

The Giant

**Brede & Udimore
Parish Magazine**
November 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.



Brede Place in June 1980 awaiting repair. John Crook

The Giant writes: I started an account of the mysterious tunnel below Brede Place, but the piece grew too long to fit into this modest space, so you'll find it elsewhere in this magazine (see page 36). Instead, on this page I share a sad picture with you: my house, Brede Place, after the fire of August 1979.

Cover image: '2nd November—All Souls' Day' by Darryl Bird.
Collage & oil on canvas.

'The Rector's Reflections'

After the clocks have gone back in October, I do find the days feel so much shorter! It is a time when, as Autumn really takes hold, part of me wants to be drinking pumpkin spiced lattes under blankets next to a fire ...

November is also a month when we enter into a season of remembrance. We begin with All Saints' Day on 1st November, in All Saints' Church Beckley at 10 a.m., as we celebrate all the many Saints—holy people, whether named officially in the church calendar or not—who have impacted our lives and the life of the Church. We have our All Souls' Service at 5 p.m. on 1st November in St George's Church Brede, where all are welcome to come and light a candle in remembrance of our loved ones who have gone before us.

We have Remembrance Sunday coming up on 8th November, when services will be held at every church across the Benefice as we remember those who lost their lives in war, the impact of war, and the contribution of all our service people (and animals).

Even the festivities and events of 5th November and associated Bonfire Nights are a time to remember and reflect on the past, our shared history, and looking towards building peace and community across difference.

The theme across all of these services and events is, ultimately, the shining of light in the midst of darkness. The light of peace, love, the sharing of community, memories of family, the light of goodness and service, the light of Christ. As it is said in the Gospel of John, despite challenging circumstances in a challenging world, 'The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.' And at the end of the month, on a slightly earlier Advent Sunday, 29th November, we begin to look towards the coming of the true Light of the World in the person of Jesus Christ.

God Bless, Rev'd Fran



The Benefice of Brede with Udimore and Beckley and Peasmarsh



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November Services at St George's Brede

- | | |
|------------------------|--|
| Sunday 1st, 10.00 a.m. | All Saints and All Souls. Benefice Eucharist at Beckley, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid |
| Sunday 1st, 5.00 p.m. | Commemoration of the Faithful Departed, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid |
| Sunday 8th, 9.30 a.m. | Remembrance Sunday Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid |
| Sunday 8th, 10.45 a.m. | Remembrance Service, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid |

Sunday 15th, 10.00 a.m.	Benefice Eucharist at Peasmarsh, celebrated by the Revd Barry Carter
Sunday 22nd, 9.30 a.m.	Christ the King, Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Yvonne Adam
Sunday 29th, 10 a.m.	Advent Sunday, Benefice Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid
Sunday 29th, 3.00 p.m.	Service at Trinity Methodist Church, Broad Oak.

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 in November at St George's Brede

Sunday 1st, 5.00 p.m.	All Souls' Service. Join us to remember your loved ones and pray for them.
Friday 6th, 10.30–13.00	4Charities Soup & Scrabble, Udimore Hall

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

A date for your diary : The Friends of St George's will be holding a Christmas Singalong, presented by Gary and Duncan, on Sunday 20th December at 3.00 p.m. Further details in the December *Giant*.

November Services at St Mary's Udimore

Sunday 1st, 10.00 a.m.	All Saints and All Souls, Benefice Eucharist at Beckley, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid
Sunday 8th, 10.45 a.m.	Remembrance Sunday, Remembrance Service, led by Lesley Curtis
Sunday 15th, 10.00 a.m.	Benefice Eucharist at Peasmarsh, celebrated by the Revd Barry Carter
Sunday 22nd, 11.15 a.m.	Christ the King, Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Yvonne Adam
Sunday 29th, 10 a.m.	Advent Sunday, Benefice Eucharist at Brede, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid

Forthcoming Events in November at St Mary's Udimore

Friday 6th, 10.30-13.00	4Charities Soup & Scrabble, Hall
Saturday 28th, 10.00-13.00	Christmas Fair, Hall

THE PARISH OF UDIMORE

St Mary's Community Hall – Classes and Activities

PILATES: Monday to Wednesday (term-time)

Mon 9.00–11.30 a.m. and 6.30–7.30 p.m.

Tues 9.00–10.00 a.m.

Wed 9.00–11.30 a.m.

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

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

Jo-Jo Hancock: jojo@yogacreative.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

STUDIO JAMIE BALLET: Tuesday 11.00 a.m.

Aysha Jamieson: 01424 883238, studiojamie@icloud.com

JOYOGA Thursdays, 5.30–6.30 p.m.

Jo Pappenheim: jo.pappenheim@gmail.com

VINYASA FLOW: Fridays (term-time) 8.00 –9.00 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*)

Friday events 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 November 2026

Sunday 1st November

All Saints' Day

Revelation 7: 9–17

Psalms 34: 1–10, 22

I John 3: 1–3

Matthew 5: 1–12 (The Beatitudes)

Sunday 29th November

Advent Sunday

Isaiah 64: 1–9

Psalms 80: 1–8, 18–20

I Corinthians 1: 3–9

Mark 13: 24–37

Sunday 8th November

Remembrance Sunday

Micah 3: 5–12

Psalms 70

I Thessalonians 4: 13–18

Matthew 25: 1–13

Sunday 15th November

Second Sunday before Advent

Zephaniah 1: 7, 12–18

Psalms 96: 1–9

I Thessalonians 5: 1–11

Matthew 25: 14–30

Sunday 22nd November

Christ the King

Ezekiel 34: 11–16, 20–24

Psalms 90: 1–6, 13–17

Ephesians 1: 15–23

Matthew 25: 31–46



Bishop Will with Danny Bollen after his confirmation, 7 Oct 2026

Knowing God : Looking to Others

by Duncan Reid

Do you believe in saints? Well, that probably depends on what one means by 'believe in'. Is it to trust them? And if so, to trust them in what? To act as mediators between us and God? To perform miracles for our benefit? The Anglican Church, if we can generalise, seems to have a very Anglican approach to the subject. Yes, we acknowledge and celebrate all sorts of saints from the past: as I write this, we are about to celebrate, at St George's, St Luke the Evangelist, whose day this year coincides with our Harvest Festival, which is pretty neat as the set Gospel reading for Sunday talks about Jesus sending the 'seventy-two' out into the harvest field. And of course, the beginning of November sees the Festival of All Saints. But I digress... Yes, we celebrate saints from the past, but we are not into creating new ones. The official line is that all professing Christians are saints, even if very far from being saintly. St Paul often addresses whole groups of individuals (at Corinth, in Rome for example) as 'saints' and Paul, more than anyone, realizes that these saints are rarely paragons of Christian godliness and saintliness. Their saintliness comes solely from the grace of God himself—the idea of being made special in baptism or in the act of believing. I think I fundamentally go along with that approach.

