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FOCUS

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Issue No.38

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March/April 2018

Celebrating a friend



Pat Goss died in February aged 73 from Motor Neurone Disease, a truly dreadful condition she bore with fortitude and good humour for many months with unwavering loving support from Terry, Fred, Lorraine and the family, who would like to thank everybody for their kind help and loving cards. Blythburgh is remembering her; and thinking of them.

Obituary: Pages 15 to 17.

**Inside: Villager of the Year – Page 6; Latitude Tickets – Page 7;
Trust to pay for meningitis B vaccinations – Page 10**

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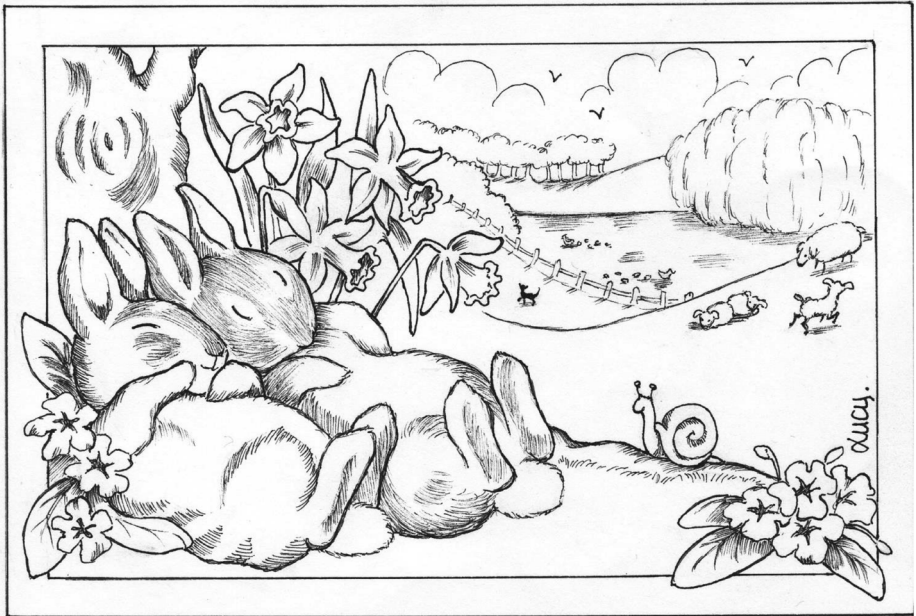
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Home thoughts from a broad...



TRAFFIC NEWS

The parish council's new data logger has been deployed on both sides of the A12. The figures show that during the day, the visible speed reminders of the speed cameras do have an effect on traffic speed. This effect is less marked at night and particularly late nights (22:00 to 05:00). Speeding late at night is already so bad that the sign doesn't act as any sort of deterrent.

Data Logger A12 Southbound January: 3136 vehicles a day (63%) were at an acceptable speed, 36% (1825 per day) were at illegal speeds and 1% (836 per day) were driving at highly illegal speeds. During the daytime from 07:00 to 19:00 the figures are slightly better at 66% acceptable; 34% illegal and an average of 14 vehicles per day were highly illegal. These figures show that 10% more vehicles were travelling at illegal speeds than those recorded by the speed cameras. The same is true at night with only 40% acceptable; 55% illegal and 5% highly illegal compared to 53%, 44% and 2% recorded by the cameras. Late at night doesn't show quite the same change with the acceptable traffic remaining at 40%, illegal dropping to 52% and highly illegal rising to 8.5% (13.5 vehicles per night)

Speed cameras A12 Northbound January: 3400 vehicles a day (87%) were at an acceptable speed, 13% (492 per day) were illegal and 8 vehicles per day were highly illegal. Daytime the figures were 91% acceptable, 9% illegal and 1 vehicle highly illegal. Nights were 69% acceptable, 30% illegal and 1% (6 vehicles per night) highly illegal. Late nights were 65% acceptable, 33% illegal and 2% (3.5 vehicles per night) highly illegal.

