

HATHERN HERALD



The Hathern Parish Council Magazine

SPRING 2022

hathernparishcouncil.org.uk



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WELCOME

...to another edition of the Hathern Herald.

Finally, spring is on the horizon. I can't even begin to explain how relieved I felt to type those six letters onto the front of this magazine. Although we do seem to have got off quite lightly in our little valley - Hathern's micro climate working its magic again - the winter has felt a long one. Finally though, March is here and we begin to see the emergence of not only spring flowers, but also the restoration of Hathern's active events calendar!

What better way to start these events in style than with a Jubilee Celebration? (We're quite good at these in Hathern!) It's great to see things starting to move in a positive direction again and restoring Hathern's community spirit back to its blazing glory.

Also in this issue we delve into the inner sanctum of St Peter and St Paul's church - to the clock tower to be precise, as we find out what really makes it tick.

A news update on Boyer's Hedge is brought to us by the Parish Council plus Jo Symons treats us to another of her beautiful short stories.

Look out for a special edition of Meet The Neighbours which is raising awareness of Pancreatic Cancer.

As always, please do get in touch if you have any interesting information to share or if you would like to contribute to the magazine in any way.

Happy spring everyone.

Benjamin Hardy

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COMMUNITY MATTERS THE QUEEN'S PLATINUM JUBILEE

Hathern has always had a strong reputation when it comes to Jubilees. In fact, the Hathern History Society has been key in keeping these memories treasured. Indeed, an 1897 extract from the Loughborough Herald and North Leics Gazette capturing Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee states:

"The rejoicings here were of an enthusiastic character. The village, decorated with flags, streamers and garlands all tended to show that Hathern was loyal. At two o'clock a procession of all the children of the Parish took place, the two local bands Hathern Prize and the Old Hathern Prize Band playing. At intervals the national anthem was sung. The children to the number of 450 had tea in their respective schools and the old people about 200 in number had an excellent repast in the National Schools"

There's also record of a tree being planted on Round Bank, to bear testimony to the fact that the celebration had been observed. The tree is recorded as lasting no more than 15 days – but that's a story for another time!

The theme continued into the reign of Elizabeth II too – in 1977 a far more successful Jubilee

Tree was planted on Round Bank by Nellie Draycott and Bert Love, both of Dormer Court. The money was donated by a house-to-house collection organised by the Hathern Jubilee Committee. An exhibition and Procession were also arranged. This tree lasted all the way through to 2005, when it unfortunately contracted a waterborne fungal disease. It was replaced in 2007 with the oak that currently sits there, usually amongst the daffodils at this time of year!

The tree theme continued into the new millennium too – when in 2012 a new tree was planted by the then youngest and oldest residents of the village Max Pears and Peggy White, as part of the Jubilee Celebrations arranged by the Hathern Village Association.



It would be remiss then, perhaps, to not put on a celebration in 2022, especially when you look at the dates. The Jubilee weekend (Thursday 2nd – Sunday 5th June) falls on the same weekend historically as Hathern's Big Week – a week of events put on by all the groups in the village joining together. In previous years, this has included Proms in the Park, Quiz Night, Comedy, Live Music, History Exhibitions and much, much more. With a Jubilee wrapper around it, a full agenda of events is currently being put together – keep an eye out for the leaflet that will hit your doorstep nearer the time!

Martin Clayton

PARISH COUNCIL NEWS BOYER'S HEDGEROW



We are making some positive progress with Boyer's hedge – the ancient hedgerow that was subject to a proposal to remove large sections of it as part of the planning application for the new housing development adjacent to Daisy Bank. Following a substantial number of objections from the Parish Council, local residents, and Hathern Wildlife Group in particular, the Parish Council was contacted by the developer, Wm Davis, to discuss how the community's concerns might be addressed via an amended planning proposal. Subsequently a meeting was held where a revised planning layout was presented. The Parish Council responded to that at the meeting and more formally later expressing a number of concerns and unresolved issues. After consulting with others Wm Davis has now submitted a revised planning application.

The revised planning application is certainly an improvement – there are now just two access points through the hedge rather than four. The application now duly recognises the hedgerow as historically important and furthermore accepts its ecological value in the landscape. These are significant steps as they mean that the hedgerow must be treated in a more sympathetic and protective way than in the previous application.

