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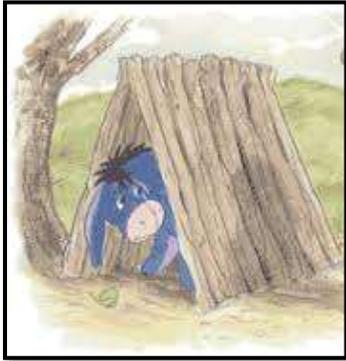
“Pooh!” whispered Piglet.

“Yes Piglet?” said Pooh.

“Oh nothing,” said Piglet, “I was just making sure of you!”

## A Farewell from the Rectory

Yes, it is that time. My last official day in post will be the 31st October and Ann & I will be taking some time off between now and then to sort ourselves out and get our heads around packing & moving. Most of us might agree, that composing any sort of farewell is difficult; too many mixed emotions.



Some things that we may have intended to say or do, over whatever period of time we had together, may be left unsaid and undone. That in itself sounds a little ‘Eeyore-ish’ – if not a little melodramatic. It is not intended to be either. The last fourteen years as Priest-in-Charge and then [when I grew up...] Rector of the Bungay Benefice has had its moments. Good, very good, and not so good – which is simply a reflection on life. But it is time to go – and it is time for the Benefice to look towards finding your new priest-in-charge. Exciting times; challenging times for some, and definitely times of change.

Sadly, for those who enjoy socialising, the current Covid restrictions naturally prevent us from organising the more traditional ‘farewell do’ that we might have arranged. In case any of you might think that this disappoints me, you need to know that I cannot stand ‘socialising’ and especially when the focus might be on me – so I have been spared on this occasion; but this occasion of farewell is not entirely about me. Whatever we end up with as a career or occupation, in a normal family unit, there is always one of the two that remains less visible. The “one of two” in my life is Ann; and I am sorry that Ann cannot enjoy the opportunity to say her farewells publicly. She is far more sociable than I ever have been, and enjoys a good party! I’d prefer a quiet evening with a couple of close friends, some first class real ale – and definitely no loud music. Without her encouragement, wisdom, and support at the times when I have felt inadequate and pathetic [yes it happened more often than I like to admit], I would not have been able to make the transition from a career military officer into the Church. She has held our family together through all the good, very good and not-so-good times with more of an optimistic approach than I am able to muster. I am one of life’s eternal pessimists which is my nature, not my choice. Probably why I was particularly good at analytical roles in my other life.

Although I do not consider myself a ‘successful’ person, there is a rather amusing saying that “behind every successful husband there is often a very surprised wife”.

In these days of the PC brigade and sensitivity about all sorts of gender issues, I suppose even this phrase might be regarded by some groups as ‘sexist’ or not ‘gender-friendly’. Frankly I don’t much care for so called ‘political correctness’ as it smacks too much of George Orwell’s 1984 to be comfortable; the ‘thought police’ and all that. I digress. Back to the issue in hand and I don’t think Ann has been surprised too often, but she has been the backbone of a rather weak individual. Without her there would have been no Parish/Benefice magazine; no regular notices at Bungay Holy Trinity and definitely no “From the Rectory” each month. My approach has always been, that I did not choose to train for

ministry to become an admin officer, magazine editor, or building conservationist; not something ministerial training prepares any of us for and wasn't part of the 'Job Description' that I read! In this respect, I shall be pleased to divest myself of those roles and can only thank Pat Ripley, Margaret King and Patti de Clifford for their unstinting loyalty and support to Ann & me with all things administrative. Sadly, this will be the last Benefice magazine that Ann collates or produces quizzes for! [Many thanks to Stephen Went for offering to take on the magazine.] We are now concentrating on making a gradual exit from 3 Trinity Gardens, and are heading for Wymondham. Not so far away, but far enough not be tripping over each other. We intend to remain in touch with those who wish to remain in touch with us, and look forward to being able to spend more time with family.

I told you all when I arrived, that in keeping with the way I had handled arriving and departing in the military, everything I had to say would be said whilst I was in post. That has most definitely been the case. I have nothing theological to impart that I haven't previously imparted. The Christian faith is not everyone's choice, & faith is a personal choice. Perhaps what faith we adopt may be some sort of divine post-code lottery and is dependent on our culture and place of birth? Who knows? And who indeed knows the mind of God? – and the answer is no one does. Beware of those who give the impression they have a direct link to the almighty; they almost certainly don't, and they often have the knack of making everyone around them feel unworthy.

A heartfelt thank you for your loyalty, love and support to Ann and me during our brief sojourn with you. It has been a privilege.



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## Services

Under the current circumstances the service rota has not been finalised. Please contact your church wardens for service details and to register your attendance.

Please note that as this magazine goes to print, from 8<sup>th</sup> August everyone must wear a face-mask when attending church services.

## Advance Date

The postponed weekend break has been rescheduled for April 30<sup>th</sup> – May 3<sup>rd</sup> 2021. The hotel and itinerary will be almost the same as will the cost – more details will follow later in the year.

*Stephen Went*

## From the Editor

**This may be the last magazine for the foreseeable future; as you are all aware Ian & I will be moving soon, and due to the current circumstances there is no one else available to edit, collate and print the magazine. I hope someone feels able to take this on as the Benefice magazine is a worthwhile publication that reaches many people who don't or cannot attend church.**

A very personal "Thank You" to everyone who has written articles over the last 14 years. Your contributions made my job as editor much easier. The magazine has certainly altered during this time from just being the Holy Trinity Bungay magazine, into its current format as a Benefice one.

