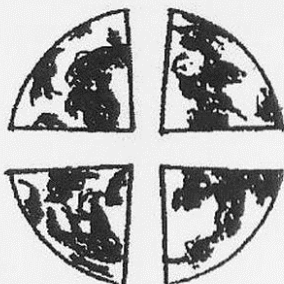
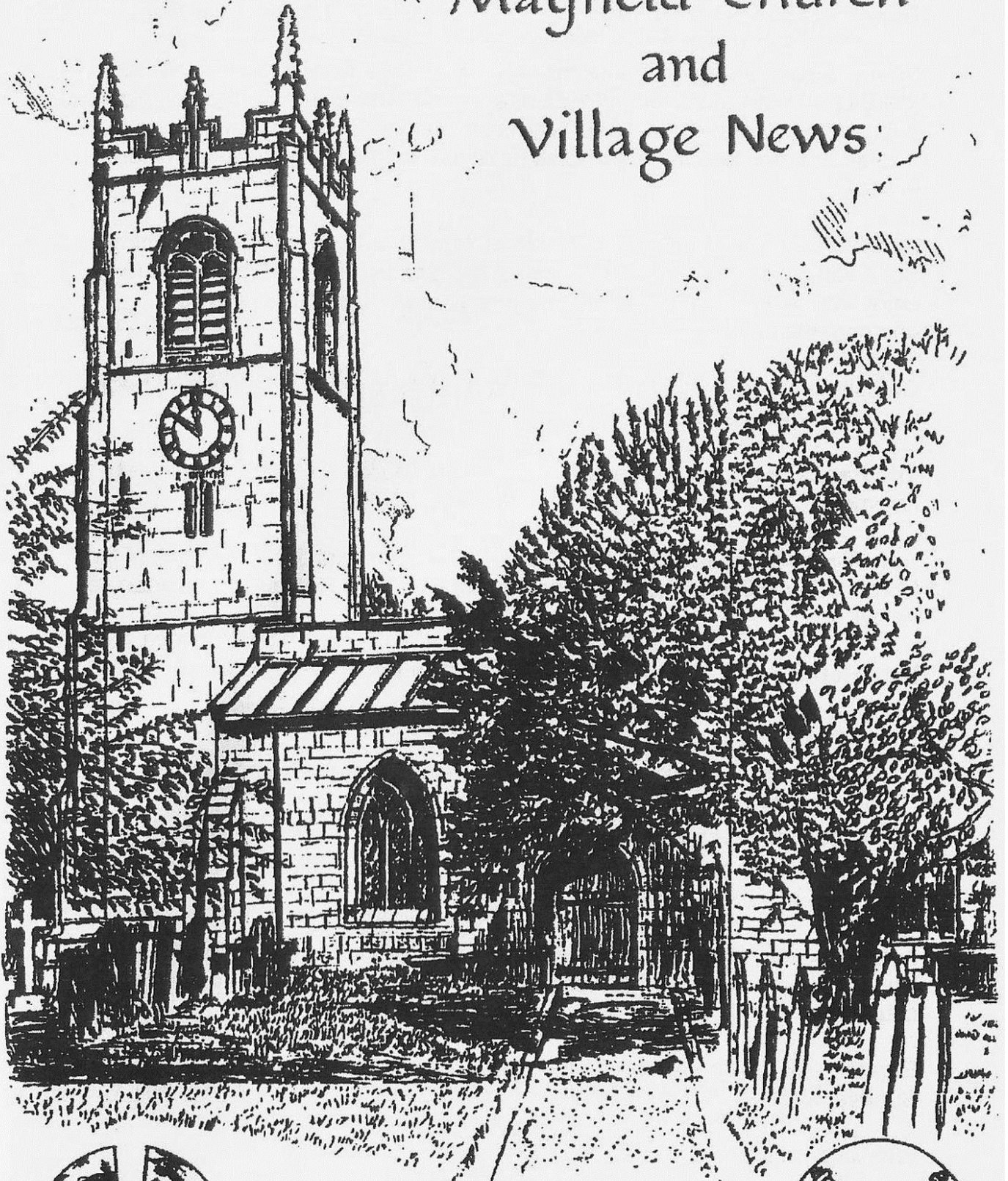
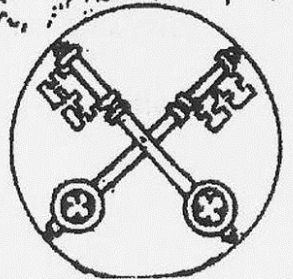


Mayfield Church and Village News



**November
2024**

80p



Mayfield Church Christmas Market



Christmas Market

Sat 30 MAYFIELD CHURCH
November & CHURCH ROOMS
10.30 - 2.30

hand made gifts,
cards & decorations
Free Entry

mulled wine - refreshments

christmas wreaths - crafts - art - cakes -
everlasting christmas crackers - lucky
dip - bumper raffle - christmas cards...



Our Church Christmas Fair & Market is on Sat 30th November, 10.30am to 2.30pm. Free entry for handmade gifts, cards and decorations from our talented stallholders. With mulled wine, cakes and refreshments. Buy beautiful Christmas wreaths, table decorations, and much more, all ideal for stocking fillers, Plus original art, hand-painted pottery, everlasting, sustainable crackers, pies, cakes and more.

Plus, Lucky dip for adults and children and **The Great Christmas Bumper Raffle.**

A Warm Welcome to Sunday Services in November

Sunday 3rd November (4th before Advent)

10.45am Family Morning Prayer Revd. Chamil Fernando

All Saints Day - Memorial Service Remembering those who have Died.

With support from Elaine McCulloch, Jill Studholme and Martin Balderson

Sunday 10th November (3rd before Advent)

10.15am Remembrance Day Parade and Service

Parade of Flags and Wreaths to church 10am at MRA Gate

Two minutes silence at 11am

Last post & laying of wreaths at War Memorial

With support from the Mayfield Scouts, Parish Council, Memorial Hall, Heritage Group, Wellington Bomber and Tessa Pike.

Sunday 17th November(2nd before Advent)

10.45am Holy Communion Revd. Chamil Fernando

With support from Martin Balderson, Denise Roberts & Diana Houghton

Sunday 24th November (Next before Advent)

10.45am Morning Prayer Revd. Chamil Fernando

With support from Arnie Rainbow, Margaret Mansfield & Gwen Rose

Two Special Services for Mayfield This November.

Sunday 3rd November All Saints Day Memorial Service

A special service to remember those who have died. In the service the names of those who have passed on in recent years from Mayfield families is read out in church and everyone is invited to come forward and light a candle to remember a loved one who has passed on.

Sunday 10th November Remembrance Day Parade & Service 10.15am

Everyone is welcome to come to our annual Remembrance Day Parade and Service. A parade of flags and wreaths to the church leaves at 10:00 AM at the gates of the recreation ground. After the 2-minute silence at 11:00 AM there will be the laying of wreaths at the War Memorial and the playing of the Last Post.

Later that afternoon there will be a **Blessing of Poppies** in the Memorial Hall at 3:30 PM and again everyone is welcome to attend.



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- Naughty but nice dogs
- Misunderstood dogs
- All dogs!

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Halloween Comes to Mayfield - or on Top of the Post Box to be Precise!



As you went round Mayfield last month you could see in many gardens people's preparations for Halloween, particularly those with young children and there were lots of spooky things to be seen. But, undoubtedly the most noticeable and the most popular, was on top of our post box outside Mayfield Stores where our secret Mayfield knitter (well Adrienne Lewis to be precise) had outdone herself and has once again presented Mayfield with a beautifully knitted Halloween memento.

Like the other toppers Adrian has done for special events such as Easter and the Coronation, this one once again appeared in the night and was there when the shop opened in the morning.

This Halloween Topper is based on the much loved children's story ;Room on the Broom; by Julia Donaldson which tells the story of a kind witch and her cat who invite three other animals (a dog, a bird and a frog) to join them travelling on her broomstick.