Data Logger figures for February: 3800 vehicles a day (84%) were at an acceptable, 16% (735 per day) were illegal and 12 vehicles per day were highly illegal. Daytime the figures were 87% acceptable, 13% illegal and 2 vehicles highly illegal. Nights were 68% acceptable, 30% illegal and 1.5% (10 vehicles per night) highly illegal. Late nights were 66% acceptable, 32% illegal and 2.7% (8 vehicles per night) highly illegal.



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Saturday
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Sunday
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*Subject to change

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BLYTHBURGH REFLECTIONS

A man, his boats and 53 years afloat

It was a green packet which, when opened, intriguingly contained a letter dated December 20 1899 and an extract from the *Whitstable and Tankerton Press* dated Saturday, June 20 1953.

The 1899 letter was addressed to “My dear grandfather, aunt and uncle”. The writer, Joe Eade, expresses hope his letter “will find you all quite at Southwold” and that “you have had a good fishing this year”. He goes on: “I see by the papers that they have started the pier at last...”

The *Press* extract, entitled 53 Exciting Years Afloat and stretching over two and a half pages of A4, reports the death of Captain Joseph C Eade and, in summary, tells the following story:

It all began when, as a boy of 15, Joe Eade ran away to sea. He loved the life, worked well and, as a result, found promotion rapid.

When World War I broke out Captain Eade, who was in the Naval Reserve, was recalled and served in the trawler “Varbena”. During his service, part of which was spent in Russian waters, he had many narrow escapes and the end of hostilities saw him awarded five medals, including the coveted DSM.

In the Channel gales of October 20th, 1932, the “Glen Mary”, a 500-ton tramp steamer, in the charge of Captain Eade, rescued three naval officers from the de-masted and sinking yacht “Wallop”. Captain Eade was still in command of the “Glen Mary” on October 17th, 1936, when, during a gale, he was instrumental in saving four more, again from a de-masted yacht. After nine years in command of the “Glen Mary”, Captain Eade was given responsibility of a larger cargo boat “Sincerity”, a magnificent ship which had taken part in the review at Spithead on the occasion of the jubilee of King George V.

Early in World War II Captain Eade took command of “Sequacity” a 1100 ton cargo ship. This command brought somewhat more excitement than expected and, within a day of taking over, he was awakened by a series of explosions. His ship was being attacked from the air. Six bombs were dropped, just missing the stern of the ship, and the force of the explosions temporarily stopped the engines. By the time the engines were restarted, the Nazi planes were preparing another attack. They came straight towards the ship and dropped another five bombs – again just missing the target. This attack took place close to shore

from where it was witnessed by many people. Fortunately, it ended swiftly with the appearance of British fighter planes and all aboard escaped injury.

Captain Eade had cause to dislike mines as well as aircraft. He was close by when a Japanese liner sank after hitting a mine and within 50 yards of a tanker that experienced the same fate.

After the war, Captain

Eade, in a broadcast associated with the reopening of the Rochester Missions to Seamen Institute, described his experiences afloat in somewhat colourful terms. He compared dingy, overcrowded forecastles of ships when he first served afloat, with the comparatively spacious and hygienic living conditions that the passing of years brought.

Eade is a name long associated with Blythburgh and, although I haven’t been able to link directly Captain Joseph C Eade with Blythburgh, he certainly had local family connections and enjoyed a fascinating life.



Words: Sonia Boggis
Illustration: Spike Gerrell

Villager of the Year Voting Form

Please complete the form below and return to Jim Boggis, Clerk, Blythburgh with Bulcamp and Hinton Parish Council, Marsh End, Church Road by April 30. The presentation will be made at the annual parish meeting in the village hall at a 7pm on May 18. Wine and light refreshments will be served.

Nominee	Proposers
Reason for nomination	

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How to apply for your Latitude tickets

Applications for the 11th Latitude Festival in Henham Park from July 12-15, 2018, will be opened at 9am on May 1. Each Blythburgh resident can apply for one ticket. Remember, residents have a right to apply but not an entitlement to receive tickets. The ticket price includes a return minibus between Blythburgh and the festival.

