

Wrea Green

How's that? No cricket on the green today but a full team of 13 had arrived and were all ready for the Wrea Green Circular. As the village school children were out doing their warm up lap of the green before their out door sports lesson we had our introduction to some interesting anecdotes about the village of Wrea Green. It was a relief to know no one felt the need to stop at the "devotions of penitents" cross, no sinners here.

A path of reclaimed railway concrete sleepers took us through farm pastures to the live railway line. Here all 13 managed to safely cross the line. Entering the holiday village there was no time for crazy golf but a rewarding stop in some woodland shade for a little rehydration. Lively voices could be heard over a hedge as others were enjoying their day relaxing in a hot tub sipping cocktails from an out door bar but our attentions soon turned to a rewarding view on the horizon. The steeple of St Johns church in Lytham and Lytham windmill. A sparrow hawk was balancing above on a telegraph cable, any chance of his elevenses now diminished with the approaching happy chatter and marching feet disturbing the peace. After some great team work at a style in desperate need of repair, we were now bonding nicely, as one by one we managed to get 13 safely over.

Onwards through Townsends farm, apparently belonging to the old garage owners from Warton. A beautifully kept vintage truck could be seen in an open barn all liveried up with their old fuel oil logos. On the next farm a bonny new born calf with no mum caught our attention whilst the lazy ferrel farm cats with kittens were lounging and chilling out in the heat of the nearing midday sun.



A quick glimpse of Blackpool tower took us on down a normally quiet lane. Today it was full of the hustle and bustle of farming traffic hurriedly hay making before any potential rain could wet their crops. A ginormous combine split the group into two whilst on the single track lane, patiently waiting by a hidden style in the hedge row the group were once again reunited. Over the very last style a heavily overgrown thicket had recently been cleared allowing the path to be passable. Who were the secret gardeners?

A photo opportunity arose along The Villa driveway of Wrea Green Windmill, where very tired and very hot walkers were getting ready to end their journey and be on their way.....until the next time of course.

Susan