

BLYTHBURGH

FOCUS

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Issue No.39

<http://blythburgh.onesuffolk.net>

May/June 2018

Who's up for the big lunch?

The Big Lunch is the UK's biggest annual get together for neighbours. The idea is simple: for a few hours neighbours come together to meet, greet, share, swap, sing, plan and laugh. We know that Blythburgh is already a great place for getting together – after all we have the community café and mini market, Blyth Belles, the film club, an active horticultural society, the fitness club and more - but wouldn't it be great if we could come together for The Big Lunch.

Last year, 9.3 million people took to their streets, gardens and neighbourhoods to join in for a few hours of community, friendship and fun in celebration of The Big Lunch. This year The Big Lunch will take place on Sunday 3 June and everyone in Blythburgh is encouraged to come along and get together with neighbours to help make 2018 the biggest Big Lunch yet!

The Blythburgh Big Lunch will take place in the Village Hall on Sunday, 3rd June between

12:30pm and 2:30pm. Please bring a plate of food to share and if you should have any special dietary requirements could we please ask that you cater for these requirements yourself - we are keen to avoid any problems with food allergies.

Blythburgh M@tters will be providing tea, coffee and soft drinks free of charge and there will also be a quiz and games to enjoy at our get together for neighbours. We hope you can join us!

If you would like more information please ring Ro on 07886 465552.

The National Big Lunch initiative is supported by the Eden Project Communities and the National Lottery Fund and for more information go to <https://www.edenprojectcommunities.com/> and then click on The Big Lunch.

Sonia Boggis

Freddie Granville is Villager of the Year

Pat Goss's grandson, Freddie Granville, was the clear winner of Blythburgh's Villager of the Year 2018. There were four nominations with Freddie getting two-thirds of the vote.

He was nominated for the devotion he showed to Pat in the last months of her life, putting his own on hold after he had graduated from Leeds University.



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Home thoughts from a broad...



TRAFFIC NEWS

A12 Southbound monitored during March by the speed cameras and April by the Data Logger (DL). In March 72% (3,926 per day) were at an acceptable speed, 27% (1,497 per day) were illegal and 0.6% (32 per day) were driving at highly illegal speeds. (DL percentages are 62%, 37% and 0.9% respectively). From 07:00 to 19:00 75% were acceptable; 2% illegal and an average of 7 vehicles per day highly illegal. (DL: 65%, 34% and 13 vehicles per day.) At night only 53% were acceptable; 44% illegal and 3% highly illegal (DL 40%, 55%, 5%). With the visible display the figures were 48% acceptable; 46% illegal and 6.8% highly illegal whereas the Data Logger recorded a mere 30% acceptable; 59% illegal and 11% highly illegal

A12 Northbound monitored during April by the VAS. Compared to January when the VAS was last in this position the figures are very similar apart from late nights. Overall 87% (3900 per day) were acceptable; 13% (492 per day) were illegal and 9 vehicles per day were highly illegal. Daytime figures were 90% acceptable; 10% illegal and 2 vehicles highly illegal. Nights were 69% acceptable; 30% illegal and 1% (8 vehicles per night) highly illegal, Late nights went from 65% acceptable to 54%; from 33% illegal to 43% and from 2% (3.5 vehicles per night) highly illegal to 5 vehicles per night.

Dunwich Road Northbound, the last time the VAS was on the Dunwich Road was in February. In March the Data Logger was monitoring this position. Data logger figures with the VAS figures in brackets. Overall 86% (1,040 per day) were acceptable (VAS 92%); 14% (170 per day) were illegal (VAS 8%) and 7 vehicles were highly illegal during the whole month (VAS 2).

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*Subject to change

01502 478047

BLYTHBURGH REFLECTIONS

Meet The Keeper: Percy Muttitt

The Keeper, an early Anglia TV Bygones Special produced by Dick Joice, was first broadcast on the 18 September 1975 and follows the life of Percy Muttitt, Blythburgh resident and gamekeeper on the Blois estate for more than 40 years. Filmed in and around Blythburgh, the documentary includes fantastic footage of what things looked like 43 years ago and provides an, almost magical, insight into Mr. Muttitt's world.