Payment must be made by June 1 but not before you have been informed whether your application has been successful. Cheques should be made payable to Blythburgh Latitude Trust and sent to Olive Forsythe, Abbey Cottage (the pink cottage beside the Village Hall).

Applicants will be notified whether or not their application has been successful. Applicants' ticket allocations will then be held for 1 month. During this time the applicant must CONFIRM names to be printed on the tickets, the name of the person collecting the tickets and make payment. If confirmation of names or payment is not supplied then the tickets WILL BE re-allocated. Applications by telephone or email WILL NOT be accepted.

Please apply to Olive Forsythe, Abbey Cottage using the form below. Tickets will be distributed in Blythburgh Village Hall between 6 and 7 pm on Tuesday and Wednesday 11 and 12 July.

The current line-up includes Killers, Solange, alt-J, the Vaccines, Wolf Alice, Rag'n'Bone Man, James, Mogwai, Jon Hopkins Live, the Charlatans, Benjamin Clementine, the Breeders, Jessie Ware, Always, Tune-Yards, Fickle Friends, Bomba Estereo, Sam Fender, Idles, Hinds and Black Honey. Other performers include Bridget Christie, Harry Hill, David O'Doherty, Tim Key, Jonathan Pie, Where's the F in News, James Acaster, Mo Gilligan, Sadler's Wells, Recirquel Contemporary Circus, Lyric Hammersmith, and Scottish Dance Theatre.

Latitude Festival 2018 Ticket Application Form							
Resident's name for contact							
Address							
Telephone Number							
E-mail							
Ticket Application							
Name for EACH ticket	Child (5 to 12)	Accompanied Teen (13 to 15)	Fri	Sat	Sun	Weekend	Family Camping

Prices: Weekend, £45; Day, £16; accompanied teens weekend, £45 day £16, children, £8.

Trust to pay for meningitis B vaccinations

Following the two recent cases of meningitis B locally, one of them fatal, the Blythburgh Latitude Trust is offering to pay for children not covered by the NHS compulsory scheme to be vaccinated privately. Costs vary, Super Drug is £105, Boots £110. Other suppliers are available. Two courses are required. Please apply to Jim Boggis, honorary administrator, Blythburgh Latitude Trust, 01502 478687 or email blythburghtrust@gmail.com. For further information ring the Meningitis Help line 080 8800 3344 or meningitis now, www.meningitisnow.org

NEWS FROM HOLY TRINITY

Two special people sorely missed

Holy Trinity was sad to see the death of two core members of the parish community: Thomas (Tom or Toby) Lond-Caulk and Patricia (Pat) Goss. But we were privileged to host their funerals. In each case, Holy Trinity, Blythburgh was packed with people wanting to pay tribute to these remarkable people in a way that was individually appropriate to each.

Easter activities: Palm Sunday service on 25 March will be a Book of Common Prayer Eucharist at 9.30am. On Good Friday 30 March at 5pm, we will welcome families to build the Easter Garden, retell the stories of Passiontide, and take part in an Easter egg hunt. The Easter Day service is on Sunday 1 April at 11am with Choral Evensong at 6pm.

Passion play: Easter Week sees three performances of the *Southwold Passion*, a piece of modern-dress community theatre that takes place on St Bartholomew Green, in St Edmund's Church and on the beach. The cast of local people includes Blythburgh's resident priest Malcolm Doney, playing the disciple Peter.

Performances: Mon 26 March 7.00pm; Tues 26 March 2.30 pm (ideal for people with access issues – beach scenes performed in and around the church); Wed 27 March 7.00pm. Tickets, adults £10.00, under 16s £8.00, available from Southwold Arts Centre: 01502 722 572 (booking fee applies), or from www.ticketsource.co.uk/southwold-arts-centre.

