus.com	07821960854
VERGERS	Geoff and Marjorie Barlow	01257 367765
PCC SECRETARY	Sue Crawford	01257 453171
ORGANIST	Pauline Chapman	07821960854
HALL BOOKINGS	Anne Sharples	01257 424105 07900633905
ST. JAMES PLAYERS	Chris Gray	01257 452027
MOTHERS' UNION	Marie Taylor	01257 424919
STEWARDSHIP	Margaret Morris	01257 452569
BAPTISM SECRETARY	Marie Taylor	01257 424919
HESKIN SCHOOL	Jayne Carrier	01257 451365
SAFE FROM HARM	Sue Crawford Lorna Chesterton	01257 453171 07880562458
VISION CHAMPION	Cathy Pass	07977519597

POPLAR SERVICES

Magazine printed by Poplar Services

Tel: 01744 23363 Email: sales@poplarservices.com
www.poplarservices.com

Material for inclusion in the magazine should be emailed to Sue Crawford at:
susancrawford@fastmail.co.uk

by the 16th of the month to ensure inclusion in the next issue.

COVER SHOT: Christmas at St James.

Churchwarden's Message

.....

The Light That Splits Eternity

Dear friends,

Christmas: the season when, somewhere between your fifth turkey butt and polishing off that bottle of port you received as a gift, it's all too easy to forget what all the fuss is really about. But amidst the wrapping paper and endless mince pies, let's pause and remember the extraordinary story that sits at the heart of it all.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. Yet, in the quiet humility of that first Christmas, the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, not as a mighty ruler or a spectacular vision, but as a fragile baby whose first breath misted gently in the cold air of a borrowed stable.

What mystery and wonder this is! The God who spoke galaxies into existence now cries softly in the night, utterly dependent on human warmth and care. Those hands, once scattering stars across the cosmos, now curl into tiny fists reaching out for comfort. The voice that commanded, "Let there be light," now murmurs wordlessly, wrapped in humble swaddling clothes.

This is the joyful scandal of Christmas: the infinite chose the finite, the eternal stepped into time, and the Almighty became a vulnerable child. God didn't just send us a memo on love, He came Himself, love incarnate. Not a theory about hope, but hope Himself, born quietly in the darkness.

As we celebrate together at St James, let's not lose the breathtaking wonder of this truth beneath our much-loved traditions, the cosy familiarity of carols, or even the inevitable Christmas jumper competition (we see you!). Instead, let us marvel again that the Creator of all things loved us enough to walk alongside us, to know our joys and sorrows, our laughter and tears.

In Jesus, God didn't merely speak about our struggles, He stepped directly into them. He didn't stand apart from our pain, He took it upon Himself. And by His rising again, He transformed everything we know about beginnings and endings.

Christmas is a gentle reminder that God's love is not distant or abstract, it's tangible, close, and deeply personal. It meets us right where we are, whether our homes are filled with laughter and joy or tinged with memories of those we miss dearly.

God is with us in the messy wrapping paper strewn across the floor, in the laughter around the table, and even in those quiet, reflective moments after everyone has gone to bed.

Churchwarden's Message continued...

So, this Christmas, as you reach for another Quality Street or reluctantly agree to "just one more" game of charades, let the real miracle of Christmas quietly touch your heart again. God is truly with us, Emmanuel, not distant or detached, but close by, in the chaos and beauty of everyday life, turning ordinary moments into glimpses of eternity.

May we each find moments this Christmas to pause, breathe, and wonder anew at this incredible gift. Let our hearts be filled with gratitude, joy, and peace, knowing that we are not alone, for God is indeed with us, yesterday, today, and forever.

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given... And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace." — Isaiah 9:6

May His peace and presence bless you richly this Christmas and always.

With every blessing,

Jonathan

Christmas Carols Quiz Answers

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Deck the halls | 11. Jubilation to the terrestrial globe |
| 2. Silent Night | 12. Celestial beings originating in the Kingdoms of absolute happiness |
| 3. I saw three ships | 13. Hark the Herald angels sing |
| 4. The Holly and the Ivy | 14. See amid the winters snow |
| 5. We three Kings | 15. Good King Wenceslas |
| 6. The sound of bells ring from the top of the steeple | 16. Once in Royal David's City |
| 7. Summon twice ex footballer Adebayor | 17. Away in a Manger |
| 8. It arrived at 12:00 on a transparent day | 18. The First Nowell |
| 9. Removed in an animal feeding trough | 19. Christians Awake, salute the happy morn |
| 10. Summon the entirety of believers | 20. O Little Town of Bethlehem |

Mothers' Union

.....



Our October meeting was an illustrated talk by Jean Jameson on her visits to Cambodia and Vietnam and was very interesting. She had sheets of photographs for everyone and she explained them all and the experience gained in each place. She also had some interesting items bought on her journey.

November's meeting was very well attended by members and also members of our congregation to listen to Mark Dowding with his Songs of Lancashire. It was a very entertaining night, full of singing, laughter and memories. Songs by the Houghton Weavers, The Fivepenny Piece, The Oldham Tinkers and many more, truly a night not to be missed.

December is of course our Christmas Party Night with Jacobs Join and Secret Santa.

January sees our Hot Pot lunch and AGM. Please note that the lunch is at 1.00pm followed by the AGM at 2.00pm.

Please excuse the shortness of this Report but I cannot email to Sue any longer and she has to take the hard copy and re-type it to get it in the Magazine, so I like to keep it to a bare minimum.

Anyway, I wish you all a very Happy Christmas and a Happy and Healthy New Year.

God Bless

Marie

Safeguarding at St James

At last, Lorna Chesterton has now been acknowledged as an additional Recruiter for Safeguarding matters at St James. This has been a long time coming and I warmly welcome Lorna officially onto the team. She is a well known face at St James and has attended several trainings already to familiarise herself with procedures. Please look out for her contact details on the Useful Numbers page.

Sue Crawford

From our Remembrance Book for December

In Loving Memory of

1st	Joyce Ellen Spencer
4th	Rev. Charles Nesbitt
5th	Dorothy Holding
5th	Elizabeth Stock
6th	Marian Campbell
7th	Peter Halton
7th	Joseph Welch
9th	Bessie Bibby
10th	Eric Bullivant
10th	Sarah Hilda Gore
10th	James Edward Halliwell
11th	Diane Beard
12th	Mary Ann Wright
12th	Linda Sharrock
13th	Alice Hughes
14th	Alison Margaret Talbot
16th	Reginald Gore
17th	Denise Fowler
20th	Florence Garton
20th	John Ross
21st	Horace Rowland
22nd	Constance Rowley
23rd	Dorothy Houghton
23rd	Dorothy Mawdsley
25th	James Goulding
25th	Albert Gray
25th	Barbara Glynn
26th	Tom Mawdsley
28th	Alice Waring
28th	Margaret Riches
29th	Percy Glover
30th	Margaret Walters