In order to rationalise the pedestrian access points for the new application the housing layout on the site has had to be revised as has the linking footpath, and the number of houses reduced by one. These are not insubstantial changes and demonstrate that sometimes developers can be persuaded by the strength of feeling in the community together with a well-argued case for change. However there are still a number of issues outstanding and the Parish Council will be making its formal response to the planning consultation as the Herald goes to press.



THE PARISH PRECEPT

We all receive our Council Tax bills at this time of year. In order to work for the village, the Parish Council raises funding through the Hathern parish precept, i.e. that very small part of the Council Tax that goes directly to the Parish Council. To date we have been very successful in limiting increases in what residents are charged via the Precept. For the forthcoming year, and by reaching into our financial reserves again, we have managed to hold the increase in charges to 3.5%. For an average Band D Council Tax payer, the annual cost of the parish precept will rise by just under £2 to just over £54. This small increase is necessary as the Council will see its costs continue to rise as the annual inflation rate, currently at 5.5%, is driven up by supply issues and energy costs.

COMMUNITY WOODLAND

We have had some rather disappointing news from Charnwood Borough Council about tree planting at the Community Woodland. Planting was due to start this winter but due to a funding shortfall will have to be delayed until winter 2022/3. It looks as though the costs of the project have been hit hard by the rapidly rising cost of materials. The Parish Council will be working with the Borough Council and the Forestry Commission over the next few months in order to redesign the scheme to reduce costs as well as increasing the input from the community into the project.

NEW COUNCILLOR

We are extremely pleased to be able to welcome a new Councillor to the Parish Council. Shona Farmer will be familiar to some already through her work for the school. Shona says :

“I've lived in Hathern for the last 12 years having moved away in 2006 a single woman before returning four years later married and mum to a one-year-old! I've always valued the sense of community Hathern provides and enjoyed playing a part in this as a member of the FPTA at Hathern Primary School where I took an active role in fundraising.

My career has been spent working in marketing communications for a variety of organisations and I hope to bring some of my skills and experience to the role of Parish Councillor. Outside of work I enjoy sports – more watching than participating! – and have recently embarked upon couch to 5k in a bid to run on a regular basis.

There's no doubt that many communities have faced significant challenges since the pandemic hit and I'm sure Hathern is no exception. However, there are so many positives to the village and I'm looking forward to working and contributing to the best interests of the village.”





The answer is surprisingly simple: gravity, thanks to a huge weight attached to a steel line wound round a metal cylinder which it caused to rotate as it dropped: the rotating cylinder (known as a “barrel”) then drove a “train” of wheels and pinions to operate the elements of the clock. When the weight reached a certain point in its downward progress, it was simply wound up again using a “winding crank”. Today, although the barrels, steel wires and huge weights became redundant in 1998, the principle remains the same, with the three original trains doing exactly what they did back in 1873, still powered by gravity.

Of the three trains referred to above, the one which marks the passage of time is called the “going train”; the one which operates the “ting

VILLAGE HISTORY HOW IS THE CHURCH CLOCK DRIVEN?

Familiar to residents of the village, old and new, are the “ting tangs” (that is an official term!) of the quarter strikes of the church turret clock – one “ting tang” for quarter past, two for half past, three for quarter to, and then four, followed by the deeper tone of the strokes of the hour – but what drives the mechanism? Is there a huge coiled spring which needs to wound up on a regular basis or is it powered by an electric motor? As it was installed in 1873, the latter was clearly not the case then, and the former is very unlikely, given the size of the spring which would be needed, so what powered the clock hands and caused the bells to ring when it was first purchased from J Bailey, Albion Works, Salford?



tangs” is the “quarter striking train”; and the hour one is the “striking train”. In order for the “going train” to do its job accurately, the speed at which it works is regulated by a pendulum through a device called an “escapement”,

which allows only one small rotational movement at a time for each completed swing, and this in turn governs the operation of the other two trains. Without the escapement all three trains would run unchecked and time would fly by!

