

**ST. THOMAS, BRADWELL  
JUXTA MARE**

**WITH**



**ST. LAWRENCE**



**JULY 2020**

**Village View**

**PAROCHIAL INFORMATION:****BRADWELL-ON-SEA****Rector****Revd Steven Poss 779620****Churchwardens:****Theresa Reed 776247****David Thorpe 776846****Church Web Site** <https://e-voice.org.uk/bradwellchurch/sunday-services/>

<b>Parish Magazine Manager</b> Roger Scurrall 776341	<b>Age Concern</b> 01245) 264499 Two Rivers Association for Age Concern	<b>Youth Club</b> Fridays 5-11 years, 6.00 to 7.30pm 11 years—up, 7.30 to 9.00pm For information tel: Lynn Roughley 776555 Cherie Archer 776443
<b>Church Flowers</b> David Thorpe 776846	<b>St. Cedd's School Parent-Teacher Association</b> Secretary: Contact School 776219	
<b>Flowers at St Peter's Chapel</b> David Thorpe 776846	<b>Maldon &amp; Burnham Standard Correspondent</b> Mrs Jean Allen 776547	<b>Badminton/Table Tennis Village Hall</b> Wednesdays 8pm John Noble <a href="mailto:jbn_bradwell@hotmail.com">jbn_bradwell@hotmail.com</a> Fridays 10am Ann Barrett <a href="mailto:theannbarrett@gmail.com">theannbarrett@gmail.com</a>
<b>Bell Ringing - Tower Captain:</b> Brian Clayden 776257 St Thomas Bradwell Fridays 7.45 Sunday ringing 10.00 am	<b>Clerk to the Parish Council</b> Emma Smith 07585 445307 4 Buttercup Way, Southminster, CM0 7RZ Parish Council meetings Village Hall, 3rd Monday 8.00pm	<b>Mobile Library</b> Every three weeks Thursdays East End Rd. Bradwell 10.55—11.25am.
<b>Thursday Club</b> St Thomas' Chapman Room - 1st Thursday of month 2.30 - 4.00	<b>P.C.C. Secretary</b> Theresa Reed 776247	<b>The Medical Centre</b> Tillingham 778383 Out of hours 111
<b>Rainbows</b> 5 - 7 yrs <b>Brownies -</b> 7 - 10 yrs <b>Guides - :</b> 10 - 14 yrs for information phone 07757636446 or email <a href="mailto:enquiries@girlguidingsexne.org.uk">enquiries@girlguidingsexne.org.uk</a>	<b>Othona Community</b> Warden Tim Fox 776564	<b>The Trinity Medical Centre</b> Mayland 745400 Out of hours 111
<b>Parish Child Protection Representative</b> Clayton Ford. Mob:07946024549	<b>St Peters Chapel Chaplain</b> Rev S Poss 779620	<b>Neighbourhood Watch</b> Co-ordinator Cherié Archer 776443
<b>Bradwell Quay Yacht Club</b> Secretary: Mr R. Price (01621)890173	<b>District Councillor</b> Richard Dewick 776581	<b>Local Police Team</b> Phone Non Emergency 101 Emergency 999
<b>Cubs</b> .6.00 - 7.30pm Thursdays Village Hall 7-10 yrs Marie 776554	<b>Bradwell Cruising Club</b> Enquiries: Mr Mick Leahy 776444	<b>Crime Stoppers</b> Anonymous Crime Reporting 0800555111
<b>Bradwell Women's Institute</b> Secretary: Mrs Pat Bruce 779725 Village Hall 2nd Wednesday 7.45pm	<b>Bradwell Flower Show</b> Committee Secretary: Teresa Fowler 776588	<b>Bradwell Bay Football Club</b> Youth Football Team Contact Krysta Collins Practice Village Hall Field Saturday 10am
	<b>Village Hall Trustee's</b> Booking Secretary: Mr R Scurrall 776341 Chairman:-	
	<b>St Cedd's School</b> Head Teacher Mrs L Wood 776219	

**If any of the above information is incorrect or you wish to publicise your organisation then please contact Roger Scurrall on 01621 776341**

## From the Rector

Dear Friends,

As we enter July, we hope to be starting services again on 5<sup>th</sup> July, subject to the Government guidance and what is happening at that moment in time with the Coronavirus. As I said previously in my June article, we will need patience in doing this whilst carrying out social distancing.

During lockdown, I have found it helpful to make a list of things that I have missed during this period, so that I can do them after the lockdown period. For me, there are many places in the UK that I have not visited, and I think it is especially important to help these places, as they suffered during the lockdown. There are also people to see and to socialise with, so these things are to be added to my list too.

Also, as we have had not had our Church buildings to worship in over the past few months, I wonder how your worship has been going on at homes. Is there a space and time that you have made during the lockdown to spend time with God and can this be continued as we slowly come out of lockdown?

God bless,

Reverend Steven

## Village View

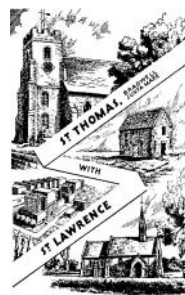
All copy for the August Village View should be sent to Roger Scurrall by phone (776341), posted through the letterbox of 6 St Thomas' Row, Bradwell, or by email to the address below, all by July 12th.