From our Remembrance Book for January

In Loving Memory of

1st	Ellen Barlow	21st	James Blacklock
1st	Kathleen Halton	21st	Eileen Matthews
2nd	Conard Wellby	22nd	Miriam Elsie Blackburn
2nd	Christine Fairclough	23rd	Hannah Jones
3rd	John Sharrock	23rd	Robert Halton
3rd	Jim Rimmer	23rd	Trevor Leaning
4th	Janet Welch	24th	Minnie Wright
4th	Philip Thistlethwaite	25th	Doris Hodgson
4th	Fred Schofield	25th	Douglas Capstick
4th	George Monk	25th	Peter Hoddinott
4th	William Spiby	25th	Olive Sheffield
5th	Colin Matthews	26th	William Orrell
7th	Margaret Wright	26th	Maggie Green
8th	Martha Dickinson	29th	Edward Spencer
10th	Beatrice Forsyth	30th	Agnes Eaves
11th	Irene Smith	31st	Edith Mary Everingham
11th	Beatrice Bond		
13th	Sandra Rothwell		
14th	Winifred Wright		
16th	Eleanor Allan Carr		
17th	Ellen Banks		
18th	John Armstrong		
19th	Mary Louise Mather		
19th	Tom Nelson		
21st	Amy Trafford		

If you would like a name added to the Remembrance Book, please contact the Vicar or Churchwarden

Family Purse

DATE	STEWARDSHIP	GIFT AID	S.ORDERS	LOOSE PLATE
21 Sep	61.00	59.00		18.06
28 Sep	71.00	78.00	1065.28	28.00
5 Oct	66.00	90.00		73.51
12 Oct	37.00	57.00		29.00
19 Oct	204.20	89.00		47.07
26 Oct	60.00	54.00	967.78	49.75
2 Nov	183.00	77.00		22.00
9 Nov	136.60	184.00		72.00

Acknowledgements

The PCC would like to thank all those who have kindly made donations to St James' Church

1 Oct	Smartie Collection – 185.85
5 Oct	In Loving Memory of Walter Richardson, with love, Jayne Carrier – 20.00
12 Oct	In Loving Memory of Joan Andrews from Kathy and Jeremy Spencer – 20.00
12 Oct	Donation from Mr and Mrs S Johnson – 20.00
10 Oct	Donations from the funeral of Brain Leach – 55.00
19 Oct	Happy memories of Brian Leach from Brenda Carr – 20.00
19 Oct	In Loving Memory of Brian Leach from Geoff and Marjorie – 25.00
19 Oct	In Loving Memory of Joan Andrews from Gladys Dean – 20.00
15th Nov	Donation from Margaret Rimmer 10.00

Graveyard Donations

12 Oct	In Loving Memory of my son Philip from Phyllis Thistlethwaite and family – 50.00
26 Oct	Anonymous donation – 20.00
2 Nov	In Loving Memory of Bill Grundy from Evelyn and family – 50.00
18th Nov	From Attic Sales – Colleen Jones £100.00

36 Club Draw September 2025

PRIZE	TICKET NO	NAME
£50	62	Maree Fiddler
£40	37	Doreen Hoddinott
£30	118	Sue Longmire
£20	45	Norma Lawson
£20	78	Sue Baron

36 Club Draw October 2025

£50	140	Liz Thompson
£40	91	Ann Mitchell
£30	52	John Fowler
£20	131	Les Richardson
£20	29	Kath Ormesher

Please see Sue Wild if you wish to join the scheme.

From the Registers

HOLY MATRIMONY

“Those whom God hath joined together”

1 Nov Stephen Henty and Kelly Hambleton

CHRISTIAN BURIAL

“May the Souls of the Faithful Departed Rest in Peace”

19 Sep Joan Andrews
30 Sep Kathleen Hailwood
10 Oct Brian Thomas Leach
5 Nov Ken Mather

St James Church Magazine - Payment

Just a reminder that the annual payment of £6.00 for your church magazine will be due in the New Year, thank you for your support during this past year.

If you are not already receiving a magazine by post but would like to do so, please contact Anne on 01257 424105

Here is the next thrilling episode of the History of our area by Jonathan Ormesher

FAITH AND VALOR: A CIVIL WAR SAGA OF WRIGHTINGTON, HESKIN & TUNLEY

Episode 5: Shadows of Vengeance

Lancashire – Summer 1648. In the aftermath of King Charles's defeat, whispers of renewed Royalist uprising swept through Wrightington, Heskin, and Tunley. James Molyneux rode south along a muddy track, jaw set in grim determination. He had left home without farewell, fuelled by revenge. Parliament's muskets had taken his sister and priest; now James would take up his sword against them once more.

He soon joined a secret gathering of die-hard Royalists preparing to rise up. They planned to support a Scottish invasion that would restore the King. By August, the uprising became reality. A Scottish army under Duke Hamilton invaded and joined the local Royalists near Preston, where they prepared to face Parliament's New Model Army.

On a sweltering morning, James's unit crested a hill and beheld Preston in the valley below. The town's church spires and timbered roofs sprawled along the River Ribble. Beyond, columns of Scottish infantry were already clashing with Parliament's New Model Army. Sir Thomas Tyldesley raised his sword. "For the King!" he cried, and the Royalist horse thundered down toward the melee. James spurred his steed and joined the charge, heart thundering.

Battle unfolded in chaos. James slashed a Parliamentarian down and felt a grim satisfaction for an instant – but it was short-lived. A troop of Parliamentarian Ironside cavalry smashed into the Royalist flank. These veteran horsemen, led by a familiar officer, overwhelmed the Royalist riders.

James found himself face to face with the officer. Their swords met – and in that instant, recognition flashed between them. "Thomas?!" James gasped. It was Captain Thomas Wilson, his friend-turned-foe, alive and fighting for Parliament. Thomas's face showed equal shock, but he recovered instantly, parrying James's blow with a clang of steel.

Before James could swing again, two Ironside troopers rode up and leveled their carbines at him. "Yield!" Thomas shouted, raising his gauntlet. Surrounded and outmatched, James had no choice but to drop his sword. Rough hands yanked him from the saddle.

The Battle of Preston raged on around them, but James's war was over in minutes. He was dragged behind Parliament's lines, where other disarmed Royalist prisoners huddled under guard. The air stank of gunpowder and sweat. James sank to his knees in the mud, chest heaving. All his plans of vengeance had collapsed in an instant. Bitter tears of rage burned in his eyes.

After hours of fighting, the din of battle faded. By evening, the Parliamentarians had completely routed the Scots and Royalists. The defeated remnants fled or were captured en masse. James sat against a farmyard wall, wrists bound, watching coldly as victorious New Model Army soldiers herded Scottish prisoners through the lanes. His friend Thomas approached with two armed guards. In the fading light, Thomas's face was spattered with grime and concern.

"General Cromwell will want to question this one," Thomas told the guards, masking his personal worry. They hauled James up and marched him to a field tent set up beyond the ridge. Under flickering torches, prisoners were being sorted. Some Scottish officers knelt pleading for quarter; others, lower-born, were roughly shackled for transport.

James was shoved into the command tent. There, poring over maps by lamplight, stood Oliver Cromwell – stocky, mud-splattered, and formidable. His piercing eyes lifted to appraise the new captive.

Thomas stepped forward and saluted. “General, this is James Molyneux of Heskin – son of John Molyneux. He was taken fighting with the rebels. I... I know him personally, sir.”

Cromwell stepped closer, eyes studying James keenly. “Your father swore loyalty to Parliament, yet here you are in rebellion,” Cromwell said quietly.

