

## THE VILLAGE OF MOUNT – ON OUR OWN DOORSTEP

**Park:** For many people, this walk will simply mean stepping out of their own front doors. But if you have driven here, there is parking outside the village hall, just to the north of the crossroads. You will find the village of Mount half way between St Neot and Cardinham, with Treslea Downs on its western boundary.

**Distance:** As far as you feel inclined...

**Gospel verse to think about:** Psalm 17 v 11

*Teach me your way, O Lord, and lead me on a level path..*

**Walking around Mount:** Using the crossroads for orientation:

**North...**As you face up the hill you are looking towards the village hall and then on out of Mount, towards Wooda Bridge and the village of Warleggan. Take a moment before you set off and regard the War Memorial to your right. There are the names of three young men on it, born and brought up in Mount, who went off to war and never came home. Every year on November 11<sup>th</sup> we remember them.

*When you go home, tell them of us and say  
For your tomorrow, we gave our today.*

It is all uphill out of the village, passing the Old School House and village hall on your left. If you listen with the ears of your heart can you still hear the school bell clanging and the music pouring out of the hall as the American GI soldiers dance?

If you are energetic you can reach pretty Wooda Bridge. Stand for a while and watch the water flowing from the moorland to the sea. If you drop a stick in, not only can you play a game of Poohsticks, (careful of cars!) but you can also let the river take your worries away with it, away and out to the ocean.

**West...**Within living memory, Mount was a village with three shops, a post office, a blacksmith's shop, petrol station, two butchers, farms that sold milk and cream, a school, and of course Jorys' carpenters shop. Imagine all that...

*Jesus was a carpenter, and He worked with a saw and a hammer,  
And His hands could join a table true enough to stand forever,  
And he might have spun His life out in the coolness of the morning  
But He put aside His tools and He walked the burning highways  
And He built His house from people just like these.*

Johnny Cash – Jesus Was a Carpenter

**South:** Just to the south of the crossroads you will find Mount Methodist Chapel; the words of John Wesley can still challenge us in our Lenten journey:

*Do all the good you can, by all the means you can, in all the ways you can, in all the places you can, at all the times you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can.*

**East:** Facing back along the road towards St Neot, you will see on your right a house called Sancreed, which was the Mount pub, known as The Soldier's Arms, until its closure during the first World War. Once the pub closed, recreation in Mount was provided in the form of the Reading Room, the building covered in crinkly tin close to the crossroads. For as John Wesley said:

*It cannot be that the people should grow in grace unless they give themselves to reading. A reading people will always be a knowing people.*

Come back often, wander around, breathe in the beauty and the history. You will be very welcome.