

BROMLEY & SHEPPARD'S COLLEGES



Herald

July/August 2025



Welcome

Dear Collegians and Friends,

As I look out of my window, I can see dahlias beginning to bloom and sunflowers, which seem to grow so ridiculously quickly!



During this month or so, we have celebrated Paul Jenkin's 50th anniversary of his ordination, and Janet and Cecil Heatley's 60th Wedding anniversary. A lovely photo of the happy day is reproduced on the back cover. When my daughter saw Janet's glasses, she became quite envious! Fashions so often come around again! Over £840 were collected to be shared between the Southwark Day Centre for Asylum Seekers, and the Friends of Bromley and Sheppard's Colleges.

Clare and Michael Hewitt visited Grantchester. One of Clare's photos of the parish church is on the front of the Herald.

The next Herald will be for September and the deadline is Saturday August 30th. 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*

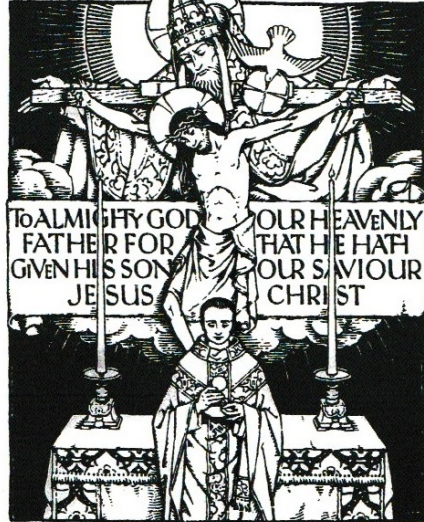
Paulos' Golden Anniversary

For the 50th Anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, Paul Jenkins sent everyone this fine invitation.

He presided at the Holy Eucharist on Sunday morning on June 29th, followed by a celebratory party in the common room.

Photos by Yvonne Fairlamb

WHEREFORE IT IS OUR DUTY TO RENDER
MOST HUMBLE & HEARTY THANKS



NOT ONLY TO DIE FOR US BUT ALSO
TO BE OUR SPIRITUAL FOOD AND
SUSTENANCE IN THIS HOLY SACRAMENT





Janet and Cecil's Diamond Wedding Anniversary

The celebration of Janet and Cecil's 60th Wedding Anniversary on July 10th began at the Coffee Morning, where they shared with us all the congratulatory card from the King and Queen.



At 2.30 in the afternoon, there was a service of blessing, led by Valerie Pearce. The reading was by Bruce Piper, who was their Best Man from 60 years ago. Revd Christ Davies read Sonnet 116 by William Shakespeare, Revd

Roger Bristow led the Prayers, but the high light was undoubtedly Cecil and Janet, telling us all their own story. They make such a great double act. No wonder they have stayed together so long!

There were guests from many parts of their life, friends and people and clergy from many parishes. The whole service was streamed to their son Paul in California (who had to get up at 6am to watch it!)

After the blessing by Valerie, Valerie McMillan and Keith Abbs very fittingly played "Spread a Little Happiness". They were photographed by Paul Allton, as they left the chapel, with Valerie behind them.



Then, they crossed the Old Quad, to plant two rose bushes in front of their new flat.

This was followed by a splendid party in the Old Quad, with lots of lovely food and cakes. It was a great day in the sunshine and a real celebration of their life together.



*Brandy
Pearson
Photos by
Paul Allton*



From the Astonishing History of Liz

from "Father Potter of Peckham" by the Rev. Canon George Potter, illustrated by la Vatine 1955

Now that I am talking about girls and about humour, I must add the astonishing history of Liz.

I first met her on a Sunday afternoon at catechism, when she and a small friend sailed down the centre isle of the church on scooters. I

remonstrated mildly, but there was an impish glint in her eyes. "Is this the usual way you arrive in church?" I asked. "I ain't never been afore!" she answered. I was to see a lot of Liz during the next ten years. She was twelve then.

