Harvest Thanksgiving in Quinton Chapel

One special day in the year was the Harvest Thanksgiving. The tiny Chapel, full to the brim with fruit, vegetables and flowers. The lovely smell when we stepped inside was something to always remember. Every year the same hymns were sung (very loudly) and the same produce placed in the same place, yet every year seemed more special than the last!

On the day itself a row of little white cottage loaves were placed on the white cloth of the reading desk and at the end of the service they were distributed to the children present. For some reason those little loaves were received, after great anticipation, and the joy when one was given into a child's hands was unforgettable.

It always got very hot in the Chapel at Harvest. The curtains at door and windows drawn, the oil lamps and oil heater all lit and the tiny space packed tight with people became very soporific.

The sermons were always long, or seemed to be, but it was worth sitting there just to receive the little loaf at the end!!

Small people could not afford to fall asleep as there were no backs to the benches and often someone slipped off the front, or fell through the back onto the floor.

At the end when the door was opened, we all walked out into the dark night (no street lamps then) and went home through the narrow lane down into the village.

Francis Piercy - memories

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I remember seeing the above photograph re-produced in the Northamptonshire magazine many years ago when an article was written on Quinton and the people who lived there at that time some thirty years ago.

Like many of our residents today, I never had the chance to see inside this very tiny building. It was closed and removed just after we came to live in the village in 1968.

Luckily Francis Piercy is very interested in keeping records and photographs of the village. Inside she has written a lovely story of how the Harvest Festival was celebrated in this tiny Chapel.

Margaret Sage