Also, during the Covid lockdown our distribution has increased considerably, and I know many of you look forward to receiving the latest edition. I shall particularly miss putting the quizzes together – much enjoyment at this end of the editorial! Best wishes for the future.

*Ann Byrne*

**STOP PRESS:** as I write, *Stephen Went* has offered to take on the editorial of the magazine, beginning with the September edition. Many thanks Stephen and good luck for the future. Ann.

## Repairs to Holy Trinity

At our last inspection some items were identified as being urgent, we hope to start these works very shortly as quotes have been obtained and accepted.

The work being undertaken includes:-

- Repairs to the tower roof.
- Repairs to the porch and parapet
- Repairs to the south aisle pews (the PCC have agreed to remove the pews completely along the south aisle to create a more usable space – this is subject to DAC approval which is waited for).

The total costs of the work is around £24,000.00 and we just about have enough funds in the fabric fund to undertake this work and we will also be applying for grants towards the costs.

If anyone would like to make a one-off donation towards these costs that would be highly appreciated.

Cheques can be made payable to Holy Trinity PCC Fabric Fund (please send to Stephen Went, 20 Southend Road, Bungay, NR35 1DN) or bank transfers made to

Account Name      Bungay PCC Fabric Fund

Sort Code      20-92-08

Account      30161985

Many thanks

*Stephen Went – Treasurer*

## Farewell to Ian and Ann

You will read elsewhere in this magazine our Vicar, the Rev Ian Byrne, has now let us know a date for his planned retirement. We have known for some time that he was planning this – and now he will stand down on October 31st. However, as he is taking time off due to him before that, his last service will be on Sunday, September 6th – in about five weeks' time.

It will bring to an end 14 years as Vicar at Bungay, and for most of that the benefice including Barsham and Mettingham, so he has certainly earned his retirement, after seeing through many changes and many projects.

Ann has also played a big and invaluable part in the life of the church in Bungay, and we are keen to give them a fitting send off. It would be good to think that we could do that with a benefice get-together, perhaps at Mettingham Village Hall. But that depends on how lockdown restrictions ease over the next few weeks, and we'll have to leave firm details for a little longer.

Meanwhile, if you would like to contribute to a leaving gift for Ian and Ann, give it to either Stephen or Terry, or send it to the addresses below. Cheques should be made out to Bungay PCC, to be received by August 28th at the latest.

We ask you to keep Ian and Ann in your prayers as they plan for their well-earned retirement.

*Terry Reeve*

*Churchwarden, 29, St John's Road, Bungay*

*Stephen Went*

*Treasurer, 20, Southend Road, Bungay*

## **Holy Trinity Church, Barsham**

On June 29th we opened daily for private prayer, and now we are aiming towards our first Eucharist on Sunday 2nd August when Ian will be the celebrant. Anyone wishing to attend the service, please notify Bridget so that seats can be allocated with social distancing observed.

During the pandemic Bridget has sent a weekly letter, the readings and homily either by email, or paper which have been greatly appreciated. Deiniol has also made videos, 18 in total which have been widely viewed. The videos, readings and homilies from our retired clergy have brought us together, spiritually, and have been of great comfort. We are so grateful to Deiniol for all the hard work he has done to give us a weekly service, especially as he has a very busy life, as a padre in the army. The final video will be on Sunday 26th July, however, Bridget will continue to send a letter, the readings and the Homilies to those who will be unable to attend a service during August.

Great news! Our drive will be re surfaced! The first two weeks, weather permitting, in August will hopefully see the drive rid of all the pot holes! The path to the porch will also be repaired, so no more puddles after a heavy rainfall. This will be costly, but very necessary, and if anyone wishes to make a donation, please send it to Colin.

Malcolm has mowed the car park and it looks splendid, he has also kept the paths in the Churchyard regularly cut, and the wild flower meadow is slowly maturing. However, we need to cut down the grass, and remove it in-order to allow next year's growth. A socially distance cutting will be organised in August. Please contact Malcolm for details.

The Love Box covering will take place in August. Margaret has arranged for her team to meet and cover the boxes. The boxes are so appreciated by deprived children in Moldova, the only Christmas present they receive. Margaret has also supplied knitted gloves hats and other small gifts to add to the boxes. She is hoping that Beccles Lions will again cover the cost of postage and administration.

It is hoped that the weather will warm up and thus enable the bees in the Churchyard to "bring in the honey". Chris has designed boxes for Barsham honey, which should make welcome Christmas presents.

Zoom, email and telephone messages have been a boon to everyone and we eagerly anticipate regular services, if slightly different, to re unite us as a family in Christ in our beautiful Church.