On the other hand, we all have certain people in our lives whom we admire for one reason or another and may wish to emulate. Not saints by any stretch of the imagination, but individuals who, whether we know them personally or not, manage to inspire us in innumerable ways, big and small. When it comes to saints in the Church context, maybe they can inspire us to be better, more faithful Christians.

Whilst contemplating saints, I can't help but bring up the subject of relics: articles associated with certain saints which are treasured and even venerated. At one time I found all that sort of thing pretty creepy, but now I see it in a somewhat different light; our house is pretty full of stuff, a great deal of which is neither especially beautiful nor useful (nor valuable) but is impossible to get rid of as nearly every object has a tangible connection with a loved one from the past. Is that partly the same emotion and attitude (albeit more prosaic) that one might have with articles connected with saints?

Anyway, I'm not one for saintly mumbo-jumbo. However ... I will put in a word for St Anthony of Padua: patron of the poor, of travellers, sailors, Fishermen, and more significantly for me—of lost things. With such a wide-ranging portfolio, St Anthony is obviously a very busy saint, so we wouldn't call on him too often. But I must say that when something is well and truly lost and we ask for his assistance, he has invariably been most helpful. The

most recent manifestation of this was when someone I know pretty well thought it necessary to temporarily hide his wallet in a safe place. Naturally enough, when the wallet was next needed there was absolutely no recollection of the act of concealment. We searched, on and off, for a whole day, determined not to bother St Anthony. Eventually he was consulted, and lo and behold, something clicked in someone's brain and the wallet was immediately retrieved from its hiding place.

So, let's be thankful for all the saints, whether or not they be saintly.



*St Anthony of Padua by El Greco (1576).
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Pat's Fields

by Tony Dyson

Some years ago, Pat Whately bought three fields to prevent them from falling into disreputable hands.

She has nurtured these fields, planted numerous trees, cut hedges, and maintained paths. All this has been done, at her own expense, entirely for the benefit of Brede.

Thanks to Pat, generations of people and, more importantly, dogs have enjoyed this unique oasis of green in the heart of our village.

She also insisted on holding a Wild Party for the Dog Walkers each year, which rapidly became a village institution.

Pat, with much help from Paul Evans, has now given her fields to a charity, called Brede Wildlands, set up by the Parish Council.

Her generosity and spirit of community were recorded in a short ceremony with its Chairman last month.



Left to right: Stephen Hampton (Chairman), Pat Whately, Nigel Hobson

Out and About

by Gary Marriott

We have been able to enjoy the most beautiful mornings of late, with the last of the Indian summer. As an example, early in October there was a heavy mist in the Brede valley. As the sun rose it shone golden rays across the top of the mist which was too beautiful to describe, except to say that the entire view had turned a shimmering gold. Yet within twenty minutes the sun had risen enough to turn the whole view to silver, within another hour it had burned away. Such fleeting beauty!



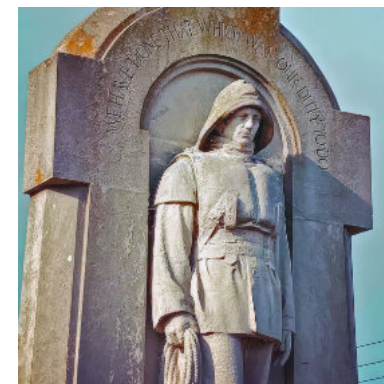
Mist in Brede valley

Another example of such beauty was seen on a recent trip to London. Again, on a beautiful autumnal day, all three parks—St James's, Green Park, and Hyde Park—were a joy to behold. Not only were they, as they nearly always are, very attractive and wonderfully kept, but you could almost 'cut the joy with a knife', as people from all cultures of the world, or so it appeared, were strolling, chatting, relaxing, and happy as they enjoyed all that was on offer, from the squirrels to the wonderful wild fowl and of course the magnificent plane trees. But the most enchanting sight was of the children, again from all cultures, probably about thirty of them, thoroughly enjoying themselves sliding and playing about on the splendid Canada Memorial in Green Park. This Memorial commemorates the one million Canadians who came to Britain and fought in the two World Wars; 110,000 of them lost their lives. At the end of the inscription is written 'From danger shared, our friendship prospers'. It is a clever design in granite and bronze,

and is meant to interact with nature, the falling leaves, and those who are curious about it, and it beckons children to play on it. It points to Halifax, Nova Scotia, from where the soldiery and defence equipment embarked during those wars. Would a nation be so generous now?

Speaking of memorials, I had occasion to wander into the yard of the Church of the Holy Spirit at Rye Harbour. I was completely taken aback. As you enter you walk under a memorial lychgate erected after WW1. On it, of course, there are listed those who died at that time, but what is so shocking is the number of members from particular families: nine members of the Southerden, eight of the Tillman and seven of the Saunders families and many, many more. It is reading such inscriptions that makes you realise just how much communities have sacrificed to fight for what is right. They will all be remembered on 11th of November and long may that continue. But it does not stop there.

Round the corner at the west end is situated a substantial memorial commemorating the *Mary Stanford* lifeboat tragedy. On 15th November 1928 the lifeboat, powered by men at oars, set out in heavy seas with driving wind and rain to rescue a Latvian vessel, the *Alice of Riga*. News was received that *Alice* had been rescued by another ship, so a recall signal was fired three times. It is thought that the weather being so awful the crew did not see it. The lifeboat capsized and all hands perished: practically the entire fishing workforce of Rye Harbour was lost. The story is bad enough, but spending time at the memorial you realise more the enormity of the tragedy. There are brothers, and fathers and sons, commemorated on the memorial. Look again and you see three young men of the Pope family, and nearby is Julia Pope their mother who died within a year, no doubt of a broken heart. The lifeboat house remains as a memorial to those that died in that tragedy: it can be seen from the road east of Winchelsea church and remains a marker to those that fish to this day. It is in danger of slipping into the sea: let us hope it can be saved.



