Award Winning
Parish Post
Miserden, Whiteway,The Camp
Sudgrove & Wishanger
Winter 2024



Reflecting on the Gardening Year
by Sue Spielberg

With the year gradually drawing to a climax, it seems a fitting time to take stock and reflect upon the outgoing gardening season. Sitting here now, with the full force of Storm Bert lashing down upon us, it certainly feels like it has been one of the wettest years on record, and consequently one of the most challenging in the garden.

Slugs in biblical proportions, coupled with a lack of any real sunshine and warmth until June, meant that seedlings were eaten before they had even got off the starting blocks, and new plantings were soon devoured in the molluscs' unstoppable march. This late start meant that flowers and vegetables requiring a longer season to do well, such as chillis, tithonia and late salvias, never made it to the finishing line, but those that love moisture at their roots like celeriac and sweet peas flourished.

Happily our early potatoes also fared well, as did our leeks, which this year barely succumbed to yet another accidentally introduced alien pest species, the allium leaf miner, which has caused me so much trouble in the past that I nearly gave up growing them. But gardening is like that - no two years are ever the same - and I daresay next season will be different again…

I always find it very helpful to learn from other people's experiences so, in the spirit of my old school reports, I thought I would share some of the highlights of my gardening year, as well as



pass on what didn't go quite according to plan, or as I like to call them my 'could do betters'.

Celebrating the Successes

• As a self-confessed cynic when it comes to the latest gardening gizmos, my head is not normally turned by gimmicky new implements but since discovering a Japanese company called Niwaki, I'm a convert to their well-made, comfortable and razor sharp tools. My particular favourite is their long-handled garden shears, which not only mean I can fell several herbaceous stems at a time with one deft pass, I can do it without having to stoop down too much. I'm also fond of their herbaceous sickle, whose serrated blade copes well with dry grass stems, and their hori-hori knife, which is great for prizing out weeds with long taproots from compacted soil, and planting small bulbs.

• As a direct consequence of using the long-handled shears, it became much easier for me to carry out the 'chop and drop' method of pruning. This is gaining much traction in horticultural circles as a modern way to increase the soil's fertility and improve its structure without the need for bringing in expensive compost or faffing about making your own. In its simplest form, you just cut the spent stems of herbaceous perennials and grasses in winter, and lay them onto the soil to allow them to decompose and release their nutrients back into the ground. I prefer to chop them up a bit, say into 5-8cm (2-3in) pieces, as I find the effect visually more pleasing, but the result is the same. Even after just one season, there was a marked improvement in our soil's structure.

• Emboldened and buoyed up by my success of 'chop and drop' (I really don't know why I'm so impressed by this so-called 'new' method, given that it has been serving nature so well since time immemorial!), I thought I'd do a similar thing with our grass clippings (or as I've now coined it - 'mow and throw'). Once again this had a marked positive effect on the soil, as long as it was applied in thin layers rather than thick wodges that had a tendency to turn to slime before rotting down.

Lessons to be Learned

• At the start of every new gardening season, I promise myself that this year will be the one when I actually put in plant supports at the right time. I've lost count of the number of lash-ups with

twine and bamboo canes I've had to fashion to save a forlorn, splayed perennial which has collapsed under the weight of its own flowers. Note to self - cut enough hazel stems in winter to ensure a ready supply of natural, good-looking, almost invisible plant supports for the following summer.

• The challenges faced by burgeoning slug numbers earlier in the year made me realise the importance of growing on seedlings to a much larger size followed by a longer period of hardening them off in order to render them less palatable to the offending gastropods. Slugs are far less interested in tougher, older leaves.

• Coupled with the above point I realised the importance of timing to get the best out of plants. This is partly to do with trusting your own judgement and waiting for soil conditions to improve, rather than slavishly following what the books and magazines tell you, because fast-growing plants such as beans, courgettes and winter squash soon catch up. Conversely, I'm going to start off earlier plants that require a long growing season, but of course this only applies to



those with the luxury of protected growing spaces, such as greenhouses and polytunnels.

• Nature doesn't do monocultures, so why do we? Next season I'm looking forward to mixing things up a bit by growing flowers in amongst the vegetables. Not only does this look lovely, it also helps to attract all those pollinators and natural predators that are so beneficial to us, as well as confuses the creatures we don't want. And many of them, such as nasturtiums, calendulas, violas and borage, have edible flowers into the bargain, so as far as I'm concerned it's a win-win situation!