Diana Rawlinson

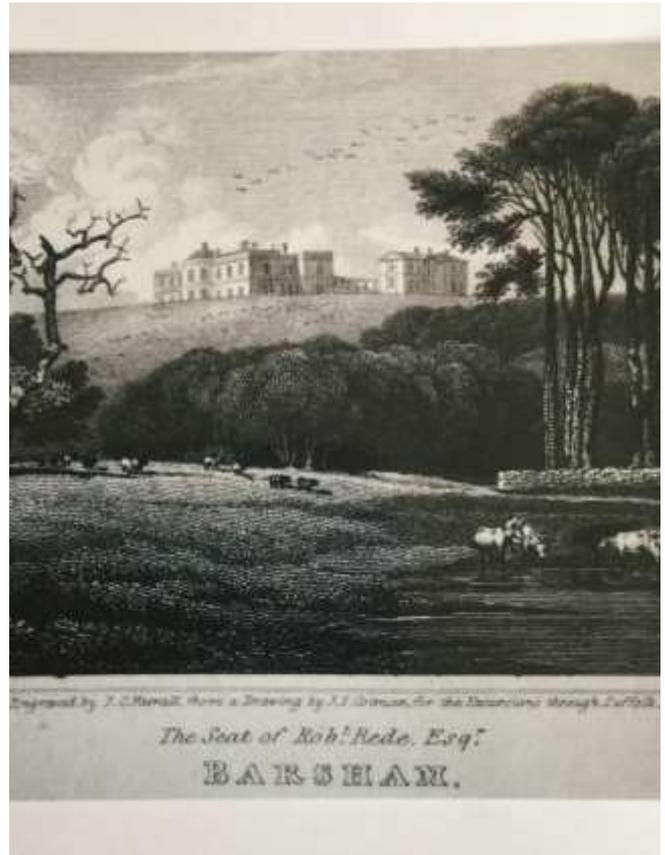
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## **The Rede Tomb in Barsham Churchyard**

Few people on entering Barsham Churchyard via the lychgate can fail to notice the large monument just to the east of the church path. The vaulted tomb measuring some four by eight metres is surmounted by a table memorial and was enclosed by cast iron railings until they were commandeered during the Second World War. The entrance, now blocked, was from the eastern side with a ventilation shaft at the western end. Time has taken its toll on this edifice, built in the early nineteenth century as a final resting place for a local prominent family, the Redes.

Thomas Rede 1731 - 1811, was a solicitor in Beccles and married Pheophila Lemman from another celebrated family of the town before living at Saint Marys, Ballygate. His son Robert also married well, his wife Charlotte being the daughter of Sir William Anderson, a Baronet. Robert held the ancient title of Port Reeve of Beccles and was also Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Suffolk. His prime occupation was that of land owner with holdings in Barsham, Barnby, Wickham Market and Dennington. A report from the Bury & Norwich Post informs us that on the 21st February 1816 a fire broke out in a bullock shed at Barsham owned by Robert Reed, and fourteen cattle lost their lives. Perhaps this event prompted Robert to settle in Barsham and over the next four years a magnificent Georgian mansion was built at the very eastern edge of the parish upon a promontory, looking towards Beccles. This year witnesses the bicentenary of the completion of this new home which was then known as 'Ashmans' but of course is now referred to as Ashman's Hall.

This grand house must have been a spectacular sight to travellers passing to its north along the Beccles to Bungay road, equally it must have afforded wonderful views to its occupants of the surrounding countryside and across the marshes to Norfolk. Today, many are unaware of its existence, the hall being completely surrounded by mature woodland which obscures even a merest glimpse. Sadly Robert and his wife Charlotte were not destined to enjoy the pleasures of their new home for long as within two years they had both died. Robert after a short illness in the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital on the 13th August 1822 and his wife a few weeks later on 8th October, they were each only 59 years of age. Their hatchments, the armorial shields which preceded the funeral processions are still in the possession of the Church.



The Rede line eventually ceased, a poignant epitaph on Thomas and Pheophila's tomb reads 'seven children died in youth' reminds us how difficult times were before the advent of modern surgery and medicines. Other families made the hall their home, perhaps one of the more interesting was W A Churchman a member of the tobacco family who on 25th December 1909 donated the large oil painting of the 'Sewing Madonna' which now hangs on the north wall of the Lady Chapel.

On Christmas Day 1822, in memory of Robert and Charlotte, the Reverend Rede presented to Holy Trinity Barsham a large silver communion set consisting of a chalice and paten. How fitting would it be if it could be used on the bicentenary of its presentation in two years' time when perhaps we may be back to a normality we have temporarily lost?

*Colin Harris*

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## All Saints Church, Mettingham

Despite the closure of our church by Government fiat, things do continue to get done. The tortuous process of making a space somewhere at the back of the church where the audience or the congregation might gather after a performance, continued. What was needed was a Faculty, a permission from the High-Ups. Various stages of this journey were passed, culminating in a visit from James Halsall, Diocesan Advisory Committee for the Care of Churches and Pastoral Secretary, St Nicholas Centre, Ipswich. The meeting took time to cover all possibilities, those needing and those not needing a Faculty. With the Vicar, members of the PCC, and Mr Theo Wells the plasterer present, and missing the usual members of the PCC, a decision was achieved, a method of getting a space as required. Re-plastering can begin within 2 or 3 weeks.

The church might have been emptied and unused (except for regular visits from Ian Byrne the vicar), but it has not looked unloved and derelict, for the hedge and the churchyard have regularly been cut. Silent hands have quietly trimmed and mowed, all unseen and unrewarded, so the area round the church looks 'lived in'. The churchyard has the currently fashionable look – half cared-for and half given to Mother Nature, or 're-wilded', and the comfortable bench is now a place of calm, with birdsong and bee-buzzing better than any meditation class.

**Philip Evans**



New arrivals in Mettingham in June. They are barn owls, male and female and by now should be fully fledged.

**Lesley Hand**

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### **The sparrow has found a home (Psalm 84 verse 3)**

I wonder how many of you can remember a song called “Sparrow in the tree top”? It was popular in the fifties when I was a little girl living in Lowestoft. There used to be a friendly butcher’s shop at the top of our road where I often went and sang to the ladies who came to buy their meat. “Sparrow in the tree top” was a firm favourite and before long they had nicknamed me their little Sparrow. Who would have thought that many years later God would use that nickname to show me that he wanted me to become a Sister in the Community of All Hallows?

