

Welcome to **issue 11** and thank you for kind comments on last week's feature on what children have been doing in the lockdown. This week sees the start of a new theme - 'what brought you to Nottingham and the life you've experienced since you came here'. Before that though, there are some responses to earlier themes which were delayed in the post!

Jim Thomas, one of our elder members writes, "On the question of exercise, I wonder whether readers are aware of an area of countryside on the edge of Chislehurst, which is managed by the National Trust. Here are the details: proceed to the Tiger's Head on Chislehurst Common. Walk down the lane at the side of the pub and after a short distance there's another lane on the left which leads to the NT land and a map of the available walks. The circular, mile long walk is not difficult and the short steep section is easily managed. Alternatively, set off from the start point in a clockwise direction and turn left onto the path that leads to the monument to the founder of British Summer Time. Follow the path out of the clearing and in due course you will hear traffic noise (to the left) from traffic on the Chislehurst to Orpington road where you can catch the 61 bus back to Chislehurst (don't forget your face mask!). Detailed information is available at www.nationaltrust.org.uk/pettswoodandhawkwood. Finally, why is the lane at the side of the Tiger's Head called Botany Bay?"



Ann Pilcher is keeping connected! as her recent letter from Yorkshire recounts:

Nearly three years ago I decided to leave London and move to Driffield, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. The reason was mainly to be nearer to my brother, who lives just outside York. Driffield, a small market town of about 13,000 people, and which until recently held a weekly cattle market, is known as the 'capital of the Wolds' – these are a crescent of rounded chalk hills interspersed with steep, glacial valleys having the Humber estuary and the North Sea as its southern and eastern limits. The town is 29 miles east of York and 23 miles north of Hull. In 2019 the *Sunday Times* listed Driffield as one of the 'Best Places to Live in Northern England'.

When I first moved here, both the front and back gardens were very plain. In front it has been put down to gravel – here I planted a Kilmarnock (miniature) weeping willow in the centre and put tubs along the front of the house. These are planted up twice a year – tulips, then purple trailing petunias and lemon tagetes for the summer.

The back garden (approx. 8m wide and 9m long) had a lawn sloping down towards the house, with a large terrace at the top, the high end. During one of my stays in Scarborough Hospital with pneumonia during the first winter, I sketched out the draft of an Islamic-style garden – or maybe a garden with Islamic influences would be a better way of putting it. Such a garden is usually planned with four quarters constructed round a central pool or fountain.

On the back and two sides of the terrace we erected a series of pointed arches, in which stand tall terracotta pots, planted up. On what was the lawn, there are four octagonal raised beds, also planted. In the centre there is a square of Islamic ceramic tiles, on which sits a copper-coloured sphere, which is a fountain. On the right, as you look from the house up to the terrace, there is now a path and a pergola, which has been planted with my favourite clematis, jasmine and honeysuckle. There are solar fairy lights all along the top of the pergola and some solar lanterns.

Another Islamic element is shade. The fig tree I bought will I think take several decades to grow big enough, so with the vouchers which you all so kindly sent me I am going to buy another tree – possibly a tamarisk. A plastic greenhouse in the drive (for growing on all those plug plants), together with many automatic watering systems, sundry tables, chairs and hanging baskets, complete the picture.

Next time, some history and the new dog!

Love and best wishes to you all – keep safe. Ann Pilcher -

P.S. Re Covid 19: I am in the 'highly vulnerable' group and

so have been shielding since 21 March, with no end in sight. At least I can sit in the garden and read! (*Thank you Ann and lovely to hear from the Compiler of Crossways, the ex Parish Magazine - Ed*)



Mary Houlston has recounted her WW2 memories to Imogen as follows: In 1939 I was 8 years old. My brother was 10 years older than me, but he had died of cancer at the beginning of 1939. My mother hated the house after he died, so we moved.

And then came the war. The bombing was intense in Birmingham because of all the industry there. My parents thought I was at risk so they sent me away to an Aunt.

My father's sister was much older than him. They lived in a little village called Bideford-on-Avon, in Worcestershire and they were very elderly and old-fashioned, almost Victorian. Her husband had an orchard and chickens, and went out on his bike every day. She kept the cleanest house you've ever seen. There was no school and I had no other children to play with, so I absolutely hated it. My parents visited me on weekends and I used to beg them to take me home.