Scouts

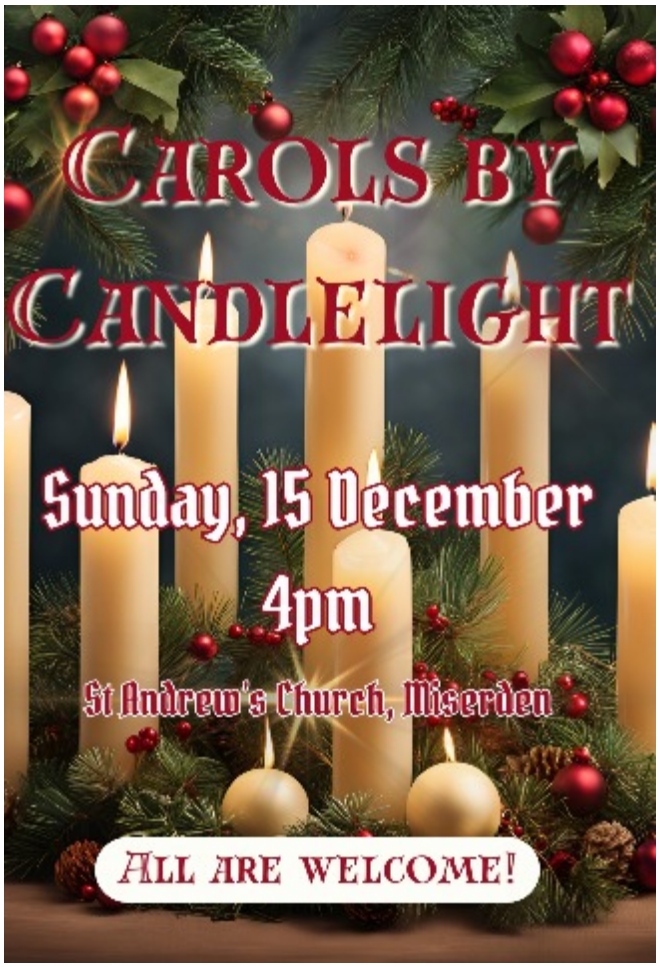
Interested in Helping Out, or have you a Skill/Experience to Share?

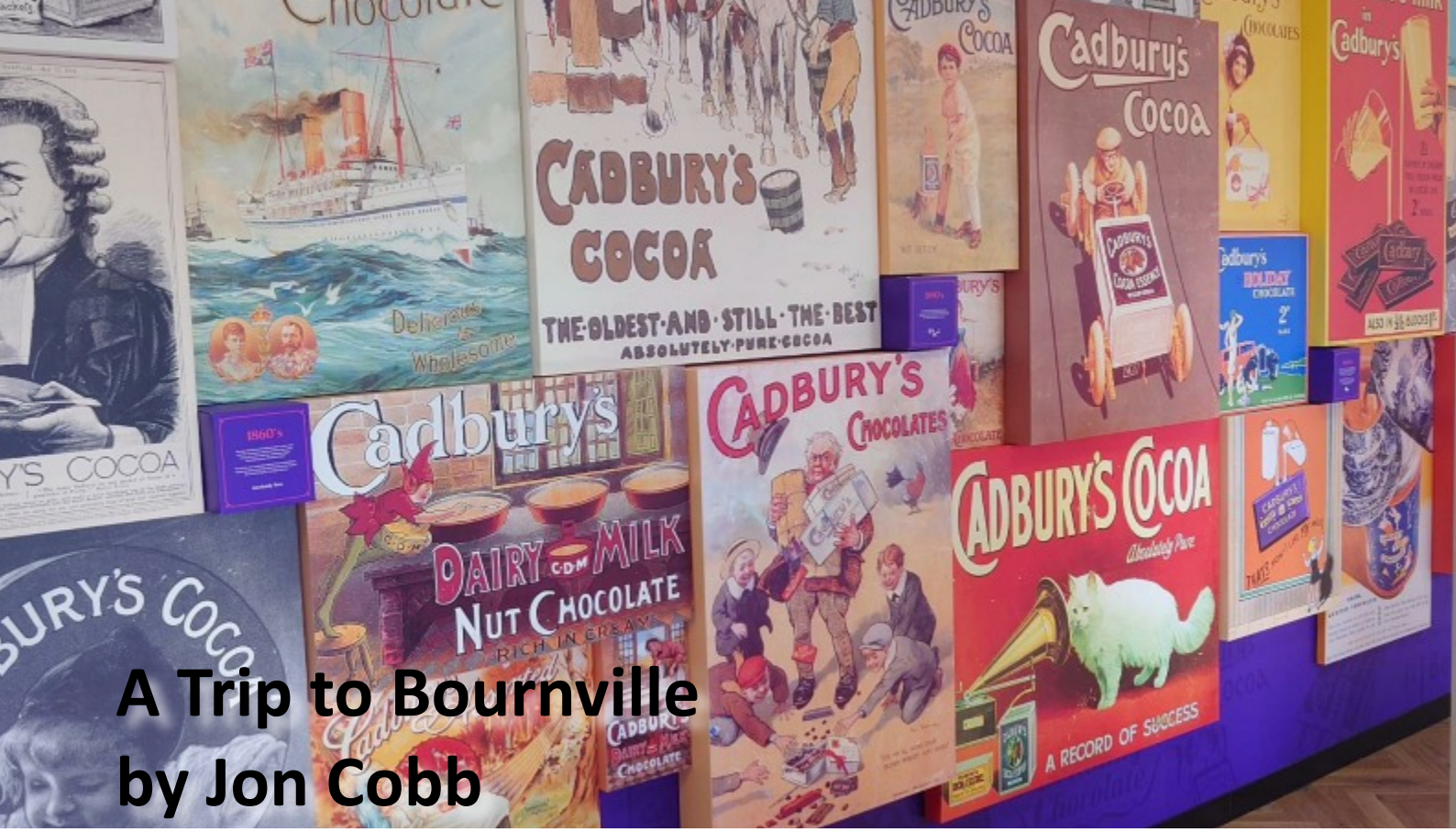
Might you be interested in joining the dynamic group of adults who currently lead a thriving group of Beavers, Cubs and Scouts based at Cranham Scout Centre?

