

Liverpool Catholic Ramblers

WINTER

NEWSLETTER

FEBRUARY 2006

Seventh Series Issue No. 54



KESWICK WEEKEND IN APRIL

If you haven't been before, then simply ask someone who has been there to fill you in on the details. Transport will be by cars, so make sure you can get a lift up there when you book. Cost (payable

in advance) is £63.50. This includes a meal on the Sunday night at 5pm before leaving.

On arrival on the Friday night (21st April) you will be dining out or calling at the chippy.

THE PHOTOGRAPH (above) is not one of our lot! It was taken in 1924, in St Moritz.

Actually, ten of us will be away skiing at the same time as this month's Winter Olympics, but in Poland; and yes, the buildings have steep roofs at our resort!

An 'Oriental' New Year in the Lakes

TWENTY-FOUR intrepid souls made their way north – it was our annual New Year pilgrimage to the youth hostel at Ambleside.

When we arrived, all seemed to be well – just as we left it last year, until it was discovered that the smoke room, the only oasis for smokers in the entire building, had been changed to a TV only room (no smoking). The smokers had been relegated to the front steps of the main entrance, and at least one of our members was quite distressed about it!

There was still snow on the fields and hills when we arrived, but it was raining and it just continued to rain until New Year's Day!

Most of us chickened out of the trek into Ambleside on New Year's Eve and decided to stay in the hostel rather than brave the slush and the rain. But the rain actually stopped around 11.30pm and just gave us time to go outside to watch the firework display at midnight and celebrate the New Year in the usual fashion.

The views from the hostel each morning were magnificent, real picture postcard scenes – snow on the mountains the first day, clear views with a little mist over the lake the second morning, then a heavy frost on the last day.

I thought the food this year had a slight Oriental leaning; then someone said the chef was Chinese – say no more!

Leaders this year were a bit thin on the ground, but Dot (who was staying with Gordon in a B&B in Ambleside) and Mike, came to the rescue each day, and all were enjoyable walks.

It was nice this year to meet some members we had not seen for some time – Joe Madden, who stayed at the hostel, and Irene and Ray Segerberg, who were staying at their caravan not too far away.

As with most weekend trips some members chose to do their own thing, some going to the cinema and on ferry trips, one or two even relaxing in the hostel for a day or two, but whatever people did I am sure they all had a great time.

Dave Labeque

EDITORIAL

This edition was supposed to be a New Year edition – well it was Chinese New year the other day! Thanks to all contributors to this small edition. I have actually got an email address now. It is simply davenewns@hotmail.com and I actually received a couple of reports by this method in this newsletter. Otherwise send them to me at 7 Abbots Way, Billinge, Wigan WN5 7SB. Thanks.

NEW MEMBERS – Several new members have joined us recently – not all are listed her but welcome to the following: Peter Toal, Frank Byrne, Angela Clarke, Peter Hart, Damien Holloway and Kath Riley. Finally Valerie Carrick for the Seniors' Section.

SPOTTED (on right) in a French Church by a friend of Richie Cannon. Translated below by Richie.

A man for all seasons

Lord, don't let me become like one of those grouches,
Grumbling, groaning and denigrating,
Saddening for themselves, unbearable for others.

Keep my smile and laughter, even if my gummy mouth is on show.
Keep my sense of humour, which puts things and myself in their place.

Make me Lord, an old man, generous and knowing how to share my wealth and the flowers of my garden, with those who have no land.

Do not permit me to become a man of the past, speaking only of the good old days when all was fine,
Despising the times of the young, when all goes wrong.

Make of me Lord, an old man who forgets not his past,
A man that the youth of others rejuvenates.

Lord, which has fixed the seasons of the year,
And of my life,
Make me a man for all seasons.

I don't ask for happiness, simply, that the autumnal days of my life are beautiful,
And bear witness to your goodness.

Seigneur, ne permettez pas que je devienne un de ces vieux grognons toujours en train de gémir, de rouspéter, de dénigrer, attristants pour eux-mêmes, insupportables aux autres.

Gardez-moi le sourire et le rire, même s'ils découvrent une bouche édentée.

Gardez-moi le sens de l'humour qui remet les choses et gens et moi-même à leur place.

Faites de moi, Seigneur, un vieillard généreux qui sache partager son bien, son temps et les fleurs de son jardin avec ceux qui n'ont pas de terre.

Ne permettez pas que je devienne un homme du passé, parlant toujours du bon vieux temps où tout allait bien, et méprisant le temps des où tout va mal.

Faites de moi, Seigneur, un vieillard qui n'oublie pas sa jeunesse, et que rajeunisse la jeunesse des autres.

Seigneur, qui avez fixé les saisons de l'année et de la vie, faites que je sois un homme de toutes les saisons.

Je ne vous demande pas le bonheur, mais simplement que mon arrière-saison soit belle et porte témoignage de votre bonté.

Northern Catholic Conference 2006

What is it?

We invite all Christians and welcome their participation. We will be looking at the faith that is in our midst, and recognise that underlying the apparent apathy of modern life the current of faith still flows like a great underground river of great depth.

