

NUNNINGTON NEWS

For all the People of Nunnington, Ness & Muscoates

Parish News | Event Calendar | Church News | January 2021



What a year

This time last year, dear Margaret put in a request to pass the Newsletter on to 'someone who would enjoy it'.

With a surge of enthusiasm, I thought, 'I could do that'. Then I realised that I couldn't. So I suggested to Tracey that we could do it together and it would be fun....

And then we realised that we couldn't... and so Jeremy got 'asked to help'.

This time last year, we had never heard of words like Covid, Corona or lockdown and we walked happily into 2020.

Everything was different.

Everything is different.

It seems that the parish too is different. There is a new closeness. We have welcomed and met new residents, now know our neighbours, have helped each other, swapped plants, books and advice. We have partied outdoors and prayed together when we could.

For all our enforced 'social distancing', there seems a 'social closening' and our little world is better for it. Albert Rutson (son of William who bought Nunnington Hall in 1839) wrote :

"No place in the world has so much the feeling of being 'out of the world' as Nunnington. Let us hope that changing times will not affect Nunnington too drastically".

Meanwhile, please keep looking after each other - anyone

needing help please call... even if you just want a chat. Chatting always welcome, especially from those alone at home.

It will all be all right in the end; and if it is not alright, it is not the end! Soon it will be.

Clang

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Parish News 1 - People

Four pages of hatches, matches, dispatches, arrivals, departures, events happened or about to happen - and a few photos.

Marian Rutter



MARIAN RUTTER

As you are probably aware, **Marian Rutter** died in the first week of January. Marian had been ill for some time. However, she was always so cheerful, interested and concerned for others, and our thoughts and prayers are with the family.

Marian's funeral is on Thursday 14th January at 13:30, limited to 30 mourners. It is hoped the cortege will drive through the village on the way to the church to allow us to pay our respects.

In the meantime, Marian's family have written this tribute to all who cared for Marian.

'We would like to thank everyone in the village who has given us their support through this difficult time.'

The Ampleforth surgery has been wonderful in their support and all the carers, especially Caroline, who has been a tremendous help to us and staying with Mum in her final hours.

Now, after a long hard-working life, she is at rest.

A bright star in the sky.'

John, Clive, Jane, Lucy & Henry Rutter

Arrived December

A big welcome to **Digby Edward Smith**, who arrived safely on 8th December. He is now at home on Rectory Lane, living with Mum **Poppy** and Dad **Ben** - their first child.

The family send thanks to everyone for their wishes, cards and presents.



DIGBY SMITH

The best Christmas present!

Dan and Esme Bulmer at West Barn received the best Christmas present they have ever had. Baby **Maisie** was born safely and all is well. Maisie is a new sister for **Tabitha** and **Betsy**.

Many congratulations to both families, and our hopes for a long, happy and healthy life.

Arriving soon

John and Hayley Blakemore

and their dog Meg are moving into the old Methodist Chapel at the end of January. We wish them all a very warm welcome.

Arriving in July

Many congratulations as well to **Jenny and Dom Sugars**, who are expecting their first baby in July. Best wishes for a safe pregnancy from us all.

Margaret Timbrell

News from Scarborough! You may have heard that **Margaret Timbrell** has been a bit under the weather recently after a brush with the Corona virus.

She has been convalescing at St. Cecilia's. However, we hear from Sue Binks she is back at Dulverton with a care package, daily help and her books, pictures and sea view where she is hopefully regaining her strength and enthusiasm for life.

Our thoughts and prayers remain with you, Margaret.



MARGARET TIMBRELL

Parish News 2 - Events

Food bank donations

A huge thank you to all who donated to the food bank before Christmas. Donations this year were incredibly generous.

Deborah Digby took a car full of food up to the Brambles Estate in Middlesborough the Monday after the Christmas carols and delivered them to Jane Emson for distribution around the estate.

Jane sends her heartfelt thanks and says that our donations have helped to make a real difference to the many, many families with whom she works.

The Turkey Auction

After the sad cancellation of the over-65s Christmas lunch, our unused turkey decided to find a home for itself for Christmas.

It generously put itself up for auction, raising £60 in the process for a grand parish post-virus bun-fight.

Many thanks to **Dave Wilson** for the turkey, to **Tracey Phillips** and **Fran Osborne** for organising the auction, and all who placed bids.



Masks for the dogs

When the last lockdown began Clang found a drawer full of bits

of left-over fabric. Nice, but not enough to make anything useful, until she thought of masks.

'Oh, the excitement of coloured elastic arriving in the post! And then the new fabric when I had used all my 'bits'! Sad, really.' writes Clang.

'I have lost count of how many masks I have made, but making them made me feel vaguely useful and raised £170 in donations to Ryedale Dog Rescue and the Dogs' Trust.

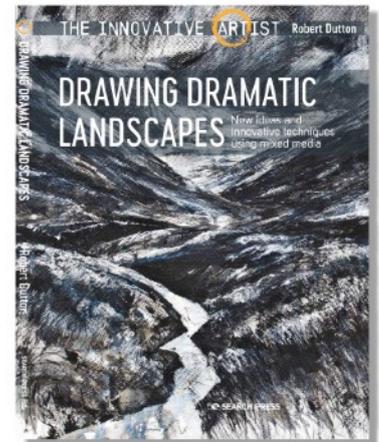


Thanks to everyone who bought one - I hesitate to say that I hope you enjoy wearing them, but I can say that I hope we can burn them all in a few months time!

Dramatic Landscapes

Congratulations to artist **Robert Dutton** from Rectory Lane, whose book *Drawing Dramatic Landscapes* will be published by New Search Press on 3 February.

The book is the culmination of nearly three years of painting and drawing the wild landscapes of the North York Moors, the



Yorkshire coast, the wild landscapes of the south Pennines, and the dramatic mountains of the lake District. The book was completed in Nunnington, the perfect setting for the final edits before going to press.

Our website

Many, many thanks to **Mary Thew** for her hard work setting up the parish website. Mary has now handed over the day-to-day running of the site to **Fran Osborne** and **Tracey Phillips**. Fran is first port of call for any website suggestions or queries.

Table-top sale

We are planning a table-top sale, when permitted, to raise funds for the village. if you are having a spring clean please hold on to anything that might sell.

Hovingham playground

Tory Harris asks for our support in an appeal to raise funds for the playground in Hovingham. This is a wonderful facility for children from both villages. Please support if you can. Contact Tory through our Facebook group.