We are looking for:

- Assistant leaders on a Wednesday evening for Beavers aged 6-8 years, 4.45-5.45pm, or Scouts aged 10-14, 7.30-9pm
- People with a specific interest/experience, who might come and talk to the Beavers/Cubs/Scouts for an evening.
- People prepared to be part of the Executive Committee supporting the leaders.

If you think you might be interested in finding out more, or attending a session to see what it entails, please contact Nicki on cranhambeavers@gmail.com





A Trip to Bournville by Jon Cobb

2024 marks the 200th year of Cadbury, the UK's famous chocolate maker. As part of the celebrations back in January of this year independent retailers from around the country were invited to take part in 'The Great Retail Exchange', the brand asked retailers to share their best business ideas – anything that helped engage shoppers, drive footfall and sales or helped local communities. The best ideas would be in with the chance of winning a top price of £5000, a further 10 runners up prizes of £1,000 were offered.

MIserden's Village shop is very small, more than a quarter smaller than the average independent convenience store, but we try to do a few unique things that engage with our customers. One was the introduction of a suggestion box, which although not a particularly unique idea in itself the additional of custom postcards designed and printed for the shop really helps with customer engagement. The postcards can be used for feedback or used as free notes for customers to add to parcels when sending in the adjacent post office

In my 20+ years working in retail, one of the key ways of developing and improving a store is direct customer feedback, but getting customers to engage with the shop in a standard suggestion box is often quite difficult, so the addition of the free postcards has help us with that. It seemed like the







perfect idea to share with other retailers. So a submission was made along with some photos back in February. To be completely honest I then forgot about it, the submission had only taken less than 5mins, so when an email came through saying the shop had won £1000 Laura and I were both a little suspicious and even phoning Cadbury head office to confirm it!



A few weeks later, along with the other winners I was invited to the Cadbury head office in Bournville for the cheque presentation. Bournville Village itself is a large area of Birmingham that Cadbury had built for their staff, originally with housing, segregated male and female swimming baths, parks and a variety of recreational facilities, much like today's companies with onsite gyms, except 200 years ago!

The presentation took place inside the staff museum, where all manner of Cadbury history was on display, and much more hidden from view in the adjacent vault - a temperature controlled chamber hosting all of Cadbury history, from chocolate bars to original art works to documents and merchandise. We were allowed exclusive access to the vault for the afternoon and had several staff members who had worked at Cadbury for years giddy with excitement as they had never been allowed access.

The room felt a little like the famous final scene from Indiana Jones as the precious vault of the covenant was locked away. All manner of treasure and special recipes were hidden away in filing cabinets and boxes. During the presentations it was also announced that Cadbury had commissioned a book with all of the best ideas which would be permanently placed in the vaults Library, including a little part of Miserden in Cadbury's history forever. With the £1000 winnings we have replaced and upgraded our CCTV, and bought a new fruit and veg display stand, which many customers will have already seen.

