

NORLEY REMEMBERS LOCAL WW1 SOLDIERS

Norley will be joining in the nation's act of remembrance this month with a guided tour of its popular new Wildflower Memorial Walk and a poetry recital at the Tiger's Head pub.

Phil Gifford, chairman of the Norley Wildlife Group, will lead a free Poppy Crosses Walk around the village on Remembrance Sunday, 8 November, starting from St John's Churchyard at 2pm. **Crosses will be placed at each plaque and on the three local graves. Each of the crosses will be supported by a donation to the Royal British Legion.**



The walk takes just under two hours and will pass 11 plaques sited around the village commemorating the lives of 12 local soldiers who served in the Great War, eight of whom never returned.

On Remembrance Day itself, Wednesday 11 November, at 7.30pm, Phil will host a free Poetry Recital at Norley's Tiger's Head pub when everyone is invited to come and read their favourite war poem or just enjoy the performances of others. A collection will be held for the Royal British Legion. Anyone wishing to read a poem should contact Phil in advance on 01928 787217.

Phil said: "A recent fund-raising concert raised more than £500 to buy new seeds so we expect the wild flower walk will bloom with an even more impressive show next

year. Over the last few months, we have been overwhelmed by the positive response to the walk which was launched earlier this year by our MP Graham Evans.

“Although at this time of year the poppies and other wild flowers will have died back, this is the perfect time to remember the sacrifice of the Cheshire young men who marched off to war 100 years ago.”

As part of the fund raising concert in September, local writer Lynn Pegler was asked to be the Walk’s poet laureate and write a poem dedicated to the memory of the local soldiers.

This is the poem she wrote and performed in the concert, and will be read again at the Poetry Recital on November 11.

Voices of the Norley Fallen

By Lynn Pegler

Our ghosts walk the Norley lanes,
Flaxmere, Hatchmere, down Hamblett’s Hollow,
woods echo with our boyhood games,
young lovers who were never loved,
our children who were never born.

Balls bowled in carefree fun,
barely flipped and touched the darkening clouds,
before flying to our hands as bombs and guns.
Not heroes, no, not really brave, we marched away
with trembling hearts to play our part.

Just cruel chance etched our list of names,
chose widows, orphans, grieving kin
and marked our card for the loser’s game.
Our bones lie scattered by the winds of war,
our place now marked by plaques and stones.

Remember your sons, your Samuel, your John,
Arthur, Jesse, Arthur, your Edward and Sam,
Christopher, Heber, Roly, Wilfred and Tom.
A century of dawns warmed Cheshire’s clay
but missed our corps and left us cold.

Yes, mourn our loss as you stroll the lanes
and smell the poppies red with blood.
Give thanks for *your* lives, the peace

we brought and fight each day
with warrior words for war to cease.