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St John's Church, Ranmoor, Sheffield

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5 Ranmoor Park Road, Sheffield, S10 3GX
Tel: 0114 230 1199

Website: www.stjohnsranmoor.org.uk

St John's Church is a community whose vocation is to extend to all people the same welcome that we ourselves have received from God in Christ. Our worship, enriched by our strong musical and choral traditions, is at the heart of our community's shared life. The gospel calls us to lives of discipleship, informed by reflection and marked by care for one another, by a passion for justice, and by a commitment to the service of our local and wider community.

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Cover photo by Philip Walshaw: Lose Hill from below Win Hill

Large print versions of Inspire are available

Foreword



In August I was fortunate to attend the Greenbelt Christian festival near Kettering. For a long time, Greenbelt has highlighted the plight of Palestinians and this year there was a live link to Palestinian Christians living near Bethlehem at the Sunday service. This took place outside as usual. Thousands of people were sitting on the grass in the very welcome sunshine. But as the service began, we were all asked to

move. To give up the little space where we had settled ourselves and go elsewhere. It was a strangely unsettling experience, a small reminder of the reality of life for millions of people around the world.

This month we have an opportunity to hear the story of one person who has left their home to come to this country. Blerta Ilazi, came to this country as a teenager from Kosovo in 1990. She has worked as a nurse practitioner and has a particular concern for the victims of human trafficking and modern slavery. On Saturday 12th October at 6pm, Blerta will be giving a talk entitled "A Journey of Resilience and Hope: Turning Adversity into Success and Prosperity." I do hope you can come.

Some of us may have moved a lot in our lives while others are more settled. But few of us know what it is like to be forced to leave our home and country and start a completely new life. We do, however, worship the one who was born in a stable and whose family had to flee to Egypt to escape genocide. The Son of Man had nowhere to lay his head and he invites us to journey with him, sitting lightly to the things of this world. Though we may be blessed with homes and stability, we are a pilgrim people, who follow Jesus the Way.

Matthew

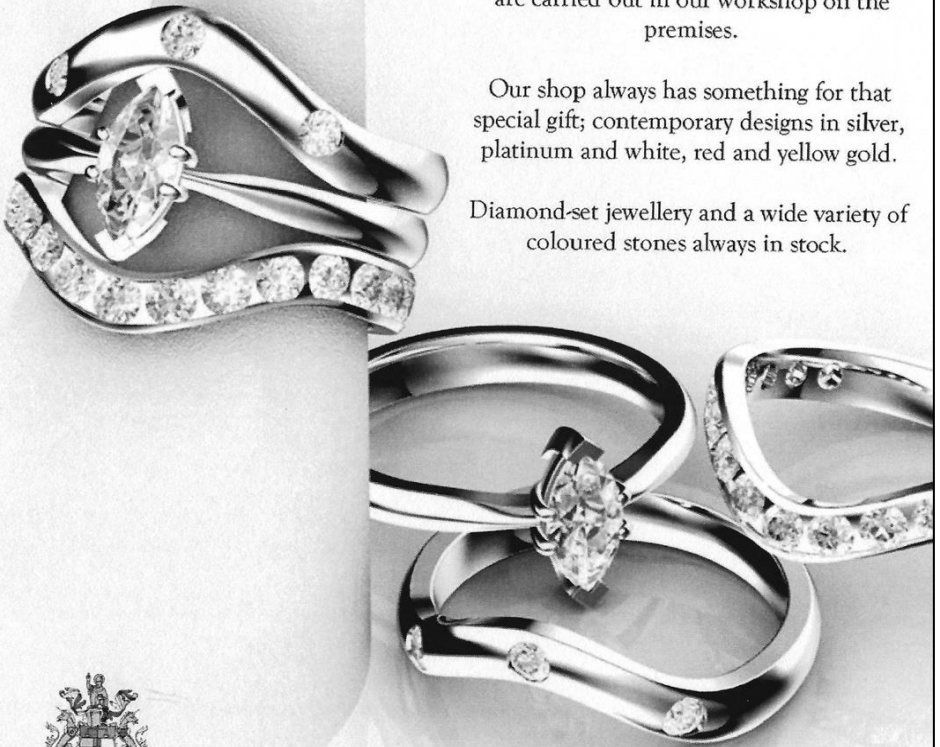
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From the Editor's Chair



“All is safely gathered in, e'er the winter storms begin...”, to quote from my second favourite Harvest hymn. It's the end of September and we've celebrated our Harvest Festival, but I'm talking about my shorts, of course! They're all nicely washed, safely put back in the drawer and my trousers are out, ready to be worn until next May.