Future events: Holy Trinity Blythburgh's Annual Parochial Church Meeting will be held on Thursday 19 April at 7pm in the Village Hall. The Café and Minimarket restarts on Friday 27 April at 10.30. The Renaissance Chamber Choir will be performing at Blythburgh Church on Sat 28 April at 7.00pm. The Friends of Holy Trinity, Blythburgh are holding their annual open event on Saturday 19 May at 2.00pm. *Artists in the Contemporary Church* will feature illustrated talks by two knowledgeable speakers: Laura Moffat, Director of Art and Christianity, and John Maddison, the artist who designed the reredos for the Lady Chapel of Ely Cathedral. All are welcome. Admission free.

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JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM – PART TWO

Demanding equal rights for all

In the last edition of Focus, I described the Amos Trust's five-month, 3000 km "Just Walk" from London to Jerusalem, arriving officially on 2 November 2017 to mark the centenary of the Balfour declaration. We walked to demand full equal rights for everyone calling Israel/Palestine their home.

On our arrival in Palestine we were welcomed by the mayor of Jericho, and held a meeting on the main square. These events were covered by press and television, which continued to follow us for the rest of our stay in Palestine. We were greeted by many people who had heard about the walk.

The Balfour declaration was familiar to everybody as one cause of the current disastrous situation. As we walked through the countryside and towns, we shared meals with the inhabitants, whether in Bedouin tents or in refugee camps. We visited the Aida, Azza, Dheihah and Arroub camps. Near the latter we visited a house which was rebuilt with Amos Trust volunteer help after a demolition.

At Arroub we visited the UNWRA school, and at Al-Zuweidin we visited a girls school. We walked to the Sumud peace camp, the village of Um al-Kheir which is subject to numerous demolition orders, and the village of Susiya which is under permanent threat of expulsion, as reported on the BBC. In the Negev we walked through four Bedouin villages seeing many sites of demolished houses.

Numerous organisations working for justice and peace received us, including the Holy Lands Trust, the Right to Movement, Youth against Settlements, and the Wi'am Reconciliation Centre. We visited the Beit Jala rehabilitation hospital. At a night vigil in Manger Square the local imam and the Orthodox bishop officiated. By chance we were at Banksy's "Walled Off" hotel when a spoof street party was held, and a look-alike queen unveiled a plaque on the security wall saying "ER – sorry !". We experienced at first hand the Israeli army and police stopping our walk into Hebron centre after a violent settler had attacked a Palestinian official walking with us – the Palestinian was arrested.

On 2 November the day started with breakfast at the British consulate general, when we handed over a proposal for a new Balfour declaration (below), and an open letter to Mrs May following her recent speech expressing pride in the 1917 declaration. We then attended the Fatah International Conference on Balfour in Ramallah as guests of honour, joined the protest in the city centre, and attended lunch with Mr Abbas in the presidential complex. Our last walk was from the Mount of Olives to the Lion Gate, and we attended a Balfour centenary evensong at St George's cathedral.

The participants in the "Just Walk" went their ways the next day, most returning to England, happy to have been able to show their support for the Palestinians living under a military occupation, and proud to have put forward a draft new version of the Balfour declaration on the centenary date:

"Her Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine/Israel of a safe and secure home for all who live there. The nations of the world should use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this objective, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil, political and religious rights of Palestinians or Jews living in Palestine/Israel or any other country".

Arthur Pooley



Mary Gundry's two views of Blythburgh in the March snow

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Remembering my Nannee

I'd like to start with a quote from one of her favourite players, The King, Eric Cantona. He said 'luck is the people we meet'. Luck doesn't seem to cover the honour we all feel at having met, known and loved my Nannee. I simply couldn't describe a greater nannee.

One of my earliest memories is running amongst the rushes with her, or the swordfield as I knew it. We would each grab a sword and battle each other, I can still picture her skipping and smiling, and playing just like a child would.

When we came to stay at the cottage over summer she would treat us like guests, cooking us whatever we wanted, even if that meant doing three separate meals. The bacon and egg rolls she made were a dream. I would watch her fervently baste the eggs in hot oil so that the yolks were perfect, I have never tasted better and I assure you I've had a lot. I would like to say I can fry eggs like her now but they don't come close.



