

BROMLEY & SHEPPARD'S COLLEGES



Herald

December 2024 January 2025



Welcome

Dear Collegians and Friends,

As we enter into Advent, the Christmas tree is up in Bromley High Street. (Cover photo by Clare Preston.) The Sugar Cube Fairy has turned up trumps, with three pairs of sugar tongs for the Common Room, and Janet Heatley is very pleased! Paul Allton has created a wonderful record of photographs of all the Collegians, which will be taking its place in the College archives.

We have memories within these pages, and you will also find the word "*opisthognathous*" - having a receding chin, in case you didn't know.

The next Herald will be for February 2025 and the deadline is Saturday January 25th. Please send contributions to me, preferably by email to: therevedbee@hotmail.co.uk Thank you to Jo for printing and distributing them, to Rob for making dinner today so I can get on with this, and to all our contributors!
Brandy Pearson



Remember: Friday December 20th
You are invited to our
Collegians Christmas Party
at 3pm in the Common Room
followed by
College Carol Service
5pm in Chapel
followed by Mulled Wine in the Common Room



“Locked and Shocked “

Lockdown memories by John Townsend.

When we heard on March 23rd 2020 that the whole country had gone into lockdown, Anne and I were (in the words of the old song): *“Bewitched, bothered and bewildered”*.

We had been married for sixty years and had received a letter of congratulations from the Queen on our Diamond Wedding Anniversary on 28th May 2020. But by then we had already learned that Anne had cancer needing frequent chemotherapy at Guy’s hospital.



Our chaplain Jane arranged for there to be a Diamond Wedding celebration for us in the garden. It was filled with collegians sitting on the lawn on a sunny morning whilst Anne and I said our Wedding vows to each other.

Anne’s visits to Guy’s were made possible by John and Joyce Ilson driving every six weeks. They were difficult weeks: after each burst of chemotherapy Anne felt quite perky and was busy on her scooter and doing counselling

and preaching at the local church. But she would then “flop” emotionally and become quite depressed, and not wanting to have any more chemotherapy.

Late on Sunday evening 24th October 2021 I had a message from the ward to say that Anne had suddenly deteriorated. I ran through the dark streets and was chased by neighbour Christine Latham in her car. Anne had died a few minutes earlier and it was a great



comfort that Christine was able to pray some Prayers from the Anglican liturgy which were specially written for such a situation. Christine and I got back to Bromley Colleges at half past midnight.

The next morning (Monday) my doormat was covered with sympathy cards from collegians. I shall never forget the speed with which they arrived and the warmth and love which they conveyed.

John Townsend.

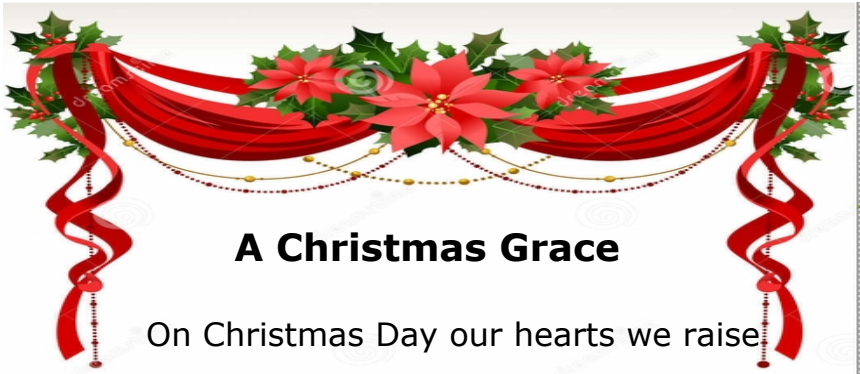
Old Age

Most of us get used to doing strange things at times and as we get older, those things seem to increase in number. Over 50 years ago my father made a "Grandmother ` clock, a smaller version of the traditional grandfather clock. He had a full size door in the garage , which consisted of two sheets of ply-wood on a frame. He was able to remove the wood from the frame and made a beautiful clock ,which he gave to my wife and I soon after it was finished. I know how much effort he had put into making it and it has always been a feature, wherever we have lived. It needed a new battery about once per year.