Parish News 3 - Community



OUR BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS CAROLS IN THE WIND AND RAIN

Christmas carols

On Saturday, 19th December at 6.00 pm, we held our very original and unique Carol Service, outdoors and socially distanced, in the churchyard.

The church wardens hung twinkling lights all around, erected a gazebo tent for the Readers and **Sue Binks**, and the Village Hall committee provided a large urn of much appreciated mulled wine. We had heaters and a wood fire to keep us warm.

It was quite beautiful.

At exactly 5.55pm, it started to rain and blow, but nothing daunted, a great many of us made our way to the churchyard and sang lustily, gripping our service sheets in the teeth of the strong wind and heavy rain, which somehow made it all the more memorable. (A certain lady who had neglected to bring her

umbrella soon had 'Panda eyes' from mascara running down her cheeks!)

Sue took the service, **Adam Collier** played his portable organ. We all sang!

The seven lessons were read by **Paul Jackson, Christine Foxton, Anya Clive, Adam Collier, Jo Pickard, Richard Murray-Wells and Alastair Stewart.**

It was really wonderful. Heartfelt thanks to one and all who worked so hard to create such a very special service.

Clang



Police Community Support Team

Annie Simpson, previously the Police Community Support Officer (PCSO) for the Pickering area, has taken up a new appointment at North Yorkshire Police as a Digital PCSO.

She is part of a team using social media platforms and forums to engage with and build rapport with local communities online, including welfare checks, real time conversations and safety awareness advice.

Digital PCSOs offer the same physical services and support people receive on the street.

Please support Annie and don't hesitate to ask her for help via the North Yorkshire Police [website](#), [Facebook page](#), [Twitter account](#) or by [email](#).

Free virtual business coffee morning

Lesley Barlow, an experienced sales and marketing consultant is hosting a FREE Zoom Sales and Marketing Insights coffee morning, on **Thursday 28 Jan, 10.00am.**

It's an opportunity to share business development thoughts, questions and ideas, to support those that feel they would benefit from help in these difficult times.

If this session might help you, send an email to Lesley at lesley@lesleybarlow.co.uk and she'll send you a Zoom invitation to join the session.

Parish News 4 - The Arts & Crafts Festival

We overcame challenges from the virus and the weather and made the first Nunnington Arts Fair a great success

With gratitude

I'd like to offer my heartfelt thanks to everyone who came and made the first Nunnington Arts and Crafts Festival such an amazing success in December.

We had no idea quite how popular it might be because the second lockdown had only just ended, and we also had a forecast of quite poor weather for the whole weekend. Either could have scuppered things.

creating a piece of his art for the whole weekend. He moved to Nunnington in early 2020 and it felt really wonderful to see him introduce himself and his work to the people of North Yorkshire.

We live in such a special and creative area. Artists seem naturally drawn here, and I hope that we can have more successful festivals in the future to help celebrate them.

Mike MacBain



Thankfully that wasn't the case and we all had an amazing response to the work of the hand picked local artists and artisans.

I think I speak for everyone who was involved that a warm glow was felt across the whole village because we were able to be with such a lovely selection of people from across Ryedale and beyond. It was a real delight, and hopefully a taste of how life can be again soon.

One of the real highlights for me was seeing Robert Dutton



Countryside Matters 1 - Lodge Farm

'VICTORY AT ALL COSTS, VICTORY IN SPITE OF ALL TERROR, VICTORY HOWEVER LONG AND HARD THE HARD MAY BE; FOR WITHOUT VICTORY THERE IS NO SURVIVAL.'

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Spuds are Us

Well the festive period and New Year didn't play out the way we thought. Instead, the dreaded virus came to play at Lodge Farm, picked up from a visit to York to see the lights.

Sadly I started showing symptoms on Christmas Day afternoon, meaning **Jo** and our family that we haven't seen enough of this year have also contracted Covid!

It is not something that any of you want to catch, although we were ill and are slowly getting back to normal it knocked us for six!

But we were lucky. I would urge you to get tested if you have any type of cough as mine started as the normal winter cough, certainly not continuous.

Also something that is not documented widely: everyone has experienced a terrible eye headache so watch out for this too.

We are now out of quarantine and back to the farm washing spuds in the beautiful snow and grateful that we all made it through a scary time and getting back to a new normal.

The one thing that made such a big difference was the kindness of family and friends, We were so grateful for people reaching out. Anya and Vicky dropped off essentials and my step-daughter saved the day with a cream bun!

If anyone in the village ever needs anything please reach out because if we can help, we will.

To prove our sense of humour is still alive and well, here is a classic old Tommy Cooper gag:

"I said to the gym teacher: 'Can you teach me to do the splits?'

He said: 'How flexible are you?'

I said: 'I can't make Tuesdays.'

Steven Rooke

Kingfisher myths

Nellie wrote in November of her meeting with a kingfisher, describing how the birds have adapted to their environment with aerodynamic efficiency and design.

There is, however, another side to the kingfisher. It appears in myth and legend and is often linked to wealth and health, so bumping into a kingfisher can be regarded as luck.



The bird was credited by the ancient Greeks with the power to calm the seas and the skies. Alcyone, daughter of Aeolus, the ruler of the winds, married Ceyx, the king of Thessaly. Ceyx was drowned at sea and, in a fit of grief, Alcyone threw herself into the waves where she was transformed into a bird - the halcyon or kingfisher - and carried to her husband by the wind.

Alcyone was believed to make a floating nest in the Aegean Sea at the winter solstice and calm the waves for the last two weeks of December while brooding her eggs. Today we know this period, and other periods of calm and bounty as 'Halcyon Days'. May they return soon.



Countryside Matters 2 - Jubilee Farm



Blessing the plough

In the garden of Jubilee Farm there is a beautiful old horse-drawn plough used by David's father and grandfather for over a hundred years. Each year, usually in late January or early February a 'Blessing of the Plough' service is held at the church and this old plough is central to the service. Due to the present lockdown restrictions, we may sadly have to postpone this.

The plough would have been pulled by two horses, starting on the left-hand side of the strip. One horse is on the ridge and the other one in the furrow. As the plough turned the soil over, it moved it to the right.

On reaching the end of the strip, the plough was taken back down the other side, causing the soil to build up in the strip's centre. Year after year, this slowly created a

ridge in the centre. This was known as Rigged and Furrow or Rig and Furrow.

Ridge and furrow

In times gone by, most of the British landscape was covered in this corduroy pattern produced by ridge and furrow ploughing. It created natural divisions used as boundaries when tenants drew lots for a small strip of land within their village.

