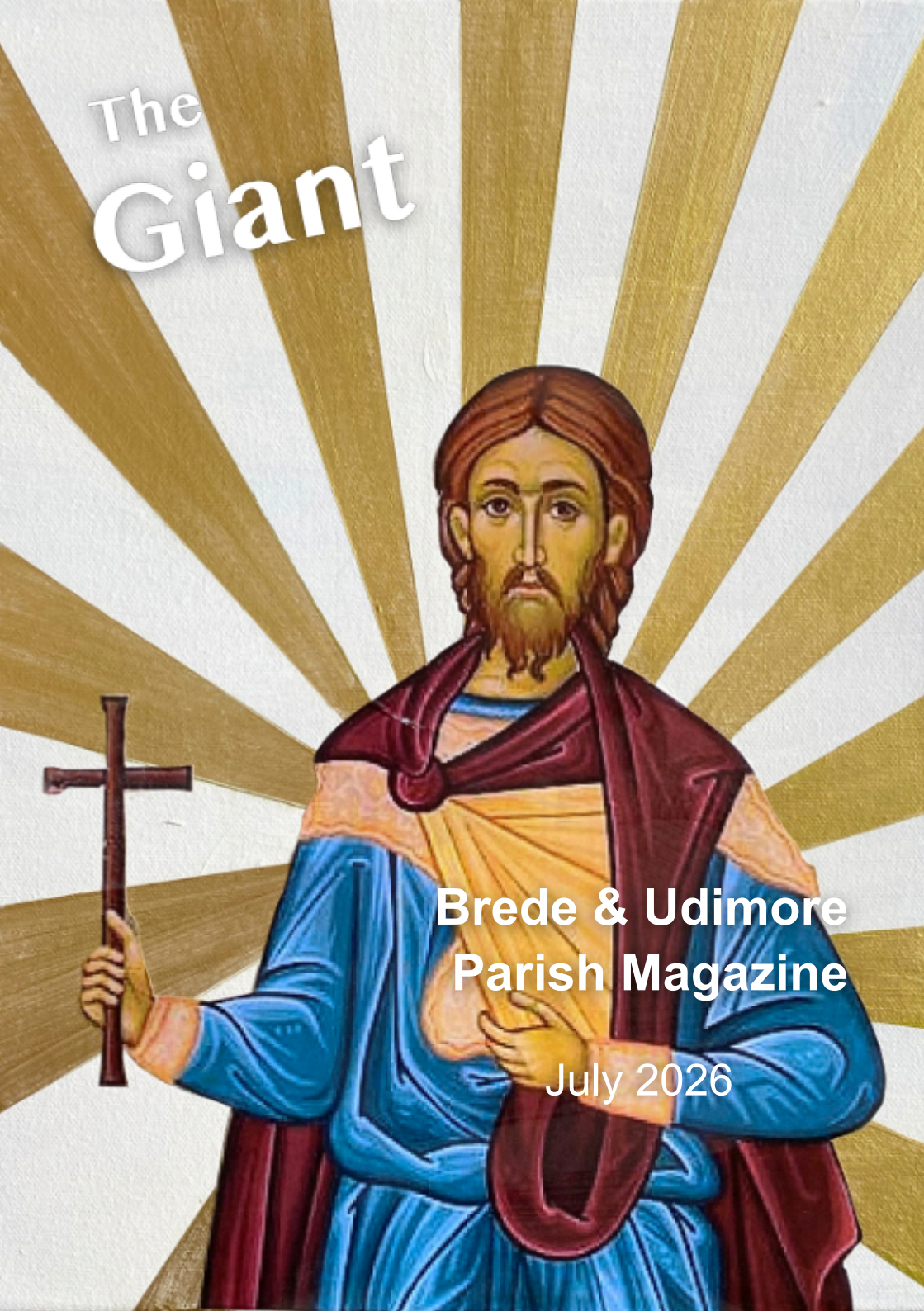


The Giant



**Brede & Udimore
Parish Magazine**

July 2026

The Giant: the Brede & Udimore Parish Magazine

... BUT MORE THAN JUST A PARISH MAGAZINE!

The editorial team consists of Benjamin Barnard, Darryl Bird, John Crook, and Nick Weekes. Contacts: benno.barnard54@gmail.com or john@john-crook.com

We welcome articles on a wide variety of subjects. It must therefore be understood that the views expressed do not necessarily represent those of our two churches. If you disagree with the opinions expressed in an article, or have any other criticisms, please approach us. We welcome debate and are happy to publish a rejoinder.

Material for publication must be submitted between the 1st and the 15th of the month prior to publication. Items sent later may not be included.



Trailing foliate impost, springing of arch between the Oxenbridge chapel (now the Lady chapel) and chancel.

The Giant Writes: When in the early sixteenth century I lengthened the south aisle of St George's church to create a chantry chapel for myself and my descendants, I ordered that the arch between the chapel and the chancel should be adorned with pomegranate flowers as a tribute to Katharine of Aragon, whom King Henry VIII had married in 1509. The pomegranate was often used in the Queen's heraldry. I also used the same motif of trailing foliage and pomegranate flowers to decorate the south doorway of the chapel, currently being conserved, and for the canopy of the tomb of my first wife, Elizabeth Etchingham, against the south wall of my chapel. You will all know that when Katharine of Aragon failed to produce a male royal heir the king had the marriage annulled in 1533; but by then I was dead and buried!

Cover Image by Darryl Bird: Icon depicting St Alban, England's protomartyr.

'The Rector's Reflections'

The Sabbath Rest

'And on the seventh day God finished the work that he had done, and he rested on the seventh day from all the work that he had done. So God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it, because on it God rested from all the work that he had done in creation.' Genesis 2: 2-3

As we head into the month of July I am mindful of the approaching end of the examination season for those taking GCSEs and A Levels, and also that the end of this school year is very much on the horizon. Pupils will be attending their leavers' assemblies and looking ahead to what the next year is going to bring, and to the long stretch of the summer holidays. For some of us, the summer holidays will mean a time to take time off work and relax. Indeed, a break from school and study is just what many of our young people need! However, for many people the holidays are in fact a time of yet more stress, work, caring for family, or even organising church/village fêtes and flower festivals!

Amidst all this, whatever the start to the school holidays is going to look like for you, I wonder what the idea of a Sabbath rest or sacred pause could look like for you in your particular circumstances. In the book of Genesis, we hear that God himself took time to rest after the creation of the world. The need for and importance of rest, of sacred pause, is built into the very fabric of creation. We are made in the image of God who sets the example of rest for us. Setting aside time to rest, to stop, to connect with God is so important and can be done in different ways: in prayer or reading the Bible, or through time spent outside in nature or simply in silence.

Some of us might be able to take a full day like the traditional Sunday to set aside for rest, for a moment to restore ourselves and reconnect with God. However, in our world today many of us might find this impossible around work and all our various responsibilities and life. The Lord Jesus also says this: 'The Sabbath was made for humankind and not humankind for the Sabbath'. That is, it is important for us to find this holy rest in the ways that we can. Even a few minutes in the morning and evening to say the Lord's Prayer, or a short walk outside free from our devices, can make a huge difference. How can you build a sacred pause into your daily or weekly rhythm? What can a time of holy rest look like for you this month?