And there on top of Mayfield's post box was the kindly witch & her cat, along with that very special dog, bird and frog who helped her in her adventures and helped save her from a hungry dragon. A perfect gift to the village for Halloween. S.D.

Church Spring Cleaning - in October



Normally as the name suggests, spring cleaning takes place in the spring. However, as our church is cleaned on a regular basis, the big annual cleanup did not take place until Saturday the 19th October.





On that date parishioners came together to give the Church and Church Rooms a complete and thorough clean both inside and out, no easy task considering the size and complexity of the two buildings.

However at the end, both buildings were left sparkling and ready for all the various activities that take place in the run up to Christmas.



Our many thanks go to all the parishioners who gave up their Saturday morning to get hoovering up dust, banishing spiders, cleaning windows and carpets and tidying up two buildings that are at the heart of our Parish community. S.D

White Peak Nordic Walking.

If you're planning to get fit in, then I've got a variety of Nordic Walking classes to help you achieve your goals, no matter your age or fitness level. The walks are mostly 1 hour (three miles or less), with varied terrain that will help build your stamina. There are plenty of beautiful views too, which provide the perfect motivation to head outside and get active..



After lockdown we started group sessions again in small groups of 5 clients and 1 instructor. Clients have their own pair of Nordic Walking poles. We carry wipes and hand sanitising gel and ask clients to do the same. While walking we are social distancing with staying Poles Apart.

Power of Poles intro course. Find out how to use fitness walking poles to achieve the results YOU want. So, if you're keen to come out with us, you can be sure we will do our best to make it a safe and rewarding experience. If you have been enjoying your daily walk and are looking to learn about the Power of Poles, please give me a call.

For details contact: **White Peak Nordic Walking:** Janneke Gorzeman 07469895267.

Janneke@nwukwhitepeak.co.uk Or book now: www.nwukwhitepeak.co.uk

Mobile Library Service Dates for Nov, Dec 2024 & Jan, Feb 2025

The library comes to Mayfield on Tuesday 5^h & 19th Nov, 3rd 17th & 31st Dec, 14th & 28th Jan & 11th & 25th Feb at the junction of Mayfield Avenue and The Crescent from 10.30 to 10.45 am

MAYFIELD VILLAGE WEBSITES

Mayfield's Church website

www.mayfieldparishchurch.org

Mayfield Memorial Hall

www.mayfieldmemorialhall.org.uk

Mayfield Heritage Group

www.mayfieldheritage.org.uk

_Mayfield Parish Council

www.mayfieldparishcouncil.org.uk

MARNA. <https://marna.org.uk/>.

Mayfield Church Rooms

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Remembrance in Mayfield this November

Poppies at the Memorial Hall.

The knitted poppies created as an everlasting tribute to the fallen in two world wars and beyond have now been completed. The people of Mayfield led by Sharon Amy have done a wonderful job in knitting, crocheting and quilting so many beautiful poppies and they are now displayed in the hall next to the memorial boards,

On the afternoon of Remembrance Sunday the 10th of Nov. they will be formally unveiled and blessed by our minister the Revd, Chamil Fernando in a small service starting at 3:30 PM. Do come along to see the unveiling ,take part to the small service and pay your own personal tribute.



Poppies Around the Village.

By the time you get your magazine, large poppies will start to be displayed on lamp posts around the village, with each poppy featuring the name of a person who gave their life in one of the world wars.

You can now buy your own poppy or badge.

The Memorial Hall now has both poppies and badges from the Royal British Legion that you can purchase in the run up to Remembrance Sunday. They are now available from the Mayfield Arms Bar whenever the hall is open.

Remembrance Day Parade and Service 10.15am at Mayfield Church

And the centre of our commemorations is the Remembrance Day Parade and Service taking place at Mayfield church at 10:15 AM on Sunday 10th Nov.

The service starts with the Parade of Flags and Wreaths to the church at 10am at MRA Gate. This is followed by the service in church with the reading of the names of the fallen and the two minutes silence at 11am

The service concludes with a procession to the War Memorial in the church yard, the laying of wreaths and the playing of the Last Post. The service takes place with support from the Mayfield Scouts, Parish Council, Memorial Hall, Heritage Group, Wellington Bomber and Tessa Pike.

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DIAL 999**

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Mayfield Parish Council Report

Sadly, the recent ESBC Ward Enhancement Grant bid for Mayfield was unsuccessful. However, it is hoped that other funders can be found for the various projects. Our thanks to all those involved who worked on the bid.

A bench has now been installed by the Parish Council in the Ashbourne bound bus shelter. Our thanks to Alf Burton for his help and Pete Stephenson and Malcolm Boura for installing this free of charge.



At our October meeting, Jarad Clarke, our litter picker, was presented with a certificate and a voucher to mark his excellent 10 years service to the village. Photo attached.

We still have vacancies for Parish Councillors which can be filled by co-option. If you are interested, we would be delighted to hear from you. Please do get in touch. More information is on our website: <https://mayfieldparishcouncil.org.uk>

Our clerk, Rachael Anderson, can be contacted on clerk.mayfieldpc@gmail.com or by phone 07508 930705 .

Our next meeting is on Monday 4th November at 7pm in Mayfield Memorial Hall and the agenda will be available on our website and the village noticeboards a few days before the meeting.

Pamela Boura Chairman

My Month - A Death in the Family and a Life Well Lived.

This month has been an unusual and somewhat difficult month for me and my family but one connected to an event that every single one of us has been through, an event that can be both difficult and heartbreaking, but also surprisingly, can also be consoling and uplifting - that is, as the title says, a death in the family.

In this case it was my wife Mary's father, Francis, who died, not unexpectedly at the age of 96, but still a shock to all involved, but because of circumstances, an opportunity to really honour and celebrate, as it says in the title, a life well lived.

At 96 years old, Mary's father had only had just two years of declining health and as he so dearly wished, he died at home, peacefully and not in pain. And this is something I know that all of us would wish, for both ourselves and our loved ones when the time eventually comes. And without a doubt, 96 is a very good age indeed to live to.

Not only it is a great age in itself but in this case, it had created the opportunity to be with grandchildren who had grown into adults and great grandchildren to appear on the scene.

For Mary's father Francis, it allowed his eight grandchildren to enjoy an adult relationship with their grandfather and allowed both parties to experience each other's worlds and create a direct connection between those worlds, which at times can seem very far apart.

Francis often gained a new insight into the world of the young through his loving and devoted grandchildren. For instance, he was surprisingly up to date on all things tech through his grandchildren and loved doing so, often using his Ipad and computer well into his 90s. Equally his grandchildren benefited from the maturity and wisdom of someone who had been through life, both good and not so good, although in very different circumstances from today, as was revealed at his Thanksgiving Service.

It was like having a time machine to the past, was one of the comments of my daughters. 'To talk to someone, with experience of the world almost 100 years ago, to remember in great detail a childhood and growing up in a time we only know from history books.'

The other delight he had in his later years was the joy of very young children around him as his great grandchildren started to appear on the scene, with babies and toddlers he could meet and play with, but whom he equally could hand back when they stop smiling and began to cry for a feed or sleep, or even worse, needed that nappy changing!

It was all aspects of a life that could be accurately captured at a Memorial & Thanksgiving Service that through circumstances was some weeks after the actual cremation service after his death.

At that time his family and friends were scattered across both the UK and the world, and a decision was taken that a simple cremation service would be undertaken with immediate family, to be followed by a memorial/ thanksgiving service some three weeks later, allowing friends and family time to gather.

It turned out to be a good choice, a very good choice indeed. The cremation service reflected the immediate family's need for both recognition of his death and to mourn his loss. It was a highly emotional and meaningful service attended by his children and partners and some grandchildren, with many tears and hugs of comfort.

