**How things have changed**

**( In part for the better)**

**By David Earnshaw**

My Sundays began with a walk from Bradley Fold Road to Sunday School for 10-30am at the Methodists.  When classes finished at aprox. 11:30am.,  I would go round to houses where they, each week, gave me an amount of money for my missionary collecting for the JMA (the JMA still continues to this day and there are many collectors) I collected from 1948 to 1963.

When I had done my rounds, I would go to my father’s cousin’s three sisters who lived in the terraced house next to the Recreation Ground and I would have my dinner with them.  They would always cook enough so they had a meal to take to the mill on the Monday.  This was a common practice in those days.  The meal would most Sundays be roast beef and Yorkshire pudding followed by rice pudding quite often with a dollop of jam but sometime as a special with a slice of apple pie.  We would always listen to “Two Way Family Favourites” on the radio whilst having our meal.  Then it was back across the road for afternoon Sunday School at 1:30pm.

The first Sunday in the month was Scholars Service when family and members of the congregation would come along and a speaker would have been invited to give a talk and, more often than not, they would bring along something visual to help their talk.  I remember a man building a lighthouse.  Also one of the classes would lead the service, usually giving a demonstration and selecting the hymns.

The Scholars Service was an excellent confidence builder for later life. It certainly got you used to standing and speaking in front of others.    As we got older we would then go to the afternoon service in Chapel at 2:45pm and eventually evening service at 6:00pm also. When in our teens after the evening service we would walk to Affetside through the fields, where a café would open up especially for us when we knocked on their door.  So Sunday was a full day not really what you would call A Day of Rest.

**Whit Walks.**

**(Now this is were I do think things have changed for the better.)**

As a youngster I remember on Walking Day we would all be lined up along the Chapel path and someone would be posted at the gate, usually the Sunday School Superintendent, watching for the Parish Church Procession to set off and get to about the Post Office and then we could proceed led by the Bury Silver Band, followed  by the Sunday School Queens and then the primary with a banner saying Primary in paper flowers, then all the Sunday School and congregation followed.  As youngsters we were fascinated with the leader of the band who carried a silver topped baton which he would throw and spin in the air and we would be all eyes to see if it hit the telegraph wires or he dropped it but of course it never happened. No joining together on the Recreation Ground at the end each to our own!!!

Walter Heys of Dearden Fold Farm gave us the use of one of his fields off the top of Greenside where we had races and games.  You had to watch your step as the cows would have been in the field the day before and needless to say there were always lots of cow pats.

Then it was teas in the Sunday School and after usually back to the field for rounders with the adults.   I think it was whilst I was serving as Sunday School secretary that we approached the Reverend Kenneth Bullock to see if we could have a joint procession and everybody merging with one band leading.  I am happy to say as you know that it was agreed that this was the way forward.  I think that was the proper start of us working in unity.