James felt hot shame and anger rising. He spat at the ground near Cromwell’s boots. “Your men murdered my sister,” he snarled. “A child hanged in cold blood... by Colonel Rigby’s orders. Where was your mercy then, General?”

Thomas sucked in a breath, but Cromwell held up a hand to forestall him. A shadow crossed the general’s face. “If Rigby committed such an atrocity, he shall answer for it. I do not sanction the hanging of children,” Cromwell said gravely.

James let out a bitter laugh. “Fine words. Didn’t you butcher an army of Scots this day? Does your ‘justice’ spare no one?”

Cromwell’s expression hardened. “I fought today to end a war, not to murder innocents. Believe me, Colonel Rigby’s crimes weigh on my soul; he will face judgment for them.” The tent fell silent. James glared at the ground, his rage checked but not extinguished.

After a moment, Cromwell spoke more softly. “Young man,” he said, “this bloodshed is over. Go home to your father and raise your sword no more, and no further harm will come to you.” He gestured to Thomas. “Release him into John Molyneux’s custody.”

Thomas placed a steadying hand on James’s shoulder and guided him out of the tent. The summer night air was cool on James’s flushed face. He was stunned – he had expected execution or at least imprisonment. Instead, Oliver Cromwell, the great nemesis of Royalists, had offered him clemency.

Within days, Captain Wilson escorted James safely back to Heskin Hall. John Molyneux wept with relief to see his son alive. That evening, General Cromwell himself stopped at Heskin Hall to rest and sup on his journey south. The man whose army had caused the Molyneux family such suffering now broke bread under their roof, to their silent dismay.

Cromwell spoke kindly of healing England’s wounds. John voiced careful gratitude and hope for lasting peace. James could hardly bring himself to eat, his stomach churning to see the commander of those who killed Mary dining at their table. Yet Cromwell showed no sign of cruelty or gloating; if anything, he appeared weary and earnest in his desire to bind up the kingdom’s wounds.

Before leaving at dawn with Cromwell’s party, Thomas grasped James’s hand. “Don’t waste this second chance, my friend,” he urged. James managed a slight nod. Thomas smiled sadly and mounted his horse.

In James’s heart, sorrow and anger still duelled, but he could not deny that vengeance had brought him no peace. Undeserved mercy – from Thomas and from Cromwell – had spared his life, for reasons he could not yet grasp.

That night, James knelt in his room and attempted his first prayer since Mary’s death – a halting plea for understanding why he had been spared. No answer came, but as he finally closed his eyes, he felt a small measure of solace, as if a tiny ember of hope glowed again in his soul.

Diary for December 2025

1	Mon	2 -4.00pm	Craft & Chat
3	Wed	10.30am	Play & Praise Toddler Group
7		SECOND SUNDAY OF ADVENT	
		9.00am	No Holy Communion
		10.30am	Holy Communion - David Gaskell
		5.00pm	30@5
9	Tues	7.30pm	Mothers Union Christmas Party
10	Wed	10.30am	Play & Praise Toddler Group
14		THIRD SUNDAY OF ADVENT - TOY SERVICE	
		9.00am	No Holy Communion –
		10.30am	Holy Communion – David Long With Baptism Romi Evelyn Mary Headen
		5.00pm	No 30@5
		6.30pm	Nine Lessons & Carols – Alex Baker
15	Mon	2-4.00pm	Craft & Chat
17	Wed	10.30am	Play & Praise Toddler Group Party
19	Fri	2.00pm	Heskin School closes for Christmas
21		FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT – NATIVITY SERVICE	
		9.00am	Holy Communion – Andy Meeson
		10.30am	Family Nativity - David Gaskell
		12.00	36 Club Draw
		5.00pm	No 30@5
24	Wed	CHRISTMAS EVE	
		4.00pm	CHRISTINGLE SERVICE
		11.30pm	MIDNIGHT COMMUNION – Alex Baker
25	Thurs	CHRISTMAS DAY	
		10.30	HOLY COMMUNION WITH CAROLS
28		HOLY INNOCENTS	
		9.00am	No Holy Communion
		10.30am	Family Service - David Gaskell
		6.30pm	Evensong with Communion – David Ward
		5.00pm	No 30@5

January 2026

1	Wed	10.30am	No Play & Praise Toddler Group
4		SUNDAY BEFORE EPIPHANY	
		9.00am	Holy Communion - David Gaskell
		10.30am	Holy Communion – David Ward
		5.00pm	No 30@5
5	Mon	9.00am	Heskin School opens after the holidays
7	Wed	10.30am	Play & Praise Toddler Group
11		FIRST SUNDAY OF EPIPHANY – BAPTISM OF CHRIST	
		9.00am	No Holy Communion
		10.30am	Holy Communion - David Gaskell
		5.00pm	30@5
12	Mon	2-4.00pm	Craft & Chat
13	Tues	1.00pm	Mothers Union Hot Pot Lunch & AGM
14	Wed	10.30am	Play & Praise Toddler Group
18		SECOND SUNDAY OF EPIPHANY	
		9.00am	Holy Communion – Alex Baker
		10.30am	Holy Communion - David Gaskell
		12.00	36 Club Draw
		5.00pm	30@5
20	Tues	7.00pm	PCC Meeting in the Hall
21	Wed	10.30am	Play & Praise Toddler Group
25		THIRD SUNDAY OF EPIPHANY	
		9.00am	Holy Communion - Alex Baker
		10.30am	Holy Communion – Alex Baker
		5.00pm	30@5
26	Mon	2 -4.00pm	Craft & Chat
26	Mon	7.00pm	Vineyard at 398 Mossy Lea Road
28	Wed	10.30am	Play & Praise Toddler Group
FEBRUARY 2026			
1		FOURTH SUNDAY OF EPIPHANY	
		9.00am	No Holy Communion
		10.30am	Family Service with David Gaskell
		5.00pm	30@5

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT WITH THE SMARTIE TUBE 20P'S APPEAL.

An amazing £207 was raised for church funds.

This is a great result and thank you to all who participated.

Also to those who attended the Quiz night enabling a pleasing amount of £267 to be raised.

A good time was had by all helped along by the drinks and nibbles. We had one Heskin school family join us making a total of 10 teams. We intend to hold this event again in the Spring so please do come along and enjoy the fun.

The money raised from both these events will go towards replacing some of the guttering at the front of church.

FESTIVE FUNDRAISER

Quiz Sheets for £1 each – at the back of church. Enjoy completing on your own, with family over Christmas or send inside a Christmas card to someone who is maybe on their own.

CRAFT AND CHAT

A busy group of crafters are meeting fortnightly in the church hall, enjoying each other's company while knitting, sewing and card making. We have had to change the time from Monday morning to the afternoon.

2-4pm. The dates are Dec 1st and 15th, then Jan 12th and 26th and Feb 9th.

Bring along your own craft or just come and watch what we do and enjoy the chat and company. Cost £3 incl brew and biscuits.

Contact Cathy 07977 519597 if you would like to join us.

Christmas Grave Pots

ORDER YOUR GRAVE POT NOW !!!

They are £12.00 for large and £6.00 for small. You can collect from Church or have them delivered by phoning or texting Anne Sharples on 07900633905 or Alice Haworth on 07860807345. Please say which size you would like and where you want them delivering and we will collect payment on delivery.



