

St James the Great Wroughtington with Heskin



PARISH MAGAZINE



AUGUST 2026 - SEPTEMBER 2026

Useful Numbers



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

COVER SHOT: Little helpers at vicarage gardening day.

Churchwarden's Message

The Gift of Beginning Again

Dear Friends,

There is a particular feeling that belongs to this time of year. You know it even if you cannot name it. August belongs to summer still - the long, unhurried days, the slower pace, the sense that time has briefly loosened its grip. It is the month of holidays and open skies, of afternoons that seem to stretch on forever, of the world at rest.

But even in August's warmth, something is already shifting. The light begins to change almost imperceptibly. The evenings shorten by minutes you barely notice until suddenly you do. The hedgerows begin to darken with berries. Creation is quietly, unhurriedly, preparing itself. And then September arrives - and with it, that feeling you cannot quite name but instantly recognise.

It lives in the smell of the air as summer softens into autumn, in the faint chill that arrives uninvited in the early mornings, in the sight of children in new uniforms walking with that mixture of nervousness and excitement that no amount of experience entirely erases.

It is the feeling of beginning again.

We tend to think of January as the season of new starts - we make our resolutions, turn the page on the calendar, tell ourselves that this year will be different. But if we are honest, it is September that carries the deeper magic of renewal. January is an arbitrary line drawn across winter's grey continuity. September is written into the grain of creation itself - the light changing, the leaves turning, the whole world pivoting on its axis toward something new.

And in this, the natural world is telling us something profoundly true about the God who made it.

Our God is a God of beginnings.

Scripture is saturated with them. In the beginning, God created. After the flood, a rainbow and a covenant. After the wilderness, the promised land. After exile, return. After crucifixion, resurrection. After despair, Pentecost. The biblical story is not a straight line from glory to glory - it is a series of endings that become beginnings, of deaths that become doorways, of finishes that God insists on turning into fresh starts.

This is who God is. Not merely the God who was there at the beginning, but the God who is always beginning again, always making new, always standing at the threshold of our next chapter whispering: *come*.

The prophet Isaiah heard this voice in the midst of Israel's exhaustion and defeat: "Forget the former things; do not dwell on the past. See, I am doing a new thing! Now it springs up; do you not perceive it?"

Churchwarden's Message continued...

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God's invitation to newness is not contingent on our readiness for it. It does not wait until we have processed all our grief or resolved all our doubts or tidied away all our failures. It springs up - sudden, uninvited, irrepressible - like the first green shoot pushing through soil that looked entirely spent.

Perhaps that is what this season is asking of us. Not to pretend the summer's difficulties did not happen, not to paper over the cracks with fresh enthusiasm, but to notice that God is already doing something new. To look for the green shoot. To trust the turning.

Think of the child setting off to school clutching a brand new pencil case, notebooks pristine and unmarked, every page still full of possibility. There is something in that image that the soul recognises as deeply right - the sense that the past has been laid down and something unwritten stretches ahead. This is not naivety. The child knows school can be hard. But still they go, drawn forward by the possibility of what might be.

We are invited into the same posture. Not the naivety that pretends life is without difficulty, but the courage that steps forward anyway, trusting that the God of beginnings goes before us into every new chapter.

For some of us, this season arrives heavy. Perhaps the summer brought loss, or illness, or the slow grinding difficulty of circumstances that do not resolve. The fresh start feels less like a gift and more like a reminder of everything we hoped would be different by now. To those of us who feel this way, the invitation is not cheerful exhortation but something quieter and more profound: the assurance that God's mercies are new every morning. Not just every January. Not just on the great festival days. Every morning. Every September. Every moment we turn, however wearily, toward the light.

And for our church community here in Wrightington and Heskin, this season brings its own particular newness - the rhythms of church life resuming after the quieter weeks of summer, familiar faces returning, new faces perhaps among them, the building alive again with the sound of voices raised in worship and prayer. There is something irreplaceable about gathering together, about the particular grace that flows when the body of Christ assembles in one place and remembers who it is and whose it is.

Come back. Come new. Come as you are.

Bring your summer's joys and your summer's sorrows. Bring your questions and your doubts. Bring your blank pages and your new pencils. Bring whatever you are carrying and lay it at the feet of the God who is already, even now, doing a new thing.

