

BROMLEY & SHEPPARD'S COLLEGES



Herald

February 2025



Welcome

Dear Collegians
and Friends,

January seems to
have lasted for at
least three
months (or is
that just me?).

While we are
experiencing all
kinds of weather,
the days are
getting longer,

and amid the troubles of the world, there is always joy,
hope and love.



We held our Christmas and New Year festivities.

Here is a photo by Barbara Driver, of our Chapel Crib,
knitted by Mary Kemp of blessed memory and artfully
arranged by Paul Jenkins. Margaret Mankey celebrated
her Ninetieth Birthday. Collegians have travelled,- our
cover photo is Paul Allton in Santiago de Compostella,
and I have learned something about the human body.

The next Herald will be for March and the deadline is
Saturday February 22nd. Please send contributions to me,
preferably by email to: therevvedbee@hotmail.co.uk Thank
you to Jo for printing and distributing them, to Rob for
his support, and to all our contributors!

Brandy Pearson

Margaret Mankey's Ninetieth Birthday Party

A lovely party was held for Margaret Mankey, for her 90th birthday, We all signed her birthday card and many of her friends here came along to a tasty looking birthday tea.



*Photos by Clare
Preston*



Santiago de Compostella

The Camino de Santiago always comes with some sort of difficulty, but then by its very nature pilgrimage is never 100% easy! My family's plan to take me to Compostela in early January was simple and easy and nothing could go wrong - a high-speed train from Barcelona to Madrid, a hire car to Valladolid for a leisurely evening and a final drive through sun-drenched Galician countryside to a hotel half an hour's walk from the Cathedral.

But the Camino had other ideas - a two hours wait for the hire car in a bitter cold wind in a scruffy car park with no loos or seats, a miserable drive through heavy traffic and gloomy mist with Francisco our driver feeling ill and ending up the next morning in A&E with a badly infected throat. Meantime I lost my voice and developed a hacking cough! We discussed aborting the trip and going to nearby Avila but despite feeling rotten and coping with a flat tyre issue Francisco drove the 500 kms to Santiago, though we saw little but gray mistiness through the busy windscreen wipers! But we got to our hotel safely desperate for a good night's sleep.

The next morning saw us finishing our Camino with a half hour walk from the hotel -leaning against a bitter cold wind - to the great Plaza de Obradoiro in front of the West facade of the Cathedral. There was not a pilgrim in sight and not many people have a photo of themselves virtually by themselves in that place on a Saturday morning! (See front cover).



The Western facade hides the great gem of Compostela Cathedral - the 12th century Portico of Glory which was the original sacred space welcoming pilgrims at the end of their journey. Today it is accessed by ticket only and a small number of visitors at a time are allowed to stay for only fifteen minutes in an area with maintained humidity and temperature control. But those fifteen minutes before that glorious mediaeval work of the most delicate carved stone-work rewarded me for all the difficulties of getting there! A central arch divided by a most delicate

column is topped by a glorious tympanum of Christ in Glory and to right and left are further arches telling the whole story of redemption. The huge number of figures in the Portico are delicately carved, each one an individual off the street representation, with St James central in the whole conception welcoming the pilgrim into the presence of Christ in the Church beyond.



This is a sacred space par excellence and it moved me deeply. So, whenever I enter our Chapel in future with its heaps of service books, out-of-date leaflets and sundry paraphernalia, I will pause to make around me a sacred space that alone can give me welcome to the presence of Our Lord in Word and Sacrament.

Paul Allton

The College Christmas Party

Our Christmas Party went with a swing, with a pantomime, a mass rendition of "The Bold Gendarmes", various recitations and a visit from Santa!

This was followed by our Carol Service
Photos by Paul Allton.



A stripped down Cinderella and Many Bold Gendarmes





Michael Hewitt doing his turn

The Carol Service



This Holocaust Memorial Day marks the 80th anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz-Birkenau, the largest Nazi concentration camp complex, and the 30th anniversary of the genocide in Bosnia.