God Bless, Fran



The Revd Francesca Reid takes the Oath of Allegiance at her Licensing.

The Benefice of Brede with Udimore and Beckley and Peasmarsch



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Udimore requires another warden. If you are interested in this role please contact Hugh Pye for further information.

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July Services at St George's Brede

Sunday 5th 10.00 a.m.	Benefice Eucharist at Beckley, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid
Sunday 12th 9.30 a.m.	Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid
Sunday 19th 9.30 a.m.	Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Bill Dolman
Sunday 26th 9.30 a.m.	Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid

Each morning at 8 a.m. (except Sunday), a small group holds a short, informal service of prayer, readings, and a hymn. All are welcome to come along and share any thoughts on the readings, and join in quietly praying for those we know who are in need.

Forthcoming Events – St George's Brede

For the 4Charities coffee mornings, which are held in Udimore Community Hall, see page 6.

Little Giants, Baby & Toddlers Play Group, and **Dragons**, Sunday School, are on hold until further notice.

Flower Festival – August Bank Holiday

As the Brede Flower Festival approaches at the end of August, we are putting out a plea to everyone:

We are looking for the following donations:

- Jams and Preserves. Labels will be provided for the jar. Please contact Judy on 07540 073299
- Good quality books for Gary's Book stall, novels especially. Please contact Gary on 01424 882412
- Cakes: larger ones to slice for refreshments and smaller ones (6") to sell whole at the cake stall. Bakes, slices and cupcakes too, we love a variety as well as the traditional favourites! Please contact Jo on 07946 513983
- Good quality bric-a-brac, including toys, for Granny's Attic. Please contact Louise on 07791 383323 to arrange dropping off items. Plants of any variety (but labelled if possible) for the plant stall. Please contact David Oliver on 07792 517614

If all donations could be held back until Saturday 15th August, please, we would be most grateful. The cakes and plants must be brought on the Friday or Saturday of the Bank Holiday weekend (29th–31st August).

We are also looking for local businesses to sponsor the event. If you are interested in sponsoring our Flower Festival, please contact Stephen Edwards on 07702 173839 or treasurer@stgeorgesbrede.org.uk

As we said last month, we need lots of volunteers across the weekend as well as before and after, so if you are free to help, please contact us on 07946 513983 or st.georges_brede@outlook.com

Thank you so much for your support and contributions in advance: we are extremely grateful!

Jo Cosson

July Services at St Mary's Udimore

Sunday 5th 10.00 a.m.	Benefice Service at All Saints' Beckley, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid
Sunday 12th 11.15 a.m.	Parish Eucharist, led by Lesley Curtis
Sunday 19th 11.15 a.m.	Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Barry Carter
Sunday 26th 11.15 a.m.	Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid

Forthcoming Events – St Mary's Udimore

Friday 3rd July 10.30 a.m. –12.00 p.m.	4Charities Coffee Morning. Hall
Thursday 16th July 12.30 p.m.	4Charities Summer Lunch, Hall
Sunday 2nd Aug 10.00 a.m.	Benefice Service details TBA
Friday 7th Aug 10.30 a.m. –12.00 p.m.	4Charities Coffee Morning. Hall
Friday 4th Sept 10.30 a.m. –12.00 p.m.	4Charities Coffee Morning. Hall
Sunday 6th Sept 10.00 a.m.	Benefice Service St Peter & St Paul, Peasmarsch
Sunday 6th Sept 10.30 a.m.	Pet Service. Hall TBC

THE PARISH OF UDIMORE

St Mary's Community Hall – Classes and Activities

PILATES: Monday to Thursday 9.15–11.15 a.m. (Term time)

Susan Taber: 07858 518504 susantaber66@yahoo.co.uk

ELEVATE YOGA: Flow Yoga suitable for all. Tuesday 7.00–8.00 p.m. (all year round)

Rachael: 07921 854105, elevateyogaclass@googlemail.com

SLOW FLOW TO YIN YOGA: Monday 7.00–8.15 p.m.

Jo-Jo Hancock: jojo@yogacreative.co.uk

STUDIO JAMIE BALLET: Tuesday 11.00 a.m.

Aysha Jamieson: 01424 883238, studiojamie@icloud.com

VINYASA FLOW: Friday 8.00 a.m.

Jo-Jo Hancock: jojo@yogacreative.co.uk

All classes in term time stop over half-term and school holidays

Enquiries contact Community Hall Booking: udimorehallbooking@gmail.com

St Mary's Community Hall Hire

Our hall, nestling next to the Church, is set amidst apple orchards. It is bright and modern with central heating, a large car park, a well-fitted kitchen, and facilities for the disabled.

Monday – Friday £15.00 per hour (*Events 1 to 6 hours duration*)

Events on Friday may have to finish by 2.00 p.m. if there is a weekend wedding.

Saturday and Sunday £20.00 per hour (*Minimum Booking of 3 hours*)

Bouncy Castle use at the hall surcharge: £10 (internal use), (£20 for external use).

One Day and Evening Hire

Sun to Thurs 08.00–23.00 (max 15 hrs) £240.00

Fri and Sat 08.00–23.30 (max 15.5 hrs) £350.00

Hire charges for some events over 6 hours may be negotiable.

Weddings

For information and hire charges email: udimorehallwedding@gmail.com

For all further details and booking, email: udimorehallbooking@gmail.com

Readings for July 2026

Sunday 5 July

Fourth Sunday after Trinity or Proper 9

Genesis 24: 34–38, 42–49, 58–67

Psalm 45: 10–17

Romans 7: 15–25a

Matthew 11: 16–19, 25–30

Sunday 19 July

Sixth Sunday after Trinity or Proper 11

Genesis 28: 10–19a

Psalm 139: 1–12, 23–24

Romans 8: 12–25

Matthew 13: 24–30, 36–43

Sunday 12 July

Fifth Sunday after Trinity or Proper 10

Genesis 25: 19–34

Psalm 119: 105–112

Romans 8: 1–11

Matthew 13: 1–9, 18–23

Sunday 26 July

Seventh Sunday after Trinity or Proper 12

Genesis 29: 15–28

Psalm 105: 1–11, 45b or Psalm 128

Romans 8: 26–39

Matthew 13: 31–33, 44–52

Knowing God : Don't Make Assumptions!

by Duncan Reid

Recently I was asked to accompany, on the piano, a friend who had unexpectedly been asked to sing a short song at a wedding. All good: familiar repertoire and venue and a rehearsal had been organised for the day before the event so that everyone would know what was happening, and who was doing it, and when. I was sent a copy of the official invitation with all the relevant information for the big day. Good thing I attended the

rehearsal as that was when we discovered the start time was an hour earlier than had been advised on the invitation. Phew!

The mother of the bride had described the event as 'probably a bit alternative', and, judging from the rehearsal, I thought she had definitely got that bit right. The singer and I had to slink off from the practice early. As we left, we exchanged somewhat incredulous glances – what were we in for the next day?

Anyway, on the morrow, my greatest concern was what to wear? Would a tie be too pretentious or poncy? I messaged the singer; she was going to be smart whatever the consequences, so I decided to risk the tie and even a jacket.

So, there we were, arriving suitably early and wondering how it would all be; and lo and behold, in place of the expected black T-shirts, jeans, and trainers was an array of ties, smart suits, and shiny shoes and, most importantly, happy smiling faces.