We can still see evidence of this landscape here in Nunnington today along Canada Lane, the track toward Harome over Low Street Bridge. The cattle and sheep from Jubilee Farm now graze in these fields, known as Green Hills, Canada Grass, Bobs Shed and Low Side Grasses.

But aside from the fancy patterns which added interest to the landscape, the ridge and furrow had several important practical

features. During a wet year, the crop growing on top of the ridge was likely to survive, whilst in drier weather, a good crop could be harvested out of the furrow. The ridges also provided better drainage, much needed in our lower fields along the river banks.

Smallholdings

Pre-war, we would have seen several smallholdings in our parish with many cottagers keeping pigs, chickens, and even a cow or two with most cultivating their allotments or 'Canadas' to feed and support themselves and the community.

Today these fields are where Jubilee Farm cattle and sheep graze, and the 'S' shape format of the land produces up to a third more pasture. When you are next walking along the track or alongside the riverbank, see if you can make them out.

Countryside Matters 3 - Nellies blog

Mud, glorious mud

Like many we celebrated a simpler kind of Christmas this year, somehow making it more memorable. Santa brought me my very own turkey! Karaoke was our entertainment; Turkey and I performed a duet on Christmas day! Watch my performance at <https://youtu.be/WPcFNWNd3-A>

Mum is still desperately awaiting the snow, but instead, we have had more rain! Over the past week or so the River Rye has been on flood warning twice!

Whilst walking we could see the river diverted across the fields in a wet short-cut. We found a group of sheep stranded on a bit of higher ground. They were not primarily concerned, but I could see the danger and alerted the humans. We herded them across the flow whilst I sat and watched from high ground.

And with the rain comes the mud, We have had quite enough of it thank you very much. We dogs have struggled with muddy paws. I have had more baths this month than I can count.

The Oxford English dictionary has other words that mean 'Mud' such as slobber, slabber, slutch, lutulence, sloshiness and slushiness. I thought that slobber meant drooling saliva - that's something us dogs are good at.

And as for the Great Conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter mentioned last month. Sadly, with the night sky full of rain cloud, it was nowhere to be seen!

Nellie (helped by Mum & Dad)

[Nunnington Village website](#)



Muddy Paws

Through the back door and onto the floors
Past the tall clock and into the hall
Through to the lounge and onto the chair
went the sloshiest slushiest sticky black paws

Seeing the trail of paw prints in shock
Mum chased me and stretched out while I left the block
She tried to catch me, but I was too fast
I flicked my tail, and the slabber was cast

As Dad's slushiest wellies slipped onto the rug
I noticed he'd laid a mud trail like a slug
I leapt down and ran through the kitchen door
And off to my place where I slumber and snore

I heard her cursing the wellie prints trail
As she grabbed a large mop and a full soapy pail
So I went to lie low and let owners clear up
I know they'll calm down, cos I'm only a pup!



Countryside Matters 4 - Nunnington's got talent

**We had 11cm (4.5 inches) of rain in December, and frost in January.
Some of our non-human talent relished the challenge,
whilst others managed to stay aloof of the mud and wet.**



Parish Pastoral

Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. (1 Corinthians)

Valentine Reflections



I am delighted that we have three young couples with 2021 weddings booked to be solemnised and celebrated in the village church. All of them have had to change their dates and think creatively about their services in these Covid times.

I rejoice when a couple invites God into their wedding preparations and their married life together, and have been so impressed by the couples' cheerful resolve and adaptability and am so grateful for the hope with which they bless the regular worshipping community - from the bottom of my heart, I wish them a Happy Valentine's Day.

When we were young my mother used to send us each a Valentine's card - at the age when it mattered deeply if you didn't get one from a mysterious admirer - in a red envelope, with the letters S.W.L.K. written on the back. I remember she sent me and my sisters one each for a couple of years maybe, with a cheerful 'love from Mum' and a row of kisses inside.

I was, of course, bitterly disappointed that it was from Mum, as well as secretly comforted by what I knew - that she loved me. But at that age, it's the romance of being loved from afar that is exciting; it's the thrill of being a distant object of longing - that's what matters when you're thirteen and it's Valentine's Day.

Then you fall in love. And then fall out of love. And you get older and, maybe, fall in love in a different way and find the person you want to be with. And that's when, it seems to me, love becomes much more interesting, as time goes by. It's like a slim, smooth tree that grows thicker and tougher through the years, beaten by rain and wind. It gets bent and broken in places, all gnarled and lumpy. It's messy and beautiful, bare and ugly in winter, and then green and glorious when the light returns.

St Paul's words above have been recited in a million marriage ceremonies, and they have lasted.

For all their poetry, they are about the reality of how hard it can be to love, and what demands it makes on us. Not in a depressing, joyless way - but in a kind of magnificent, extravagant act of faith that, whatever happens in life, somehow love 'bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Rev'd Sue Binks

The Cult of Self

The Cult of Self smothers self-awareness by labelling us as individually special and unique. The Rule of St Benedict, written in the sixth Century, sets out twelve steps to humility. These remain relevant in our secular world and can enhance our self awareness in the face of the Cult of Self.

1. Don't cast yourself, your job, title or boss as god. Its your legacy and the difference you make to others that counts.
2. Adversity is pervasive. Don't fight it; roll with it and grow.
3. There is always a 'higher authority'. You don't have full control so be prepared to accept direction from others
4. Life is full of things that are hard, so be patient and give the ideas of others a chance
5. Don't pretend to be something you are not. Open up, talk to others and share your problems
6. Be content with what you have
7. You are not as special as the Cult would have you believe, so accept criticism and embrace growth and new possibilities
8. Learn from the wisdom of those who have gone before
9. Don't spend your life telling others how to run theirs. If you tell, they will simply rebel, so ask, listen and provide a relationship others can use for their growth.

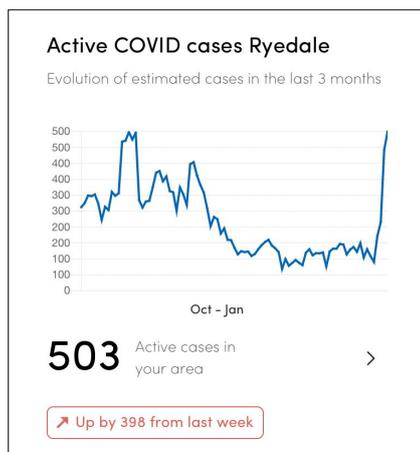
Jeremy Deedes

Pandemic and Newsletter Updates

Lockdown 3 rules

We re-entered lockdown on 5th January. Happy New year!