**Meditation for
International Holocaust Remembrance Day
January 27th 2025**

Loving God,

We remember before you all those who bear the inner and outer scars of the Holocaust and of subsequent acts of genocide.

Let them not be overwhelmed by the horrors that engulfed them.

Be close to them.

Help them to see that you suffer with those who suffer, and that no wickedness can ever extinguish your infinite love.

Restrain those who are filled with hatred and use violence to pursue their ends.

Change their hearts.

May remembrance make us alert to the reality of evil and its deceptive allure.

Help us to recognise our own capacity for evil and allow your Spirit to purge it from our beings.

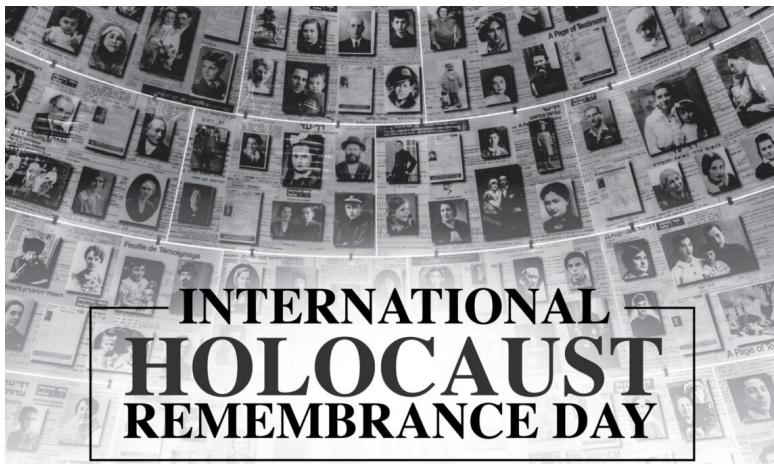
Help us also to stand up against evil and oppression,
even if that means we have to suffer ourselves.

Enable us to defend those who are not strong enough to
defend themselves, and to be ready to bring the light of
your truth into the dark areas of human experience.

Deepen our respect for everything you have made, and
help us to share in securing the maximum good of every
person who is alive in your world.

We ask this in the Name of your Son Jesus Christ,
who died for our sins, carries our sorrows, heals our
wounds,
and is risen for our freedom.
Amen

*from Jamberoo Abbey
a community of Benedictine Nuns in Australia
(via Facebook)*



Clare's Continuing Scottish Adventure To

continue the story of my Scottish adventures last September, after my visit to a Buddhist friend at Milntuim Hermitage near Comrie in Perthshire, kind friends offered to come and fetch me and take me back to stay with them near Edinburgh. When I mentioned that as a 12 year old I had spent two terms at a little private school in Callander when my family relocated to Scotland for a while, they suggested we take a route through Callander on our way back. I was delighted and hoped that we might find the building which had been the school but I did not have the address, though I did have a photo. When we stopped in the town and got out of the car, we saw an elderly woman coming towards us and



asked if she knew the house which had been Inverleny School. She knew the house and the present owner and



offered to take us there. As we entered the gate I was excited to recognise the building and the present owner just happened to be in the garden. She was very interested to see the photo and offered to show me inside the house which is now made into 5 flats. She showed me the entrance hall and her flat at the top. I was very

happy at the school which was owned and run by 2 sisters following the principles set out by the Parents National Educational Union, PNEU, which was founded in 1887 to provide resources and guidance for teachers and governesses. It had a very liberal approach to education, for instance the whole of Monday morning was given to art! We learnt Scottish songs, Scottish dancing and poems by heart, went for wonderful rambles in the countryside and learnt the names of the trees and plants. We even had our own little individual patches of garden to cultivate. It was one of the happiest times of

my life and definitely my best experience of school. Can you spot me?

