

The Giant: the Brede & Udimore Parish Magazine—the little magazine with a punch—is the old magazine with a new look and substance.

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

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.



Our image of Sir Goddard Oxenbridge—the Brede Giant—features the friendly lion on which the feet of his tomb effigy are reposing. Showing a figure standing on a lion was a commonplace in high medieval tomb design. The lion has nothing to do with the red lion of the Oxenbridge coat of arms, but is perhaps an allusion to Psalm 91, v. 13: 'Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.'

Under the Vine

Dear Everyone,

Since the middle of August I've been dividing my time between here and my new home in Kibworth Beauchamp. In my brief visits during August I've been able to weed my garden and start moving my books (!) as well as making new friends and reconnecting with a dear friend from my first parish. I've also discovered from Win Lovejoy, who plays the organ for us monthly, that her own mother lived happily in the very same flat (Flat 10) where I shall be living from September 15th.

I'm really glad that the three PCCs agreed to spend August getting to know each other better by sharing worship in each of our lovely churches in

turn. We make quite an impressive gathering when we come together, don't we? It was very enheartening to show Bishop Will what a lively and vibrant benefice we can be, when he came to lead us back in July at St Peter and St Paul, and I hope Archdeacon Martin will meet the same sort of Tillingham Valley welcome when he comes to lead the United Service at St George's on September 21st, or the Brede Valley version thereof...



Now you go into the season of the Church's Year where one after another come all the special services where inviting the community in has most chance of success: Harvest, Remembrance, Advent with its carol services and Christingles, then Christmas itself. I am most earnestly praying that you will all support one another in making this a memorable and glorious Tillingham and Brede Valley Autumn, so that when the new Rector we are all praying for arrives, it will be to find a glowing and eager Benefice Family with plenty of good things to report. Don't sit on your hands waiting. You have so much talent and creativity when you put your resources together. God is giving you this time of opportunity, and the Holy Spirit to help you make the most of it. May it become truly a season of fruitfulness.

I leave with you my love and prayers, and many thanks for the time we have shared together. And also with this Under the Vine prayer:

O Christ, our true vine, may we your branches be ever fruitful in your service and share your love and peace with all your children in the power of the Spirit and to the glory of the Father. Amen.

Yours, with love, Sister Liz

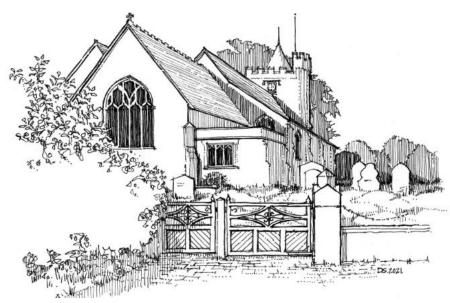
God-Speed, Sister Liz!

It is time to say a sincere thank you. Sister Liz Varley came into our parish almost two years ago as a house for duty priest. Liz has thrown herself into parish life, seven days a week. She has done far more than her duty demanded, immersing herself in village life, and supporting our schools and village organisations. We have a lot to thank her for.

Her obvious devotion and love for us all have shone during her stay with us, and we have all gained from her love and service in our villages. On behalf of all of us I want to say 'thank you'. Thank you for being with us, and for sharing your vocation with us. We will miss you, and wish you a happy and peaceful retirement.



Fr Bill Dolman



St George's Brede from the east. Drawing by David Sweeney

The Benefice of Brede with Udimore and Beckley and Peasmarsh

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hughpye@hotmail.com or 07484 709316

Udimore requires another warden. If you are interested in this role please contact Hugh Pye for further information.

TREASURER

Mr Harry Curtis (Honorary Treasurer) Fairlight View, Udimore Road UDIMORE TN31 6GB harry@ecooffice.com 07702 173839



September Services at St George's Brede

Sunday 7th 9.30 a.m. Parish Prayer and Praise Service

Saturday 13th 2.00 p.m. Wedding of Joshua George and Imogen Batt

Sunday 14th 9.30 a.m. Parish Prayer and Praise Service

Sunday 14th 3.00 p.m. (in Peasmarsh church) Special Evensong to

commemorate 50 years of The Prayer Book

Society

Sunday 14th 10.00 a.m. Benefice Eucharist, celebrated by Archdeacon

Martin Lloyd-Williams

Sunday 28th 9.30 a.m. Parish Prayer and Praise Service

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, St George's Brede

Little Giants, for toddlers (and their parents), will recommence on 11th September

Dragons, for primary school children (and their siblings), will recommence on 21st September.

For information regarding Flower Arranging and Brede Mothers' Union events please contact Rhiannon Oliver, 01424 882037

September Services at St Mary's Udimore

Sunday 7th 9.30 a.m. Parish Eucharist. The Revd Paul Messenger
Sunday 14th 10.00 a.m. Pet Service. St Mary's churchyard.

Refreshments afterwards

Sunday 14th 3.00 p.m. St Peter and St Paul, Peasmarsh. Benefice

Choral Evensong. This will be Sister Liz's

leaving service.