However, the ZOE chart of cases in Ryedale echoes the situation across the country and explains why this lockdown is even harsher than before. Here is a brief summary of [the new rules](#).



ZOE DATA AS AT 7 JAN 21

Stay at home to protect the NHS and save lives. You cannot meet socially with anyone you do not live with or are not in a [support bubble](#) with. This is [the law](#).

Exceptions

You may only leave home to:

- Shop for basic necessities
- Go to work (incl volunteering) if you cannot do so from home
- Exercise with one other person once a day in your local area
- Meet your legally permitted support bubble
- Seek medical assistance
- Attend education or childcare, where eligible
- Visit someone who is dying or in a care home, hospice, or hospital

- Accompany someone to a medical appointment
- Get your pet to the vet.

Education

Colleges, primary and secondary schools will remain open only for [vulnerable children and the children of critical workers](#). All other children will learn remotely until February half term.

Early years settings remain open.

Higher Education provision will remain online until mid February for all except future critical worker courses.

Worship and life events

Subject to local decisions, you can visit a church for communal worship, to attend a funeral, visit a burial ground, or to attend a wedding ceremony. You should follow the [guidance on the safe use of places of worship](#) and abide by the number limits.

The above is a summary only. Please refer to the [Government website](#) for full details.

Need help?

Remember that there are many in the village happy to help if you are in difficulty. Get in touch with us in the first instance. And many of the shops we listed in the [April newsletter](#) are still delivering. Do use them.

The ZOE app

Please download the app at covid.joinzoe.com and report your condition every day to support the Kings College research project, and to receive valuable pandemic updates.

Newsletter update

We are all overwhelmed by the support, cash and pledges we received over the Christmas period. We are now able to ensure the minimum print run of 25 for every edition this year, which will cover all those who requested a printed copy

Thank you for your support!

We are, however, still in the process of establishing a Just Giving page in collaboration with the Village Hall. This involves submitting an application to HMRC for Gift Aid authorisation.

If you have pledged to support us please be patient whilst **John Elphinstone** gets this set up so we can claim valuable Gift Aid.

A reminder that we will not be publishing in February. We hope this bumper edition will entertain and inform you until the March.

Lost parcels

Judging by the pages on the Parish Facebook page, a number of parcels are going astray on delivery. **Sue Elphinstone** offers this advice:

dpd Your parcel will be delivered by Steve, in a white van at exactly 9:23am and a photo will be taken for prosperity. There are six stops before you. You can stalk Steve by clicking here.

amazon Your parcel will be delivered today and if you're not in, we'll deliver it to someone else instead, like your cat. We'll make sure to let you know "Parcel was handed to customer". You, cat, on your roof, same thing, right?

Royal Mail We tried delivering your parcel but you weren't in. Well, you probably were, but you didn't open the door when we knocked with the force of a feather. Now you'll have to reschedule or come to us instead.

Hermes Your parcel will be delivered at some point, by someone. Might be 10am, might be 10pm, but we'll get there. And if we don't get there, we'll say we've delivered it anyway, then deliver it tomorrow instead when you're out. We'll leave it in your wheelle bin on collection day.

Melons in Love - É l'amore!

A delightful short story about food and vegetables from the sunshine of Italy



Two melons on a date.
One melon said,
“Honeydew you love me?”
the other melon replied,
“Yes, but we cantaloupe.”

For weeks now I have been exchanging produce with my neighbours. I've been sending them apricots, greengages, figs, and pears from my orchard. In return they have given me peaches, tomatoes, courgettes, and those amazing bright yellow courgette flowers.

I've cooked them, frozen them, made jams, bottled tomatoes and eaten far too much. So when Alfredo, my gardener offered to take me down to pick some vegetables from his allotment I could hardly say 'no'.

I would have deeply offended him, and in any case I wasn't quick enough to think of a reason. 'Just a little then', I replied, trying to sound enthusiastic!

Alfredo

Alfredo is a wonderful character (ex-Carabinieri!). Long strands of grey and black hair fall down on a mischievous brown, sun-wrinkled face. His thick black eyebrows shadow those huge brown eyes, which look right through you and suddenly, twinkle with a hint of laughter. His wonderful 'baffi' would enhance any bicycle! His smile is only crooked because of a cigarette constantly attached to the corner of his mouth.

Now I think about it, I've never seen him without one. He's tall, and walks slowly and calmly with a sense of purpose. In a pair of khaki trousers, a crumpled white cotton shirt and desert boots he's in control and has all the time in the world.

Alfredo's 'orto' is in the bottom of the valley, and I can see it from my terrace. To get there one has to tackle the white road, which is not for the fainthearted.

The vegetable garden

We arrive in the heat of the afternoon. His land is fenced in and 'guarded' by an old German Shepherd dog. It barked in a kind of friendly way (I think) when we entered the field. Alfredo positioned himself in front of the dog and said firmly '*attenzione!*' All of a sudden we were surrounded by a variety of strange looking chickens, guinea fowl and turkeys - pecking their way around us and in and out of the dog's legs! Some ferocious animal that!

'Andiamo' he beckoned sauntering in to the field. I was just about to say how pretty the wild flowers were, but then I realised they were Italian weeds!

Alfredo bent down and started picking the aubergines. After about six I tried to stop him, 'Basta, basta. 'Just a couple of round ones', he continued and then started gathering tomatoes, cucumbers and a few potatoes. 'Zucchini? How about a few courgette flowers?' he suggested, but didn't wait for my answer of 'Perché no'. No point refusing those lovely little flowers.

Melons in love

'Cocomeri, meloni! 'Adesso i meloni' (Now for the melons)! he announced with pride. We moved closer to the middle of the field, and I looked down at the many different melons, big fat green ones, small yellow ones, ... all hiding under the weeds!. 'Si innamorano lo sai' (they fall in love you know), he smiled.

I looked on, puzzled. Perhaps my Italian wasn't as good as I thought. Did he say 'fall in love'? I know Italy has a romantic reputation as a country of lovers, but I'd never associated it with melons before. 'Yes', he puffed through his cigarette ... 'when I plant them close together they often fall in love.' 'Mmmm', I sighed uncomfortably.

It was a hot August afternoon, and there was no shade in the field. My mind was buzzing with vegetables, what to do with them, where to store them and how to do it all while still fresh. Oh why in my recent move from France, did I decide to leave the big freezer behind!

Ripe melons?

'Let's see which ones are ready', he mumbled through his cigarette, which bounced up and down on his bottom lip as he spoke. He rummaged around, feeling the melons. 'No, no, ancora no ...' (another puff of smoke) 'no, not this one'. I asked him how he could tell when they were ready, as I wasn't sure what his technique was. Was he feeling for ripeness, smelling them or was it size, or colour?