One particular weekend, they relented. They came to get me but when we arrived back to our house in Birmingham, it was rubble. Had we been there we probably would have been killed. I can still see my mum and dad standing there just looking at this heap of bricks. We had only what we stood up in. There was a part of a wall still standing, with my father's bookshelves there against the wall, the floor had fallen away and the room was completely open to the elements. He looked up at those books and was more worried about them than any of the furniture or anything. The house had to be completely demolished as it was dangerous, I think the only thing that was retrieved was the upright piano.

After that we went to the home of anybody who had a room we could sleep in. Dad continued to go to work, and we eventually settled somewhere and I went back to school at the local primary. Then it happened again, we turned up to school one day and found a heap of rubble. They decided between the parents and teachers that they would form little groups and school us in the home of anyone who had a room that could take about 6 people and a teacher.

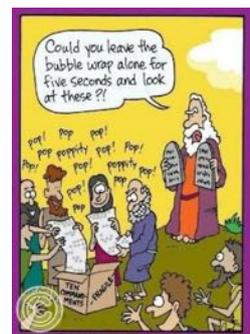
By this time I was coming up to the 11+ and could just about read and write because everything had been so disrupted. So my Dad took my education in hand, and I passed the 11+, going on to a convent school near Edgbaston. I wasn't old enough to be called up during the war, I was 14 when it finished. I had planned to join the WRENS when I was 18 but Mum was never going to let me.

My VE Day memories aren't so clear except that everyone went absolutely mad – tea parties all over the place, and parties out in the street.

My mother was absolutely mad about Vera Lynne. I recently bought her new record, she's 103! It made me very emotional to listen to it. It brought back such strong memories, and I can still remember the words to all these songs we listened to in the war.

G Geoff Howard is working on his next piece for Keep Connected! Geoff will painstakingly type this into his iPad with his left hand. He is unable to use his right hand properly since suffering a stroke last year but uses an iPad exercise app to improve his grip. Beverley is now able to help Geoff into the car and they are now looking for a suitable powered wheelchair to give Geoff greater mobility. Geoff's humour is as good as ever, as you can see from these two cartoons from the 'Wholly Holy Humour' selection he sent me recently!

(*Thanks Geoff and keep them coming! We look forward to seeing your next contribution in due course - Ed*).



Revd **Tim Ndegwa** is leaving the Parish of Mottingham today. **Kay Ash, St Alban's churchwarden** pays tribute: "Revd Tim, his wife Carol and son Gad have only been at St Alban's for eight or nine months, but in that short time they've had a very positive effect on the church and congregation. Tim has served the congregation so well and has been able to build a rapport with us, both as a group and as individuals. We are thankful for his leadership and service.

His messages to us on Sundays, his enthusiasm, his good humour, the way he has quietly led us, has been inspiring and I hope this will help us all to live life with a more Christian outlook in the future. As well as having a positive effect in spiritual matters, Tim has also put time, enthusiasm and energy to use in so many practical ways, involving himself in day to day church activities: meeting groups that hire the hall; visiting Greenacres as parent and priest to cement a friendship between church and school; revamping and decluttering the church office and sacristy, as well as carrying out many other small repair jobs.

In addition, Tim has been instrumental in acquiring an up to date laptop and installing WIFI throughout the church and hall, which has proved invaluable, especially during the current COVID-19 lockdown. Carol is a nurse working full time with the NHS and being a key worker has prevented her from being at some Sunday services, but when available she sat at the children's table entertaining Gad and the other youngsters.

I am sure Tim will make a great Chaplain. The move to Portsmouth is a positive move for him, his family and the Royal Navy, but it is our loss and we will miss him, Carol and Gad very much indeed."



Revd Ian's tribute to Revd Tim and family

Strength in facing the current grave challenges of the pandemic crisis comes through a sense of connection and unity founded in the love modelled by the divine Trinity. Applied in human social life, this love promotes respect for the dignity and rights of people of all races, backgrounds and nations. Christians are called to be loving, kind and gracious in embodying this respect. These qualities have been very evident in the ministry and family life modelled by Revd Tim, Carol and Gad in the time we have been privileged to share with them, especially in these last 9 months, during which Tim has taken responsibility for St Alban's. We give thanks for all the gifts they have brought to this parish; they will be greatly missed and we wish them every joy and blessing as Revd Tim takes on his new ministry as a Royal Naval Chaplain, and the family prepares to move to Portsmouth.

