

Big Ted Carries On

Big Ted

Hello again dear readers!

I may have managed to visit 100 St Mary's churches (with a little help from my trusty driver and press photographer), but that doesn't mean I'm going to stop. You have been warned (snigger!).

When I left you last time, I'd been to Devon, visited my 100th church and had a journey on a tram.

After that I went to Cornwall which has very few St Mary's churches, so I only visited one - in Penzance. There was a very nice lady in this church who told me about all the changes that had been made over the years. I also visited a village called Mousehole where I didn't see any mices [*it's "mice", Big Ted*] but I wrote my name in the sand and I sat on a bag to avoid getting sand in my splendid fur.



Also I went to a very special theatre that's outdoors and on the side of a cliff and there were people singing [*It was a production of the opera La Traviata at the Minack Theatre, Big Ted*]. It's a shame the lady fell down and died at the end 'cos she was singing very well!

Finally, I visited a couple more St Mary's on the way back, to make my total up to 111 (and one was at a place called **Bearley** - so I really couldn't miss it). I made it safely home to the Children's Corner where I had a serious snooze to recover from all the excitement.

A couple of weeks later I decided it was time for another little outing (to get away from Grumpy Ted) and I chose to visit the St Mary's nearest to **my** St Mary's at Plumtree; this is in Bunny. I can't believe it's only 3 miles away and yet this was my first visit (and I didn't see any rabbits!). I met some really nice people and the churchwarden told me all about the building. This is a really, really big church for a small village. And it has two fonts which I sat on. The older font is in front of a memorial to "the Wrestling Baronet" (Sir Thomas Parkyns); in the photo here he looks like he's trying to grab me!

In August I went to the Animal Service in Lottie's field. There were lots of dogs, a lamb, a hen, a rabbit, and a very brave cat. I got my ear licked by Auntie Sylvia's dog, which was a little worrying, but all was well (if a little damp). We had a jolly good sing-song and Auntie Angela was very good at leading the service.



Meanwhile, back home, Auntie Brenda has made a lovely cushion for me to sit on in the Children's Corner. It's got a big "B" on it (for Big Ted of course) so you know it's mine. She also made one for Little Ted, which has an "L" on it. The cushions are very colourful and very comfy too.

I've got a busy end of September coming up - there's Harvest with all the lovely decorations (plus the Barn Dance and Harvest Lunch), and Uncle Paul's fellowship event. I'll report back in the next magazine.

Love, **Big Ted**