It was a short ceremony. There was no 'Dearly beloved, we are gathered here ...', but it was certainly religious in an inclusive, non-dogmatic way. We had 'though I speak with the tongues of angels' from St Paul's letter to the Church at Corinth and the celebrant (a very colourful woman) invited us to pray for the couple in whatever way we felt appropriate. Throughout, the love of God was centre-stage alongside the couple.

The core part of the ceremony and the most moving, was the exchange of vows. He went first with appropriate metaphors and poetic hyperbole. Fantastic! She was, perhaps, rather more prosaic, starting with (and I paraphrase), 'Who would have thought some eight years ago, with our inauspicious first meeting, that we would find ourselves here today ...' Then came the simple, but obviously totally sincere, clincher: 'I have never been so sure of anything in my life that I want, and will always want: to spend the rest of my life with you, and I will love you for as long as the sun exists and beyond ...'

Simple words, in a way, but spoken clearly and openly and truthfully. Very soon after that, it was us and the song (well, a short operatic aria, actually). My singer friend was pretty choked up at this point, but she is a real trooper and sang beautifully and that was that.

The warm glow from the event has kept with me, and no doubt with others who were there. What a lesson that was!

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4CHARITIES

(HELPING THOSE IN NEED)

LUNCH

with a Speaker from one of the Charities

Thursday 16th July

12.30

2 course meal (BYO wine) - £15

St Mary's Hall, Udimore
TN31 6BB

Contact Liz Turgoose on 07808 597689
Or Judy Edwards on 01424 882222
for more information

Please join us for this communal lunch

4CHARITIES

The group was set up over sixty years ago by St Mary's Udimore and St George's Brede to raise funds for small charities, where a little money goes a long way. This is still the object to this day. We are currently supporting:

- FSW (Family Support Work). This Sussex based charity supports children and families through difficult times such as poverty, illness, bereavement, and family break up, and aims to prevent a problem turning into a crisis.
- Tanzanear. There are thought to be some 25,000 profoundly deaf children in Tanzania, who are often ostracised, and who miss out on basic education. The Burundi School is a specialist school for deaf children. Tanzanear raises money to provide all children with a healthy breakfast, and ensure all have a school uniform.
- Freedom from Fistula. Operating in Uganda, Madagascar, and Sri Lanka, Freedom from Fistula provides support to women who have had a difficult birth and suffer from obstetric fistula. There are no administration costs as these are paid for by Dame Goad, so all the money raised goes to carry out this essential support.

We have recently dropped a fourth charity as it grew too big and so fell outside our object of helping small charities. We are currently sifting through various ideas, and all suggestions would be very welcome.

4Charities have no overheads, as time and support are given free by members of the group, so every penny raised is distributed to the charities.

£20 will provide breakfast for all the children at Burundi School, £10 will provide individual support to Fistula, and £25 will help FSW provide a day out in school holidays for a family. £31 pays for a family to receive one-to-one support for a week and £250 pays for a 'drop-in' session for refugee families for a month.

We hold a 'Drop-In Friday' on the first Friday of the month in the Udimore Community Hall, when everyone meets to have a convivial conversation, with tea or coffee, cake, and games.



100 Years Ago

by John Crook

The Brede Church Magazine records the dedication on 23 July 1926 of 'a bas-relief plaque of the Blessed Virgin and Child, suitably framed', in memory of a young parishioner, Daisy Jee. It was initially placed 'on the north wall of the church' but is now on the westernmost pier of the south aisle, facing people as they enter the building.

This charming depiction is in the style of the Florentine artist Luca della Robbia and his descendants, notably the deep cerulean of the Virgin's cloak which delightfully frames both mother and child. The della Robbia family's bas-reliefs were, however, formed in glazed terracotta rather than the papier mâché or some similar organic material of our replica, whose enamel paint is now in need of minor conservation. As for the 'frame', it is in fact a wooden imitation of a holy water stoup, with a repainted dedicatory inscription beneath the fictive bowl. I have not yet been successful in locating a Renaissance original of our bas-relief, which was perhaps commercially produced in the late nineteenth or early twentieth century.



As for Daisy Jee, she was the daughter of William Jee, landlord of the Red Lion and his wife Sarah. She was born in 1894 and was baptised in Brede Church on 16 September. She never enjoyed good health, and when she died aged 29 on 5 March 1924 her demise was regarded as a blessing: 'her worn-out physical body had to be laid aside', and thanks were offered to members of her family who had 'ministered to her needs so lovingly in the last trying years of her life'.

Daisy was buried on 8 March, joining her father, who had died in January 1919; their grave lies south of the west end of the church, marked by a simple stone cross.

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Out and About

by Gary Marriott

Peter Spencer once said to me, when I was wondering what to sow on our new wild meadow patch, 'just let it be and it will develop according to the nature and flora of that particular area'. To a large degree I obeyed, but on the way have attempted to plant or sow 'yellow rattle' or other plants you hear talked about on the wireless by clever people with posh gardens: all have failed! But we have an abundance of different and quite beautiful grasses, sorrels, plantains, wild carrot, and cow parsley. We have occasional visitors too: poppies, red robin, and others I've never met before. An even greater joy is the increase in insects: various flies and moths, which I suppose is the reason the song birds continually dive in and out of the area, feeding or bathing in the cover of the grasses.

Speaking of songbirds, robins have built a nest against the house between the top of two folded parasols. Considering how bold they are when you are gardening—when they almost get in the way, trying to grab bugs under your feet—they are extremely shy and furtive around their nest. It is only through watching closely that I have established that the nest is live and there is now a rather large sleepy looking baby, or maybe two in there.

The weather has been terrible lately, the wind more than anything has wreaked havoc all over. Sadly the canna lilies have suffered with many

leaves blown off, as have the broad beans, now almost seven foot tall: some completely snapped off. But I couldn't help notice how the ox-eye daisies looked their very best as they bobbed about in the wind last Saturday while we were hosting the Friends' cream tea. Perhaps they were waving their full appreciation for all those who braved the wet, the wind, and the cold to make a joyful and successful afternoon. They were joined in their cheering by the Canterbury Bells, mostly purple but a few white or lilac who were sown last year and planted out early winter: they have made a very vibrant and welcome show. On the positive side, my water butts are all full!

We have a special visitor, Cecilia the grass snake. She obviously has good taste as she is slithering around our compost heap, I would do so too if I were a snake. I would guess she is over a metre in length and quite stocky. It might have been her grandmother who laid her eggs in the compost a couple of years ago: apparently snakes will use a particular compost heap year on year. She will enjoy the pond—poor newts! The dahlias may get some respite from the slugs; I will enjoy quietly looking for her whereabouts several times a day.

It is always a very special thing to appreciate that of all the places where nature could seek safety and pass its time, she has chosen our garden. Enid Blyton would be very pleased! Maybe Peter would be, too.



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Film Star

by Steve Wrigley

In the gents in a pub in Suffolk,
 I was having a gentle pee
 When in came Trevor Howard
 And stood alongside me.

Amazingly I kept going
 Even though it was he,
 Tusker from Staying On
 And Captain Bligh of the Bounty.

'Decent pint here,'
 He remarked companionably,
 But by his look I knew
 No word was required from me.