Rest eternal grant unto them, O Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon them.

We should add to that: *Open our eyes and hearts, O Lord, to help those in power face their responsibilities, learn from the past, appreciate what is happening now, do the right thing, and use all our energy to banish greed and bring conflict and suffering to an end.*

'It's the darkness'

by Blake Larkin

I write this making a return to The Giant after a hiatus. Forgive me, those of you who have been yearning for me, and whose appetite by now must resemble a sane Republican's for regime change. I know, some editions ago I was optimistic that war in Iran would go well. I still believe it could have, but Trump (surprise, surprise) was idiotic.

I thought I would speak on the protests that have been sweeping France's schools. Yes, I know: all very French. Or is it?

You see, Frenchness and Englishness can be understood as an ideal or essence, the core principles of which are widely shared amongst its children. Bizarrely, in Britain, ethnic minorities are more than twice as likely as white Britons to say you must be white to be English (YouGov, 2025). People who believe that may feel unaccepted—or may not share some of the principles of Englishness.

France, however, cannot tell us anything comparable. Since a 2007 Constitutional Council ruling, recording people by ethnic origin has been deemed unconstitutional, hence I have no statistics to throw at you. No one can say with any precision how much demographic change France has undergone, who was arrested, or in what spirit they protested. One phrase, however, became a slogan on the barricades: 'Bismillah, c'est les ténèbres', or 'In the name of God, it's the darkness.' One message that did the rounds went on, 'When's the blockade, wallah, bro? We're gonna smash everything!'

Right-wing critics are sometimes racist. Obviously, the problems are cultural, not racial, and ethnicity only means something to the extent it may tell us something about cultural values. But when we look at the integration literature, the reality is that it is dominated by left-wing academics who make worrying diagnoses but prescribe no feasible remedies. Weva and colleagues (2023), for example, found that non-Western immigrant pupils in their first year of a Dutch integration programme were culturally mismatched with the individualistic self-image Dutch schools promote.

The numbers are harder to ignore. By Van de Beek and colleagues' (2024) reckoning, immigration costs the Dutch treasury a net €17 billion a year, and only one in five non-Western immigrants makes a positive net contribution. The gap persists into the second generation, who do well at school but earn less for the same qualifications, and costs are highest for groups culturally distant from the Netherlands. Mind you, this is an analysis made by left-leaning academics.

Why does this matter? Because fiscal negatives can expose a lack of integration into a productive, diligent, and proud nation. Some of these 'have nots' only integrate themselves into a violent form of student-Marxism that relishes chaos and disorder. This unholy and untenable alliance also exists on our isles, with middle-class Marxist Greens and Islamists. Polanski's party at a conference voted for the eradication of the only majority Jewish state. Meanwhile, a synagogue in Paris was ransacked during the 'school protests'. In essence, nations learn and evolve; they learn from horrors and go through phases of enlightenment. Yet these extreme ideologies horseshoe their narratives into our societies, leading to the chronic antisemitism we are seeing sparks of in their protests and organisations.

France is not alone. In the copycat protests in Italy, nearly half of those stopped or arrested in Milan were of immigrant background. Belgium: same story. The facts are sometimes depressingly right-wing.

Immigration has created lost children in the West, who learn about the post-colonial horrors of their hosts' imperial past without much nuance, and with barely a mention of its glory. They get educated by their neighbours to resent their neighbours.

I started this article with France in my crosshairs, but France, bound by its own constitution, refuses even to look. Elsewhere, we can at least count. Perhaps it is time France did too, and focused a bit more on the darkness those immigrant children apparently feel lost in.



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An Appointment with Albert

by Ro Gardner

In 1954 I was thirteen years old and a pupil at Colditz. Well, Skinners' Grammar School for Boys, as it was more commonly known. Every Thursday afternoon, everyone in the third, fourth, and fifth forms were consigned to the loving care of Sergeant-Major Jock Williams, who headed the school Combined Cadet Force.

Being of lowly origin, Jock would never have dreamt of aspiring to officer rank. It was Foxy Bennett, gentleman of that parish, who occasionally sauntered on stage, immaculately attired in his major's uniform, and nonchalantly acknowledged the entire Skinners' School fighting force with a languid wave of his highly polished swagger stick.

Mostly, we didn't see Foxy. The everyday sadism was administered by Jock Williams, and by God, he enjoyed it. We were marched up and down the quadrangle, made to stand at attention for hours, given endless rifle drill, and having finished our first year in the CCF we were expected to be able to strip and reassemble a Bren gun, blindfolded.

If any of our number had the misfortune to drop his rifle during drill, he was called out in front of the entire CCF, publicly humiliated by Jock, and then forced to double up and down the quad carrying his rifle and a full pack for an hour. Bad enough in the winter, but in the summer this treatment usually resulted in the victim shaking with fatigue or flat out on the ground with heat prostration.

One Thursday my particular mate, Dickie Durrant, whilst trying to ensure that his Woodbines didn't get squashed during rifle drill, dropped his short Lee-Enfield, Mark I, drill purposes only weapon. Jock Williams—he of the short legs and purple face—called Dickie out in front of the platoon and gave him the mother and father of all dressings down. There were several references to Dickie's abysmally low IQ, and the validity of his parent's marriage. Then he was assigned the usual punishment of doubling up and down the quadrangle for an hour, bearing a full pack and carrying the recalcitrant rifle.

I remember that it was a hot June day. Lashed on by the abusive tongue of his Sergeant Major, Dickie collapsed at about the fifty minute mark. By this time, the afternoon's military activities were over. Jock Williams stood over Dickie and promised him that on the following Thursday, he would repeat his punishment for another hour. If he fell short again, the punishment would be repeated every week until completed properly.