'Guarda!' (look!) He pointed to the small stem attached to the melon. 'If the leaves have shrivelled up, then the melons are ready. *Semplice!* Here, take this one.' He handed me a huge 'cocomero'. I guessed it weighed about 3kg. 'You'll know if it's been in love or not', he teased.



The vegetable challenge

At home, I struggled through the kitchen door, shouting for help. The aubergines - that's easy: thinly sliced, grilled and then smothered with my wonderful Tuscan olive oil, pressed from my 100 olive trees, maybe a touch of balsamic.

Courgette flowers: dusted with flour, dipped in egg and lightly fried (in olive oil).

Tomatoes: more *sugo* (always useful) or maybe sliced and neatly arranged with 'bufala' mozzarella cheese and basil and again lots of olive oil ('Caprese').

Potatoes: diced and roasted with rosemary, sea salt and (yet again) olive oil.

More courgettes! Oh, I'll just grate them and fry them with onions, garlic and (of course) olive oil! But what to do with the **melon** ... ?

I put it in the cellar and forgot about it for a few days. Then I needed something healthy for breakfast. I remembered the melon. It should be big enough for six of us! I sent James down to 'la cantina' to retrieve the melon. 'Alfredo said it's probably been in love', I smiled. There were strange looks from the family as I took the largest knife from the rack and started to cut into the melon. It seemed to fall apart on its own, and there before us were two bright yellow halves of the greenest 'red' melon I have ever seen! We looked in disbelief, and in chorus sang, 'this melon's fallen in love!' It was delicious.

E allora? É l'amore!

PS In my gardening guide and I found the Latin name for the watermelon is *citrullus lanatus*, and for the cantaloupe: *cucumis melo*. More interestingly, some varieties listed were: Black Sugar Baby, and Dixie Queen for the watermelon, and Romeo, Sweetheart and Venus for the cantaloupe.

The strange tale of the Nunnington Ghost

Rumours of the Nunnington Ghost have been circulating for years. Here is the 'true story' as told by two visitors to Nunnington in 1894!



FROM YORKSHIRE TALES BY THOMAS MACQUOID, REPRINTED IN 2017 BY FORGOTTEN BOOKS

Next day we drove to the village of Nunnington, so called from an ancient nunnery which is said to have stood on the site of the old Hall. Leaving the river, we drove up under the shady and splendid avenue of sycamores to the top of the Caulkley Hills. There is a grand view across the moors as far as Cleveland, while to the east we could see across the Vale of Pickering almost to the coast.

On the top of this ridge, some hundreds of feet above the valley, is Nunnington Church—old and grey, with a low crenellated

tower—sheltered by a screen of tall fir-trees. These old thin scraggy trees, set north and west, within a loosely-piled stone fence around the churchyard, give a weird, haunted look to the place.

"Ah knows nowt..."

We asked the old man who showed us the church if he could tell us the legend of the ghost at the old Hall, but the question seemed to trouble him. "Ah knows nowt about 'em," he said. I repeated my inquiry; and then, looking over his shoulder, he whispered: "There's t' rastlin, t'

skirts rastlin," and hurried away as if he had committed a crime.

From the church the road goes down so steeply through the village that we left our carriage and walked down the picturesque, straggling street. The quaint houses are perched on a high grassed bank on either side; some of them have gardens in front ended by a stiff box hedge clipped into a formal arch over the gate, from which a flight of steps leads down into the roadway. On the left stands another farm with a huge walnut-

tree overshadowing the road, and before us at the foot of the descent is the Rye with its bridge and the far-off line of hills.

Nunnington Hall is beside the river, and we crossed the bridge so as to get a better view of it. We wished to see the interior, as we had heard of a certain room hung with painted leather and supposed to be haunted ; but the person we asked about it shook his head. "In Sir Bellingham Graham's time," he said, "'twas different – ah, he was a foine man – he used to drive up to London four-in-hand – but these fooaks is away fra t' Hall."

Nunnington Hall

The old house looks weird and dreary, a heavy gray building with two wings projecting towards the river ; in front a neglected lawn, swept in the centre by the drooping branches of a cedar, and at the sides by large trees which partly hide the house itself. To-day there is no sign of life, not even smoke rising from the chimneys; the lonely old house seems a fitting haunt for the spirit of the "Proud Lady."

The story is best told by Annie Keary in her delightful child's book, Mia and Charlie, the scene of which is laid at Nunnington.

Years ago a lord of Nunnington was left a widower with an only son, and he married a fair young wife; but she was as proud as she was beautiful, and she hated her stepson. When her baby was born she hated the stepson still more, and she wished for his death. Her husband died, and then she was very cruel to the boy. She (the Proud Lady) loved the little boy very much, and

wanted to have all the land and money for him, and for that reason she hated her stepson. . . . Every one knew this, and pitied the poor eldest son, but they dared not help him, or speak kindly to him, for they all feared the Proud Lady. She kept a strict watch over every one.

The kind step-brother

The sound of her step never heard as she moved about, she trod so lightly, only the rustle of her silk gown ; for she always dressed in silks and satins while her stepson had scarcely food to eat or warm clothes to wear. The only one who dared to comfort the poor lad was his little brother, and he loved him very dearly. Whenever he could get away from his mother he used to steal up to the painted leather room, the room in which the eldest boy was shut up by himself, and take him cakes and playthings. One day when he went up the painted room was empty—the brother was gone—no one knows how he got away or where he went. It is thought he must have run away to the coast, and got on board a ship and drowned. At all events, he was never heard of afterwards.

The Proud Lady was glad, but the little boy was very sorry; no one could comfort him. They used to tell him how he was a great lord now, and had money and lands; but he always said he did not care for that; he wanted nothing but his brother. He never would believe that his brother had really gone away. He used to go up and down the oak stairs a great many times every day, and walk round and round the leather room, and call for his brother out of the window.

Her just desserts?

At last one evening he leaned too far out of the window to see if his brother was coming, and he fell out, and his poor little head was dashed to pieces on the gravel walk. After that the Proud Lady was never happy again. She would sit still for hours talking in a low voice to herself, and every now and then she used to jump up and hurry up the oak staircase as if she were looking for something, and go into the painted room, and look out of the window on to the place where her son was killed; then she would sigh deeply and walk slowly back, and five minutes after she would do all this again.