So, quite a privilege in Suffolk
 You will no doubt agree.
 If only a brief encounter
 It was certainly some wee
 For a bit part pee-er like me.

Oranges & Lemons

by Lynne Bramley

A moth which doesn't have a fancy name but is exactly what it looks like: an

Orange Moth



The males are more plentiful than the lemon coloured females, but both are common in the South East. The forewing is between 20–30mm from the tip of the wing to the thorax. There is only one generation who are about now, in June and July bringing a real splash of colour to summer. The male flies along woodland rides at dusk towards light while the female is more of a late night lady. Pleasing moths minding their own business.

The Brimstone is a very common moth, seen from spring to autumn and easily identified, being bright sulphur yellow with a few faint brown marks. Not fussy, loves gardens, trees, and shrubs, and could be mistaken for a butterfly: 32–44mm in size.

These are just a couple of the many moths who are orange or yellow in colour. I do like the names of the Yellow Shell, the Orange Footman, the Yellow Belle, the Orange Sallow ... All around us if you know where to look.

Why many moths are attracted to light is a mystery to me: there is nothing for them in the trap. All they do is settle down to a snooze on a comfy egg

box and occasionally lay eggs. There, moths of all shapes and sizes stay until dawn, when I take a look at the arrivals, sometimes photographing particularly odd or attractive ones, before releasing them back into the wood to continue their journey so nothing is harmed.

Brimstone Moth







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A Boring, Fascinating Brit

by Hilbrand Rozema

In all the current confusion, do we find anchor points in other times? Perhaps. Lately, I have often thought of George Bennet (1774–1841). A steady, ‘boring’ Brit. For hours, I searched for his grave in the London district of Hackney.

He has almost become a friend over time, since I, as a reader, travelled to the edge of the world on his trail. His story is in *On the Missionary Trail* (Tom Hiney, 2000).

His inspection voyage by sailing ship, in search of lost missionaries, lasted no less than seven years. The unmarried Bennet travelled on behalf of the London Missionary Society, together with Daniel Tyerman, a widower.

In the late eighteenth century, British Christians felt inspired by the Spirit. They wanted to bring the Gospel to indigenous peoples. Shortly thereafter, however, war broke out in Europe. The missionary couples became isolated, the oceans were unsafe, and colonies changed hands several times. The Society was at a loss: who was still alive? Was anything left of the mission posts at all? Bennet and Tyerman departed looking for answers. ‘On the evening of 5 May 1821, the day Napoleon died, the Tuscan hoisted its sails on the Thames in Gravesend and set course for Tahiti.’ — this is how the book begins. Via Tahiti, they sailed to Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, the Dutch East Indies, China, and India.

It was a harsh time full of dangers, diseases, and cruel customs. The earth had not yet been fully mapped. In the twenty years that had passed, some missionaries, the duo discovered, had suffered spiritual breakdowns, left, disappeared, or been murdered and even eaten. A few persevered.

With great fruit: in the Pacific Ocean, thousands of islanders had wholeheartedly renounced their child sacrifices to the island gods. And while war raged in Europe and the London Missionary Society knew nothing of it, they themselves, fervently devout, had taken over the baton from the white Europeans.

They were now bringing the gospel to one another, island after island, by sea kayak, Bennet and Tyerman discovered. These are wonderful stories, offerings from history to encourage us.

On Madagascar, Tyerman fell ill and died. Within sight of the harbour, Bennet lost his best friend. Back home in England, Bennet lived for another twelve years. Active as ever, as a director for many charitable organizations.

Unpaid, because he had his own assets. He had also paid for that seven-year world trip himself. No collection money was involved. He died suddenly, on the street in Hackney, from acute heart failure.

And there I stood at last, at the right cemetery, next to St Thomas’ Square Chapel. It was now a city park, popular with alcohol and drug addicts.

What did I find? Oh disaster! All the gravestones were completely overgrown with ivy and illegible. Dejected, I wandered about, like a mentally unstable man, pulling at tough ivy stalks. In vain. Finger-thick vines entwined the names and dates, erasing them.

Well, anyway—it was here, somewhere. One of these stones must surely be his grave still and until the Last Judgement: George Bennet, brave, imperturbable, forgotten Brit, who trusted in his Lord and did more than his duty; who made perilous journeys. Just before the advent of steamships and photography.

And whose name I bring out here and now, from beneath the ivy of time.



George Bennet

To Bind Together What do art and religion mean to each other?

by Matthew Burrows

Art and religion are rarely discussed together these days, which is surprising given how closely related they have been throughout history. This is not an essay about organised religion, though it may touch upon it. Rather, I am interested in religion as a natural human impulse: our desire to live meaningful lives and to do so together.

The word religion has not always meant what it means today. In ancient Rome, *religio* referred to careful attention, conscientious practice, and the duties people owed to one another and to society. It was less about belief and more about how one lived. Later, early Christian thinkers connected religion to the idea of *re-ligare* – 'to bind together' – emphasising the relationship between people, God, and community.

In many Eastern traditions there was no equivalent single word for religion at all. Ideas such as *dharma* in India or *dao* in China described ways of living well and remaining in harmony with reality. They referred to practices and paths rather than institutions.

Historically, then, religion begins not as belief but as attention, care, and the challenge of living well with others.

At our best, this is something we are all trying to do. We may differ greatly in our values and assumptions, but the underlying question remains the same: how should we live?

Today many people describe themselves as 'spiritual but not religious'. The phrase is familiar, even if its meaning is often unclear. Can spirituality exist without compassion, generosity, or service to others? Is it simply a private experience? Whatever our answer, it seems obvious that people can live deeply ethical lives without belonging to a formal religion. What matters is how we orient ourselves towards one another and towards the world we share.

This brings me to art.

One of the most important roles of art is that it gives us space to explore what might be called the 'imaginal' realm – the place where meaning, wonder, imagination, and experience meet. Through stories, paintings, music, and poetry we are invited to see ourselves differently and to encounter others with greater sensitivity and understanding.

Art allows us to rehearse ways of being.

It helps us imagine different futures, examine our assumptions, and become more attentive to the things we care about. Perhaps this is why art so often becomes political. What we value, we make visible. What we hope might change, we imagine differently.

In this sense, art participates in shaping who we become.

Good art is transformative. Not because it tells us what to think, but because it asks something of us. It requires attention, patience, and openness. It invites us beyond habit and certainty into curiosity and discovery.

This is why the studio often feels like a moral place. Not because artists are morally superior, but because making art continually exposes our desires, assumptions, and limitations. It asks whether we are willing to stay with what is difficult, unresolved, or unfamiliar.

If religion once referred to the careful observance of how we live together, then perhaps art has inherited part of that task. In effect, it is a practice of attention. A way of cultivating care, responsibility, imagination, and connection in a world that often feels fragmented and distracted.

Perhaps that is one of art's most important contributions: not to provide answers, but to help bind us together through a deeper awareness of ourselves, one another, and the mystery of being alive.

Matthew Burrows MBE is an artist and writer, and founder of Artist Support Pledge. He lives in Udimore.