The way in which each train of the church clock was originally powered is best illustrated by photographs of one which has only got the “going train” (Fig 1). The clock shown was originally installed in Loughborough Grammar School’s cricket pavilion, built 1895. Made by G & F Cope of Nottingham, the clock body is very small, measuring only 15 x 15 x 7.5 cm, but the weight which is attached to the line round the barrel is a staggering 5.9 kg while the line itself is 2.4 metres long. Its simple “escapement” is indicated in Fig 1a.

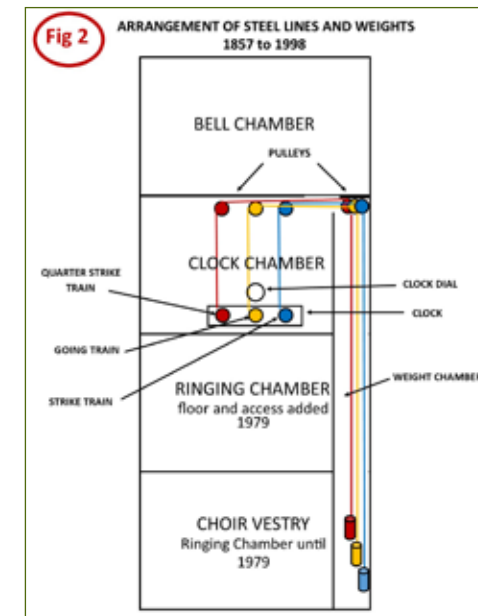
It will be evident from the position of the barrel and steel line in this clock that the weight driving the “going train” could end up 2 metres directly below it and that this might prove highly impractical. This difficulty was overcome by having the line pass directly up from the barrel to a pulley above it and then across to another before heading down again, close to a wall and well out of the way.

In the case of the church clock, which is directly above the bell ringing chamber, having the weights descending on the ringers would have been completely impractical so an arrangement of pulleys took the line from each barrel up towards the bell chamber, across to the south wall and down into a shaft running all the way down to the ground floor, enabling the weights to make their way down without impeding anyone or anything (see Fig 2).

Of course, what goes down in a clock must come up and the original weights of the church clock had to be wound up by hand every six days. It may be gauged how heavy they must have been by the photograph of the pavilion

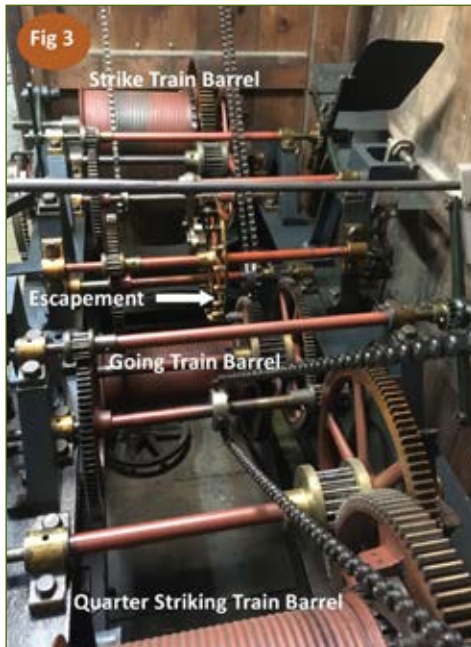
clock winding crank alongside that of the church clock (Fig 1b): indeed, in some turret clocks the weights can be as much as a quarter of a tonne each!

Thankfully, as mentioned earlier, the winding up of the trains no longer involves huge weights, lines and winding cranks. Each is still



powered by weights (but they are considerably smaller and contained in frames right next to the clock) and the turning movement is applied to another part of the original train by a chain-operated small cog (pinion). When the weights reach a predetermined level in their descent, a micro-switch activates an electric motor which winds them up again. Most importantly, the power to the three motors is provided by a 12 volt motorcycle battery kept permanently on charge which means that the supply is unvarying (and unbroken when there is a mains blackout).

In the accompanying photograph of the church clock (Fig 3, over the page), each redundant barrel may be seen clearly, as may the



additional pinion and chain assembly which has succeeded it: it is also clear that there is a great deal more to a turret clock than just how it is actually powered!