After such a short service, his eldest grandson who did attend, suggested we all go back to Grandpa's Golf club, for a coffee before going on our separate ways. As none of us were members of that particular club, we were concerned whether we would be let in, but they welcomed us with open arms and in another poignant moment, we noted the club flag was at half mast in his honour. The club had noted the date of his cremation service and in honour of him had lowered the flag that morning. It made a touching end to a private family day.

The intervening 3 weeks then allowed the opportunity to think about and reflect on his life and achievements and without a committal service, the memorial thanksgiving service could be one of memories shared and many thanks for a long life, well lived.

At 96 you have outlived most of the people you knew during your lifetime, and we were unsure how many people would attend. We were therefore pleasantly surprised to find over 65 people at the service, both family, relations, friends and people from the various organisations he had worked with in both his working life and in his long retirement.

Mary had agreed to do the tribute for her father, albeit with a degree of trepidation, as she can be emotional when making any family speeches from birthdays to anniversaries, and indeed during every practice of her speech, there were several moments of hesitation and many tears! However, as is often the case, on the actual occasion, standing in church in front of all those people, she found the strength and inner reserves to do the speech beautifully, without hesitation and with only the smallest hint of tears. She was however, the only one in the church who did not shed a tear or more at some point during the story of his life, both professionally and privately.

We learnt of his idyllic childhood in South London and how it was abruptly stopped by the outbreak of war and multiple evacuations from the capital. Living on a farm in rural Bedfordshire may have seemed ideal but in effect it destroyed his

education and at 16 he signed up to the Brixton Building School, before his skills were recognised, changing direction to attend Battersea Polytechnic where he excelled in engineering and technical drawing and qualified as an engineer with a first class diploma.

After a spell in national service in Germany he joined his local water board as a young water engineer and then spent almost 50 years in the water industry, dealing with first the effects of flooding, then shortages of water and the task of modernising an industry still in Victorian times. He was a committed and successful engineer to the point when he retired, his skills and expertise had been recognised with his appointment as the technical director for one of the largest water companies in the UK.

It was a long and distinguished career but as Mary's eulogy reflected, it was only one part of a larger life based around his family, his friends and his passion for gardening and golf. And it was the stories of his life as a family man, father and grandfather that brought smiles as well as tears from across the congregation.

This was further strengthened when three of his grandchildren gave their own interpretation of life with a much loved and beloved Grandfather, ending with one of my daughters reading a poem she had composed about growing up with Grandpa, playing games as a child and the words of encouragement he gave her that have been with her for 38 years and helped shape who she is today. She noted that a door had now been closed, but she knew it would once again open at some point for them to meet again. There was not a dry eye in the house.

And I have to say I was as moved as anyone by this show of affection and love. Normally it is your own parents you grieve for, and I realised soon after Francis had died that I'd actually known him one year longer than my actual father who had died when I was 48 years old. However, when I did the calculation, I had known my father-in-law for 49 years and every one of those years as an adult. And as his daughter and grandchildren talked about him, his qualities, skills and the things that made you love him, I realised they were talking about my relationship with him as well. Welcomed into his family as a young man when marrying his daughter, I had become another son to him and he a father figure to me. My tears flowed as well as those of his own children.

However, the shedding of tears was equally matched with the joy of people talking about their memories of a lovely man at the reception afterwards and I realised that can you be both sad at the loss of someone so important in your life, but also happy and joyful in the fact you have known them and all the pleasure they have brought to you; and that both can move you.

Until Next Time

Stephen Dunn

Mix Ups!

Can you work out what these should be? Some of them are more than one word

1. A E F G K S U W Y
2. B E F I N O R
3. D E G L N O O P P R T U W
4. A A A B E H L L L L O R R T Y
5. O P P P Y
6. A A B C D E E E M M N R R Y
7. A C E H N O P T
8. C D D E E E H I I L N N N R
9. A B D E E P R S U Y
10. A A D D E N R S S T W Y

Monthly Sillies!

- What do you call a duck that likes fireworks? A Firequacker!
- What was Guy Fawkes' favourite meal? Bangers and mash!
- I'm good at arranging firework displays.....you might say I have a flare for it!
- Firework jokes are awful. Almost all of them go over my head.
- What do you get when you cross a dinosaur with fireworks? DINOMITE!
- What salad do you serve on bonfire night? Rocket!
- A boy broke into the fireworks factory. The police let him off!
- What's a witch's favourite school subject? Spelling!
- What do birds say on Halloween? Trick or Tweet!
- Why are ghosts bad liars? Because you can see right through them!
- What is a ghost's favourite food? Spook-ghetti!
- What room does a ghost not need? A living room!

Answers: 1. Guy Fawkes 2. Bonfire 3. Gunpowder Plot 4. Royal Albert Hall 5. Poppy 6. Remembrance Day 7. Cenotaph 8. Children in Need 9. Pudsey Bear 10. St Andrews Day



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Mayfield Church Christmas Fayre and Market

**Sat. 30th Nov. 10.30 -2.30 Church and
Church Rooms**

If you go to only one Christmas fair this year make sure it's Mayfield's Christmas fair and market and it will be packed with all those Christmas gifts and goodies you want plus the best refreshments and cakes you could have. There will be stalls in the church and lots of food and fun items in the church rooms with a bumper raffle, lucky dip and mulled wine to get you in the festive spirit.

And its not too late to book a stall in the church to sell your Christmas related goods and items, including homemade jams and produce, Contact Jill Studholme on 07763 491266



Mayfield Book Group

The Novel we were discussing this month was “ Machines Like Me by Ian McEwan.

The story was set in the 1982 when the main character Charlie Friend, an artificial intelligence enthusiast decided to purchase one of the first generation of a robot. The Robot arrives and he starts to charge and set up the robot whose name is Adam. At this point I thought that I could do with one to do the garden, decorate and so on. However after reading on I quickly changed my mind.

Charlie has a partner Miranda who lives most of the time with Charlie but does have her own place.

This is all set in a dystopian Britain were we lost the Falklands war, self-driving cars are crowding the streets Tony Benn was the Prime Minister and Alan Turing was still alive. Problems then begin when robot Adam starts to have romantic feelings towards Miranda.

There were mixed views on the novel, I for one found it amusing, however some felt it rather creepy but on reflection we all enjoyed the story and we had a very lively discussion with different views, which is what a book club is all about.

Carol Akers

The Beauty of Mayfield – Trees in Autumn.



There is a brief spell where the trees around us take on the beauty of autumn colours and spread that colour across the land as fallen leaves beneath them. To see this in full colour go to <https://www.mayfieldparishchurch.org/magazine>

Messy Church!

Messy Church met for our first session after the summer holidays on Saturday 28th September. It was great to see everyone there.



We heard lots of stories about God and all the different things he has done.

First we watched the story of how God created the world and everything in it. We then drew pictures of the people and creatures that God had made that we were thankful for.

We then heard the story of David and Goliath. We played a game to see who was easier to knock over with a ball, David or Goliath! Although David did topple a couple of times Goliath spent most of the times knocked down. This made us remember that although we are small this can sometimes be an advantage, and God loves us no matter what.

We finished off our session with the story of Jesus feeding the five thousand, which made us think about God the provider. What better way to do that than to have fish finger sandwiches for tea, followed by animal shaped biscuits for pudding!

Our November Messy Church Session is on **Saturday 23rd November** in the Church Rooms.

The time is slightly different, **11.30am-1.30pm**. We look forward to seeing you all there for some Festive fun!



Advanced Notice

**Mayfield Kid's
Christmas
Party**

Sun 8 Dec
11 am to 1 pm

Mayfield Memorial Hall

**Magic Show, Santa,
Party Lunch & More**

Tickets £5.00, under-2s free
places limited - tickets in advance only
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More details
marna.org.uk

It's the party of the year - if you are under 10! The Mayfield kids Christmas party. It's in the Memorial Hall on Sunday the 8th of December starting at 11:00 AM.