Sunday 21st 10.00 a.m. St George's Brede. Benefice Eucharist,

celebrated by Archdeacon Martin Lloyd-Williams

Sunday 28th 9.30 a.m. To be confirmed. Please check

www.stmarysudimore.org nearer the date

St Mary's Udimore Pet Service. Please join us for St Mary's annual Pet Service. This year it will be held in St Mary's Churchyard at 10.00 a.m. on Sunday 14th September. Please bring your pet to be blessed. Refreshments will be served afterwards. We will be providing some chairs but would appreciate it if you could bring a foldable chair if you have one.

The Revd Liz Varley's leaving service. This will be a Benefice Choral Evensong at St Peter and St Paul Peasmarsh at 3.00 p.m. on Sunday 14th September. Please join the Benefice in saying farewell to Sister Liz and wishing her well in her retirement, as well as thanking her for all her hard work whilst she has been House of Duty Priest in the Benefice. Sister Liz has been particularly helpful and generous with her time and knowledge during the interregnum. We will miss her.

4Charities Coffee Morning 10.30–12.30. Hall

Forthcoming Events, St Mary's Udimore

5th Sept

| 21st Sept | Benefice Service 10.00 a.m. St George's, Brede |
|-----------|--|
| 3rd Oct | 4Charities Coffee Morning 10.30–12.30. Hall |
| 5th Oct | Harvest Festival 11.15 a.m. St Mary's |
| 24th Oct | Harvest Supper 6.30 p.m. Hall |
| 7 Nov | 4Charities Coffee Morning 10.30–12.30. Hall |
| 9 Nov | Remembrance Service 10.45 a.m. St Mary's |
| 29th Nov | Udimore Christmas Fair 10.00–1.00 p.m. Hall |
| 30th Nov | Benefice Service 10.00 a.m. Location TBC |
| 5th Dec | 4Charities Coffee Morning 10.30–12.30. Hall |
| 14th Dec | St Mary's Carol Service 3.00 p.m. St Mary's |
| 24th Dec | Midnight Mass 9.00 p.m. St Mary's |
| 25th Dec | Christmas Day Service 11.15 a.m. St Mary's |

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 7-8.15 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

Planning an Event? – Looking for a Venue?

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 Thurs08.00–23.00 (max 15 hrs)£240.00Fri and Sat08.00–23.30 (max 15.5 hrs)£350.00Hire 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 September 2025

Sunday 7th September

Jeremiah 18: 1–11 Psalm 139: 1–5,12–18* Philemon 1–21

Luke 14: 25–33

Sunday 21st September

Jeremiah 8: 18 to 9: 1 Psalm 79: 1–9 1 Timothy 2: 1–7 Luke 16: 1–13

Sunday 14th September

Jeremiah 4: 11-12, 22-28

Psalm 14

1 Timothy 1: 12–17 Luke 15: 1–10

Sunday 28th September

Jeremiah 32: 1–3a, 6–15 Psalm 91: 1–6, 14–16* 1 Timothy 6: 6–19 Luke 16: 19–31

Brede Short Mat Bowls at Brede Village Hall

Resumes 15th September at the **new time** of 4–6 p.m. every Friday. All are welcome.

Friday 5th September

And the First Friday of the month

Drop In Friday

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100 Years Ago

Brede—the Lourdes of Sussex?

Brede Papers .- No. 5.

September and October, 1925.

THE CHURCH'S MINISTRY OF HEALING.

BREDE CENTRE.

Rector—Rev. CYRIL C, FREWER - The Little Rectory, Brede, Sussex.

*Telephone—Broad Oak 5 (through Hastings Exchange)

Secretary—Miss C. M. BIDDLE - - The Old Rectory, Brede, Sussex.

The arrangements for the next Services on Friday, October 30th, will be as follows:—

11 a.m.—Sung Eucharist, Thanksgivings, and Sermon by the Rector of Brede.

2.30 p.m.—Intercessions, Address, and Laying on of Hands for Healing by Rev. JOHN MAILLARD, Warden, Divine Healing Fellowship.

Copies of these Brede Papers are issued frequently and will be posted to annual subscribers of 1/- or more. Apply to local Prayer Circle Secretary.

In the 1920s, during the rectorship of the Revd Cyril Charsley Frewer, St George's became a centre of 'The Church's Ministry of Healing' and large numbers flocked to Brede to attend healing services.



St Bernadette's grotto, Lourdes.

A report in the local press in September 1925 captures something of the atmosphere of the services:

'DIVINE HEALING SERVICES

'Last Friday was another of the special days set apart in Brede for "prayerful consideration," and for the exercise of the Healing ministry. Numbers of clergy and laity came from neighbouring towns and villages and other counties, for both the Sung Eucharist at 11 a.m. and the afternoon service at 2.30. As the former service was specially one of thanksgiving, the Rector read extracts from letters and messages received from 20 grateful sufferers thanking God for physical benefits received after the laying-on of hands on June 12th. A large number of these letters, and many others too numerous to quote from, testified to great spiritual uplift and blessing received. In the afternoon the Rector conducted the service, and Mr. James Moore Hickson gave the ministry of healing through the laying-on of hands to about 100 sick people. Mr. Hickson later in the afternoon left for Ore Infirmary where a similar service was held.'