Those living in St Lawrence may give copy to Shirley Lea at 51 Main Road (779403) or email to [bronwen.cook@btinternet.com](mailto:bronwen.cook@btinternet.com) by this date. Copy may also be

submitted as a text or Microsoft Word or Publisher file, either on CD or, better still, by email to [stthomaspc@btinternet.com](mailto:stthomaspc@btinternet.com). We ask you to limit your article to 300-350 words and please include a picture

We apologise but **no articles will be accepted after July 12<sup>th</sup>**.

If you belong to an organisation that does not yet submit articles for the magazine we would like to hear from you even in longhand if you do not have access to a computer. Any news you have is always very welcome.



## O, Perfect Love

Dorothy Gurney, the writer of *God's Garden*, was well-known as a hymn writer and is remembered today especially for a further example of her exceptional gift of composition. The hymn *O Perfect Love, all human love transcending* has been sung at thousands of weddings over the years. This was written following a conversation with her sister Katherine who was shortly to marry and expressed the thought that it was a shame that the words of *O Strength and Stay* were not suitable for a marriage service. The tune to this hymn which Katherine liked was probably the one written for it in 1875 by John Bacchus Dykes.

John Bacchus Dykes



It took approximately fifteen minutes for Dorothy to write new words to fit the tune and she felt that God had inspired her. This was not a surprise to those around her as she was a deeply religious person with close connections to the Church of England.

***O perfect Love, all human thought transcending,  
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,  
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,  
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.***

***O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance,  
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,  
Of patient hope and quiet, brave endurance,  
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.***

***Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;  
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,  
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow  
That dawns upon eternal love and life.***

***Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,  
Through Jesus Christ, Thy co-eternal Word,  
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living  
Now and to endless ages art adored.***



Dr Charles James Blomfield

Dorothy's grandfather had been Archdeacon of Colchester, Bishop of Chester and Bishop of London, her father was Rector of St Andrew's Undershaft, while she married an actor, Gerald Boileau Gurney, the son of Revd William Hay Gurney, the Chaplain to the British Embassy in Paris. Gerald gave up his career on the stage and took Anglican Orders, marrying Dorothy in 1897 when she was 39. In 1919 both Dorothy and Gerald became members of the Roman Catholic Church. They both died in London, Dorothy in 1932 and Gerald in 1939.

Some two or three years after its original composition, 'O Perfect Love', found its way into 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' and it soon became popular, especially in London, where it was used at many fashionable weddings, including those of royalty.

In 1889, Sir Joseph Barnaby composed a new tune named Sandringham and the hymn was sung to this tune when Princess Louise of Wales, daughter of King George V, was married to the Duke of Fife. Later a further tune, Highwood, was also written for Dorothy's words by Sir Richard Runciman Terry

Since then the hymn has been translated into many languages and has attained worldwide fame. Mrs. Gurney's sister had her ambition realised too, for it was also sung at her wedding in 1883 to Hugh Redmayne. Katherine's marriage was to endure for 53 years until Hugh's death at the age of 81, although they suffered the sadness of the death of their son Giles in 1917 whilst serving in the Royal Field Artillery and his brother Hugh at the age of 51.

Dorothy's other publications included a devotional book called '*A little book of Quiet*' and '*The Childhood of Queen Victoria*' which contained interesting detail about the future Queen's education and early life.



MINIATURE OF PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF SIX YEARS

## THE CHILDHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA

BY

MRS. GERALD GURNEY  
(DOROTHY FRANCES BLOMFIELD)

London

JAMES NISBET & CO., LIMITED  
21 BERNERS STREET  
1901

## **Gardening tips for July:**

Hoe garden regularly to keep down weeds, this will not only look better but allows your plants more moisture and goodness from the soil.

Water pots and tubs regularly and feed every couple of weeks.

Continue to pinch out the side shoots on tomatoes, this is to encourage the plant to grow more tomatoes rather than more leaves.

Mow lawns at least once a week but if the weather gets very dry raise your mower cut to reduce stress on grass.

Shade greenhouses to keep them cool, this saves watering and prevents the plants scorching.

Keep bird baths topped up with water

Finally, harvest and enjoy lettuce, radish, broad beans, runner beans and early potatoes and other vegetables from your garden; years ago they called July a '*gut busting month*' as food from the garden became so plentiful.

## **Plant of the Month**

### **Sweet Peas**

Sweet Peas are a most wonderful cut flower in early summer having the added bonus of a delicious scent.

Plant sweet pea seeds in autumn or spring. When plants are 10cm tall, pinch out the tips to encourage bushy growth. Plant out in mid-spring and keep well-

watered. Most varieties have tendrils that will 'self-cling' to supports, but some sweet peas will need tying to canes or sticks. When flowering pick them every day to encourage more blooms, do not allow flowers to seed as this will stop the plants flowering.

The scent from these flowers always reminds me of Bradwell Flower Show years ago when many gardeners entered Sweet Peas into the competition. On entering the hall all you could smell was the lovely fragrance of Sweet Peas.



## Wood Pecking Order

Early in the year, well before the arrival of that famous harbinger of Spring, the Cuckoo, we had the welcome sound of a woodpecker drumming on a tree somewhere near Westwick. The drumming sound is produced by the bird beating a branch with its incredibly strong beak some 10 times per second. When I used to do the British Trust for Ornithology's Breeding Bird Survey we had to record whether a bird was first noticed visually, by its call or by its song. The drumming of a woodpecker was classed as its call – it was 'calling' to a mate. Both sexes drum, so a dialogue is set up. A Green Woodpecker drums less frequently than a Great Spotted, so I suspected the latter. Sure enough, before long there were two welcome visitors to the feeding station (not that other visitors aren't welcome). Both male and female often came – the male below on the left, with his red patch on the nape of the neck, and the female, lacking that distinctive id.