(Good luck in your new role Tim and do keep connected! - Ed)

Christian Aid Week Update Please visit our website for reports of the fundraising activities and to donate (all the direct links are on the home page News Alert strip). Please encourage your friends and neighbours to donate. The fund is open until 16 August 2020 and the total stands at £2,925 - tantalisingly within reach of £3000. Here's the link - <https://www.justgiving.com/team/st-andrews-mottingham>.

Mottingham Food Bank - A reminder that the Food Bank is open for donations of tinned and and packaged food, toiletries and household essentials e.g. washing-up liquid. Contributions to St Edward's church hall from 9:30am to 1pm Monday to Saturday or to the Kimmeridge Road Co-op deposit box (near the checkouts). Otherwise phone 07711 611201 for more information.



Joy Hayes recalls her life in Mottingham as Alison Lawrie recounts, "Over the past weeks of Lockdown I have been chatting to Joy from a safe distance when I have delivered her copy of Keep Connected! She asked me if I would write down her reminiscences of moving to Mottingham in the early fifties."

Joy was sixteen years old when her engineer father was moved from Yorkshire, near Wakefield, to work in Charlton. The house in Highcombe Close was purchased so he could have an easy commute to work. Joy had already taken her GCE exams and it was decided that she should find a job, rather than transfer to a new school for the sixth form. She therefore started life as a sales assistant in the baby department at Marshall and Snelgrove, the posh department store in Oxford Street, where she was very happy.

Joy really enjoyed living in Mottingham which still had a distinctive "village atmosphere." The variety of shops provided all one's everyday needs: Martin's Bank, an independent garage/petrol station, a Co-op and Swan's grocery shops, a corn-merchant's/pet shop, two butchers, several greengrocers, Rogers' the

hardware store, Tip Top bakery, Joan at the wet fish shop, Phillips and Dear the electrical store, Jarman and Dixon the chemist, a shoe repairer, hairdressers, a library, the Express Dairy, a wool shop, Gayes the newsagent and a toy shop, a dry cleaner's, Post Office and, of course, The Porcupine Pub and the village infants' school in Dorset Road. There were a number of fields and bomb sites, notably where Porcupine Close and the shops from Fleur Boutique round to William Hill's now stand.

St Andrew's Church was a social hub, providing a youth club, men's groups, the Mothers' Union and the Guild of St Anne, as well as thriving uniformed organisations. Joy's parents became involved in these activities and Joy naturally joined in, especially at the youth club, where she met Sid. Sid had moved from Bermondsey just before the war and lived in Beaconsfield Road. He attended the village infant school before it was moved to Dorset Road. He joined the cubs after being encouraged by his headmistress and cub mistress, Miss Boiteaux.

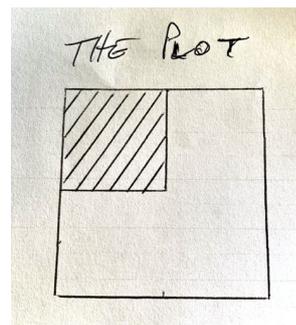


MOTTINGHAM CIRCA 1970 - PAINTING BY CHRIS BYERS

Alison adds: *Sid and I shared the same birthday and were both brought up in Beaconsfield Road. I too went to the infants school, but after it was moved to Dorset Road. I and my friends used to ride our bikes over the humps on the bomb site. I also remember the nursery where Sycamore Close now is, where we could buy fresh produce from Alice, in the large glass-houses. I can still remember the overwhelming scent of the tomatoes!*

Quiz time!

The answer to the issue 10 quiz question is easy, when you know your Roman Numerals and your London history, MDCLXVI is 1666, the year of the Great Fire of London which is commemorated by the Monument, where you will find the date inscribed in Roman Numerals!



Norman Woodard sent me another one of his geometric challenges. A farmer decides to leave the farmland to his four sons. He keeps a quarter of the plot for himself and his wife so they can keep active. The remaining three quarters he leaves to the four sons. Not wanting any squabbles he makes sure each son has an exact plot, both in size and shape. Can you fathom it out? (Answer in the next issue - Ed).

Time for a couple of Mary Wyborne's Catholic elementary school test children's answers? Well, here they are anyway!