As keeper on the Blois estate it was incumbent on Mr. Muttitt to ensure good shooting for the season. This occupied much time and effort from May onwards but we learn that success could never be guaranteed and Mr. Muttitt couldn't relax until the final shoot of the morning had been completed.

The gamekeeper was very much in charge of the actual shoot: positioning the guns and beaters, flushing out the birds, retrieving those that fell victim to the guns, sensitively managing those that were less than successful and all before lunch.

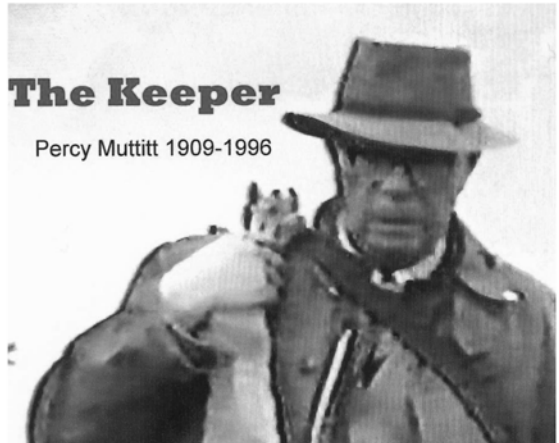
As part of the Blois estate, Westward marshes also feature with Percy Muttitt explaining how he had seen them change over the years, perhaps surprisingly, becoming much wilder and with extensive reed growth following deliberate flooding during the Second World War. The old mill (significantly less rundown than it is today) was designed to manage water levels rather than grind grain and footage of widgeons accompany Percy talking of the thousands that used to arrive and how their noise drowned out all else.

Animals have a central role in a keeper's life. Some they work with; the bond with his dogs is plain for all to see and his ferrets play a key role in reducing the rabbit population. Other animals they must fight and it was interesting to be reminded of a gamekeeper's habit of hanging dead vermin on a tree for all to see.

Dick Joice sensitively draws out and explores aspects of Percy's early life. His birth at Athel Cottage, early memories of his father wearing a velvet suit (he was a gamekeeper too and this allowed him to move through bushes with no sound) and his early and enduring passion for the natural world. Returning to the now closed village school he mused that he had learned more on the way to school than at school. The journey to school should have taken no more than 20 minutes but it was always closer to an hour because, en route, Percy needed to check his mole traps, feed his owls and investigate other objects of interest.

Seeing Percy Muttitt outside his cottage on the Fen, walking his secret paths and riding his old bicycle along pothole pitted tracks is evocative and thought provoking but actually being able to hear his voice reach across the years to speak of a way of life that has now sadly passed is special beyond words.

Thanks are due to Colin Bird for making his father's copy of this documentary available to us. Colin's father lived in Priory Road and can be seen in the film rowing Percy Muttitt on the River Blyth. If you would like to see this documentary please let me know- Sonia.boggis@btinternet.com – and we can make appropriate arrangements



Where to collect your Latitude tickets

People who were successful in obtaining Latitude tickets will all have been told by now. The tickets will be distributed in Blythburgh Village Hall between 6 and 7 pm on Wednesday and Thursday, 11 and 12 July.

Second defibrillator for Blythburgh

When somebody suffers sudden cardiac arrest, prompt action by anyone nearby is their only chance of survival. An immediate 999 ambulance call and an immediate start of cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) are essential.

Most people who survive will have needed a shock from a defibrillator. The earlier the shock is given, the better are the person's chances of survival. Every minute of delay reduces those chances substantially.

There is now another defibrillator (AED) in the village, in addition to the one already on the wall of the village shop. Provided, by the Community HeartBeat Trust (CHT), it is on the wall of the garage outside Mill Farm, opposite Highfield. Walking on the gravel past the two garage doors, you see it on the right. It is in an unlocked cabinet, allowing immediate access when seconds count.

The defibrillator is automated, and easy to use (it talks to you) without training or experience in life-saving.

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The Blythburgh Latitude Trust

The Blythburgh Latitude Trust makes grants to meet specific needs to individuals and families living in the parish.

It will also give grants to groups to support projects to improve the quality of life in the Parish of Blythburgh, Hinton and Bulcamp.

If you have a need, contact the honorary administrator, Jim Boggis, Marsh End, Church Road (478 687)

All applications will be treated in complete confidence. Normally grants will not exceed £200. Exceptional circumstances could result in higher awards. Parents or carers must endorse applications for children under 16.