Fr Jimmy Collins

Last year it was held in the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, but this year it will be held at the Floral Hall Complex in Southport from **Friday 2nd to Sunday 4th June.**

The Floral Hall is a larger venue with bigger and more comfortable rooms, hopefully for families to come along. Some of the speakers have been carefully chosen to inspire and meet the needs of young men and women of today.

The theme this year is "Springtime" and speakers will include the following:

John Pridmore: "From Gangland to Promised Land" – John was an ex-London gangster. He now works full time for God.

Fr Stan Fortuna: Fr Stan lives in the Bronx where he serves the poor and needy families; he is internationally known for his music as well as for his powerful preaching.

Lord Alton: For 18 years, David Alton was a member of the House of Commons and today is an independent crossbench life peer. It is well documented how David has vigorously campaigned for human rights not just in the UK but also throughout the world.

Phil Thompson: Former Liverpool and England captain, Phil was also a former Liverpool manager. He is now a football analyst with Sky Sports.

There will be a series of talks and workshops, as well as a Healing and Reconciliation service.

There is no admission charge to the conference; however, a donation of £20 is suggested for the weekend to help cover the costs.

For a registration form contact LCRA newsletter editor (Dave Newns) or for the latest information see the web site: www.northerncatholic.co.uk

"Queen" Mona of our club reaches the autumn of her life

MONA ROBERTS (pictured here with **Bill Potter**) celebrated her 90th birthday with many colleagues at the RA Chalet.

It was in September when a huge buffet was laid on for her by members of the Seniors' Section. Bill Potter utilised his past train driver experience by stoking up the chalet's Aga cooker!

A good speech was given by Harry, old photos and slides were shown, and our Seniors' were definitely not outdated, as up-to-the-minute cameras were in use, with Tony Thompson loading his many snaps onto discs for us. They look great in colour on the computer but when photocopied in black and white (as on the right) much of the quality is lost. Unfortunately it is too costly to produce our usual 200 newsletters in colour – *Editor*.

Bill's reminiscences of Mona now follow, sent to me by email!



"Have you met our senior member of the L.C.R.A. Mona Roberts, Vice-President? Well, she deserves the position of Sovereign Queen if such existed in the club. It is a hope that these notes, from my own personal perspective, tongue in cheek (forgiveness from her for anything liable) will convey to those acquainted, what a wonderful character she is.

I first met, no heard her, in the early fifties, on my first arrival at the club social, in rooms at Brownlow Hill. It was during the interval, when a loud cry was heard over the hub of conversations "SUBS ARE DUE". As registrar her regard for the job was taken seriously and efficiently undertaken. The monthly committee meeting included the update on membership. Doubles, singles a lapses, was her short and brief statement, no 'flannelling', straight to the facts - the rest of the committee holding their breath should there be "nothing to report". Another task she undertook was for the newsletter - gathering the 'Write Up Reports', spell checking and grammar. Her short hand expertise too, was much in use for corrections. And hand printing on the RONEO - No PCs in those days!

It was when she was working for a building firm, Williams it may have been, the boss generously let have a lovely cottage in Capel Garmen, overlooking the head of Conway Valley for a couple of weekends. For those of us lucky enough to be invited it was a great time. If memory serves me well, was three bedrooms, fully occupied by eight ladies, while nine gentlemen slept on the floor including the kitchen. There was one car making two journeys from Liverpool, the only other vehicle available was a 'Bubble Car' owned by Tony Thompson. Did he carry the baggage? Anyway, the cooking was good, a couple of mountains climbed, including Tryfan. Who were the cooks?

It was out on the fells Mona seemed to be in her beloved environment, striding up and down wherever the leader ventured, I assumed there was no age difference between us for there was no waiting for her to catch up. At the club's dances there was the same energetic input which involved her to include swinging the male species off their feet during the jigs and reels. It was discovered later her swing had developed from a ferocious forehand at the tennis courts in Lance Lane, the head of the racket started somewhere from the base line, sending the ball, if not 90mph - nearly.

An example of her spirit was a holiday of mixed species from the L.C.R.A. to the Dolomites, during which an all-male ascent of the Marmalada was undertaken. However, with great determination and feminine aplomb and with her good friend Rosemary, they set off the following year and conquered it (early evidence of girl power!). There are some lovely photographic records which I hope will make a L.C.R.A. archive some day.

No mean snapper was Mona. She possessed a good of camera of that time and her eye for a splendid scenic shot was a natural. However for mug/group shots her skills was not met by our patience. Any figditing, hands in pockets etc was frowned upon. Such group settings involved her waving arms "get closer" = 2 minutes, light settings = 2 minutes - "stop picking your nose" - light settings = maybe 1 minute if the sun stayed bright. Presto! history captured.

Without her continious interest and support for the clubs link with the R.A. Chalet, we as rambling fraternity may have left the Chalet off our programme long ago. Many members had drifted away to embark on family life and for various reasons could not continue their commitment.



Seniors' Section

GARSWOOD CIRCULAR

January 1st 2006

IT was a pleasant winter's morning, no rain, wind, ice, fog and at one time perhaps: no ramblers – what with sickness, injury, pressing social commitments, etc. However, all was well on the day and we had eight fit, young (at heart) ramblers.