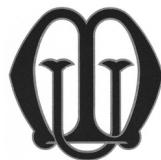
The door is open. The season is turning. And the God of all beginnings is waiting to write the next chapter with you.

*"See, I am doing a new thing! Now it springs up; do you not perceive it?
I am making a way in the wilderness and streams in the wasteland."* - Isaiah 43:19

With every blessing, Jonathan

Mothers' Union

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JUNE MEETING

The 9th June was our Annual MU outing. A trip to Levens Hall in the morning followed by a short bus ride into Kendal.

The Hall is a Grade I Listed Elizabethan mansion built around a 13thC Pele tower and is the home of the Bagot family. Our party members commented on the warm and friendly atmosphere of the building. The world's oldest topiary garden dating from 1694 remains largely in its original design. It also incorporates a small orchard of apple trees, a bowling green, although people were playing croquet, rose garden and Herbaceous borders. Members were warned not to fall into the haw haw – no one did thank goodness! Our members indulged in delicious cakes and breads baked in Levens Hall own kitchen some even buying extra to take home!

Our short trip into Kendal where Alfred Wainwright, author of guide books of Walks in the Lake District, had lived at 19 Castle Grove which boasts a view of Kendal Castle from the front window.

After lunch and site seeing we boarded the coach for our return journey.

JULY MEETING

The entertainment at the MU Annual Strawberry Fayre was provided by Jeff Hilton (alias Jeff Mckenzie) singing and playing the guitar.

The first half of his performance was characterised by reflective ballads (Elvis Presley) (Roy Orbison and a number of Irish songs and Lying Eyes by the Eagles which set a calm scene for our refreshments of strawberries, jelly, cream, scones and the welcome cup of tea.

During the second half the tempo became upbeat and lively which encouraged many to join in with energetic dancing Hands/touching hands/reaching out/touching me touching you (Sweet Caroline Neil Diamond) followed by I would walk five hundred miles (The Proclaimers) and Living Next Door to Alice (Smokie) just a few of many dance songs. The evening was brought to a close with After all these Years (Foster and Allan) and the finale He'll have to go (Jim Reeves).

A big thank you to Jeff and all who helped and donated food, raffle prizes etc and two gifts of £10 each from people who couldn't attend. Thank you.

To all Members see you second Tuesday in September.

God Bless. Dorothy



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 School!

What a busy, exciting and action-packed summer we have had at Heskin Pemberton's! The summer term always seems to fly by, but this year it has felt as though we have packed approximately three years' worth of fun into a few short weeks.

Our children have been making the most of the warmer weather, enjoying our wonderful outdoor spaces, including the field, trim trail, Heskin Hideaway, MUGA and school gardens. There has been plenty of running, climbing, exploring and general outdoor enthusiasm — often accompanied by the occasional muddy knee!



One of the highlights of the term was our Sports Day and Summer Fair. The weather was kind to us and the afternoon went ahead beautifully. Every child, including our Pemberton Pups, took part with tremendous enthusiasm, determination and

sportsmanship. There was plenty of running, cheering and encouragement, and our children once again showed that Sports Day at Heskin Pemberton's is about much more than simply crossing the finish line first. Supporting friends, celebrating one another and having fun together are just as important — although there was still plenty of competitive spirit on display, especially from the competitors who participated in our very special staff race!!!

Our Sports Day was followed by our Summer Fair, which provided even more opportunities for fun, laughter and community spirit. It was wonderful to see so many families, friends and members of our wider community enjoying the afternoon together. Events such as these really capture what makes Heskin Pemberton's such a special place: children, families and staff coming together to celebrate our school community.

We were also delighted to host our annual Waring Treat Celebrations at St. James the Great Church. This is a very special Heskin tradition which dates back over 100 years. This historic event celebrates the achievements of our children and is a wonderful reminder of the long history and traditions which are such an important part of school life. The children enjoyed the trophy presentation, songs and, of course, the much-anticipated tea party — because no celebration is truly complete without something delicious to eat!



The Waring Treat is always a very special occasion, providing an opportunity to recognise the hard work, talents and achievements of our children throughout the year. It is also lovely to see the excitement on their faces as they celebrate together. There may even have been a few children, and adults, who were extremely enthusiastic about the afternoon tea!

