

BROMLEY & SHEPPARDS COLLEGES



Herald

February 2024



Welcome

Dear Collegians and Friends,

January can seem to last for months, and Christmas is beginning to seem a long time ago, so I hope you enjoy our pictures of Christmas celebrations here in the college. More recently, we came together to celebrate Bernard Fray's 80th birthday after his return from India.



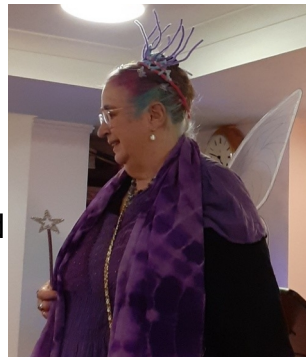
However, even in January, little flowers bloom, like the blossom in the photo on the front cover, and the snowdrops in Herefordshire, snapped by Paula Dudley, and green shoots are poking up through the soil and old leaves around our grounds. Could it be that spring is on the way?

Our deadline for the March Herald, is Saturday February 24th. Please send contributions to me, preferably by email to:

therevvedbee@hotmail.co.uk

As ever, thanks to Jo, for printing and delivering the Herald each month.

Brandy Pearson
(as Fairy Godmother)



Our Collegians Christmas Party

On the afternoon of Friday December 15th, we came together for a Christmas Party/ Many came in costume, as their favourite pantomime character, including a Pantomime Dame (Thanks to Michael Hewitt).



There was a Sing-a-long and much entertainment and a surprise visit from Father Christmas who brought presents for all, as we were all on the Nice List!

Thank you to everyone whose hard work brought this all about!

Photos by Clare Preston and Paul Allton





Harp Recital

Thanks to collegian Roy Nicholson, our College Chapel hosted international harpist Keziah Thomas for a most beautiful and enjoyable recital on 13th January. Such was her technique, that the familiar strains of Vivaldi's Four Seasons (Keziah's own arrangement) sounded like an orchestra in full flight - but that was just



the prelude to Tournier's Allegrement, in which Keziah's performance displayed the amazing versatility of the harp.

A mixture of popular and lesser known pieces revealed even more dexterity, and the ability of a virtuoso to adapt the harp even to modern jazz!

Alongside Keziah, our own harpist, Roy, played Susan McDonald's "On Vacation" and a visitor, Jane Harding, played another piece by Tournier.

What a treat on our doorstep - like being at the South Bank! A nearly full chapel meant an opportunity to support "Breathe".



Our thanks to Keziah for an altogether wonderful afternoon.

Michael Keen

Have you ever wondered what 123 wrapped socks and chocs might look like?



One December afternoon Janet, Sue, Fiona and Janet met in the Common Room and wrapped 123 pairs of socks (2 sizes of socks in 2 different thicknesses) round 123 small bars of chocolate, finishing off with Christmas wrapping paper which Peter cut. 123 pieces of paper in 4 different patterns.

Whitechapel Mission sends their thanks to those who contributed socks and those who wrapped them.

Sue Morris

Things English Speakers Know, but don't know we know

Adjectives in English absolutely have to be in this order:
opinion – size – age – shape – colour – origin – material
– purpose Noun.

So, you can have a lovely little old rectangular green
French silver whittling knife, but if you mess with that
word order in the slightest, you'll sound like a maniac.

It's an odd thing that every English speaker uses that
list, but almost none of us could write it out. And, as size
comes before colour, green great dragon's can't exist.

Burnt Copper on Facebook – shared by Brandy Pearson

College Christmas Lunch

A big thank you to Sue and Peter for all their hard work.
While twelve of us enjoyed our Christmas meal, on New



Years Eve, 24 of us celebrated again, both occasions
with big thanks to Sue and Peter. Thank you for your
thoughtfulness and care.

Janet Heatley

My trip to India

I left to fly to my daughter's home in Bangalore (now known as Bengaluru), where she works for Shell oil. My son-in-law is retired from the army and after collecting my grandson from boarding school at Sedbergh in Cumbria, we flew out together via Amsterdam, to mum in south India. Each school holiday dad and son go to mum, but it was my first visit there.

The family lives on a golf-club estate of 250 beautiful homes, each having good views of the golf-course .The club house produces super food for every occasion. I'm sure that Hollywood would be the sort of place with which to compare the estate . Each house has its own



swimming pool, and the temperature for the whole of my stay was bright sunshine from dawn till dusk, and short - sleeved shirts for all occasions. To sit outside for a meal on Christmas Eve at the club , as Midnight struck , felt rather odd but very beautiful. Ditto for New Year's Eve. It felt rather strange and not at all like the December I have always known.