Finally she died too, and quite different people came to live in the house. And often even now at night the rustle of the Proud Lady's dress is heard as she hurries up the stair, and she has been seen to open the door of the leather room, and look out of the broken window, and then a faint rustling of silk is heard as she goes slowly away...

Thomas & Katharine Macquoid



The Last Train to Nunnington

The last ticket to Nunnington was issued on January 31st 1953, nearly seventy years ago. Time, possibly, for a little reminiscence and to welcome the new owners of the old station.



NUMNINGTON STATION LOOKING NORTH IN 1965

The article in the *Gazette & Herald* (kindly provided by **John Marshall**) tells how 'the railway fell victim to the axe and the last passengers travelled the route in 1953 and all traffic finally stopped in 1964', having opened in 1871.

The photo in the article shows the last ticket to be issued (number 0250). 'I know it is the last ticket, because I was the person who issued it', confirms **Norman Reece**, who had moved to York by the time the article was written.

The article tells how Reece spent six years in the ticket office before finishing his railway career in York.

He was evidently upset by the closure and is quoted as saying 'If the passenger trains were still running today, I believe most of the railwaymen who worked on this line would want to be here. We were part of the community.'

Mary Cundall, who lived at Low Woods Farm, recalls walking

from the farm to the station to catch the early train to Helmsley with eggs which she sold at the market.

She also tells how 'we all used the train' and that 'on special Saturdays we went to York for 1s 6d return'.

With thanks to **Tom and Karina Mulligan** for the photos. See also these videos:

<https://youtu.be/8iHeDVM8ydM>

<https://youtu.be/1p9h651nh4U>



THE LAST TRAIN HEADING SOUTH TO STONEGRAVE



THE BRIDGE CROSSING ON THE STONEGRAVE ROAD

The last ticket on the last train

THE man who issued the last ticket for the last train to Nunnington has come forward after an appeal for people who remembered local railway history.

Nunnington station is now a hotel and restaurant, the Ryedale Country Lodge. Owners Gerd and Peter Handley wondered where the people were now who used and worked the sleepy cross country route which took in Malton to Kirkbymoorside and Helmsley and Pickering.

The railway fell victim to the axe and the last passengers travelled the route in 1953 and all traffic finally stopped in 1964.

"I know it was the last ticket because I was the person who issued it," said Norman Race who now lives near York.

He spent six years in the ticket office before finishing his railway career in York.

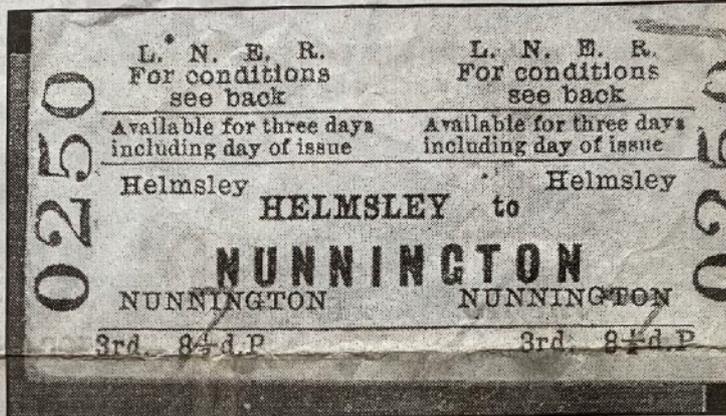
"If the passenger trains were still running today I believe most of the railwaymen who worked on this line would want to be here. We were part of a community."

Mr Race started on the railways as a lad in the goods office in Pickering. He remembers that all the racehorses from the local stables went by rail to the race meetings.

The last ticket to Nunnington is numbered 0250 and bears the date January 31, 1953, which was a Saturday.

Nunnington station officially closed the following Monday, but no passenger trains called on that day.

Mary Cundall, nee Bosomworth used to live at Low Woods Farm, Nunnington. She is now 81 but she clearly



LAST TICKET: A copy of the last ticket for the last train to Nunnington, issued on January 31, 1953

remembers walking from the farm with eggs to Nunnington station to catch the early train to Helmsley where she sold her produce on the market.

The farm was on the north side of the river Rye, so she walked across the fields to the river and crossed by climbing up onto the stone railway bridge 300 yards from the station.

She then followed the line to the platform still carrying her basket of eggs.

"We all used the train," said Mrs Cundall. "My sister used to go to Kirkbymoorside for music lessons and the hairdressers.

"On special Saturdays we went to York for 1s 6d return, the railwayman issuing the ticket was Tommy Atkinson.

"We went to the Theatre Royal and it cost 1s 6d to get in. As a treat we used to pay a penny to get a bar of Nestles chocolate from the machine on the platform."

Mrs Cundall, who now lives in Malton, also recalls that the farm got coal from the station and before the war, cattle feed

was delivered to the station for collection.

Pickering man David Onions read in the *Gazette & Herald* about how Nunnington Station was opened in 1871 and was a link with the market towns for goods and passengers.

He went up to the Ryedale Country Lodge to search for signs of railway history.

He was delighted to find the old coal bays and original concrete posts and wires at the side of the line just past the platform on which part of the hotel's restaurant now stands.

Looking at a nearby small stone structure with a little chimney he said he believed that could have been an office with a weighbridge at the front.

Mr Onions, who lives in Westgate, takes a keen interest in old railways in Ryedale.

He has a model rail layout which represents the Malton to Scarborough line.

Not only does Mr Onions have a model railway, it seems he has a model wife: the rail layout runs around their bedroom.

ALL PHOTOS, WE BELIEVE, WERE TAKEN BY PW HOWAT.

APOLOGIES FOR ANY MIS-ATTRIBUTION AND CORRECTIONS WELCOME

Wartime school in Nunnington

Over the next three pages we publish some of the follow-ups we received to our November stories of war time Nunnington

In November, to mark Remembrance Sunday, we published a few articles on Nunnington during the Second World War. These produced a flurry of additional stories from readers as far afield as Australia, and it is a privilege to publish these in this edition of the news.

A teacher's view

Mererid has been a volunteer day-leader and researcher at Nunnington Hall since 2009. She kindly sent us a copy of **Cynthia Harvey's** diary.

According to the National Trust, eleven pupils and three teachers, including Cynthia, were evacuated from St Agnes School in Leeds to Nunnington Hall on 31st August 1939. Simon and Jonathan Chalton were two of the pupils. They have a copy of a diary written by Miss Cynthia Harvey, the sister of Miss Maud Harvey who owned the school.