Finally, we brought the curtain down on another fantastic year with our summer production of Robin & the Sherwood Hoodies. Our children worked incredibly hard to learn their lines, songs and dances, and their performances were full of energy, humour and talent. There were plenty of laughs, some wonderfully memorable characters and enough musical enthusiasm to make sure that everybody in the audience joined in with a little bit of toe tapping, hand clapping and even the occasional shoulder shimmy!

The children were absolutely fantastic, and their hard work and confidence shone through in every performance. We are always incredibly proud to see our children taking to the stage, supporting one another and discovering just what they can achieve when they work together.

As another busy school year draws to a close, we are reminded once again of the wonderful opportunities and experiences that school life at Heskin Pemberton's provides. From our youngest children at The Pemberton Pups nursery, through to our older pupils, we aim to create a warm, welcoming and happy environment where children can learn, grow, have fun and feel proud of who they are.

If you would like to find out more about our school or nursery, please visit our website at www.heskinpembertons.co.uk.

Love, prayers & best wishes,

Alan Brindle

From our Remembrance Book for August

In Loving Memory of

1st	Hector Mc Kinnon
2nd	William Davenport
3rd	Pauline Baker
6th	Robert Mitchell
6th	June Frances Boyle
7th	Edward Hailwood
7th	Karen Herterich
8th	Maureen Phillips
8th	Beryl Schofield
8th	Griffiths John Owens
10th	Dorothy Ball
12th	Harold Coles
13th	James Green
13th	Thomas Jackson
13th	Graham Pomfret
21st	Jean Ingham
21st	Jesse Halton
24th	Evan Halliwell
25th	James Bibby
25th	Margaret Chadwick
26th	Annie Welch
27th	Dr. Joseph Garton
27th	Marian Orrell
28th	Barry Lown
28th	Alan Crompton
29th	Gilbert Rowley
29th	David Craig Grime
29th	Ellen Tidmarsh
30th	Dorothy Riley
30th	James Wadsworth
30th	Maud Rowlance
30th	Pauline Porter
31st	Kenneth Mantle
31st	Marian Shaw



From our Remembrance Book for September

In Loving Memory of

1st Doreen Bennett
1st Irene Rider
1st Mary Monk
6th Eric Mantle
6th Thomas Holding
7th Betty Lawrie
7th Patricia Macdonald
7th Florence Stringfellow
8th Richard Stock
9th Cyril Shaw
11th Horace Johnson
12th Olive Bowen
12th Hannah Lowton
13th John Holt Tattersall
13th Madge Green
15th William Forshaw
17th Maggie Hinton
17th Arnold Tattersall
17th Thomas Howard
19th Roy Schofield
20th Joyce Aspinall
20th Esther Marsden
20th Elsie Phillips
22nd Brian Thomas Leach
23rd William Stanley Chadwick

26th Harry Green
26th Eric Hughes
26th Ken Smith
28th Kitty Green
28th Ernest Wright
30th Alice Schofield

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
17 May	68.00	87.00		23.02
24 May	96.00	74.00		123.44
31 May	459.00	162.85	988.17	28.00
7 Jun	131.50	119.00		13.00
14 June	75.00	120.00		39.98
21 Jun	38.50	89.00		14.25
28 Jun	88.50	107.00	988.17	13.55
5 Jul	63.00	91.00		24.19
12 Jul	86.00	94.00		28.61
19 Jul	88.50	141.00		108.84

Acknowledgements

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

- 9 Jun – Funeral of Tom Norris – 93.00
 21 Jun – In Loving Memory of Albert Norris from Margaret, Tom and Stuart – 50.00
 31 Jun – 36 Club – 1851.00

Graveyard Donations

- 8 Jun – Attic sale – 200.00
 31 Jun – Attic sale – Sue's driveway – 1075.00
 19 Jun – In memory of Karen Ball from Karen's family – God bless – Kathleen Worthington - 40.00

From the Registers

HOLY BAPTISM

"We welcome you into the Lord's Family"

- 24 May – Lloyd Charles Wright and Raym Elsie Wright
 19 Jul – Samuel Alfred Bradley, Sandra Joyce Wadge, Amelys Priya Schofield

From the Registers

CHRISTIAN BURIAL

"May the Souls of the Faithful Departed Rest in Peace"

9 Jun – Tom Norris

19 Jun – Brian Walker

36 Club Draw May 2026

PRIZE	TICKET NO	NAME
£50	52	John Fowler
£40	9	Brenda Carr
£30	47	Marion Green
£20	7	Gerry Mottershead
£20	126	Ron & Pauline Chapman

36 Club Draw June 2026

PRIZE	TICKET NO	NAME
£50	100	Paul Holding
£40	142	David Berry
£30	30	Sue Longmire
£20	56	Sue Crawford
£20	42	Margaret Walsh

Please see Sue Wild if you wish to join the scheme

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

FAITH AND VALOUR REBUILDING THE HOMELAND

Chapter 3 – The Secret Chapel

“Wait on the LORD: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart.”

