

# *St Peter & St Paul*

Little Horkesley

Parish Magazine

February/March 2023

Ronnie sleeping in his garden at Bottengoms. Photo: Zoe Brown



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# The Rectory

with Revd Heather Wilcox



## Love is all around me

*'I feel it in my fingers, I feel it in my toes, Christmas is all around me and so the feeling grows'* say the lyrics of the Christmas film, which has just celebrated its 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary, *Love Actually*.

It doesn't seem five minutes since we were celebrating Christmas, and yet in the world of advertising and card manufacture, we have definitely moved on, into a season more appropriately linked to the original lyrics of the song, first performed by the Troggs in 1967 *'I feel it in my fingers, I feel it in my toes, Love is all around me, and so the feeling grows.'*

Love is all around me ... well as we celebrate Valentine's Day in February, it can certainly seem like the shops are full of heart shaped gift boxes, cards with suitably romantic, some might say 'sappy' sentiments, and roses selling at vastly inflated prices, ready to give to our beloved.

But for most of us, perhaps it doesn't always feel like, love is all around me. I am blessed to still be married to my husband, to still share a loving home, but it is not always a bed of roses, and for some sadly, when there has been a break down in a marriage, a death of a loved one, or the sense that that long term loving relationship has simply passed you by ... it might be hard to believe that Love is all around us.

And yet of course it is. Not necessarily the love of friends and family, but more importantly the love of God, a love which as they lyrics go on to say, is written on the wind, and everywhere I go. We cannot escape the love of God, try as we sometimes might. He is the loving heavenly father of the prodigal son, who is always there waiting, to embrace us and welcome us back into his all-encompassing love.

Paul puts it like this, in his letter to the Ephesians *'I pray that you, being rooted and established in love, may have power together with all the saints, to grasp how wide and long and high and deep is the love of Christ, and to know this love that surpasses knowledge – that you may be filled to the measure of all the fullness of God.'*

So as our shops are full of Valentines gifts and cards, remember that love is always all around us, we are always totally surrounded by the love of God, I pray that we will recognise that love day by day in our lives.

May God Bless you

**Heather**

**This month, a prayer for you**  
**(Ephesians 3:14-21)**

taken from Feb 2019, Revd J Chandler

For this reason, I kneel before the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth derives its name. I pray that out of his glorious riches he may strengthen you with power through his Spirit in your inner being, so that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith. And I pray that you, being rooted and established in love, may have power, together with all the Lord's holy people, to grasp how wide and long and high and deep is the love of Christ, and to know this love that surpasses knowledge—that you may be filled to the measure of all the fullness of God.

Now to him who is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine, according to his power that is at work within us, to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus throughout all generations, for ever and ever! Amen.

**...and our prayer in response**

Lord Jesus, I know and accept that you love me, but I cannot truly know how much. Show me more of your love each day and enable me to show all the love I have to others. Amen.



<i>Month</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Arranger</i>
February	5	Fionna Morrison
	12	Fionna Morrison
	19	Fionna Morrison
Lent	26	No flowers
March	5	No flowers
Lent	12	No flowers
Lent	19	No flowers
Lent	26	No flowers
April Lent	2	No flowers



## **MERIEL'S REPORT**

I was about to start to think about what to write for this next Magazine when the sad news of the death of our friend, **Ronnie Blythe**, was announced. I will therefore keep the rest of the news brief and we will concentrate on our association with this remarkable man.

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I was rather late, in any case, as the week before Christmas I broke my hip which necessitated a total hip replacement, and this has slowed me down quite a lot. Fortunately, we had already had the Advent Carol Service and the Christmas Carol Service.

### **ADVENT CAROL SERVICE**

We had our much-loved Advent Carol Service on 27<sup>th</sup> November, and it is such a lovely service. Our small but talented choir sung so well, and the service was well-attended. We have two or three extra people who kindly supplement the choir which is always a great help. I felt that it was almost like the old days. We managed a quite complicated anthem (for us) I really have to work hard to get our busy members together for practice but and the end result was very good.

### **SERVICE OF NINE LESSONS AND CAROLS**

The church looked quite beautiful. I had met Suzanne, our Editor, who had agreed again to decorate the tree, for which we are very grateful.

