



The Giant

Brede & Udimore
Parish Magazine
October 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.



The Giant Writes: Well, you call me the 'Giant' – but was I of abnormal size? This sounds like another piece of calumny. My tomb effigy shows me as a rather slender, youngish looking man of average height. This sounds like the sort of confusion we find in Tyndale's translation of Psalm 127, undertaken towards the end of my life, where we read 'Like as the arrows in the hands of the giant : even so are the young children.' In the Hebrew the word is that for 'warrior'. At a later date there are several examples in the King James Bible of the word 'giant' being used for a warrior.

Cover painting: Brede Valley Landscape by Philip Marriott

'The Rector's Reflections'

As the golden fields are gathered in, we warmly invite everyone in the parishes to join our forthcoming Harvest Festival celebrations, for which you will find the details in this magazine!

Harvest is a wonderful chance to pause, give thanks for the food on our tables, and appreciate the hard work of our local farmers and growers who tend the land through all kinds of weather; and we all know that the weather has been a particularly difficult year for crops (and farmers) this summer.

Harvest also reminds us of our connection to one another and to the wider community, for which we can give thanks. I am particularly giving thanks today for all the effort, love, exertion, and dedication that was put in across the community for the Brede Flower Festival. I was blown away by the beauty of the flowers, the community spirit and commitment across all aspects of the festival, and the joy at the heart of the whole weekend. But now we look ahead to all that the autumn will bring, our Harvest celebrations, and the landscape changing as nature prepares itself for the winter to come.

We are also moving towards the season of Remembrance, which begins in Brede on 1st November with our All Souls' service at 5 p.m., where we remember those who have died and gone before us into God's heavenly kingdom. This month we will be putting out sheets at the back of St George's church where you can put any names of loved ones you would like remembered and read out at this service.

God Bless, Rev'd Fran



The Benefice of Brede with Udimore and Beckley and Peasmarsh



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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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October Services at St George's Brede

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| Sunday 4th, 10.00 a.m. | The benefice Harvest Eucharist will be at Udimore (NB), celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid |
| Sunday 11th, 9.30 a.m. | Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Yvonne Adam |
| Sunday 18th, 9.30 a.m. | Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid – Brede Harvest Service, followed by Harvest Lunch at 12.00 |
| Sunday 25th, 9.30 a.m. | Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Yvonne Adam |

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 at St George's Brede

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| Sunday 11th, 3.00 p.m. | Hymn-Along in St George's Church. Come along and sing your favourite hymns. |
| Sunday 18th, 12.00 | Harvest Lunch after the Eucharist |
| Sunday 1st November, 5.00 p.m. | All Souls' Service. Join us to remember your loved ones and pray for them. |

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

October Services at St Mary's Udimore

Sunday 4th, 10.00 a.m.	Benefice Harvest Eucharist at Udimore, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid
Sunday 11th, 10.00 a.m.	Family Service, led by Lesley Curtis
Sunday 18th, 11.15 a.m.	Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid
Sunday 25th, 11.15 a.m.	Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Yvonne Adam

Forthcoming Events at St Mary's Udimore

October 2nd, 10-30 a.m.-12.00	4Charities Coffee Morning. Hall
October 4th, 11.15 a.m.	Harvest Thanksgiving (Benefice Service)
October 17th, 12.00-4.00 p.m.	Harvest Village Party. Hall

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 October 2026

Sunday 4th October

Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity

Exodus 20: 1–4, 7–9, 12–20

Psalms 19

Philippians 3: 4b–14

Matthew 21: 33–46

Sunday 11th October

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity

Exodus 32: 1–14

Psalms 106: 1–6, 19–23

Philippians 4: 1–9

Matthew 22: 1–14

Sunday 18th October

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity

Isaiah 44: 28–45: 1, 4, 13a

Psalms 96: 1–9

Thessalonians 1: 1–9

Matthew 22: 15–22

Sunday 25th October

Last Sunday after Trinity

Deuteronomy 34: 1–12

Psalms 90: 1–6, 13–17

Thessalonians 2: 1–8

Matthew 22: 34–40

Knowing God : Doing Things Together

by Duncan Reid

The Flower Festival is well over now, but there are still quite a few floral vestiges lingering in the church: tangible but faded images of the inventiveness and elegance that was all around St George's just a few weeks ago. The flowers we love, by their very nature, are ephemeral, fleeting. Artificial flowers can be very convincing to the eye, but they don't convince the heart or soul. Somehow, that's got me thinking about artificial intelligence and its ability to compose poems and pieces of music. Functional no doubt, but lacking that special essence we find in our favourite literature, music, art ...

