

The remarkable 'Granny' Taylor of St Wenn, Cornwall

Written by Andy Owen



St Wenn is located about seven miles west of Bodmin, just a few miles off the A30 on the way to Padstow.

It's an old village, containing many manors, which are now farms. Most were mentioned in the Domesday Book.

Close by, is a hamlet called 'Rosenannon'

Many years ago, a remarkable lady lived there.

She was called 'Granny' Taylor.

It was said she had 'the gift' of healing, which had been handed down through generations. People came to see her, suffering from many diseases - and left either cured or feeling considerably better.

She called it 'charming' but many called it faith healing. Everything she 'charmed', she always said, was taken from the Bible.

Here are a few stories about her.

Many thanks for these, goes to *Carol Wright, Tony Aspinwall, Barry Furze and Penny Trethewey.*

'Many, many years ago, when I lived in Coombe, I had an annoying wart on my left hand.

I was 16 years old. I asked a local lady if she knew of anyone who could help me get rid of it. She gave me this name and address:

Mrs. E Taylor, Rosenannon, St. Wenn, Bodmin.

I wrote to this lady and she sent me a letter with a dirty old piece of cotton, with these instructions. Wear this around your hand for 3 weeks. "If not the wart gone, you will write me again".

I did what she recommended - and indeed, the wart dropped off after 3 1/2 weeks.

I did write to her to thank her, but never received a reply'.

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'I can remember going to see this lady with my mum who was suffering from sciatica.

She was told to bring 7 pairs of cotton knickers.

On arriving at the cottage, we met an old lady who was sitting by an open fire, her hands were very grubby from handling the coal.

She sat and placed her hands over the individual pairs of knickers and 'charmed' them.

My mum wore a different pair each day for a week and was free of pain after the week had past'.

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'My cousin and I went to Mrs Taylor in St Wenn.

We thought it was a bit of a joke, but I had several warts on my hands and wanted rid of them.

I had to take a pair of gloves with me and I took some green ones. She sent me away because she told us green is an unlucky colour!

I lived in Roche, so I went home and got another pair and went back.

She sat in her chair "smoothing" the gloves and saying nothing.

I had to wear the gloves at night until the warts dropped off, which they did'.

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'When I was married in the 70's, my wife and I lived in a farm cottage only a few miles from Rosenannon where Granny Taylor lived.

For about four years, my wife suffered from chilblains, that used to bleed and were very painful.

Someone suggested she contact Granny Taylor, which she did.

I can't remember the method of contact.

The instructions were to bring a pair of ankle socks at the appointed time.

I waited in the car, I can't remember how long I was waiting, but it was not that long.

Travelling home, I asked my wife what happened.

"Well, she put a cloth on her lap, then put the socks on the cloth. She then proceeded to move her hands over the socks and in a soft voice was saying something, but I did not understand it as it was in a foreign language.

She said I she had to wear these socks in bed for, I think it was about two to three weeks".

After that, my wife did not have any reoccurrence of any sort of chilblains whatsoever.

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'There was a neighbour of mine who went to see Granny Taylor.

My neighbour was getting pains in her back and legs - and her stance was getting really bad. She was just about doubled over.

The doctors could do nothing, as they couldn't find anything wrong.

So, she went to see Granny Taylor.

Granny Taylor found she had either a bone out of place or a trapped nerve, I cannot remember which.

My neighbour came out of Granny Taylor's, standing upright, but as she had been doubled up so long, it took her a couple of months to fully heal and be painless.

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After Granny Taylor's passing, the charming/faith healing was passed on to her son.

I went to see him about a shoulder injury I had.

He told me there is an old book that has been passed down through generations and written in an unknown language.

When Granny Taylor lived at Rosenannon, she attended a funeral and had a lady to stay in the house.

Sometime after the funeral, Granny Taylor thought I've not seen the book for awhile, and could not find it in the house.

When she saw the lady again who house-sat for her, who lived in the village, Granny Taylor asked her how she was feeling.

"Not 100%" the woman replied. "I've been a bit rough for several days now".

Then Granny Taylor asked if she had taken the book, to which the woman replied "no".

Granny Taylor told her she was sure she had taken it and that was why she was unwell. She was told if the book was returned, she would go back to good health and if it was not returned her health would go downhill quickly.

After a week, the lady returned the book, as she was really ill.

Almost immediately, she started to feel better and soon, she had fully recovered.

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Granny Taylor, as she got older, lived with her son and daughter-in-law, in a bungalow near to where the old Castle-an-Dinas mine was.

She used to say to her son "you'll take over from me when I'm gone".

He said to her, "but mother, I don't know what I am doing, nor can I make head nor tail of that book, I cannot read that foreign language".

He told me Granny Taylor said to him "that when the time comes, everything will fit into place".

He said as time went on, Granny Taylor was getting weaker. She had her own little room and used to eat more often than not in that room.

He told me that one evening, he and his wife were in the kitchen getting tea.

These are his words. "It was like a bolt of lightning went through the place - it came in the front, passed us and went into mother's room".

He said, "I looked at my wife and said to her, mothers gone".

When he got around to opening the book again, he said to me "I could read and understand it".

Yes, indeed - Granny Taylor was clearly a *remarkable* lady...