There were then two or three weeks when only the male put in an appearance. The female was presumably attending to family business. He would spend some time feeding himself, and then return more frequently, making very brief stops, clearly taking food to his mate, who does most of the incubating.

But then about the first week of June both parents were back, yes, feeding themselves, but more often just taking a nut, flying up the tree to find a crevice in which to wedge the nut, and grinding it to small pieces for small mouths. Try as I would, I could not find where the young family was – if the parents spotted me (no pun intended) prying into their private lives they simply flew the other way. I had become a potential predator of their offspring.

As I write in mid-June young Blue and Great Tits – four of each – visit the feeder, clearly having just received their air worthiness certificates. They need to be nimble flyers – when the woodpeckers appear, might is right and the young tits very quickly make themselves scarce. But all avian visitors repay the cost of the bird feed in ample measure. They are all very welcome.



## **News from inside the Othona Community 2020**

Along with everyone else in the UK, we at Othona have been in lockdown isolation since the beginning of March. Unlike many though we are fortunate to be part of a 'family' group of 10, forming a small community ourselves. This group is formed of the usual team (Tim, Richard and Debbie) with some of our family members, Kaz, Sam and Will. We have also had the pleasure of being joined by four lovely international volunteers, who many of you may have met. We have Laïd from France, Maria from Spain, Jana from the Czech Republic and Stefano from Italy. They are here for a year on a European Solidarity Corps funded placement with the aim of learning English and being part of the Othona Community. They arrived in gloomy January to a scene of chaos as we were just at the start of installing all our new energy infrastructure and they have been so looking forward to a busy summer period meeting lots of new people and taking an active part of the programme here! Sadly the reality has been very different with the coronavirus situation altering everything and changing all of our best laid plans. However, they have shown themselves to be very adaptable and we as a group have tried to stick to the Othona ethos of 'Work, Worship, Study and Play'. We have worked hard on the site here to do essential maintenance, in preparing and tending the gardens and lots of painting. The new Education Block is now looking beautiful inside after many hours of sanding, painting and cleaning (you can see the inside on one of our Facebook videos) and the gardens are looking fantastic. We have the good fortune to have some great cooks within the group and we take turns preparing meals for each other using the new kitchen facility. Although the Chapel has been shut for this period we have continued to have a daily chapel service using different locations within the grounds, with a favourite, in the beautiful weather we've had, being the Peace Garden. During these sessions we have explored walking the Pilgrims path along the Camino Del Norte with Bishop Stephen's book, lives of some of the important Saints including Cedd and responses to what is happening in the wider world. We have filmed many of these reflections and they are available on our Facebook page. These sessions have been really good in giving space in the day for prayer and peace in these difficult times.

Whilst he was with us Will continued with his dissertation and revision for his final year University exams and completed his finals by taking online exams. This was a little difficult at times due to the sporadic nature of the broadband here. Like many students finishing their studies this year it was not the end that he had anticipated, with no big celebrations after the last exam. This is a hard time for all our young people as the future is uncertain and their plans are all

changed. Our ECS volunteers are having group English classes with their organisation supervisor to help them improve their English and I know they are looking forward to meeting more people in the wider community as soon as they can. We are really blessed here to live in such a beautiful environment, we have so much space and the beach right on our doorstep. During these lovely sunny days we have been taking advantage of this by daily swimming sessions, the croquet set has been used more than ever and the youngsters have created their own Othona Gym in our Bank building. We have been running regular Friday night quizzes for the wider community with up to 70 people taking part.

So we have tried to use our time here productively but like everyone else we are longing now for life to return to something like normal. We are not sure at the moment when we will be able to reopen or what that will look like but Othona is not the same without it's heart- the people.

We look forward to being able to welcome back visitors here as soon as possible, please watch our website and Facebook page for updates.

**Tim Fox is our Warden/Manager, with Debbie and Richard Sanders.** Full details of Programme and Charges can be found on our Website

[www.othonaessex.org.uk](http://www.othonaessex.org.uk) or ring Othona at Bradwell (it's down East End Rd and through East Hall Farm) on 01621 776564, limited response at present due to staff being on furlough. **When we re-open you will find Free Parking for all visitors to Othona – just ask for an exit token to leave through our wind-powered gate. Until then stay safe, stay well, we look forward to seeing you again soon.**



## St. Cedd' s Church of England Primary School



During lockdown, Mrs Bentley and Mrs Bott carried on with maintaining our Forest Schools area by pruning trees, clearing brambles, planting vegetables in the raised beds and cutting the grass. With the site at rest, and with more sunlight able to filter through, nature has rejuvenated itself and we have found lots of new trees and plants including a beautiful honeysuckle, holly trees, hawthorns and a walnut tree! All of which are valuable to our birds and insects.



The pond and surrounding area are thriving. Some of our keyworker children did some pond dipping and found a good variety of pond life, including Great Crested Newts, which have lived here for many years.



We have also been lucky enough to have a family of mother and 7 ducklings take up residence on and around the pond, venturing further around the site each day to explore and forage, taking advantage of the peace and quiet!