When we were at the beach hut and dared to brave the north sea she'd have hot chocolates with mountains of cream ready for us as soon as we were out of the sea to warm us back up. They really did, so much that Nannee's hot chocolate became legendary, and almost made going into that grim sea worthwhile.

Life really didn't get much better for a kid when staying at the cottage and it felt like we were the most treated grandchildren in the world, but I soon realized we were playing second fiddle when I saw her grating cheese over Hugo's dinner.

I can say without doubt that I wouldn't be the person I am without her help. She taught me so much. Simple things like how to change and make a bed and to keep things tidy, both of which I'm still working on. More importantly she taught me to stay strong no matter what, that hard work was paramount and how to stay laughing and smiling through everything.

The thing I will miss the most is that beguiling laugh of hers and the beautiful smile she wore. There are countless times I can think off when there was nothing we could do but laugh, in part at what had been said but mostly just because Nannee had a laugh that would sweep everyone up in it. Her laugh will live with me forever and I know the memory of it will always make me smile.

Since the summer she and I grew incredibly close and I will treasure the time we got to spend together. Although under tough circumstances we found joy throughout it all and I feel privileged that I was able to help my marvellous nannee. Even when she was at her weakest she was the strongest person I've ever known.

She deserved the very best and I hope she knows how much we all cared for her. Nannee I love you, you mean the world to me and will forever be a part of everything I do. I can't tell you how much I will miss you but know that you made a boy happier than any boy could be. Rest well, you've earned it, you'll forever be in our hearts.

Freddie Granville, who cared for Pat from early summer 2017

To our dearest Nannee Noodle...



We can't begin to tell you how lucky we are to have the best role model three young girls could have. Not only were you the strongest and most no-nonsense woman we know, you taught us life lessons that will stick with us forever. As sad as this occasion is, I find peace in knowing that in life and in death Nannee would always be the one to bring us together.

Seeing Nannee and Grandad every Tuesday would always be one of the best parts of my week, and one of the scariest if I'd forgotten to make my bed that morning. I still make sure my bed is made every morning before I leave the house, and if I forget I always hear her voice in my head telling me off.

We are so lucky to be such a close family and have parents and grandparents that love us so much. Nannee was no exception to this. No matter what we wanted to do, nannie would support us. Every school play, dance show, open day that I had Nannee would be right there, and not because she had to but because she loved seeing us doing what we love to do.

There are not enough words to explain how much of an amazing person Nannee was, and how much she will be missed by everyone she met. If you knew her before or after the illness hit, you can all agree that one of the most beautiful things about Nannee was her smile and laughter, and how infectious they were. No matter what was happening, you could guarantee that Freddie could make her laugh, which in turn would brighten the whole room. Although she may have had no favourite Grandchild, no one could make her laugh like Freddie could.

If you knew her before the illness, you would know how upbeat and full of energy she always was. She was always ready to go and always optimistic, no matter what was happening. If you only knew her after the illness started taking its toll, you can still agree that she was always fighting and always positive about every situation.

She is the strongest person I've met, and her death affects us all greatly. But living in sadness and wallowing is not what Nannee would have wanted, so instead we should all think of the amazing memories she left behind, and the wonderful life she led. Her presence affected every person in this room, and I know that in everything we do we will remember her. God bless you Nannee, we will carry you with us always.

Kitty, Harriet and Eliza

Two diary dates: annual parish council meeting in the village hall on May 8 at 7.15pm, public forum at 7pm. The annual parish meeting will be on Friday 11 May at 7pm when you will be able to meet district and county councillors and review the activities of local associations. The Villager of the Year will be named. Light refreshments and wine will be served.

OBITUARY

Pat Goss 14 October 1944 – 2 February 2018

The first time I met Pat was shortly after my wife Meryl and I arrived here, in 2009. Meryl was away in London and I'd dropped into the White Hart, where I discovered that there was some kind of themed food night going on. I now know that, if there was food, drink and a gathering, that's where you'd find the Gosses.