It was in February 1975 that I had the first inkling that God might be calling me to be a nun. I hadn’t any idea of what that involved so I asked my Spiritual Director what I should do. He suggested I should ask to go and stay at the Community of St. Mary the Virgin at Wantage near Oxford for a week, go to the services, join in their meals, speak to the Sisters and generally get the feel of the place etc. I was teaching at the time so I arranged to go in the long summer holiday. While I was making these plans something or should I say, Someone, in me said “Go to Ditchingham”. I’d stayed at All Hallows for a weekend at the suggestion of another priest about nine or ten years earlier, which probably sowed the seed, even though it took several years to germinate! So I wrote to the Reverend Mother at Ditchingham and explained the situation and she invited me to spend a week at All Hallows, a fortnight or so after the week at Wantage.

How was I to tell if God wanted me at either of these places, and if so, which one? While I was thinking and praying about all this I suddenly remembered “Sparrow in the tree top” and my earlier nickname, Sparrow. I was pretty sure that somewhere in the psalms (I didn’t know where at that time) there was a verse that spoke of the sparrow finding a home and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young. So before I went to visit these two Communities I prayed that if either of them was God’s future home for me that psalm verse would come up in one of the services I went to.

I enjoyed my week at Wantage and came away absolutely full of it, and could hardly wait to tell my Director that God was calling me to be a Sister there. (I conveniently forgot about the psalm verse!) But he warned me not to be in such a hurry and sent me off for my week at Ditchingham with the words from Isaiah 55 v.8 ringing in my ears. “My thoughts are not your thoughts, my ways are not your ways, says the Lord”. “Look it up when you get there”, he said. Oh dear, I was obviously wrong about something, but I wasn’t sure what!

I followed the same pattern as I had at Wantage, going to all the services, meals in the Guest House, walking and talking with some of the Sisters and visitors. Nothing different occurred to change the feeling that Wantage was God’s place for me. But then it happened! Psalm 84 was the psalm appointed for Evensong on the Sunday and when the Sisters sang verse 3 I heard “The sparrow has found a home and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young”. I wanted to shout, “Eureka!” but fortunately managed to tone down my excitement that God had given me the sign I’d asked for. I think more than a few eyebrows would have been raised! It hadn’t come up at Wantage, though I’d been to all the services I could, but here it was, showing me, I believed, that All Hallows was to be this Sparrow’s future home.

I later learned that this psalm is the one sung at a Sister’s Profession, so that made it even more special. I think that at Wantage I had realised the life was right for me, but mistook it for the place, but at Ditchingham God was saying both the life and the place were right. I talked things over with the Reverend Mother and Novice Mistress, phoned my Spiritual Director and in a quiet of a time of prayer I said my “Yes” to God. The next day my car went up in flames, but that’s another story!

*Sr Elizabeth CAH*

## Seventeenth Century Nun's Prayer



Lord, thou knows better than I that I am growing older and will some day be old.

Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking that I must say something on every subject . . . and on every occasion.

Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs:

Make me thoughtful, but not moody, helpful but not bossy.

With my vast store of knowledge, it seems a pity not to use it all . . . but you know, Lord, that I will want a few friends at the end.

Keep my mind free from the endless recital of endless detail.

Give me wings to get to the point.

Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing, and the love of rehearsing grows sweeter as the years go by.

I do not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains, but help me to endure them with patience.

I dare not ask for an improved memory, but for a growing humility and a lessening of cocksureness when my memory seems to

clash with the memories of others.

Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet.

I do not want to be a saint. (Some of them are so hard to live with!)

But a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil.

Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places, and talents in unexpected people . . .

And give me, Lord, the grace to tell them so.

*Amen.*

### ***Daphne Vivian Neal recommends the following three very interesting books:-***



**Then and Now, This and That by Logie Bruce Lockhart.**

This is very wide ranging. Sowing his wild oats, the Nazi problem, rugby, the family. He was headmaster of Gresham's school in Holt. He covers fishing, painting, retirement in Provence and how he copes with old age in Blakeney.

On 12th July I discovered 12 wild flowers in Holy Trinity Church yard. Another book to recommend is **God's Acre by Francesca Greenoak**. Lovely descriptions and enchanting illustrations.

**The Boy, the Mole, the Fox and the Horse by Charlie Mackesy.** A refreshing delight.

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## ***Still Outney***

It is now five and seventy long years  
Since first my eyes were opened to this place –  
This Outney Common where that day I toddled,  
Haltingly, a frown upon my face.

The world has changed across that span of  
time –  
We've been to space, and to the stars, the  
moon,  
And see the world through gadgets in our hand  
Where e'er we are, and count it as a boon.

But Outney is a constant and unchanged  
While work, and life, and cares confuse our  
mind;  
And wealth, and want, and enmity abound,  
And hate, not love seems sadly unconfined.

At Outney, still the pasture meadow's green;  
Still cattle chew the cud and ruminant;  
And yellow buttercups bend in the breeze,  
And beckon summer through the common  
gate.

The kingcups still their petals open wide;  
The gorse its gold aroma still expands;  
And by the river's edge flag iris smile,  
Among the reeds and watery green strands.

The regal swans still o'er the waters glide,  
And sometimes you will catch a glimpse  
Of gold and blue as shyly darts the blur  
Of kingfisher – that pretty water nymph.

The Waveney as ever gently flows,  
And children swim and play there in the sun,  
On grassy banks, beneath the summer blue;  
And wander, happy, home as day is done.