Apply now

The trustees are Jenny Allen, chair, Harry Waller, vice-chair, Michael Nichols, Jeff Sutton and David Tytler.

They came, they d

Following the successful 2017 *Blythburgh Pit Project*, Access Cambridge Archaeology (ACA) returned to Blythburgh on Wednesday 16 and Thursday 17 May 2018 for the Year 2 “dig”. Ahead of the dig, project leader, Cat Collins, visited Blythburgh to select 12 sites placing the infamous red stakes in what would become the centre of each pit.

Holy Trinity again served as HQ for operations and on Day 1 the path to the main entrance was lined with 12 sets of dig kits: everything from sieves to tarpaulins to toothbrushes not to mention the rather ominous looking mattocks.

On what turned out to be a very chilly overcast day, the 48 Year 9 students from five local schools (Benjamin Britten, Bungay High, Ormiston Denes, Pakefield High and Sir John Leman) gathered for their initial briefing. Over the two days, participants ran their own small (1m square by 1m deep) archaeological excavation at various locations within the

village. The briefing covered not just how to dig a pit but also, very importantly, how to keep accurate records and separate out the important finds.

Pit sites included White Hart Cottage, The Old Custom House, Chancel End, The Priory, Fern Cottage, Church Farm Cottage, Marsh End and sites on land close to the River Blyth owned by Sir Charles Blois.

Some pits proved easier to dig than others but with all pits yielding interesting finds, it certainly wasn't difficult to keep everyone interested and enthusiastic.

By the end of Day 1, the finds' table included medieval pottery and many other objects of interest all of which would be taken back to Cambridge for cleaning and more detailed observations ahead of the all-important report writing.

The weather on Day 2 was



ug, they found...



much kinder. As the sun shone down the teams dug further into Blythburgh's past and unearthed some amazing "finds" including Ipswich Ware which dates from between 700 and 850 AD and Thetford Ware dating from the 10th-11th centuries AD.

A number of villagers went to the initial briefing and others took up the offer to view the finds on the morning of the

second day. The enthusiasm and support of Blythburgh residents has been nothing short of fantastic and I think I speak for everyone involved when I say that we in turn have been very impressed by the students taking part. It's too early for a full analysis but a report of all pits and associated finds will be available later this year.

A few notable mentions: Raphael was on patrol throughout and I don't believe there is a more photographed cat (fortunately his attempts to re-arrange the "finds" were unsuccessful).

Blythburgh M@tters

provided tea, coffee and cake on the morning of Day 2 with the students declaring Blythburgh cake the best ever.

Radio Suffolk even got in on the act with Guy Campbell talking on location to a number of participants.

Thanks again to Blythburgh for the enthusiastic interest and support.

Sonia Boggis

NEWS FROM HOLY TRINITY

Another sad loss

Just three months after her husband, and former Blythburgh Church Warden, Tom died, we lost Gillian Lond-Caulk, a central figure in the church community. She loved reading the lessons, and played a leading role in decorating the church with flowers. She was a bright and friendly presence in the church, and in the village where she was named Villager of the Year in 2015. At her funeral in April, she was remembered for "her vivacity, her bird-like presence, her zest and enthusiasm, her indomitable strength in that delicate frame. A remarkable woman of note, who will live long in the memory."

Many thanks go to the army of people who helped deck the church with flowers at her funeral. It was a fitting tribute. (**Obituary Pages 13-15**).

Changing of the guard: The annual Parochial Church meeting held in April was notable because it was the last as Church Warden for the remarkable Jenny Allen (another former Blythburgh Villager of the Year). Jenny has been Warden since 2007 – a term marked by her tireless enthusiasm, drive and efficiency. During this time she has kept the show on the road, navigating major roof repairs, handling the finances, adjusting to numerous changes of clergy, and sustaining the church as a sought-after concert venue. She is succeeded by Meryl Doney, meryldoney@me.com, or 01502 478 229.