1. *In the first book of the Bible, 'Guinessis', God got tired of creating the world so he took the Sabbath off.*
2. *Lot's wife was a pillar of salt during the day, but a ball of fire during the night!*

Last, but not least, we hope you had a very happy 'lockdown' birthday last week, Sophia Happy Birthday to Imogen (15th), Shawmine (17th), Gad (20th) and Alex (22nd).

Michelle Walsh and son Sam were pleased to hear that Jeanne Perkins had read Sam's report in last week's issue of KC - Jeanne used to listen to children read at Dorset Road. Michelle's message to Mrs Perkins is: 'Samuel is not one of the children to go back yet. He's in year 3 now, he won't be back until at least September, according to the news.

I'm loving him being at home and I'm not too concerned about his education as the school provides enough schoolwork for the entire day, every week day. We try to do as much of it as possible but we have learnt to change it up to suit our moods on a particular day or be more outdoors when the weather is good. I've learnt when to have the battles over school work and when not to. It's a strange time, so I try to avoid the stress. I'm actually looking forward to the summer and us being able to do what we want educationally in our own way, geared more towards his interests. But for now we are just sticking to school work so there's no worries about regressing or missing out this year's curriculum. It's a shame that he's not at school though because the children are missing their friends and teaching staff.



his week's new theme - What brought you to Mottingham and the life you have experienced since then. Here are the the responses I've had in addition to Joy Hayes' account on page 4.



Norman Woodard reports: Mum and I arrived in Mottingham via Windsor, Chertsey, Tufnel Park and Chislehurst in 1944/45 and resided, initially, in Lulworth Road. My mum then bought a house in Clarence Road. My first association with St. Andrews was when I joined the 16th Royal Eltham (St Andrews) Wolf Cub pack. I was invested soon after joining and so proud to be given the Green scarf of the 16th. I took to Cubs straight away, you could do things and get rewarded with badges. The Sunday following my investiture was "Parade Sunday". In those days the first Sunday in each month was "Parade Sunday". There was I in my new uniform with most, if not all, Cubs, Scouts, Senior Scouts and Rovers. The Girl Guides also paraded and we must have numbered some 80-100 persons. The next Sunday saw a lone uniformed Cub in church. I thought we did this every Sunday!

Soon after joining I joined the choir under the leadership of Mr Connolly who lived in the village. It was a strong choir, both men and boys and would fill the choir stalls most Sundays. I seem to remember choir practice was on a Wednesday evening and the first thing us lads would do when we entered the church was to look in the "what's on" book. We were hoping that we had a few weddings to attend.....we got half a crown for a wedding, a princely sum. (*That's 25p in new money for our younger readers - Ed*).

Cubs led to Scouts which in turn led to church "youth club" which led to National Service in the Royal Air Force. During this time I was courting Beryl who was doing nurse training at the Royal Free Hospital. During 1960 I was conned by the then Scout Master to help with the Troop. I seem to recall he said to me "I will make sure you have a full choir for your wedding if you come and help me!" How could I refuse such an offer ! Within a few months I was asked to take over the Troop which I duly did in 1960.

I retired as Scout Leader, late 60's early 70's, only to come back a Cub Scout Leader and later as Assistant Rover Scout Leader and Assistant District Commissioner. I am currently a member of the Royal Greenwich Scout Fellowship. I am also chairman of St. Andrews Scout & Guide Supporters Ass, (SAGASSA). I and the team are responsible for the upkeep and maintenance of the Mumbray hall which was built in 1975 for the youth.

In 1961 Beryl & I were married at St Andrews, and, true to his word the choir turned out in full and were superb. We were married by Revd John Bliss and during his address he referred to the Boat Race and the crews "pulling together" (it was Boat Race day). Marriage must be like that, you must pull together he said . During Mr Bliss's time with us I served on the PCC for 2 years. In those days we had one Church Warden looking after the incumbent's interests and the other looking after the congregation's interests.

Both our daughters were Baptised at St. Andrews, Christine in 1963 and Sarah in 1965. Beryl's parents were married there as was my mum, for the third time! I actually gave her away!

Our local Church is Holy Trinity in Eltham but our heart is in and at St. Andrews in Mottingham. I think it is called "Fellowship" with places and most importantly, with people!