Psalm 27:14 (KJV)

Mist lay low over the hedgerows in the half-light before dawn, and the breath of cows hung like pale banners in the Wilsons’ barn. A single lantern, hooded with an old pewter bowl, threw a narrow cone of glow over an upturned crate that served as a reading-stool. Around it, a dozen neighbours kept to the shadows—farmers with hands like bark, two weavers smelling faintly of oil and wool, a maid from Heskin who had walked bare-foot to make less sound on the lane. Their faces showed more of bone than feature in the muted light; the rest was voice and listening.

Rev. Jonathan Schofield sat on the crate in his plain, much-mended coat, the cuffs shiny with use. He held a small Bible that had lost its leather corners and nearly all its gilt. “Brethren,” he whispered, as hay settled with tiny midnight sounds in the loft above, “our Lord used not trumpets, but a still small voice. Hear then St John: ‘In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.’” A murmur—a breath that was almost a Amen—moved the ring of people.

Mary Wilson kept watch at the tiniest triangle of space where two barn doors failed to meet. She’d wedged a wisp of straw to hold the gap. In the grey beyond, she could see only a smear of hedge and the glimmer of dew on the lower lane. She counted footfalls that were not there, rehearsed what she would do if they came: kick the wedge loose, let the doors kiss shut, and put her back to the wood as if she were only a girl rising early to feed calves. Beside her, close enough that she could feel the tremor of his breath when he swallowed, stood Robert Standish. He held no weapon—only a short hazel stick that looked like a shepherd’s aid. It might have been nothing; in Robert’s hands it looked like duty.

Schofield’s voice steadied them. “Let us pray,” he said softly. Heads bent. No psalm-singing this morning; those who knew the tunes would only hum later, under their breath, as they walked separate ways across the fields. The prayer was the plainest thing—bread and water for souls: for mercy, for those in sickness, for the rulers of the land to be turned from oppression to righteousness, for watchfulness and wisdom. When he closed, Thomas Wilson lifted a hand in signal: time.

They parted in pairs and singletons, like partridge fleeing a hedge—no pattern to draw an eye. Mary eased the straw free; the doors came together with the gentlest kiss. She and Robert waited two breaths, a third, then slipped out by the side wicket and into the cool that silvered every nettle. They moved the way farm folk move when they are early about work and late for nothing.

Mary lingered behind with her father and Robert Standish to scatter grain for the hens—an innocent excuse should anyone question the hour. Her cheeks glowed pink in the cold, her eyes alive with purpose. “That makes thirteen again,” she whispered, half-smiling. Robert, brushing straw from his sleeve, gave a wry glance. “Thirteen is a blessed number in Scripture—but unlucky if Sir Edward Redmond should count us.”

Mary laughed under her breath. “I could not turn Widow Marsh away. She walked two miles in the dark for the sermon.”

“Then let us pray her zeal keeps her feet surer than her tongue,” Robert said, though his tone was gentle. Their eyes met a heartbeat too long before Thomas cleared his throat.

"Best fetch water, Mary," he said evenly. "Robert, you'll be wanted at Heskin by noon. Sir Alexander's hearth-tax rounds wait for no man."

Robert bowed slightly. "Yes, Master Wilson." To Mary he added in a quieter voice, "If I'm delayed, tell your father I'll come by Sunday—at the usual hour." The usual hour meant the next secret service. Mary nodded, a spark of understanding passing between them. Moments later he was gone, riding through the pale mist toward Heskin Hall.

By the time the household at Tunley Hall truly woke, the barn looked like morning work: scuffed, with straw scattered and a milking stool misplaced; a sack of oats leaning improperly against a stall as if a sleepy hand had left it there. Elizabeth Wilson flicked her apron at a hen impertinent enough to test the thresh, and then, alone in the yard, let her shoulders drop and thanked God as if she had been holding a pitcher too long.