Sunday – A Day for JOY - Jesus. Others. Yourself.

I recently read an article in The Yorkshire Dalesman which addressed our relationship with Sundays and how times have changed. As a young girl I remember that Sunday mornings were spent in church with mum and grandparents and then home to a roast dinner and homemade rice pudding. The rest of the day was sometimes given over to a gardening job or washing the car but at other times we visited elderly relatives of my parents and chatted over a brew.

In today's world of shops and leisure places being open all hours, these memories seem to derive from another world, not just from a different decade, the 70's/80's. The pattern of Sundays has seen more rapid changes than any other day of the week.

Many people now spend the day shopping, at the gym, eating out, taking the children to various activities or events. For them Sunday is not regarded as a holy day to spend some time with Jesus, a day to affirm one's faith, a day to pause and rest.

The Diocesan Vision for 2026 has the title 'Joyful Followers of Jesus' and then various objectives. Its aim is to encourage parish churches to spread Joy in their church through worship and fellowship; as Bishop Philip spoke about on a recent Synod day - to be a 'well of Joy' overflowing with love for Jesus who is our salvation flowing through our lives in this busy commercialised world. Our Faith is Jesus. From him we can draw Joy which brings comfort in times of need or in daily support.

To conclude, I ask that we all think about how we can spread the love and Joy of Jesus Christ to others. Who can we invite to our event, our Sunday gatherings at 9am, 10:30am or 30@5, to receive the gift of Joy from Jesus? Perhaps we can help others and ourselves too, to find more time for rest and reflection on Sundays and ultimately time for Jesus.

Wouldn't it be Joyful if more young people and families made time for Jesus more often – perhaps putting Jesus first on a Sunday? Our 'well of Joy' at St James' would be truly overflowing!

Cathy Pass (Vision Champion)



HESKIN PEMBERTON'S C OF E PRIMARY SCHOOL

*Let all that you do be done in Love.
1 Corinthians 16:14*

A school family built on Love, strengthened by Faith and enriched by Joy.

Hello from everyone at Heskin Pemberton's,

We're over half way through the Autumn Term and, as usual, we've all been very busy bunnies here at Heskin Pemberton's. As well as our school work, we've also been busy trying to raise money for a variety of charities. We've collected gifts for people in our local communities during our Harvest celebrations. We've donated toys and games for children who may be less fortunate than ourselves and the pupils have raised money for the Royal British Legion and for Children in Need. We are now, busily making special Christmas cards which we will deliver to people in our local community. If you know anyone who would like one of our handmade Christmas cards, please get in touch. We are an extremely caring school and everyone has made me feel very proud with all of these acts of kindness.



As well as being extremely kind, the children at Heskin are amazingly creative. Members of our Sewing Club have been beavering away, making beautiful quilted bags this term. The children demonstrated great skills and determination in making these bags and the final products were outstanding. Thank you Miss Beatty, Mrs Beatty and Mrs Lavelle for all of your hard work in running this club. If that wasn't creative enough, our older children wrote, composed and performed their very own song with the help of the Canadian singer, Luke Wallace. The song is called *My World* and is all about how we can look after our wonderful planet.

Finally, members of our school's football team had a great afternoon at Victory Park, watching Chorley's match against Oxford City. The children had a tour of the home dressing room and they met the players, the manager and Chorley's mascot, Victor Magpie. They then formed a guard of honour, before kick-off, cheering both teams on to the pitch. Finally, we watched an absorbing, action-packed match which saw Chorley come from behind to draw 3-3! I'd like to say a massive thank you to Mrs Williams, Mr Goulding, Mr Dineen and all of the parents who helped to make this afternoon possible. Well done, Heskin.

I hope you've enjoyed reading about the fun and enjoyment we all share at Heskin Pemberton's. Please feel free to visit our website if you would like to know more about our school. www.heskinpembertons.co.uk

Love, prayers & best Wishes, Alan Brindle - Head Teacher

CHRISTMAS FAIR RAFFLE PRIZE WINNERS

PRIZE	NAME	TICKET NO
£200	Syd & Mavis Johnson	0416
Drinks Hamper	Heather Thompson	1701
Food Hamper	Diane Smith	1712
Wild Mint Café Voucher	Molly Waring	0990
£25 voucher Sharon Hair	Eric Clementson	0371
Bowling Green Voucher	June Davenport	0459
Food Hamper	Lyn Grundy	0236
The Paddock Coffee & Cake	Heather Thompson	1702
Bottle of Brandy	Caroline Thompson	1096
Spar Biscuits & Wine	Enyd Richardson	1866
Assorted Toys JAKS	Judith Burton	0094
Baking Set	Alan Marsden	1964
Yankee Candle	Phyllis Thistlethwaite	0207
Set of 4 Glasses	Liz Thompson	1944
Bottle of Wine & Glasses	Peter & Ann Rowley	0462
Turkish Delight	Charlotte Ford	0680
Bottle of Wine	Chris Robinson	0724
Tin of Roses Chocolates	Dean	1511

Thank you to everyone who gave Raffle Prizes and those who bought tickets, we raised from the fair just over £2,000 which is brilliant.

A huge thank you to the family of Joan Andrews for their contributions and from Kath Aspinall whose craft stall raised £140 in memory of Ken Mather.



THE LIGHT THAT CAME NEAR

A Christmas Reflection by Jonathan Ormesher

At Christmas, we hear again the story that changed everything — the journey to Bethlehem, the birth in a stable, and the moment heaven touched the earth in the most unexpected way.

I wanted to retell that story as though we were seeing it unfold for the first time — to bring it to life with a sense of movement, light, and wonder, and to imagine what it might have felt like for Mary, for Joseph, and for all who witnessed that night.

The Light That Came Near is written as a reflection, told through the eyes of faith and humanity together. My hope is that it helps us pause, listen, and remember that the heart of Christmas isn't found in the noise or the rush, but in the quiet miracle of God drawing close to us.

I hope you enjoy it, and that it blesses you this Christmas

The Road to Bethlehem

The road unwound like a ribbon of dust over the hills, pale in the afternoon light. The air held the smell of dry grass and olive wood, and the sound of hooves and footsteps stitched a steady rhythm through the heat. Joseph walked at the side of the donkey, one hand on the worn leather strap, the other free, as if ready to steady the world should it lean too far.

Mary sat astride the little animal with quiet poise, her hands folded across her middle, where the child turned and pressed as if eager for the world outside.

They had started early, when the light was thin and the land seemed to hold its breath. Now the sun had climbed, laying its hand over everything. Their shadows fell short and solid. Every so often Joseph glanced up the slope, judging the distance to the next bend or patch of shade. He spoke gently to Mary when he spoke at all. She smiled and answered softly, and at times closed her eyes and swayed with the movement of the donkey, as if listening to a song only she could hear.

They were not alone on the road. Others moved in small clusters, families carrying baskets and blankets, older men walking with sticks, women with infants slung close. News had gone out weeks before, calling people to be counted where their families belonged.

The road took on the sound of many lives gathered into one purpose. Though not everyone walked with joy, there was a sense of being carried by something larger than themselves.

Joseph felt it, too, though he could not have named it. It was like the pull of a tide you cannot see, only feel in the way it draws you forward, step after step.

