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Well, that was it! 2020 - a year many of us would like to forget but will always remember! I hope though that you had an enjoyable Christmas even if, like ours, your festive plans were completely scuppered at the very last moment when the new tier 4 covid rules came into force. We consoled ourselves by going for a walk by Butley Ferry - probably my favourite spot in Suffolk - quiet, remote and breathtakingly lovely on a bright sunny day. You'll see a snap shot of it below.

I would just like to thank everyone who has contributed articles, comments, photos, advertised or provided other material to help support the newsletter. Your continued support input is invaluable and very much appreciated. Hopefully this year we shall see the return of the events diary and generally have a bit more going on to talk about in the news letter!



Best Wishes and a Happy New Year to all of you.

Neil

ps Oh, look what Father Christmas left under the tree!!

Poet's Corner

Snow

The room was suddenly rich and the great bay window was
Spawning snow and pink roses against it
Soundlessly collateral and incompatible:
World is suddener than we fancy it.

World is crazier and more of it than we think,
Incorrigibly plural. I peel and portion
A tangerine and spit the pips and feel
The drunkenness of things being various.

And the fire flames with a bubbling sound, for world
Is more spiteful and gay than one supposes -
On the tongue, on the eyes on the ears in the palm's of one's hands -
There is more than glass between the snow and the huge roses.

Louis MacNeice



Butley Ferry, Christmas Day

January Church Services

Unfortunately, due to the increasing cases of coronavirus being reported, we have decided to cancel some of January's planned services. In the current circumstances things may change again, but the schedule below is correct at the time of publication...

January	3rd	10th	17th	24th
2021	Christmas 2 Jer 31:7-14 Ephes 1:3-14 John1(1-9), 10-14	Bapt of Christ Genesis 1:1-5 Acts 19:1-7 Mark 1:4-11	Epiphany 2 1 Sam 3:1-10 Revelation 5:1-10 John 1:43-end	Epiphany 2 Gen 3:1-10 Revelation 5:1-10 John 1:43-end
St Nicholas Bedfield				
St Lawrence Brundish			3pm Evensong CS	11am Holy DM
St Mary Cratfield				
All Saints Laxfield		11am Holy Communion DB	9am HC Holy Communion DM	10am Fam LE
St Peter Monk Soham			11am Moming Prayer RA	
St Ethelbert Tannington				
St Mary Wilby				
St Mary Worlingworth			11am Moming Prayer DM	11am Holy DB
Zoom Services online	10am Holy Comm New Coll's Prayer Book Zoom Web: 9am Epiphany	3pm Family Service	10am Moming Prayer	10am Holy

Dear Friends,

The winter of 1836 was particularly bad in Suffolk. It started snowing two days before Christmas, and continued for nearly a week, putting a stop to all business. Some villages in Suffolk were completely isolated for six days. There was a strong NE wind which laid the high land bare and gorged the narrow roads and valleys with snow. Between Yoxford and Halesworth the drifts, in some places, were from 15 to twenty feet high. Two days after Christmas the coach from Ipswich to Yarmouth tried to make the journey. Nine horses were attached to it but its progress was slow. At Yoxford it became so entrenched as it could not move and had to be abandoned.

There was no communication between west and east Suffolk from Christmas to New Years eve. Communication only being restored when a man on a horse managed to get through. Men working in gangs of 20 – 30 tried to keep sections of road open.

The post was entirely disorganised. The guard of the Yarmouth mail coach had a perilous journey. Finding it impossible to proceed with the coach, he exchanged this for a post-chaise. In some places the snow was too much even for this and the guard had to unhitch his horse and ride that carrying the post bags on his back. He arrived in Woodbridge sixteen hours late, much fatigued and bruised from many tumbles.

