

QS Walking Buddies - Walk 76 Report - 21st November 2025

Town centre - Thimbleby Mill - Shearman's Wath - Wildlife Park



Friday, in the early morning, was foggy, frosty and very cold indeed. However by 10am, when the 9 of us congregated at the chapel car park on Queen Street, the sun was breaking through. The footpaths were still very dangerous with black ice. As we crossed East Street and walked along to the town, the sun was making a slight improvement to the temperature.

We continued through the Market place and on to Prospect Street. Signs of Christmas approaching were in evidence at one house in

particular. A garland of greenery and baubles bedecked the porticoed entrance to a detached white house. Even as early as November this was a pleasing sight. The windows all patterned and ready for the Winter Wonderland event in a couple of weeks' time.

Onward to Elmhirst Lane, leading to the countryside. Instead of turning left along Green Lane to the A158 (as we have on some of our walks) we continued straight on. Here we met a lady with a tail-wagging Labrador called Ted. After he'd sniffed us all we were allowed to continue through, toward Thimbleby Mill, where the path winds in a 'dog leg' fashion through to the Mill. Some of us stopped for a short while to take in this lovely hidden gem. The dappled sunlight through leafless trees added to the splendour of the millpond and grassy bank. Then, walking toward us, we were pleased to see Eileen and Katie. They joined us from the Shearman's Wath side of our walk where they'd parked.

Emerging from the Mill grounds via the bridge over the River Bain we were in an open field. The clearly marked footpath wasn't as soggy as we thought it would be and it led us to the far side, where we went through an opening in the hedge onto Shearman's Wath. Turning right, we walked the short way along the verge until we turned right again into Hemingby Lane. The sky was clear and blue with many vapour trails over it, it could appear on photos to be a warm summer's day!

This lane winds along and takes us into the residential area of Horncastle and the back of the Wildlife Park. Here Eileen and Katie doubled back and walked to the car. On the left side of the road the stockily built Highland cattle gazed at us. (Possibly rather like us gazing at them and their fellow animals and birds in the Wildlife Park!) Their short legs and thick coats are well adapted for their natural habitat, the Scottish Highlands. The cold temperatures and frosty mornings we're experiencing currently wouldn't phase them at all. We could see, and hear, a gaggle of geese at the other side of the road.



It wasn't long before we met the Louth Road. Lydia left here to go home and the rest of us went to the chapel car park or walked straight home. Several of us returned to the chapel later for Barbara's funeral service, led by Canon Alan Robson. We were pleased to support Michael and his family at this sad time. The service was also a fitting tribute to, and celebration of, Barbara's life.

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(Walk photos will follow later)