The cost is just £5 per child and free for the under-twos. If you have a connection to Mayfield and want your children or grandchildren to go email party@marna.org.uk with their names and ages. Limited number of tickets available so book early.

Mayfield Friday Club

The Friday Club has had a busy time in the last few weeks. As reported in last month's magazine at the very end of September we enjoyed the Cheadle Ukulele U3A group. In October we welcomed Nigel Bradbury, the Astronomer, who gave us a very interesting talk on the Northern Lights and traveling to see the night skies.



Then on 25th October We had our annual Harvest Festival. We sang two hymns, our vicar Chamil gave a welcome and lead us in a short prayer and the Auction of Our Harvest Goods raised a magnificent £100 towards our funds.

We are still taking orders for our Christmas Lunch with Christmas Music.

Coming soon

Friday November 8th Linda will be showing some crafts for Christmas

Friday November 22nd we will be enjoying Guitar Music from the Ashbourne U3A guitar group.

Thursday Dec 5th Christmas Lunch at the Royal Oak

We then break up and we will meet again February 14th.

Our treasurer Harry Smith will be stepping down from the role and the group would like to thank him for all his work and for keeping the books. The group also would like to thank Gwen Johnson who guided the members for many years always smiling and making us all feel very welcome, supported by her husband Dennis. We all wish her well. A big thank you to you both.

Carol Akers

STARS IN THEIR EYES WINNER
M A T T S H A W
P R E S E N T S

*******Meatloaf Tribute Night*******

Mayfield Memorial Hall

Saturday 2nd November 8pm – 11.45pm

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It was like having a time machine to the past, was one of the comments of my daughters. 'To talk to someone, with experience of the world almost 100 years ago, to remember in great detail a childhood and growing up in a time we only know from history books.'

The other delight he had in his later years was the joy of very young children around him as his great grandchildren started to appear on the scene, with babies and toddlers he could meet and play with, but whom he equally could hand back when they stop smiling and began to cry for a feed or sleep, or even worse, needed that nappy changing!

It was all aspects of a life that could be accurately captured at a Memorial & Thanksgiving Service that through circumstances was some weeks after the actual cremation service after his death.

At that time his family and friends were scattered across both the UK and the world, and a decision was taken that a simple cremation service would be undertaken with immediate family, to be followed by a memorial/ thanksgiving service some three weeks later, allowing friends and family time to gather.

It turned out to be a good choice, a very good choice indeed. The cremation service reflected the immediate family's need for both recognition of his death and to mourn his loss. It was a highly emotional and meaningful service attended by his children and partners and some grandchildren, with many tears and hugs of comfort.

After such a short service, his eldest grandson who did attend, suggested we all go back to Grandpa's Golf club, for a coffee before going on our separate ways. As none of us were members of that particular club, we were concerned whether we would be let in, but they welcomed us with open arms and in another poignant moment, we noted the club flag was at half mast in his honour. The club had noted the date of his cremation service and in honour of him had lowered the flag that morning. It made a touching end to a private family day.

The intervening 3 weeks then allowed the opportunity to think about and reflect on his life and achievements and without a committal service, the memorial thanksgiving service could be one of memories shared and many thanks for a long life, well lived.

At 96 you have outlived most of the people you knew during your lifetime, and we were unsure how many people would attend. We were therefore pleasantly surprised to find over 65 people at the service, both family, relations, friends and people from the various organisations he had worked with in both his working life and in his long retirement.

Mary had agreed to do the tribute for her father, albeit with a degree of trepidation, as she can be emotional when making any family speeches from birthdays to anniversaries, and indeed during every practice of her speech, there were several moments of hesitation and many tears! However, as is often the case, on the actual occasion, standing in church in front of all those people, she found the strength and inner reserves to do the speech beautifully, without hesitation and with only the smallest hint of tears. She was however, the only one in the church who did not shed a tear or more at some point during the story of his life, both professionally and privately.

We learnt of his idyllic childhood in South London and how it was abruptly stopped by the outbreak of war and multiple evacuations from the capital. Living on a farm in rural Bedfordshire may have seemed ideal but in effect it destroyed his

education and at 16 he signed up to the Brixton Building School, before his skills were recognised, changing direction to attend Battersea Polytechnic where he excelled in engineering and technical drawing and qualified as an engineer with a first class diploma.

After a spell in national service in Germany he joined his local water board as a young water engineer and then spent almost 50 years in the water industry, dealing with first the effects of flooding, then shortages of water and the task of modernising an industry still in Victorian times. He was a committed and successful engineer to the point when he retired, his skills and expertise had been recognised with his appointment as the technical director for one of the largest water companies in the UK.

It was a long and distinguished career but as Mary's eulogy reflected, it was only one part of a larger life based around his family, his friends and his passion for gardening and golf. And it was the stories of his life as a family man, father and grandfather that brought smiles as well as tears from across the congregation.

This was further strengthened when three of his grandchildren gave their own interpretation of life with a much loved and beloved Grandfather, ending with one of my daughters reading a poem she had composed about growing up with Grandpa, playing games as a child and the words of encouragement he gave her that have been with her for 38 years and helped shape who she is today. She noted that a door had now been closed, but she knew it would once again open at some point for them to meet again. There was not a dry eye in the house.

And I have to say I was as moved as anyone by this show of affection and love. Normally it is your own parents you grieve for, and I realised soon after Francis had died that I'd actually known him one year longer than my actual father who had died when I was 48 years old. However, when I did the calculation, I had known my father-in-law for 49 years and every one of those years as an adult. And as his daughter and grandchildren talked about him, his qualities, skills and the things that made you love him, I realised they were talking about my relationship with him as well. Welcomed into his family as a young man when marrying his daughter, I had become another son to him and he a father figure to me. My tears flowed as well as those of his own children.

However, the shedding of tears was equally matched with the joy of people talking about their memories of a lovely man at the reception afterwards and I realised that can you be both sad at the loss of someone so important in your life, but also happy and joyful in the fact you have known them and all the pleasure they have brought to you; and that both can move you.

Until Next Time

Stephen Dunn

Memorial Hall News - Coming Events

Saturday 2nd November. It's Meatloaf Tribute Night with the most amazing tribute artist Matt Shaw. Matt is a previous winner of Stars in their Eyes as Meatloaf and sings all the hits from 'Bat out of hell' to 'I'd do anything for love' . It will be a great night, Doors open at 8pm. Tickets £10 at Bar or contact Ness 07966 875599

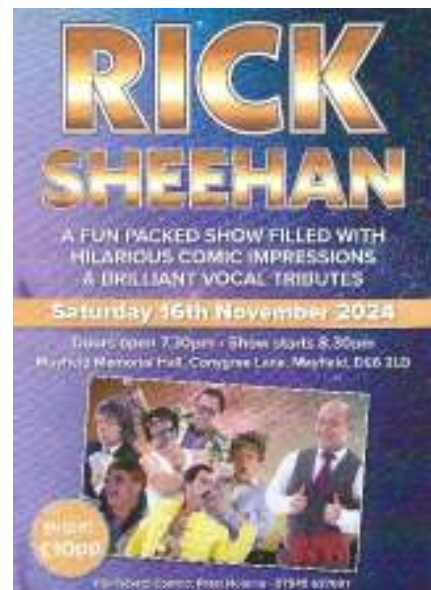
Saturday 9th Nov. OKTOBERFEST - A SELL OUT EVENT. Our Oktoberfest taking place on Sat November at 7.30pm is a Sell Out with all tickets now sold with **NO tickets available on the door.**



Sunday 10th Nov - Poppies on Remembrance Day - 3.30pm. Come and join us for a short service in the hall at 3.30 pm in memory of those from Mayfield lost in WW1 and WW2. The knitted poppy tribute, created by the people of Mayfield will be formally unveiled and blessed by Rev Chamil Fernando. Names of the fallen will be read out and the bar will be open for drinks. All are welcome.

Saturday 16th Nov Rick Sheenan is back in Mayfield.