St Andrew's Church Miserden



Services 11am every First, Third and Fourth Sundays of the Month

Second and Fifth Sundays: Please see *Parish Connections* Magazine and Benefice website www.erminwestbenefice.org.uk

For further information call 07714 707310 or email enquirieserminwest@gmail.com



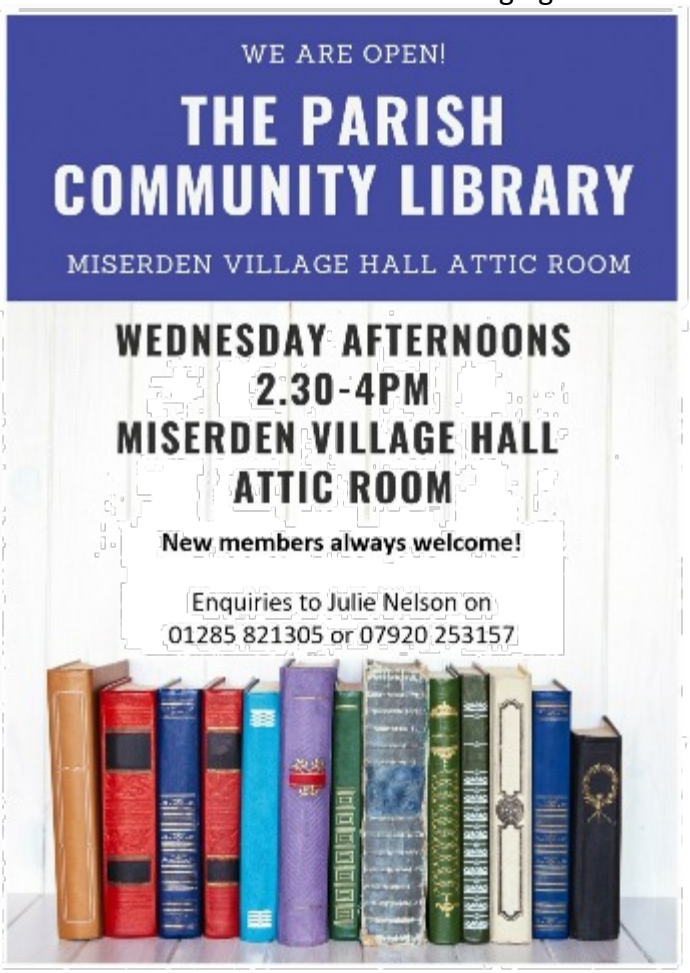
A Weekend in the Lakes
By Sue Andrews

An icy blast hit as we left the hotel at seven thirty. The car park lights showed us the way to the car, where the temperature was showing minus six, with additional windchill. Having been invited to judge the In Lamb sale of Blue Texels at Carlisle last year, I thought we'd make a long weekend of it and spend a couple more nights in the Lake District.

In all honesty December wouldn't really be my choice for a visit, but I felt we could admire the scenery from the warmth of the car and it seemed silly to go all that way without combining a few days away. Aub pointed out it would also be a great opportunity to see his cousin Janice, who lives just outside Kendal, as we usually only meet up at family funerals.

As we entered the market I gave a sigh of relief to see action in the warm inside hall. Sadly I soon discovered the sheep judging was being held in the market pens, rather than the heated hall, which was reserved for the Simmental cattle. I abandoned the smart navy jacket I'd selected to judge in, replacing it with two additional layers of jumpers under my wax jacket. Most exhibitors were clad in similar layers, many with fancy bobble hats, although I did draw the line at that.

Judging sheep that are to be sold is always a great responsibility, rosettes can add to the price achieved, so care must be taken, but the weather conditions didn't invite too much hanging around.



I made my decisions quickly. No one was going to appreciate spending too long in the cold while I dithered, and it was fairly easy to dispense with a large number of exhibits which were sent back to their pens while I made my final decisions on the rest.

First were the senior ewes, only four in the class, but all good sheep with great conformation. My winner stood out but all four were useful animals. There were some good in-lamb shearling ewes, several shown by well-known breeders. After some deliberation I selected my winner. A lighter colour than others and not produced by a well-known breeder, she handled so well she deserved the top spot. She had classic Blue Texel markings, something we're still meant to adhere to although many breeders now prefer the darker almost black sheep.

When the ewe lambs came in it was again easy to find my final six, although none took my eye like the shearlings, who produced my Champion and Reserve. Hopefully no one was too distressed by my choices and it was good to be joined at breakfast in the canteen by a gentleman I'd not met before, although his ewe had won the senior ewe class. She hadn't made the cut with my champions, but he appreciated I'd judged the sheep rather than their handlers as can so often be seen, which I took as a compliment.

We watched the sale with interest. My Champion didn't reach her reserve as I'd feared, but I certainly didn't feel I placed her badly. Her breeder obviously valued her as I had. She didn't come from a flock as well known as the lesser placings and many buy because of the breeder's reputation, often missing a good animal from a little known flock.

It was midday before we headed south to Coniston where I'd booked our first night in the Lakes. Out of the way, but in usually idyllic scenery, Aub did query my choice, pointing out the road was getting very narrow. I explained it was the main A road to which he just raised his eyebrows, or scowled. Not sure which. The pub was popular, always a good sign, just difficult for parking, although we did eventually secure a place. The proprietor warned us the English rally championship at Grizedale, not too far away, could bring a lot of traffic through during the night.