The candle holders, the crib and the arrangements made the church look beautiful. I was very pleased that Sara Turner felt able to take on the sanctuary and Lady Chapel arrangements. She also kept things going for the whole of January. She has been so unwell, so it was such a treat to have her on board again. The readers and choir excelled themselves and I hope that everyone there thought it was a very good way to get in the Christmas spirit. We started with mulled wine and mince pies which always puts people in the right frame of mind for the joyful service.

### **CHRISTMAS EVE**

I was unable to attend the Christmas Eve Communion. I understand that it was not very well attended which seems sad as it one of the most important services in the Church Calendar. The Christmas morning service at Wormingford was better attended. I was grateful to Roger for standing in as organist for the services in January until I was able to play again for the Patronal Festival on 22<sup>nd</sup> January.

## **REVD ANNE MASON**

On January 19<sup>th</sup> the Revd Anne Mason was licensed by the Bishop of Colchester, the Rt Revd Roger Morris and the Archdeacon of Colchester, the Venerable Ruth Patten as Associate Priest of the Parishes of Great Horkesley, West Bergholt, Langham with Boxted, Mount Bures, Little Horkesley and Wormingford. Anne has already officiated at several services at Little Horkesley, and we have always been delighted to see her. We send her our prayers and best wishes for her continued ministry.



## **DR RONALD BLYTHE**

Our friend, Ronnie, died on the night of Saturday January 14<sup>th</sup>, with two of his dedicated carers with him. One of them was Suzanne, our Editor. His professional life as an Author is well-documented and I was amazed that the obituaries were in the papers on Monday along with reports on the radio and television. The funeral service and burial were arranged very quickly for the following Friday at Wormingford. This service was supposedly for family and local church people. However, there was a huge congregation. At his request our choir sang along with others attached to Wormingford and arranged by the service organist, Tom Cogan. Unfortunately, I was not able to attend as I had not been well (apart from the hip replacement) but the service was live-streamed so I was able to feel a little part of the beautiful ceremony.

The church looked lovely, filled with spring flowers. Suzanne helped with the cleaning of the church and sent me some lovely photos. The service was led by the Very Revd Dr Frances Ward, a former Dean of St Edmundsbury Cathedral and a friend of Ronnie. Our last vicar, Revd John Chandler read the lesson and our current vicar, Revd Heather Wilcox led the prayers. Dr Ward spoke absolutely perfectly reflecting exactly how we all felt about Ronnie - particularly his love of nature.

There is to be a Memorial Service at St Edmundsbury Cathedral where he was a lay canon, on March 1<sup>st</sup> at 2pm . Everyone is welcome.

I remember when Ronnie started to take services at our church. It was when we were first joined with Wormingford and Mount Bures when the Revd John Fellows became our vicar. As Ronnie didn't drive it fell upon John and me to pick him up. I know I was quite anxious about this august personage, but he proved to be such an easy passenger. I used to take him, most Sunday evenings after the service, to his friends Gordon and Ann Brown at Fordham for supper and we used to sit outside and talk about anything and everything. Great Memories.

We had several trips with him, about twelve of us, to Cambridge, to Thaxted, and to the chapel at Bradwell. Twice we went to Charsfield, (on which Akenfield is based) and to Framlingham and the surrounding area. The first time, Peggy Cole (star of Akenfield) was still living in her cottage, and she showed us her garden and entertained us. Ronnie's knowledge of every place we stopped at was phenomenal. It is true to say that Ronnie enjoyed these trips as much as we all did. He was always asking about when another one could be organised.

I am including a few photos of the trips, and some at his house and garden when I visited for tea with my sister, Gill.

Ronnie was loved by so many. It is wonderful that he managed to stay at his beloved Bottengoms right to the end, supported by the 'dear ones' - an amazing man who inspired such love and affection.

I am hoping that Suzanne will write a few of her memories from the past few years while she was one of his carers.