Rick is back. After a sellout show in Mayfield last November Rick Sheenan returns with a great evening of fun and laughter. You can expect fast humour, jokes, and characters that everyone knows & loves! Including many comic impressions - Look out for Mrs. Brown, Freddie Mercury and many others. Doors open at 7pm - the show starts at 8.30pm and tickets are just £10 - contact Peter Holman on 07546 627697

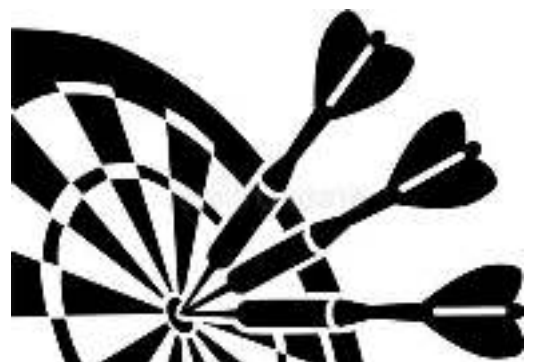


This is a night not to be missed

Saturday 23rd Nov. Mayfield Darts Open Competition. 12 noon – 11pm.

This is the big one 4 darts in Mayfield. The Mayfield darts open takes place 12 noon to 11:00 PM on Saturday the 23rd of November. There are 32 entrants who have signed up and £400 prize to the ultimate winner. It's free entry to come and watch the tournament unfold and the bar will be open all day.

Come and support your favourite and cheer them onto victory, See you there!



****Advanced Notice for December****

Sunday 1st Dec. Local Mayfield Band 'STATE OF MIND' are playing at the memorial hall from 6pm FREE ENTRY plus Sunday Bar. Don't Miss It!

Sunday 8th Dec It's the party of the year - if you are under 10! The Mayfield Kids Christmas party starting at 11:00 AM. The cost is just £5 per child and free for the under-tuos. If you have a connection to Mayfield and want your children or grandchildren to go email party@marna.org.uk with their names and ages. Limited number of tickets available so book early.

Mayfield Memorial Hall

Forthcoming events

Mayfield Arms Sunday Openings. 2pm -7pm
5th 10th 17th 24th November.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY – November 2024

Monday 4th 11th 18th 25th - Line Dancing 7.00- 9.00pm.

Tuesday 5th 12th 19th 26th – Indoor Bowls 10.30 – 12.30am

Friday 8th 22nd Nov– New Mayfield Friday Club 2pm - 4pm

Everyone is welcome including non members

Saturday 2nd Nov Meatloaf Tribute £10 Doors open 7.30pm

Saturday 9TH Nov. Oktoberfest –

*****SOLD OUT*****

Sunday 10th Nov. Remembrance Poppy Blessing

3.30pm blessing of cascade of poppies.

Saturday 16th Nov. Rick Sheehan Comedy Night £10 7pm

Saturday 23rd Nov . Mayfield Darts Open . 12 noon – 11pm.

Saturday 30th Nov - Mayfield Country Music Club. Featuring

Wayne T Doors open 7pm, artist on from 8.30pm. £5

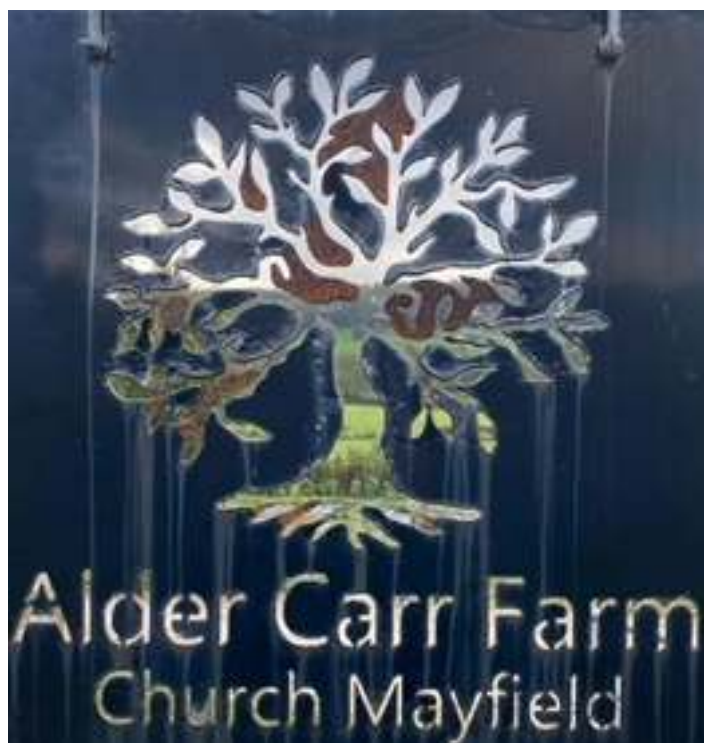
admission .

A Day in the Life at the Alder Carr Farm Shop

Earlier in the year, I wrote an article on a day in the life working on the farm and people were really interested in what we do. I know that some people have been wondering how it's been going, so here I am to update you and give you the inside information.

So, if you don't already know who we are, I'm here to tell you. We are a locally produced farm shop, based at Alder Carr Farm right here in Mayfield and we sell a variety of amazing quality products which include our best-selling sausages (maple and chilli always sell out first), bacon, eggs, burgers, minced and diced mutton and jams. We are

located just down from the church at the bottom of Church Lane in Mayfield. Feel free to come down on a Saturday 10am -1pm to browse and choose what



delicious food you're going to have for the week.

Recently, we have had multiple new flavours of sausages such as: Black pepper & pork, Cumberland, Maple and chilli, Pork and tomato, Beef and mutton, Pork and Pork black pudding. The animals and Amy and Alex (the owners of this amazing shop) have been working hard to create a variety of choices and meet the needs of customers.

Normally when you go to a shop it's quite an anti-social experience but at our farm shop we make sure each and every customer is satisfied and feels happy with their purchase. We are always



here for a chat and to give recommendations or if you want to make requests for new items or flavours to be brought in or brought back from the past.



Every day on the farm is different, with something new going on particularly with all of the animals we have here who are all around you when you visit. Maybe that's why it's so exciting and customers come and see what we're getting up to that day, Recently the piglets have been a big attraction as they hunt around for food alongside our chickens. Quite delightful.

The Alder Carr Farm shop is indeed a local shop where we have a passion for giving people quality products while caring both for the animals on the farm and customers who come down on the Saturday to enjoy our shop it's products and of course the farm animals.

Make sure you come down on Saturday to have a look at our new products and buy your favourites. 10am- 1pm on Saturday for meat. Any day, any time for eggs and jams.

I'll see you there. **Jess**



The Beauty of Mayfield – A Farmyard Scene.



We are blessed in Mayfield with animals all around us and in this farmyard scene at Alder Carr Farm piglets and sheep share the foraging with chickens who are happy to forage with them,

Colour Me In!



NOVEMBER



Too Many Clothes!!

How many times have I told them?

“You both have far too many clothes!” I appreciate that I have a few harnesses, jumpers and Christmas jumpers but nothing like on the scale of their wardrobes!!!

It is a fact – Kim and Mal have enough clothes to last them for the rest of their lives!! They really do!! I’m not joking!! So, why do they keep buying them?

They are certainly NOT fashion icons – so that’s not it! Is clothes shopping a distraction or something to help them cope with difficult feelings – I don’t think so! Do they need to feel rewarded or motivated by adding to their wardrobes – never!

Are they influenced by media notifications and adverts – not at all! Is it a habit – maybe! Do they get bored – maybe! Are they tempted by sales and a bargain – maybe! Is it a hobby – maybe! Is it too easy to order online – YES!! Is it because they can – YES!!

The girls do agree with me – they DO have too many clothes. Consequently, they do not have room in their wardrobes for both their summer and winter clothes which means that, twice a year, there is a seasonal change – a whole load of clothes come *out* of storage in the loft and another whole load go *into* storage in the loft.

