Pet Cemetary - 4th June 2014

'Mr dependable', Brian L, again stepped up to the plate to lead a dozen riders to the Pet Cemetery in Brynford. The weather forecast was for light showers early on so most of us set off in our plastics. The route took us down to the Marshes and via the Greenway to Connah's Quay in a repeat of last week's ride to Loggerheads. We went to Northop by going up Papermill Lane. In a recent survey it was voted best route to Northop.

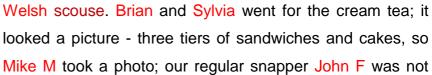
Chris B who has been known to 'make things up' was on his mountain bike having struggled last time to summit the Halkyns. Sylvia, our only lady rider, was going well; she said Sundays ride to Alderley had given her an edge - a spell of wizardry there! Brian in his wisdom changed the route slightly as we were running a bit late, but whichever way you cross the Halkyns the views

are brilliant. It was developing into a 'coco' ride - coats on coats off.

The cafe at the Cemetery is unique in that all the crockery



is colourful and matching. It not only looks good but the food is great especially the



on the ride. The cafe was voted Cemetery of the Year in 2007 and 2008. I think that must be based on the cafe rather than sending Tiddles and Rover to the cattery/kennel in the sky.

As we were about to set off Brian asked us if we wanted to go a different way than planned. We agreed, and it was a good decision as we went down some nice, new lanes emerging in Babel, but we still had to get over Moel y Crio, a last chance to burn off the scouse and cakes.

Brynford village school is where Henry Morton Stanley (of 'Dr. Livingston I presume' fame) was a student teacher; he is probably the only person to have fought on both sides in the American Civil War. A rather unpleasant report from one of his party in Africa was by member of the Jameson (Irish Whiskey) family who bought an eleven year old girl from a tribe and gave her to a tribe of cannibals to see how they dispatched and cooked her! And lastly to continue events on the date of our ride, in 1939, a ship - the St. Louis - with 907 Jewish refugees on board were refused permission to dock in Florida after also being refused at Cuba, and were forced to return to Europe; many died in the holocaust. Sorry to finish on such a sad note. Instead try to think about those great views on the Halkyns and look forward to our next ride.

Chris Byrne