Ramblings

By Fr Bill Dolman

King Charles once said that he used to talk to trees at Highgrove, his country house, which I remember visiting many years ago (although he was not at home at the time). I decided to follow his example and last year spoke very sternly to my Victoria plum tree, because it had only produced four plums, which were eaten by the squirrels and birds. 'If you don't do better next year, you will be chopped down.' Obviously the tree did listen, because this year it is loaded, the plums beginning to turn colour as I'm writing this. The Cox's Orange apple tree next to it has gone on strike this year. There was a frost when the apple blossom was at its best, and that seems to have put an end to the fruit. I had spoken to the late Dick Dengate, the king of apple growers, in Peasmarsh last year, who used to supply big stores in South East England with apples, who advised me on gentle summer pruning, to keep the trees in good shape. He warned me that it would affect fruiting that year. He was absolutely right.

In my previous house I had planted a greengage tree, an egg plum tree, as my father called them, after their colour. The plums are always wonderfully sweet. The greengages you buy in shops—and you don't come across them very often—are always sold unripe, before they get their rich flavour. My greengage tree always attracted the wasps, who enjoy them more than we do. For amateur jam makers, plums and damsons contain so much natural pectin that getting a good set is no challenge to anyone.

It seems to have been a good weather year in this part of the world. The early rain gave plants and weeds a good start, although the long dry spell in July, while I was away, was, sadly, enough to kill one of my expensive standard Magnolia trees, which was in a large planter. I am looking round for something to replace it. Since I am always hungry, I may replace it with a patio fruit tree when Autumn comes. When I was a boy, we had a gardener from the council houses opposite, Bill Izzard, who developed a small orchard with espalier apple and pear trees round the edge, against the fence he had erected, in our garden. Sadly the fence and the trees didn't survive but the aged cherry tree in the centre grew and grew and is still covered with blossom every spring, but is so tall that no human being can reach any cherries left after the birds and squirrels have had their fill. I learnt that the grafted cherry had probably died, and all that is left is the sturdy and productive rootstock. Those were the years when cherries weren't grafted on to dwarf rootstocks, as they are today. It also explains why I have a number of small wild cherry trees at the edge of woods. Cherry wood burns magnificently in log fires but I don't have the heart to chop down my little trees.

I suspect that our farmers will be happy with the harvest, judging from the numbers of tractors and loaded carts passing my cottage this year. However, some of the fields have now been turned into vineyards for the winemakers. English wine has a very good reputation after a questionable start, and I was told that it is served on transatlantic airline flights, in First Class, a luxury level of travel that I have never reached. I also learnt that Taittinger, the French, family-owned champagne house, has bought acres of land in Kent, as the English climate is ideal for champagne grapes. They can't call the wine champagne, as the name is restricted to the Champagne area in France, near Reims. I understand that they sell four million bottles each year and have a mere fifteen million bottles in stock, which should be enough for very many weddings.



UDIMORE HARVEST CELEBRATIONS

Please join us for our Harvest celebrations

Harvest Festival

At St Mary's on Sunday 5th October at 11.15 a.m.

Followed by

Udimore Harvest Supper

Friday 24th October at 6.30 p.m.

St Mary's Community Hall

Fish and Chip Supper & Pudding (Bring Your Own)

Raffle

£15 Ticket (please pay before event to cover cost of Fish and Chips)

Tickets Celia Langrish: 07866 804489 or celialangrish@gmail.com

Funds to St Mary's Church



Out and About

By Gary Marriott

A flash of electric blue as he flew across the pond (not ours), a beautiful close sighting of a kingfisher, as he made for cover. Though he was quick, his long beak and orange underside could clearly be seen. He has made today a day to remember!

I have noticed that our garden is particularly busy with bird life in the early morning. This morning alone we were enchanted by a small flock of starlings flying around in formation—just for fun it would seem—before landing and pecking about for less than a minute, then flying off again around the trees. They were not alone: long tailed tits, great tits, blue tits, thrushes, blackbirds, linnets, and sparrows were all in their element and at the front a nuthatch. What joy these creatures bring to the day.

All my life I have been in awe of trees. I can remember times I have been transfixed in amazement by their shape and beauty, their flowers and fruits, or the wonderful way they age. Today was one of those days. In a field just behind Rolvenden churchyard there are two magnificent oaks, resplendent in leaf and acorn, such healthy specimens with their limbs outstretched all round them, as nothing is in their way. They are both several hundred years old, judging by the size of their trunks. One can only marvel at all those they have watched walking nearby along that footpath and the times they have lived through. Nearby lie Bridget Lushington and next to her John Dumbleton, who have been able to enjoy them since 1977. I wonder if they knew one another and enjoyed those two trees in life as much as me.

A softer blue than the kingfisher is the chicory flower. This tall, gangly plant is easily broken by the wind; did I really sow the seeds next to the dustbins? They are flowering again and what a sight. They attract strange little flies and have in their centre the most interesting little stamens which split into three at the top: so very delicate.