It was not a day to invite suspicion, and yet suspicion came of its own will as the sun lifted. Near the ford below the lane a man in a dark coat stood with his back to a willow, his hands behind him as if they were idle. Any man who worked with land would have known how wrong he looked in it. He had a constable's staff under his cloak and a face that forgot how to smile. His name was Holt. He watched a narrow crescent of hoof-turning in the mud where a horse had waited behind the hedge, and the wet shine of two patches where many shoes had scuffed dew from grass and left the blades flattened and dark.

He crouched, frowning, and tried to fit this to a world where all things happened at honest hours. He had passed the Wilsons' barn with no cause to stop; a cock had crowed and no singing answered it, and yet the dawn had felt somehow—crowded. Holt lifted a brier in two fingers and found the torn page of a printed psalm, sodden and clinging. He prised it free with the care of a man who valued papers. "We shall see," he said to nobody, and folded it into his coat like a scrap of sin.

Before noon, he put that paper under Sir Edward Redmond's nose in the parlour at Wrightington. Redmond, dressed already as if expecting court rather than the day's chores, peered without touching. "Wet," he observed, as if that were the chief crime.

"Found where?" Holt told him. Redmond smiled the smile Mary had once said did not reach his eyes. "Then they are out before cockcrow indeed. The barn is a chapel, I hear."

He looked at Holt as one might look at a dog to see if it would fetch. "We will not raid a barn on wet grass and be made fools of by absence," Sir Edward said. "Ride the lanes. Watch. Make a note of who goes where at unseasonable times. I will call for warrants when we have a net, not a single snared bird."

Holt bowed as a man bows who is paid to bow and rode out with two others who liked the work too much.

Afternoon found Robert at Heskin Hall with a ledger open and a tongue bitten between teeth as he tallied bricks on the south face. Workmen shouted, mortar splashed. A new course of red brick with a crosshatch of blue was rising—a pattern more fitted to a grand house than a farmed country. Sir Alexander Mawdesley came among them with a satisfied air, and behind him, in a coat that caught no speck, walked Sir Edward, balancing a silvered cane as if it were a scepter. Robert bowed both ways and gave his account in a voice that made figures plain.

"Standish," Redmond said idly, tapping a knuckle on the ledger, "you are up early of a morning." Robert kept his eyes on the column of bricks. "The work demands it, sir."

Redmond's mouth found a slant. "As does devotion, I suppose." Sir Alexander, who appreciated competence more than catechisms, cut in with something about the length of the new lintels, and the barb lodged shallow.

Yet as Redmond moved away he said in a tone meant to carry just so far, "I do not much love barns, Standish. They breed mice and superstition."

Robert finished the column of sums, set his quill to one side, and breathed once, deep. He had been balancing on this ridge so long that the drop either side no longer surprised him.

At Tunley, Thomas Wilson repaired a rake handle and tried not to watch the lane from the corner of his eye. He had the look of a man who would set his back against a gate if a bull should come but would rather it did not. Elizabeth made broth as if that act could steady a world. Schofield took the parlour by inches, pacing with his hands behind him like Holt but with prayer rather than suspicion in his head.

"We must be smaller," Mary said that evening, folding a worn tablecloth for the tenth time though it was already even. "Fewer at once. Two families only, or three. The rest next week."

Thomas nodded. "It is meat broken small that feeds the weak," he murmured. Schofield stopped at the window where rain had traced dried fingers down the leaded panes. "We were smaller in the catacombs," he said with a half-smile, "and the Church did not die."

At dusk, Robert came by the back way and left his horse in the copse where the ground held prints too shallow to trouble a constable. He had a look Mary knew—one that pulled the skin fine at the temples. "Redmond has taken interest," he said simply. "His man Holt had a paper—someone lost a psalm-leaf." Mary's hand flew to her apron pocket where she kept a folded score of Old Hundredth like a charm. "Not mine," she said. "I count my treasures."

Thomas rubbed the callus where a plough-stilt had taught his palm to be tough. "Then we shall have watchers for our watching," he said. "I will set John Rigby at the lower hedge and

Widow Marsh's boy by the stile. No horses tied where they can be seen. If we must meet, the next will be in the ash-plantation beyond the far field, and the lantern will be kept under my coat until the psalm."