Pat and Terry invited me to join them at their table, where we found all sorts of things in common, including: West London connections, sport, and horses. For me, it was a significant occasion. I felt welcomed, included, befriended. I was immediately warmed by Pat's sense of fun, her eagerness to tell a story, her ready and memorable laugh. Pat made you feel you could be part of what was going on.

This wasn't something she simply reacted to. She made things happen. Always proud of her northern roots, Pat was born in Manchester where her mother and aunts – all five of them – were independent women in business. These Nicholson women weren't going to hang around, they got on and did things.

Pat's family moved to Clacton in the late 1950s, where she spent her youth. Her parents ran a caravan park there. They were eventually to move to Ealing in West London, where they took on a grocer's which eventually became a much sought-after delicatessen store.

By now Pat and Clacton-boy Terry, an electrician, were married – they'd met at an out-of-season social club for locals at Butlins. She and Terry soon became absorbed in the family business. In the 1980s, an opportunity arose to get involved in a burgeoning new enterprise. Many of you will remember drinking in pubs in the 1970s, very little was refrigerated. Beer was served at room temperature. The idea of having *cold* drinks was literally foreign. But with the advent of lagers, in came chilling.

A golf club friend with a refrigeration business invited Terry and Pat to join him in supplying systems for pubs and bars. They jumped in. Terry supervised the technical work on site, and Pat ran the back office. Before long their company ERI Refrigeration had a team of 20 engineers, supplying refrigeration for bars at

sports stadia including White Hart Lane, Twickenham, Wimbledon and Wembley. They also equipped the Houses of Parliament, and a host of bars, pubs and hotels.

In the 1990s, a whim led Pat and Terry to the Suffolk coast. Before long, they'd bought a house, followed by a beach hut. For some while they were weekend visitors, but that didn't stop them throwing themselves into village life.

Pat was a doer, with a real talent for making friends. She accumulated a circle of friends at work, walking her series of five red setters, or having her hair done (which she insisted upon, once a week, come rain, shine or national crisis!). In Blythburgh it was no different. She got stuck in, was not going to be left behind. Getting under the skin of a community like Blythburgh at the time, took a bit of doing, but Pat was up to the challenge. Very little daunted her, so, when the opportunity came to ride a horse for the first time, at the age of 50, she put her foot in the stirrup. Almost immediately falling off: breaking her ribs was cause for a pause, not a stop.

She was direct, candid and funny to the very end. I remember sitting in the Goss's front room, during the time when Pat had her marvellous speaking machine. There would be periods of silence from her, when it was sometimes easy to forget she was in the room, but Terry and I were gassing about some blokey foolishness in which we'd both fouled something up, and suddenly out of nowhere came Pat's interruption, "Yes, the blind leading the blind!"

We're going to miss her. As we look at what Pat has left us, we see someone who was generous with her life. Her hospitality, her outgoing nature has born fruit in a village where people enjoy each other's company, where they put themselves out for each other. When Pat was diagnosed, people queued to provide help, food, company – and they did it because they know that Pat would have done the same. We see Pat's life sparkling in those whose worlds she touched.

This article is based on the Rev. Malcolm Doney's tribute to Pat at her funeral.

OBITUARY

Tom Lond-Caulk 21 March 1935- 4 January 2018

Our Dad, Thomas Lond-Caulk was a very kind and gentle man. Some knew him as Toby, others as Thomas, others as Tom, but those closest to him and his grandchildren called him Caulksie (a legacy from his father who was also called Caulksie). It is probably no co-incidence that his initials spell out TLC (tender loving care).

The many condolence cards received had a common theme, words such as kind, caring, gentle and loving were in almost every message. He was loved by, and a great friend to, so many people from various different groups and clubs.

On 21st March 1935 Thomas was born in Norwich to Thomas John Lond-Caulk, (Senior) and Violet Blanche (known as Tawnie). We believe everyone has a guardian angel, and given he had his fair share of mishaps his guardian angel was particularly hardworking. God said as he was born, *'this one could be a challenge, who is up for it?'*



His childhood homes were Surlingham and then Hingham in Norfolk and he often spoke fondly of those places and last year on his 82nd birthday the four of us went on a tour of childhood homes and schools and had a lovely day hearing stories from that time, and even though we went equipped with map and sat nav we did not need to use them, such was his memory for the roads and his astonishing knowledge of the area even though he had not lived there for many years.