Anyway, back to the Flower Festival. Among other observations, one aspect that stood out this year was the mix of people who came along to enjoy what was on offer. A number of children found themselves volunteered into creating displays, and other visiting youngsters involved themselves in hunting mice, hidden amongst the blooms and foliage. Children tend to bring young mums and dads with them, and on top of that we had our tried and tested faithful regulars: sadly, some of them no longer with us, but a healthy representative number all the same.

One particular family that we know very well is a good example of this interest through the generations: the members of the family in question (three generations) are very loving and close-knit ... but under normal circumstances they hardly do anything together. They seem to have varied timetables, different interests and pastimes. However, come Sunday of the Festival, the miraculous happened and all six turned up together in one single group (I'm not sure how many cars were involved) and, I think, they stuck together as they experienced the various events, activities, and displays that were going on, and thoroughly enjoyed it all. One particular positive to note was that even though they were ridiculously late for lunch at the Scout Hut, they were still fed!

What has this got to do with knowing God? To me it's simply about the warmth of community and co-operation that the Festival creates (yes, quite a few moments of frustration and some frayed tempers too during the build-up). This special community spirit is the sum of countless tiny personal interactions which originate from our church and from God.

St Vincent's Mission Church

by John Crook

The civil parish of Brede is quite extensive: bounded by the Rivers Brede and Tillingham, and continuing as far as Beckley Furnace to the north-east: a total area of nearly seven square miles. St George's, the parish church, stands immediately above the Brede valley to the south and, as we saw in last month's *Giant*, there are what were originally two independent settlements to the north of Brede village, namely Cackle Street and Broad Oak.

Perhaps such geographical factors prompted the Rector of Brede, Canon George Ernest Frewer, to embark on a new venture in 1903. A *memorandum* in his diary notes that he had acquired the lease of a former carpenter's workshop in Broadland Row, on the road from Broad Oak to Udimore.

22 October 1903: 'I to take "S. Vincent's" from today for 6 months certain at 1/- a week – to let Mr Hayler know at Christmas if I shall want it after April 22. To give some help for the necessary repairs.

The initial purpose was to provide a venue for an increasing population of young folk in that area, allowing them to attend a 'Saturday School' – and eventually to allow the locals, few of whom before WWI possessed motor cars, to attend occasional Sunday services: a kind of satellite church, soon to be regarded as a 'Mission Church'.



St Vincent's c. 1930

The venture was an immediate success. 'Saturday School' for local children began there in mid-November 1903, and in the *Brede Church Magazine* for the following month the Rector reported: 'The Children's Saturday Morning School (Religious Instruction) at S. Vincent's, Broadlands, is very popular with those for whom it is intended. There are nearly 40 names on the books.' Within a year there were nearly 60 registered children and the average attendance approached 40.

The building continued as a venue for Saturday School – and by 1917 was increasingly used for occasional church services, now conducted by Canon Frewer's son Cyril Charsley (Rector from 1915). In 1920 the Rector and PCC of St George's bought 'St Vincent's Mission Room' for £110, and during the next few years it was furnished and decorated as a wayside chapel. A porch and vestry were added by 1926, and the altar was embellished with a painting by Cicely Biddle featuring the Rector's children. The photograph on which it was based, and the actual panel, are in the author's collection.



Altar at St Vincent's, Broadland Row c.1923-8

St Vincent's was officially licensed by the Bishop of Chichester in 1928 as a daughter church of St George's.

In the 1960s a church service was being held at St Vincent's each Sunday afternoon. Holy Communion was celebrated there, usually on the second Sunday of each month, until 1971. The Saturday School appears to have lapsed. Then in September 1972 Father Percy Hill informed his parishioners, in his characteristically prolix style, that St Vincent's was to be demolished.



Altar front panel portraying Michael and Marigold Frewer

Changes in population and composition of population and the days of multiplication of motor cars have changed the conditions of the pastoral aspect of the usefulness of what at one time was a Mission of positive service. It has become a liability and the greater glory of God will be met by preserving the records and using money received for the Site where it is more needed for the salvation of souls. P.W.H.

The building was duly demolished, and in 1973 the site was sold for £2,000. The plot is now occupied by a modern cottage, still bearing the name of the former chapel that stood there.