## MERIEL

### **MAGAZINE DONATIONS**

**Our Treasurer, Sally, is grateful to those of you who have made a donation towards the cost of the Magazine.**

**The suggested payment is £10 or £15 if it is sent to you. We are always pleased to receive more than this if you are able.**

**CHEQUES can be sent to Sally Bramall (see inside front page for details) and made out to Little Horkesley PCC.**

**BANK TRANSFER. The bank details are as follows: HSBC plc, sort code 40-18-51, account no. 71027395. Reference – your name.**

**Please do respond to this and remember to make your donation. Producing the Magazine takes a lot of work and is very costly.**

From the personal photo albums of Meriel Sparkes.  
With many thanks.



Inside and outside of Bottengoms



Our group at Bradwell







The celebration of Ronnie's 90<sup>th</sup> birthday with Revd James Ridge and Meriel

Service to celebrate the 100<sup>th</sup> birthday of Flo Pettican



Stopping off for a cup of tea during the Charsfield trip



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## Re-united with Pam and Lynne

By Brenda Green

Yes, I had decided to make another trip to Vancouver Island, my last having been in 2018 and as it was to be Pam's 95<sup>th</sup> Birthday on June 23<sup>rd</sup> that gave me another very good reason to make the flight.

With Covid still lurking I was very concerned lest I became infected en route despite all my vaccinations being up to date, but thank heavens I remained Covid free throughout my stay.

The flight was not the best, with delays at both Heathrow at take-off and Vancouver with luggage taking four hours to arrive onto the carousel, so a total delay of eight hours. Lynne had sensibly checked my flight, so delayed her arrival at Vancouver airport, but our intended supper with the Irons family in Maple Ridge where we were staying overnight, didn't happen and we quietly crept in to their abode at 3.30 a.m.! I was somewhat shattered and slept like a log.

The following morning after breakfast and a re-uniting with the Irons and England families, Lynne and I drove to the Tswassen Ferry terminal and once again I revelled in that lovely ferry journey to the island with a vista of blue water and grey-green islands on every side.

An hour and a half later, having supped our usual hot chocolate from the café on board, we arrived at Swartz Bay on Vancouver Island. We disembarked very efficiently and from there we headed the short journey to Lynne's home in Kanashay Rd. on the tip of the Saanich peninsula, where I was staying for a couple of nights just to ensure I wasn't Covid infected. Once we had refreshed ourselves and dumped my baggage, we drove on to see Pam.

There she was, smiling and waving as we came up the drive! It was a joy to see her again still looking just the same as ever! It is always great to be with both she and Lynne, as we just carry on where we left off, but that is how long-term friendships are I find. Instant chatter ensued, whilst ensuring the room was well ventilated and distances observed for the time being, but I had arrived again!

That was June the 21<sup>st</sup> and two days later it was Pam's 95<sup>th</sup> Birthday...heaps of cards, telephone calls and visitors helped mark her special day. On the following Sunday Lynne had booked us in at a lovely hotel overlooking Victoria Harbour for a celebratory lunch. The day was perfect, sparkling sunshine and blue sky, with the vivid yellow sunshades above the tables on the deck providing a wonderful sight

across the harbour. This is always a hive of activity with the mini water-taxis buzzing to and fro like busy bees! Pam was delighted that her favourite 'Eggs Benedict' was on the menu and for the Sweet Course she was presented with a special celebratory dessert wishing her a 'Happy Birthday'! Lynne's friend Alison was invited to share Pam's Birthday treat too, which was lovely, so all in all a very happy and memorable occasion.

With no sign of Covid rearing its ugly head I moved to stay with Pam and on the following Thursday we had to pack our bags and the car as we were off to Parkesville, a resort on the east coast of the Island overlooking The Georgia Strait, a venue I had not visited before. I knew from our Sunday evening phone calls that Pam and Lynne have stayed at Parkesville several times, as it makes a lovely break even in the early winter or late Spring. We had our own apartment with excellent facilities in that Pam didn't need to climb stairs as she could sleep downstairs, plus her own bathroom. At the back, with a patio and greensward stretching outward, I stood mouth agape! What a vista! A huge bay with tide receding into the far distance leaving a hard sandy beach with shallow pools of water stretching as far as the eye could see to the left and right! Pine trees flanked the front edge of the greensward sporadically and brightly coloured Andirondak chairs were scattered among them for any residents

of the apartments to use. Across the water in the distance to the left, we could see the end of Texada Island which we had seen from the other side last time I visited, when holidaying on the mainland's 'Sunshine Coast'!