When Jock withdrew and with Dickie still lying flat on his stomach, I fetched him a glass of water from the cloakroom. Just as I reached Dickie, I was stopped by a bellow from the other side of the quad. I turned to see Jock Williams marching towards me, his face even more purple than usual, and a prominent vein throbbing in his forehead.

Snatching the water from me, he threw it over the still prostrate form.

'If I catch you interfering with punishment again, you'll be joining this bastard next week.'

Making a strategic withdrawal, I waited in our classroom for Dickie. Eventually, I took him back to my house, as I lived only a hundred yards away from the school. I freely admit that I practically had steam coming out of my ears at the sheer injustice of the incident, but Dickie was remarkably sanguine.

'Jock's not a man to cross,' said Dickie. 'Do you remember what Buster told us about him?'

I nodded glumly. Buster, who taught biology and had once been found guilty of treating boys as human beings, had told us that he had seen Jock's C.V. when he had applied to the school for the job of gardener (and military sadist). During the war he had been a member of the elite commando unit that had taken part in the Saint-Nazaire raid. Buster had been in on Jock's interview and told us that under questioning as to his ability to ill-treat boys, Jock had revealed that he had killed a German sentry with his bare hands during the raid. No wonder Dickie was being philosophical.

The following Monday, I arrived at school at two minutes to nine as usual. There was a kerfuffle going on around the grass bank which sloped down to the playing fields. By the time I got there almost the entire school, including the masters, were grouped around the entrance to one of the school air raid shelters. These were underground and had been kept intact after the war, because: (a) the Russians were threatening to annihilate us with their nuclear missiles, and (b), more importantly, they were very useful for Jock to keep his lawnmowers and suchlike in.

From behind the blast proof steel doors of one of the shelters came the most terrible swearing, sort of muffled but still, to our unmitigated joy, decipherable. Since boys enjoying themselves were against the most basic school rules, we were all shepherded off to assembly, whilst a few of the masters awaited the arrival of the fire brigade. Dickie had the entire story and related it, punctuated by bouts of hysterical laughter, as we made our way to the school hall.

It seems that late on the previous Friday afternoon, Jock was putting away

his lawnmower and cleaning it for the weekend. Someone had slammed the steel doors behind him and locked them. Being a bachelor, and devoid of friends, no one was expecting him home, so he spent the entire weekend in the air raid shelter. Apparently, the spare key had been lost years ago, and it took the fire brigade two hours to cut round the lock with an oxyacetylene torch and release poor Jock. He emerged vowing a terrible revenge on whoever had imprisoned him, and I don't suppose the barely suppressed laughter that accompanied his every move helped much. In assembly, we were harangued by the headmaster and threatened with dire consequences if the miscreant did not own up. Everyone had the sense to keep quiet.

That Thursday afternoon, I don't think anyone was looking forward to CCF. Not surprisingly, in view of the expected vitriol from Jock Williams, Foxy Bennett was conspicuous by his absence. We were all lined up in open order, which meant every boy was the statutory two paces from his fellow. This was so that Jock could stamp up and down the ranks, peering into each boy's eyes, to see if he could detect the slightest glimmer of guilt therein.

Jock called the contingent to attention, and after the synchronised thump of 150 boots, the silence was such that you could hear a pin drop. Then, into the silence, there rang a metallic clatter.

'Nobody move!' shrieked Jock. So we didn't. He stomped purposefully through the ranks to the source of the noise. He halted, exuding menace from every pore, in front of a boy called Dobson. Bending, he picked up a key. Without a single word being spoken, we all knew that this was the key to the air raid shelter.

Jock grasped Dobson's collar and hauled him through the ranks, scattering boys left and right. I was unfortunate enough to be in the front rank, and I saw, quite precisely, what happened next. As they reached the space in front of the assembled boys, Dobson, white-faced with terror, regained his feet and tried to tear himself free from the one-handed grasp of the furious Sergeant-Major. With his free hand, Jock reached across Dobson, and with his forearm across Dobson's throat, sort of jerked him. Everyone heard the crack. Dobson went limp.

Williams let him collapse onto the ground, looked down at him for a second, then marched off the parade ground. None of us ever saw him again.

The next day, the police questioning started, and I was hauled in to give my evidence as to what happened on that fateful afternoon. Being under fourteen, I was not required to testify in court, but we all avidly followed the trial and conviction of John Martin Williams for murder.

On Monday, 11th July 1955, at nine o'clock in the morning, Jock kept his appointment with Albert Pierrepoint,* at Her Majesty's Prison, Pentonville. In school assembly the dreaded name was not uttered, but everyone's eyes were watching the time—and when the school clock struck nine, there was a sort of sigh.

'Serves him ***** right,' hissed Dickie, with uncharacteristic vehemence.

'Yes,' said I.

I next bumped into Dickie on Tonbridge station in 1994. He looked quite ill, and it took me several minutes to persuade him to join me for a beer in the Angel. Dickie had fifteen minutes before his bus came, and we chatted about the old days. Inevitably, the Jock story came up.

'If it had all happened ten years later, hanging would have been abolished and that bastard Jock would have been looking forward to his first parole by now,' said Dickie.

'I never agreed with hanging,' I answered. 'But at least they got the right man that time.'

'I'm bloody glad Jock didn't.'

It took about ten seconds for the full import of what Dickie had said to sink in—whereupon I choked on my beer.

'Do you mean....do you mean...' I spluttered.

Dickie gave me his funny little lopsided grin. 'That's right,' he said. 'My coat hook was next to Dobson's in the cloakroom. I stuck the key in the hatband of his forage cap. 'Course, I didn't know it was going to fall out on the parade ground, did I?' He got to his feet, picked up his coat, and turned to look at me. 'I never liked Dobson much, anyway, did you?'

I can't remember what I replied. Two years later I heard that Dickie had died from peritonitis. I never told anyone about the key.

Well, you can't split on a mate, can you?

*Albert Pierrepoint was the U.K.'s Official Hangman from 1940 until 1956, when capital punishment was, at last, abolished. The curious thing was that he succeeded his father, and before him, his grandfather, to this grisly post.