Some of our teachers helped with the cutting down of trees, creating new areas for children to explore and learn as part of our curriculum, as well as re-vamping the old sail boat ready for some imaginative fun!



## All in the month of July

It was:

175 years ago, on 4<sup>th</sup> July 1845 that Thomas Barnardo, Irish humanitarian and philanthropist was born. He founded Barnardo's, a charity which cares for vulnerable children and young people.

Also 175 years ago, on 17<sup>th</sup> July 1845 that Charles Grey, 2<sup>nd</sup> Earl Grey, British Prime Minister (1830-34) died. Earl Grey tea was named after him after he was given a gift of tea flavoured with bergamot oil. It was known as the Earl Grey's blend.

150 years ago, on 18<sup>th</sup> July 1870 that the Vatican issued the declaration of Papal Infallibility. It preserved the Pope from the possibility of error when he defined a doctrine concerning faith or morals to be held by the whole Catholic Church.

100 years ago, on 17<sup>th</sup> July 1920 that Kenneth Wolstenholme, British football commentator, was born. Best remembered for his famous commentary at the 1966 World Cup Final: "Some people are on the pitch...they think it's all over.... It *is* now!" – as the last goal was scored.

90 years ago, on 7<sup>th</sup> July 1930 that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, British writer who created the detective Sherlock Holmes, died.

80 years ago, on 10<sup>th</sup> July 1940 to 31<sup>st</sup> October 1940: The Battle of Britain took place. British victory.

75 year ago, on 5<sup>th</sup> July 1945 that WWII leader Winston Churchill lost the British General Election to Clement Attlee's Labour Party.

70 years ago, on 5<sup>th</sup> July 1950 that Israel's Knesset passed the Law of Return, which granted all Jews the right to immigrate to Israel.

65 years ago, on 9<sup>th</sup> July 1955 that the song 'Rock Around the Clock' by Bill Haley and His Comets reached #1 on the Billboard chart in the USA. It remained there for eight weeks. Although not the first rock & roll song, it is considered the song that brought rock & roll into the mainstream.

60 years ago, on 6<sup>th</sup> July 1960 that Aneurin ('Nye') Bevan, Minister of Health (1945-51) who led the establishment of the National Health Service, died.

40 years ago, on 5<sup>th</sup> July 1980 that Swedish tennis player Bjorn Borg won the Wimbledon singles championship for a record fifth consecutive time.

30 years ago, on 17<sup>th</sup> July 1990 that Iraqi President Saddam Hussein threatened to use force against Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates to stop them driving down oil prices. On 24<sup>th</sup> July Iraq sent tens of thousands of troops and hundreds of tanks to the border with Kuwait, ahead of an invasion on 2<sup>nd</sup> August which led

to the Gulf War.

25 years ago, on 11<sup>th</sup> July 1995 that the Srebrenica Massacre took place. The Bosnian Serb Army seized control of Srebrenica and massacred 8,000 men and boys.

Also 25 years ago, on 16<sup>th</sup> July 1995 that Amazon.com opened its website to the public.

20 years ago, on 25<sup>th</sup> July 2000 that an Air France Concorde crashed outside Paris shortly after taking off for New York. All 109 people on board were killed, as well as four people on the ground.

15 years ago, on 7<sup>th</sup> July 2005 that the London Bombings took place. A coordinated series of four suicide bomb attacks on London's transport systems during the morning rush hour killed 56 people, including the four bombers. More than 700 were injured. It was the worst-ever attack on Britain, and the country's first attack by suicide bombers.

Also 15 years ago, on 28<sup>th</sup> July 2005 that the IRA ended its 30-year armed campaign in Northern Ireland and ordered all units to dump their weapons. Its leadership stated that they would continue their campaign exclusively through peaceful means.



*They were trying to remember  
when they had last left the house.*

## SERVICES FOR JULY

Time	Service	Place	Readings
<b>5<sup>th</sup></b>	<b>Trinity 4</b>		
9.00	Morning Service	Zoom Service	Genesis 24;34-38, 42-49, 58-67
10.30	Parish Communion	St Lawrence Church	Romans 7; 15-25 Matthew 11; 16-19,25-30
<b>Online Service also available</b>			
<b>12th</b>	<b>Trinity 5</b>		
9.00	Morning Service	Zoom Service	Genesis 25; 19-end Romans 8; 1-11
10.30	Parish Communion	St Nicholas Tillingham	Matthew 11; 1-9, 18-23
<b>Online Service also available</b>			
<b>19th</b>	<b>Trinity 6</b>		
9.00	Morning Service	Zoom Service	Genesis 28; 10-19a Romans 8; 12-25
10.30	Parish Communion	St Thomas Bradwell	Matthew 13; 24-30, 36-43
<b>Online Service also available</b>			
<b>26th</b>	<b>Trinity 7</b>		
9.00	Morning Service	Zoom Service	Genesis 29; 31-33, 44-52 Romans 8; 26-end
10.30	Parish Communion	St James Dengie	Matthew 13; 31-33, 44-52
<b>Online Service also available</b>			
<b>2<sup>nd</sup> Aug</b>	<b>Trinity 8</b>		
9.00	Morning Service	Zoom Service	Genesis 32; 22-31 Romans 9; 1-5
10.30	Parish Communion	St Lawrence Centre	Matthew 14; 13-21
<b>Online Service also available</b>			

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## **Church Services**

Following the announcement from the Government that Church Services may restart in our churches from the 5<sup>th</sup> July our service plan will be changed for July, August and September.