Our apartment was on the upper level but the beach was accessible via a long sloping path which wound its way down from the end of the apartment block, only to reveal more, slightly older apartments lower down the cliff-face. It was an idyllic place for families to holiday and they were certainly in evidence, although in an area so huge, it never appeared crowded. Pam was happy to remain on the upper level, but Lynne and I took several strolls along the beach after supper and sometimes Lynne found a quiet spot to do her early morning Tai-Chi exercises before I even stirred! Jet-lag was to blame, of course!

As the weather had improved, (The Island had suffered a long, cold, wet winter and spring!) and the temperature risen to an acceptable level, on the Saturday we drove further up the island to visit Cathedral Grove. This is a forest of Canadian Redwoods which tower way above the forest floor. The sun percolated through the trees illuminating the undergrowth of ferns and smaller shrubs, which made wonderful camera opportunities. Now, unlike my first visit to Cathedral Grove many years ago, there are well-provided walkways below the Redwoods but

but above forest floor, so access is easy without the fear of tripping over tree roots! Pam could enjoy it all from the relative safety of her wheelchair and when we suddenly encountered a six-inch drop from one level of the walkway to the next, two kind cyclists saw our difficulty and dismounted to give us a hand to transfer Pam safely to the lower level and then took a photo of us, bless!

Lynne and I visited Coombs again, always a stop-off on the highway, as there are several interesting emporiums to explore, but the main attraction are the goats on the roof! Yes, the roof of the market is designed as a grazing pasture for the goats with their goat-house on the roof too. They certainly know they are celebrities and obligingly pose for their photo to be taken by the camera-snapping shoppers!

On Sunday the weather had turned to rain, but when it ceased in the afternoon we drove into Qualicum, a very well-kept township with interesting architecture and pretty tree and floral areas dividing the town layout. It being Sunday, most of the shops and cafes were closed so we contented ourselves just walking round and admiring as visitors.

Monday was our day to leave and just as well, as serious problems had occurred with the water which was pumped from a well into the

apartments, the pump having finally died! However, very soon we were provided with large containers of bottled water, so at least we could wash ourselves, our breakfast dishes and flush the toilets before we left!

On our way back to Sidney we had been invited out for lunch near Nanaimo. This was the home of John, Leah's father, Leah being Lynn's great buddy. I had heard about John as he has a very special love, that of flying and is a fully qualified pilot and now both his grandsons, Leah's boys, are well on their way to becoming pilots too! Leah was there visiting her dad and, on our arrival, gave us a sumptuous cold buffet lunch. Pam then said to John, 'You must give Brenda a guided tour of your hangar!', to which John responded with a grin, saying it would give him great pleasure. I was duly escorted outside to the most enormous hangar by the side of the property, the door was thrust open and once more I stood gaping! No less than seven airplanes were squeezed in beside one another, but John admitted that they weren't all his as a couple belonged to friends. He took me to each one in turn, telling me the type and a bit of the plane's history. Some he was renovating or making minor adjustments to as he is a wonderful mechanic, with neatly stacked spare parts arrayed along the walls, but the yellow Cessna was the one he flew mostly. Wow! It was gleaming and obviously well-loved.

I know that John took Pam for a flight a few years ago and John allowed her to take the controls to her great delight, as she let slip that she always wished she had learnt to fly! Leah said that when it came to planes and flying, her father was just like an overgrown schoolboy! Needless to say, there was a beautifully

mown grass runway on the other side of the property some distance from the house and I couldn't resist taking a photo of the notice on the drive! In Canada one sees such a different way of life indeed.

(To be continued in the next magazine)







# RONALD GEORGE BLYTHE CBE

1922-2023

By Suzanne Albert

Our dear friend Ronnie passed quietly away on the evening of Saturday 14th January 2023; he was 100 years old.

I could spend this time going over the details of Ronnie's life: born in Acton, his time at Colchester Library, meeting John and Christine Nash, Aldeburgh, Bottengoms and the Churches but you already know this from the numerous articles you've seen in the papers, on television or heard on the radio over the years.