Udimore's Harvest Party, Saturday 17th October

by Zoe Wilmoth and Lizzie St Clair George

This year the PCC decided that instead of the usual Harvest Supper, we would hold a Harvest Party. It was free to all villagers and members of the St Mary's congregation, as we thought it would be an ideal opportunity to gather and meet the newcomers to our community, showing them all that went on, and hopefully encouraging them to join in with village life. It was also a wonderful way for us to welcome our new Rector, the Revd Fran Reid, properly to Udimore. She arrived in the Benefice in May, but had very little time to mix in the Parish, so it was great to have her join us at the party so she could meet many of us. We are grateful for her warmth, enthusiasm, and approachability.

Saturday 17th October dawned bright and clear and stayed that way. Certainly someone was smiling on us in Udimore, for how lucky were we with the weather! We opened our doors promptly at 12.00 p.m. and though slightly slow to start, by lunchtime we had a good gathering. The bouncy castle was much in demand, and it was lovely to see so many children in the garden playing together. With tea, coffee, cakes, burgers, and a pay bar, we were soon in full flow. The afternoon passed seamlessly with everyone, be they newcomers, or more established residents, having the opportunity to mix and come together.

A huge thanks to everyone for all their hard work on Saturday getting the hall ready and helping during the party, as well as clearing up. Though we didn't get any 'volunteers' directly on the day, we hope our Harvest Party will have opened people's eyes to what goes on in the village and lead to offerings of help and participation in the future.



Outdoor cooking



Above: Bouncy Castle. Below: Rev'd Fran pictured with revellers





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The Windmill at Udimore

by Gary Quinnell

Udimore's windy ridge makes an ideal location for a windmill, and we have evidence that one stood on the site since at least 1694—and that's what I thought when I first wrote this piece, based on an article in the Sussex County Magazine in 1930. However, since then I have found that Herbert Simmons references an even earlier mill in his notes... (Victoria County History of Sussex, vol. 9, 1937):

In 1294 there belonged to the Manor a windmill... It is again recorded in 1329, and continued to descend with the Manor. This mill may have occupied the same site upon which Sloman's Mill (...) stood four centuries later. It is also mentioned in a bond dated March 27 1584: John Rolf of Udimore, yeoman, to Thomas Sheather otherwise Stace of Udimore, yeoman for the tenure of land called Myllfyelde in Udimore, with a newly built windmill, conveyed the same day.

The last windmill was probably built about 1790 as there was a copper coin of that year affixed to the main post. The mill belonged to John Sloman, who was both a miller and farmer; he resided at The Vines farmhouse adjoining, and it remained in the possession of the Sloman family until the beginning of the nineteenth century.

In 1817, Peter Stonham (a relative of the Slomans) built the present Mill House and carried on the milling business until 1856, when John Collins Henley (also a relative) took possession. He died in 1868, and his brother Henry Henley succeeded and remained there until his death in 1921. He was 88 years old.

A Mr Elliott, who had acquired the property from Henry Henley, eventually demolished the windmill in 1922. It was noted that some of the oak beams were used to repair properties in Church Square, Rye, among others.

Current Udimore properties such as Mill House, Mill Lodge, and Mill View give clues to its former location; and it is still possible to see the mound and some of the base in one of these gardens.



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Bravery, bagpipes, and flower-bearing children: this, too, is Europe

by Hilbrand Rozema

Here they come: the bagpipers, entering the Airborne Cemetery in Oosterbeek near Arnhem. With their black caps and red plumes, they bring to mind proud black grouse. Yes, I know—their distinctive, somewhat piercing music is an acquired taste, much like black coffee, olives, or pungent French blue cheese. One might liken the sound to chalk screeching against a blackboard, or fingernails scraping across wet glass. Yet, I find myself happily swept away by it, alongside thousands of others attending this 82nd commemoration of the Market Garden airborne landings from September 1944. If goosebumps had a sound, it would be the music of these 'pipes and drums'. I wouldn't mind being woken up by bagpipes every single day—just as the late Queen Elizabeth once was.

The musicians march toward the Cross of Sacrifice—a cross shaped like a downward-pointing sword, a combination that invites various interpretations. At the very least, it serves as a reminder of the necessity of a willingness to make sacrifices. And that, in itself, may well offer us new hope for Europe. What is our story? Who are we, squeezed between the aggression of Russia and the current indifference of the United States? What is our soul?

A good question. Here in Oosterbeek, one can see a Europe—and a Netherlands—that possesses a sense of form and style; a commitment to traditions and values worth fighting for. Look—here come the children, carrying flowers for every grave. There is a sense of solemnity and focus, the occasional sidelong glance, a smile. Just two days earlier, a thousand schoolchildren gathered on the Ginkelse Heide to learn about the paratroopers who descended from the sky there 82 years ago—an event covered extensively by the *Jeugdjournaal* (a news program for young people).

The children gaze at the inscriptions on 'their' soldiers' graves. Many of these liberators were only a few years older than the children themselves—forever young. One grave—Plot 25, Row B, Grave 17—is already blanketed in flowers. For more than eighty years, Kazimierz Chartanowicz (22) lay buried anonymously, identified only as 'a soldier of the 1939–1945 war'. That is no longer the case, thanks to the investigative work of Polish amateur historian Mateusz Mróz, who also uncovered the names of other Polish liberators in 2021 and 2023.

Amidst applause, veteran Geoff Roberts (101) lays a wreath. He was 19 when he fought with the King's Own Scottish Borderers in 1944. We are now

rapidly losing the last of that generation; soon, the act of remembrance will rest solely with us. And then—even more so than today—it will be about our own future. What is being asked of us?

The Bible reading at the Airborne Cemetery is taken from the Book of Revelation and concerns the dragon. This feels fitting given the growing threat of war; the Clingendael Institute advised last week that we should stock up on at least eight days' worth of food.

Yet, the vision of John does not end in destruction. In Europe, too, the good will ultimately prevail. Sometimes, we catch a glimpse of this—as seen during the funeral of King Harald of Norway. The choir sang 'Abide with Me' in the cathedral in Oslo. We are singing that same hymn here today, at this field of honour.

The threat is real. But fortunately, the Netherlands—along with many other European nations—upholds democratic values rooted in our shared history: courage, sacrifice, compassion for others, freedom, respect, and the act of remembrance. This begins on a small scale—in the schoolyard. Just ask the children in Oosterbeek. Europe is under pressure, but the leaders responsible for this have more of a past than a future. The children who lay these flowers—they are the future of Europe.