Once out of the area and onto the main road, was chaos. It seemed to be a free for all....drive where you want....but thankfully my daughter has a driver to take her to and from work. There are thousands of scooters and tuk-tuk "bikes" rather like the ones that tourists ride in, on Oxford Street, but not decorated, and merely a way of escaping the old buses, whose life-span ended many years ago, but which are grossly over-packed with people hanging out of the doors etc.

All along the main road are the shacks of the local people, some selling fruit and



vegetables; others selling basic needs but all in total chaos and with rubbish piled high everywhere. There seemed to be no refuse collection. Amongst all the mess there was a temple, brightly coloured and very clean and colourful in complete contrast to the surrounding streets and homes. Yet the people seemed happy and clean. How, I have no idea, but their smiles were warming to a visitor such as myself. There is no way I would want to drive, and many is the time I closed my eyes, as we had to swerve to avoid a cow sleeping in the road or merely walking slowly along the highway, with monkeys often enjoying a ride and ready to steal from unsuspecting passers by such as an English tourist.



We took a 1000 mile flight north to Agra to see the Taj Mahal. It was much bigger than I had expected but

truly breathtaking in its beauty and its carvings. I had seen pictures of it many times, but to actually stand there was really special. Little wonder it is now one of the Wonders of the World.

As always , I am struck by the beggars who go from car to car hoping to get money to exist for a meagre lifestyle. The lovely children who can't go to school because education is not free and the family hasn't money to pay for them to learn to read, worried me. It was the one thing that upset me. We complain about our lot in life, yet we have everything and complain about the slightest upset. Yet those little ones, have nothing ; live in squalor ; and exist merely to survive another day amongst traffic fumes and rubbish and filth. So sad.

I have returned refreshed and full of gratitude for the lovely Indians I have met and can never forget ,but at the same time, my heart goes out to the ones who have nothing at all. It is difficult not to compare standards. We each of us know what comfort is and we worry when we see so many with no comforts at all. To get involved with such people for just a short time was impossible and I find it hard to ignore what we call a plight. They know nothing better, yet seem happy in their simple lives. I just wish I knew how to set about helping to change their outlook so as to benefit future lives in that area. It is a question that we in the west do not understand until we see it with our own eyes. I pray to

MY God, to help them find a solution to that huge problem and to make their lives better .

Photos:

- 1. A very comfortable home to spend a birthday in.*
- 2 . visiting a holy shrine nearby to home in Bangalore.*
- 3 The family at Taj Mahal, 1200 miles from Bangalore (the family home).*

Bernard Fray

Bernard's 80th Birthday Party



On his return from India, Bernard and his family put on a party for all of us collegians, and a splendid time was had by all!



Photos by Paul Allton

Linda's Bulbs

Spring is on its way!



"The Way"

Ten years of our walk around the college grounds.

I thought I would put together an article for 'The Herald' on the walk - which we originally called 'The way'.

So I'm writing to some of the people who have used it over the years. It came into its own

during Lockdown, when for many it was the safest means to get exercise.

Suggestions over the years have included Prayer Walks, Rogation Walks and (portable) Stations of the Cross.

We have never got round to establishing sitting points for those who need to do the walk in stages, possibly the most important thing that needs doing.

I would like to get a meeting together soon to discuss this and how we can generally improve the walk, but thought that first it would be good to get people talking about it.

Would you be prepared to write a few words, or a paragraph, on your experiences of using the walk, for me to include in my piece for the Herald?

Best wishes

Michael Keen

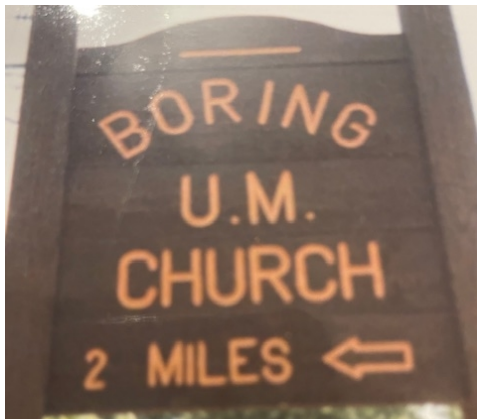


Christmas is for the birds too!