For those whose interest in clocks may have been piqued by this “look behind the dial”, The Turret Clock Keeper’s Handbook (1998, e-version 2007) by C.G.McKay is available on line but the author of this article is particularly indebted to Tony Croft’s A History of Hathern Church Bells (2018), in which there is a chapter devoted to the turret clock, and to Tony himself for access to the clock while being taught how to maintain and adjust it. Tony has been responsible for the welfare of the clock for the past 20 years, following a 5-year apprenticeship under Tom Harris whose father, Harold, maintained it for many years before him.

Peter Sergeant

SPECIAL FEATURE CHANGES TO THE HIGHWAY CODE

Recent changes to the Highway Code seem to have caused confusion up and down the country, with many not realising changes have been made at all. In this special feature, we point out the changes that will most affect the village and also highlight some possible future developments.

Hierarchy of Road Users

This is a new section of the Code which designates an order on who should give way to whom. Many news articles are focusing on the new rules that both pedestrians and cyclists have over motor vehicles, but it extends much further than this.

Now, if you are in a motor vehicle and turning into (or out of) a junction and a pedestrian or cyclist is waiting, you should give them right of way. Likewise, cyclists must now also give way to pedestrians at junctions and on shared cycle paths. Horse Riders must give way to both cyclists and pedestrians.

Another big change comes at roundabouts. Motor vehicles now **MUST NOT** overtake a



cyclist that is using a roundabout, allowing them to move across your path as they travel.



Parking Rules

Parking rules prohibit leaving a car parked on a pavement. Abandoning a motor vehicle on a pavement may obstruct and inconvenience all pedestrians.

Currently it is illegal to park on a pavement (or partially on a pavement) in London and you can be charged a £70 fine for doing so. It is likely that this enforcement will be rolled out across England very soon - it is already coming into effect in Scotland and Wales.

It is also prohibited to park in the following places:

- Near to the entrance of a school
- Anywhere that would prevent access to the Emergency Services
- In front of an entrance to someone else’s property
- Opposite a road junction or within 10 metres of a junction.

Parked cars have always been a problem in Hathern and are becoming increasingly more and more dangerous to pedestrians. Please try and park respectfully and carefully.

The updated Highway Code can be found online www.gov.uk/guidance/the-highway-code.

NEWS NEW VERGE TREES

The dogged persistence of the Parish Council’s Tree Warden, Dave Neville, has paid off with a bonus! At long last the County Council has replaced the dead tree on one of the verges in St Peter’s Avenue.

However not only have they replaced that tree but they have added another on a verge further along. They are both Prunus Serrulata variety Sunset Boulevard – a cherry bred for urban environments in Belgium. So along this street we now have two Rowan (one with two lots of mistletoe) with the cherries at either end.

Dave says that his skill in identifying what these trees are was helped as they left the labels on!



THE OLD MAN AND THE CAT



The last lingering warmth of the weakening September sun crept silently and inexorably across the Old Man's face, deepening the shadows in his tired wrinkled old skin. His eyes were shut against the glare, but he wasn't sleeping. In fact quite the opposite. His senses were finely tuned to the rhythm of the day, hearing the blackbirds and starlings squabbling in the hawthorn tree, the soothing gurgle of the tiny stream separating his cottage garden from that of the wooded hillside stretching northwards uphill where the woods finally ended on the brow of the hill at old man Slattery's pig farm. With the gentle end-of-summer wind in the right direction he could catch the earthy smell of pigs and recently turned earth as the pigs snorted and snouted their way through the leaf litter, grubbing about for fallen acorns and earthworms. Each long end-of-summer day much like all the rest.

He was sat in his favourite garden chair, an old beaten-up rattan armchair that had seen better days. 'Bit like me,' he thought wryly. Several threads were already missing and others were threatening to escape from the previously patched-up seat, but it was so comfortable.

And he'd had the chair for as long as he could remember; he'd certainly had it while his wife was still alive. But she'd been gone for many years now. A deep sigh coincided with a single teardrop pushing its way out from under his right eye-lid. Try as he might he couldn't for the life of him remember what her voice sounded like – it was there, nearly, almost, like the echo of a vaguely remembered song, but he couldn't quite grasp the title or who sang it. A faint smile pursed his dry old lips now as fond memories cascaded through his mind like sparkling fireworks, nothing too lasting, just mere snap-shots and sound-bites of a lifetime of loving and living with her. Another sigh, this time deeper and longer. The smile still playing around his mouth.

