

## Mothering Sunday

My mother Doreen Brookes, a regular contributor to *The Wychwood* and much more in the Wychwoods, died thirteen years ago, on Mothering Sunday. I always said she died by appointment, a few weeks before her only granddaughter's wedding. I thought my memories of Mothering Sunday when I was at primary school in 1952/54 might be appropriate.



bank, searching among the grass and usually managing to find some pretty violets. We would collect these with as long a stem as possible and with a few leaves and explore further into the hedgerow for a few precious primroses and cowslips.

### Pretty Violets

On the day before Mothering Sunday, my best friends and I would go for a walk through Gas Lane and onto the Ascott Road. We headed for the curve in the road that leads up to Mutton Lane on the right and to Ascott on the left. There was a slight incline where the sign post is now placed and we would scramble up the

### Blessing Our Gift of Flowers

After making our few flowers into a posy we all attended the Mothering Sunday service at St. Mary's Church, where the Rev'd Winsor Cundall would gather us children to the chancel steps and bless our gifts of flowers.

If our mothers were at the service we proudly presented our posies, if not we happily ran home to give them there.

**Phyllis Clarke**

## Dog Mess is Just Not Funny

The subject of dogs' poo and careless dog-owners is something that is ever uppermost in the minds of many readers of *The Wychwood*. Whilst the majority of owners are meticulous about clearing up and disposing correctly of their animals' mess there are still some who allow them to foul our pavements without a thought for others.

On the vet's page in the last issue we were warned of the dangers lurking in 'poo' and I have heard a real horror story of how disgusting dog mess can be.

This was a gentleman with reduced eyesight. Can you imagine what it must be like not to be able to see the mess on pavements, sometimes just outside your own gateway? If you cannot see the mess how do you know that you have trodden in it and carried it inside the house and all over the carpets? The only way to clean this horror from the carpets was to call in professional cleaners at considerable cost. If you see someone allowing their dog to foul the pavements please challenge and shame them into clearing up.

**A regular reader of *The Wychwood***