A few weeks ago, it stopped. I put a new battery in. Nothing. "Oh dear," I thought, "It has eventually died". I saw there was some sort of chemical action on the battery clips, so cleaned them. Nothing. I decided it needed a new power box, but where do I start to look for one? I tried everywhere. It was suggested I buy a cheap clock and remove the power box from it. Good idea ,but didn't find such an item in any of the many charity shops I visited. I was given the phone numbers of possible suppliers and was eventually going to go to a firm in Essex, who said they had several such mechanisms, but it would be better to go over and do a" match" to ensure I got the right item. I really wanted the clock to work again. It was such a memory of Dad! Eventually, I decided to move the clock into a stretch of bright sunlight in my lounge, so I could see

inside the battery case clearly. Success! I had been inserting the battery back to front. Within seconds it started ticking again. How lucky I didn't go to Essex !! I cried with joy to think it was working again or was I crying at recognising my stupidity ? Beware! I daren't tell my son and daughter, or I will never live it down!!

Bernard Fray



A Christmas Grace

On Christmas Day our hearts we raise
In words of thanksgiving and praise
For bringing us together here
To feast and share in festive cheer.
But first let's pause, reflect awhile:
Not everyone this day can smile.
You see, dear Lord, we have the knowledge
That we are safe in Bromley College;
And many folk cannot afford
Anything like this festive board.
Whoe'er they are, both far and near,
We pray they may be free from fear

Of hunger, loneliness, despair;
And all who have enough may care.
Protect them, Lord, and may they know
Thou cam'st from heaven to earth below
For the whole world, to save us all.
So hear us when to thee we call.
We thank our kind and generous host
And, gathered here, we're grateful most
To thee, our loving, gracious God,
Who through this human life once trod.
Dear Lord, we pray, leave nothing out:
Bless each potato, every sprout,
Bless all thy children, too, and then
We'll praise thee evermore. Amen.



This is the latest version of a Grace first written in 2019 for Christmas dinner at the home of a literary agent in Chalcot Square, NW1 [location for filming of Paddington and Paddington 2], and subsequently published in Trisha Ashley's romantic novel One More Christmas at the Castle [Bantam Press, 2021, paperback Penguin 2022]. It is offered here in gratitude of my first Bromley College Christmas.

Joanna Yates

Caring for Our Colleges

Our beautiful buildings need tender love and care, provided mainly by Darren and his team. Here is a lovely photo by Paul Allton of Sheppard's with rotten wood and cracked cement repaired, and freshly painted windows.



Clare's Adventures in Scotland Continues..



After staying with my cousin in Aberdeen in September I travelled by train and bus to Perthshire to visit an old friend, now a Buddhist nun living at Milntuim Hermitage near the small town of Comrie. I was intrigued to see the dam that beavers have built, creating a small lake on the property. I even managed to catch sight of a beaver one evening but failed to get a photo, however I did photograph the dam.



While I was there I met up with someone whom I hadn't seen for over 40 years. He had been at theological college with my husband and the best man at my our wedding. But in about 1981 he had disappeared to Ethiopia to work with the Anglican church there. In the days before the internet and mobile phones we had completely lost touch.

Then one Saturday morning during lockdown in 2020, I was listening to the radio. A certain Jonny Oates, Lord Oates, who had just written a memoir about his life called 'I never promised you a Rose Garden', was being interviewed. He was telling the story how as a schoolboy of 17 he had stolen his father's credit card, bought a plane ticket and run away to Ethiopia to help with the

famine. Having arrived in Addis Ababa he found there was nothing he could do and became profoundly depressed. His father, who was Rector of St Brides Fleet Street. had contacted the Anglican church in Addis and Father Charles Sherlock was able to rescue Jonny in the nick of time before he did himself harm. (You can read the whole story on the internet by entering, 'Lord Oates, Daily Mail' into Google, or ask me and I will send you the article). I was astonished to hear Charles' name and I just managed to pick up that he was acting as temporary chaplain at Glenalmond College in Perthshire. That is how I managed to contact him and discovered he lived not far from Milntuim Hermitage. So when I was there in September we were able to meet again after more than 40 years.

Clare Preston

Treasured Photographs

An idea borrowed from the parish magazine of St. Edward the Confessor New Addington. Do you have a treasured, memorable photograph you would like to share in the Herald with a paragraph about its story? All pictures will be scanned and returned.