Matthew Burrows, *Umbra II* 2023 Acrylic on Jute 180 x 300 cm



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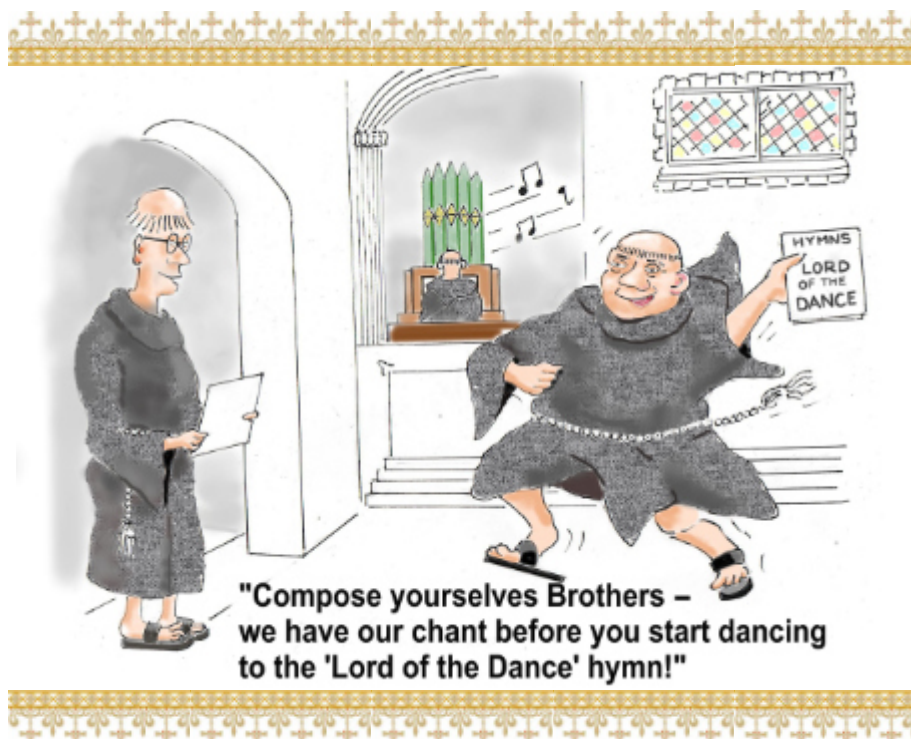
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Cartoon by Mike Bone

Brief Encounter

by Ro Gardner

If you travel north on the Golden State Freeway out of Los Angeles, the first settlement of any size that you reach is Saugus. The freeway roughly follows the line of the San Andreas Fault. As you drive, you are aware that the highway crosses and re-crosses the Fault. And, if the 'Big One' happens whilst you are in transit, depending whether you are east or west of the fault at the time, either you will stay in California, or disappear into the Pacific.

Reflecting on this fact, one day in 1982, I was headed north to see a Mr and Mrs Presley, who owned a house a couple of miles south of Saugus. As I drove, I speculated as to why anyone would want to call themselves after the five years dead, much lamented, King of Rock & Roll. You see, after seven years in L.A., I had become incredibly cynical. It never occurred to me that 'Presley' could be their real name. I had been selling central air conditioning systems for about three years and, believe me, I had come across a few weirdos in that time.

I exited the Golden State at Pico Canyon Road and picked my way along the dusty tracks looking for Smokewood Way. When I eventually located it, there were no houses to be seen. The only visible sign of habitation was the odd mailbox about every half mile. By the time I came to one boasting the name 'Presley,' I was nearly ready to turn around and go home again. However, having come so far ...

At the end of a mile long track, the Presley residence was a single storey, rambling, ranch-style house nestling in the foothills of the Santa Claritas. Parked outside was an ancient and much battered Chevy pickup. My cynicism was replaced by embarrassment when Mr Presley answered the door: he was severely disabled. Calvin invited me in, and with great courtesy, introduced me to his wife.

Mary Louise was the first 'southern belle' I had ever met, and she was a revelation. Strikingly beautiful, she spoke with a soft Arkansas accent. I caught myself listening to its melody, without necessarily taking in what she was saying.

We sipped home-made lemonade on the front porch: it was far too hot to sit in the house. I thought I might as well relax and enjoy the congenial company, knowing that although they desperately needed air conditioning, they almost certainly couldn't afford it.

The softly spoken Calvin told me how he had worked as a stuntman on various films made by his famous cousin, until a horse had fallen on him, and crushed his pelvis. To my shame, I was still a little doubtful about the

veracity of this supposed relationship, although I could not imagine that the delightful Mary Louise would ever be a party to anything deceitful. On the other hand, it would not be the first time I had been taken in by an angelic face and a figure to match.

Eventually, I wrenched myself away from the tantalising Mrs Presley, and did a survey of their property to establish its viability for air conditioning. As far as I could tell, the only objection would be money, but given the size of the house, it would be quite a big objection. Having completed my calculations, I presented them with the very reasonable price of nineteen thousand, two hundred dollars.

I was under no illusions as to the likelihood of a sale. Even if they could afford the finance payments, I just knew that their credit rating would not stand up for a loan application of that size. I only had to look at their transport to confirm my evaluation. Anyway, Calvin said they would like to think about it, so, after a last glass of delicious lemonade, and a last look at the equally delicious Mary Louise, I took my leave.

Imagine my surprise when, two weeks later, my office informed me that Mr Presley was requesting another call from me. I phoned that afternoon, and spoke to Calvin, who, amazingly, told me that they were ready to go ahead with their air conditioning. To say that I was surprised is an understatement. Given my scepticism regarding their probable credit rating, I swallowed hard, and asked when he would like me to bring the finance application up to them, and he said—and I remember this very specifically—‘We’ll be paying cash.’

‘Right,’ I said. And, in case he hadn’t heard properly on my last visit, ‘It’s \$19,200.’

‘Sure enough,’ said he.

‘Right,’ said I, lost for a better word, and arranged to drive up next day.

I arrived Chez Presley the following afternoon, bearing gifts, and was greeted as a long lost friend. I presented Mary Louise with a bouquet of flowers, over which she cooed with delight—and a fifth of bourbon to Calvin. We spent a couple of hours chatting about this and that, drank some more homemade lemonade, and I admired Mary Louise’s large collection of musical boxes, and told her about my own, very special, musical box.

Eventually, we got down to the nitty-gritty, and Calvin counted out 192 hundred-dollar bills. I had never seen so much cash in all my life, and probably never will again.

During the following two weeks, I kept in close touch with them, as the installation of their air conditioning progressed. Once everything was working

perfectly, I must confess that I more or less lost contact with them. Occasionally, I was asked by my colleagues at work if Mr Presley was related to the Great Man. I think I could have got quite a lot of mileage out of Calvin’s story, but for whatever reason, I pretended ignorance about any possible connection.

For my remaining time with Lennox air conditioning, I sometimes drove up to Saugus and would feel vaguely guilty about not dropping by to see the Presleys, but not quite enough to actually do it.

Then, two years later, when I had decided to return to England, my conscience got the better of me. I rang Calvin, told him I was going home and was invited to join them for a barbeque supper.

It was a searingly hot evening in September, when I approached, for the very last time, the outskirts of Saugus. I took with me a particularly fine bottle of Pouilly Fumé, and one of the very few souvenirs of my father that I still possessed. This was a beautiful, two hundred years old, Tunbridge Ware musical box, which I intended to show to Mary Louise. As I drove, I thought, ‘Thank God their house is air conditioned now.’