Site of St Vincent's today

Radio Days

by Mary Barrett

Do you ever wonder where the term 'soap operas', invariably shortened in Britain to 'the soaps', comes from? Not, I admit, a very pressing question troubling the minds of the majority of the British population, but just in case you have been obsessing over it, the answer lies with the daytime radio programmes of my American childhood. Long, long before *EastEnders* or *Coronation Street* hit the television screens of the United Kingdom, the daytime radio broadcasts of the likes of NBC and ABC were pouring out tiny chunks of riveting daily drama, invariably paid for (sponsored by) – you guessed it – soap manufacturers. Surf and Tide are two that I remember; Lux was rather grander with the half-hourly Lux Radio Theatre in the evening. The evenings also featured Gordon MacCray, a nice young man with a pleasant tenor voice, who condensed many a nineteenth-century light opera into a little less than half an hour. Thus I became familiar with the likes of *Rose Marie*, and *The Student Prince*, *The Desert Song*, and *Show Boat*. And for drama lovers the hero of *Sergeant Preston of the Yukon* drove his dog team ('Mush, you huskies!') weekly across the Canadian Arctic, and – long before he appeared on television – the Lone Ranger was 'Hi-yo, Silver! Away!'-ing on the radio once a week. I preferred the Lone Ranger – even though Sergeant Preston had better theme music – because the Ranger and his sidekick, Tonto, had horses, and the Sergeant had to make do with dogs.

Finally, *Gunsmoke*, far, far better than its television version, had a nostalgic, rather melancholy atmosphere memorialising an old West fading away into the sunset.

Footnotes here: the radio Lone Ranger was infinitely preferable to his television or film persona, who was invariably a bit plump, although I did fall for Jonny Depp in the latest film incarnation as a wildly camp Tonto with a live black crow in his hat. And *Due South*, which featured a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman (complete with horse) seconded to the Chicago police force, had a lovely innocent abroad quality to it.

But back to the soap operas. From this distance in time I can only admire the writing creativity which churned out, day after day in ten-minute segments, such engrossing sagas as *Stella Dallas*, *Pepper Young's Family*, *Our Gal Sunday*, and many more. When childhood illnesses, real or carefully feigned if I felt like a day off from school, kept me confined to bed with the radio for company, these were my entertainment, and the chief and most memorable was *Our Gal Sunday* – 'The story that asks the question: 'can this girl, from a little mining town in the West, find happiness as the wife of a wealthy and titled Englishman?' It was the 'wealthy and titled Englishman'

that caught me; I was enamoured of all things English at that stage. The 'wealthy and titled etc.' was Lord Henry Winthrop, and boy, did he have his hands full.

Lord Henry and his Lady, the Gal Sunday of the programme's title, lived together in Blackswan Hall. I would have liked more information about Blackswan Hall: how many acres, how many bedrooms, how many swans... but you can't cram everything into the ten minutes of drama left over from the compulsory 'words from our sponsor'. Not when you're dealing with *Our Gal Sunday* you can't. The insuperable problem with our gal was that, although overwhelmingly virtuous, nauseatingly saintly, and just too, too good to be true (she must have been hell to live with, black swans or no black swans), Sunday was just irresistible catnip to men. Nothing in trousers could resist: from teenaged boy to aged patriarch, from gardener to grandee, every poor sap that caught sight of her fell like a ton of bricks. Circe was a mere amateur by comparison. Assaults on her virtue were more or less continuous, and were more or less continuously repelled. It must have been very tiring. Lord Henry regularly Suspected the Worst, Our Gal regularly Protested her Innocence: cue much drama, many misunderstandings, and – after weeks of tension – eventual resolution. And just when we thought that, at last, everything was going to be OK, another new neighbour called, or a new doctor arrived, or the postman delivered a letter by hand, and bang! off we go again. The lovely thing about this particular soap opera was that no matter how many weeks had passed since I last tuned in, the story was essentially the same, only with different names for the helpless saps dribbling over Sunday, so I never had to work out what was going on. Going on? With our gal Sunday? Don't be ridiculous! Nothing was going on! Never! Zilch! Nada! Niente!

Radio soaps are much more satisfying than their television equivalents. The pictures are so much better!



Carleton Young and Dorothy Lowell – radio actors in the earliest series of *Our Gal Sunday*

Out and About

by Gary Marriott

Picking up from my last notes, I can confirm that we were very lucky on Bank Holiday Monday, as Thelma the Steam Roller was present at the Flower Festival in all her Glory. She stayed around nearly all day, and many people enjoyed a chat and photo with Alex her driver and owner. So a big thank you to Alex and Mark, and all those who look after Thelma and assisted in her visit, including Danny.