The townsfolk walk the beaten footpaths still,  
And play their games and fly their coloured  
kites;  
Or play at golf, or kick a ball around.  
Relaxed, content, among that land's delights.

There is no room for hate in Outney's bounds;  
No place for enmity, or petty mores;  
It is a world away from social pique,  
And modern cares are far beyond its doors.

Its wealth is there in nature's timeless peace;  
Its love is in its all-embracing arms;  
Its gladness is in calming people's minds,  
And soothing fears with common-gentle balms.

It's been like that for ever and a day,  
And long before that day I came alive;  
'Twas from that day I pledged my heart to her –  
That unknown day, in nineteen-forty-five...

***Terry Reeve  
July, 2020***

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## August 2020 – Prayer Diary



1. Pray for Ian and Ann as they support us through this difficult time. Also may they know your guidance for their own future.
2. Thank God for the unusual opportunities that have opened up for churches online and through community help, to speak of and show God's love.
3. Praise God for the wonder of his creation which has been enjoyed through the past months in a new way. Look for something today that thrills you and give thanks.
4. Pray for our members of parliament that they will have wisdom and compassion to lead us safely into the future.
5. As people visit the coast again pray for common sense to prevail and for vigilance for the lifeguards and coastguards.
6. Psalm 139. Reflect that God created us, knows everything about us and values each one.
7. Pray for the government of Bangladesh as it deals with the virus and continues to accommodate the huge needs of the Rohingya refugees.
8. Ask that researchers find ways to combat the Coronavirus and that any breakthroughs will be shared with poorer countries.
9. Thank God for the stability Queen Elizabeth has brought to our country and pray for continued wisdom for her.
10. For care of our planet to become a priority issue for more people in their everyday lives.
11. Pray for all care workers in communal or private homes as they try to help each person to feel loved and secure.
12. Take time to reflect on the depth of God's love as expressed by the prophet Zephaniah 'The Lord your God is with you, he is mighty to save. He will take great delight in you, he will quiet you with his love, he will rejoice over you with singing.'
13. Give thanks for sponsors and team members of the charity, Compassion, as they release children from poverty and teach them about Jesus.
14. Pray for the children of persecuted Christian families around the world. Ask the Lord to be their Protector and their Comforter in the face of danger.
15. VJ day. 75th anniversary of end of WW2. Give thanks for peace.
16. Pray for Stephen Cottrell as he begins his ministry as Archbishop of York
17. Rejoice and be encouraged by the words of Isaiah as he prophesied about Jesus 'In his name the nations will put their hope'.
18. Lift up in prayer Christian refugees, especially those displaced from Southern Sudan.
19. Pray for the future of Bungay that businesses might prosper, empty shops be occupied and our councils have great wisdom in all decisions they make.
20. Pray for our Tearfund project in Kigezi seeking to bring safe water supplies to villages in Uganda.

21. Pray for those feeling lonely and isolated. Can you do anything to answer your prayer?
22. The less wealthy nations of the world are about to experience economic disaster following the pandemic. Pray for the rich nations to see this as a global need.
23. Pray for wisdom and guidance for Justin Welby and our own Bishops Martin and Mike.
24. Pray for the witness of individual members of our church family today as they speak to neighbours, family, colleagues and friends.
25. Teachers and children as they prepare to resume school with many precautions.
26. Those with mental health issues and all seeking to help them.
27. Foodbanks and those who give time and resources to help feed hungry children during school holidays.
28. Tearfund as they seek to be ready for any natural disasters; earthquake, floods, cyclone, famine.
29. Those who mourn; friends and funeral directors as they seek to support them.
30. This Benefice and how to plan for the future and ongoing ministry here.
31. Take time to ponder Paul's description of the Lord Jesus, found in Colossians chapter 3, verses 12-17.

*Compiled by John and Elizabeth Rayner*

## Garden of Memories at Flixton

*Poem sent in by Ivy Parsons*

There is peace within a garden  
 A peace so deep and calm  
 That when the heart is troubled  
 It's like a soothing calm

\*\*\*\*\*

There's life within a garden  
 A life that still goes on  
 Filling the empty places  
 When older plants have gone.

\*\*\*\*\*

There's glory in the garden  
 At every time of year  
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter  
 It fills the heart with cheer.

\*\*\*\*\*

So everyone tend your garden  
 It's beauty to increase  
 For in it you will find solace  
 And in it you will find peace



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## **God answered prayer through Lockdown**

During these strange times our family have witnessed God at work in an amazing way.

My niece, as she grew up, felt God's call to serve him in Russia and ended up marrying Alexei who she met there. They went on to have three children who are now 15 to 18 years old and live in a house they have built themselves to serve as home and be used as a church. Some of the family had mild coronavirus symptoms but Alexei became so ill he needed home visits from a doctor and developed pneumonia. He just avoided being admitted to hospital and gradually improved. When he seemed almost better a friend insisted he had a scan to check his lungs. This showed the pneumonia had gone but there was a large fibrous tumour in his left lung which needed surgery to remove. He was referred to the top surgeon in the area and soon received the necessary operation which lasted one and a half hours instead of the expected four or more. Even the surgeon was amazed to remove a tumour weighing almost three kilograms! Thankfully it was one which had not spread and a biopsy confirmed no further treatment is necessary. Had Alexei not caught the virus this tumour would never have been discovered.

Throughout those weeks many have been praying for the situation and it has astounded us how God appears to have gone ahead and brought about this wonderful outcome of healing. We praise him!