Speaking of delicate, I found a newt on my birthday, a whole spit deep under the rockiest, hardest, most inhospitable soil, as I was trying to plant a dahlia. I just saw his little fingers and arm in time to rescue him and bury him in a better place, I do hope he survives. He is a reminder of captivating moments earlier in the summer, watching by the pond, as scores of newts come up for air.

A Jersey tiger moth, with his black patterned back and orange underwing, is a visitor I had never seen before, but in July he suddenly appeared on the front lawn. Since then, Julian has seen one and so has Kathleen—surely that must be good news?



At the end of July, we counted twelve to fourteen dragonfly nymphs clinging to reeds on the pond. It seemed they wanted to make this leap into an airborne existence together, as they were all clinging to one or two plants at the end of the pond. You have to take a very close look before you realise they are merely a shell, as the young dragonfly has already broken free, but the detail that remains, including their clear bulbous, eyes is quite stunning. It is pleasing to know that a little garden pond has brought forth such wonderful insects.

And I have no room left to talk about the sea fret the other day!





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Sky, September

by Stephen Wrigley

West facing, I strike lucky on a weekday, In the evening of a windswept bleak day, Clouds with skylines playing hide and seek day Chance upon the sinking sun.

Earth journeys eastward to the near night. Atlantic weather surges on frontier night. What signal in the almost here night Will indicate our day is done?

Brilliant orange limb. The seldom seen flash In northern latitudes, elusive green flash Will either wink, or not—a might have been flash, Far horizon's gun.

No sign. But sudden glow suffuses sky. A curlew arcing seaward chooses sky To call to, then in parting wingbeat loses sky To sight, to me, to anyone.

14

Flying in Brede

by Lynne Bramley

While we are asleep, hundreds of moths are flying unnoticed outside our bedroom windows. Moths can be just as beautiful and colourful as butterflies, which everyone loves to see, but moths get a bad press for eating clothes. There is of course a moth that lays its eggs on clothes, and when hatched the larvae chomp away. The other baddie is the Box Tree moth, which is white with black edges and a white dot in the black edge, and is in the habit of having box hedges for supper. They have devoured a great

many hedges around here, so look out for it if you've still got some box left. But the other moths are harmless and doing a good job.

At this time of year it is not unusual for me to find up to a hundred moths in the morning, little and not so little fellows, nestling on the egg trays in the moth trap, having come to the light overnight. At the end of July and the beginning of August I was getting handsome male and female Oak Eggars. The accompanying picture is of a female (33-44mm long), the male being slightly smaller (25-34mm) and browner. They



Photo: Lynne Bramley, Oak Eggar moth

are delightful residents living on woodland edges and hedges.

Death's Head Hawk moth seems to be the one people have heard of; I've never actually seen one—but I live in hope. There are hundreds of moth species in all shades: orange, green, white, red, yellow, spotted, fluffy, decorated with lines or squiggles, with poetic names like Ruby Tiger, Dingy Footman, Small Magpie, Peach Blossom, etc. As the months and seasons change, so do the moths, and each day may bring a treasure to the trap.

16



Brede Farmers' Market

Every Friday - 10 'til 12

Come & support your local fisherman, food producers, and Crafters

Why not enjoy tea/coffee & fresh cake whilst there!

Lots of free parking available



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17

The Western notion of Consent

by Blake Larkin

A news story that has been fermenting in my mind is that of two Afghan asylum seekers accused of sexually assaulting a twelve-year-old in Warwickshire. It recalls 2016, when over 1,200 women were assaulted during Germany's New Year celebrations—most prominently in Cologne—where some survivors reported 'bearded, Arab-looking and Arabic-speaking' men committing various heinous acts. Closer to home, it echoes the Rotherham scandal, where at least 1,400 girls suffered abuse by Pakistani men while authorities stayed silent.

One quote, from Jean Raspail's dystopian novel *The Camp of the Saints*, circulating on my X-feed, captures the mood: 'Your universe has no meaning to them. They will not try to understand. They will be tired, they will be cold, they will make a fire with your beautiful oak door...'

Raspail imagined a West collapsing under unbridled mass migration from the Third World. In our postmodern age, the Western tradition—rooted in Christianity—is often dismissed as repressive. Yet one principle, distinctly Western and Christian, endures: consent, equally for men and women.

This idea predates Christianity. Roman law held 'consensus facit nuptias'—'consent makes the marriage'. While power sometimes corrupted this, Saint Augustine reaffirmed that marriage must be freely entered without intimidation. The Enlightenment extended the idea: Locke and Rousseau argued for 'the consent of the governed'. Over centuries, Western law corrected its own failings, from ending marital rape to condemning forced conversions, with Christian morality at its foundation.