This was his favourite corner of his tiny cottage garden. From lunchtime onwards until early evening this sun-trap was where he would be found. Even in the depths of the harshest of winters, if it was dry, he would sit in his battered old chair with his ancient sheepskin jacket tightly tucked around him, huddled down against the cold. Not for long though, as his old bones would start complaining and he would be forced, reluctantly, to retreat into

the house and sit by the stove to warm himself through again.

But it wasn't winter yet, just the onset of autumn. His face could feel the warmth gradually going out of the sun, as it began its never-ending cycle, dipping towards the western horizon. He eased his aching back into a more upright position until it was firmly supported against the back of the chair, lifting his head until his face could again feel the rays of the sun.

Another deep breath of contentment, followed by the inevitable sigh from the Old Man, disturbed the cat laying across his lap. Reluctantly stirred from its warmed-up spot on the Old Man's threadbare corduroy gardening trousers, the cat slowly opened a sleepy eye and stared at the Old Man reprovingly before stretching and arching its body, then subsiding back into a curled-up ball of purring fur.

The Old Man gently stroked the cat with his gnarled arthritic hand. "Easy there Puss, not time to go yet" he said, quietly hoping the cat would stay for a few more minutes.

He had no idea of the cat's name or where it came from or even who owned it, though it probably came from the pig farm. There was no collar on the cat's neck. It had just appeared one day as the Old Man was dead-heading his roses. It had sat perfectly still just two or three feet from him, staring at him from those golden-yellow unblinking eyes. 'Just a tad scary,' thought the Old Man, especially when linked to its wonderful dark-brown and golden speckled fur. 'This is a miniature leopard!' he thought. He had made that soft clucking sound with his lips, and held out a gnarled and calloused hand, rubbing his fingers together hoping to encourage the cat towards him. No way. The cat had just sat, immobile, staring at the Old Man with those disconcerting eyes. The Old Man turned back to his roses

and half-heartedly picked off another few faded blossoms. The cat didn't move. With a few more pinches of his fingernails the last of the faded blooms fell to the ground and the Old Man slowly shuffled over towards his chair in the corner and sank into it for a well-earned rest. 'Which are becoming more frequent,' he smiled to himself.

As he made himself comfortable in his old chair the Old Man saw the cat move. It silently and effortlessly crossed the patio towards him and without hesitation leapt up onto his lap. He involuntarily gasped, both at this huge leap of faith but also at the sheer boldness of this cat. Before he knew it his old hands were cupping the cat's body on his lap, keeping it safe. 'Well I never!' he thought, 'whatever next!'. The cat began purring and preening itself, somehow confident in the knowledge that the Old Man would hold it safely as it arranged itself into a more comfortable position. The purrs gradually subsided and the Old Man and the cat dozed together in the sunshine.

Eventually, after nearly an hour, they both stirred, almost at the same time, as if by a pre-arranged signal. For the Old Man, it was because he was feeling a chill in the air. For the cat, well, who knows why it woke, but it stretched languorously and slipped carefully off the Old Man's lap to sit regally upright as if surveying its new-found domain. As cats do. Obviously satisfied with what it saw, the cat silently padded across the patio, sipped from the stream then leapt across the water and disappeared into the woods.

The Old Man watched in admiration at the animal's athleticism. 'Time to go Puss' he muttered. 'And completely silent too!' he thought. Casting his eyes around his garden to make sure he had put all his tools away, the Old Man eased himself up and out of his chair, to shuffle the few yards into the kitchen. Closing and locking the door behind him, he

again thought about the cat. He knew enough not to attempt feeding it; his daughter, living in the nearby town, had had that problem with one of her cats – someone feeding it as if it belonged to them, so he had no inclination of putting food down for it. All the same, he wondered about its well-being. ‘But it’s obviously being looked after by someone’ he muttered to himself, ‘which is a good thing.’ In a happier frame of mind now, knowing that the cat was safe, the Old Man made his evening meal and, after eating, continued his own regular chores of washing up dinner things, general tidying his tiny cottage and then settling into another of his favourite armchairs, this time with a good book and his evening nightcap, a small tot of whiskey. ‘Another day gone’ he thought. ‘And what a beautiful cat!’ ‘I wonder if it’ll turn up again tomorrow?’