After the heady rush of Summer, a slower season allows us to take stock, start new routines and look after ourselves, experts tell us. Autumn offers a variety of fruits that are good for our heart and it's good when you can pick them yourselves for free. I'm a keen forager and have collected pounds of blackberries, bilberries, apples and plums – all without trespassing on anyone's land, I might add! We have shelves in the freezer stocked full of frozen fruit to keep our children and grandchildren well-supplied through the winter months with Granny's 'Gruffalo' fruit crumbles when they come for Sunday lunch.

Historically, Autumn has always been a time for reflection and contemplation: reaping the fruits of past efforts, sharing the harvest and preparing for future growth. Just as trees shed their leaves, Autumn encourages us to release old habits, self-limiting thoughts or past experiences that no longer serve us. The season's natural beauty, with its changing vibrant colours and serene landscape, provides a relaxing and rejuvenating experience for our brain and stimulates the mind, fostering creativity and providing a sense of place.

I hope this seasonal transition can give us all a renewed sense of purpose and motivation.

Philip Walshaw

A Chorister's Diary of a Choir Tour to Truro Cathedral

by Lily Beardsmore



Sunday 11th August

We left home really early (5.30am!) to travel down to Truro. It was a really long way, but we arrived in Truro by 11.30, far earlier than we expected. Unfortunately, everyone else got stuck in horrendous traffic on the way into Cornwall. As we had time to spare, we went into Truro and had our first Cornish pasty. When everyone else began to arrive, we checked into Truro High School for Girls, our accommodation for the week, before getting an early night in preparation for our first rehearsal in the morning.

Monday 12th August

We had a continental breakfast at the school, which included delicious pastries. We needed some energy for our two-hour rehearsal in the Prep School Hall. After warming up with the adults the Juniors and Choristers had separate rehearsals, 20 children sang in the choir on the

tour. During the break before Evensong, we started a 1,000 piece puzzle and relaxed as we were still tired from our journey. Our first Evensong went well, we sang *Statham in E minor* and Ken Burton's *A Prayer*. After dinner, mum and I went to Perranporth beach for a swim in the sea. It was lovely and refreshing, but the wind was cold.

Tuesday 13th August

Tuesday was wet so after our morning rehearsal my family headed out of Truro and over to Falmouth to visit Pendennis Castle. The castle is impressive and when we were there they also had a jousting event on. We watched the horsemen until we got too wet and decided to leave. On the way back to Truro, we got pizza. That evening we sang the Weelkes *Magnificat and Nunc Dimittus* and Parry's *My Soul there is a Country*, which sounded amazing in the cathedral.

Wednesday 14th August

We woke up on Wednesday morning to beautiful sunshine. After a quick breakfast, we got on with our rehearsals so that we could enjoy the afternoon at the beach. Lots of us headed back to Perranporth beach, but it was really busy. We had to drive around three different car parks

before we found a space! We bought a new bodyboard and enjoyed the Cornish waves – we've never been in waves like those before. We couldn't stay long as we had to head back for Evensong, but we



had enough time to get ice cream on the way back to the car. At Evensong that day, the Choristers sang *Long in F* without the adults – we had to sing loudly to fill such a big building.

Thursday 15th August

We decided to have a more relaxed day on Thursday and enjoyed the facilities at the school. We started another puzzle, some of the children

played cricket on the astro-turf and we played some pool. After lunch, some of us went down to the Cathedral for a guided tour. Truro Cathedral started being built in 1890 so is a similar age to St John's. It was built on the site of the old parish church and because there wasn't much space they had to put a slight bend in the Nave. The Cathedral still has one of the parish church aisles built into it and still functions as a parish church today. That evening was a communion service and my brother Freddie and two of our other choristers Isaac and Hester sang solos in Simon Lindley's *Ave Maria*.



Friday 16th August

Today the Choristers and Juniors didn't have to do any singing. On our day off we chose to visit Tintagel Castle, about an hour away from Truro. Tintagel is the ruins of a castle built in the 13th Century and is linked to the legend of King Arthur. The views from the island were incredible, you could see across to Devon. Afterwards we went to Polzeath beach and did some more bodyboarding on the amazing Cornish waves. It was a lot less busy. The adults sang choral evensong at the Cathedral. That night, after dinner, we had the choir quiz. It was very difficult; David is a great quizmaster.

Saturday 17th August

We had our last morning rehearsal at the school, followed by an early lunch before the Decani vs Cantoris cricket match. Cantoris won but it was lots of fun for everyone. Evensong was early that day and we sang Herbert Howells' *Collegium Regale*, a favourite for lots of the choir, and Byrd's *Laudibus in Sanctis* - this was new to the choristers and was really difficult. We then took our tour photo which will be displayed on the wall of the Vestry with all the other tours. For our last night at the school, the younger children had a disco which some of the adults joined in with. The older choristers played *Articulate!*, which became a tour favourite.