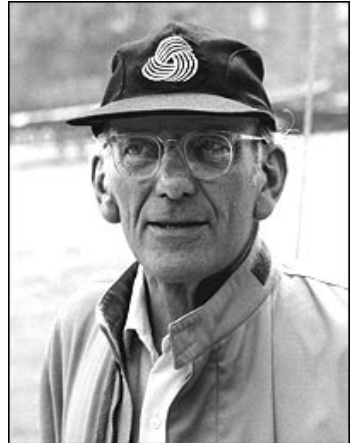
Clare Preston

In your Seventies

A Collection put together by Neil Fairlamb

Train your will to concentrate on a limited objective. When young you spread your effort over too many things....If your try fails, what does that matter?- all life is a failure in the end. The thing is to get sport out of trying.

Sir Francis Chichester after sailing round the world, 1966-7 in his 70th year



If I had known when I was 21 that I should be as happy as I am now at 71 I should have been sincerely shocked. They promised me wormwood and the funeral raven.

Christopher Isherwood

One virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

Oliver Goldsmith from The Vicar of Wakefield, 1761

I am getting to an age when I can only enjoy the last sport left. It is called hunting for your spectacles.

Lord Grey of Falloden, 1927 aged 75

It is difficult for a man of seventy-three to please the public....

Josef Haydn to his publisher Thomson in London

Here goes a man of seventy-four,
Who sees not what life means for him,
And here another in years a score
Who reads its very figure and trim.

The one who shall walk today with me
Is not the youth who gazes far,
But the breezy sire who cannot see
What earth's ingrained conditions are.

Thomas Hardy

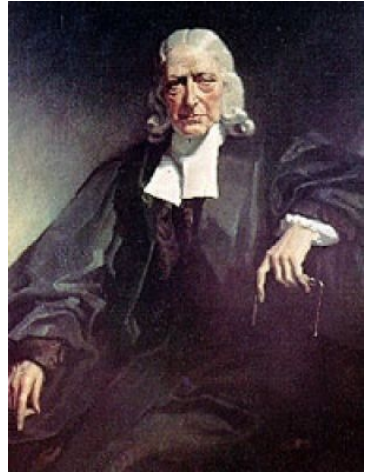
I have always admired the Esquimaux. One day a delicious meal is cooked for dear old mother, aged about 75 or 76, and then she goes walking over the ice and doesn't come back.....One should be proud of leaving life like that - with dignity and resolution.

*Agatha Christie,
Autobiography*



I can hardly think I am entered this day into the 78th year of my age. By the blessing of God, I am just the same as when I entered the 28th. This hath God wrought, chiefly by my constant exercise, my rising early, and preaching morning and evening.

John Wesley, 1777



I still exist, and still enjoy some pleasure in that existence, though now in my 79th year. Yet I feel the infirmities of age come on so fast, and the building to need so many repairs, that in a little time the owner will find it cheaper to pull it down and build a new one. *Benjamin Franklin, 1784*

Here I am, already on the eve of the fourth year of my pontificate and the age of 80, with an immense programme of work in front of me to be carried out before the eyes of the whole world, which is watching and waiting.

Pope John XXIII, 1961



80s and 90s to come- then the 60s!

A Winter's Tale



*'In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,....'*

Christina Rossetti, A Christmas Carol (pub. January 1872)

These lines from my favourite Christmas Carol always give me a sense of the romance of winter but as we experience the winter months with the discomfort of the biting cold, damp and dark days, it stirs me to look back at the winters of my past.

In my childhood, there was no central heating, a coal fire in the living room. We can all remember the beautiful Jack Frost patterns on our windows in the morning, extra blankets and coats on our beds. We had to put on our icy cold school uniforms, as my grandmother said if we warmed the clothes up by the fire, they would cool on our bodies and give us pneumonia.

The famous 1947/48 winter I narrowly escaped but I remember as a schoolgirl the bleak and snow-bound winter of 1963, when my grandmother came to stay at Christmas and did not leave until Easter. I recall this well because she shared my bed and was a triumphant snorer. Our schools kept open throughout, and the buses continued to run the three miles across the heath.