Most of us within the parish of Little Horkesley, and those of Wormingford & Mount Bures too, have our own stories and memories of Ronnie but it is my own memories of my time with him and the amazing people I met along the way, both in real life and in his books, that I will treasure always.

Ronnie was a quiet, private, gentle man. A true gentleman. He was funny and quick witted, would often burst into song, was so very knowledgeable about many things and was forever quoting poetry. In the short time I have been one of Ronnie's carers I can honestly say that my horizons have broadened and I now enjoy books and poetry of a genre I would never have chosen, before him.

Although his eyesight was good, over the last few years Ronnie preferred to be read to, so that is what we did. Listening to us read his books brought about renewed memories and he would often tell the rest of the story with wonderful embellishments - no need for the book anymore!

Ronnie loved life, nature, art, reading, food, sherry, people and especially loved his friends. I never felt like I'd given my time and energy to him and got nothing in return. I got wisdom and

laughter, great advice and conversation, friendship, understanding and most importantly, love. My mornings with Ronnie at Bottengoms always set me up for a great day and my evenings with him were always gentle and relaxing, perfectly finishing off even the most stressful of days.

Ronnie was laid to rest on a very crisp and sunny afternoon on Friday 20<sup>th</sup> January in the grounds of his much-loved Wormingford church. The church looked beautiful, the flowers were stunning, the choirs sounded amazing. The service, led by Ronnie's good friend The Very Revd Dr Frances Ward with the Revd John Chandler and the Revd Heather Wilcox, was beautiful. The afternoon was exactly how Ronnie had requested it to be, I think he would be very happy.

The tremendous number of letters and cards received, and social media messages show how deeply regarded Ronnie was with so many people. I know I speak for all of Ronnie's Dear Ones when I say we will miss him immensely too. We thank everyone involved to make this day special – especially Mike Crisp, the flower arrangers, the bell ringers, the organist Tom Cogan and the choirs.

I leave you with the wonderful address by The Very Revd Dr Frances Ward and some photos of Ronnie and Bottengoms.

Suzanne



Address by The Very Revd Dr Frances Ward, on the  
occasion of the funeral of  
Ronald George Blythe, CBE, FRSL  
St Andrew's Church, Wormingford  
20 January 2023 (Richard Rolle)

In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Amen.

Let's take a moment to consider the three photographs on the order of service.

For each one captures something quintessential of Ronnie, through his long life.

On the cover – Ronnie in his 20s, looking up from his writing, perhaps – looking gorgeous! and who would not have welcomed this young man into their lives? As indeed Christine did when she found him in the library, and John, and that wonderful bohemian society of artists and writers that befriended him; including Benjamin Britten, as the Aldeburgh festival began. So many others too, friends, over the decades. Those who knew Ronnie know something more about friendship that they didn't know before.

And then, on the inside back cover, here he is with his CBE for services to literature – of which he was so justifiably proud. All those wonderful books, novels, articles, columns, and of course the classic Akenfield.

He is where he belongs at Bottemgoms, with that generous welcome to those who made it down the voluptuary lane in May time, or in the depths of an icy winter. Snow on snow. A glass of Tio Pepe to greet you, and lamb chops if you were lucky. If rightly guest. And then conversation, and gossip, of the best sort. Bottemgoms, like the nightingale's nest:

Her joys are evergreen, her world is wide –  
Hark! There she is as usual – let's be hush –  
For in this black-thorn clump, if rightly guest,  
Her curious house is hidden. Part aside  
These hazel branches in a gentle way . . .

It's the image on the back cover that we might dwell on, though, as we gather today to honour and celebrate his life. Here he is, in his beloved garden. We imagine his gaze, as he looks away from us, taking everything in, the familiar, and the unfamiliar, the hidden, seen and unseen, of the changing seasons, the constancy and transience of the natural world. His gaze, and night vision, as his

loved to walk in the dark. All places alike to him. Like his beloved cats. You will know of the literature telling of the garden – how in Islamic traditions, paradise is where we belong – the garden of delights. How the Christian story begins in a garden, where all creation in myriad abundance surrounds the first mythic humans – who, as with so much since, make such a godawful mess of things.