Sunday 18th August

On our last day, we had to get up early so we could get to the Cathedral for our rehearsal before the morning service. It was quite a similar service to St John's, but with so many people, the communion took a really long time. Mabel, the Head Chorister, played the organ for the anthem, *Ave Verum* by Elgar. We then headed back to the school for a final meal before packing up and leaving our rooms. For our final Evensong we sang *Kelly in C*, a chorister favourite. After Evensong, we all began our journeys home. Most of us were staying somewhere overnight – we drove to Bristol and then travelled back to Sheffield the next day.

It was a really great tour and I can't wait for another one!

And as a postscript, we received this postcard from Truro.....!

Dear All,
You would be so
very proud of our
choir! They have
sung nearly every
day in the
Cathedral here and
sounded just
amazing. All the
congregations were
full of complements!
Wish you were
here!
With love from David + Sally.



A welcome to Rowan Ireland (our new Ministry Experience Team Intern)



I'm going to be honest with you, dear reader (may I call you that?), I'm a bit like a salmon on a sky-dive when it comes to writing brief introductory paragraphs about myself – lost, afraid, and unwilling to explain my strange simile choices. But it is okay, all I really need to do in this article is say who I am, why I'm here, and avoid mentioning salmon again. Having grown up as a chorister at Tewkesbury Abbey, when the opportunity arose for me to be a choral scholar alongside

reading Fine Art at The Queen's College, Oxford, I seized it like a bear fresh from hibernation grabbing a salmon. My interests in art emerged from a general dissatisfaction with most contemporary art, and ended soon thereafter, but I got through my degree by seeking those rare, inspired works and indulging brief forays into other areas for which I was wholeheartedly unqualified – a good example being my translations of Dante's poetry (I do not speak Italian, or particularly like Dante) which I presented at a conference on translating Dante at the Ashmolean, Oxford, and earned the ire of most of the leading Dante scholars present.

I followed a brief stint as a sommelier by moving to Sheffield to do a year working at the Cathedral and explore my sense of calling to ordained ministry, and I now look forward to working and worshipping at St John's and gain some more experience of parish ministry. As I stare in wonder at the gently ascending steam from my coffee, nacreous vapours shattering an autumnal sunbeam peering through between damp ivy and dust dressed windows I realise that I could cut the bit about salmon at the start and focus on introducing myself; but please, just come and speak to me in person, ask me about my curious relationship with punctuation, or Dante, or how I can say with utter certainty that Autumn is and always will be the best season. I look forward to meeting you all in time.



Eco Church Group: “Be careful what you wish for” (Part 2)

by John Green

Last time I ended with an outline of my latest purchase - **“Doughnut economics”** by Kate Raworth. In contrast to the diagnoses in the previous books, this one focusses on remedies that chime well with our Eco-Church aims. She describes a more equitable and sustainable economic model that fits between a foundation layer that supports all in society and an ecological ceiling that defines what is sustainable for the environment and climate stability. She illustrates this by an inner and outer ring to recognise the circular nature of the global environment and economy. The space in between is described as a safe and just space for humanity (Christians would liken it to Kingdom values). The model thus takes on the shape of a ring doughnut. The idea is finding support in governments, local and national and is a counter to the Neo-Liberal model that brought us the financial crisis of 2008 with 16 years of static incomes and living standards for many in the West, gross income differentials and disenchantment with democratic politics.

There is much that could be written about the social harm that this neo-liberal model has done (unless you happen to be an American billionaire) but I'll focus on just one issue, which is the income gap. In 2008, two Nottingham academics - Richard Wilkinson and Kate Pickett published a book called **“The Spirit Level”**. The central thesis was that large income differences in society were harmful to everyone. Those on low incomes suffered more from chronic ill health and shortened lives whilst those on high incomes, who had done well from globalisation and the market economy, were more anxious and insecure than you would expect.

David Blunkett, when leader of Sheffield City Council, commissioned a

study called *'A Tale of Two Cities'* which documented the large differences in life expectancy and experiences across the city. In summary, life expectancy falls by one year for every mile travelled across the 10 miles of the city from west to east. I suspect the findings would be much the same now, decades later. Where the income gap is large, as in the USA and UK, the main effect of this income gap has been to create divisions in societies which have resulted in the rise of populists such as Donald Trump and the Brexit vote which was, in part, a reaction from those who felt left behind by the neo-liberal economy.