And it had. Almost at the same time too, though again the Old Man didn’t notice the cat approaching, it just miraculously appeared, silently, confidently and then sat down beside him as he was weeding out the last of his fading runner beans. The cat just sat watching him until, finally, the Old Man eased himself upright, hands pressed into the small of his aching back and shuffled over to his garden armchair.

The cat waited. Watching the Old Man. Then, the moment the cat was waiting for, the Old Man gently patted his thighs, encouraging the cat to leap up onto his lap. The purring cat carefully tugged at the Old Man’s corduroys with his claws, making itself a comfortable bed before settling down into a curled-up ball, the purrs gradually becoming quieter until both the cat and the Old Man were silent, trustfully dozing in the mutual comfort and warmth of each other’s company. Until either of them stirred. Usually about an hour.

Then the cat would get down, briefly cast its gaze around the garden before leaping over

the stream and disappearing into the woods.

And so the ritual had continued; through the remaining days of the year, through the winter months, blessedly mild this year, and so into late spring. Not once had the cat, still nameless, attempted to enter the kitchen and not once had the Old Man made any attempt to feed it. The cat had instead resolutely sat and waited as patiently as only a cat can wait until the Old Man had finished his garden chores, and then sat down in the increasingly battered old chair. Then, and only then, would the cat slink itself up onto his lap, immediately curling up and purring. And there they would stay until either of them moved. Enjoying the moment as they say.

But this day was different. The Old Man had not been in his garden for several days. The cat was disturbed. It had patiently sat and waited for much longer than was normal and then was forced to retreat back over the stream from where it watched strange people in dark clothes walk slowly around the Old Man’s garden, quietly talking together with tears in their eyes. Several times the cat saw two, sometimes three of these strangers together, hugging each other silently. But the cat couldn’t see the Old Man.

Eventually the strangers left and the garden regained its silence. The cat cautiously ventured across the stream and sat, silently, beside the Old Man’s chair.

It sat there for nearly two hours, motionless, until at last, with the setting sun casting long shadows over the garden, the cat slowly and reluctantly made its way across the stream. Pausing briefly to look back, the cat thought it could hear the Old Man whispering ‘Time to go Puss’, but, seeing nothing, it glided silently into the woods. For the last time. It knew, somehow, that it would never return.

Jo Symon

COMMUNITY MATTERS 6TH BIRTHDAY FOR HCL



Back in January, Hathern Community Library celebrated its sixth birthday but, due to some restrictions still being in place and the library also being ‘officially the smallest in the whole of Leicestershire’, celebrations were delayed.

Coming up on March 12th from 1-3 pm, the Library will celebrate with a party! There will be refreshments, cakes to buy, a bookstall to browse, a tombola plus a craft activity for children and, of course, everyone is welcome.

It’s not just parties though, HCL is so much more. There is no need to go all the way into Loughborough to change your books, just pop in to see the team. The library is open on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, Friday and Saturday mornings and also Wednesday mornings, when most other libraries, including Loughborough are closed. Parking right by the library is usually easy and there is also disabled access.

As well as all the normal library functions, HCL hosts several different community groups. Everyone is welcome, you do not even have to

be a library member, although they would be very happy to sign you up.

The **Art Group** meets every Monday afternoon from 2-4 pm and provides a friendly, supportive space for members to work on their own projects.

There is also a **Reading Group** which meets every fourth Tuesday in the evening for an informal chat about whichever book they have chosen to read that month.

Craft and Chat meet every Wednesday afternoon in the library from 2-4 pm for a relaxing two hours of crafting, including a break for tea and home-made cake. Members usually bring their own projects and help, advice and support is always available if you have a craft-related problem.

“**All Join In**” is held on alternate Thursday mornings and is a volunteer-led session of rhymes, songs and movement for babies and young children. Parents meanwhile, can enjoy a coffee and a chance to chat.

More information on opening hours and various groups can be found on our website (www.hatherncommunitylibrary.org) and social media.

Jane Martin





MEET THE NEIGHBOURS LIZ GOODBY

Many of you in Hathern may not know who we're talking about if we mention Liz Goodby. However if we say 'the lady with the Huskies' then you'll know exactly who we mean!