It must have been hellish for our ancestors trying to survive such a winter that seemed to have no let up. But they did survive and did not give up. We have just lived through the worst year ever with disruption, lock downs, businesses failing, hospital full to overflowing. We have however come through it, or at least survived so far. We must have faith that all will be well to believe that God will not abandon us but be with us every step. The people of Suffolk in 1836 believed in God's love and the

promise of Spring. We too can believe in God's love and the promise of a vaccine to come. Let us therefore believe and trust that this year 2021 will be a new beginning and that we will be free to live our lives once more.

David Burrell



Another photo of a fungus, this splendid example is Chicken of the Woods. Spotted by David Strauss growing on the trunk of a large oak in Brundish.

Village Tales!

Another local story in our series...

Just before our first 'lock down', most daily newspapers were carrying stories about road rage. I must put my hand up! I'm guilty of causing hold ups myself, so I will go back to the 1960's, '70's and '80's:-

As an agricultural contractor, I had to move wide and often very slow machinery along our Suffolk lanes, from combines to sugar beet harvesters, causing delays and hold ups to other road users. The majority of people, although they may have grumbled, understood that we had to take large machines from farm to farm but some did not!

My first memorable encounter was with a man driving a large Volvo near Saxtead Green when moving a combine. An awful lot was said and threatened in a short time, neither of us wanting to back down or give way. The whole episode lasted half an hour. What an unnecessary waste of time and money, especially during combining weather - over the next two or three years, I was to experience several similar confrontations. This had to stop, there must be another way! So why not try and say absolutely nothing and see what happens? On the next occasion, I was ready! Because I am the person causing the hold ups, the first outburst of abuse comes from the car driver and usually lasts about 30 seconds. I looked him straight in the face, with no hint of a smile, then there was quite a long pause. "Are you deaf or something? Do you understand what I am saying? Do you speak English? Perhaps you are a foreigner left over from the war? I didn't think you looked all there!!" With that statement, he left. Total stoppage time was under 3 minutes! This method could work and it proved very successful for the rest of my working life on all types of drivers. You would not imagine what I've been called and likened to over road rage.

My last encounter was only a few months ago. I was moving a large loaded trailer from Huntingfield back to Brundish. Coming up Laxfield Street, I noticed a black Range Rover almost under my tail gate, and I thought, as I turn left at the war memorial, I would lose him but no such luck! He followed me up past the school, no children about and the first bend is to the left, so he thought he could overtake me there. With flashing lights, he tried to pass but obviously could not! Within 50 yards, the road bends sharply to the right; he tried and

failed gain. I had a feeling that when he eventually got in front, I was in for a lecture!

A little way ahead of me is a concrete apron on Burnt House Farm corner, so I pulled in there, leaving him a clear run. However, it stopped opposite me, in the middle of the road, on the corner and out jumped a smartly dressed man from the passenger seat, looking extremely angry. I had, in the meantime, stopped my tractor and opened the cab door. The outburst started. "Do you realise that we have been following you for the last 10 miles, you have made no attempt to pull over!" I thought some of that statement was true but then again, there was nowhere suitable to pull over and 1 mile is a little nearer than 10. However, he continued. "Have you read that the Driving Standards Agency is stopping all village idiots like you from driving these monsters on the highway, holding up business people? No, I don't suppose you have! Probably can't read – you look vacant anyway!" I inwardly smiled but still said nothing. "What's your name? Never mind, we have your number plate from your trailer!" That won't help you much, I thought, it's not my trailer! I thought I would break with tradition and answer a few of his questions. The next question was, "are you local and where do you live?" I replied "Yes" to being local and that I lived at home, all the time. "Do you know how to get to Framlingham from here?" he asked. "Yes." I replied. There was a long pause, "Well aren't you going to tell me?" "No," I said, "you asked me if I knew the way and yes, I do!!" The two other occupants of the black Range Rover had heard enough, saying that they had come across the village idiot in person, due to interbreeding no doubt, and proceeded to turn their vehicle round and head off towards Laxfield in the opposite direction. I tipped my load out and went home. I wonder if they ever found Framlingham?