This was the case last weekend. I tried my best to keep well out of the way! But as you will read, I was needed once again for my nursing skills!

I think Kim is definitely worse than Mal but, at least, she does wear most of her clothes and likes variety and a change of colour. Mal however likes to wear the same clothes all the time and you may have noticed prefers grey! Mal returned from a solo shopping trip recently and told Kim she had bought lots of colourful jumpers. Kim was mad enough to believe her and got very excited as she loves to see Mal in colour but when Mal opened her shopping bags – ALL her purchases were in grey!! She had been joking!!!

Last Sunday’s event had a rather unexpected turn of events especially for Kim.

Mal was the one up in the loft using the pulley system invented by Kim to lower the storage bags down to Kim. The ladder had been pulled up into the loft to make more room for the “enormous” bags!!

This worked fine for a while as Kim moved the bags into the middle bedroom, however, when it got to the last bag, for some reason, Kim decided to put this in their bedroom.

Oh dear me!! Not a good idea!! She forgot that the loft hatch was hanging down in front of their bedroom door opening and “wham” straight into it she went! Ouch!! Kim’s exclamation was a little stronger!! The door catch gave her a nasty cut on the head. Blood everywhere! Mal stuck up in the loft! Kim went quiet! What could I do?



I sprang into action and grabbed the first aid kit. I got Kim to sit on the loo seat while I mopped her up. The bleeding stopped before too long and I decided she didn’t need stitches or glue.

I found a lovely thick piece of gauze dressing and had the brilliant idea of getting Kim to put on one of her headbands so that I didn’t need to stick anything to her hair. Hey presto, job done, patient treated and smiling!!

Meanwhile, Mal was desperately trying to get herself down from the loft which wasn’t easy on her own with the ladder stuck up there but, somehow, she managed it.

By this time, I’d helped Kim to the bedroom taking excessive care to *avoid* the loft hatch and got her to lie down on the bed to recover from the shock.

Mal was a bit shocked too when she saw the blood everywhere and the makeshift bandage on Kim’s head. So, I then had to make them both a mug of hot, sweet tea!!! It’s a good job they’ve got me!!

Next time, when I say “You both have far too many clothes!”, they might just listen!!!

Nurse Morse the Dog

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A Poem from Ian

This month our poet Ian MacFarlane is looking far above for his inspiration. Enjoy

Aurora

Some refer to me as Northern Lights
But "Aurora Borealis" is my name

Job description, Spectacular Light shows, never 2 the same

I start with an explosion from the surface of the sun
I can travel 2 million miles an hour which is really fun

My journey takes me 2 days to reach your planet earth
Then breaking through the atmosphere I shine for all I'm worth

With colours mostly green and pink, occasional violet and red
I perform my stunning light show; it will really turn your head!

I'll appear for 20 minutes and then I'm off again
Remember "Aurora Borealis" is my name!

Ian MacFarlane

Wanted

Yellow double knitting wool.

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St Oswald's Church Hall

£2 entry includes refreshments

Saturday 09 November 2024
10.00am to 11.30am

Raffle, Cakes and Souvenirs

Donations to RNLI Ashbourne Branch



Photo: shutterstock

The RNLI is the charity that saves lives at sea

The Royal National Lifeboat Institution, a charity registered in England and Wales (209603), Scotland (SC037736), the Republic of Ireland (CHY 2678 and 20003326), the Bailiwick of Jersey (14), the Isle of Man (1308 and 006329F), the Bailiwick of Guernsey and Alderney, of West Quay Road, Poole, Dorset, BH15 1HZ



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The Mayfield Craft Club - Christmas Wreath Making Evening
Monday 9th of December. 7pm. Church Rooms



The Mayfield Craft Club are going to be holding their annual Christmas wreath making evening again this year.

So if you are interested then book your place by contacting Linda on 07756 394058. It will be in the church rooms on Monday 9th of December starting at 7pm.

All equipment and materials are provided, and there will be free refreshments throughout the evening. Places cost £20 per person and are limited so book early. Linda

As we come to November, we reprint a tale that appeared in this magazine many years ago but still haunts its author even today.

My Month 2: Bonfire Night & the Tale of 'Box Monster McBoxface'

So, its November already and we are into short days and dark nights in a bleak period before Christmas. As an adult for me November is about Remembrance, with the church Remembrance Day service, poppies & wreaths, war memorials and memories of two world wars which both Mary's and my families fought in. However, that memory is relatively new, only gained as an adult, when I understood what our families did for us and sacrificed for us, all those years ago.

However, growing up as a child, November had a very different memory, one based around a day and a night when children were allowed to have fun and shake off the gloom of the approaching Winter - Bonfire Night. To give it its proper title it's Guy Fawkes Day, when as a nation we celebrate the gruesome act of burning a man alive at the stake some 400 years earlier with our own bonfires, complete with an effigy of the man himself, plus setting off highly dangerous fireworks near to and amongst small children, all in the name of wholesome family entertainment!! With today's organised bonfire parties and strict restrictions on fireworks, we forget just how dangerous it all was, as anyone working for the fire brigade could testify – yet perhaps it was that very danger and being on the edge that made it so memorable for us kids.

Me, I liked fireworks, but I loved the big bonfire, both the sight and sound of it. The good news was that growing up on a council estate there was always a bonfire to go to, the bad news is, it rarely was in our own garden. My father, a keen all year round gardener, was not going to destroy his vegetable patch, complete with fruit trees by building a big bonfire - at best we had a small blaze no bigger than one in our fireplace as a setting for our rockets and bangers. So, most years, after letting off our fireworks, we went to a neighbour's house, saving a few fireworks to add to the party, but for me it was all about how big that bonfire would be.

The best party was always at my mate Tony's house where his dad had a big back garden that he only grew potatoes in. When the last crop had been dug up in October, the ground was cleared for the bonfire as big as we could make it. For Tony's dad allowed the children to make it and acquire all the necessary boxes and rubbish to build it. It was his way of ensuring we all contributed, and we loved it – until the year it was left up to Tony and his best mate - me - to organise it. The memory of that event and what we did stayed with me for years – mainly because I was so ashamed. Now I can see the funnier side but at the time.....

We were ten, me by just a few weeks, Tony by a month or two and we thought we knew it all. Previous years Tony's older brother Vivian had done it (yes blokes were called Vivian back then!) but at 15 had started work and felt too old to do it so we cockily volunteered. Tony's dad was unsure, but his son was persuasive, so he said yes, but 'on your head be it' and off we went. Bonfire night was on a Monday that year and by the Friday before we assembled all the things we had cadged or been given by our estate neighbours - it was frankly pathetic, lots of small boxes and crates but nothing substantial, nothing to build the big bonfire around. It was going to be a failure. What could we do?

We hatched a plan, we would walk into town the next day and get all the shopkeepers to give us stuff and that would save the day. It was a brilliant, simple and a stupid idea. We walked the 1.2 miles into town (yep that's a full mile plus) and went round the shopkeepers who all said no, nothing to give; every other kid in town had already asked. Nothing, nothing at all. We walked back dejectedly until we got to the Coop store on our side of the town a mere 1 mile from home. They had a big home and electrical department - they could have stuff. We went round the back and met the manager putting out a whole load of cardboard boxes from a delivery of fridges and cookers he had just received. Heaven, we were in heaven! We asked if we could take a box or two and he said of course we could. Where was the adult and the car/van? We said it was just us and we would carry it. He said what, no way can you carry these boxes far and then, in desperation we lied and said it was to a house just round the corner. He said OK but, and a big BUT, we could not leave the boxes on the road or pavement as litter. We agreed and he left us to it. We chose a large refrigerator box and it lifted up easily. This was the answer to our prayers. We then stuffed smaller boxes inside it and set off outside the yard to carry it home.