Mary shifted her weight and breathed with care. "Are you all right?" Joseph asked, and the question came out too quickly, as it often did. He masked his worry with a half smile.

"We can stop at the next olive tree."

"I am well," she said, though her fingers tightened for a moment. "He is restless. He feels the journey."

Joseph nodded. He knew restlessness. He felt it like a current running under the surface of this ordinary day. He had felt it from the first moment Mary had told him what the angel had said. He had not understood it then, and he did not fully understand it now, yet his heart had shifted in that moment in a way that would not shift back. He had felt the fear. He had also felt awe, a clean wonder that seemed to open the air around him. It had made a space in him where obedience might live. He did not have the words for that either. He only knew he had been asked to trust, and he had said yes.

They stopped in the dappled shade of an old tree and shared bread and water. The bread was plain and good, the water warm but enough. Joseph made sure Mary drank. He had learnt this much: that love, in its best form, is practical. It fills flasks and checks straps and watches the path for stones. It also keeps silence when silence is needed. He looked out across the land. The hills were a patchwork of scrub and stone. Birds lifted and settled. Far away a shepherd's call rose, the sound thin but clear, like a line drawn on the air.

"Do you ever wonder," Mary said after a while, "if the world knows?"

Joseph followed her gaze. "Knows what?"

"That he is coming." Her words were simple, but she said them with the gentle certainty of one who has been addressed by heaven. "As if the trees listen. As if the road goes this way because it always knew it would carry us."

Joseph smiled. "If the road knew, it could have been a little smoother." Mary laughed, and the sound was a light thing, like a bell struck once and left to ring.

They went on. Afternoon bent towards evening. The light softened, the edges of things grew kind. A gold dust lay over the fields and the olive trees took on a darker gloss. A coolness drifted up from the low ground, and somewhere water moved over rock. Joseph felt the relief in his legs and in the donkey's patient breath. He felt it also in Mary's posture, the way tension lifted from her shoulders for a time. The road curved, and the town that would hold the night came into view, its houses gathered close, roofs like layered hands.

"Bethlehem," Joseph said quietly. The name had been spoken in his family since he was a boy. The place of his line, the town of David. He had known, once, the list of fathers and sons that linked him back to that king with the shepherd's heart. Now the list was a kind of music he had forgotten the tune of, but the name still stirred something in him. He did not think of kings as much as he thought of bread. It was a small town with a name that meant house of bread. He pictured warm loaves set on a table, steam rising. He pictured a place for Mary to rest and for the child to come as all children come, into hands and breath and the first astonished cry.

The Search for Shelter

They reached the first doorway as lamps were being lit. Joseph knocked and spoke with courtesy, giving his name, explaining the journey, the reason for it, the need. He felt the words fray under the press of the day. The householder looked at Mary, looked at the cart crowded with someone else's baskets in the lane, looked back at Joseph, and shook his head with regret that did not open into help. The house was full. The next house was full as well. And the one after that.

The town had swelled with those come to be counted. Courtyards held cousins upon cousins, rooms held guests upon guests. Every door seemed to have a shoulder pressed against it from the inside. Joseph thanked those who turned him away, because courtesy is what you have when you have little else. He kept his voice even. He made his face smooth. Only his hands showed strain; they opened and closed, as if trying a lock that had not been fashioned yet.

Mary did not complain. She watched the faces and the windows, the powdery bloom on figs piled in a basket, the way a child leaned against his mother's hip and rubbed his eyes.

She watched the shadows gathering in corners and the flares of lamplight at thresholds.

Pain came, a tightening that gripped and released. She rode it with controlled breath, and when it passed she placed her palm against her middle and whispered a word that sounded like a prayer but might have been the child's name, already chosen, already loved.

At last Joseph stood before a doorway with a lintel that had known many hands.

The man who answered was older, his hair a halo of grey curls, his eyes bright as if lit from behind. He listened, and his face took on the look of someone searching a room in his mind for a place to set a heavy jar. "We are full," he said, and Joseph nodded, and the man held up a hand, as if to stop the fall of something. "Full, but not without corner or kindness. There is a place where we keep the animals. It is no room for a lady, no place for a child to open his eyes on the world. Yet it is dry, and it is yours if you will have it. I will bring blankets.

My wife will bring water. May God see what we lack and be the more for it."

Joseph bowed with genuine gratitude. It is a gift to be met with kindness after many doors. They were led round to a courtyard and down to a low place at the back where the air held the mixed scents of hay, wool, and the honest warmth of beasts. A manger stood near the wall, clean, with fresh straw brushed into it. The old man's wife came as promised, her arms full of cloth and simple comforts. Her hands were brisk, her eyes assessing. She took one look at Mary and then looked at Joseph with the expression all husbands recognise.

The expression that says, It is time, and do not argue with me about it.

"Go," the woman said to her husband. "Bring more water. Tell your sister to come. And you," she said to Joseph, her voice kind and unflinching, "will be calm and do what I tell you."

Joseph did as he was told. He set his shoulder to the work that had no poetry in it and yet was more holy than any word. He rolled blankets, lifted pots, fetched this and steadied that.

Mary took his hand once and squeezed, and the pressure told him where she was in the rhythm her body had taken up. He did not know how to measure time now. It became something that turned like a wheel, a cycle of breath and pain, of waiting and doing, of holding back the fear and letting awe run forward.

The Birth

Night gathered and pooled like ink. The town quietened, although it never grew entirely still. The movements of animals, a cough from a nearby house, a door closing somewhere, the scrape of wood, the soft talk of women. The old man's wife moved around Mary with kindness that was like a craft. There were few words. There were many small actions, each one part of a long tradition of women who had brought life into the world with their hands and knowledge. Joseph found that praying came easily, not because he had the right words, but because every breath felt like one.

It happened without ceremony. There was effort and sweat and pain that tightened Mary into a line of fierce concentration. Then the pain crested and broke, and the room seemed to widen, and the child came. A cry raised itself into the night, thin as a reed and stronger than stone. Joseph felt something inside him give way, as if a knot he had not known was there had unfastened. He looked at Mary, and he looked at the child, and the world he had known reassembled around this small, breathing centre.

They wrapped him in cloths, as any child is wrapped, the swaddling bands neat against the softness of new limbs. Mary held him against her heart and closed her eyes. He looked like all infants look, and he looked like no other child that had ever lived. He took a first milk-drunk and slept, his mouth slightly open, his hands curled like shells. Mary whispered gratitude that did not need words. Joseph, who had measured wood and stone all his life, felt himself measured by a holiness that asked for trust rather than explanation.

They laid him in the manger carefully, because Mary needed to rest and because their arms were learning the art of letting go even as they longed to hold on. The straw smelled of summer fields. A lantern burned on a hook, and its light drew a small circle around the three of them. Beyond the circle the night kept its own watch.

The Shepherds' Field

Out beyond the town the land opened into low hills and pasture. Shepherds watched their flocks, not because of romance but because sheep needed watching. The air was cold in the hours before midnight, the kind of cold that finds any gap in cloak or sleeve. The men kept close to the embers of a small fire and spoke in quiet voices or not at all. Their ears were tuned to small sounds: the scuff of hoof on ground, the sudden hush that means a predator pauses before it moves, the restless murmur of ewes calling to lambs. The stars were bright in the dry sky, a spill of light more numerous than counting.