*Elizabeth Rayner*

### **Time passing- A poem by June Webb (Trefoil Guild member)**

Isn't ageing just the best  
So many activities to test  
Tai Chi, W.I  
Going to classes  
Learning more history and free bus passes  
Trips to Mexico, France for the eating  
All paid for by the allowance for heating.  
Free TV licences, life can't be bad  
But sometimes in life I do feel sad.

Of course there's the back aches,  
The thumbs that won't work,  
The knees let you down  
And the teeth that just hurt  
You forget why you find yourself standing still  
"Now why did I come here, To take a pill?  
Looking in the mirror what do I see?  
An older version of little young me  
But never mind, I don't give a jot  
I still have my family, that I love such a lot.

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## Update from Quiet Waters

[mail@quietwaters.org.uk](mailto:mail@quietwaters.org.uk) 01986 893201

This is the day that the Lord has made, we will rejoice and be glad in it.

We trust that you are all well and safe. We give thanks to God that even during these strange times He is the same yesterday, today and forever and that He is faithful and full of grace and mercy.

You will be aware that the government has eased lockdown restrictions and that guest houses can open soon. However, there are various guidelines that need to be adhered to before this can be done.

When we are able to set a date for welcoming guests back we need to ensure that guidelines are adhered to and risks minimised so that not only are our guests comfortable, cared for and safe, but that the team are safe as well.

We are in the process of working through the guidelines as well as sourcing equipment that is required to keep everyone as safe as possible - we do need to purchase the following essential items:

A new commercial dishwasher/sanitiser

A steam cleaner

We are also mindful that guidelines are being reviewed and changed on a regular basis and therefore we need to remain flexible as we consider the well-being of our guests and the team.

The Quiet Waters experience, for now, is going to be different in many ways to how it has been in the past, but we know that God is always at work and that you will leave here richer because you have met with Him.

We will keep you posted and we pray that you will experience the warmth of His Love wherever you are, knowing that you are never alone because His Word tells us that He will never leave us nor forsake us. We would appreciate your prayers as we prepare to reopen.

We are looking forward to seeing you all again.

### **Stop Press**

**We are reopening from 10<sup>th</sup> August for stays between Monday afternoon and Friday afternoon. Maximum 5 guests.**

**We are saying goodbye to Bryan and Ruth Doyle who are moving back to Shropshire due to family circumstances.**

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# Isolation Diary

Day 1- I can do this I have enough food and drink to last a month

Day 2 -Opening my last bottle of wine, I fear wine supplies may not last



Day 3 -Strawberries have at least 210 seeds some have as many as 235, who knew?

Day 4 -changing from my day pyjamas to my night pyjamas

Day 5- today I tried to make hand sanitiser it turned out to be jello shots

Day 6- I get to put the bins out today .I'm so excited I don't know what to wear.

Day 7- laughing way too much at my own jokes.

Day 8- Went to a new restaurant today called the kitchen. You have to gather all your own ingredients and then make what you want to. Have no clue how this place stays in business

Day 9 -I put an alcoholic drink in every room, tonight I'm getting all dressed up and going bar hopping.



Day 10- Struck up a conversation with a spider today .seemed nice said he'd just moved in and that he is a web designer.

Day 11- I need to social distance myself from my refrigerator so that I can flatten my curve!!

Day 12- I now understand why dogs get excited about something moving outside .I may have just barked at a squirrel.

Day 13- If you keep a drink in each hand ,you can't touch your face, just an observation.

Day 14 -Anyone else feel as if they have cooked dinner about 395 times this month.

Day 15- Found an old hula hoop in the garage and guess what? A perfect fit.....



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# Volunteering

This month we should have been watching the Tokyo Olympic Games followed by the Paralympics but for the Corona Virus Pandemic.

Athletes from around the world, (206 countries) should have been competing in over 339 events in 33 different sports including 5 new sports! Baseball/Softball, Karate, Skateboarding, Sport climbing and Surfing. encompassing 50 disciplines.

I have been lucky enough to be involved with officiating at swimming events since 2015 although not at an Olympics. My experiences have been at local galas and then as I have gained more experience at National level.

The highlight of my officiating career so far has been the World Para Champs in London last September. There was an article in the Benefice magazine in November 2019 after my talk to the Anglican Ladies.

A year ago I was at Bath University officiating at the European Modern Pentathlon Champs, where competitors take part in five events, swimming, fencing, show jumping( on an unfamiliar horse) and then a laser shoot/ run course.

The event is inspired by the [traditional pentathlon](#) held during the ancient Olympics; as the original events were patterned on the skills needed by an ideal Greek soldier of the era, the modern pentathlon is similarly patterned on events representing the skills needed by cavalry behind enemy lines.



The sport has been a core sport of the Olympic Games since 1912 despite attempts to remove it.

This event was an Olympic qualifying event but sadly was not widely televised. I officiated at the swimming but was also involved in judging the shoot run which was amazing, the competitors have to run around a 800m circuit four times but at the end of each lap shoot at a target with a laser gun, once 5 shots have been hit they start the next circuit. They have a 50 second time limit and most have no difficulty but as fatigue and stress kicks in anything can happen!!

It was a a very successful championships for Team GB as they won 5 gold medals and one silver out of the seven events.

It was a fantastic week spent with lots of my swimming friends, we stayed in the student accommodation and had plenty of time for socialising!! after a busy day officiating.

In these events we are given accommodation and food and we give our time for free, it is a wonderful feeling to play a small part in such brilliant events. As one of our referees said last year, "You are amateur officials affecting the lives of professional athletes, so concentration is key !"