Elizabeth, who had been very quiet, set a bowl before Robert and touched his shoulder as if he were a son. "Eat," she said, which was what she always said when she could do no more to protect any of them.

Night took the fields into its slow mouth. Stars were not visible for the thin, high cloud that rubs the sky like smoke. In the yard, dogs seemed to dream louder than they slept; sometimes they woofed uncertainly, then subsided. The house held its breath and went about ordinary motions very carefully: the clink of a pot-lid; Mary's step soft as she laid more rushes by the door; Thomas drawing the big bar with a sound no louder than a man clearing his throat.

It was near midnight when Holt came back, this time without the patience to sit his horse like a bush. He and his two companions let their lanterns swing high, careless of how they made the hedges throw great black hands across the lane. The light came and went on the barn boards like a searching thought. Mary was at the pantry door with the Rigby boys—she had sent them home earlier and then fretted that the little one would speak to himself on the path; she had kept them instead, made nests for them among sacks that smelled of apples—and she felt their fingers knot into her skirt.

Holt set his horse to stand with its head over the wicket to the yard. He leaned in his saddle and listened. He heard only a very old house doing what time teaches old wood to do—settling, sighing, remembering. "No voices," one of his men whispered, as if disappointed. Holt swung down. His boots made that small kiss wet leather makes with ground. He lifted his lantern to the barns' seam and peered hard. No light bled. He went to the byre and looked in; the smell of beasts rose like an argument. The cows blinked at him with that mild condemnation that makes even honest men feel judged.

At the parlour, Schofield stood so still his knees hurt. He knew what prison straw tasted of and the way sickness breathed in gaols; he would not have Elizabeth and Mary learn those things on his account. Thomas laid a hand upon his sleeve and looked at the ceiling as if to remind God that this would be a good hour for angels.

Holt came as far as the house door and set his ear to the plank. That was all. He did not knock. Perhaps he imagined the magistrate's face if he roused respectable folk to inspect nothing. Perhaps he remembered how Elizabeth Wilson had once put broth in his hands when he had been a younger man and less sure of his place. Perhaps he was only cautious. He turned away, and his lantern swung; the light ran like quick water over the door and was gone. The horses' rings clicked. One of the men laughed softly as men do when they have been made uneasy and wish to deny it.

In the pantry, Mary did not breathe for three heartbeats after their going. When she did, it came like a sound too loud. The little Rigby boy, who had been brave to the bone of him, began to cry without noise, mouth open and eyes streaming, and she gathered him in with both arms and held him until his small ribs steadied.

Robert was already at the back when Thomas unbarred that door with care. He had slipped out through the buttery and round by the orchard to see if the riders would set a man at the lower hedge. He came in now like a shadow put on feet. "They are gone," he said, though all of them knew the gone of such men was only until their next passing.

They did not speak much then. A midnight kind of gratitude does not use words well.

Elizabeth set water to warm for those who required the illusions of ordinary life—tea, a crust broken in broth, the boys sent back to their nests. Schofield sat down as if some hinge in him had finally admitted wear. Thomas stood a moment by the door with his hand on the wood, feeling the trace of lantern-heat that had warmed it, and then he put the bar back in its place with a gentleness that was almost reverence.

Before they slept, or what passed for sleep, Mary and Robert stood for a moment in the kitchen's shadow. "It will come," he said quietly, not to frighten her but because lies sat poorly on him. "A knock, and not a passing." Mary lifted her chin, the stubbornness in her like a candle that does not go out in a draught. "Then we will be ready," she answered. "Smaller, faster, wiser. We have learned the lanes. They have only just begun to walk them."

At the outer edge of the yard, the night gathered itself up and took its secrets with it down the lane. Somewhere an owl scolded. The house settled again, as houses do when they have chosen their side and mean to keep it. And when the first thin smell of dawn came under the door, the barn looked like a barn, the hearth like a hearth, and Tunley Hall like the most ordinary of English farmhouses, which was exactly the point.

By morning, Holt's report would sit uncomfortably on Sir Edward Redmond's desk: signs of meeting; no seizure; watch recommended. The magistrate's thin smile would show less patience. The net would be woven tighter. But that belonged to another page.

Here, the Wilsons counted blessings by the sound of spoons against bowls and the sight of steam from mugs. Here, Mary tucked the damp psalm-leaf deeper into her apron and, after a moment's thought, placed it inside Schofield's Bible like a pressed flower from a season too brief. Here, Thomas stepped out into the yard and felt the ground with his boot, making note of where a horse might stand without telling it had been there. He lifted his face into a pale, promising sky, and under his breath he said only, "Strengthen our hearts."