Each Sunday there will be a Zoom service from the Vicarage at 9.00am. For sign in details visit the church website at

<https://e-voice.org.uk/bradwellchurch/sunday-services/>

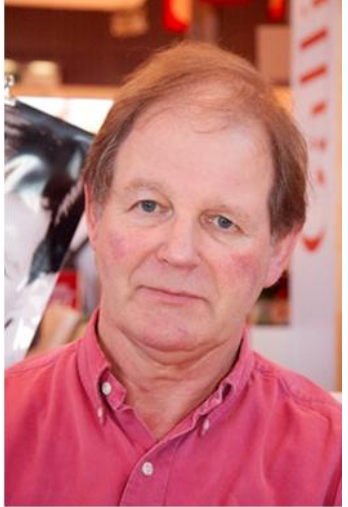
At 10.30 am on each Sunday there will also be a Parish Communion Service in one of the five church's / centre for those who normally worship at the church or centre. See service table for details.

In addition to these two services the weekly online service will be available on line and also there will be an evening service to replace the Chapel Evening Service. Details to both of these services will be available on the web site at <https://e-voice.org.uk/bradwellchurch/sunday-services/> or contact your Churchwarden for further details.

## Michael Morpurgo to visit Bradwell School and Church

Michael Morpurgo the author, poet, playwright, and librettist who is known best for children's novels such as *War Horse*, had planned to visit Bradwell in October to open the new library at St Cedds School and then do readings in St Thomas' church in the evening. This may now have to be postponed till next year due to the pandemic.

Last month he mentioned that a few authors were asked to write about their place of dreams where we go in this lock-down. The series of stories over two weeks was called 'Let me Take you There'. Michael wrote about Bradwell, this was on 20 May 22.45 and should still be available to hear on BBC Sounds.



Here is the transcript of the broadcast but do try and listen as he reads so well:

### Bradwell -20 May BBC Radio 3

I live in Devon, in the heart of the country, in a thatched cottage called Paradise, down 'deep lanes', as Ted Hughes called them. Our lane leads only to the River Torridge. No one much comes and no one much goes, pandemic or not, except the postie, and our neighbouring farmer sallying out on his tractor to plough, or to check his lambing ewes. Larks rise in the high field behind our house, swallows and buzzards and bluebells greet us on our daily walk, but the cows and calves barely look up as we go by, they are so used to us. Otters and kingfishers are there, somewhere, by the river. We look for them, but rarely see them. They know we are there, and we know they know we are there. We all share this paradise on earth.

Yet this paradise is not my place of dreams. I live here, see it out of my window, have lived here with our growing family, worked here on the land, at my writing, for 45 years and more. I have no need to dream of home when I'm home. And I'm home now, as we all are, because we have to be, in shut-down. My paradise has become my prison, in a way. I can't leave it. I can't see family and friends.

I dream, as so many do, of those I long for, but cannot see. I dream of what is out of reach, places and faces I remember, times I remember, places and times I can escape to only in dreams. There is one place and one time that I dream of most often, most vividly, maybe because I saw it first with a child's eye. 'Such stu as dreams are made on.' As the Bard once wrote.



Childhood is rarely all sweet and light, nor are dreams of childhood. Dream and nightmare are close companions. I grew up in grey-grim post-war London. It was a place of grieving and sadness, an old soldier begging always on the pavement outside the sweet shop, one leg missing; mornings when the smog was so yellow and thick you couldn't see across the street; and a school which was fearful, to me so often the place where punishments happened: standing in the corner, detention during playtime, the ruler on the hand, stinging. In whatever school I was to be sent to, fear ruled.

And then when I was about 7, the family moved out of the gloom of still bombed out London, to the Essex coast, to Bradwell on Sea, my place of dreams then, and even now, in my older age, even in my pastoral paradise. New Hall, the house where we lived, was not new at all, but a rambling spidery draughty Tudor house, full of creaking corridors and attics, with windows and doors that rattled in the wind, with great oak beams above and open fireplaces which filled the house with wood smoke and very little heat. For heat there were paraffin stoves that stank to high heaven, but they did warm hands. Feet got chilblains that itched and hurt at the same time.

And joy of joys we now had a dog to play with - at last - a golden retriever we called Prynne, who was mad, and disobedient, and chased his tail, and stole food off the table, and came up to our room and lay on our beds, which was forbidden and he knew it, and we loved him to bits.

Pieter, my elder brother and I, had bedrooms right up in the attic. In summer we could climb out of the window, sit there in the gully. This was our private world - the stairs were too steep for the little ones, our younger brother and sister. Here we were as high as the treetops, looking up at the stars and the moon, listening to the distant murmur of the sea, and the hush of the wind in the trees. Owls would hoot at us and we would hoot back.

And we had a wilderness of a garden, our own jungle. Here we found frogs and toads and snakes and birds' nests, here we climbed trees, picked Bramley apples from the orchard to store in the old corrugated iron Nissen hut in the garden, where the soldiers had lived during the war. We once found a rusty old tin mug they'd left behind, and a cigarette packet with a sailor's face on the front, which I kept for years, and an old boot with snails in it, and a rusting iron bed in a corner, and above it a much faded photo, in a frame, hanging crooked on the wall - we thought it was the king. Out of proper respect we didn't take him down.