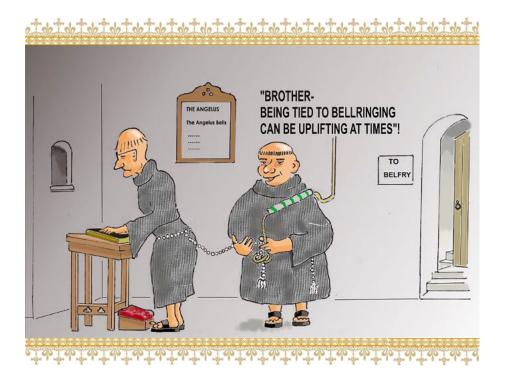
By contrast, Afghan society has not undergone any comparable reform. The Qur'an prohibits inheriting women against their will (4:19) and commands mutual consent in trade (4:29), but includes the caveat 'those whom your right hand possesses', thus excluding slaves and captives. Medieval Islamic jurisprudence often upheld the non-consensual sexual use of female slaves—whilst Aquinas, a contemporary, affirmed consent as a universal human right.

Though slavery is technically banned in Muslim-majority nations, coercive labour still exists. You only have to look back as recently as the shambles of the 2022 World Cup in Qatar. Moreover, the Qur'an prescribes no explicit punishment for rape. In Afghanistan, laws against underage and forced marriage, beating, rape, humiliation, and food deprivation were only enacted in 2010 under Hamid Karzai. Both of the Afghans charged in Warwickshire would have been eight years of age at the time. The year before, Shia Family Law required wives to have sex with their husbands at least once

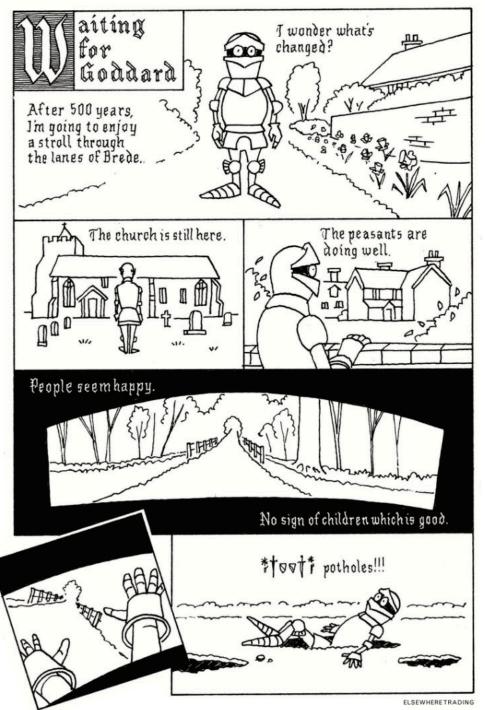
every four days, unless he was ill. Rape victims there are often punished or even killed, while rapists face little consequence. The Taliban's current traumatising rule only adds to Afghanistan's infamy for sexual violence.

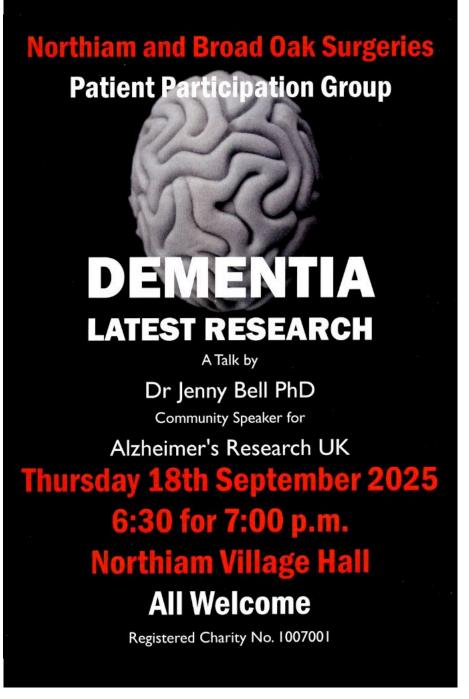
The point is clear: by law, Afghan Islam retains echoes of its earliest primeval norms, where rape could be part of the spoils of conquest and consent was reserved for the free—and the same is *de facto* the case in many Muslim-majority countries, where the same framework can still legitimise such crimes. Preventing their import demands not only law enforcement but rigorous vetting and genuine integration.

What matters is recognising that ideas such as consent have evolved in entirely different cultural 'petri dishes', shaped by distinct histories and values. No matter how globalised, our understanding of consent inhibits a different universe to that of the men who justify their sexual violence through primeval cultural and religious norms. Naïvety and ignorance of these facts at the Home office and Border Force will only ruin more innocent lives.



Cartoons: Mike Bone (above); Graham Johnson (overleaf)





Eat the Seasons September-Tomatoes

By Gill Potterton

If you grow your own tomatoes, you will know the delight of first seeing the tall plants festooned with bright yellow flowers, then laden with cascades of

ripening fruit. In my opinion, to pick and eat fresh tomatoes that have been nurtured and sun-ripened in your own garden, as opposed to those which have travelled hundreds of miles and spent months in cold storage, is to experience what real tomatoes taste like. Of course, you can seek out locally-grown tomatoes at markets or Farm Shops—old-fashioned varieties, including Ailsa Craig, Gardener's Delight, Tomato Rosada, and Sungold, all selected for their superb flavour. Happily, even the supermarkets are now responding to demand and promoting more British-grown produce.