One man, younger than the rest, lay back on his rolled cloak and watched the stars as if trying to make out the pattern behind them. He had always felt that the night was a kind of book. Not a book with letters, but a vast page upon which God wrote in light. He would not have said this to the older men unless they were in a generous mood. The older men measured nights by weather and wolves. He measured them by wonder and watchfulness. He was not wrong, and neither were they.

The air changed. The younger man sat up, his breath shallow. The older men stilled. The sheep, in their way, sensed what men sense and lifted their heads. A brightness touched the edge of the sky as if dawn had lost its way and arrived early. Then it was not a touch but a flood, a clean light that did not hurt the eyes but opened them. The men stood because there was nothing else to do. Fear moved through them, the good kind that keeps you from running and makes you listen with every part of you.

A messenger stood in the light, a figure like a man and more than a man, the kind of presence that makes the word angel necessary because no other word will do. He spoke, and the words went out over the hills and seemed to return from them, as if the land itself gave assent.

"Do not be afraid. I bring you good news of great joy, for all people. To you, this night, in David's town, a saviour has been born. He is the anointed one, the Lord. This will be the sign for you. You will find a baby wrapped in cloths and lying in a manger."

As if to answer the shepherds' doubt before it formed, the sky burst into more light, and the air filled with voices. Not one voice, but many, strong as rivers at flood, clear as new bells. The sound held praise like a mountain holds height. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to those on whom his favour rests."

Then the light thinned. The air softened. The stars seemed very small and far away after such nearness. The men stood in a ring, fire forgotten. They looked at one another and laughed once, the amazed laugh that comes when something impossible has happened, and then stopped, not because joy ended but because it turned into urgency.

"Come," the younger man said, and he did not worry that the older ones would refuse. They might have argued, but none of them did. They gathered cloaks and staffs, and left a boy to watch the flock, a boy who stared at the sky and felt, for the first time in his life, that he was part of a story too large to understand.

The Meeting

They reached the town with the awkward speed of men who belong to the hills. They moved through narrow lanes and past closed doors, their breath making clouds in the cold. The message had been plain. A child. Wrapped in cloths. In a manger. The sign was simple enough that it would not be mistaken. They found the place not because they were clever, but because the light of a small lantern and the soft, unmistakeable sounds of a newborn led them, as surely as any star.

They stopped at the threshold because they were men who respected thresholds. The older one cleared his throat, then thought better of words. The younger one looked at Mary and then at Joseph. His face, beneath the bristle of a long day and a hard season, was as open as a spring.

Joseph stepped aside and held out his hand in welcome. He seemed to have grown in the last hour. He had the look of a man who has suddenly found his place in the world and is surprised to find it fits.

Mary lifted the child and the shepherds saw him. He was like any child, cheeks flushed with sleep, mouth a soft bow. He was unlike any child, in the way the air around him seemed to have become something clearer. The younger shepherd felt his knees go weak, not with tiredness, but with a sudden knowledge that the world had turned. He knelt because standing made no sense. The older shepherds followed, not out of habit, but out of a humility that had been awakened and found itself ready.

They told their story in fits and starts, speaking over one another, then stepping back, each one giving way to the other as if they were men crossing a narrow bridge. Mary listened, and as she listened, something in her face deepened, as if she were making a careful place inside herself for what they said. She had made such a place before; she would make it again and again. She would do this all her life, and it would often look like silence.

Joseph listened with his hands still and his eyes steady. He took in the detail of the field and the light and the words. He could make a door square by the eye and a beam true by the hand. He knew a true line when he saw one. What the men told him was true, and he knew it by the way his fear fell away and left something braver in its place.

The shepherds did not stay long. Wonder makes you want to stay. It also makes you want to run and tell. They lingered only as long as it took to let their eyes fill and their hearts overflow. Then they backed out, awkward as giants in a small room, and went into the night with a joy that broke out of them in laughter and loud words that woke dogs and startled a man who came to his door with a lamp and then laughed too, though he did not know why.

The Quiet Afterwards

It grew still. Mary nursed the child and wrapped him again. Joseph swept a corner of the floor with a branch of leaves he had found and could not stop himself from tidying, as if order could be a gift. The old man and his wife came once to bring more water, then left them to the privacy of the miracle, which is another word for the ordinary made holy.

Time in that place was not like other time. The night stretched thin, then thickened, then passed. The lamp burned low. The child slept and woke and slept again. Mary, bone-tired and filled with a contentment that felt like light, watched him. She looked at his face and tried to imagine all the faces he would see, all the roads his feet would learn. She could not see far, and she did not try, but she felt, as any mother feels, that the world had become both more dangerous and more beautiful.

Joseph sat and kept watch. He was not a man given to speech for the sake of it. Words came to him when he worked. He measured and cut and planed, and the timber spoke back in its clean lines and smooth surfaces. Now he found that prayer could be like that too. A thought shaped with care. A gratitude trimmed of drama and made strong by the plainness of it.

He thanked God for the floor beneath them and the roof above. For Mary's safe delivery.

For the child's steady breath. He thanked God for the old man's kindness and for the donkey's patience and for the way light falls on straw and makes it golden enough for a king.

He also asked for help. He asked it as men ask for help who have no illusions about their own strength. Help me be steady. Help me be kind. Help me know when to speak and when to be silent. Help me to protect without becoming hard. Help me to lead without breaking what is gentle. He felt, though he would not have said it, that his prayer was heard.

Mary closed her eyes and rested. The old woman's blankets were warm and carried the faint scent of rosemary dried on a shelf. The child stirred, made a small sound, and settled. Joseph's head nodded once and then came up again. He smiled at himself and gave in, laid his head on his arm, and slept.

Outside, the town shifted in sleep. A man turned over on a hard bed and pulled a cloak higher. A child dreamt and called for his mother, who soothed him without waking fully.

In the hills the shepherds told their story again to the boy who had kept the flock. He had seen nothing, yet everything in him had changed because his friends had changed. Sometimes the fire lights one face, and the faces around it catch the glow.

Morning

Dawn came without hurry. The sky lifted from dark to blue, and birds tested the air with tentative notes. The old man came to the doorway with fresh water and a flatbread warmed on a stone. He stood a moment and took off his cap. It seemed right to enter certain rooms as if stepping into a temple, even when the floor was dust and the altar was a feeding trough.

He set down the water and the bread and said nothing, because there are moments when words feel like smoke that would only cloud what is already clear. Mary thanked him with a small smile. Joseph thanked him with both hands around the bowl. The old man nodded and went away to tend to his household, which suddenly felt like a larger thing than it had the day before.

The town woke. Voices rose and the narrow lanes filled. The census officials set their tables and the line formed. Names were spoken and recorded, the endless song of human lists. Somewhere a woman scolded, somewhere a child shrieked with laughter, somewhere a man argued, as men will. The world, which had changed in the night, looked much the same. That is how the deepest things usually happen.

In the courtyard Mary stood in the doorway and let the sun touch her face. She held the child and breathed in the morning as if it were a promise freshly made. Joseph tightened the strap on the donkey and checked the pack for the fourth time, the fifth. The old woman pressed a small bundle into Mary's hands, herbs and cloth and a simple toy made of little sticks bound into a star. "For the journey," she said, and then patted Mary's cheek in a way that suggested she had adopted her for life.