Of course the title of the walk was a bit of a misnomer, as most of the day would be spent in Billinge and Rainford. Dutifully, the party assembled at GEFA's house in order to prepare themselves physically and mentally for this stark undertaking.

Eight ramblers setting out on such an adventure make a very impressive cavalcade and it was somewhat disappointing that so few local people bothered to turn out to cheer, still less to display bunting and flags. However, LCRA Seniors' are made of stern stuff and in fact no one even commented on what was an obvious slight, whether intended or not.

As regards the walk itself, yes, everything seemed to go according to plan, assuming, of course, that the leader had a plan! We went down through the woods following the stream called the Goyt, and on being asked what the woods were called, George answered: "The Goyt Woods." Some of the party were then heard mumbling, "Derbyshire!" whereupon it seemed that the leader did not have a plan. What an uncharitable thought!

We eventually skirted Carr Mill Dam around which some pitiable souls were sat staring into the depths. They had a plan but were being thwarted by the fish!

Our next port of call was Crank Caverns and then on to Alder Lane where a local walker was cheerfully bemoaning the fact that his five-year-old trainers were rubbing!

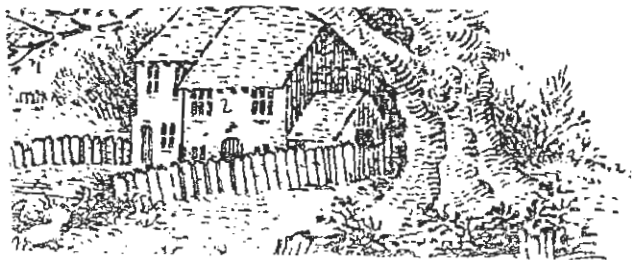
The strenuous part of our walk was taken with ease as we sailed up Billinge Hill and took our lunch.

Now came the piece de resistance as we embarked on the Garswood loop. No problem!

Darkness was threatening as we returned to Billinge and refreshments at 12 Avon.

Things did not go so well at the venue for our meal. We couldn't be served! Yet we all looked so smart. However, it wasn't a personal problem (after all, the bathroom at 12 had been available); it was a serious communications break-down on the hotel's part and this provided Freda with an opportunity to display her diplomatic but forceful skills and all was well.

GEFA



A pre-Christmas walk – Sunday, December 11th 2005

Destination – Delamere Forest to meet Gerry and Jean for departure at 11.30.

Eight elegant, eager ramblers set off to enjoy a pre-Christmas seasonal walk.

Leaping along the leafy-covered paths, criss-crossing the forest. Autumnal colours enhanced by winter sunshine.

Misty, moisty meres and fields reflected the evening moonlight.

Everyone expressed their enjoyment at seeing the traditional Sunday family outing.

Robin Redbreast joined us for lunch but Rudolph remained out of sight.

Ending the day and the last Ramble for 2005 we send good wishes to all for the New Year 2006.

'Santa Claus'

Ruff Wood – 9th October 2005

TWELVE ramblers met at noon at Ruff Wood in Ormskirk on a nice, sunny, Sunday morning and were pleased to welcome a new member, Val.

We were soon skirting the boundary of Ruff Wood heading across several fields towards Lathom. On our way we passed an old barn, dated 1681, now being renovated, which attracted our interest.

At the crossroads we followed a public footpath over a stile through what appeared to be private land alongside a tennis court. We then climbed a rickety gate into a cornfield bearing left alongside a stream which led to Blythe Lane. At this stage some members were beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, and so as we reached a bridge it proved an ideal spot for a lunch stop, though the stiff breeze nearly blew Val into the stream below. Luckily for some members they found a sheltered sunny spot on the grass verge.

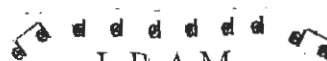
Feeling suitably refreshed, we continued as far as a farm, crossing an unusual metal stile leading to a field. At the end of this field another stile led into a copse. Following the path with a stream on our right, we reached a wooden bridge which we crossed and continued on the path, eventually reaching the road – Blythe Lane again.

Our route lay straight ahead, passing some houses and a farm. We took a path to the right across a field (which we had missed on our pioneer) and this led us through a modern estate with horses in the paddocks.

On passing Ormskirk Golf Club, Harry was surprised to meet a golfer from his neck of the woods. A tea break soon followed near the entrance to a driveway of a large farmhouse, sitting on a stone wall with two horses taking great interest in us. As we were now back in Sandy Lane and our watches were ticking away too quickly, it was decided by the leaders to slow the pace down. Unfortunately three male 'A' walkers were striding ahead unaware of our predicament. We then retraced our steps to Ruff Wood, taking the longer way round, looking for George's fungi, without success.

We reached the cars about 4.30 and decided to bring the time of our meal at the "Hayfields" half an hour earlier. We were joined by Helen Slack and Steve, and later by Peter and Marie Atherton.

Thanks to all who joined us for the ramble and the evening meals.



L.R.A.M.

(Sadly not the musicians!)