Dinah (his younger sister) called him Toby. She has so many childhood memories, but one she can clearly remember is how excited he was to receive a red pedal car for his sixth birthday. He was a quiet but happy boy who always looked out for her and tried to keep her out of mischief. At Hingham, when he was seven, with most of the workforce in the forces, he was expected to do his bit. He was put in charge of the chickens, feeding them, collecting eggs and every fortnight cleaning out the hen house. How he hated that job! But saying that, he loved all the animals that were his companions throughout his life; horses, dogs, a budgie, guinea pigs and of course cats. One of his greatest pleasures of late was his beloved cat named 'cat' who turned up in the garden a couple of years ago and still resides at Swallows Corner when she decides she wants to.

He went to school in Bungay and was very proud to be at the grammar school, and was always in the top 2 or 3 in the class. He was a quiet boy but made firm friends with John Brown who has remained his very good friend all these years. When he left school at 16 he worked on the farm and then did a tour of National Service when he was 18. At first he was put in the catering corps but later he changed and joined the transport division where he learned to drive and fix engines. One of his passions was engineering and inventing. He was never happier than when he was covered with oil up to his elbows! You could often find him in, or on or under some piece of machinery.

When he returned to Suffolk his eyes soon alighted on a beautiful young woman who lived in Blythburgh called Gillian to whom he proposed marriage. They were married on 1st December 1962 and began their married life in Hinton. In 1964 their first daughter Rachel arrived in the July. It was a very hot summer that year, in direct contrast to the weather in their first year of marriage. Six years later I came along, born in the spring and now he was thrilled to be the father of two girls.

I spent many hours helping him on the tractor and was even put inside a combine harvester to help him fix it because he needed a little person to crawl inside the tiny space, much to the horror of Gillian. I trusted him completely without question and thought nothing of it. We had many hours together on the farm and I particularly remember one harvest evening sitting on the tractor and watching the sun set in companionable silence. It was rather magical and I shall never forget it.

Alice

A good life – a well lived life

I've come up to the pulpit because it enables me to show you something which is very Tom Lond-Caulk. Here at the front of the pulpit is a piece of metalwork. It's the emblem of Holy Trinity, Blythburgh, made nicely out of steel by Tom. But it's more than that. I can see something that you can't, because on my side it becomes a panel with a built-in clip which holds the pulpit microphone.

It's something which is meaningful, but also practical, and custom-made. That was Tom all over. You'll see arranged on the altar a small selection of the things Tom made. What you won't see, though, are all the invisible adjustments and additions he constructed, like the feet on the lectern which mean it can stand steady on an uneven floor.

Tom has definitely made his mark on this place. he didn't do things by halves. He was a one-man heavy industry. As he once said to his friend John Brown: "The things I make don't blow away." This reminds me of an incident that took place here one Christmas Eve.

When I first arrived in Blythburgh and started helping out with the services, one of the current priests Julie Eaton gave me a steer. She said, "Please don't burn any incense, because it would be really bad for Tom's chest." I took note. But when another vicar Joan Lyon joined the team, she thought it might be good to have some incense at midnight mass on Christmas Eve. She understood the sensitivities but thought we might have just a hint, a nuance, at the west end of the church

But she then put this job in Tom's hands. I should say at this point that Tom was always keen to get a fire going, on Easter Day, the Millennium . . . whenever. Now, usually, churches burn incense in a thurible, quite a modest receptacle. Tom got out his angle grinder and cut off the bottom section of a propane gas cylinder. On the night, he filled this hefty container with charcoal and set it on fire.

Once Tom had tossed a generous serving of

incense on the coals, the aromatic smoke rose to the rafters. But that's not all it did, it also enveloped the congregation. I was leading the service that night, and I couldn't see anyone in the back six pews who were lost in the cloud. People began to cough and splutter, and their eyes streamed. But all the while, further forward Tom sat in his pew completely oblivious to, and untroubled by, the smog of incense that was filling the church behind him.