The 1976/77/78 winters we spent in Lincoln at the Theological College and living in the Cathedral Yard on top of the hill, the wind seemed to blow straight from the Ural Mountains in Russia. In the Cathedral the vergers would sit in small Greenhouses, warmed by oil stoves, and when we attended the Sunday Service, usually conducted in the Choir Stalls, huddled together, our new-born son would be swaddled in a cocoon and laid on the pew where he would sleep peacefully, amidst the incredibly beautiful choral singing.

During the snowy and difficult winter of 1981/82, I attended a Luton College course on the very first personal computers, and had my first experience of

driving in snow, without traction, and trying to avoid hitting other vehicles.

The lines from Keats' poem, *The Eve of Agnes*, chills me, reminding me of one cold frosty morning in November in the sacred environment of the El Axa Mosque in Jerusalem when we were instructed to remove our socks and shoes to enter the Mosque across an icy cold marble patio. This poem written for January 20, the eve of the Feast of St. Agnes, describing the winter night and the Beadsman, who said prayers on behalf of his benefactors;

'St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was! The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold; The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass, And silent was the flock in woolly fold; Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told His rosary, and while his frosted breath, Like pious incense from a censer old,..... His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man; Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees, And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan, Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees. The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze, Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails: Knights, ladies, praying in dumb oratories,

He passeth by, and his weak spirit fails To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.' John Keats, written 1819, (pub.1820)

As Epiphany approaches, there is the famous poem written in 1927 by T S Eliot, *Journey of the Magi*, (pub.

Faber and Gwyer) of the Wise men describing their journey to find the infant Jesus,

'A cold coming we had of it, Just the worst time of the year For a journey, and such a long journey: The ways deep and the weather sharp, The very dead of winter.'

We must be forever mindful of today's hazardous journeys taking place by refugees and migrants fleeing war, the destruction of their homes and hospitals, facing the cold winter in flimsy tents, and without enough food. Let us be ever grateful that winters in our country, in the twenty-first century, are spent in warmer homes and food more plentiful, with free medical services and a government who attempts to care for its citizens.

Barbara Driver

Buttocks!

Rob and I used to walk for miles. I now have arthritis, but have recently realised that what reduces my mobility is mainly pain in my lower back. Some days I have not been able to stand up without the back ache starting, let alone walking anywhere.

So, last week my GP made me an appointment with the physiotherapist. I went to see her on Friday, and by Monday – I walked down to the Glades and back without any back ache!

She looked at me, got me to move around, and felt my lower back, and told me that my problem lay in my glutes, the muscles in my buttocks, because I have been

leaning slightly forward. She gave me lots of possible exercises – but basically much of it comes down to repeatedly clenching my buttocks! I think I have been thinking of my bottom as a cushion. It is, in fact, an important set of muscles!

While I am sure I have some way to go, I am thrilled at my first outing to the Glades and back – after only three days of doing some of the exercises.

So, if you suffer with lower back pain, might I suggest trying to clench your buttocks from time to time. It might help!



Brandy Pearson (These are not mine!)



My Favourite Picture Postcard

The maker is unknown, but this splendid Victorian rocking-horse was gifted to a Mr Reginald Coppard of Rusthall in 1870; he was aged four.

The inscription reads:-

This beautiful restored rocking horse has been loved by thousands of children over the years. Made in the 1800s, the horse was a firm favourite with pupils at Rusthall Infants School from 1912 to 1984. On arriving in our Collection, it was restored, revealing the original grey dappled finish. The then Curator, Margaret Gill, remarked on its worn ears and side where "so many children have stroked it."

I was one of those children! I entered the village school aged five in 1954 and well remember it in the corner of the reception classroom with its painted blue rocker. Whenever I go to Tunbridge Wells I visit the Museum, where it has pride of place in the entrance hall, and I stroke it again...

Michael Hewit

Back cover picture

*Cecil Heatley in his Star Wars Suit
as MC at the Christmas Party*



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