If you should find yourself with a surplus of fresh tomatoes, here are some different ideas to make best use of them.



- Roasted tomatoes on the vine make an attractive accompaniment to hot or cold meats and are prepared in seconds. Place a bunch of tomatoes still on the vine on to a baking sheet and drizzle with olive oil and balsamic vinegar. Season with salt and pepper and sprinkle each tomato with Demerara sugar. Bake in a hot oven for 15–25 minutes (depending on size) until the skins start to split, then snip the vine with scissors between each tomato and serve with the dressing spooned over.
- —To make a Tomato Gratin, layer slices of beefsteak tomatoes in an ovenproof dish, sprinkled with chopped parsley, thyme, garlic, olive oil, salt and pepper. Bake for 35 minutes, basting occasionally with the juices, then top with breadcrumbs and Parmesan, and bake for 10 minutes more, until golden.

- —Tomato Marmalade serves well with oily fish such as mackerel or salmon, or with pork or duck. Simmer 1 cup of sugar and 1½ cups of red wine vinegar for 5–10 minutes until syrupy. Stir in 10 peeled, seeded, and diced tomatoes, 10 black peppercorns, 1 teaspoon of cumin seeds and the zest and juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon. Stir over a low heat for 20–25 Minutes until thick.
- —Whilst we may not have enough sunshine in England to prepare our own sun-dried tomatoes, 'home-dried' tomatoes are a very good second best, and a good way of using up a surplus. Cut tomatoes in half, place on a baking tray, cut-side up, sprinkle with salt, pepper, sugar, and olive oil, and bake at Gas 1 or 140C for 3 hours. These semi-dried tomatoes are soft and sweet, keep for days in the fridge, and are delicious in salads or just with bread and cheese. Fully dried tomatoes take 10 hours at 50C (simple in an Aga), and can be stored in a jar of olive oil.

Thank you to all those who supported my Afternoon Tea on 5th August. It was a lovely event and with your kind donations, the sum of £533 was raised, and forwarded to **Breast Cancer Now.**

Gill Potterton



The Rye & District Association of the National Trust

Established in 1980

Invites you to become a member and enjoy

Talks · Walks · Outings · Quiz Nights · Pub Lunches
Theatre Trips · Afternoon Tea · Fun Golf Day · Spring Lunch · Christmas Party

There's no need to be a member of The National Trust but through these enjoyable activities and with like-minded people you could help raise additional funds for the NT properties of Bateman's, Bodiam Castle, Chartwell, Ightham Mote, Scotney Castle, Sissinghurst, Lamb House, Smallhythe Place, The White Cliffs of Dover, and Winchelsea.



Please contact membership secretary Dee Williams: membershipryenationaltrust@gmail.com

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The House I Live In

by Mary Barrett

We found this house—my sailor husband and I—after two years of searching over a substantial chunk of southern England. We saw wrecks we could not possibly afford to do up, we saw houses that were going to be ruined by nearby developments (one was due to be drowned by what became Bewl Water), we were gazumped, we were let down by owners who decided not to sell after all. Then late one day in early spring of the third year of looking, we came across a pair of farm workers' cottages newly converted into one house. We peered through the ragged hedge at the view to the south, and promptly rushed off to the estate agents to put down a deposit. Oh, and also collect the keys so we could see inside the house we were proposing to buy.

Interesting viewing. Period house – tick! Attached garage –tick! Reasonable patch of land to turn into garden – tick! Beams, inglenook fireplaces – tick! Two reception, four bedrooms, kitchen, hall, cloakroom, bathroom – tick! Modern plumbing, ring main electricity – tick, tick! Therefore mortgageable. Big tick!



On the other hand... no floor coverings, just dusty concrete. No kitchen appliances, just a cooker point (tick!) and a sink unit: stainless steel double drainer (tick!) but nasty cheap joinery. Also nasty and cheap: doors, skirting boards, upstairs floors. Period windows gone—modern replacements—but they did let in the light, and the timeless view over the valley towards Fairlight made up for the lack of period charm. Modern power points, but not enough of them. Hideous mud brown paint on all exterior window frames and doors. Enormous gravel driveway occupying substantial part of land area. To sum up: habitable, but needs work. Lots of work.

We bought it. Then, my husband's leave was up and he went back to sea. And I moved in, and rolled up my sleeves.

These days there is YouTube if one needs to learn how to extend a ring main or plumb in a new sink. Back then it was a magazine called *Do It* Yourself. Most of the projects in it were not to my taste (to put it kindly) but the technical instructions were detailed and useful in helping one to avoid electrocution or flooding. I learned a lot of useful trades!