A year or so later, when I called at the police station about midnight to report a boy missing from our hostel, I heard a shout from the cells, "Is that you, Farver? "These ----- have locked me up!" The Station Sergeant grinned and said, "I had to put her inside. This is the third time we have found her wandering about late at night, and she's only a youngster!" I agreed, and asked to see her. Then I learned that she could not get to bed until her brother, who was on night-shift, vacated it. I took her to her home. The father and mother were not even a little disturbed. The father just clouted her and she went to bed. After this incident she practically lived in the church and made herself very much at home. On one

occasion, in fact, I found a note on the altar stating quite briefly, *Sorry I've been a trouble to you, I've run away.* - Liz. At the same time I noticed that two of the candles from the altar had vanished. During the night parents and police joined me in searching the church, halls and crypt, but she seemed to have disappeared entirely. Next morning, when I went to ring the Angelus, I heard a soft shuffling above the ceiling. I climbed up into the belfry, and looking along over the roof-beams, I saw the dull flame of a candle. I called, and eventually a meek voice answered, "What are you going to do to me if I come down?" As she had been sleeping in four inches of medieval dust, I suggested that a wash might be a good thing. "I ain't 'arf 'ungry!" she said...

About a year after this the plush curtains inside the church porch had disappeared; but as I left the church, I heard a voice calling, "Farver! Farver!" and looking up at the battlements on the roof I saw Liz's head. I climbed up, via the belfry, and found her stretched out in the gutter, covered by the plush curtains. She cried a little and told me how she had been bullied at home. Well, it was a warm July, for so a day or so she stayed there, and I took her some food. It was quite a holiday for her...

Once, when she called on me to tell me her father had knocked her down, I, without thinking what I said, told her to knock him down – it might do him good. She left me, only to return later to tell me that she had done as I suggested. She had hit him – with a shovel...

Where is she now? The last time I saw her she looked very smart in Service uniform, just home on leave, and we laughed over some of the above escapades.



A Jockey and a Missing Gnome

This is Richard Martin, a jockey in one of the races at St. Ed's Nottingham Race Night.

Gill, Richard and I were coerced into the clergy race at the end. I don't think I really got the hang of winding the string.



Richard won the gnome which went AWOL in the raffle.

Christine Latham

Founder's Service Prayer

I was particularly struck this year by the beautiful prayer at the end of our Founder's Day Service. I read it again recently when I came across the order of service under a pile of other papers I had kept, and thought how appropriate it is for people living together in community. And of course the message of peace is especially relevant in today's world.

Lord God, Father of all, we your children are all members of the same human family, your family.

Help us to accept your peace, to be at peace with ourselves and to live in peace with others.

Help us to seek wisdom and justice in all we do.

Help us to be more understanding and compassionate when dealing with others, to be ready to forgive when wronged, to be willing to love when hurt and to strive for harmony and peace.

Amen.

Clare Preston



An Expedition to Grantchester

Michael Hewitt and I had a successful expedition recently to Grantchester, the village near Cambridge made famous by Rupert Brooke's poem, which ends:

*'Stands the Church clock at ten to three
And is there honey still for tea?'*

Well we got to the church an hour early as you can see from the church clock and we didn't have tea but we did have a snack at the Orchard Tea Garden which is next to Orchard House where Rupert Brooke once lodged. He also stayed in the Old Vicarage near by. The house is now owned by Jeffrey Archer.

Rupert Brooke liked to take a plunge in the river at the bottom of the garden. From the Orchard Tea Garden we walked back to Cambridge along the river through Grantchester Meadows where we passed groups of students lying about along the banks. A few were swimming but the water looked rather murky.

It is now easy to get to Cambridge without having to go into London by catching a Thameslink train from Blackfriars. I hope to go again.

Clare Preston





The Orchard Tea Garden





The Old Vicarage



Punting
on the
Cam

Rupert Brooke

Rupert Chawner Brooke was an English poet known for his idealistic war sonnets written during the First World War, especially "The Soldier". He was also known for his boyish good looks, which were said to have prompted the Irish poet W. B. Yeats to describe him as "the handsomest young man in England".

Wikipedia



When I was a good deal younger, I met a very old lady who had known Rupert Brooke in her youth, and also thought him to be the most handsome young man she ever met.

Brandy Pearson

Moans and groans

When we feel cross and feel we have cause

To complain, let's pause

And talk with the person concerned.

We all have things we can do

To make it easier to live together.

Perhaps like me, you have too.

Christine Latham.



Janet and Cecil's Wedding Day

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