In the morning there was little sign of this, just a very pretty light dusting of snow. We decided to head towards Ambleside, the views difficult to see as dense fog descended, rather spoiling our vison across the lakes. Driving on to Windermere we parked and mooched around the





shops, snow falling steadily, lying at about six inches when returned to the car.

The road through Windermere was now solid with traffic. As we pulled out of the car park Aub said he didn't want to turn right through the town as the traffic looked a pain. This was our major mistake. Being happily self-contained in a four wheel drive Ranger that will go anywhere, the snow covering wasn't causing us any problem, and I stupidly agreed with Aub, suggesting we could find somewhere good for lunch back in Ambleside. Being so used to the maze of lanes that cover our Cotswolds, it never occurred to us that there was only one road out of Ambleside, the one that was now already becoming blocked at Windermere.

Blissfully we drove on, and just might have thought about turning round as the weather worsened had we not given a lift to a lady. She was returning home to Kendal, but realised her two wheel drive car wasn't going to get her much further, so left it at a garage and was hitching a lift back to her daughter's house in Ambleside. This ensured we carried on to our chosen destination, where we did indeed find a lovely café for lunch.

We wandered around the small town. Time moved on, snow still falling softly but in quite a determined fashion. Although booked in at a pub near Janice's home, by half past three I realised we were going to struggle to get out of Ambleside, but soon discovered every hotel and B+B open, it's a seasonal town and most were shut for the winter, were fully booked. It soon became apparent we weren't the only ones stuck, the police by now opening the church hall as a rescue centre.

Aubrey decided he preferred to start the drive back towards Kendal. By five PM we were queuing in traffic, fairly content after a lovely late lunch, with a bottle of water and packets of biscuits on board. Daylight had long gone, but the car heater was most effective as were the heated seats, music on the radio good and we phoned a few friends to chat. Gradually more and more cars were left by the wayside, those that couldn't manage the incline in the road and as we discovered later, electric cars that had run out of battery, offering little protection to their passengers.

Both police and mountain rescue manoeuvred them to the side of the road, rescuing occupants. We certainly weren't the only ones taken aback by the weather, although living in an area with a much better road system I think our attitude to the forecast was more foolhardy than some. Many in the traffic were locals, all who leapt out of their vehicles to chat to others as we were delayed. Others had been at Grizedale stewarding, and again were happy to share their exploits with us at every possible stop.

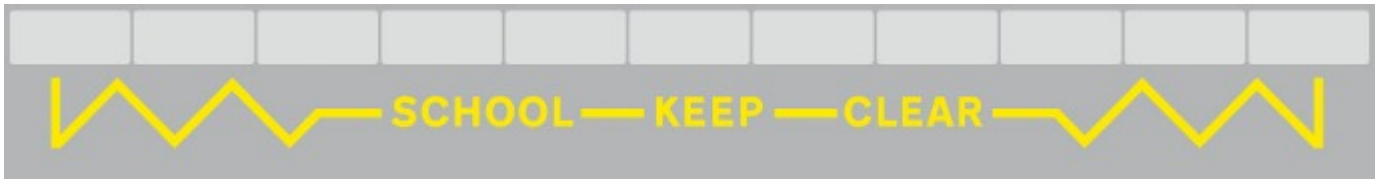
Some were visitors to the area, staying in hotels along this road. These included the young family in the car in front of us, where a small boy needed a

wee at least four times during his journey and a younger child could be heard screaming his annoyance at the delay at one point. I sympathised and felt relieved our situation was so much better. The parents obviously had a major fallout as they approached their hotel. The young mother got out of the car, put a waterproof jacket and hat on the older child, and holding his hand led him across the road where a footpath, sheltered by trees, was not so deep in snow, and they proceeded to walk to the hotel, ignoring shouts from the husband. Been there, done that.

Although the trip was stress free, especially as the passenger, I was envious when Aub decided we would be parked for a while and leapt out to have a pee behind an abandoned vehicle, but simply scowled at me when I suggested I could do the same later on during the night. We seemed to be travelling for hours although progress was not great and things were getting a bit desperate. Then suddenly, as if a mirage in the dessert, a lit up sign glowed in the distance.

It was Troutbeck Bridge, where the garage and Spar shop had stayed open until midnight. A definite relief to make use of their facilities, and even secure two cups of coffee. Probably the highlight of the trip. As more and more electric and small two wheel drive cars were abandoned by the side of the road, we gradually made our way to Windermere, where we'd visited twelve hours earlier, police directing us towards Kendal and the M6 where the road became far less congested, although the snow was still fairly deep. The pub in Carnforth where we'd been booked to stay had been cancelled, as there was no chance of reaching them before the early hours of the morning, but we felt sure with several Travel Lodge, Premier Inns and Holiday Inns near Kendal we'd find somewhere to stay, reaching the town just after 2 am. Sadly we were soon to find every space was taken in the surrounding area, even a lorry stop where the night concierge explained he would usually have space available but had a party of divers staying for the weekend.