To return to solutions, Kate Raworth's "**Doughnut Economics**" sets out a set of principles which I've summarised below:-

1. Think beyond the focus on indefinite growth and GDP - resources are finite.
2. See the economy as an integrated whole, involving communities and the natural world, not just commercial markets.
3. Nurture human ability - we are more than just self-interested and dominant over nature.
4. Accept the complexity of systems in society and nature and work with them.
5. Tackle inequality by going beyond income re-distribution to one of wealth redistribution so that we all have a stake in controlling land and natural resources.
6. Focus on regeneration - our economic model is linear, focussed on growth, whereas most life processes are cyclical.

These ideas have been adopted by a wide range of people internationally, from teachers and academics, town planners, community groups, local councils such as Preston and by what have been called "Transition Towns", such as Hebden Bridge and Totnes who have adopted a local economy which includes barter and even local currency. This means that the proceeds of trade stay locally and are not syphoned off by large multi-nationals, which somehow seem to avoid tax by "off-shoring" their profits into tax havens.

At the heart of all this is caring for the environment, through our efforts

with Eco-Church and similar initiatives across the church and society. I understand that Bishops in the House of Lords have been instrumental in criticising policies and promoting social justice. Cathy Rhodes reports that the food bank motion from Hallam Deanery, passed at the recent General Synod, calls on them to raise this issue.

Our new government has decided to focus on growth as a way to be able to afford the public services we need, but if the result is helping us afford more 'stuff', then we are never going to achieve net-zero. We are certainly at a crossroads and the Neo-liberal economic consensus is being challenged. Let us hope that politicians listen to voices like Kate Raworth, for all our sakes.

p.s. You might still be wondering about the title - it's really saying, if you encourage someone to read, you shouldn't be surprised if they want to tell you about it - so thank you again!



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‘A journey of Resilience and Hope: turning adversity into success and prosperity’.

A talk by Blerta Ilazi, on Saturday 12th October at 6pm in church.

Blerta will speak about her experience of coming to Sheffield as a refugee, of her personal story since then as a nurse practitioner and teacher of health inequalities, of her programme, ReSTORE, for refugee nurses and of our friendship with her.

We first met Blerta back in 1999, when she was just a teenager and Trevor was invited to be one of the team of welcomers for the Kosovan refugees. They were offered temporary sanctuary in Sheffield by the City Council and what follows are some of Trevor’s recollections from that time.

These men, women and children were all from Kosovo, a small country of the former Yugoslavia where they had been attacked and persecuted by the neighbouring Serbs in a most brutal fashion. Houses were burned



and families beaten up, with some being killed. Prime Minister Blair and President Bill Clinton mobilised NATO to assist the refugees by providing temporary camps in Macedonia and to reclaim Kosovo by military action. It became necessary to relieve pressure on

the temporary camps by moving parties of refugees to safe places in other countries. Thus, our group came to Sheffield and were initially housed in a disused special needs school near Bents Green. On my first morning, I checked in with the senior social workers who staffed the

building and made my way through the various rooms. I was far from clear what I should be doing. I was a Christian priest and the refugees were Muslim. They spoke Albanian and I spoke English. I remembered a saying of Jack Nicholls, then Bishop of Sheffield, that after the youth club had finished the vicar should clean the lavatories and not leave everything to the volunteers. I found a mop and cleaned the lavatories.

Over the next few days, I gradually found ways of relating to the Kosovars. I was told they loved chocolates and cigarettes so routinely brought chocolates for the children. I also broke a fifteen-year discipline of not smoking so as to aid socialising. More importantly I learned that it was possible to communicate without using one word of language. This was most vividly proved one day when I was standing on the playing field with a refugee man. I later learned his name was Yousef. I had given him a cigarette and we puffed in companionable silence. There we were, he wanting to talk but having no English and me wanting to talk but having no Albanian. Desperately I pointed towards a field of sheep having been told that lamb was the Kosovars' favourite meat. I thought I knew the Albanian for lamb and uttered the word enthusiastically, whilst making signs of eating a meal. This puzzled my friend which is not surprising since I later discovered that the word I had used was the Albanian for 'glass'. Then Yousef had a brilliant idea and gestured for us to take a walk around the grounds. I followed him and he then re-enacted his persecution by Serbian troops. He shielded his face from imaginary blows, so I shielded mine in sympathy. He yanked his coat from off his shoulders and flung it on the ground. I did the same with mine. He then took the wallet from my pocket, his own having been stolen by the Serbs, and pretended to destroy its contents. He then made as if to kick me. I must say by this stage I began to wonder how realistic we were going to get, but he made sure that no blows made contact. Eventually we arrived back at the school none the worse for wear. We smoked cigarettes and drank tea. It had been a memorable afternoon in which a man with no English had managed to graphically describe his persecution, whilst a man with no Albanian had been enlisted as a sort of honorary refugee.