So here we were with a large, no that's big, no that's enormous, cardboard box filled with other cardboard, a box that was as tall as Tony or myself and although not that heavy when lifted by two of you, was certainly difficult to carry due to its bulk. Still, we were two tough kids and by carrying and dragging we would get this monster home and on that bonfire, our bonfire, the best bonfire ever!

However, we had forgotten that a one mile walk into town mostly downhill was a one mile torture track when walking up hill and trying to carry/drag a box as big as you were. We rationalised as only a ten-year-old can that as soon as we got up the first hill out of the town the rest would be plain sailing. Oh, how little we knew.

We carried the box between us all off thirty yards before it seemed to get heavier than we imagined, or our arm muscles were not quite as strong as we both believed. We stopped for our first rest to find we hadn't even got to the hill part of

the walk. Here the main road carried on at a gentle incline whilst the pavement went up quite steeply to end up well above the road on top of a big Victorian wall complete with handrail that allowed the hillside to be built on with a variety of large semidetached houses with lovely views. Lovely, but literally a climb like Mt Everest to two boys and their monster box. To think we used to literally run up that hill on our way home from school - not with 'Box Monster McBoxface', (as he would be called nowadays), standing between us.

We regained our breath, girded our loins (whatever that meant) and lifted the box up in a slow and dignified manner – well just slowly. We soon became a source of amusement / interest from both passing motorists gradually getting smaller below as we climbed and housewives out to do their shopping finding their way blocked by a monster cardboard box with two small boys in attendance. Motorist were generally happy and nice to see us two idiots at work – ladies having their path blocked were not and we soon got a variety of advice/ telling off from all and sundry, but no practical help. We struggled on no longer lifting but now concentrating on dragging 'Box Monster McBoxface'.

This sped things up for a short while. But we noticed the base of the box was getting worn away at the point it met the rough tarmac surface. Inside the Boxy Monster were plenty of little bits of cardboard that were safe inside, but would be impossible to carry if the bottom literally fell out of our bonfire world.

That was only the first of our problems, our arms were hurting now as much as when we were carrying that bl**dy box, sorry 'Box Monster McBoxface'. Worse still we were getting cramp in our hands from all the holding and dragging. Stopping became more frequent than dragging and that was not good.

And then the final disaster struck, it started to rain – a light drizzle not unexpected in early November. We knew that would soften said cardboard, make it soggy and that was bad. With renewed effort and finding strength we didn't think we had, we picked up the box and semi walked/ran up towards the top of the pavement – we had almost made it. Now if we could just drag it along a few more yards then we would be at the top of the hill and then it was just a dragging exercise on flat pavements for another half mile or so - oh the optimism of youth!

The rain at this point was still a drizzle, but a drizzle that softened hard cardboard – enough to ensure that as we grabbed one of the four top flaps to start our dragging session the flap, now soft from rain, just literally tore way. We had three flaps to go but we knew they were as soft as the first one. Also, a distinct hole had appeared at the bottom, and we could see little bits of dry cardboard sticking out.

We stood there looking at each other and then along the road. There was still a good bit of that now seemingly endless hill to climb and then the long straight bit! Despite being big tough ten-year olds we were tearing up, ready to cry. What could we do? We could not get it home like this and the rain was getting heavier and the managers voice 'Are you sure you can carry this? I don't want it left on the main street to find it on my way home!,' began to ring in our ears.

And then as if a ray of light shone down, we saw the answer - not a good answer, it was a bad answer, but an answer never the less and the phrase 'Needs must when the devil drives' first came into my life. A few yards up the pavement was a small twisty footpath that connected the road with new houses further up the hillside, designed so people could walk easily down into town. It rose quite steeply but quickly turned a corner so you couldn't see it from the main road.

'Are you thinking what I'm thinking?' seemed to come across our faces at the same time. I think it was Tony who first said 'let's dump it up that alley and run for it', (he said it was me - who knows!) We weren't debating, we were lifting and carrying as if our lives depended on it, up the alley, round a corner and against the alley wall without anyone seeing us. By now the box was in very poor state with another hole in the bottom. It looked a mess; we looked a mess and we were very unhappy both at what we had done and the failure of our mission to create a big bonfire. We went to leave, and we then noticed a single delivery label with the Co-op's name and address on it. That could link the box to the Co-op, to the manager and to us. Whilst I stood lookout, Tony removed the label and stuffed it in a pocket. We then literally ran as fast as we could until we were a good distance from both alleyway and that box and then stopped to notice it was tears as well as rain that was staining our cheeks.

We arrived home wet, unhappy and bereft that we had failed to build our bonfire. We said goodbye at Tony's gate swearing never to tell anyone about ... the box. (And surprisingly I did not for many years until alcohol and a college bonfire party got it out of me some 12 years later).

Late next morning, the rain over, I wandered up to Tony's house, looking as my mum had said, as if I had 'lost sixpence and found a farthing'. Surprisingly, Tony did not share my gloom but was smiling from ear to ear. 'Come and look at what I've found!' He took me around to his back garden. On the spot assigned for our bonfire was a whole load of wood, boxes, crates and other materials. "My dad brought some home last night from work and neighbours have been bringing stuff all morning. And best of all he's going to help us build it'. And indeed he did, putting a big stake in the ground around which we stacked wooden crates, old pieces of timber as well as many, many cardboard boxes (all smaller than Box

Monster McBoxface). In the excitement of a great bonfire night, we forgot our abandonment of that box, but in the days afterwards it all came back. We walked back down to the town and that alley on the Wednesday – the box thankfully had gone - but who had removed it? And did they know it was us and more importantly, did the Coop manager know it was us. We took long detours to avoid the Co-op on our way to and from school.

By Friday I thought it was all over and forgotten, but then the local newspaper came out and my mother reading it, pointed out to us a story: ‘Look at that - someone abandoned a refrigerator box near the Garden Suburb, they couldn’t even be bothered to take it to the tip - some people!’ My ears pricked up and in dread I asked if they said who did it. ‘No, it’s obviously one of those people who moved into the new houses up there, not from round here. The council removed it - they don’t know where it came from. Why do you ask our Stephen?’

She got no answer. I was out of the door up to Tony’s house to impart the news and re-enact that pact of strict silence that I did not break until at university all those years later. We both avoided the Co-op for months afterwards in case the manager spotted red faces and guilty consciences of two boys walking past.

And what made me remember it all those years later? Well alcohol played a part but also, I has been to a cinema in Oxford Street that week that was running a series of really old classic B&W comedy movies, shown on the big screen for the first time in decades. Amongst the Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton movies was a short film by Laurel and Hardy called The Music Box about, you guessed, the disaster of moving an incredibly big box, containing a piano, up a steep hill and steps. As tears of laughter rolled down my face as I saw this forgotten gem for the first time, the memory of my own disaster with ‘Box Monster McBoxface’ came flooding back.

At that point, at a college Bonfire party, with a drink in hand, I felt happy to tell the story, although my mates did not believe that the memory of it was triggered by seeing an old movie in Oxford Street of all places. What cinema would run old black & white movies in Oxford Street? After a while I began to believe that this bit of memory was false until years later I heard an interview with the comedian Paul Merton, who confessed his love of comedy films came when he bunked off school aged 15 to go to Oxford Street to a cinema that showed them on afternoons - the very same cinema and the same time as me a student 5 years his senior, also bunking off from his studies to catch up with his own past.

‘Remember to remember’ is a good phrase for November whether it be more formal remembrance or just personal memories of November past, monster boxes included or not. Until next time..... Stephen Dunn



Oktoberfest

SOLD OUT

Mayfield Memorial Hall

SATURDAY 9TH NOVEMBER

DOORS OPEN 7PM

Ticket-only event, \$12.50P IN ADVANCE

Call Graham Sowter: 07341 335479

Once again Mayfield's Oktoberfest is a sell -out, but we will bring you a full picture report in next month's magazine – Cheers (or Prost as they say in Germany!)