My greeting was noisy and enthusiastic from both of them, and I have to admit that my heart pitter-pattered a bit when Mary Louise hugged me. I was ushered through to the back of the house where the barbecue was already alight. With a pleasantly cool breeze coming from the Santa Claritas, large steaks cooking, and a glass of chilled wine in my hand, life felt pretty good.

I produced my father’s musical box to show Mary Louise. Judging by her collection, which was exclusively American and quite modern, I thought it unlikely she had seen anything like it before. She was so captivated by the lovely instrument, that after two hours of good company, a superb steak, and a slice of Mississippi mud pie (my first experience of that most decadent dessert), I decided that Dad’s musical box would make an ideal parting gift to a beautiful lady. She burst into tears, and I had no choice but to dry her gorgeous blue eyes with a white handkerchief, such as all gallant gentlemen carry for just that sort of occasion.

After another half hour, Calvin and Mary Louise reappeared from a consultation in the kitchen and I reluctantly told them that I really should be going. After protestations that I should stay the night, and assurances that I had to leave, Calvin walked up to me, put his hand on my arm, and said.

‘We have a gift for you, Roland, but it’s a gift that you must promise me you will never share with anyone.’

Mystified, I allowed myself to be guided past their patio, past a much neglected swimming pool, and through a forest of fir trees which spilled from

the foothills beyond. From somewhere ahead of us, I could hear a familiar tune sung by a familiar voice:

'Do the chairs in your parlour seem empty and bare?
Do you gaze at your doorstep, and picture me there?
Is your heart filled with pain, shall I come back again?
Tell me dear, are you lonesome tonight?'

With something of a lump in my throat, I realised what the gift was. This was not the recorded track that everyone was familiar with: there was no orchestral accompaniment. This was a single voice and a single guitar. It was a demo track cut before the full recording was made. What they were about to give me would be worth a fortune to the aficionados of Elvis memorabilia.

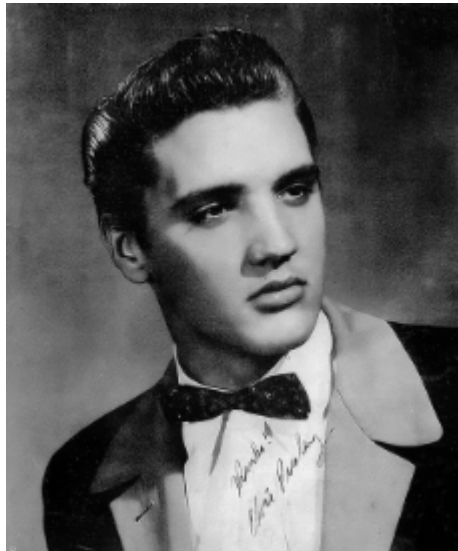
I knew that I would never tell anyone, and that no one but me would ever hear the tape.

We reached a clearing, in which, about twenty yards away from us, was a log cabin. There was a veranda running the entire length of the building.

On the veranda was a swing seat.

On the swing seat was a man playing a guitar.

There was no tape player.



Elvis Presley. Wikipedia



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Eat the Seasons July – Mackerel

by Gill Potterton



In season from June to October, fresh mackerel is the perfect fish for summer eating. It can be simply baked, grilled, pan-fried, or of course cooked on the barbecue; a real star at any *al fresco* occasion. Naturally, it eats well with other fresh summer ingredients, such as new potatoes, fennel, watercress, beetroot, horseradish, peas, and broad beans, and you will find some ideas below. Furthermore, you can replace the fresh mackerel in some recipes with wonderfully aromatic and flavoursome smoked mackerel, for a different taste experience.

Mackerel is a small, round, oily fish, with a slim, streamlined body, slightly larger than a herring. It is an oceanic fish, swimming in very large shoals, commonly in the North Atlantic, North Sea, and the Mediterranean. It is an eye-catching fish with an iridescent silver belly, and blue/black zebra-like markings on its back, providing essential camouflage from predators in the ocean, but making it easily recognisable on the fishmonger's slab. When buying mackerel, look for a shiny body and bright eyes, and if it is fresh, the body should be rigid and not droop when held by the tail or head. Do remember that oily fish does spoil more quickly than white fish, so it really is best eaten on the day of purchase, although mackerel can, of course, be frozen.

The flesh of mackerel is creamy coloured, with a very distinctive flavour. When cooked, it should remain moist and succulent. The best way to tell whether it is cooked, whatever the cooking method, is to make a slit with a knife in the thickest part of the fish, and the flesh should be opaque, but still moist. Because of its very rich flavour, it is best to avoid butter or cream-based sauces to serve with mackerel.

It definitely benefits from a sharp citrus accompaniment, or a spicy sauce, either of which successfully cuts through the rich oiliness.

- Simply-cooked mackerel can be served as a warm salad; flaked and tossed together with new potatoes, garden peas, and broad beans in a sharp lemon vinaigrette, whilst still hot, so the vegetables soak up the dressing. Serve on a bed of squeaky green watercress or baby spinach leaves.
- Another acidic accompaniment to oily fish is a garnish made from raw fennel and onion. Using a mandolin or a very sharp knife, shred a small bulb of fennel and half a red onion into very fine slices and combine in a bowl with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt, a pinch of caster sugar, and the juice of half a lemon. Stir well, leave for 15 minutes then squeeze out excess salt water. Add chopped capers and fresh dill and serve with fresh or smoked mackerel.
- Gooseberry sauce is a classic accompaniment to mackerel and is very quick to make, either with fresh berries available in the early summer, or alternatively with frozen gooseberries. Once again, the acidity of the fruit is a good foil for the rich flavour of the fish. Simply cook 12oz/300g gooseberries briefly with a knob of butter and a splash of lemon juice, until soft. Stir in 1oz/25g caster sugar and a pinch of ground ginger. Remove from the heat and sieve to obtain a smooth purée, which resembles apple sauce, but has a flavour all of its own.
- Mackerel can be baked in a foil or paper parcel (*en papillote*) in the oven, effectively steaming it in a dressing of lime juice, sweet white wine, chilli flakes, and grated ginger. Serve with rice or noodles.
- Smoked mackerel makes a wonderful pâté to serve with beetroot relish. Combine boned smoked mackerel with some cream cheese and softened butter in a food processor, add lemon juice and creamed horseradish to taste; chill and serve. Simple!



Not Leaving On A Jet Plane

by Blake Larkin

As you may understand, one thought has fermented in my mind since the Strait of Hormuz blockade: will I jet off to my well earned holiday destination this summer? The uncertainty which surrounds it is probably the most profound 'first world problem' I have experienced this year—avocado shortages don't really affect me as I'm not the keenest.

Whilst I continue to support action against Iran, though maybe not the way in which the US has gone about it, I would just like to draw attention to our abysmal energy infrastructure. The well intentioned need to invest in renewable energy sources has been hijacked by a belief akin to an apocalyptic death cult. Namely, our voluntary decrease in oil refining capabilities. In Europe alone, five refineries have shut down over two and a bit years. In the UK we are down to four refineries, after two closures in 2025 alone, which has contributed to roughly a 65% dependency on kerosene imports. At our heights (in the seventies) we had eighteen. The irony of this all is that we have just off-set our rising demand for the jet juice by sourcing from a global market that is already facing its own local shortages. The only global actors able to help us are the USA, China, and Russia, as the rest of Europe scrambles to keep their own demand afloat amid decreasing capacities.