My memories of the Kosovan refugees are vivid and happy. Over time

we forged real friendships that have lasted to this day. In all my years as a Christian priest, no times were more memorable than my visits to these Muslims. After the official team visits came to an end it was agreed that I could continue as a sort of unofficial chaplain. With help, I was able to supply English/Albanian dictionaries and put on a garden party with cucumber sandwiches and strawberries and cream. I recall great excitement when I produced photocopies of a map showing how Kosovo would be divided into sectors, to be protected by different NATO forces. I rejoiced in the title given to me by a young boy called Rinor. He made a comment which set the others laughing and I asked for a translation. "Rinor has just pointed at you and said 'Look, here is Uncle Priest'."

My relationships with the refugees were certainly two-way. I was always made welcome, plied with tea and invited to meals to sample Albanian cooking. There is, of course, a danger in being so honoured. It becomes easy to think of oneself more highly than one ought. One night, I was seated in the middle of a particularly large gathering of men, women and children, with an official interpreter present. Much tea was drunk, cigarettes smoked, and chocolates eaten. The men embarked on a long discussion. Voices were raised and the guttural sounds of Albanian seemed to become ever more fierce. It seemed obvious to me that the discussion was about some crucial issue as to the future of Kosovo or, perhaps, some disagreement about Islam. I felt privileged to be a guest at such a serious moment. Suddenly the voices stopped. The translator pointed to me and said, "The men say that you are a very wise man, and they ask if you would agree to them putting a question to you". Here was my moment to prove myself, although I was no expert in Balkan politics or Islam. I replied to the translator in a voice which began to sound suspiciously like a comic caricature. "The men... they give me great honour... Please... you tell the men... they put the question to you... and you put the question to me... and I will put the answer". The translator conveyed my message and one of the men spoke with great emphasis and at some length. There was silence again and the translator fixed me with a stare. "The men... they say... does the 88 bus go to Bents Green?" I didn't even know the answer to this mundane question."

Trevor and Deborah Page

ST JOHN'S CHURCH, RANMOOR

CALENDAR – OCTOBER 2024

Wednesday 2nd October

11.30am Holy Communion in the Parish Centre
10-12.30pm Foodbank Collection from the Church Drive
12.30pm Wednesday Lunch Club

5.30pm Evening prayer

Thursday 3rd October

10am Toddler and Baby Group
8pm Organ Recital with Andrew Kirk

Saturday 5th October

5.30pm Scissors Paper Stone – Talk on Frank Tory – the sculptor of St John's

Sunday 6th October- 19th Sunday after Trinity

10.30am All Age Service – Animal Service –
please bring your furry friends along to the service

6.30pm BCP Communion

Wednesday 9th October

11.30am Holy Communion in the Parish Centre
12.30pm Wednesday Lunch Club

5.30pm Choral Evensong

Thursday 10th October

10am Toddler and Baby Group

Sunday 13th – 20th Sunday after Trinity

10.30am Parish Communion

6.30pm Choral Evensong

Wednesday 16th October

11.30am Holy Communion in the Parish Centre
10-12.30pm Foodbank Collection from the Church Drive

12.30pm Lunch Club

5.30pm Evening prayer

Thursday 17th October

10am Toddler and Baby Group

Saturday 19th October

Come and Sing Event - Durufle Requiem and other music for choir and organ

Sunday 20th – 21st Sunday after Trinity

10.30am Parish Communion

6.30pm Choral Evensong

Monday 21st October

7.30pm PCC meets in the annexe

Wednesday 23rd October

11.30am Holy Communion in the Parish Centre

12.30pm Wednesday Lunch Club

5.30pm Choral Evensong

Thursday 24th October

10am Toddler and Baby Group

Sunday 27th October – Bible Sunday

10.30am Parish Communion

12noon The Sunday Social

6.30pm Choral Evensong

Monday 28th October

7.30pm Sanctuary in the side-chapel

Wednesday 30th October

11.30am Holy Communion in the Parish Centre

10-12.30pm Foodbank Collection from the Church Drive

12.30pm Wednesday Lunch Club

5.30pm Evening Prayer

Thursday 31st October

10am Toddler and Baby Group (Off for half term)

Other services during the week:

Holy Communion: Every Wednesday at 11.30am in Parish Centre

Morning Prayer: Monday to Saturday 9am in Church and on ZOOM

Footsteps: A Sunday school children's group that meets during the Sunday morning service. Children are welcome at all of our services.

Lunch Club: meets every Wednesday in the Parish Centre.