In the tiled barn which was leaning precariously, where the roof was sagging, where pigeons roosted and cooed, where swallows nested, Pieter and I played ping pong, and marbles, hide and seek too, the little ones joining in if we

allowed them, and I always cheated and looked through my fingers, as I was counting, to see where they were hiding.

There really was a spreading chestnut tree just outside the barn, with shiny conkers that we collected by the dozens, some as big as apples, and we'd play conkers for hours late into the evening. Then there'd be hot chocolate at the kitchen table in our pyjamas, with a gramophone playing somewhere, loud, often Mozart, the horn concertos I remember - his music often plays through my dreams - and then came a story upstairs in our attic that my mother would read, which was always over too soon. She'd kiss us then, leaving us with just the scent of her. Then once she'd gone, we were out of bed in a flash and dropping down into the gully outside our window to do our owl hooting.

We had kind and doting aunts, and both of us had been given bikes, Pieter a bright red one, mine was a smart green, both Raleighs. We'd be out on them all we could, in sun and rain, the wind in our faces, cycling out past the school and the American Airforce base, to the chapel near the sea wall. St. Peter's it was called. Mr Dowsett, the builder, who we saw a lot of when he came in to keep the barn from falling down altogether, told us proudly that it was the oldest chapel in the whole country, Saxon he told us. And he never told a lie. He said as much. Often.

It was close to St Peter's that I saw my first hare, my first heron, my first kestrel, my first fox and once a deer - or maybe I made that up. (I made up a lot as a boy. Still do, never really grew out of it. ) And there were often larks rising over the fields, and house martins and swallows flying so low overhead, so close I thought they might get caught in my hair. We'd haul our bikes up onto the sea wall and would sometimes have to walk then, wheeling our bikes because the wind from the heaving brown North Sea gusted so hard that we'd be bound to fall off if we ever got on. We leant over the handles of our bikes into that wild wind as we pushed them along the sea wall, and it blew our breath away.

But even as we lost our hearts to this haven of a home, there were storm clouds gathering. We were sent away to boarding school, miles away in Sussex. My mother said it would be fine, that the school was lovely, that it overlooked Ash-down Forest, where Christopher Robin and Pooh had played Pooh sticks. That was no consolation for us. We were being ripped away from the place we loved, where for a short time our happiness had been complete.

This school too was ruled by fear, fear of failure and the punishment that went with it, the slipper, the cane. We didn't see our home by the sea, or our bikes, or our family for months on end. In my lumpy squeaky bed I dreamed of it, longed for it.

But one holidays, when we got home we discovered the halcyon days were over, the spell broken. The village children who had always been fine and friendly towards us, ostracised us. Living in the big house had always been something to be teased about, to live down, but now going away to a posh school had created a rift between them and us, that soon became aggressive. We were ambushed on bike rides. They called us names over the wall, and threw sticks and stones. They all hurt.

I still harboured my love of the place, but now we hunkered down more and more behind the wall that separated us from the village street and everyone we had known there. The chapel, the sea wall, our bike rides were becoming a memory, a dream. We fitted in nowhere. The local farmer brought in a hare one day for my mother. I watched him taking off his cap and hand it over, holding it up triumphantly by its hind legs, blood dripping from its nose. There was much talk that evening about how kind it was of him, and how my mother was going to cook it, that it had to hang in the larder for a few days before being 'jugged'.

Horrified at the thought of this, I did a brave and a terrible thing. I crept into the larder at night. There was this beautiful creature hanging from a hook in the ceiling. I took her down, went out into the garden and buried her deep in the soft soil beyond the corrugated Nissen hut. When the crime was discovered the next morning, I suggested that it must have been Prynne who had jumped up and carried it off, that the larder door must have been left open, or something.

I have always thought that might have been the reason that Prynne was not there when I came home the next Christmas holidays. They'd decided they couldn't cope with him, that he ran off too much, that he jumped up too much, that he was untrainable. I never had such a miserable Christmas.

Then there was the atomic power station. I came home one holidays to find the village in uproar, the house full of anger and resentment. While I'd been away word had got out that someone was planning to build an atomic power station just outside the village. The village divided, for and against, and feelings ran high.

For: the power station would provide employment; there would be cheaper electricity; it would bring new life to the village. Against: radio activity was dangerous to the land, to the sea, to us; it would be a scar on the landscape; the village would be changed for ever.

At home, the campaign led in part by my mother, we were fervently against the power station. We lost. The plans to build went ahead. So some time later, while we were away during another school term, we moved.

I came home to another home, which was never home to me, ripped away again from Bradwell. I had been 'young and easy' in those days, as Dylan Thomas put it, and was never so young and easy again. It had been my idyll, and it is forever the place of my dreams.

I like to revisit my dreams. I've been back from time to time, written a story or two about it, about the hare, about the power station. In 2018 the whole family went back to celebrate what would have been my mother's 100'th birthday. All of us there, we looked over the wall into the garden of New Hall, walked out past the school and where the American airforce base had been, and went out to St Peter's chapel. We sat in the sun for a while, our backs against the sun-warmed stone, each of us deep in our own memories. There were no hares, but we saw a sky lark, rising, singing, descending. And there in the distance across the marshes, stood the grey-grim concrete hulk of the now dysfunctional atomic power station.

On the way back I came across a bungalow with an interesting name on the gate. 'New Clear View.' And it wasn't in my dreams, promise. But it will be soon. It's good to laugh as you dream, especially now.