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Canary-Shouldered Thorn

by Lynne Bramley

Autumn is very much a season of 'brown' moths, which can be difficult to spot among leaf debris. That is not to say they are dull, far from it. There are many glorious shades, ranging from chestnut to amber, oatmeal to russet.

The Canary-shouldered Thorn is the brightest, and if you like a bit of fluffy yellow with fringed antennae this is the one for you. Head-on it looks quite alarming. It is of medium size with a wingspan of 32 to 40 mm. The other autumn family relatives named August thorn, September thorn, and dusky thorn are all in varying shades of brown, speckles, and lines, resembling crumpled fallen leaves.

There are also early, lunar and purple thorns, with generally a much darker livery, two with a small silver crescent on the wings. These appear long before autumn. All part of a big family.

The Canary-shouldered overwinters as an egg on its larval food (or host) plant, usually birch, goat willow, or hornbeam; the caterpillars emerge from early May, looking like thin dead twigs. Once they finish feeding a cocoon is formed, sometimes in curled leaves under a web-like net. There is only one generation at a time, which flies from July until mid-October. The adult moth does not feed, using its reserves of fat from the caterpillar stage, but might sip liquid such as dew. The flying life is very ephemeral: living only one to two weeks, their sole aim in life is to mate.



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Beggarfolk

by Steve Wrigley

He begs but holds no bowl. On concrete,
hands outstretched, he squats, hunkered down.
In the averted eyes of those who pass,
he is dross and fallen, hopelessly
failed, has crossed the line from pride
to shame, cleanliness to dirt. We fear him.
He is our most distorted echo.

Were he sadhu, had forsaken all, a monk
sandalling dust roads, sannyasin,
weathering monsoon, at one within
the fabric of the puja, we would understand
or think we would: faith rings,
convinces at its most extremes.

But in secular Liverpool, Hull
or London there is no such certainty
for beggars or for those without the need
to beg. Our sacred cows are slaughtered.
Curious then, stooping to give,
or is it to receive, one hears in acceptance
the murmur of communion.

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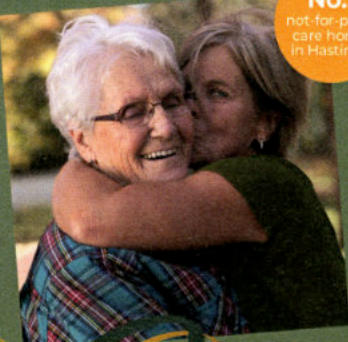


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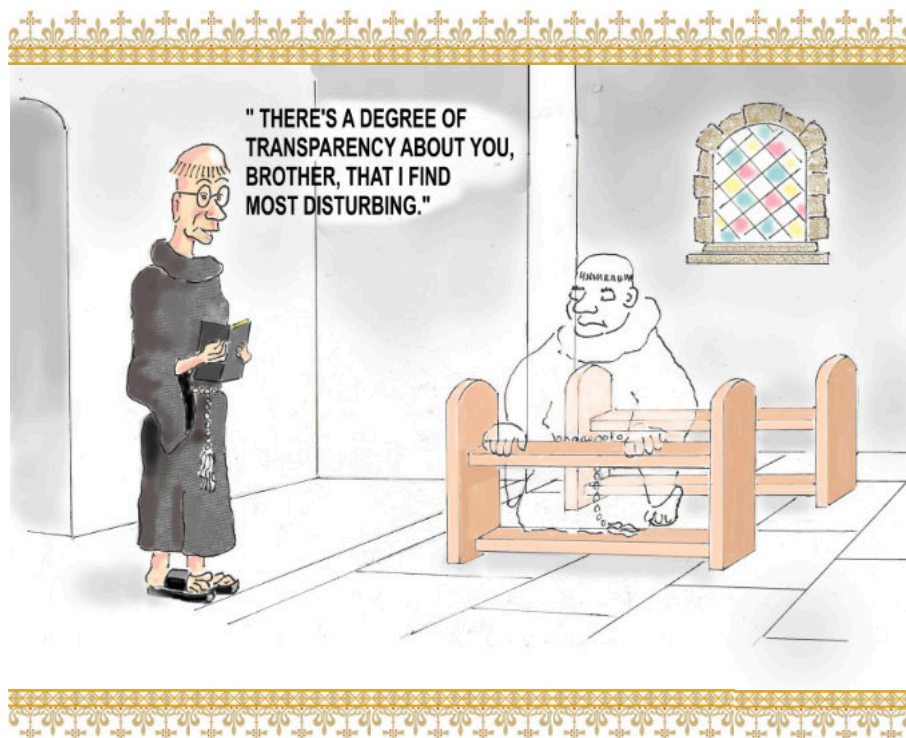
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Cartoon by Mike Bone

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Eat the Seasons November – Enjoying Pears

by Gill Potterton

'It is, in my view, the duty of an apple to be crisp and crunchable, but a pear should have such a texture as leads to silent consumption.' Edward Bunyan

~

I confess, I am not a huge fan of eating pears out of hand, and might only occasionally be tempted by a very ripe, soft juicy variety such as the Comice pear, which tends to be less grainy than other pears and is tender, aromatic and richly-flavoured. *Doyenne du Comice*, to give it its full title, is a French variety with pale green skin changing to yellow with a red flush. It was introduced from France in 1849 and is viewed by many to be the best pear, due to its rich buttery taste and meltingly smooth texture. Best picked in October, to be used by the end of November, the Comice should feature on any top ten list of Autumn treats.

Of course different varieties with a range of flavours and textures are available all year in our supermarkets, and I do love cooking and creating dishes with pears. Exceptional when poached in red wine and vanilla, they are also stunning with chocolate, as in the classic French dessert *Poires Belle Hélène*. The pear also has a wonderful affinity with nuts, and is one of those fruits which transcend the boundaries between sweet and savoury. It makes a perfect marriage with blue cheese and walnuts in salads; or try briefly pickling thin slices of pear, to serve with pork cold cuts, the vinegar cutting through the rich fattiness of the meat. Try roasting quartered pears with chunky parsnips, sprinkled at the last minute with chopped hazelnuts, or just add your favourite variety of pear to an after-dinner cheese board.