All Welcome – please book with the Parish Office

Sunday Social: Meets straight after the morning service on the 4th Sunday. Please book with the Parish Office.

Our Sunday Services are always in Church and on YouTube

www.stjohnsranmoor.org.uk 0114 230 1199

administrator@stjohnsranmoor.org.uk The Parish Office is open Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays 9.30am-2.30pm

Parish Registers

Please remember those who were married here recently:

Chloe-Louise Storer and Oliver John Cole

Please remember those who have died recently:

Helen Orton and Guy Thompson

Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.

Our thoughts and prayers are with all the friends and families of those names listed.

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Next to Godliness?...

by Barbara Sorby



To begin with it would be remiss of me not to confess my aversion to 'cleaning' per se..... However, answering a call to the congregation for time and talents, joining the church cleaning team seemed the best option given other commitments and family 'doings'. So ignoring the disbelief of husband, who is only too aware of my cleaning aversion, I joined the happy band of workers who give the church a periodical thorough once over, with Marigolds at the ready and brooms and dusters akimbo

(secure in the knowledge that that there's a tea break in the offing...roll on I Iam).

To my surprise I discover that the job is far less onerous than I expected, and I offer some (very) random thoughts and observations on it. What an amazing collection of hassocks we have. Apologies if I seem obsessed by hassocks, all will be revealed in good time. How intricate and beautiful are the carvings, marble, wood and stone. I simply would never have appreciated them without the opportunity to observe them in detail thanks to my feather duster. How amusing it is to get down between the choir pews and gather up the odd sweet wrapper, pencil stub, hastily scribbled crib note, shoes (yes!) and the tinsel scraps that still linger, despite one having supposedly cleared them on the two previous cleaning sessions. (note to self ...don't beat yourself up over this tinsel find, you did your best on the last two cleaning sessions and we DO know that cleaning is not your forte).

Thence to the organ and to feeling totally in awe of our wonderful musicians who persuade those mysterious knobs, pedals and keys into producing the most glorious sounds. Having struggled in an earlier life to scrape through grade 3 piano I'm humbled, but console myself that they also serve who only stand and dust...Back to the task in hand. Having sorted the 'upper bits', now to the floor. Is that a dust ball or a permanent mark on the marble? Shall I gather up small piles of rubbish here and there or go for it in one big pile? Decisions, decisions.

Meanwhile, back in the main area of the church, co-workers are meticulously vacuuming, cleaning the floors between the pews, aforementioned hassocks laid end to end on the seats. Right what next? I'm tasked with sorting and dusting the 'literature' on the shelves at the church entrance. Now as a librarian of forty years' service, I know instinctively that I'll relish this job, but will have to summon up the strength to resist reorganising the various notices, sign-up sheets, prayer cards, etc. into alphabetical order. Or better still, classify them according to the Dewey Decimal Classification scheme. Thankfully, temptation is removed, it's 11 a.m. and tea break puts paid to these urges, and stuff gets quickly replaced as originally arranged.

At 11.30 a.m. precisely on cue, husband/chauffeur arrives. Now for a spot of HRT - his contribution to the morning's work - Hassock Replacement Therapy. It really works. You may have noticed that hassocks have definitely become a bit of an obsession. There are so many of them, such a variety of interesting designs. What a collection, what a satisfying task to 'read' and replace them under the pews. Definite job satisfaction. And it's 12 noon, job done, time for a group photo and home.

Home, and another note to self... really should try this cleaning thing here too...

Restaurant Review: Borgo Antica Osteria, 139 Oakbrook Road, Sheffield 10



Another day, another and, yet, another eating establishment. One no doubt constrained by the siren tendrils of hope, whilst attempting to further the dining delights of the desirable Ranmoor culinary enclave. Actually, Borgo is plying its trade on Oakbrook Road which I suppose technically is Nether Green - but what's in a name - as some erudite scribe probably said.

This very new Italian restaurant entered the scene on June 12th (this year), occupying premises previously utilised by sundry restaurants - most of which seemed to incorporate the word “Stirrings” in their title. Actually, it's quite a good site for a restaurant. The general area has a positive “buzz”, with plenty of shops, parks, several pretty good café/bistro places and plenty of locals who would probably welcome any quality dining addition to the area. So buoyed by this hyper positive approach to life, I booked a lunchtime slot with restaurant Borgo to include G, and an out of town friend who was visiting for a couple of

days. Sadly, our ‘out of town friend’ displays a rather negative concept of our noble city, which includes the probability of not being able to dine in one of our local restaurants without suffering the pangs of remorse normally experienced by those dwelling in some third world country.