Moreover, the Treasury remains unbothered by its making life difficult for the hydrocarbon energy sector. It has continued to enforce the UK Emissions Trading Scheme (UK ETS), which generated a collective revenue of £400 million into the coffers of Number 11. Great in times of plenty, dire in times of need, as US and Middle Eastern suppliers do not have this extra financial burden. Fuels Industry UK, made up of the largest oil suppliers in the country, warned in March that the government's reluctance to include the refineries in the UK Carbon Border Adjustment Mechanism (CBAM) from January 2028 could see a future of complete domestic refinery annihilation and thus total dependence on oil imports.

Energy is the most vital security leverage in the globalised world. It should be no surprise that Russia has targeted our energy infrastructure in the North Sea and launched its 'special operation' in Ukraine after years of making inroads into the European energy sector. Energy, after defence capabilities, is our most important security concern—in fact, they are interlinked. The future is bleak if we don't change our course. If Parliament remains hell-bent on its fossil fuel inquisition, with little room for pragmatism, our yearning for cheap holidays abroad will be the least of our worries.

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Art In Udimore

By Elizabeth St Clair George

Our small rural parish is widely regarded in local folklore as the second longest village in England. It stretches roughly two miles along a ridge, offering expansive views of the valleys of the River Tillingham and the River Brede, and is a gift for artists. This month the Friends of St Mary's are hosting an exhibition by artists in and around East Sussex, some of whom live in Udimore or the Benefice.

Rosemary Crouch has lived in Beckley since 1937, but is very much part of Udimore village life, and been actively involved in much of what happens here. Devoted to painting and sculpture, she remains an active practising artist in her 90s. Although she started at Brighton College of Art, she soon found it was not for her; so, at the age of 30, whilst raising a family, she went to Eastbourne College of Art as a mature student. They were particularly successful at developing the artistic skills of students, and set her on a most fulfilling path in the arts. She later taught art at Thomas Peacock School in Rye, where she inspired students of all ages. From 1987, Rosemary ran Hayes Lane Painters and Potters. In 1996, she established the Art Exhibition in Winchelsea, and has curated numerous other exhibitions since then. She continues to organise Open House Potters and Painters, alongside her own painting practice.



A. Lincoln Taber has been working out of his studio in Udimore for the past 16 years. He has regular exhibitions at The Russell Gallery in London, the Rye Art Gallery, Geedon Gallery, Essex, and participates in mixed art shows including the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition. He is a member of the Rye Society of Artists, and has received the Prix de Rome and the

Creating Reality prize, awarded by the Royal Society of Artists. He paints urban and rural landscapes, often focusing on the unnoticed and unseen, finding the extraordinary in the ordinary.

Susan Taber. When not teaching Pilates in the Udimore Village Hall and surrounding area, Susan finds inspiration walking and painting the Brede Valley.

Nikki Hill-Smith has returned to Sussex after a spell in Kent. She has a BA and MA from Brighton University. A contemporary painter, she is interested in how memory, landscape, and technology overlap. Her take on both abstraction as a concept and painting as a practice is a sheer visual delight. Nikki has had solo and shared exhibitions in London, Brighton, and Ibiza.

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Mothers' Union 150th Anniversary

by Rhiannon Oliver

'All this day, O Lord, let me touch as many lives as possible for Thee; and every life I touch, do Thou by thy spirit quicken, whether through the word I speak, or the prayer I breathe, or the life I live. Amen'

I wonder how many of you have heard that prayer before? Mary Sumner, the founder of Mothers' Union, wrote it in 1876, the year that she started what has become a women-led international Christian movement with over four million members in 84 countries. Her prayer, her vision, her faith, her call for action are still so relevant today.



The widowed Mary Sumner aged about 85 in her house in Winchester Cathedral Close.

Mary's vision was first of all practical: how to support the many women who were primarily concerned with being able to put food on the table for their children. She believed women could support each another in motherhood regardless of class, age, or status. She believed that a women's work in the home was not fully acknowledged, so she reached out to men, helping them to become aware of what women did and recognise the need to show respect and love.

- Branches of the Mothers' Union all over the world have been advocates for change. In this country the campaigning over the years has included:
- Raising the minimum age of marriage for girls from 12 years to 16 years (this became law in 1929).
- Lobbying for the Family Allowances Act 1945 so that child benefit was paid directly to the mothers.
- Joining in the Make Poverty History campaign 2005 and the Jubilee Debt campaign 2025.

- Spearheading the Bye Buy Childhood campaign, calling on the Government and markets to value and protect children from exploitative marketing. This has led to the Children's and Families Act 2014 but the campaign is ongoing.

At Brede we have had a Mothers' Union Branch for well over fifty years. We are still active and three new members are about to join us. You are supposed to be baptised, a point which can be discussed if you're not. If interested please contact me on 01424 882037 or e-mail rhiannonoliver20@gmail.com.

Rhiannon Oliver, Branch Leader



Members from Rye, Battle, Brede, and Hellingly MU at Playden Church, celebrating 150 years.





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Brede Residents 75 Years Ago

by RoseMary Musgrave and Jennifer Sparkes

... continuing our series of the recollections of Jennifer Sparkes and RoseMary Musgrave, daughters of Eric and Margery Winch, who compiled these childhood memories of local residents as a COVID lock-down project in 2020–21. Our historic perambulation through Brede resumes in Stubb Lane at the top of the hill beyond Groaning Bridge.

A little beyond the top of the hill a turning to the right led to Brede Place. This was owned by the Frewen family. We did see Clare Sheridan (*née* Frewen) who was living there for a time. She sometimes used to walk up to the village and would stop and talk to us as young children. She looked distinctive as she usually wore a deep yellow kaftan. We knew nothing about her talent as a sculptress and creator of bronze portrait busts, or of her colourful life, until we were much older, except that she had carved the Madonna in the Lady Chapel of the church and that her son had died under tragic circumstances.



Brede Place c.1932 (historic postcard).

That generation of Frewens were first cousins of Winston Churchill and he visited many times during the war, but this was under high security, so we never knew. The next generation of Frewens to live there was Roger (also a brother of Clare Sheridan), and his wife Alexandra and their children.

Returning to the drive it finally ends at Sheephouse. Oswald and Lena Frewen lived there. It is a mainly wooden house that incorporates an old



Clare Sheridan and her cows in the fields of Brede Place c.1940.

farm building. They converted and built this—much of it themselves—after Oswald had sold Brede Place, which he had inherited, to his brother Roger. After the war they sometimes held a summer fête in the garden, but that is the only thing I can remember, except that the views across and up and down the Brede Valley are amazing.



Sheephouse © Country Life.

There were village stories about a secret passage from the church to Brede Place, and that it could be accessed at the pump near Shearfold. We know that Brede was heavily involved with smuggling, and no doubt many myths grew up around this – nonetheless for a child it was fuel for the imagination.

Back to Stubb Lane and beyond Nurse Vidler's cottage on the left was the appropriately called 'House in the Wood' (now Broadlands Wood House). It always was a secretive place, dark and surrounded by tall trees – slightly frightening to a child. During the war I believe it was used by the British Army. The next owner shot himself in the garden, which made it even more sinister.