We drove back to Kendal services where we spent a less comfortable four hours in the car, although wearing all our jumpers and coats did keep us warm enough to grab a few hours sleep. There was little on at the services, but by 6.30 there seemed to be some action inside so we ventured in to a welcome warmth. Aub was totally unimpressed by Gregg's answer to a breakfast, a sort of omelette and sausage or bacon in a roll, but the coffee was good. Aub's cousin Janice was up and around by eight so we drove to Carnforth to see her and reminisce about family, then after coffee and cakes headed home. I hadn't really expected to still be having adventures like this, but life can still throw us the odd surprise.



Don't park on the Zig-Zag lines!

A reminder to everyone: Rule 238 of the Highway Code states: "You MUST NOT wait or park, or stop to set down and pick up passengers, on school entrance markings."

Keep entrance clear of stationary vehicles, even if picking up or setting down children

The yellow zig-zag lines outside school entrances are for the safety of children and drivers alike. With near-misses in recent months due to car and pedestrian congestion at pick up/drop off times coupled with drivers in a hurry, it is still essential that everyone does their part to keep children safe. Many parents, visitors, and patrons to Miserden Post Office and shop have become accustomed to parking on the zig-zag lines outside of the school entrance.

Note: Gloucestershire Highways will be re-painting faded road markings in the spring of 2025. Although the faded lines aren't as visible at the moment, they are still there and still in force.

Gwen Durland - Parish Clerk

“The Road We Walk”
photos by Ann White















A couple of significant finds.
by Nick Pane

So this year has been a little disrupted on the metal detecting front, I've been suffering with hip pain for some time which has dramatically reduced my time in the fields and subsequently my finds. I have however very kindly been given a new hip so watch this space.

I have however been lucky to make two notable finds earlier in the year. The find below is a first for me and is a 17th century gold mourning ring with the remains of green and white enamel.

It has a Latin inscription on the inside of the band in Roman capitals which reads PATY DVRVM, this translates to "Hard to Bear" It comes from a longer Latin text "Quae fuit durum pati, meminisse dulce est"which means "That which is hard to suffer is sweet to remember"



It can be described as a "Post-medieval gold mourning ring with a D-sectioned band decorated externally with a shallow rib at either edge, between which alternate five quatrefoil cells. The cells contain a raised quatrefoil and the quatrefoil cells a raised pellet, originally reserved on a field of white enamel only traces of which now survive. Each cell is connected to the next by a median rib with two crosses to either side which were also probably reserved on a green enamelled field, traces of which survive.

The ring is small, but not unusually so having an internal diameter of only 14.22mm this equates to a UK size of F1/2, it weighs 1.4 grams and is likely 22k.

This is obviously classed as treasure and will subsequently end up at the British museum, via the coroner, for evaluation. Depending on their decision and any interest from local museums, myself and the landowner will either receive a reward based on market value or if disclaimed, it will be returned to us.

All that to one side, there is obviously two sad stories to consider here. We can speculate, but the size of the ring suggests it may have belonged to a child (although these were traditionally worn on the little finger), obviously from a wealthy family, maybe she lost a parent or a sibling and this ring was made to give some comfort.

Digging deeper (pardon the pun) most mourning rings contain black enamel, the presence here of white enamel suggests the deceased may have been a child although it was also used when the person being mourned had not married, either way whoever owned this ring must have been devastated to then lose it, I can picture now the frantic searches that must have gone on….

The use of mourning rings dates back to the 14th Century but it is only in the 17th century that they clearly separated from the more general memento more rings.

The second find (shown right) is jumping back some 1500 years to the 1st/ 2nd century AD. I have found lots of Roman brooches over my 45 years of detecting but this brooch is a first for me and is indeed unique (at the time of writing) to the UK. It is a style found mostly in what was Gaul, modern day France, parts of Belgium, western Germany and northern Italy.

It features two lions back to back displaying their heads, manes and forelimbs. These are connected by a thin band and the forearms form the crossbar and the foot. It has been suggested that it is Danubian in style having a victims head between it's paws, probably depicting some mythological happening. The prey appears to be a wild boar in the paws of one lion but I am unsure as to the other prey.

Unfortunately the pin is now missing but may well have been made of Iron and long since rusted away. The brooch is a copper alloy, possibly bronze.