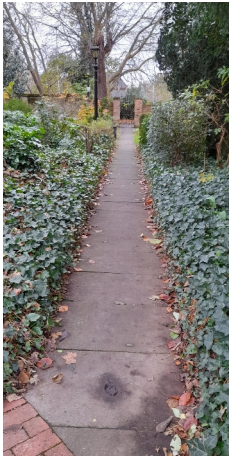
Brandy Pearson

(Thanks to Janet Heatley for St Ed's magazine)

Prayers for our Colleges

On Sunday Nov 17th, Paull Allton wrote beautiful intercessions, which included prayers for Bromley and Shepherd's Colleges, which I thought I would share with some photographic illustrations:

Gracious God, we thank you for our homes in this place. We rejoice that we each have a door that opens inwards to give us a place of peace, privacy and security, and that open outwards to give us a community and a world to serve. We pray for the homeless in the world, especially in our own city, and all who care for them.

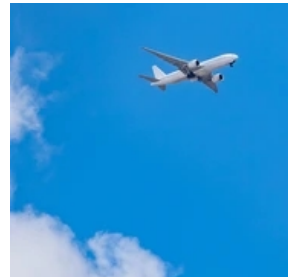


Gracious God, we thank you that the pathways in and out of this place give us an awareness of a world outside. We pray for all who go out from amongst us to minister in local churches or to serve others in any way. We pray for ourselves that, as we go outside this place it may be with peace and joy and love, and we pray for all who come into this place – those who come to care, those who come to make deliveries, those who come to offer friendship. We pray for all Collegians who now live elsewhere. May all the comings and goings in this place lead to your glory.



Gracious God, we thank you for all who serve the community beyond our walls. As we hear sirens at the traffic lights, we pray for the emergency services – the police, the fire service, all paramedics. We pray for all who work in the caring professions and for all scientific and medical research, all ethics committees. We pray for the sick, the bereaved and all who need the prayers of faithful people.

Gracious God, as we hear the aeroplanes overhead coming from or going to our airports, we pray for the safety of all who travel. And as our minds move to places afar, we pray for peace in our world; for the healing of hatreds and divisions between peoples, for all peacemakers and all who suffer as a result of war.



Gracious God, we thank you for the hospitality of the benches that are around our grounds, offering rest to the weary and reminding us of those who have lived in this place and are now at rest. We give you glory for welcoming your people to a place of rest beyond this place. **Amen**

Bertie Wooster's Chin

As a great fan of the works of P G Woodhouse. I could not resist including this letter to the Times from 30th November 1937

Sir,

Your correspondent Mr John Hayward is to a great extent right in his statement that Bertie Wooster has a receding chin.

A fishlike face has always been hereditary in the Wooster family.

Froissard, speaking of the Sieur de Wooster who did so well in the Crusades... mentions that, if he had not had the forethought to conceal himself behind a beard like a burst horsehair sofa – more than one of King Richard's men - who like all of us, were fond of a good laugh - would have offered him an ant's egg.

On the other had, everything is relative. Compared with Sir Roderick Glossop, Tuppy Glossop, and even Jeeves, Bertie is undoubtedly opisthognathous. But go to the Drones and observe him in the company of Freddie Widgeon, Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright, and – particularly – of Augustus Fink-Nottle, and his chin will seem to stick out like the ram of a battleship,

Your obedient servant,
P. G. Wodehouse

Thank you to Janet Heatley for the book of letters!



A Prayer from Industrial Chaplaincy Days.

Psalm 23 for Busy People

The Lord is my Pace-setter, I shall not rush;
He makes me stop and rest for quiet intervals,
He provides me with images of stillness,
Which restore my serenity.
He leads me in the ways of efficiency,
Through calmness of mind: and his guidance is peace.
Even though I have a great many things to accomplish
each day
I will not fret, for his presence is here.
His timelessness, his all-importance will keep me in
balance.
He prepares refreshment and renewal in the midst of
activity.
By anointing my mind with oils of tranquillity,
My cup of joyous energy overflows.
Surely harmony and effectiveness
Shall be the fruits of my hours,
For I will walk in the pace of my Lord
And dwell in his house for ever.

*The joke is that Christine Latham submitted it!
It could lead to a New Year Resolution!*

**“NEW YEAR’S RESOLUTION:
To tolerate fools more
gladly, provided this does
not encourage them to take
up more of my time.”**

JAMES AGATE



The source of the Ravensbourne by Clare Preston

**Bromley and Sheppard's Colleges
London Road,
Bromley
BR1 1PE**