Cynthia Harvey's diary

It has not been possible to trace Cynthia or her representatives, and the possibility of copyright subsisting is acknowledged by the Trust, even though there is no indication Cynthia wished the diary to remain private. A transcript can be seen at the Hall, and here are a few extracts:

January 24th 1940

The second term and the fifth week of the Great Frost. We arrived on the 11th in Mrs X's car, having driven most of the way with the windscreen open on

account of the dense patches of fog at intervals along the road. As it was freezing hard all the time we had rather an icy journey. Just before Brandsby the fog had lifted and we had the most glorious views of rime covered trees outlined against a brilliant blue sky and Nunnington greeted us with [...] sunshine..

January 23rd 1940

Poor Peter, the rabbit, and Tweedledee and Tweedledum the guinea pigs are also having a thin time of it because of the scarcity of green food. Apple peelings and turnip chips in the morning and cabbage at night with plenty of bran and water are their daily portion at present.

I manage to scrape up a few bits of hedge-parsley in the partial thaw but further snow storms have covered it again. There was another blizzard this afternoon, so unpleasantly thick that I was glad to turn home and get in.

The village snow plough was hard at work - a lovely team of 4 horses, the first ridden by one of the workers. I managed to get a

snap but fear it will be mainly horses' noses.



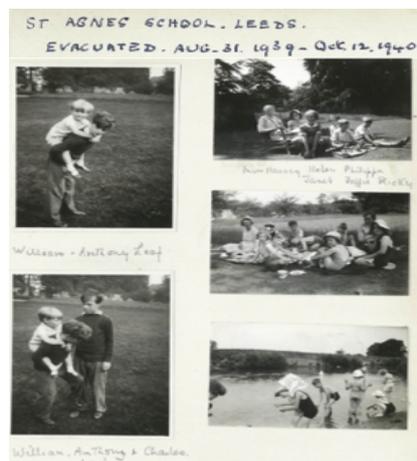
On Saturday last Col Fife told us that the water wheel supplying electric light for the house had frozen up. There was a prospect of existing with only lamps and candles, and only a few of these to be had in this house.

However he spent all Sunday morning with a gang of men thawing it with salt and warm water, and by evening it was free once more. We went to see it and found the arched doorway curtained with huge icicles like the entrance to a fairy grotto.

With thanks to the National trust for making this gem available and we hope we can publish more extracts in due course.

School photo!

Hugh Mulligan expressed his gratitude for helping him in his quest for information regarding the evacuees who came to live in



the village of Nunnington in 1939 and stayed for four years. One of these children was the 10-year-old **Mabel Cope**, his late Mother-in-law.

Hugh has provided us with an old copy of the annual school photo taken in 1940. Mabel is the child fourth from left in the front row; she would have been 10. The picture shows all the evacuee children from Middlesbrough sent to Nunnington.



MIDDLESBOROUGH SCHOOL AT NUNNINGTON, SUMMER 1940

An evacuee's view

We also came across an extract from Geoff Feasey's book, *A Very Ordinary Officer*.

In the early part of the book, Feasey describes his 1939 evacuation from Hull to Nunnington. He tells of his journey (by train, of course) to the distribution centre in Helmsley, from where he and a dozen or so others were sent to Nunnington. Feasey writes that Nunnington is 'is where the enduring memories of things different began.'

[Nunnington Village website](#)

Feasey and a lad called Leonard were billeted in the Rectory, home of the Rev'd Gill and his wife. The two boys had never seen a house of such size and magnificence. They were astounded by the Gill's car (they had never been in a car before).

However, they were apparently a little put out at being told it was common practice to touch the forelock to the lord of the manor should they meet him - which they never did.

The two fitted into school with little problem. They felt themselves to be a little superior to the local children who they regarded as 'gentle creatures' by comparison. Feasey tells how he and Leonard were 'undoubtedly ahead of the villagers, scholastically. We tended to dominate the class. And win the fights!'

However, the local lads took their revenge!. They were in their own farming environment. [They] knew about horses, harnesses, carts and crops, they were allowed to drive the monstrous beasts that hauled the heavy two-

wheeled tipping carts in which the mangel wurzel harvest and other crops were brought in.

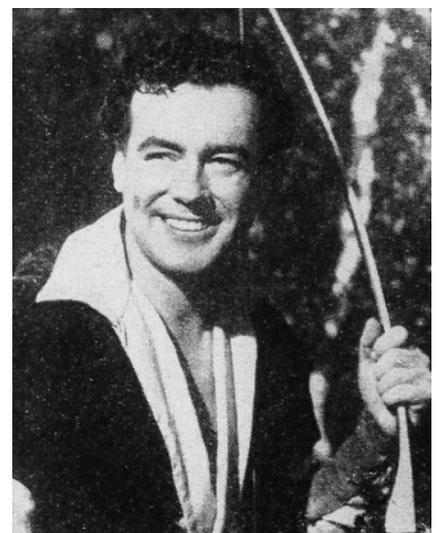
Feasey did his best to catch up, volunteering for tasks involving farm machinery and the horses that provided most of the power.

Robin Hood at Rose Cottage!

Not a lot of people know that Rose Cottage on Low Street once played 'host' to Richard Green, the famous actor who starred in the title role of the BBC's early series of Robin Hood tales.

Ken Metcalf tells how, whilst renovating the cottage some years ago, a man called and asked if he could have a look around the cottage as he had been evacuated here during the war at the age of 5 years old.

One day whilst he was stood looking out of the window, a tank misjudged the corner and crashed into the front of the cottage. The driver was Richard Greene the actor who played Robin Hood.



RICHARD GREENE AS ROBIN HOOD, c 1955

[Nunnington Facebook Group](#)

Miscellaneous parish history



NUNNINGTON PRIMARY SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM 1966/67

BACK: JOHN WARDLE, TIM ROOKE, ANDREW THOMPSON (DEC'D), ANDREW WALKER, ALAN RICHARDSON, IAN (SAM) ROBINSON, REV DAVID G JONES.

FRONT: PETER SLEIGHTHOLME, DAVID WILSON, ANDREW PEACOCK, ANDREW SMITH, IAN WARDLE.

Nunnington School Football Team 1966/67

Andrew Peacock has written from Australia (though usually Skipton) to reminisce about his childhood in Nunnington. Andrew grew up in what became the Royal Oak before moving to Glebe House on Low Street.

He attended Nunnington Primary School, and also sang in the church choir, played for the cricket team, and generally did what young boys do, including climbing the copper beech tree at the front of Diamond Farm.

Andrew describes Nunnington then as 'a thriving village with two shops, a post office, school,

chapel, nine working farms, bus service, blacksmith's shop and church choir.'