They would not leave at once. They would stay while Mary gained strength, while the child settled his rhythm, while Joseph learnt how to be father to a son who carried in himself something he could not name without awe. They would receive visitors who came because the shepherds could not keep news quiet. They would keep the child warm and talk of practical things, as new parents do, and then fall silent, as those who have seen angels do.

Epilogue of Wonder

It would be told later, so often that the words might seem worn at the edges. People would make pictures of the moment with colours and stone and glass. They would place crowns and halos, they would put animals in attitudes more tidy than animals choose. But under the gilding and the careful arrangements, the truth would remain simple and astonishing.

A young woman said yes to God, and her yes became a heartbeat. A steady man stood beside her and lent his strength to what he did not fully understand. A town already full made room for more. The poorest men in the fields were the first invited, as if to say that no gate is too low for glory to pass beneath it. The child arrived as all children do, into hands and breath and love, and yet in his arrival the world found itself remade.

If you listen, you can still hear the donkey's hooves on the road and feel the weight of the star-washed night. You can stand with Joseph in the doorway, unsure and brave, and you can kneel with the shepherds because your knees know humility even when your head does not.

You can hold the child with Mary in that quiet after the pain and before the next thing, and you can let the wonder settle in you as she did, storing it away like treasure against the days to come.

And perhaps, if you walk out into the cold of a winter morning and look up, you might glimpse what the younger shepherd saw whenever he watched the night. The sky is still a book. It is still written in light. And the message written there is the same as the one the angels sang: that God has come near, not in thunder first, but in a child who fits in the crook of a mother's arm. That peace is not an idea only, but a presence you can learn to recognise.

That the house of bread held the Bread of Life, and that an ordinary manger cradled the hope of the world.

So we go on, as they went on. We mind our flocks and our families, our workbenches and our washing. We queue at the census tables of our own lives and keep a watch on the hills for wolves and weather. And every so often, perhaps more often than we think, we look up and the ordinary is lit from within, and we remember that on a night like any other night, in a small town with a plain name, God came close enough to touch.

Reflection: The Light That Remains

And when the story is told again, as it is every Christmas, it does what it has always done. It opens a door in winter and lets the light through. It reminds us that holiness does not wait for palaces or perfect moments, but finds its way into the rough and ordinary corners of life — the stable, the kitchen, the workshop, the tired heart.

The journey of Mary and Joseph ends in Bethlehem, but the journey of those who believe begins there. For each of us is called, in our own time and place, to carry the Christ-light into a world that still needs it — to become, in small ways, what they became in great ways: bearers of hope, keepers of faith, witnesses to love.

And so we leave the manger not as spectators, but as participants — walking back into our lives with the echo of angels in our ears, and the quiet, steady truth in our hearts: that God is with us still.

Amen

Raffle Prize Donations 2025

We would like to thank all our wonderful local businesses for their very kind donations of raffle prizes for our Christmas Fair together with our congregation for their constant generosity towards our Church – we depend on you all so much.

Heskin Village Stores (Spar)	Family box of Biscuits and Bottle of Red Wine
Derby House Food Hall	Two boxes of Turkish Delight
The Paddock Restaurant Derby House	Coffee and Cake for Two
Wild Mint Café Golden Days Wrightinton -	£25.00 voucher
Bowling Green Restaurant Charnock Richard	Two regular Carveries
JAKS at Derby House	Children's toys and games
Barbara & Michael Banks from Sharon Hair Salon	Voucher for £25.00

Christmas Services at St James

December 14th	10.30am	Holy Communion with Baptism (Toy Service)
	6.30pm	Nine Lessons and Carols (Toys can also be brought to this service)
December 21st	10.30am	Nativity Service (everyone welcome to take part in the Nativity Tableau)
December 24th	4.00pm	CHRISTMAS EVE – CHRISTINGLE SERVICE
	11.30pm	Midnight Communion
December 25th	10.30am	Holy Communion with Carols
December 28th	10.30am	Family Service

DAVID RICHARDSON

PLUMBING AND HEATING ENGINEER

All aspects of plumbing and heating services



**Gas Boiler/Fire Installation,
Service and Repair**

Over 35 years of experience

Friendly, low cost and reliable service

Free no obligation quotes

No Job too small



**4 Warwick Road, Eccleston, Chorley, PR7 5SQ
T. 01257 452223 M. 07779 016095**



Rowley's

Toogood Farm Shop

Toogood Lane, Wroughtington, Wigan.



Our farm shop is situated in the midst of our working farm in Wroughtington.

Health foods

At Toogood Farm we specialised in sourcing organic health foods and supply our customers with an array of fresh vegetables, fruit, cheese, bread and dairy products.

Our Working Farm

All the cattle have been reared by us. They graze the fields in the summer but live undercover between November and March, eating barley and hay all grown on the farm. We adopt traditional methods to mature our meat, hanging it on the bone to mature for up to 28 days. Our laying hens produce an abundance of fresh eggs daily. The hens live in cabins in the fields near the farm and can often be found pecking in the car park!

Contact us: 01257 451344

Facebook: Toogood Farm Shop



Our theory is simple: happy animals create healthy food.





73 Withington Lane,
Heskin, Nr Chorley,
PR7 5LU
Tel: 01257 451220

Traditional family run butchers established for over 100 years

We source the best local produce and use the traditional method of dry ageing our beef to guarantee you quality and taste. Along with our pork, lamb and poultry, it gives us our well earned reputation of product and service excellence.



All our meat is expertly butchered, helping us to produce quality homemade sausages, dry cured bacon, black pudding, burgers and a fine selection of cooked meats.



In addition to we also supply Mawdesley Spar, Oakdene, Ulmes Walton and Westhead Stores, Croston



find us at:



greensbutchersheskin



instagram@greens_butcher



info@butchersheskin.co.uk

Web : www.butchersheskin.co.uk

ORMESHERS GARAGE LTD

We're a local business established in 1976 offering a drive in and an internet booking service. You don't pay online, just place your booking and you'll be able to select a date to come in and have your tyres fitted and make a payment in the normal way.