Where this style of brooch is usually found







Its a Vet's Life!
by Claire Coles-Jones

The Veterinary world is a strange place to be right now. It's highly competitive, and there is a shortage of Vets and Nurses, especially experienced Vets. It seems that the pressure is a factor in the reasons why Vets & Nurses leave the profession.

Contrary to popular belief, Vets do not earn a large wage. The starting salary is around £28,000 up to £32,000. Bearing in mind that the average wage for a binman (just as valuable a job, but less time spent training!) is around £24-26,000, you could begin to understand that when Vets come into the career with a huge University debt and ridiculous working hours and pressure, you can see why they gradually (or rapidly) burn out.

I've been working in the Veterinary profession for over 30 years now, and have seen a HUGE change in the way things are run, and the way that Vets are perceived, which has contributed to the increase in burnout and even suicide in the profession.

Nurses and support staff struggle with the same pressures (high pressure, long working hours) but are not accused of being 'money grabbing', or 'all about the money' or 'uncaring'. These are things that we hear fairly regularly at work, and it really saddens me to hear it. These people are in this career for the reasons that you would think they are - to care for our furry friends.

Granted, many of the Vet Practices these days are owned by corporate companies (including the one I work for). This has pros and cons, for clients, their pets, and the staff. I'm certainly not going to defend price hikes when they aren't seemingly necessary, but I think it's important to choose your practice carefully.

What do you want out of your Vets? To be offered the very best of care? The Vet to be very mindful of cost? Neither is a wrong answer, it needs to be what you can afford to do. Its a very emotive subject. I tend not to discuss certain Veterinary things with friends and family as I have found that unless you are working alongside these guys you cannot understand the difference in care, skill, or experience in each and every Vet and Nurse. Nor would we expect you to - but we'd hope they are given the same care and respect as anyone else in the care industry.

Some practices have less overheads, less staff, less equipment - and these Vets are able to charge less.

Others have huge overheads to enable to offer you every single option of experience, advice, procedures and equipment which costs significantly more. And there is some evidence to suggest that some Corporate companies are charging more than necessary - which is what we have all come to expect but not necessarily agree with…

Of course, there is a huge cost of living crisis, and during this time we are all inclined not to rush to the Vet with every bump scrape and illness to save the pennies. This is completely understandable, and when cost is an issue, you should discuss it with your Vet. Every single day we have multiple conversations about choices of treatment, looking at all options as we ALL understand that cost is likely to be a factor, unless you are very fortunate. There is absolutely no judgement. Most of the lay staff in a Vet practice that you see will be on minimum wage or thereabouts - they understand!!

Insurance is another emotive subject. Pet insurance is different to car or house insurance, in that it does not go up because you have made a claim. The first original pet insurance at first worked like any other insurance (ie if you claim your monthly payments/excess etc goes up), but it





began to show that people stopped claiming - and therefore stopped having their pets treated...pet welfare went down. So it was changed, and with any good insurance company they won't increase because you have made a claim.

BUT...they will increase it every year just like your other insurance companies! The major difference is, you need to be careful if you swap insurance companies for your pet - the new insurance will ask your Vet for a FULL medical history - and, or course, they will exclude every single thing they can!! So - my advice is - if you choose your insurance company carefully (insured for life not per condition, one that has a good reputation) at the beginning, and stick with it!

Some clients ask me if it's worth putting money aside for emergency treatments instead of paying the Insurance company money each month. The trouble is, even an ordinary consultation within normal working hours will cost on average £48-£68 just to be seen. Treatments are top of this. Emergency out of hours consultations start from, on average £250... This will be just to see your pet and make a plan for treatment...hence why putting aside some money ever month is not likely to be enough.

To put it in context, a little... To see a human Doctor/Consultant, in normal working hours, is approximately £200 plus. There is NO NHS for pets! We use the same high tech equipment, perform the same surgeries, use onsite laboratories to give same day blood and urine results, give great preventative healthcare - for way, way less.

A way around the unexpected costs of a Vet visit, is to keep a credit card just for your pets! I'm not advocating the use of credit cards, but I know plenty of clients that do this, and they can pay of the debt to the Vets, and then pay off the credit card at their own pace.

One thing has changed, thank goodness, is that people are now used to paying at the time! Years ago, when the farm vet was the same as the small animal vet, they never discussed the money side of things, it was all 'put on account'. But this has changed, and now (quite rightly!) clients pay at the time of treatment, much the same as when you pick up the car from the garage - you don't just take the car and say you'll pay later!

Above all - Please be kind to your Vets and their staff - they are doing their best, for all the reasons that James Herriot did - for the love of it. They LOVE LOVE the job - at our Practice they go above and beyond with all of our patients.







My new book "Sheep for a Reason" by Sue Andrews

Writing a book, although totally enjoyable is always a challenge, but one involving historical research adds a new dimension. When writing my latest book 'Sheep for a Reason', which illustrates how sheep helped to finance England in the Middle Ages, the problem was often too much information!