*Ann Byrne*



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## Memories of Hong Kong from Pat Wong

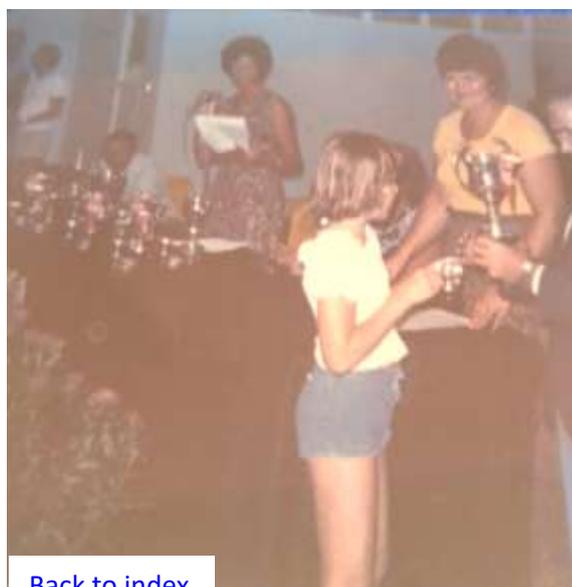
By virtue of where we lived, growing up on an island, my three children were all swimming well, and competitively, at a very young age. At age 7 the twin girls were invited on to a swim team (as was the slightly older brother, but morning training was not attractive to him!)

Of course, as a parent I was always there and became involved with the administrative side of the Club team as I had the loudest voice on the poolside and could type programmes! This developed over the ensuing years with the advent of Age Group swimming organised nationally and regionally by the Hong Kong Amateur Sports Federation and Olympic Committee. From there Hong Kong amateur swimming developed in all facets well but even then there were influence from across the border! I wonder if China and Hong Kong are still separate teams at world events ?

Kathy, the eldest twin, middle child, had the right competitive attitude and I was a 'swimming mother'! I never gave up the voluntary pre-computer work of programme and race-day sorting, organising tours to other countries etc. inevitable fund- raising and countless evening meetings. In amateur sport many will have been drawn in thus! Our Club and National teams attended competitions in the UK, Blackpool being one, Hawaii, California, Korea and more.

Kathy's abilities took her as far as the Los Angeles Olympics in 1984 when she was 17, plus 1982 Commonwealth Games in Brisbane and the Asian Games in New Delhi. As part of my position I accompanied these teams with great pride, marched in the delphinium blue blazer and cream skirt behind our small 'country's' Hong Kong flag, also at the Edinburgh Commonwealth Games in 1986. I was honoured too with multi sport courses at the Olympic Academy in Ancient Olympia, Greece, and the Sports Academy in Frankfurt – a sort of reward for the hard work!!

But through all of these involved years most memorable was working on the poolside in Hong Kong for the FESPIC



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Games – a mini swimming Invictus type event for some Asian countries. Some of the swimmers had suffered greatly but determination got them to the other end of the pool to rousing cheers.

Kathy was about 11 I think at a Club event, she could have been younger. The lady in the yellow was a good friend, and the little man, Colin presenting the cup, was about 80 then and still was diving off the top board (he had been interned on the Burma Railway so made of strong stuff!) Please note the good quality silverware!



## Celebrating the 75th anniversary of Victory over Japan Day.

August 15th marks Victory over Japan Day – the end of all hostilities in the Second World War. While peace arrived in Europe in May 1945, those fighting in the Far East continued until Japan's surrender in the wake of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki atomic bombs.

In the UK and the US, VJ Day is celebrated on different dates.

The initial announcement of Japan's surrender was made on 15th August 1945, which is why the UK marks VJ Day on that day each year.

However, the surrender documents were officially signed on the USS Missouri battleship on 2nd September 1945, which is why America celebrates on that day instead.

In Japan, the day is known as the “memorial day for the end of the war”, and is observed on 15th August.

The Japan surrender didn't come until after the German surrender, and this marked the end of World War II entirely, which is why there's a separate day of remembrance and celebration.

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My parents went up to London on VJ Day they wanted to wait until the war was over completely before they celebrated .My Mum was 19 and Dad 21 don't think they were engaged but had met during the war when my dad was sent from the BBC in Huddersfield to work on the radar at the RAE (Royal Aircraft Establishment) They had a fantastic day and got home early 7pm to find that my Great Grandad had gone to bed early and locked them out. My Gran and Grandad were on holiday in Canterbury visiting family; they couldn't go back to my Dad's digs (not the done thing in those days!) but discovered that the bathroom window was open, they found a ladder in the back garden and my Dad climbed it and got in through the window and let Mum in the front door, apparently my Great grandad was completely oblivious to the whole event!



*Ann Byrne*

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## **An ending is followed by a beginning.....**

*Thoughts of VJ day 1945 by Eric King*

There had been six years of war and I had reached the age of 16. My brother five years my senior was coming home. (he is now 96!) He had landed in the tanks on the Normandy beaches on D day and the unit had advanced as far as the River Rhein. What did the future hold in store for me knowing that in two years the envelope marked OHMS would arrive? The ending of one war frequently brings a new conflict.

1st January 1947 and I was on a troop ship in the stormy Bay of Biscay and the first food many of us had was when the ship passed the Rock of Gibraltar and entered the calmer water of the Mediterranean. On the African side the Atlas mountains topped with snow. School geography books had small black and white photographs which were coming to life in full colour. The marvel of the Suez canal, the deserts of Sinai, the Red Sea, the heat of Aden then entering the Indian Ocean, Ceylon (as it was then called) with bullock carts in

the streets. North east crossing the Bay of Bengal- entering the Irrawaddy River seeing workers planting rice in the fields of mud, before reaching Rangoon in Burma. Both now have a change of name.