'The House in the Wood' (Broadlands Wood House) © John Crook.

After these woods the lane takes a right-angled turn to the left and a little further on joins the B2089 opposite Box Cottage. Before then, on the right there was a roughish track leading to Stonelink Farm, with a wood on the left that was coppiced for hop poles. On the right was the drive entrance to Goat House. From about the mid- or early 1950s this was lived in by Crommelin, Dowager of the 12th Duke of Bedford. She died in 1961. We used to go to tea there as she liked to play card games. She was a regular attendee at St George's, and would walk there with her large French poodles.

Further along the track divided: straight on was Stonelink farm, and through a gate on the left was the drive to Pickdick. Stonelink was owned or perhaps run first by the Corkes and then by the Johnsons. It was a hop farm. By the gate to the left was a cottage (Stonelink Barn) lived in by the Lavender family; I remember it as always being untidy with rusting machinery and lots of things around. They had quite a lot of poultry round the house and across the drive.

Our grandparents (Garth and Lorna Adeney) bought Pickdick in the early 1930s. They lived in the farmhouse but did not farm the land; I presume that by then it was owned and farmed as part of Stonelink. Our mother lived with them, and in 1936 was married from there to Thomas Eric Winch, who lived in Perryfield. I have little memory of the house as they moved out before I was four. I can remember being taken to see the three working carthorses (Jick, Jack, and Jolly) that were in stables where the holiday cottage now is. In 1946 they sold the property to Mr and Mrs Kelt. He was, I think, a dentist in Hastings.

And that concludes our journey along Stubb Lane and beyond!



Distant view of Stonelink from the drive to Sheeppouse © John Crook.



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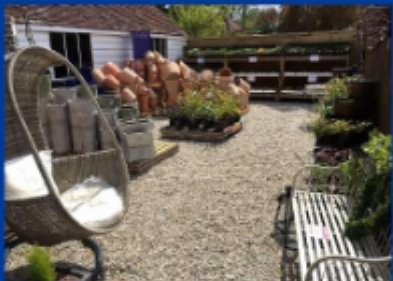
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Brede and Udimore Luncheon Club

At our well-supported Lunch in May and on the hottest day of the year (phew!!) we enjoyed a lovely meal and a delicious cold dessert: chocolate brownie sundae! Thank you, Spencer and Tracey, you were stars coping in such extreme heat.

The Lunch Club meets on the fourth Tuesday each month at 12.30 p.m. at the Red Lion in Brede. Next Lunch: Tuesday 28th July.

For information about the Club please contact me on 01424 882007.

Frances Parnham (Membership Secretary)

Brede Women's Institute

Joint President, Jennie Drew, welcomed everyone to our Annual Meeting, which was opened with the singing of 'Jerusalem'.

Members were updated about forthcoming events happening this summer and pretty pot plants and cards were presented to our those of ladies who are celebrating their birthdays in June.

The formal part of the Meeting began with reports from the Treasurer and Secretary. Our Joint Presidents then took the floor and reflected on the very busy past year, and thanked the Committee and members for all their help, support and encouragement. The elections followed, and as there were no new nominations, the Committee was elected *en bloc* for the coming year, and Sue Orchard and Jennie Drew were congratulated on being re-elected as our Joint Presidents.

Before relaxing and enjoying our refreshments, we played Prize Bingo, (a first for Brede WI!). It was a lot of fun and our Caller, Joy Wild, was brilliant and her witty comments along the way, made for a jolly afternoon.

The competition, 'A Recycled Item', was won by Louise Hull.

Our next Meeting will be on Wednesday 8th July at 2.00 p.m. in Brede Village Hall. Our speaker, Emma Baker, will be talking about *The Importance of Power of Attorney*. Her talk will be followed by a *Burlesque Refresher*. The competition is 'A Pottery Item'.

For information about Brede WI, please contact Sue Orchard (Joint President) on 07305 693745

Frances Parnham

News from Trinity Methodist Church, Broad Oak

Church Services. We meet for worship every Sunday at 10.30 a.m. When there is a fifth Sunday in the month, an informal Service is held in the Hall at 3.30 p.m. All are welcome to join us and stay for refreshments after the services.

'Wednesday Welcome'. Every week 2–4 p.m. in the Hall. Join us for an informal rolling programme of crafts, activities, and conversations, followed by plenty of time to chat and relax over tea and cake. Or drop in for Book Swap: we have a large collection of paperbacks to choose from!

Community. Rabbits Class, from Brede Primary School visited our Church in early June, to explore the theme, *'Good News'—Friendship, Love and Forgiveness*. The class enthusiastically joined in the session, and particularly enjoyed the discovery trail and action songs.

In June, David Swales (our Community Lay Worker) and Sue Skilling from our Church, visited both Roselands and Whitegates Care Homes, and entertained the residents with a fun sing-along and poetry session. David's and Sue's strumming guitars accompanying the repertoire of songs made it extra special, and they left with invitations to 'please return soon'.

In July, we will be welcoming Brede Primary School pupils for their *Whole School Leavers' Assembly*. At the close of the service, all the leavers will be individually presented with a special book, *It's Your Move, A Secondary School Survival Guide*, with our good wishes for their future.

For further information about Trinity Methodist Church Broad Oak, please visit our website: www.trinitybroad oak.org.uk

Frances Parnham

Brede Design with Flowers

In June we tried two different designs: an over edge and crescent. In July we will be doing a basket or a candlestick.

Please contact me if you are interested in doing this craft: 01424 882037 or rhiannonoliver20@gmail.com

Rhiannon Oliver



Brede Friendly Circle

On 17th June we went to Tibbs Farm, and had an enjoyable morning eating cream scones and cake.

Our Garden Party will be held this year at Farleigh in Furnace Lane, on 15th July at 2.00 p.m. (please note the time change).

If any one is interested in joining our merry band please contact Carol on 01424 883262 or Rhiannon Oliver 01424 882037.

Rhiannon Oliver



Brede Mothers' Union



On Wednesday 10th June many Mother's Union Members from all over the world made their way to St Paul's Cathedral to mark 150 years since its formation. The service booklet included four wonderful letters written by the patrons: HRH The Duchess of Edinburgh GCVO, The Most Revd and Rt Hon. Dame Sarah Mullally (Archbishop of Canterbury), The Rt Revd Anthony Poggio (Secretary General of the Anglican Communion), and Kathleen Snow (Mothers' Union Worldwide President). The all epitomised the value of the Mothers' Union and the work achieved by this wonderful band of volunteers, both women and men.

The Archbishop wrote, 'I have seen first hand the depth of your commitment to addressing gender based violence and to empowering women and girls through education, literacy and numeracy. This work transforms lives: it enables women to lead with confidence, to advocate for themselves and others, and to build stronger families and communities rooted in hope.'

The Archbishop gave the address at the service, which was attended by two to three thousand people. St Paul's choir sang sweetly the Processional Hymn *Lord for the years you have guided*, and members heartily sang the hymns, which included *Brother, sister, let me serve you*, and *Tell out my soul*.

It was an uplifting service full of hope for the future.

Rhiannon Oliver (Branch Leader & Bexhill District MU Chairman)



Mothers' Union service of Commemoration in St Paul's Cathedral, 10th June 2026 (photo: Rhiannon Oliver).



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