Of how, on the first day of the week, Mary Magdalene came to the tomb, and found it empty, and turning, addressed the gardener. The man with whom she was so familiar – yet she thought him a gardener. Not a fisherman, or a grave digger, or a carpenter, but he was a gardener – the first sighting of the risen Lord. The garden of Eden becomes the garden of Gethsemane, the garden of the Resurrection.

So much happens in gardens – the place where God and humanity toil together to nurture life, to see through death. Jesus the gardener. Yes. And so God honours the natural world – and calls us to do so much better.

God not only honours, but creates, continuously. All around us, something is happening. With the deep pattern to life, to existence, the world delights us, ever anew.

It is the greatest gift, of all.

Ronnie's writing is infused with the gift of nature.

He was a man of gifts. The greatest gift was his appreciation of gift.

Not for him any sense of entitlement, or petty resentment, or grievance, or right. No – the opportunities that came his way, the friends, the service and care and kindness he gave and received – all were gifts. Gifts he recognised, received with grace, and gave in turn, knowing them, ultimately, as from their divine source. A gifted, giving man.

And as we lay him in the ground, next to his beloved Christine and John, the earth receives him as a gift, too. Rolled round in earth's diurnal course, with rocks and stones and trees. Ronnie is where he belongs, at one with the earth, enfolded deep within the meaning of the beauty that holds and inspires us, if we have but ears and eyes.

Ronnie had those ears and eyes – and the gift to write what he saw and heard. He knew, better than most, how to turn nature into art.

Nature he loved, and next to nature, art.

He warmed his hands before the fire of life.

And we are the richer, so much richer, for it.

This nation has a fine, long, living tradition of nature writing – today, as good as ever. And Ronnie is up there, with the best there has been, or is, or will be.



The words flowed – alive with a sense of history enfolded in the present moment – the words singing the joy, the delight, the easter, in ordinary time and place.

Some Christians refuse to see the grace of God in the natural world; labelling ‘pagan’ where others perceive enchantment. Ronnie would dismiss such churlishness. Of course, this beautiful world speaks – shouts, cries aloud, sings, whispers, sotto voce, sometimes laments and sobs – of God’s love, God’s grace, God’s overflowing generosity.

God’s delight in the abundant pleroma – the fullness that fills all things.

The fullness of love that now holds Ronnie as it has held him in life.

The last hours that Ian and his dear ones spent with him were memorable – for Ronnie had no fear. He was only curious. Curious about what was to come next, in God’s grace. And God’s grace and love it is, always waiting to embrace, with an intimacy and ultimacy that is beyond words. Even Ronnie’s.

Ronnie is in the garden of paradise, of which his own garden was a foretaste, a glimpse of the glory that is eternal.

Ronnie chose the ancient words from Isaiah for today. To hear again, as now he knows, of the wilderness and the solitary place. For the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose, where it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.

To hear again of the world that sings aloud a sense of enchantment, of healing, of the way of holiness, when the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

This was Ronnie’s life. Enchanted. Full of grace. Bonny and blithe. Good and gay.

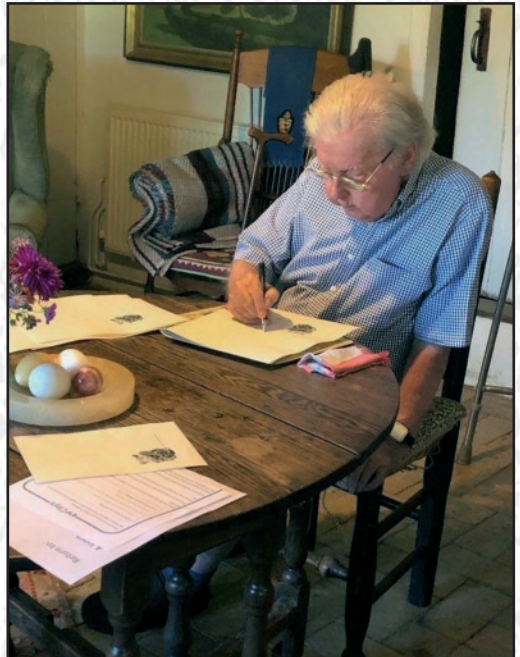
He responded to the love that bade him welcome to the feast, to the garden of delights, into this sacred life that is stronger than death.