We also offer a full vehicle service and repair facility, and our range of services includes:

- ⊙ MOT TESTING AND REPAIRS
- ⊙ CAR DIAGNOSTICS
- ⊙ CAR SERVICING
- ⊙ ENGINE TUNING
- ⊙ CAR REPAIRS
- ⊙ CLUTCHES
- ⊙ BRAKES
- ⊙ BATTERIES
- ⊙ AIR-CONDITIONING SPECIALIST
- ⊙ CAMBELTS
- ⊙ COURTESY CAR AND VAN AND MORE

www.wigant tyrescentre.co.uk

Telephone: 01942 216202

Email: ormeshersgarage@btconnect.com

Google
Customer reviews
4.6 ★★★★★


TyreSafe





CHARITY FARM

Caravan & Camping PARK

Situated in Beautiful West Lancashire
Approx. 3 Miles from Junction 27 on the M6
(See Map Overleaf for Details)

Features



- Hard Standings •
- Electric Hookups •
- Modern Toilets & Showers •
- Private Walks •
- Café and Bar On Site (Weekends & Bank Holidays) •
- Coarse Fishing On Farm •
- Many Local Attractions Including •
 - Park Hall • Southport •
 - Botany Bay & Bygone Times •
 - Martin Mere Wild Fowl Trust •

Charity Farm Fisheries, Smithy Brow,
Wrightington, Nr. Wigan, Lancashire WN6 9PP
www.charityfarm.co.uk

Tel: 01257 451326

HESKIN VILLAGE STORE

Lawrence Hunt & Co Ltd

(formerly Lillian Harrison & Son Ltd)

Wood Lane Heskin Tel: 01257 451509

.....
OFF LICENCE | POST OFFICE | LOTTERY

QUALITY FRESH FOOD RETAILERS

OVER 20 LOCAL SUPPLIERS STOCKED

GREAT OFFERS ON BEERS, WINES AND SPIRITS

..... **LOCAL DELIVERY AVAILABLE**

Thank you for shopping at your local store



Versatile Lift Company

Independent supplier & Friendly local service

- Rapid response
- Competitive rates
- Free no - obligation survey
- New or reconditioned
- Rentals from £10/week
- Options to suit all budgets

**Call us today on
01942 719565 or 0800 028 1972**

www.versatileliftcompany.co.uk
info@versatileliftcompany.co.uk

Unit A1, Redgate Road,
South Lancs Industrial Estate
Ashton-in-Makerfield, WN4 8DT

Do you require support in your own home?

Would you like to get out and about more?

Please call Amanda: 01257 696050

225 Eaves Lane, Chorley, PR6 0AG

www.independentlivinglancashire.co.uk

"We use Independent Living for my wife, the carers are very kind, caring and professional. The office staff deal with our changing requirements and being based locally the manager is able to visit us at short notice if we need to discuss any changes

"Mr H, Lydiate Lane, Ecclestone"

Our services

- Travel to appointments, social events & companionship
- Meal preparation, medication prompting, housekeeping & pet care
- Overnight care/ 24 Hours/ Live in
- Personal care e.g. washing / bathing
- Support after an operation
- Holiday cover & respite care
- End of Life Care
- And much more...

- Why Trust Independent Living with your care?
- Care Quality Commission Regulated
- Established company with experienced & caring staff
- FREE Assessment & clear prices provided over the phone
- Dementia, Parkinsons & cancer care specialists
- Bespoke Flexible Service - kind office staff who know you & your family
- We do not charge you "travel time"

High Quality Home Care



Inspected and rated

Outstanding ★



**Keep your loved ones safe and secure
in the comfort of their own homes**

- ✓ Local family-run business for over 11 years
- ✓ Rated 'Outstanding' by the CQC
- ✓ 97% of our Clients would recommend us
- ✓ 92% of our Team recommend us as a place to work
- ✓ 2 x winners of The Princess Royal Training Award

call us today to see how we can help:

T: 01695 589071

 **Home Instead**
West Lancashire and Chorley

 homeinstead.co.uk/chorley-lancashire
 @homeinsteadwestlancsandchorley

Scan Me!



PRINCESS ROYAL
TRAINING AWARDS

RB | R BANKS & SON FUNERALS LTD

Brian Halliwell Dip.F.D. M.B.I.E.

ESTABLISHED 1921

Independent Funeral Directors • Monumental Masons

A local family run business, R. Banks & Son are one of the largest independent funeral directors in the Wigan area.

Founded in 1921 and now with ten funeral homes across the Wigan area the company has established itself by gaining a reputation for excellence, professionalism and sympathetic attitude.

**FINANCE
NOW AVAILABLE
on Funerals & Memorials**

*Subject to status,
written details on request*

Golden Charter
Funeral Plans



Pre Arrangement Funeral Plans
and Memorial Plans available

**24 Hour Service
Caring Family Firm**



www.rbanksandson.co.uk

Head Office: Halliwell House, 758/768 Ormskirk Rd, Pemberton, Wigan WN5 8BB

T: 01942 222156

Branches: Standish 01257 422011, Bryn 01942 271392, Coppull 01257 793880, Tyldesley 01942 887312, Scholes 01942 820526, Leigh 01942 261415, Beech Hill 01942 829200, Upholland 01695 622099, Platt Bridge 01942 863936



Holmwood,
Dicconson Terrace, Wigan

Tel. (01942) 821215

“Over a century of local family tradition”

www.edwardsfuneraldirectors.com



Lawn & Garden Care

www.sharrockstrader.com

www.sharrocks.co.uk

01257 422710



Special offers all year round!

Dealers for many of the worlds largest brands.

Responsive and Reliable!

In house servicing and repairs!

Mossy Lea Road, Wroughtington, WN6 9RF

Turn To Us For Help And Support



FUNERAL DIRECTORS T & M E WALSH

46/48 Preston Road, Standish

01257 421608

In your time of need we will take care of all the funeral arrangements.

Call us 24 hours a day.

Memorial work undertaken.

Pre-paid funeral plans available.

December/january 2025 /2026 ROTAS

DATE	SIDESPERSION	READER	STEWARDSHIP	TEA/COFFEE
7 th December	No 9am	No 9 am	A Sharples	M Walsh
2 nd Sunday of Advent	P Rowley M Barlow	E Nelson	D Hoddinott	S Crawford
14 th December	No 9am	No 9am	M Taylor	P Waring
3 rd Sunday of Advent	A Sharples J Fowler 6.30pm	M Fiddler	P Rowley	J Crompton
9 Lessons & Carols				
21 st December	M Rowley	M Mason	S Crawford	M Green
4 th Sunday of Advent	P Britton J Crompton	Nativity	E Gerrard	C Pass
28 th December	6.30pm M Morris	6.30pm M Morris	P Welby	J Dearden
Holy Innocents	P Rowley M Barlow	J Fowler	J Crompton	M Barlow
4 th January 2026	No 9am	No 9am	A Sharples	D Hoddinott
Sunday before Epiphany	A Sharples J Fowler	A Sharples	S Crawford	C Hayden
11 th January	No 9am	No 9am	M Taylor	J Robinson
1 st Sunday of Epiphany	P Britton J Crompton	S Crawford	D Hoddinott	S Wild
18 th January	M Morris	M Morris	J Fowler	M Walsh
2 nd Sunday of Epiphany	P Rowley M Barlow	E Gerrard	E Gerrard	S Crawford
25 th January	G Speakman	C Pass	A Sharples	P Waring
3 rd Sunday of Epiphany	A Sharples J Fowler	E Nelson	P Rowley	J Crompton
1 st February	TBA	TBA	J Crompton	M Green
3 rd Sunday before Lent	P Britton J Crompton	M Fiddler	P Welby	C Pass

If you are unable to undertake your task on the rota, please either exchange with someone else or contact Anne 01257 424105/07900 633905.

If you wish your name to be added to the list please see Anne.

B. LIVESEY LIMITED

Family continually owned and run since 1848
Completely Independent & Professionally qualified

FUNERAL FURNISHERS

Local, National & Worldwide

Chris Livesey DipFD, MBIFD, MBIE

Tony Livesey DipFD, MBIFD



Tel: 01257 262602

Royal Oak Building, 31 Bolton Street, CHORLEY, PR7 3AA
info@bliveseyltd.co.uk