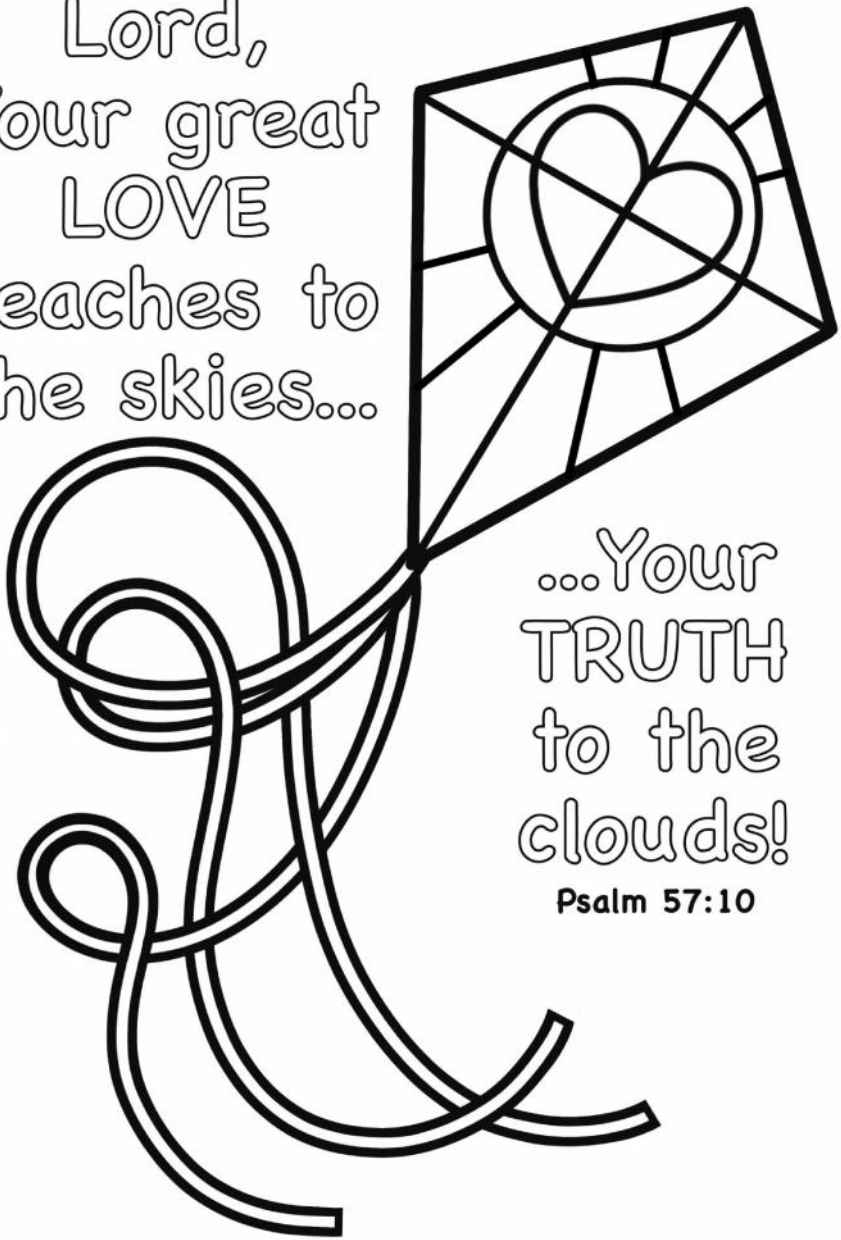
Michael Morpurgo.

**Picture of New Hall Bradwell**



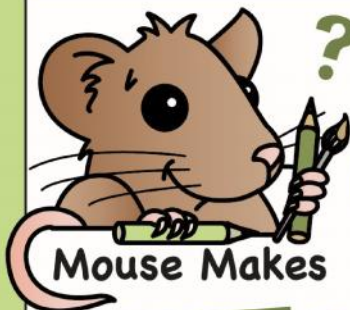
Colour in Poster

Lord,  
Your great  
LOVE  
reaches to  
the skies...



...Your  
TRUTH  
to the  
clouds!

**Psalms 57:10**



## Mouse Makes



### FIND THE MISSING HUSBANDS

Match the wife to their husband

- |           |           |
|-----------|-----------|
| MARY      | BOAZ      |
| SARAH     | JACOB     |
| RUTH      | ZECHARIAH |
| REBEKAH   | JOSEPH    |
| RACHEL    | ABRAHAM   |
| ELIZABETH | ISAAC     |



### WHO AM I?

The last letter of one name is the first letter of the next name.

P     L

- Wrote 13 New Testament letters
- He wrote the third Gospel

   M

- Mother of John (Luke 1:3)

- Sarah's servant (Genesis 16:21)

   R

- Joseph's mother (Genesis 29:35)

- His wife turned to salt (Genesis 11:31)

   L

- Paul's friend (2 Corinthians 8:27)

- A brother of Jesus (Matthew 13:55)

   N

- Ruth's mother-in-law. (Ruth 3:1)

### IT'S A PUZZLE!

God sent 9 plagues on Egypt...

What were they?

Change each letter to the one after it in the alphabet to find out.