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,  
    Guilty of dust and sin.  
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack  
    From my first entrance in,  
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning  
    If I lacked anything.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here":  
Love said, "You shall be he."  
"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,  
I cannot look on thee."  
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,  
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord; but I have marred them; let my shame  
Go where it doth deserve."  
"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"  
"My dear, then I will serve."  
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."  
So I did sit and eat.

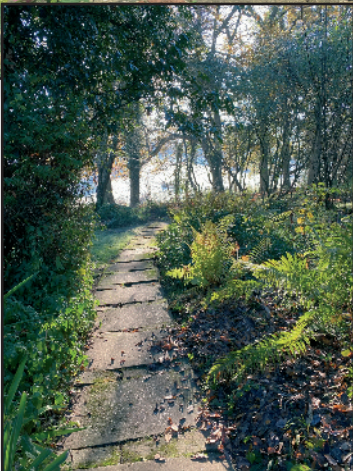
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Photographic thanks go to:  
Meriel Sparkes, Ian Collins, Zoe Bown, Colin Brown, Flea Tozer & Suzanne Albert







## Pet Of The Month

Ronnie's beautiful little cat, **Pussycat**.



**Horkesley  
Care Network**



The Care Network is a registered charity which exists to offer help to those in our local community who are without transport. Should you need to get to a doctors or hospital appointment, collect a prescription, attend social activities around the villages, etc., we have a pool of volunteer drivers to help you.

Phone Lesley on 01206 271576 or Peggy on 01206 271532 and we will make the necessary arrangements.

If you have a little free time and are able to help occasionally as a driver, please phone Lesley on 01206 271576 for further details.



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## New Year – routine chores?

Happy New Year to you all! The start of the new year is a good time look at your safety and security and check that everything is as it should be both inside the house, outside and at work. Below are just a few things to consider but I am sure you can think of many more:

- This time of year is a good time prune many varieties of plants, trees and shrubs so have a look at them; ensure that they do not provide a climbing aid into your property or prevent that all important clear view into your frontage that may deter crime. Be mindful though; those brambles, other spiky plants and stinging nettles on your boundary are nature's own deterrent to intruders, any cuttings can be used to fill gaps in a hedge line.
- Consider supplementing your boundary security with some nice spiky plants, they look and smell nice but may also be a deterrent to intruders. Suitable advice can be sought from The Royal Horticultural Society or your local garden centre.
- Fences and gates, are they still intact and well maintained, do the gates lock securely.
- Outside lighting, are they all working okay and are they clean?
- Sheds and outbuilding are they still intact and well maintained, lubricate the locks exposed to the weather.
- Smoke detectors; are they working okay and in date and where appropriate do the batteries need replacing, remember mains operated ones may have a battery back- up that may need replacing regularly.
- CCTV systems: like with your lighting ensure that they are kept clean and maintained. Smart doorbells or other that may use a solar charger, at this time of year they may not be getting much of a charge so consider topping up the battery with a charger where appropriate.
- Property marking; over Christmas you may have received some new tools, electrical or computing items consider using an appropriate property marking product.
- 21/12/22 was the shortest day so we still have a few more 'darker nights', make your home looks like you are in even when you are out by having lights on timers in the house and perhaps a TV simulator.
- Lastly in my list, don't leave your car unattended on the drive with the engine running whilst you de-ice/demist it, it only takes a minute to steal it and it may affect an insurance claim.

# Michael J Byles

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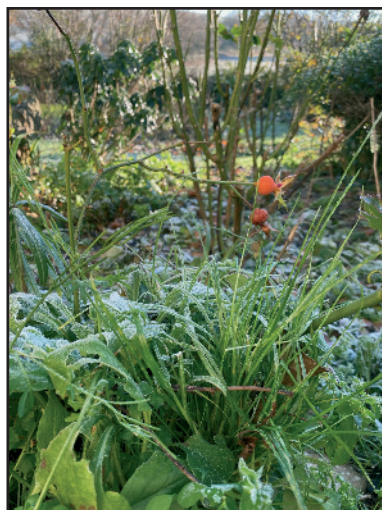
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- *coving*
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Tel: Andy 07801 800167  
1 Garden Field Cottages,  
Water Lane, Lt Horkesley