The photo is of Nunnington Primary School football team, 1966/67, which was started by the Rev David G. Jones. He came to the school one afternoon a week to take cricket and football. He also started a Ryedale Junior Football League. The village team was known as Nunnington All Saints FC!

As **David Wilson** once said to Andrew a few years ago, 'We had an idyllic upbringing!' - which they evidently did. Nunnington was a great place to grow up.

Happy days!

Alf and Hilda Walker

Hilda Walker was **Angela Shannon's** mother's cousin and lived in Rosedene, Church Street, which Angela and her husband **Dave** revisited in 2020.



ROSEDENE

Angela first visited Alf and Hilda in 1971, when cooking was on a black leaded stove, there was one cold tap in the scullery, and an outside Elsan lavatory.

Angela and Dave always had a lovely welcome: Yorkshire lunch with homegrown vegetables, followed by afternoon tea. Angela still makes raspberry vinegar, to Hilda's recipe, every year from her homegrown fruit.

Hilda received an award from the British Legion for 50 years of poppy selling - she was always a help and comfort to other neighbours in the village. Alf died in 1975, and Hilda in 1991.



ANGELA & DAVE SHANNON

[Nunnington Village website](#)

[Nunnington Facebook Group](#)

2020 in Pictures

A pictorial look back on an eventful 2020



Creative Corner

THE CABBAGE PATCH

We are going to give the Cabbage Patch stall on Low Street a good clear out and put it under cover until Spring.. Cold, wet winter is not the time for swopping seeds and magazines!

Shortbread recipe

We hope you enjoyed our little Christmas gift of shortbread, designed to reassure that no-one was forgotten over Christmas.

And if you didn't get a piece, be assured you were not forgotten! We simply found ourselves logistically challenged before Christmas, so if you want to try it yourself, here is the recipe:

Ingredients

- 12 oz plain flour
- 6 oz butter at room temperature
- 4 oz caster sugar (either white or I prefer golden)
- 1½ oz cocoa powder
- Pinch of salt

Method

Sift flour, sugar and cocoa powder and salt, rub in the butter.

Flatten by hand in a rectangular tin to a bit less than half an inch thick. Run a knife criss-cross to form 2x4 inches pieces.

Bake in oven (170C /325F) for about 20-25 minutes. Allow to cool in the tin and then sift more caster sugar on top. Remove from tin and enjoy! Leave out the cocoa for plain short bread, or add two tablespoons of finely chopped fresh rosemary leaves.

A 'new' quiz for New Year

There's a 'new' in every answer. Good luck, and thanks to Claire for her continuing contributions. Answers on the website.

1. The big apple (3,4)
2. Refurbishes (2,4,2,3)
3. Fresh fields (8,3)
4. The garden state (3,6)
5. Crusties (3,3,10)
6. American boy band (3,4,2,3,5)
7. Nouveau riche (3,5)
8. By Aldous Huxley (5,3,5)
9. Franklin's reform (3,4)
10. Sitcom 1987-1994 (3,3,9)
11. Peter Seller's movie (5,3,8)
12. George H W Bush 1988 (4,2,4,2,3,5)
13. James Brown song (5,3,1,5,3,3)
14. Gets rid of the old (1,3,5,6,5)
15. Star Wars episode (1,3,4)

Claire Bulmer

Village history

Alastair Stewart is summarising extracts from **Erik Manning's** village history to include in the Outlook magazine. Alastair plans to reproduce all his copy in one paper to distribute to every household to keep.

We have therefore decided not to continue serialising Erik's history in the Newsletter. You can always read this in Outlook each month or wait for the completed version at the end of Alastair's project.

New year primes

Box of chocs to the first person to tell us the two prime numbers which when multiplied give 2021.

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The digital edition

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WANTED: LOCK-UP TO RENT

We are moving into the village late January,
and are looking to rent an outbuilding, barn or garage etc.
This is to store excess household items, and if big enough to park a car.
(It does not have to be available straight away)

If anyone can help please contact Hayley on 07876 704896

Photos in this News by Tracey Phillips
can be purchased at ryedalephotography.com



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Nunnington Diary and Services

Church Services



Nunnington Church

Vicar Sue Binks reports that, after discussion with Church Wardens and Bishop Paul, and in light of the rising Covid Infection rate, our Church will be closed until the official end of lockdown, along with all others in the Benefice.

During this time of closure Sue will offer a Sunday Service from one of the Benefice Churches. You can attend online via the Kirkdale Benefice Website: www.kirkdalechurches.org.uk

The service will be supported by the online weekly Pew Sheet News / Pastoral Letter.

Once more we care for each other living in 'love of our neighbour'.

Ampleforth Abbey



At the time of writing, Mass is still celebrated for 26 worshippers every Wednesday and Sunday at 11:30. Booking is essential on 01439 766 815 or massbook@ampleforth.org.uk.

In the light of the changing Covid situation, please check that these

[Nunnington Village website](#)

arrangements remain in place before attending.

A live streamed mass is celebrated every day at 08:45 and on Sunday at 10:00. Details at <https://www.ampleforth.org.uk/abbey/service-times>

See the Abbey [website](#) for Covid arrangements and details of celebrations, home prayers and retreats.

Our Weather

Nunnington's weather station ID is **IUNITEDK315** and provides a ten day forecast, today's weather and years of historic data.



Mobile Post Office

The mobile Post Office visits twice a week. Helen or Jill will be in Low Street at the following times

Tuesday, 3:15 to 4:15 pm
Thursday, 8:30 to 9:30 am

All Post Office business is transacted and the Post Office is an agent for most banks.

Village Hall

The Village Hall remains closed during lockdown. Speak to **Donna** on 01439 748 310 for bookings beyond lockdown.

Recycling collections

Recycling and household rubbish is collected on alternative Fridays. Leave bins out by 6 am. Wombledon Recycling is open from 8:30 to 16:00 except Wednesdays. Garden rubbish collections recommence 9 Mar.

Fri 8 Jan: Recycling
Fri 15 Jan: Household
Fri 22 Jan: Recycling
Fri 29 Jan: Household
Fri 5 Feb: Recycling
Fri 12 Feb: Household
Fri 19 Feb: Recycling
Fri 26 Feb: Household
Fri 5 Mar: Recycling
Tue 9 Mar: Garden

March News

The next news will be published on 28th February. News, stories and photos all welcome. Please keep news items to under 100 words and articles to between 150 and 300 words. Send contributions by email with photos attached.

Copy date is 25th February

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Byeee!



[Nunnington Facebook Group](#)