Janet Heatley took this photograph of the tree that Maily-Clare turned into a Christmas tree for the birds, with apples and red peppers hung from its branches, very festive!



Brandy Pearson



Let's hope this is a place name!

Discovered and snapped by Gillian Carberry

Mysterious mushrooms, or fairy fungi?

A week or so ago, the Council had to dig up the ground outside the Slip Gate, as there was a leak in the pipe that was flowing down into our garden.

Whether it was coincidence or not, a few days later, we saw these growing under the tree in that area. They might look like polystyrene packing, or even teeth (!) but they were, in fact some kind of fungi!

They disappeared very quickly, before anyone could find out their name...



Brandy, with photo by Alex Pearson

Mary Kemp's Legacy

Although Mary Kemp no longer lives here at the Colleges, we are reminded of her beautiful knitting skills during the Christmas season, especially enhanced by Paul Jenkins settings.

Photos by Paul Allton



Valerie's Amarylis

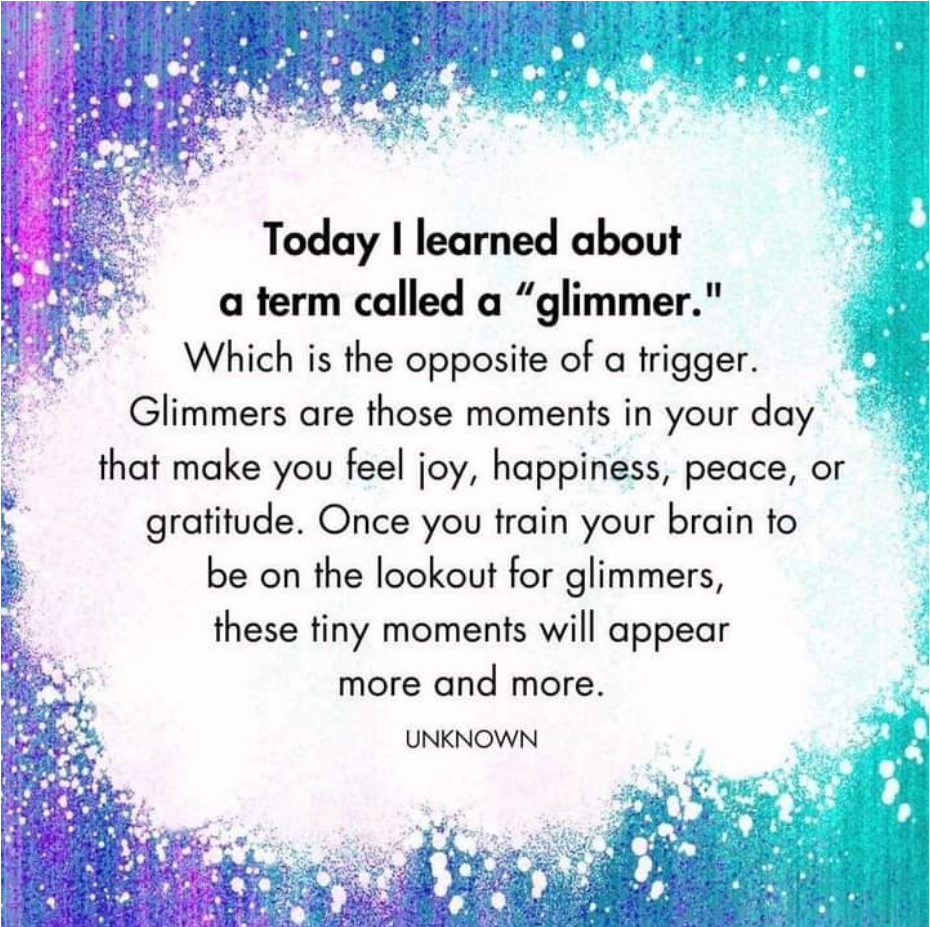
Barbara gave Valerie an amarylis bulb, which grew and grew and grew.

Would it ever bloom?

Yes!

*Photo by
Valerie Pearce*





**Today I learned about
a term called a "glimmer."**

Which is the opposite of a trigger.

Glimmers are those moments in your day that make you feel joy, happiness, peace, or gratitude. Once you train your brain to be on the lookout for glimmers, these tiny moments will appear more and more.

UNKNOWN

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