

A tale of a magnificent Sunday run out to a medieval castle

Or.... How to innocently bugger up a wedding
ceremony...



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Peckforton Castle was the venue for the latest Lancashire TVRCC region's run out. Gallantly organised (ahem: see note 1 at the end) by his noble sire: Lordship Johnson of some lands near Formby.

Sunday 21st October saw seven TVRs, one Ferrari and one Discovery arrive at the Rigbye and depart for the plains of Cheshire in convoy.

Steve (ahem) had planned a truly magnificent run around the country lanes and quiet little hamlets of South West Cheshire from the Macclesfield area, past Oulton Park and onto Peckforton some 5 miles South of Tarporley. The trip went to plan.

That is of course if you don't count the fact that on this wonderful spring-like day the Sunday morning silence, happily enjoyed by the church going inhabitants of those quiet little hamlets of South West Cheshire, was abruptly disturbed by the aural exquisiteness of several TVR exhausts growling majestically across the plain.

Oh; and a relatively quiet Ferrari and a definitely hushed Discovery!

..... and we never saw Torquay or the sea!



A horse, a horse, a Kingdom for a parked horse

Once at the castle we had our own specially arranged parking area, thanks to his Lordship (ahem), inside the castle walls, whilst the lowly serfs and peasants had to abandon their steeds on a hillside parking area outside and across the moat. Hey; we didn't even have to pay any royalty either!!

True to form, TVRs always take the limelight. A wedding photo session was being held on the lawn as we parked up. As we manoeuvred the cars (and only maybe slightly overplayed the revs) the wedding party suddenly seemed more interested in us than the bride and groom. Still at least we didn't charge them for use of the exotic background.

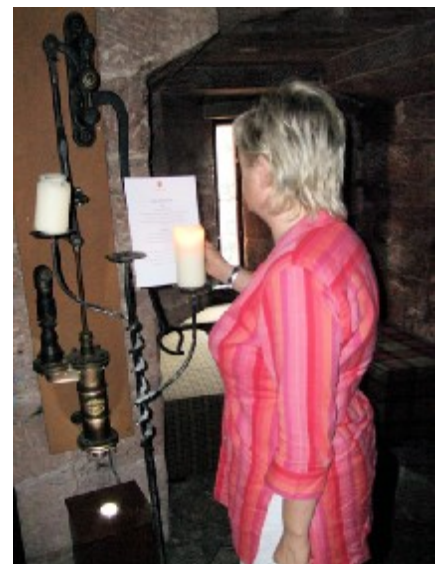


*Her Majesty:
Lady Johnson inspecting
her domain*

With the grounds basking in the hot sunshine, Lady Johnson took the opportunity to stroll around the lawn in front of the castle and was overheard saying "C'mon you lot; I've got my psalm to read". We didn't understand but followed her into the castle anyway.

On arrival in the bar (where else?) we were soon to see what her Ladyship meant.... as she was caught on camera reading the Sunday sermon by candlelight.

The bar area was truly fascinating, well at least we think it was, as it was so dark being lit only by candles that we couldn't see anything.... Methinks it may have been set up for a heraldic ritual carving of the roast beef dinner!



Another excellent piece of planning by Steve (ahem; sorry dry throat) saw our party taken to a magnificent hall where we were to dine. The hall was located in one of the turreted sections of the upper castle and we had it all to ourselves. It had a wonderful open fireplace in the wall and 'slit' windows in the turrets.

For some strange reason, everyone found they were whispering as the large hall echoed our words, but we still managed songs of mirth and laughter rang out. Oh and the food was bloody good!

For pity's sake... leave me alone to get married!



Once we had all finished up, we headed back outside and once again Steve pulled all the stops out to arrange with the castle for us to move the cars into the sunshine for a final photo shoot. This caused yet more disruption to the wedding party as, once again, we became the centre of attention.

Poor bride; poor, poor bride.

Well you did choose to get married in the same place as we turn up at.... What else did you expect?

The mob that blew the wedding.... Shame on us!



Note 1. Many thanks to Linda; Steve's P.A., for planning, organising, booking and sorting out the event. Oh and to Steve for turning up!!! Only joking... Really, really great trip Steve. Well done and thanks for all the (fish) oops: hard work!!