Although I do not often eat pears, I am strangely partial to perry, or as it is now more widely marketed, although not without controversy,* pear cider. (Try poaching pears gently in perry, for a heady pear flavour and a bit of zing.) Perry is an alcoholic beverage made from fermented pears, similar to the way cider is made from apples, and has been made for centuries in England, particularly in Somerset, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, and Worcestershire. Traditionally, pear cultivars used to make perry are higher in tannin and acid than eating or cooking pears, and are generally smaller. Records show hundreds of ancient varieties, many with quirky local names, such as those named for the effects of their product (Merrylegs, Mumblehead). In the UK the most commonly used variety is the Blakeney Red, which, although unsuitable for eating, produces superior perry. Although I enjoy pear cider nowadays, I unwittingly drank perry as a youngster, sampling Babycham but not even realising this was made from

pears. Babycham is a light sparkling brand of perry invented by Francis Showering, a brewer in Shepton Mallet in Somerset, and launched in the UK in 1953. (Although I must stress that I would not have tasted it until the late seventies!)

*In recent years, pear cider is enjoying huge popularity, although some organisations do not accept this as a name for the traditional drink perry, especially when industrially manufactured pear cider is produced from imported concentrate. However, the National Association of Cider Makers insists that the terms perry and pear cider are interchangeable.



Cantemus Music Presents

Beauty and Sentiment



A stroll through music from 19th Century England and Germany

St Georges Church Brede 14th November 7.30pm

Free admission, donations welcome.

Refreshments available

Music to include composers Rheinberger, Stanford and others from that century

Cantemus Chamber Choir

Organ: Nigel Howard; Director: Christopher Arnold

National Trust Rye & District Association | Monthly Flyer

We offer a range of enjoyable events each month to members and non-members of our association in support of The National Trust.

Walks September-June | Talks September-June

Our 5 mile circular walks cost £3 and begin at 10.00am. All walks end with a rewarding pub lunch and a quiz. Our talks with popular guest speakers cover a range of topics and are held from 2.00pm at Brede Village Hall, and cost £5 for members/£7 for non-members – including refreshments.



Walk | Horse & Cart Inn, Peasmarsh Thursday 12 November



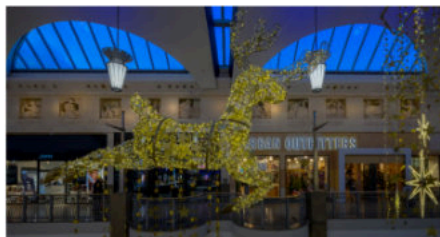
Over the years, the **Horse & Cart Inn** has maintained much of its traditional charm, with original beams, an inviting fireplace, and a cosy atmosphere, reflecting its past. Nestled amidst picturesque countryside and rolling hills, they offer a warm welcome with their delicious traditional pub food and wide selection of drinks.

Talk | Bodiam, A Relict Landscape Thursday 19 November



An illustrated presentation by Len Bernamont, the garden and outdoors manager at Bateman's and Bodiam, on the historic landscape at Bodiam, '**Bodiam, a Relict Landscape**'. A whistlestop tour through the various changes to the landscape from Roman, Medieval to Modern times and the plans for restoration/ future sustainable care of the parkland.

Outing | Bluewater Monday 30 November



We are delighted to offer a trip to **Bluewater**, this is the end of the Black Friday weekend when offers are still available but the crowds have thinned. It also provides the opportunity to have lunch with friends at one of the 60 different places to eat and drink. Arrival time is 11.35am and leaving time is 4.00pm. The cost will be £33.00 per person.

SOME FUTURE EVENTS TO ADD TO YOUR DIARY: Christmas Party and Entertainment
Thursday 10th December | **Easter Fair** at The Buttermarket, Rye Saturday 27th March 2027

Contact: Dee Williams (membership) 07760 115413 membershipryenationaltrust@gmail.com
Julie Etches (bookings) 01797 225317 julie.etches054@btinternet.com

A tunnel from Brede Place to St George's Church?

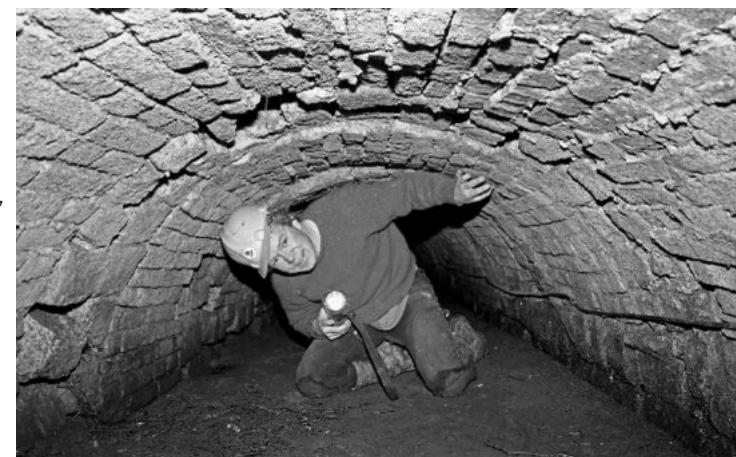
by the Brede Giant

The Giant writes: Sorry – there wasn't room on the inside front cover for all I wanted to say!

As well as the legend that my ghost haunts Brede Place, another rumour asserts that a tunnel runs from the cellarage of my old house to Brede Church! That would be an amazing feat of engineering, requiring tunnelling below the water table! Various 'passages' beneath my house were indeed discovered in the nineteenth century, and old Mr Crofts, a bricklayer working for the tenant Mr Ades in 1826, later told him 'I shall never tell you what we opened or what we saw ...'. This secrecy is a commonplace: usually those who find such passages emerge ashen-faced and trembling and sworn to silence. Steven Crane and Robert Barr used the rumour in their historical romance *The O'Ruddy* (1909): 'There is a secret passage from this house down under the valley and out and up near the church.' In his *Highways and Byways of Sussex* (1904), E. V. Lucas was more circumspect: 'An underground passage is said to lead from Brede Place to the church, a good part of a mile distant; but as is usual with underground passages, the legend has been held so dear that no one seems to have ventured upon the risk of disproving it.'