Thelma the Steam Roller, poised and ready to slow down speeding motorists

I won't go on about the Flower Festival too much, as no doubt you have all heard that it went wonderfully well and that there seemed to be a wonderful community spirit of welcome and friendship in the air. But what has remained in my mind is how many smiling young children and their families took part in arranging flowers, or visited to enjoy the bouncy castle, the cakes, and the mouse hunt. Well done everyone who helped make it work, and thank you to all those who visited and made the whole occasion so worthwhile.

We are finally out of our heatwave season (or are we?) and have enjoyed some much needed rainy days. The lawns are greening over and the gardens are beginning look a little more relaxed; you can almost hear them sigh with relief. With a bit of good fortune there should be a last hurrah as

the dahlias come into their own, along with the asters, the salvias, and the ever reliable cosmos, not to forget the 'spider flower' (*Cleome*) used to very good effect at Pashley Manor gardens. There have been surprises: in particular, how well the roses have thrived through this dry period, but they are deep rooted which has helped, as are hydrangeas, but they don't appear to have done half so well. On the other hand, my *Physocarpus opulifolius* with its wonderful deep maroon leaves, having almost died these last five years, has flourished: perhaps it was the heat or my wonderful dose of neglect.

Do you ever get the opportunity to 'be a tourist' in your own locality? It is well worth the effort. Last weekend presented just such an opportunity. Bodiam Castle put on a special show to celebrate having been a part of the National Trust for one hundred years. It was splendid. There were medieval stalls, the 'Histrionics' presented a humorous fighting display using staffs and swords, there was Archery, there were knights in full armour walking around, stalls, and of course the wonderful castle, and a fine late summer day. There is much to enjoy in this locality: it is worth stepping out of our routine occasionally—you never know what you will discover!

This is a wonderful time of year, but we have to pinch ourselves not to take it for granted; it soon flies by. Meanwhile, take the time to enjoy some of life's simplest of pleasures, like gathering apples or other fruits. Any activity that gets you to stand in the fresh air listening and absorbing what is going on around you is good. The apples trees are so laden: it has been a good year for them, as it was for the blackberries earlier and the damsons. Now the conkers are dropping around the church; who can resist picking them up, enjoying their smoothness, and bringing home pockets full? There is also a small Snowberry (*Symphoricarpos albus*) at the east end of the churchyard in full fruit. It is such an unusual shrub, but vigorous in growth; it will soon spread. Lastly, did you manage to enjoy the tresses of hawthorn berries on the approach to Westfield from Hastings?

Catch joy while it flies!

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David and Goliath

Let Goliath have his say,
David won, and will to-day.
Let him wave his dreadful spear,
David lived, and now draws near.

See Goliath, mark his height!
What turns David on his might?
Valour lissom as a prayer
Running tiptoe up God's stair.

Scrip and sling and shepherd crook,
And five pebbles from the brook
David sets against his spear,
Shield and sword and armour gear.

See Goliath, where he lies
With the night upon his eyes!
All the winds of vale and hill
Chant of David and his skill.

Herbert Palmer (1939)



We are grateful to Rhiannon Oliver for drawing our attention to this poem.

The Giant comments :

Well ... er ... yes. In fact Goliath ('whose name may mean 'stranger' or 'exile', though this is disputed amongst scholars) is never decribed as a giant in the First Book of Samuel, though his height is given ('six cubits and a span' i.e. nearly 10ft – even here, however, there are ambiguities in translation). Maybe, like me, he was just a rather fit young man to the end of his days (an accelerated end in his case). I'm a Davidite myself – though one should not underrate the Philistines. They had a bad press in the Bible: rather like the Neanderthals, who were arguably a superior species to Homo sapiens but lacked sponsorship. Again like VHS tapes versus Betamax. VHS prevailed because of aggressive financial backing even though Betamax was a better quality product. Anyway, give us ten years, and AI will have taken over.

'On the eighth day, after God's seventh-day repose, Man created AI ...'
And the living soul that God had made was snuffed out.

Shut up, Goddy – you are waffling.

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Merlin's Day Off

by Ro Gardner

Lancelot sniffed the air delicately and observed, 'As my dear old mother used to say, "There's nothing like the smell of a freshly oiled codpiece".'

'What else did your dear old mother say?' asked Gawain.

'Oh, she was always on about gladiators and the size of their tridents,' mused Lancelot.

'But gladiators don't have tridents,' said Gawain.

'She can't tell a trident from a toaster – she just gets excited 'cause they wear short tunics and no-one's invented knickers yet.'

'I notice that Bedivere isn't up yet.'