At the front of the book I quote one of the history teachers from my dark and distant past, because what he said has become so apparent to me when doing my own research. He told us 'I will be teaching you history from acknowledged books written about the period we will cover. None of these books were written by people who witnessed medieval battles, the beheading of Queens or riots during the Industrial Revolution, but all have written with authority on these subjects. Don't question their authenticity!'

This may not be word for word, it was a long time ago, but I came to realise the truth in the statement. Often written declarations found, read and absorbed are then denied by other texts, or later historians have questioned and found not to be feasible. It was also very easy to bury myself in research, but some amusing questions were posed. How did sheep save Richard the Lionheart when he was captured on his return from the Crusades? Had Richard III won the Battle of Bosworth, would we now be ruled by a descendent of a fleece merchant? How were sheep responsible for the deaths of over 50 million people in the middle ages? '

Sheep for a Reason' combines the answers to these 'Horrible History' questions along with the general chaos of a family farm. Cowboys capturing runaway pigs, the highs and lows of lambing and finding a sheep in a tree. The incessant stress of the weather, and how mental health can be both damaged and repaired in a farming environment. What it really means to be a farmer and a farmer's wife.

I hope those who choose to read my latest book find some of the historical subjects as fascinating as I did and enjoy catching up with farming life.

Signed copies of 'Sheep for a Reason' (£9.99) and my other books (£8.99) can be purchased direct from me at Lypiatt Farm, from Miserden Stores and Bisley Farm Shop. Copies are also available from Amazon and bookshops.

Parish Council News by Tim Shields

This is my first first article as Vice Chair of Miserden Parish council. I was newly elected in May this year. I have lived in Miserden for over 9 years and I wanted to become a councillor to make a contribution to our community.

Open Day Earlier in the year the parish councillors, and our county councillor Sue Williams, held an open day at Whiteway Colony Hall. We are continuing to work through the issues raised including potholes, speeding, trees and biodiversity, footpaths and flooding.

Footpaths Each councillor has decided to concentrate on an area with me focusing on footpaths. I work closely with our warden Nick cutting back areas and identifying any improvements that are required. Over the last few months Nick and his volunteer team have cleared a lot of fallen trees from a bridleway which was blocked. I would also like to thank the Miserden Estate for carrying out some cutting back on footpaths. If you have any issues with footpaths or bridleways please do not hesitate to email me.

Potholes, highways and road safety We are continuing to work closely with the County Council on highways improvements. You have hopefully noticed that the potholes are being filled and a lot more have been marked in the last few weeks. The County Council has also carried out drain clearance over the past month. If you notice any potholes that have been marked it would be really helpful of you could report them on ***fixmystreet***. It





is really easy to use and the County Council will then carry out the repair. You may have also have noticed that a lot of the lines at junctions are being renewed. There are a number of junctions with poor signage and restricted visibility. The Parish Council is working closely with the County Council to try and address these issues.

Fireworks The fireworks on the 2nd November were well attended and raise essential funds for the school. With over 1,500 people attending it is a very popular event. It is organised by the Miserden Estate and a number of volunteers from the school so thank you to all involved making the event such a success.

Fundraising
At our last meeting we discussed fundraising. The Parish Council only has limited funds and we are looking for new ideas to raise funds so that we can continue to focus on the priorities that are important to you. If you have any ideas please let us know and we will consider these at our future meetings.



PARISH POST CONTACT DETAILS
parishpost@miserdenparishcouncil.gov.uk

Please could anyone intending to submit an article, advert or announcement to the Parish Post that is not a regular item, let the editor know as far in advance of the deadline as possible . The editor will acknowledge receipt of all articles, so if you do not hear back chase it up. **The deadline for the next Parish Post will be February 28th 2025**

It's your Parish Post!

The Parish Post is created from stories written by our readers. We have great regular contributors but we would love to hear from more writers.

Stories, photos and memories are all welcome. Your friendly editor is always willing to help get the article into shape if you are not used to writing.

The Editor



Your Parish Councillors

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Gwen Durland - Clerk
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PARISH COUNCIL MEETINGS
These are held on the last Tuesday of every month at 6.00 pm. All members of the Parish are welcome to attend. Participation is at the discretion of the Chairman.

PLANNING APPLICATIONS
Plans of any applications for property in this Parish may be viewed by appointment with the Parish Clerk.
clerk@miserdenparishcouncil.gov.uk

DISCLAIMER. The views expressed in this magazine are not necessarily the views of the Parish Council except where specifically indicated. The Editor reserves the right to edit or omit material. No liability is accepted for any loss or damage arising from any omission of copy or advertising.