We need friends: The annual Open Day, hosted by the Friends of Holy Trinity, took place on 19 May. Entitled 'Artists and the Contemporary Church', it gathered a very respectable crowd given competition from the Royal Wedding and the Cup Final. The featured speakers – Laura Moffat and John Maddison – were well received. It was pointed out that Blythburgh Church is an architectural icon which we should be proud of, and which deserves support. If you would like to help keep the *Cathedral of the Marshes* upright become a Friend by picking up a leaflet in the church or contacting Membership Secretary Sonia Boggis: Marsh End, Church Road, Blythburgh.

Piece of cake: The Café and Minimarket takes place in the church on Friday 29 June at 10.30am, and continues on the last Friday of every month.

Aldeburgh Festival: June sees the annual Aldeburgh Festival, and a number of concerts will take place in Holy Trinity. Two Bach concerts – featuring music composed for lute and keyboard but played on guitar and viol by Sean Shibe and the viol consort Phantasm– take place on Saturday 9 June at 3pm and 10pm On Thursday 14 June at 7.30pm French baroque ensemble Le Concert Spirituel perform the work of Charpentier. Check snapemaltings.co.uk/season/aldeburgh-festival for details and availability .

Save the dates: Wednesday 4 July, performance the choir of Merton College, Oxford. Saturday 21 July, Blythburgh Horticultural Society Flower and Produce Show. Sunday 29 July, Celebrating Blythburgh Day with open-air service in the ruins of Blythburgh Priory.

Malcolm Doney

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OBITUARY

Remembering our mother Gillian

Rachel: Gillian Mary Hawkes was born on 29 October 1934 at Middlesex hospital alongside her twin sister Judith. Their early childhood was spent in Rainsford Avenue in Chelmsford. The photographs portray a very happy childhood, much loved by their parents Winifred and Bernard and both sets of grandparents, the Kirkcaldys and the Hawkes. Many happy hours were spent watching and helping Grandpa Kay in his wonderful garden where Gillian developed a lifelong love of flowers, both growing and arranging them

The family albums from that time show summer holidays spent either at the Waverley Hotel, Clacton or the beach in Southwold. There are so many happy shots of tennis and games and shows and parties.

Early school years were in Chelmsford but in their teens Gill and Judy attended a convent school in Dorking, partly because of the risk of bombs in Chelmsford. Whilst in Dorking Gillian fell ill with rheumatic fever and she came home to recover. She had to spend a year in bed recovering and that is when she discovered her talent for painting. There are many lovely pictures of her dog Bimbo who spent many hours keeping her company.

Their Aunt Alice owned the shop in Blythburgh and in the early 1950's she was finding it too much to run the business. Always one for an eye for a business opportunity Bernard (her father) suggested that 'the girls' (meaning his wife Winifred as well) might like to take the shop on. The girls were very happy with the idea and the whole family relocated and embraced the shop with enthusiasm.

We try to imagine that shop with two young women and their Mum running the business and all the chatter that would have gone on. Our Mum could really talk. Later in life when she visited her mother, my Grandmother in Swallows Corner with me in tow, I distinctly remember my Grandfather, saying "I will say goodbye now, just in case you actually leave." In later years when on the phone to Mum ending the call took some skill and patience. We are all going to miss those long protracted goodbyes now.

The shop in Blythburgh was more than just a little village shop. The girls learned to drive so they could travel to Lowestoft to buy from wholesalers, make deliveries and also offer a personal shopping service to whoever needed it, whether it was a good pair of trousers for a chap in the village, or a new hat for a wedding. Between the three of them they were able to use their eye for style and a bargain to offer a good service to the village.

Now in their twenties they both started to enjoy the social scene locally in Blythburgh, and after a couple of years Gillian met Thomas Lond-Caulk and they were engaged in 1961 and married in December 1962. Gillian moved to live at Hinton Hall and started married life as a farmer's wife. I was born in 1964. My Mum, Gillian and Dad, Thomas were thrilled to have a baby. Having me was quite a challenge for Mum's health and so she was very grateful to have the support of the extended family in Hinton who looked after me a lot in the first years of my life.



Continued overleaf

OBITUARY CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Even though having me was not easy it is a testament to Mum's strength of character and resilience that they decided to have another baby. One of my happiest memories is the day she told me I was going to have a brother or sister. I was so excited and remember dancing around the kitchen table with a baby grow. I never contemplated a brother; in my mind it was always going to be a girl.