(*Sorry Norman, it's the only recent photo I have of you! - Ed*)

Diane Hudson reports: My family and I moved to Mottingham in March 1970 having lived previously in Well Hall Road. Mum & Dad ran a shop there for six years but had to give it up due to Dad's poor health so they were looking for somewhere to live.

Dad moved from Rotherhithe to Mottingham with his family before WW2 and lived in Elmhurst Road and all the family attended St Andrew's Church. Dad's sister still lived in Elmhurst Road in 1970 and his brother lived in Sidcup Road, so Mottingham was a good place to come and live with family around. While Dad was in a new job Mum came and looked at houses in Mottingham and saw Belle Breen's (Jean Breen's mother-in-law) house in Porcupine Close. Belle was moving to a bungalow in Court Farm Road. She told Mum her house had already been sold, but there was another one for sale in the road which Mum & Dad eventually bought. (Some people will remember Belle Breen).

We lived next-door to Liz Thompson who attended Our Lady Help of Christians church. Dad returned to St Andrew's and the rest of the family followed. There was a Co-op, fishmonger, butcher and greengrocer in 1970 so Mum was able to buy all of our food in the village without having to get on a bus!

I interrupt the flow briefly as there's just enough space to include some of Iris Osborne's famous quotes:

1. I cook with wine; sometimes I even add it to the food! - W C Fields
2. He who never makes a mistake, never makes anything. - George Bernard Shaw
3. Those people who know everything are a great annoyance to those of us who do. - Isaac Asimov



David & Thelma's report is as follows: This is a picture of us when we first arrived in Mottingham 35 years ago. We had no plans to move from our house in Lee, but one night Thelma read an amazing promise for us in the Bible. The next day we were guided to a street we did not know, a house without a 'For Sale' sign outside and with a price we could not afford. Miraculously, we moved in within six weeks!

David agreed to do one day's supply teaching at Eltham College and ended up as a science teacher in the prep school for over fifteen years!



He built up a menagerie including various snakes, bearded dragons, blue-tongued skinks, tortoises, stick insects and giant African millipedes. We also hatched chicken's eggs, quail's eggs and even corn snake's eggs.

Thelma took early retirement from teaching because of failing eyesight and obtained a master's degree in psychotherapy at Greenwich University. She worked for many years as a counsellor at the Links Medical Practice.

Marley was our reason for going to St Andrew's Church. When Thelma was given a guide dog we decided to find a church we could walk to. We were amazed at the warm welcome we received into the parish community and the lovely friendships we have made. Little did we realise when we moved to Mottingham that we would become so involved in the local school, medical practice and churches.

More local history! Ray Andrew has been searching through his archives and has found some lovely, early black and white photos. I will feature these in a future issue as there isn't enough space to cover the subject properly here (I've already run to six pages)! So here are a couple of photos showing St Andrew's over 100 years ago to be going on with. The



haymaking is taking place in the field opposite and the current post office would be where the back of the bus is in the photo. Hard to imagine the junction of Court Road and Mottingham Road looking like that! Look out for more on old Mottingham in due course.

Our local river! The other day I visited Sutcliffe Park, which is bordered by Eltham Road and Kidbrooke Park Road, by the A20 junction. I remembered playing there as a boy when it was a park with playing fields. Now, it has been restored to a natural state and as a flood plain for the River Quaggy. Then, it was piped underground, but now it meanders across the 16.7 hectare site, following its original course on its way to joining the Ravensbourne in Lewisham, then Deptford Creek and finally, the Thames. As a boy, my friends and I played and enjoyed seeing sticklebacks in what I was told was the Quaggy. Now, I know that the stream running alongside the A20 is actually the Little Quaggy. It joins the Quaggy not far from the railway bridge and then runs across the Civil Service sports ground before reaching Sutcliffe Park. If you've ever wondered where the water flowing out of the Tarn lake goes, you now know the answer - into the Little Quaggy! If you have time, do investigate and enjoy Sutcliffe Park.



In closing thank you to all my contributors and I encourage all readers to send me something that will be of interest and help us *keep connected* during the continuing lockdown. The next issue will be in two weeks time on 28 June, which is why this issue is longer! In the meantime *keep connected* to the website where you will find useful information and a link on every page (designed in from the website launch) to the St Andrew's FaceBook page. You might just be surprised!

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