I tell that story not to make fun of Tom, but to speak of his enthusiasm. He was a creative engineer, a problem solver, a fixer, a doer. It came from his heart, as did everything.

Tom was a Church Warden here for more than 20 years, and Churchwarden Emeritus for a further three. He also acted as unofficial verger, for weddings and funerals. He was encouraged to become involved by the vicar Harry Edwards, and before long, Tom was a fixture. The church became like a second home to him. And he was very house-proud.

Tom made sure that the agricultural rhythms were celebrated in the church too. I'd always get a phone call to remind me that Lamma was coming up. And would I like him to bring in the plough for plough Sunday? Rogation Sunday was a real favourite too.

Above all, Tom was faithful, and not just in the steadfast way in which he followed Jesus, the Bread of Life. You could see it in his long and loving marriage to Gill, in his delighted commitment to Rachel and Alice and their children; in his enduring friendships which lasted decades; in his loyalty to the local community its events and organisations. (you couldn't have a meeting without Tom present). And all this was done with humour, gusto, can-do.

He was characterised by unfailing, overflowing kindness. He has left his mark on this place and on our lives. He was a good man.

His was a good life. Well lived.

Malcolm Doney

Notes from Daisy Bank LXXXIII

Some people who live in a village involve themselves in village life both socially and practically. In other words, because of that involvement they become an integral part of the village. Tom Lond- Caulk was one such person. I first met him when I joined the parish council in the early nineties and later when the Blythburgh Group started to exhibit at the church, he along with Alan Peg the other church warden, were very helpful in making our group a success.

When Tom's health started to deteriorate I took over from him in the daily opening of the church. So every morning now when I open up, I feel a sort of historical bond of continuity with him. Several years ago I heard a rumour that there was talk of applying for a national award for Tom for his contribution to Blythburgh but sadly nothing came of it. A great pity. People like Tom form the backbone of country villages like Blythburgh and in turn the beating heart of our wonderful country. He will be missed.

My mother was a dedicated gardener. And one of her things was that when ever we went out for a ride in the car, we could not pass by a wood without a journey into it, armed with a bucket and spade where, under instruction, we would dig up some leaf mould and bring it home for use on the garden. Frankly it was an unwelcome chore and the whole thing to me seemed like a complete and utter waste of time. Surely, there was so much more interesting things to see and to be getting up to.

I now have a leaf mould pile myself in our garden, which has plenty of leaves to pick up at this time of year, my interest in leaf mould and its wonderful powers has been piqued. And now to add to that, courtesy of Paul C, I have a two compost heap containers made out of three redundant wooden pallets. Of course yet another idea from the philosophy according to Saint Monty!

Snowdrops already in the garden and at the time of writing it's mid January. A promise of spring at least to look forward to. I've planted several hundred bulbs and I can't wait to see them come to fruition. When that happens and Daisy Bank has wakened from its hibernation, then of course spring will be here and the roses will start to wake from the winter and prepare for their flowering. So much to look forward to and anticipate. A little poem to break the monotony of prose. I've called it Winter is not my friend.

Winter is not my friend
It holds no sweet mystery for me.
It is the fortress of cold
It is the powerful enemy of light
And all must bow to its majesty and might.
The frozen birds that sleep and never wake
The hard frost earth that even worms cannot escape
The shivering, withering cold that bites into your soul
The driving rain that even taunts the churchyard bell to toll.
All these and more are winter's friends
To welcome and embrace their bitter charms
For she is the enemy of the warming sun
And she will not rest until her icy work is done
So, pray for the sun and the dawn of spring
Pray for the light and its warming winds to bring
Pray for us and for what we hope for most
And pray to the Father, son and holy ghost.

PS. Some time last year I mentioned Pat and Terry Goss and how they were both going through a harrowing period in their life. Pat died at the beginning of February. A sad beginning to the year but still a triumph for the love and the care she was given by Terry and their family.

Paul Bennett