Alice: I was born in 1970 and thankfully was a girl. To me Mum was always a constant, kind and gracious, loving and strong. Even through times of ill health she never complained or moaned. She got up and faced each day whatever that brought even if it was a real effort.

In the 1990's both Rachel and I lived in Hong Kong and although we were thousands of miles apart, we still felt as attached to Mum as if we were living in Suffolk. She wrote so many airmail letters to keep us in touch with their busy lives. Mum and Dad managed to visit several times in the 1990s and shared many happy excursions and trips. She was also there in Hong Kong for the birth of Christina her first grandchild.

It was here that she was able to indulge her quiet talent for gambling both at the race track and on one memorable trip to Macau, in the casino. Here she caused quite a stir and drew a bit of a crowd being a mature western lady winning on the blackjack table. She was encouraged by the crowd to keep playing as she was clearly on a winning streak. But in true Gill style, she politely declined, tucked away the winnings safely in her handbag and left the tables. The bag remained zipped up.

Mum and Dad farmed Hinton Hall for over 40 years, retiring to Swallows Corner, in Blythburgh in 2004. Mum and Dad had always been enthusiastic Blythburgh villagers, even whilst living in Hinton. Mum was a member and organiser of many clubs - the WI, the Monday Meet lunch club, Horticultural Society, Church flowers, Bowls club, Conservative Association and painting group. She was always a great supporter of community events and was named Villager of the Year in 2015.

Mum had a unique sense of time, and sometimes infuriatingly late for things, but we learnt to incorporate that into the schedule, and often told her to arrive an hour and half before we needed her to. This worked rather well.

Whilst she certainly had things under control in her home, she also had this amazing ability to sometimes completely disappear. This evidently was a trait in early years according to Judy, particularly when washing up was on the agenda. When she was young she would disappear with a book, in her later years it was the garden, or perhaps a crossword.

Rachel: Lots of people have said over the past few weeks about how Mum always made an effort to look her best. On one occasion when she had suffered a stroke and was being blue- lighted to James Paget, she was fervently ferreting around in her handbag. Being very concerned that we had forgotten some important medicines, I asked what she was looking for, it turned out she was looking for her lipstick.

Alice: In the last weeks of life our Mum was very frail, but she didn't give up. She didn't dwell on her sadness and pain, but a few things she said towards the end demonstrated how much she missed Dad. Her love for the grandchildren was so special. She treated each one equally but individually. She understood each one's strengths and weaknesses and always had time for them and a kind word. She was so proud and truly relished their accomplishments offering words of encouragement in whatever they had chosen to do. We will miss you so much Mum and Grandma, your wisdom, strength and love.

This article is based on Rachel and Alice's tribute at Gillian's funeral

OBITUARY

Gillian Lond-Caulk 27/10/34 to 5/4/18

What can I add to those marvellous and moving tributes we heard from Rachel and Alice? Well, let's try. There was something bird-like about Gillian. Not a show-off one like a pheasant or a peacock – something altogether finer, but full of character, perhaps a goldfinch or a pied wagtail. There was something precise, something 'just so' about her. Physically, there was nothing of her. Even to a titch like me she seemed small, delicate, with fine bones. It was as if a strong gust of wind could carry her off.

But this belied a steel core. She was tough as old boots was Gillian. From a very early age, she had suffered a sequence of medical challenges that would have turned many people into an invalid. But Gill – until her last few days – refused to be laid low.

Gill always liked to be out there, in the thick of it. She was – in that rather terrible commercial term – public-facing. Back in the days of the WI, she had loved being part of the theatrical shows, and was always ready to present, to say the important few words. If there was any event of any kind in the village, Gill and Tom would be there at the centre.

Whenever she was in Holy Trinity, if anybody should come through the door, Gill would be the one to talk to them as if they were old friends, making them feel at home. And talking, we know, was one of the things she did best. She was enthusiastically voluble, positive and cheerful.

Gillian was someone you could rely on. She knew her limits and also what she did and didn't like. As we've heard, she was not the stereotypical farmer's wife. She had no desire to be an Earth Mother. She positively hated wellies. At one particularly swampy Latitude Festival, her daughters had to wrap her feet in plastic bags because she insisted on wearing normal shoes through the mud.

