

CHURCH FLOOR CLEANING

On Sunday the 31st July my usual lie-in was interrupted by my mum (Hazel Beadle) telling me to get up and get dressed, as I was due to be helping the people of St. Faiths church that afternoon. I arrived at the church at half past two to find an unusually clear church hall with all the chairs already hidden away. I was then confused as to what my role was as my mum had told me I would just be doing lifting, until a broom was put in my hands, I soon realised what my new role was.



With 5 of us sweeping the floor and another collecting the dust and other odd bits we found the floor was soon immaculate and ready to have the varnish applied. We were then paired up, one armed with a mop and the other with a cup of varnish to chuck over the floor, literally. Within half an hour the first coat was applied to the floor and it was looking considerably better. It was then time for a break to let the varnish dry and for people to get some fresh air in order to cure newly acquired headaches. Some very tasty biscuits, cakes and an apple pie was waiting for us helpers along with tea, coffee and juice in order to keep moral high during the break.

Eventually we had to leave the warmth of the sun and crack on with applying the second layer of varnish, this was soon finished with many of the adults expressing their joy at being allowed to spill stuff on the floor on purpose. We all then headed home to rest and prepare to set up the church again the following night.



At 8pm Monday night the church was once again full of enthusiastic volunteers eager to help. First up was the task of moving the plinth back into place, a particularly heavy piece of furniture I soon discovered. This required the majority of helpers to either help carry or guide it through the doorways, however once that was done it was all downhill from there. Chairs, stands and all sorts of different pieces of furniture were soon streaming in through the doors, with the excellent memory of the helpers everything was soon back in its right place.

By 9pm that night the church hall was looking even better than ever. Those two days, I feel, are the perfect example of what can be done when a community works together, and as someone not regularly involved in St. Faith's church, it was a very refreshing experience.

Richard Beadle