The Chinese have a saying: 'Finish not thy house lest thy life be done,' and at certain times I thought I would live forever. Every room in the house bar one was altered, reconfigured. We were lucky in that although the original cottages had been built in the 1700s, they were never listed, so we had to comply with building regulations, but not the much more demanding listed building consent. Kitchen and dining room became our living room, garage became kitchen, after we had built a new garage, old living room became dining room, downstairs cloakroom acquired a shower, upstairs bedroom and corridor became en-suite bedroom and bathroom, large third bedroom became bedroom and shower room. Outside we dug out most of the driveway, and, having been able, several years later, to buy some additional land, extended the garden. Oh, and actually planted everything in the garden.

So here we are now, some sixty years later, and there is still work to be done. Decor gets dated, things wear out, bits need replacing. Maybe I will live forever after all!



Moscow Memories

by Philip Marriott

We all know the wonder of adding colour to the past, we've all seen the marvellous (be it disconcerting) colour footage of soldiers during the First World War, thanks to the judicious help of computers and perhaps a little bit of luck. But over a century ago a pioneering photographer was already taking colour photos, which seen today bring those past days back with a vividness that's hard to describe. Sergei Prokudin-Gorsky, a Russian photographer in the 1910s, was sent to document the empire on the eve of the First World War, producing a time capsule enabling you to step into the past and almost breathe it in.



Simon Schama tells the story of how when a toddler he was told by his grandfather that when he was a toddler, he was told by his grandfather who in turn was told by his that he had seen barges loaded with the injured return from the Battle of Trafalgar. History shrinks at moments like these. But we do not need Simon's ancestor to show us a photo of an old man with a long beard, a writer who, when he was young, had been in the Crimean War of the 1850s: Leo Tolstoy. And we must remember that as we look at him in

glorious colour that it is the true colour of that day in 1913, not reimagined through the inventiveness of a computerized process. Look at Tolstoy as he was on that day 112 years ago, and then at people he may well have met—or not—the Emir of Bukhara, richly adorned in his blue silk caftan and turban, the Chinese foreman of a tea plantation in the Caucasus, the family taking a break at harvest time and eating their lunch in the shade of their cart... and I could go on. Look at faces in the true colour of that summer, which are the same faces you would see should you go to Russia now, and time falls away instantly.

About twenty-three years ago, at a small exhibition in the Moscow Institute of Architecture, I was amazed by these same photos. An exhibition not greatly advertised, one that I almost chanced upon. The Institute is housed in a modest building and is easily missed. But they put on a treasure that day. All the more surprising is the fact that these photos owe their survival and preservation to the tortuous path of history that took Prokudin-Gorsky away from Russia in the wake of the Revolution, with his precious negatives ending up, in the unlikeliest way, in the US Library of Congress. His glorious true colour photographs of a world and way of life gone forever are easily seen on the site of the Library of Congress. The photographer himself is buried in the Russian emigré cemetery of Sainte-Geneviève-des-Bois in Paris.

If you are tempted by this, then wonder at the views of a Russia untouched by revolution, largely unpaved, with the tallest and best buildings for God or the Tsar. See the bargeman's family: grandfather in his uniform, his son in his own, and his daughter in her own of a sort. See the three village girls bearing plates full of berries freshly picked (photograph on opposite page), and the men in the village workshop looking out of the shade on a hot summer's day, seen through their open doorway. With these images in mind, it's possible to go back to the biggest village of all-Moscow—and still see traces of the way it was in Prokudin-Gorsky's time. Now that you know what to look for you can see plenty of archways leading to the still quiet courtyards behind the shop fronts. You can visit the remaining churches, look around, breathe in the incense, the scene of scarfwearing babushkas crossing themselves in front of the icon and then bending close to kiss it... and closing your eyes and remembering his photos, imagine the street outside with the horse-drawn carts and carriages, the different street tribes, all with their distinctive clothing...

If you scratch any big city, you hope its older nature comes to the fore, and that is still true of Moscow.

Philip Marriott lived in Moscow for twenty years—he returned to England at the beginning of the Ukraine War.

Brede and Udimore Luncheon Club

At our July Meeting, chefs Spencer and Tracey served us a perfect lunch for a summer's day—quiche and salads with new potatoes and a delicious chocolate brownie sundae dessert.

A huge thank you to all the team at the Red Lion for the welcome we receive each month and for their cheerful and attentive service.

The Lunch Club meets on the fourth Tuesday of the month at 12.30 p.m. at the Red Lion, Brede. The next lunch is on Tuesday 23rd September. Please remember to inform me if you are not able to join us.

For information about the Club, please contact me on 01424 882007.

Frances Parnham

Brede Women's Institute

Our members have been out and about making the most of the summer days. We were delighted that, once again, Maggie Sandra invited us to enjoy a picnic in her lovely garden. This year's occasion had a special, combined VE and VJ Day theme. Patriotic bunting and flags decorating the gazebo set the scene for the afternoon. The many photos taken of the event, record just what a wonderful and fun time we all had. Our thanks to Maggie and her helpers for making our Picnic-cum-Commemoration so enjoyable and successful.

The ever popular Croquet Club, hosted by Sue McGavin and Marion Brunt, is still in full swing. The keen, competitive members continue to perfect their skills and seem to be ready for the Tournament in early September...