'Arthur says that's how he got his name,' observed Galahad. 'He can't get out of it in the mornings. Oh, here he comes now, clanking down the stairs.'

'Well, he's always been a bit of a clanker,' said Gawain; 'Although why he wears his armour in bed is beyond me.'

'He says when the Romans arrive he wants to be ready. But I would have thought that having to allow for three hours' preparation every time he wants to pee must be a bit of a drawback.'

'Are you still playing football?' asked Galahad.

'Nar; I'm a bit past it now. Anyway,' he said pensively, 'I was never exactly Gawain Rooney.'

As this conversation was taking place, the Roman General, Geriatricus, reined in his horse overlooking a small English village. 'I'm getting too old for this lark, Plonkious. Its time I put me sandals up and watched a bit of soccer.' He pushed his helmet back and thought about his retirement.

'Down the taverna for a pint; a Carthaginian pasty and mushy olives for lunch – yer can't beat it.'

'Who do you support, Plonkious?'

'My old mum and my idiot brother,' responded Plonkious.

'No, you dipstickius,' said the General. 'I meant which football team?'

'Oh, I see. Well, I used to support Pompeii Academicals. But of course, last year they got relegated and had to be thrown to the lions. I'm only a humble lootenant, you know. I can't afford the ticket prices for the big teams.'

'Don't say, 'Lootenant,' Plonkious. You've been watching too many American cave paintings. It's 'Lieutenant.' Have you seen Coriolanus lately?' asked Geriatricus.

'I think he's off with Thickus Dickus fighting the Visigoths. He's always got the hump with someone.'

'Funny name isn't it?' mused Geriatricus.

'What, Thickus Dickus?'

'No, Coriolanus. Sounds as if it might be an early form of haemorrhoids. What's the name of that village?' asked Geriatricus, changing the subject.

'Well,' said Plonkious, consulting his Mappa Tuesday, 'according to my calculations that should be Basingstoke.'

'What time is it?' queried Geriatricus.

Plonkious pulled back his cuff and consulted his wrist sundial. 'God knows. Whenever you want to know the time in this country the bleedin' sun goes in.'

Meanwhile, back in Camelot: 'How do you keep your visor so shiny?' Gawain enquired of Lancelot.

'This,' replied Lancelot, holding up a tin. 'I bought it in the denarius shop.'

'What's it called?' asked Gawain.

'They call it, 'Super Visor,' said Lancelot.

'How's your dad now, Lance? He had a touch of Centurion's Elbow last time I asked.'

'Oh, I think he's about ready to fall on his sword – I suppose I ought to remind him really.'

'Poor old Lancelot senior...'

'He doesn't go by Lancelot. He was never really as keen as me. He always used to say, 'If a damsel's in distress, they should give her a pill for it.' Dad went under the name of 'Lance-Now-And-Again-If-I-Feel-Like-It.' Funny old bugger really.'

'Merlin predicted damsels in distress would be called PMT one day. By the way, where is he? I haven't seen him all day.'

'It's his day off – he'll be down the rub-a-dub-dub with his Saga Magician's Club. They'll be sitting in the sun, knocking back the pints of mead; waving their wands about. Turning passers-by into toads, things like that. He'll come

trotting home with a big grin on his face and when I ask him how his day was, he'll say, 'It was magic!'

'Did you know he's doing the astrology column in the Pendragon Chronicle these days? Calls himself, 'Mystic Merl.'

'Well Gawain, this won't do. I've got a couple of dragons to slay before the Romans get here.'

'Where's St George then?'

'He's got another day off. Bloody part-timers the saints are these days.' Geriatricus pulled up his horse. 'What time does battle commence, Plonkious?'

'About seven-thirtyish, give or take, General.'

'Well, as my old papa used to say, 'Keep your legs shaved and your arrows sharp.' He was a silly old bugger too. Still, it seems like a bloody long way to come for a game of darts.'



Merlin's favourite cartoon

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Blood Vein

by Lynne Bramley

This pretty girl sets out to enjoy life and is never happier than when fluttering around river banks or other damp spots in gardens and woods looking for a mate. It thinks, with the clever disguise of the dark stripe across its wings, giving the appearance of a dissected leaf, that it will not attract predators. Well that's the idea.

There are two generations a year, early summer and early autumn. The caterpillars overwinter in leaf debris and come out to feed during warm spells on the host plants – mainly dock and sorrel – before pupating and re-appearing as moths. Having said that, although moths should usually be flying during different seasons, as a result of climate change many are not sticking to the script and I have recorded Blood Veins in late November.