The Meal (part one)

A good start to the occasion with sun shining and out of town friend exhibiting unusual enthusiasm with thoughts that, perhaps lurking in the primitive hinterland of Sheffield 10, there may be some elements of culinary potential. Fortunately, this enthusiasm continued as we were welcomed by a modest consortium of two very Italian waiters who suggested an outside table would be suitable in order to appreciate the Italian style Sheffield sunshine whilst we dined. Actually, before I start on the “was it good or bad” bit of the review it’s probably apposite to mention that “Osteria” apparently means a place serving wine and simple food for a modest financial outlay. Not too sure this concept is going to reflect in the final bill! All will become clear!

The Meal (part two)

A relaxing libation of a Pinot blush (dry, pink, Italian) for the ladies, and a glass of Moretti lager for me, helped to maintain the Italian ambience whilst perusing an interesting, but modest, food menu. Sharing a couple of starters followed by an individual choice of main and sweet courses was agreed, which resulted (after some robust discussion!) on the beef carpaccio plus a serving of calamari and zucchini fritti. Both were excellent – especially the carpaccio – which moved ‘out of town friend’ to ask our very helpful waiter (polite, professional, and Italian) if she could purchase an extra portion to take home. Sadly declined – but that’s life I guess. The calamari and zucchini fritti - consisting of fried squid, shaved fried courgette, and cantaloupe melon tartar and straccetelle cheese was, if anything, better than the carpaccio – extremely good.

Main courses continued in similar high quality vein – very Italian! The Pappardelle Polpette – beef and pork meatballs in an N’duja sauce (me neither!) was accompanied by a novel cheese grater which covered the actual container dish. On top of said grater was a large piece of parmesan

cheese which created, with an element of manual dexterity, the wherewithal to sprinkle cheese over the main dish. Did you actually understand the above sentence? Probably not – in which case visit Borgo and order this dish. Well worth the minor effort. Can't remember what the two ladies had but there were definite indications of some considerable appreciation. I finished the highly successful social event (no problems with 'out of town' visitor!) with an interestingly named "Salame al cioccolato" This presented basically as two posh chocolate biscuits. Slightly disappointing after the tour de force of the previous courses, but not really such a big deal.

Verdict

Really good! One of the most authentic Italian restaurants I have had the pleasure of visiting. If the two self-styled "True Italians" - Vito and Giacinto who own the establishment, continue to maintain this very high standard, long term success looks very promising. Would I go back? G and I have a table reserved for this Thursday evening at 7.00pm – see you there!

p.s. Forgot to mention cost. The meal for three of us, with drinks plus an automatic service charge of 10%, came to £120.57p. Extremely good value for an extremely good meal.

Roy Stanley

Choirs in Concert

Saturday 19th October 2024 at 7.30pm

Duruflé Requiem and other works for choir and organ

The Choir of St John's Ranmoor together with participants in the Ranmoor Come and Sing 2024 perform Maurice Duruflé's *Requiem*, Francis Poulenc's *Litanies à la vierge noire* and *De Profundis* by Arvo Pärt.

Accompanied by Darius Battiwalla (organ).

Tickets £10, Students £5, Under 18s FREE

Rambling On

with Philip Walshaw



Most of us will be familiar with the Hope Cement Works. Some people feel that it's an eyesore, the proverbial blot on the landscape; others refer to it as an iconic landmark. Love it or loathe it, the Works have provided a vitally important source of local employment in one of the best-loved parts of the Peak District for almost a century. It is the largest cement manufacturing operation in the UK, accounting for around 16% of UK cement production, and a major contributor to the local economy of the Peak District National Park. The Works will be with us for many decades to come, so we need to dwell on the positives that excavating this natural resource provides.

A study in 2020 determined that the plant supported a total of 270 jobs and brought over £60 million into the local economy. Added to this is the multiplier impact of jobs and services created through the supply chain. The plant is mostly self-contained with its own shale and limestone quarries adjacent, with only fuel and small amounts of additives needing to be brought in. Around two thirds of the cement is moved on the rail

network, both for sustainability reasons and to protect local roads and infrastructure. This has effectively kept the spur line in use (and even recently upgraded), while other factories lost their railways in favour of road haulage.

Originally known as Earle's Cement Works, Blue Circle and, more recently, Lafarge, then Hope Cement, it is now owned by Breedon Aggregates. Celebrating the 90th birthday of the Cement Works in 2019, the company highlighted its long tradition of actively engaging with the local community through many social and communal activities, adding that it was "unique in our commitment to restore the landscape as quickly as we alter it." Its restoration projects have been effective, with Derbyshire Wildlife Trust involved in managing disused parts of the limestone quarry as nature reserves. Fishing ponds made from former clay pits are said to be thriving. Bird watchers have spotted peregrine falcons, kestrels, meadow pipits, deer, stoats and more. The Company is also pursuing a strategy of grassland planting around its main quarry, creating grassy rollover slopes to contain the impact of the works on the landscape.