We look forward to meeting up again after our summer break, to 'Catch up and Chat' on Wednesday 10th September at 2.00 p.m. in Brede Village Hall.

The subject of the Competition is: 'A Money Box'.

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 3.00 p.m. All are welcome to join us and stay for refreshments after the services.

Meet-on-Mondays. Every week between 2.00 p.m. and 4.00 p.m. (except Bank Holidays).

A warm welcome awaits you! Join our friendly group for various activities; games, quizzes, crafts, discussions, swapping books, and then enjoy tea and cakes.

Wednesday Welcome. Starting in September, every Wednesday between 10 a.m. and 12 midday. Join us for coffee, teas, cakes and biscuits, a warm welcome awaits you.

Community. David Swales, our Community Lay Worker, has now linked with the Activities Coordinator at Roselands Care Home, and his weekly pastoral care visits have been welcomed by all.

David has also established contact with Emma Ashworth—Patients and Surgery Social Prescribing Coordinator—at the GP Surgery in Broad Oak. At Emma's request, David now visits an elderly and housebound couple in Northiam, offering regular pastoral care.

For further information about Trinity Methodist Church Broad Oak visit our website: www.trinitybroadoak.org.uk

Frances Parnham







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The Udimore Summer Fair at St Mary's Hall

Saturday July 26th

There was a wonderful atmosphere, which truly lived up to the phrase 'All the Fun of the Fair'! It provided a great day out for all the family, with something for the kids to do at the beginning of the long summer holidays, along with raising much-needed funds for the maintenance of St Mary's Church building and grounds. Fun came in the form of good old-fashioned fair games and competitions, including a Coconut Shy, Hoop-la, Hook-a-Duck, Splat the Rat, Welly Flinging, a Limerick Competition (see below), and Hobby-Horse Dressage, which was hilarious to watch and proved especially popular. There are simply not enough capital letters to emphasise the FUN everybody had playing those TRADITIONAL GAMES ...





Rockin' Reg and Gary Skipsey really set the atmosphere with their musical entertainment.

Matty Holmes and Ann Turnbull ran the plant and flower stall, which was a star attraction. Matty sends a big thank-you to Ann Turnbull, whose help and skill at putting the huge selection of flowers together contributed to a fantastic display of arrangements. She said it was a race against time but was thrilled that they were able to open the fair with a beautiful array of flowers making a glorious splash of colour. Matty also thanks all in Udimore who denuded their gardens in order to make this possible. She hopes their gardens will recover speedily.

Frank and Celia Langrish's local beef and lamb burgers just hit the spot, and as always were delectable and delicious!

The Ladies of the Village put on sumptuous afternoon teas with the usual array of superb homemade cakes.

The Harvey's Ale and Pimm's Bar flowed all afternoon and got rave reviews.

Most importantly, the weather held. A fine time was had by all, and the Fair was a great success! The Friends of St Mary's Church, along with the help of our PCC, raised the grand sum of £2,135.

Nicola Dealtry





Limerick Competition

There were a huge number of entries and it was a hard job to decide on a winner—hence a Runner-Up and a Special Mention

The Winner: Amanda from St Leonards-on-Sea

There was a young woman from Rye Who always believed she could fly. She tried on some wings And more feathery things But she still couldn't stay in the sky

Runner-up: Matty

A lovely young girl from Henleaze Was practising on the trapeze When asked 'won't you fall?' She said 'no, not at all!' And promptly came down on her knees

Special Mention: Jasmine and Ollie

Jasmine and Ollie were quite the pair
They spent tokens very quickly all about the fair
They played hook-a-duck
And won a coconut
Now are sitting writing limericks on this chair



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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 October-May

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/£10 for non-members – including refreshments.



Talk | Smallhythe Place Thursday 18 September



This talk takes place at Smallhythe Place.

Nicci Obholzer, will meet us in the theatre to give us an illustrated talk about the history of the Barn theatre chairs, and the fascinating people who sponsored them in the early 1930s. The biographies of these chair sponsors convey an international and natural history of the early twentieth century.

Outing to Rochester Tuesday 23 September



This special excursion includes a 90 minute **Blue Badge walking tour of Rochester** taking in all of the historic sites. There will be time afterwards for further exploration, plus an opportunity for a leisurely lunch before boarding the coach back to East Sussex. This Rochester City visit will be £32.00 per person including the guided tour and gratuities.

Theatre | Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury Wednesday 20 May 2026





The year is 1943 and we're losing the war. Luckily, we're about to gamble all our futures on a stolen corpse. **Operation Mincemeat** is the fast-paced hilarious and unbelievable true story of the twisted secret mission that won us World War II. Don't miss out on this miraculous musical comedy sensation. The cost for the theatre ticket and coach is £86.00 per person.

SOME FUTURE EVENTS TO ADD TO YOUR DIARY: Walk: Bull Inn, Benenden: Thursday 11th September | **Annual Quiz evening:** Wednesday 22nd October

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

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PARISH GIVING SCHEME

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Rear cover by Graham Johnson

Old Sussex words

their modern translations



Fluttermouse

Bat