Diary for August 2026

2		THE NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
		9.00am Holy Communion – Pat Belshaw
		10.30am Holy Communion - David Gaskell
		5.00pm No 30@5
5	Wed	10.30am No Play & Praise Toddler Group
9		THE TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
		9.00am Holy Communion – David Gaskell
		10.30am Family Service
		5.00pm No 30@5
10	Mon	No Craft & Chat
11	Tues	No Mothers Union
12	Wed	10.30am No Play & Praise Toddler Group
16		THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
		9.00am Holy Communion – Alex Baker
		10.30am Holy Communion - David Gaskell
		12.00 noon 36 Club Draw
		5.00pm No 30@5
19	Wed	10.30am No Play & Praise Toddler Group
23		THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
		9.00am Holy Communion – Helen Coffey
		10.30am Holy Communion - Alex Baker
		5.00pm No 30@5
24	Mon	No Craft & Chat
26	Wed	10.30am No Play & Praise Toddler Group
30		THE THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
		9.00am Holy Communion – David Long
		10.30am Holy Communion - David Gaskell
		5.00pm No 30@5

September 2026

2	Wed	9.00am	Heskin School opens after summer break
2	Wed	10.30am	Play & Praise Toddler Group

6			THE FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
		9.00am	Holy Communion – TBC
		10.30am	Holy Communion - TBC
		5.00pm	No 30@5
		6.00pm	David Massam – Concert in Church
8	Tues	7.30pm	Mothers Union meeting with Bring & Buy
9	Wed	10.30am	Play & Praise Toddler Group
11	Fri	7.00pm	MISSION WEEKEND starting with Ceilidh In the Church Hall for whole family

13			THE FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
		9.00am	Holy Communion – TBC
		10.30am	Holy Communion - Alex Baker
		12.00 noon	Jacobs Join Lunch followed by Mission Weekend activities in the hall and field
		5.00pm	No 30@5
14	Mon	2.00-4.00pm	Craft & Chat in the church hall
16	Wed	10.30am	Play & Praise Toddler Group

20			THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
		9.00am	Holy Communion – TBC
		10.30am	Holy Communion - TBC
		12.00 noon	36 Club Draw
		5.00pm	30@5
23	Wed	10.30am	Play & Praise Toddler Group
23	Wed	7.00pm	PCC Meeting in the Church Hall
27			THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
		9.00am	Holy Communion – TBC
		10.30am	Holy Communion - TBC
		5.00pm	30@5
28	Mon	7.00pm	The Vineyard @ 398 Mossy Lea Road
30	Wed	10.30am	Play & Praise Toddler Group

October 2026

3	Sat	10.00am	Decorate Church for Harvest
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4			THE EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
		9.00am	Holy Communion – TBC
		10.30am	Holy Communion - David Ward
		12.00 noon	Harvest Lunch in the Church Hall
		5.00pm	30@5

Smarties for September



This was a successful fundraiser last year for the Church so it's time to save your loose change and 20p's again. Help yourself to a tube of Smarties at Church, enjoy and return full of coins by end of September. The children of Heskin Pemberton School each received a tube from the PCC following the Waring Treat celebration and have been invited to refill and return in September with loose change for our church fundraising.

Harvest at St James

We will be celebrating our Harvest this year on 4th October with the usual lunch following the 10.30am service. This will take the form of a "Jacobs Join", please look out for a list of a variety of foods for you to sign up against and supply at the back of Church.

Church will be open during the afternoon of Sunday 4th from 1.30pm to 3.00pm so that everyone can come and enjoy the decorations at their leisure.

If you are able to spare any time during Saturday morning on the 3rd October to help with the decorating, you will be most welcome.



Mission Weekend

11th-13th September

Diocesan Centenary Mission Weekend

Save the date and come along to an event at St James' Church to celebrate 100 years of the Diocese of Blackburn.

Friday 11th – Ceilidh in the church hall 7pm

**Everyone welcome – Adults £5 incl raffle ticket
and a brew – children free.**

Peter, a professional caller, will guide you through the steps,
by the end of the evening you will be a competent
Scottish dancer!

Bring your own cold drinks and nibbles.