Blood Vein Moth.



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Up the Ladder

By Steve Wrigley

The cement-mortar mix on the trowel
does not do what I ask of it.
It's awkward. The angle
of the gable end for a right handed man
is wrong.
So I descend, feet rung-searching,
and approach from the other side.
Then it's quite easy.

Retirement may be like this –
climb a dead end ladder
to ultimately find comfort
squatting by a roof,
trowel in hand,
pointing a gap in a gable end.
The view is good – glazed tiles, gardens, bright sky.
A breeze!
The gable faces west.
In the distance is the sea.
I might stay up here awhile
waiting for the mix to set.

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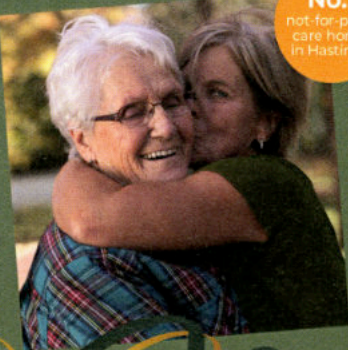
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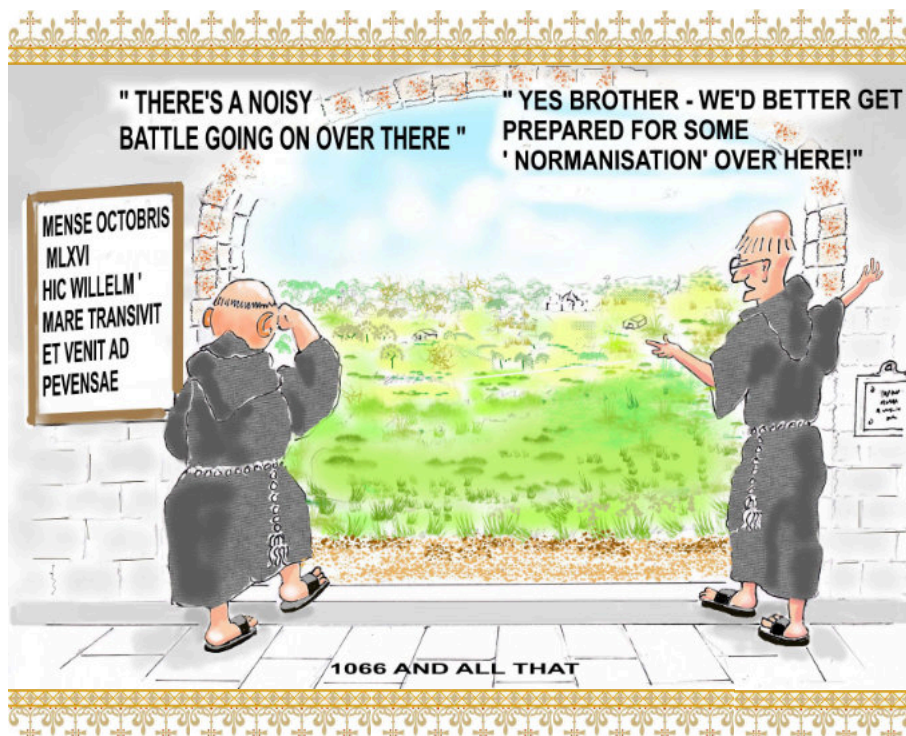
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Cartoon by Mike Bone

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Eat the Seasons October – Quince, an ancient forgotten fruit

by Gill Potterton

Every October, I used to be given some quinces by a very good friend, who had a prolific old tree in her garden. This inspired me to cook with them every way I could, to do justice to this generous windfall.

The cultivation of quince, originally in the Middle East, may have preceded apple culture. When fully ripe, the quince has a wonderful perfume, and among the ancient Greeks the quince was heralded as a fruit of love, marriage, and fertility and given as a ritual offering at weddings. Apparently a Greek bride would nibble a quince to perfume her kiss before entering the bridal chamber, 'in order that the first greeting may not be disagreeable, nor unpleasant'. This is a little hard to believe, as not only is ripe flesh extremely hard, but it is also incredibly bitter. Throughout history the cooked fruit has been used as food, but the tree is also grown for its attractive pale pink blossom and other ornamental qualities.



The quince is a small deciduous tree, native to rocky slopes and woodland margins in South-West Asia, Turkey, and Iran, although it can be grown successfully at latitudes as far north as Scotland. On a recent trip to a National Trust property in Wales, I was surprised to find some young quince trees growing in a walled orchard. I suppose I have always pictured ancient trees that have been around for centuries, rather than these which were little more than saplings, but easily identifiable due to the fruit: similar in appearance to a pear, yet significantly different. The immature fruit is green with a dense grey-white downy covering, most of which rubs off before maturity in late autumn when the fruit changes colour to a bright golden yellow.