Carols Recipes for November

WINTER VEGETABLE SOUP

This is a great soup to make using up the odd courgette, carrot and other vegetable we might have in our fridges

Ingredients.

25g butter
1 leek trimmed and sliced
1 onion chopped finely
1 courgette chopped
225g turnip diced
1 large carrot diced
1 medium potato diced
2 vegetable stock cubes dissolved in 900 ml water
3 level tablespoons cornflour
600ml milk
75g sweetcorn
2-3 tablespoons single cream
Salt and pepper

Method

- 1 Melt the butter in large pan and sauté the leek, onion and until softened
- 2 Next add the turnip, carrot and potato and cook for a further 2-3 minutes
- 3 Pour in the vegetable stock, increase them till simmering then reduce the heat and cook gently with the lid on, for about 15-20 minutes, until the vegetables are tender
- 4 Blend the cornflour to a smooth paste with some of the milk. Add the remaining milk to the saucepan with the sweetcorn and single cream, then stir in the creamed cornflour. Heat gently, stirring constantly until the soup thickens until just about to boil. Cook for a further 1-2 minutes on a very LOW heat.
- 5 Season to taste, then serve, garnished with chopped herbs if desired

If you are following a low fat diet, use skimmed milk and leave out the cream- others can swirl the cream on the top of their helping

FARMHOUSE PATE

This pate has been very well received at parties and when sliced makes a useful starter.

8 Rashers of Streaky Bacon derind and stretched
2 Onions quartered
500gms/ 1lb Pig or Chicken Liver
500gms/1lb Sausage Meat or quality sausage skinned
3 tabs Chopped Parsley
1 teaspoon Salt and Black Pepper
3 Cloves Garlic crushed.

Method

Line loaf tin with greaseproof paper, then line with bacon.
Mince the rest of the ingredients or use food processor.
Pile into the loaf tin and spread and press down and cover with oiled greaseproof the foil.
Bake I roasting tin with hot water half way up the tin side for 1 ¾ hrs. to 2 hrs.
Cool and chill then place a plate over the top and weigh down, turn out when cold.

FRUIT PAVLOVA

I hadn't made a pavlova for ages but I this last week when we were able to have most of our family round and it was appreciated

3 Egg Whites
pinch of salt
250gms/9oz Caster Sugar
5ml/1teas Vanilla essence
5ml/1teas Vinegar
300ml/10fl oz Double Cream
Fruit of your choice, mine was raspberries

Method

Whisk egg white with salt until stiff, gradually whisk in sugar until it forms stiff peaks again, Fold in vanilla and essence.
Spread over a circle of 23cms/9in of greaseproof.
Bake at 140c/fan130c/gas 1 for about an hour, leave to cool in oven. Spread the whipped Double Cream on top followed by fruit.



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The Mayfield Recreational Association (MRA)

Lotto for October 2024

...and the winner is No. 123 who

wins £100!

If you would like 12 chances a year to win £100 please join the Lotto and help support the MRA

It costs just £25 to join the Lotto for a year, and you have twelve chances to win around £100. Please consider joining – without you and others like you, the MRA would struggle to keep going.

- When you join you are allotted a number for the year (or two numbers if you pay £50).
- The Lotto draw is held every month.
- If, for example, 100 people join the Lotto, each paying £25 for a year, then each month the winning number will amount to half the total subs for that month, i.e. half of $100 \times £25$ divided by 12 = £104. In other words, the winner gets half and the real winner, the MRA, gets the other half – a very good local cause.

To pay online or to set up a standing order, please use: sort code: 30 90 25, account no: 00198474, account name: Mayfield Recreational Association. Please let the MRA know that you have joined and your address – email treasurer@mramayfield.org.uk.

To send a cheque make it payable to Mayfield Recreational Association and send to: Andrew Reay-Robinson, The Cliff, Leek Road, Upper Mayfield, DE6 2HR.

Thank you!



About the MRA

The Mayfield Recreational Association is a registered charity, number 700004. It provides sporting and social amenities to the people and clubs of Mayfield.

**For more information see our website
mramayfield.org.uk**

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REFLECTIONS.

Dear Friends

We are about to enter that time of year when our focus is on remembering, as we remember those who have died – saints and martyrs on All Saints Day, those who have died with faith on All Souls Day, those who have died in wars and conflicts and are serving in the armed forces on Remembrance Day and Armistice Day.

We also have bonfire night in the middle of all of these when we recall ‘remember, remember, the 5th of November...’ you know the rest!

Remembering is a precious gift that sometimes we take for granted. I’m sure I am not the only person who thinks they will go and get something from another room and when arriving in that room cannot remember what it was I came for.

This is mild forgetfulness but some of us experience more challenging memory loss, which can be hard for us and hard for those who love us.

Remembering can bring us great joy as we think back on happy times, but it can also bring sadness to mind as we remember precious people or situations, or perhaps because we have regrets.

As we approach this season of remembering we recognise that for people around us, some remembering will be joyful but other remembering will be painful. We are called to be alongside others in the joys and in the challenges to offer the love of God in all circumstances.

As human beings we may forget but God promises to never forget us (Isaiah 49:15). In these coming weeks as we join with others in remembering let us hold firmly to God’s promise that he will never forget us or anyone else. May this season of remembrance be one of blessing for you and those around you.

With love and prayers

Nicola

Articles for the joint Dec 2024/ Jan 2025 Issue of the Magazine.

We always welcome articles for the magazine, both from Mayfield itself and the surrounding villages. To ensure your article is published in our next joint issue,

December 2024/January 2025

It must be submitted by **Friday 22nd November** at the latest.

Articles and information submitted beyond that date may not be published.

You can submit articles by email to our editor Stephen Dunn. Email:

s.w.dunn@btconnect.com Tel. 342188 or contact me to deliver them by hand

MAYFIELD CHURCH (St. John the Baptist)

Web Site www.mayfieldparishchurch.org

Vicar of Weaver Benefice	Rev. Brian Leathers	(Tel: 01538 702469)
Assistant Minister for Mayfield	Rev. Chamil Fernando	(07511 117822)
Churchwardens:	Mr Charles Wimbush	(Tel: 324083)
	Mrs Maggie Cook	(Tel: 345691)
Deputy Church warden	Mr Philip Cook	
PCC Secretary	Amy Hawksworth	
PCC Treasurer	Mrs Catherine Mellor	
Electoral Roll Officer	Mrs Catherine Mellor	
Organist	Mrs Janet Knox	(Tel: 346487)
Verger:	Mr Doug Greenway	(Tel: 344932)
Magazine Editor	Mr Stephen Dunn	(Tel: 342188)
Rota for Readers/Intercessions	Martin Balderson	(07515 385662)
Church Room Bookings and Key Holder	Mrs Charlotte Heathcote	(07772 360472)
Bell Captain	Mrs Margaret Wimbush	(Tel: 324083)

MESSY CHURCH

Details of Messy Church are available from Hilary Dowson (01335 324350)
and Mrs Catherine Mellor (07752 772715)

ECUMENICAL CONTACTS

Ashbourne Methodist Minister: Rev. Nicola Briggs
16, Booth Drive Ashbourne (Tel: 01335 702174.)

SUNDAY SERVICES

All Morning Services at 10.45am.
1st Sunday: Church Family Communion
2nd Sunday: Church Family Worship
3rd Sunday: Morning Prayer
4th Sunday: Morning Prayer
(5th Sunday: See magazine for details)

For Baptisms and Marriages please contact Rev. Brian Leathers (Tel: 01538 702469)

USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Ashbourne Medical Practises.
Clifton Road 216885. The Surgery, Clifton Rd 300588
St Oswald's Hospital 230000. Ashbourne Community Transport 300670
Police emergency 999 . Police non emergency 101
Gas emergency service 0800 111 999 . Electricity emergency service 0800 056 8090
Ryecroft Middle School 01889 590394. Thomas Alleyne High School 01889 561820

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