Liz has lived in Hathern her whole life. She was born in Wide Lane and has lived in various properties in the village ever since. With 4 siblings, three of whom also live in the village, plus raising her own two children here, Hathern is a big part of Liz's life. She has worked at Cross Street Stores, The Anchor Inn, the old Charterhouse, Hathern Nurseries and now is at J. Alex Swift.

Liz's main pastime used to be with her - now retired - Huskies. She once was often seen training with them around the village. Recently though, her interests have taken a somewhat different turn and she found herself jumping out of a plane. What led to this sudden bravery was a devastating heartbreak that Liz is determined to make good from.

Back in Summer 2019 Liz's mum, Edna, started feeling a bit under the weather. She had recently moved from an upstairs flat to a ground floor one as she was starting to struggle with stairs. Gradually more and more things started to appear and visits to doctors

returned no definitive results.

After suffering a severe bout of jaundice in September 2019, Edna was finally admitted to hospital to have a stent fitted and it was during this time that scans showed a shadow. Specialists couldn't explain what this was. After leaving hospital, Edna's symptoms didn't really improve. She suffered from pains in her stomach and back, a swollen abdomen and bloating.

As the nation went into lock down in March 2020, Liz became Edna's carer and visited her every day at her flat. As the weeks went on, Liz witnessed Edna's dramatic weight loss. The doctor was called but, due to the pandemic, was only able to visit once. Eventually, as the pain from her various symptoms became unbearable, Edna admitted herself to hospital in late April 2020. Due to the restrictions in place at that time, she went alone. Not long after she arrived in hospital she was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. Just one week later, on May 1st 2020, Edna passed away, aged 82.

Pancreatic cancer is one of the most difficult cancers to diagnose. This is because it doesn't usually cause many specific symptoms in the early stages, and symptoms can be quite



vague. They can also often resemble other illnesses such as diabetes or even indigestion.

An early diagnosis could have prolonged Edna's life and eased her pain. Liz is now doing everything she can to raise awareness of the disease, its possible symptoms and encouraging everyone to get checked out if they notice anything different with their health.

Liz wanted to do something dramatic, and what better way to do this than skydiving! Liz and her daughter (Edna's granddaughter) Remi flew to 3,000 feet and (with the aid of an instructor, of course) threw themselves out of a plane - raising over £1,500 for Pancreatic Cancer UK. Liz then also took part in a podcast for Purple Rainbow (an charity set up in aid of another sufferer) during Pancreatic Cancer Awareness Month back in November 2021. On February 23rd, Liz took part in a virtual volunteer fair and is now in the process of becoming an official volunteer for Pancreatic Cancer UK. She aims to bring a stall to Wicked Hathern Fest so she can raise even more awareness of this terrible disease.

The next sponsored event that Liz will be undertaking is a bungee jump - throwing herself from a crane at 400 feet - definitely not something to be taken lightly! You can follow Liz's journey and donate via her Just Giving page: www.justgiving.com/fundraising/liz-and-remi-plant

PANCREATIC CANCER: THE FACTS

Pancreatic cancer is the UK's fifth biggest cancer killer and affects men and women equally. Twenty seven people are newly diagnosed with the disease each day with almost half of all patients diagnosed as an emergency.

For those diagnosed in time for surgery their chance of surviving beyond five years increases by up to 30%. Currently only 7% of those diagnosed survive beyond five years. Pancreatic Cancer UK receives less than 3% of cancer research funding.

SIGNS & SYMPTOMS

You can clearly see from the symptoms below how pancreatic cancer is difficult to diagnose:

- low mood or depression
- mid-back pain or discomfort
- upper abdominal pain or discomfort
- indigestion
- pain on eating or loss of appetite
- new onset type 2 diabetes
- jaundice
- pale and smelly stools
- fatigue
- unexplained weight loss

Pancreatic Cancer is also commonly misdiagnosed as; gallstones, gastritis, IBS, Gastroenteritis, Indigestion; liver disease, muscular pain and Diverticulitis.

If you are worried about your health or have noticed any changes, please consult your GP.

You can find out more and also donate to Pancreatic Cancer UK by visiting their website.

www.pancreaticcancer.org.uk

Hathern's
BIG
JUBILEE
week

MONDAY
MAY 30th

to

SUNDAY
JUNE 5th

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