AKNNC

EQNFR

FMZSR

EKHDR

CHRDZRD

OKZFTD

GZHK

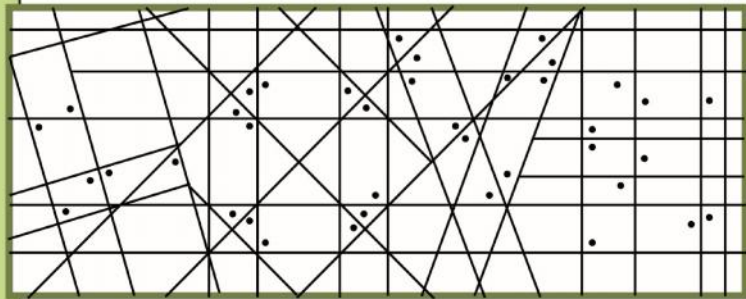
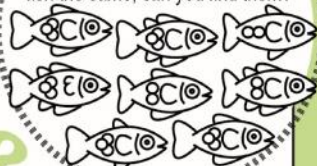
KNBTRSR

CZQJMDRR



### FIND THE FISH

The Disciples have been fishing and have caught TWO fish the same, can you find them?



Colour in all the shapes with a DOT to find out what Jesus wants us to do



The  
Tale of the  
**TWO MEN  
SAYING  
THEIR  
PRAYERS**

JESUS OFTEN TOLD  
STORIES WITH  
HIDDEN MEANINGS



ONE WAS ABOUT TWO MEN WHO  
WENT TO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY



ONE WAS A PHARISEE  
(A MAN A BIT LIKE A PRIEST)

THE OTHER WAS A TAX  
COLLECTOR. (NOT A POPULAR  
MAN IN JESUS' DAY!).



THE PHARISEE BEGAN  
TO PRAY

WHAT A GREAT CHAP I  
AM! I NEVER DO  
ANYTHING WRONG!!



I AM SO PLEASED WITH MYSELF,  
ESPECIALLY AS I AM NOT A SCOUNDREL,  
LIKE THIS TAX COLLECTOR!



BUT THE TAX  
COLLECTOR COULDN'T  
EVEN RAISE HIS HEAD

DEAR GOD... I AM VERY SORRY!  
PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR  
ALL THE WRONG THINGS  
I HAVE DONE.



IT WAS THE TAX COLLECTOR,  
NOT THE PHARISEE, WHOSE  
PRAYERS WERE HEARD!



JESUS EXPLAINED -  
'DON'T BE PROUD WHEN YOU  
PRAY - INSTEAD BE HUMBLE'.

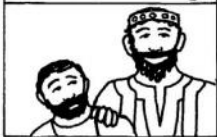
# Bible Bite

A short story from the Bible

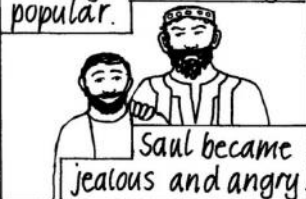
It can be read in the Bible in  
1 Samuel 24

God chose Saul to be the King of Israel, but Saul chose to disobey Him. God said that the next king would not be Saul's son.

Saul didn't know that God had chosen David to be the next king.



David was very successful as a fighter and very popular.



David had to go on the run and hide.



One day, Saul and his army were in En-Gedi. Saul needed to pee, so he went into a sheep fold built next to a cave...

David and his men were hiding at the back of the cave!



David crept over and cut a piece off Saul's robe.



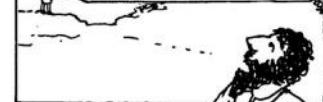
Then David felt bad.



David waited until Saul was far enough away then he shouted to him.



Your majesty, I could have killed you today, but I knew it was wrong. I want to prove to you I'm not trying to harm you.



David, you are better than me. I would have killed you but you were kind.



Now I know you will be the next king, but please look after my family.

David promised, and Saul and his army went home.





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Shirley Lea

779403

**Monday****Pebbles** 10.00 - 12.00noonMothers and toddlers get together  
(Dads welcome) for tea, coffee and  
a chat

Clive &amp; Lesley Bennett 776298

**Thursday****St. Lawrence Art Group**10 - 12noon Stone Sailing Club  
Bob Dorks 778392**St Lawrence PCC Secretary**

Victoria Eley v.eley@icloud.com

**Parish Council Chairman;**

Gerry Lewsey

gerald.lewsey@yahoo.com

Clerk to the Parish Council:

Kevin Money

slparishclerk@gmail.com

**Bridge Club**

1.30pm &amp; Friday 7.30

**1<sup>st</sup> Wednesday of the month****St Lawrence Social Club**

Secretary Gwen Adams 778386

**The Friends of St Lawrence  
Newland Church**

Carole Taylor

778523

John Barnes

779267

**District Councillor**

Penny Channer

740607

Michael Helm

**Stone Sailing Club**

(Weekends)

779344

**Rainbow Guides**

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enquir-ies@girlguidingsexne.org.uk**Church Centre Activities**

All Church Centre bookings:

Shirley Lea 779403

**St Lawrence Village Hall  
Fund**

Contact: K. Terkelsen

778742

Tara Pringle

779063

**Church Flowers**

Margaret Cowell

779219

Janet Cowell

779310

**Tuesday****11.00am Coffee Morning**

Maureen Storey

**St Lawrence Singers**

Friday at 5.45 - 7.00pm

Margaret Garlick

779328.

**Wednesday****Women's Institute**

2nd Wednesday 7.30pm

**President: Cathie Bomich****Secretary: Carol Kelleher 778370****The Medical Centre****Tillingham**

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