Anyway, enough of my verbal rambling. Here's a three mile walk that takes in the above view and starts from the village of Shatton, across the bridge from former Rose Gardens at Bamford (now Hope Valley Garden Centre). Walk up through the village and turn left up the hill, past the redevelopment of the former farm buildings that is taking place. Don't be too daunted by the steep ascent – it will be worth the effort up the *Long and Winding Road* (to quote The Beatles) and the views are wonderful, albeit behind you as you ascend, although you can use this as an excuse to pause and admire the

scenery. Keep going *Up around the Bend* (Creedence Clearwater Revival) where the metalled road gives way to a wide rocky track and the summit

is in sight – another necessary evil in the shape of the EE Radio Telecommunications Mast on Shatton Edge. At this stage, you need to remind yourself that what goes up, must come down!

The track flattens out and leads to Abney Moor. Follow this round until you reach a



gate and a crossing of footpaths, where you can either



continue to follow the track or take the short cut across to Overdale. I'm no fan of short cuts because I find that they create more problems than they solve, but this signposted short cut is worth taking and is a change from the track. It is a moorland path that has stiles over walls and can be boggy, dependant on the time of year.

You rejoin the track and follow it down towards Brough, with commanding views of Mam Tor and Castleton to the left and distant Lose Hill in front of you. After a while, look out for a footpath on the right. Follow this through Elmore Hill Farm and down the track, turning right at the bottom. The track leads onto a narrow lane (there is an optional footpath alongside some of the way) which eventually crosses a ford and leads you back into Shatton.



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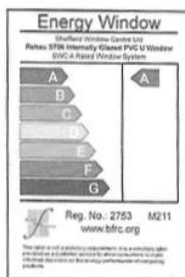
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Quiz: Confectionery

compiled by Philip Walshaw



The answers to the clues below are confectionery. A prize awaits the person who submits the most correct answers. In the event of a tie, a winner will be chosen by a lucky draw. Send your entry by email to jpwalshaw@gmail.com or by post to 19 Cairns Road, S10 5NA to reach me by Wednesday, 16th October, 2024.

1. Dark spell (5,5)
2. Wobbly Infants (5,4)
3. Sweets with centres to adore (4,6)
4. Strike around after head clash (9)
5. Distilled drinks with frozen water, various kinds (9,8)
6. Eboracum id est (6)
7. Robert strangely makes coins (6,5)
8. Mouth plug (10)
9. Classy place to live (7,6)
10. Cereal with sweeteners (6,6)
11. Awful mess Len gets into bother with (7,6)
12. Steel forged in Mars (9)
13. Angler's pal (10,6)
14. Festival opening with short xylophone piece (6)
15. Troubadours (9)

Answers to September Quiz: 1. Cher 2. Debbie Harry 3. Sandie Shaw 4. Ruby Murray 5. Britney Spears 6. Dusty Springfield 7. Taylor Swift 8. Amy Winehouse 9. Paloma Faith 10. Roberta Flack 11. Donna Summer 12. Kate Bush 13. Barbra Streisand 14. Bonnie Tyler 15. Connie Francis

Entries were received from: Janet and Malcolm Anker, Ruth Cheshire, Pam and Ian Dall, Michael and Rosemary Hannon, Lynn and Steve Lawless, John and Brenda Staniforth and Barbara and Peter Wozencroft.

The winners were Michael and Rosemary Hannon, who receive a box of chocolates.

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Wednesday Lunch Club

contact Claire Webber - Parish

Administrator

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Ranmoor Brownies:

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36th Ranmoor Group Scout Leader and
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at Benty Lane:

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Michaelholmes1@gmail.com

Beavers (6 to 8 yrs) meet Mon night:

Heidi Adcock heidi.adcock@me.com

Cubs (8 to 10.5 yrs) meet Wed night:

Nea Maycock nea@ranmoorscouts.com

Scouts (10.5 to 14 yrs) meet Tues night:

Simon Maltby

simon@ranmoor-scouts.com

District Explorers (14 to 18 yrs)

meet Friday night:

Liam Foster

liam.foster@cheshirescouts.org.uk



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Inspire

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Contributing to Inspire:

As always you should feel free to contribute to the magazine: articles, news, photographs, and anything else that you feel might be suitable. Any contributions received after the date shown below will be considered for publication in the following issue. We cannot guarantee that everything we receive will be published.

The deadline for contributions to the November edition is Wednesday, 16th October, 2024.

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