Contact Cathy 07977 519597 or Sue W at church for
tickets (book family/friends table)

**(Sat 12th – Country fair and games at Christ Church
Charnock Richard from 10:30-4pm)**

Sun 13th – Family Service and Jacob's Join lunch.

**Afternoon games
and treasure hunt.**





St James Facebook Page

We now have a new Facebook page, thank you to Nick Chesterton for setting this up for us. Please go to Wrightington St James the Great and the link is <https://www.facebook.com/share/1P2dyibXWY/>
Have a look, and keep an eye out for upcoming events and news.

St James 36 Club

Here is a summary of the 36 Club Accounts for the 2025/2026 year:

Average number of members - 120

Member Fees - £4341

Prizes Paid - £2560

To Church (incl.unclaimed prizes 24/25) - £1851

A huge thank you to you all for your continued support, you can see how much this benefits our church. If you would like to join the scheme, please have a word with Sue Wild.

FUNDRAISING

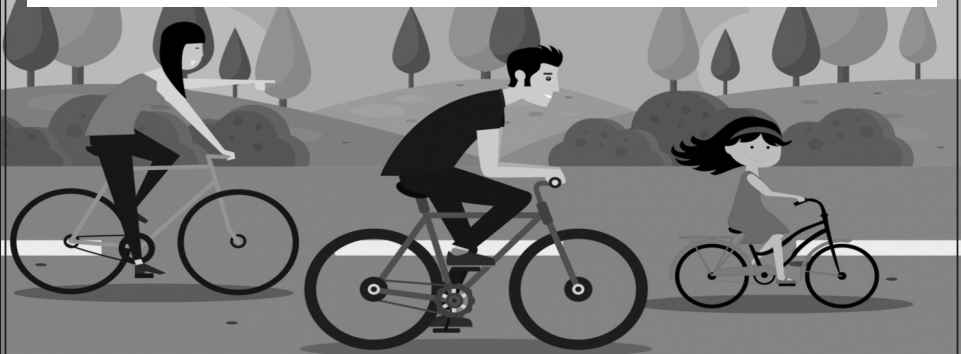


Bikes, Brews, Biscuits and Board Games

After last year's success of this summer activity, we are holding it again with the addition of 'board' games (suitable for the ages who attend). The dates are Weds 29th July, 12th and 26th August from 10:30 – 12 noon.

£2 for children, £1 for adults incl refs

Come and join us on any or all the dates in the church hall car park and enjoy the safe space to ride around and play with friends.



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Facebook: Toogood Farm Shop



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AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 2026 ROTAS

DATE	SIDESPERSION	READER	STEWARDSHIP	TEA/COFFEE
2 nd August	M Rowley	M Mason	S Crawford	D Hoddinott
9 th Sunday after Trinity	M Barlow	M Fiddler	P Welby	C Hayden
9 th August	H Orme	H Orme	E Gerrard	M Walsh
10 th Sunday after Trinity	A Sharples	E Gerrard	A Sharples	S Crawford
16 th August	G Speakman	C Pass	J Fowler	J Crompton
11 th Sunday after Trinity	J Fowler	S Crawford	D Hoddinott	P Waring
23 rd August	M Morris	M Morris	J Crompton	M Green
12 th Sunday after Trinity	J Crompton	E Nelson	S Crawford	C Pass
30 th August	M Rowley	M Mason	A Sharples	J Dearden
13 th Sunday after Trinity	P Rowley	J Fowler	P Welby	M Barlow
6 th September	H Orme	H Orme	D Hoddinott	J Robinson
14 th Sunday after Trinity	P Britton	E Gerrard	E Gerrard	S Wild
13 th September	M Morris	M Morris	P Welby	D Hoddinott
B'burn Centenary Weekend				
15 th Sunday after Trinity	J Crompton	A Sharples	J Crompton	C Hayden
20 th September	M Rowley	M Mason	J Fowler	M Walsh
16 th Sunday after Trinity	P Rowley	M Fiddler	P Rowley	S Crawford
27 th September	H Orme	H Orme	S Crawford	J Crompton
17 th Sunday after Trinity	M Barlow	S Crawford	D Hoddinott	P Waring
4 th October	G Speakman	C Pass	P Welby	M Green
18 th Sunday after Trinity Harvest Sunday	J Fowler	E Nelson	J Fowler	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.

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