In fact the mysterious tunnel is more likely to be a drain. Your editor Crookie has spent a lot of time crawling through such passages over the years. He started with a drain at Pevensey Castle when he was 12, and later exploration includes the eleventh-century drains of Winchester Cathedral Close, Hezekiah's Tunnel in Jerusalem (700 BC), and the Tudor drains of Wolf Hall.

Google '*John Crook down the Lockburn*' and watch a video!



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www.stmarysudimore.org

Brede Women's Institute

Joint President, Jennie Drew, warmly welcomed everyone to our October Meeting, which opened with the singing of 'Jerusalem'. Members were updated about forthcoming events, including our autumn-themed Lunch, to be held at Udimore Hall on 21st October. The birthdays of the month were acknowledged, and the ladies received cards and pretty plants from Sue Orchard, with our good wishes.



The business part of the meeting was soon dispatched, and our speaker, Brian Gee, was then introduced. Brian spoke about 'Forensics – with special focus on Sussex Cases'. He began by warning us that his talk had some 'gruesome content'! Brian served as a CSI (Crime Scene Investigator) in Sussex for over 25 years. During that time he attended many different scenes, including major crimes and murder investigations. He explained the different types of crime covered by CSI and emphasised the importance of gathering forensic evidence as early as possible at the scenes, and how photographs and fingerprints play such a vital part in the investigations. In the second part of his talk, Brian focused on two local crimes. The first involved a husband—with his wife as a passenger—who, on a lovely summer's day, deliberately crashed their car and stabbed his wife to death and then stabbed himself. When the police discovered the couple, the husband was still alive. He had failed to kill himself... The second case was equally gruesome. It concerned a priest who was murdered in his home by his young lodger in Hastings. Brian Gee certainly held our attention to the very last with his interesting, fascinating, and sobering presentation.

Since retiring, Brian has published two crime books: *Murder at the Seaside* and *Murder along the Coast*.

Sue McGavin gave the vote of thanks. The competition, 'Something Red', was won by Fran Parnham.

Our next Meeting is on Wednesday 11th November at 2.00. p.m., in Brede Village Hall. Using our creative skills in a 'Christmas Craft Session', we will be making decoupage coasters. The competition is 'A Favourite Bauble'.

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

3.00 p.m. All are welcome to join us and stay for refreshments after the services.

The next fifth Sunday is 29th November, when we are looking forward to welcoming visitors from St George's Church, Brede to our afternoon Service.

'Wednesday Welcome' is held in the Hall every week between 2.00 and 4.00 p.m. Come and join our friendly group for an informal rolling programme of activities, including talks and discussions, games, quizzes and crafts, and then relax and enjoy tea and cake! Or just drop in for Book Swap, or maybe bring a donation for Hastings Food Bank. A warm welcome awaits you.

Out and About. We enjoy a strong relationship with Brede Primary School, and there are plans this autumn for some of the classes to visit our Wildlife Garden for environmental study activities. Recently, the Revd Ian Couchman, along with our Lay Worker, David Swales, visited the school to lead Assembly and classroom activities with the younger children.

The Residents at Roselands Care Home look forward to David's weekly visits and both the Activities Coordinator, Tania, and family members who regularly visit their loved ones, really appreciate the link with the people from the village. In early October, David and Sue's Singalong, with 'Songs of the 60's', accompanied by guitars, was very much enjoyed by the Residents and their visitors.

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

Frances Parnham

Brede Friendly Circle

In October we went to the *1066 Café*, the home of travelling motorbikes. We were given a warm welcome and sat at a big table. The usual chatter ensued whilst we drank our coffee or hot chocolate.



Our next meeting is on Wednesday 18th November. We leave the village around 10.00 a.m., and our destination is *Miss Mollett's Tea-Room* in Appledore.

Our December meeting is scheduled for early in the month: we will have our Christmas dinner at *Planters* on Friday 4th December.

If you wish to join the group you are very welcome. Please contact Carol on 01424 883262.

Rhiannon Oliver

Brede and Udimore Luncheon Club

When our Club met in September, our members enjoyed a favourite meal of cottage pie with vegetables, and bread and butter pudding with custard. Our compliments and thanks to the chefs, Spencer and Tracey, and all the team at the Red Lion: your hard work behind the scenes and your excellent service is very much appreciated by us all.

The next Lunch Club is on Tuesday 24th November (the fourth Tuesday of the month) at 12.30 pm, again at the Red Lion in Brede.

For information about the Club please contact me on 01424 882007

Frances Parnham (Membership Secretary)

Brede Mothers' Union



Importantly, we are changing the day we meet.

Our next meeting will be on Tuesday 3rd November at 1.30 p.m. at 2 Bellhurst Cottages, Chitcombe Road, Broad Oak, TN31 6EU. If this day now suits more people please do not hesitate to join us: we will be so pleased to meet you. We are on the opposite side of the road from the pub, a few hundred yards in the direction of Staplecross, and we have solar panels on the roof.

I didn't attend the Diocese Autumn meeting on Saturday 17th October, as we were returning from our holiday. On 2nd November there will be another District meeting.

Plans for our Christmas meeting will be discussed on Tuesday 1st December at 1.30 p.m. If you join us this month I will be able to tell you where we are going to be. God Bless!

Rhiannon Oliver (Branch Leader & Bexhill District MU Chairman)

Brede Design with Flowers

There is no picture this month as we did not meet in October. We have changed the day for this meeting too. It is now going to be every second Friday afternoon at 2.00 p.m., which hopefully suits everyone. We meet at 2 Bellhurst Cottages, Chitcombe Road, Broad Oak, TN31 6EU.

In November we are making boards to protect furniture and doing a round design. You will need foliage and flowers, a bowl or circular foam ring, and secateurs. For the board, an old cake board, with material of choice. Some of mine are pinned, others glued with a further circular piece of thin card (I used a cereal packet).

We do have fun, and over coffee or tea we chat about loads of things. If you feel this is something you would like to try, then please contact me on 01424 882037 or send an email to rhiannonoliver20@gmail.com

Rhiannon Oliver



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BREDE AND UDIMORE PARISH CONTACTS

MAGAZINE

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

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Rear cover by Graham Johnson

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