There was a lot under the surface with Gill. All those things we've heard about her today, some of them surprising. Her devilish skill at Blackjack, her aversion to housework, her eye for detail, her public speaking, her physical discomfort, the cocktail of drugs she needed to take, all contained in this cheerful, uncomplaining outward persona. It's somehow emblematic that she kept all her many medications in a beautiful pill box. It had to be just right.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying that Gill was all front, it's more that she didn't want anybody to worry about her. She wanted others to feel easy, to enjoy themselves. She was a giver. In the last few years she stayed strong in support of her beloved Tom as his health began to fail. She was the driver, the nurse, the supporter, the spokeswoman. And always she was on the front foot, ready with a laugh, some chatter, and a bright glance.

It's my belief that there was a moral and a spiritual dimension to the way Gill was. There was a determination not to focus on her own pain, discomfort, tiredness, because that would have seemed to put the spotlight on herself. In this, she was a true disciple of Jesus Christ.

Gill stayed strong almost to the end. A few weeks after Tom died however, she did confess to feeling low, she had kept herself going through Tom's last days and in the aftermath had busied herself with arrangements, confessing that she hadn't given herself time to grieve.

She rallied from time to time, but it was clear that her infirmity, the loss, was taking its toll. But we don't want to remember Gill as she was right at the end. Yes, we mourn her passing, why wouldn't we, because she has left a very particular space in our lives. But let us recall and celebrate her vivacity, her bird-like presence, her zest and enthusiasm, her indomitable strength in that delicate frame.

A remarkable woman of note, who will live long in the memory.

Malcolm Doney

Notes from Daisy Bank LXXXIII

The storm in January brought down several of our trees. By some miracle a particularly large and mature one came down between the car and two sheds. Could have been the end of either the car or the shed contents. Thank God two of the trees were the ghastly leylandii which, apart from the expense of the tree surgery involved, will not be missed. Our predecessor planted several along the lane and believe me, if I could afford to top them or even get rid of them I would. But it's going to have to be a lottery job to achieve that I'm afraid. The bad news is that two of the mature willow trees will also have to come down because of their *The view over the marshes from our kitchen window* angle of lean being just that bit too far.

And then the snow, which posed a few problems for getting the car out but was by no means a disaster. We seem to make such a big deal about all of that sort of thing but I suppose that is because of its infrequency. Perhaps a sort of febrile song and dance has to be made of it in order to break the seemingly unending monotony of winter.

My father ran a small grocers shop in Henley-on-Thames when I was in my teens and I remember going out with him delivering cardboard boxes of groceries all over the Chiltern Hills in Oxfordshire. Several times our antiquated delivery van broke down in snow or we got caught in snow drifts while delivering to some remote farm or small hamlet. One time we were even dug out of a drift by a group of people walking away from a church where they had just attended a funeral.

Later still, working as a salesman for H J Heinz in Surrey where my family had moved to after selling the shop, I would never leave the house without a shovel, a blanket and something warm to drink. I am reminded of digging myself out of a snowdrift near the now infamous village of

Deepcut where I was calling on a small country store. At the time we were promoting a new lentil soup and I was carrying a sample of same in a Thermos in my Gladstone type sample bag. Arriving cold and exhausted at the shop door the owners and I soon polished off the lot.

But of course Mr Trump and Nigel Lawson amongst other so called informed people have ridiculed the concept of climate change and warming. Thank God for their perspicacity. According to them the climate hasn't changed at all and therefore, all will be well!

Two sad funerals to start the year with; two sad journeys up the lane for the residents of Daisy Bank and two fewer 'village involved people' to mourn. Even though I

might not be as 'involved' as some people, I still recognise and applaud those who are. Without people like Tom Lond-Caulk and Pat Goss the village would become just a collection of houses arbitrarily 'plonked' around the church and the pub and would consequently, be the less for it. And with the holiday and second home market expanding as much as it is, without that involvement the village would in some ways lose its identity and become a soulless place for all of us who live here.

Like Tom and Pat, Gillian Lond-Caulk was another integral part of this village. And now within a couple of months of Tom, she has gone as well. A kind and gentle soul, I knew of her long before I came to Blythburgh from the next village.

Like me, she was a Roman Catholic and I remember her regularly attending mass in Southwold with her two angelic looking little girls. So in a way we always had a connection which now sadly is no longer.

Paul Bennett