## *Sidesmen & Readers : February 2023*

Sunday	Sidesmen	Readers	Readings
<b>5<sup>th</sup> February</b>			
Morning	Will Pavry Christopher Orme	Will Pavry Julia Orme	1 Corinthians 2: 1-12 Matthew 5: 13-20
Evening	NO EVENING SERVICE		
<b>12<sup>th</sup> February</b>			
Morning	NO MORNING SERVICE		
Evening	Margaret Thomas Harold Thomas	Margaret Thomas Harold Thomas	Romans 8: 18-25 Matthew 6: 25-end
	<i>Intercessor: Margaret Thomas</i>		
<b>19<sup>th</sup> February</b>			
Morning	NO MORNING SERVICE		
Evening	<b>HOLY COMMUNION</b>		
	Sue Carbutt John Sparkes	Sue Carbutt John Sparkes	2 Peter 1: 16-end Matthew 17: 1-9
<b>26<sup>th</sup> February</b>			
Morning	NO MORNING SERVICE		
Evening	David Lewis Ann Garnett	David Lewis Ann Garnett	Romans 5: 12-19 Matthew 4: 1-11
	<i>Intercessor: Brian Lord</i>		





## *Sidesmen & Readers : March 2023*

Sunday	Sidesmen	Readers	Readings
<b>5<sup>th</sup> March</b>			
Morning	Brian Lord Vicky Minet	Brian Lord Vicky Minet	Romans 4: 1-5, 13-17 John 3: 1-17
Evening	NO EVENING SERVICE		
<b>12<sup>th</sup> March</b>			
Morning	NO MORNING SERVICE		
Evening	Margaret Thomas Harold Thomas	Margaret Thomas Harold Thomas	Romans 5: 1-11 John 4: 5-42
	<i>Intercessor:</i> Margaret Thomas		
<b>19<sup>th</sup> March</b>	<b>MOTHERING SUNDAY</b>		
Morning	NO MORNING SERVICE		
Evening	<b>HOLY COMMUNION</b> Christopher Orme David Lewis	Christopher Orme David Lewis	TBC
<b>26<sup>th</sup> March</b>			
Morning	NO MORNING SERVICE		
Evening	Ann Garnett John Sparkes	Ann Garnett John Sparkes	Romans 8: 6-11 John 11: 1-45
	<i>Intercessor:</i> Brenda Green		
<b>2<sup>nd</sup> April</b>	<b>PALM SUNDAY</b>		
Morning	Brian Lord Will Pavry	Sally Bramall Will Pavry	Philippians 2: 5-11 Matthew 21: 1-11
Evening	NO EVENING SERVICE		





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## Church Calendar: February 2023

<b>February 5<sup>th</sup></b> 11.00 am	<b>3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday before Lent</b> Morning Service
<b>February 12<sup>th</sup></b> 6.30 pm	<b>2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday before Lent</b> Evening Service
<b>February 19<sup>th</sup></b> 6.30 pm	<b>Sunday before Lent</b> Holy Communion
<b>February 22<sup>nd</sup></b> 7.30 pm	<b>Ash Wednesday</b> <b>Holy Communion at Mount Bures</b>
<b>February 26<sup>th</sup></b> 6.30 pm	<b>Lent 1</b> Evenings Service

## Church Calendar: March 2023

<b>March 5<sup>th</sup></b> 11.00 am am	<b>Lent 2</b> Morning Service
<b>March 12<sup>th</sup></b> 6.30 pm	<b>Lent 3</b> Evening Service
<b>March 19<sup>h</sup></b> 6.30 pm	<b>Lent 4 Mothering Sunday</b> Holy Communion
<b>March 26<sup>th</sup></b> 6.30 pm	<b>Lent 5</b> Evening Service
<b>April 2<sup>nd</sup></b> 11.00 am	<b>Lent 6 Palm Sunday</b> Morning Service

# DR RONALD BLYTHE CBE



Ronnie taking a service in a little Chapel at Bradwell. Photo: Meriel Sparkes

1922 -2023