To prepare quince for cooking, a very sharp knife is required to peel the fruit and remove the hard core and seeds. The flesh oxidises rapidly when exposed to the air, so toss in a little lemon juice to prevent it turning brown. Do not be tempted to try the raw fruit – it is very unpleasant. However, given

some patient and gentle cooking, it can be a delicious and distinctive addition to many dishes, both sweet and savoury. Although the interior of the quince is white when raw, cooking will turn it a deep red, and my favourite way of using quince is to cook them down slowly to make ruby red quince paste or 'membrillo', a popular addition to any cheeseboard and the authentic accompaniment to Spanish Manchego cheese. A simple yet delicious canapé can be made by topping small crackers with quince paste and shavings of Manchego.

The quince made its way to England in 1275 when Edward I ordered that quince trees be planted at the Tower of London. In medieval times quince paste used to be prescribed by apothecaries to assist with digestion. This may have been why quince, in various forms, was often served alongside rich meats or after a meal.

Like apples, this fruit contains a lot of pectin, so it is frequently used for jams, jellies, and marmalade. Look out for this ancient fruit at farmers' markets, and if you are lucky enough to find some, try replacing one-third of the apples in an apple pie, pudding or crumble with quince slices to add a bit of tartness and interest to the traditional recipe.



Raymond, a young Giant reader, enjoying Gill's recent article about blackberries.



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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.



Outing | Penshurst Place Tuesday 15 September



Penshurst Place is the birthplace of Sir Philip Sidney who is remembered as one of the most prominent figures of the Elizabethan age. The medieval house is one of the best surviving examples of 14th-century domestic architecture. Cost is £49.00 pp which includes transport, a guided tour of the house and a free afternoon to look around the walled gardens.

Afternoon Tea | Ashburnham Place Thursday 1 October 1pm



Due to its popularity last year we will again be enjoying an Afternoon Tea. This time it will be in the spectacular Orangery at **Ashburnham Place**. This will include a selection of sandwiches, fruit or plain scones served with clotted cream and jam, two small cakes and a pot of tea or filtered coffee. The cost is £23.50 per person to include gratuities.

Quiz Night | Tuesday 20 October, 7pm for 7.30 start



Our popular annual **Quiz Night** will be held at Beckley Village Hall. Teams are a maximum of eight, you are welcome to make up your own group of eight, come as an individual, couple or small group, and join others to make up a team. There will be a raffle on the night. Please book in advance to guarantee your place at the quiz. Cost is £8 pp. Bring your own food and drink.

SOME FUTURE EVENTS TO ADD TO YOUR DIARY: Annual Fun Golf Day, Tenterden Golf Club Friday 11th September | Bluewater Shopping Trip Monday 30th November

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

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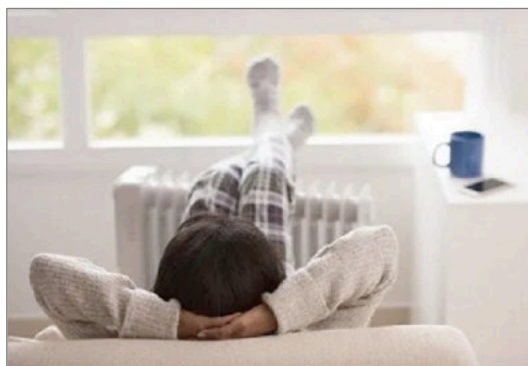
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Saturday 3rd October
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Brede Women's Institute



After a short summer break, it was good to meet up with our friends again in September and catch up on news and events. Our Clubs are up and running again, offering a variety of activities, and our programme for the remainder of the year looks fun and interesting, with visits from some excellent speakers. On the horizon also is our Autumn Lunch at Udimore Village Hall in October.

We were pleased to welcome back our speaker, Emma Baker, who came to talk about 'Lasting Power of Attorney', and to give a refresher session of 'Burlesque Dancing'. (Emma's planned visit for our July Meeting was postponed). In a nutshell, Emma explained that 'A Lasting Power of Attorney (LPA) allows your loved ones to take care of you and your finances if you become unable to do so yourself.' She further explained the two types of LPA, which cover Property and Financial Affairs, and Health and Welfare. After a short question time, Emma finished by advising the importance of having the protection of an LPA in place.