Visiting the Shwedagon ( golden ) Pagoda one of the wonders of the world. The centre like a golden ball covered with gold leaf. In the courtyards paved with marble we walked with bare feet and the day was extremely hot. In the entrance to the pagoda I saw for the first time many suffering from leprosy, some in a very advanced state.

The last part of our voyage which took 6 weeks, was along the coast Thailand and Malaya to the island of Singapore my new home with hundreds more serving King and Country.

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## Recollections

I was born in 1938 in Wimbledon, London, and went to school there during the war. My parents were from Sunderland in County Durham and moved down to Wimbledon in order for my father to find work. Times in those days in the North East were hard and work was very scarce indeed.

I vividly remember the blitz as we had a table shelter in the dining room and slept in it every night. One night things were particularly bad, much worse than usual, and when the all clear sounded, the dining room double doors out into the garden were hanging a couple of hundred yards away hanging on the fence at the end of the garden!

In those days parents took their children to school and one morning mother took me as usual and upon arrival we saw my beautiful school a huge heap of smoking rubble. Father was really worried, death was too close, and as a result sent mother and I back to Sunderland to live with my grandparents. It had been much too close to home especially as several houses in our road had been demolished by bombs.



Granddad was a miner responsible for the lift which took the miners and the ponies down into the depths of the pit for their shift. He had a miner's house, one within rows and rows of other identical houses, each with a single toilet house and outside water tap supply at the end of the yard. My Nan cooked everything on the fire – a huge range occupying the whole wall at the end of the kitchen. A large pantry kept everything else and when she made her bread every morning, the kitchen table cloth was removed and the bread and other cooking preparation took place. Water had to be collected from the tap at the end of the yard, brought indoors and heated either on the fire itself or in the gas boiler in the outhouse. Once heated, one could then wash up.

I was enrolled at the local school in Sunderland which was way ahead of schooling in London so there was a great deal of 'catch up' to be done. The school was strict but kind and I loved it.

However, as the bombing was just as severe in Sunderland being close to the shipbuilding and the mines, after six months mother and I returned to Wimbledon and I was enrolled at a school run by nuns. The nuns were really not at all kind to the children being very strict – understandable I realized in later years as they had to absorb twice the number of children in their school and it must have been a problem.

As my mother had served a seven year apprenticeship for confectionery (wedding and celebration cakes etc) the first two years without any pay (until my Nan marched up there and demanded her daughter be paid something!), people used to save their rations of margarine, sugar and flour and bring them to her to make their bread and cake requirements. All my life I was to help mix up cake mixtures, stir up icing sugar and wash up as we went along. No dishwashers in those days! At least our house had a bathroom and indoor water supply.

My father was in a reserved occupation and worked just outside Wimbledon adjacent to an American Air Force Base. Naturally during the war everyone was friendly and always eager to get hold of black market food, clothing or whatever was on offer. One Christmas my father purchased a whole side of pork from the Yanks, black market of course. He carried it home under his arm with mouth-watering anticipation but unfortunately as it was heavy the paper wrapping parted and a leg was hanging out. A policeman spotted it, stopped him of course and commandeered it saying it was illegal etc. We weren't to have a lovely roast pork dinner that Christmas but we bet those coppers did!

Our radio was all-important during the war where we listened to the news and Charlie Cunz playing piano in the mornings and the evenings. Dick Barton, Special Agent, followed by the Palm Court Orchestra and ITMA - all certainly our favourites.



The end of the war saw magnificent street celebrations – everyone was so excited and all the neighbours brought their packs of rations for mother to make all sorts of goodies for the street parties – kids in the afternoon and adults later – although the kids were able to stop up that night – it was just fantastic. Tables lined down the centre of the road, cloths appeared and tables were decorated with

flags. Long strings of flags fluttered above us everywhere – the mood was absolutely contagious with excitement. The way people helped each other in those days and at such a time was absolutely incredible – we had all come through a very difficult time.

*The author of this article wishes to remain anonymous ..... Any guesses as to who it is??*

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# School in the 1930's

by Margaret Hupton

It is said that "pigs might fly," but not as quickly, I am sure, as time! The speed of change is bewildering to old ladies like me, especially when I think of education and technology.

I started school in 1937 at Neatishead Village School, near Wrexham, an all age school. I remember having a sand tray, a shallow tray about 9 by 12 inches and an inch deep, yes I am still happiest with imperial measure! First I had to level sand, then the teacher would write a letter on the blackboard and we children had to copy it in the sand, quite kinetic really and say the letter's name and sound. This started the process of learning to read!

Next came the CHART! A large sheet of paper, thus

A	E	I	O	U
ab	eb	ib	ob	ub
ac	ec	ic	oc	uc
ad	ed	id	od	ud
af	ef	if	of	uf

We had to recite this mantra every afternoon before story time. I remember closing my eyes to see how far I could get without opening them. How far from today's teaching methods can you get? But we learned to read. Next came slates; paper and pencils were for the 'big' children.



Then came the war years and we shared our school with evacuees. They were happy school days with lots of community life in the village.

Computers were but a figment of the imagination. When I retired from teaching in 1987 there were computers in every classroom, but very 'old school,' if a member of staff was absent I would go in to teach, I would look round for the most sensible looking 5 year old and ask him/her to switch on the computer. This was over 30 years ago: today I would not know where to begin in such a classroom situation.



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