The fun session of Burlesque Dancing then began. Following on from a previous visit, Emma introduced us to a different routine, using a chair for support. With plenty of encouraging words and praise, our chair dance gradually came together.

Feeling very proud of ourselves that we'd managed to remember the sequences, we finished by happily dancing to some jazzy music amidst much laughter! Sue Orchard thanked Emma for such an informative and fun afternoon. The competition 'A Money Box' was won by Joy Wild.

Our next Meeting is on Wednesday 14th October at 2.00 p.m. in Brede Village Hall. Our speaker is Brian Gee, and his subject is 'Forensic Science – Focus on Sussex Cases'. The competition is 'Something Red'.

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.

We held our 'Harvest Festival' in mid September and it was good to welcome several visitors from the Village to our beautifully decorated Church, to share in our Service.

The following day, the children from Brede Primary School visited us for their Whole School Assembly, to celebrate Harvest Time. David Swales and Drina Hampson led this very happy and colourful Service with the children taking centre stage and keenly joining in with the Harvest songs. Afterwards, all the many gifts of food the Church received for the Harvest Festival, were donated to the Hastings Foodbank.

'Wednesday Welcome' is held in the Church Hall every week between 2-4 p.m. Come and join our friendly group for an informal rolling programme of activities, crafts and talks, followed by plenty of time to chat and relax over tea and cake. Or, just drop in for our Bookswap or, to bring a donation for Hastings Foodbank. A warm welcome awaits you!

Out and About. David Swales and friends from the Church visited Whitegates Care Home in early September to celebrate 'Harvest Time' with the Residents. The PowerPoint presentation, called 'Harvest Reflections', reminded us of Harvest times both past and present, and the many ways of gathering seasonal crops and grain in the late summer. The theme of 'Thankfulness' was echoed in the readings and in the songs and hymns we sang together. In conversation afterwards, some of the Residents said how much they enjoyed singing the familiar Harvest hymns again!

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

Frances Parnham

Brede and Udimore Luncheon Club

The Lunch Club met on a warm summer day in August, and members were served a tasty meal of roast chicken, with a variety of colourful vegetables, followed by a delicious and tangy lemon meringue sundae dessert. Our grateful thanks as ever to Arianne, Spencer and Sarah, and all the kitchen team, for their hard work in presenting such an enjoyable meal and for making us all so welcome.

The Club next meets on Tuesday 27th October at 12.30 p.m. at the Red Lion, Brede.

For information about the Club please contact me on 01424 882007

Frances Parnham (Membership Secretary)



Brede Mothers' Union

We have had a fairly busy summer, and for our September meeting we began by visiting Sheila but she had taken a fall. I wished her a quick recovery. Then we went to the Church room where we ensued in a lively discussion. One of the points raised was whether we should move our meeting day to Tuesday or Thursday. If either of these days suits anyone better please let me know.

Our October meeting is cancelled, so at the moment unless we hear from anyone we will meet on Wednesday 4th November at 1.30 p.m., at 2 Bellhurst Cottages, Chitcombe Road, Broad Oak. Please do come and join in with us: you will be received warmly.

God Bless

Rhiannon Oliver
(Branch Leader & Bexhill District MU Chairman)



Brede Friendly Circle

Brede Friendly Circle met at Merriments for their coffee in September, which we all enjoyed. We also partook of some of their delicious offerings and much chatter and laughter.

On Wednesday 21st October we are travelling along the A21 to the 1066 Café. Somewhere one of our members has wanted to go for along time.

If you are new to the area and wish to join us, please contact our secretary, Carol, on 01424 883262. You will be so welcome.

Rhiannon Oliver



Brede Design with Flowers

Our group is growing and in September we did a caged design on top of a triangular shape. I was very impressed with the designs our members did (see photo).

We are not meeting this month (October). We will be meeting again on Monday 16th November, when we will be doing *Ike Bana* and making boards to go under the arrangements. For this it is best to use old cake boards and material that will complement most of your arrangements. Glue or staple guns are used to adhere the material to the cake board. The photo is of the achievements.

We meet at 2 Bellhurst Cottages, Chitcombe Road, Broad Oak, Brede TN31 6EU.

Rhiannon Oliver



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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Brede	vacant	
Udimore	Zoë Wilmoth	07771 657670

PARISH GIVING SCHEME

Udimore	Jonathan Cornwell jonathancornwell@me.com
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Rear cover - Modern Greek icon of St George and the Dragon: Monastery of Virgin Mary the Consolatory, Quebec.

Ο ΑΓΓ ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟ

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