



The Bergh Apton Newsletter

February - March 2018

Issue No. 155

Editorial Comment



As December 2017 nearly reached its conclusion, my wife Ruth and I celebrated our Golden Wedding having married on 30th December 1967 in Saint David's Cathedral in Cardiff on a very cold day. The weather for the anniversary in 2017 was much milder, and we were very pleased that a good crowd of folk both relatives and friends from near and far were able to attend our unique and memorable event which we held in the evening at Green Pastures, a very worthy venue. Where many photos of all of us, [I was going to say participants] were taken very kindly by Sheridan Winn, some of these are shown in this Newsletter (page 2). I called this celebration unique for I am sure we shall certainly not celebrate another 50 but I hope that we shall have several more years together. I doubt we shall achieve 70 as the Queen and Prince Phillip have recently done, but I understand that The Duke of Edinburgh when asked what was needed for a successful marriage commented that tolerance was essential and that the Queen had TOLERANCE in abundance. I can only reiterate that thought or maybe observance that Ruth has shown me a great deal of tolerance over these last 50 years. I wish that many nations and particularly their leaders could show a degree of tolerance in this world, because it does affect us all.

Milton Harris (Editor)
Keeley Harris (Graphic Designer)



Ever since 1938 (with a break for a spot of bother with the Axis Powers) the Bergh Apton Summer Fete has been a vital fund-raiser to help maintain our Village Hall and Parish Church.

The Manor gardens, that provide the unique atmosphere for the Fete, have been generously thrown open to us by Kip and Alison Bertram and their predecessors at Bergh Apton Manor. The whole effort in planning, and on the day itself, are a tremendous way for the whole community to meet and work together.

Over the years, the organising committee has been mustered by many chairmen. Milton Harris, the most recent of them, has this year steered the surplus - shared by the village hall and the church - to an impressive £3000+ figure, but Milton Harris and John Ling, who have both laboured long, hard and repeatedly to organise this popular event, both admit to getting a bit too long-in-the-tooth and have decided it's time to hang up their hats and stand aside for a younger generation.

So the Fete needs new volunteers, particularly from that younger generation of village residents, fresh energy and (why not!) new ideas to take it into the future . . . starting with the Fete of 2018 on Saturday 14th July . . . to safeguard the future of our only two public buildings.

Bergh Apton is a great place to live, with a real community spirit, so do come along to the Village Hall on Friday 23rd February - at 7.30 pm to join in a get-together over a glass of wine and refreshments, to exchange ideas on how we can keep this particular and immensely important village show on the road.

John Ling



Country Diary

IF ON A WINTER'S NIGHT

The little church of St. Andrew by the Wild Wood as it was known stood about a half day's walk from the coast. About two turns-of-the year ago raiders from across the grey North Sea had come bringing death and destruction. They had sailed across the salt sea riding the waves in their dragon headed longships with sails bellying in a wind cold as sea shells. The monks and villagers had fled. Now the windows of the little church gaped like open mouths, flint walls soot and smoke stained, hacked and hewn. The bell escaped but now only a passing wind stirred its tongue to speak. The statue of Mary, Star of the Sea, charred and cut. Axe, sword and fire had done their work well. Now, vole and mole and timid mouse made their homes in crannies. Cutty wren and robin red breast sang the psalms and wild bees hummed the responses.

As time passed the villagers returned, wary and watchful to their homes. They missed the monks and their prayers marking the passing of each day and the stories they told of fishermen and shepherds just as they were. The story they liked best was told in the season when days were short, and frost froze fingers, chilled bones and ice lidded the stream. The story told of a great star in the night sky and winged beings soaring and stooping* like hunting hawks and their singing was as though the star itself sang and all the birds of the air sang with them. They heralded the birth of a Boy, a Boy like none other and the ox and the donkey and the dog who guarded the sheep all knelt and the little cat, soot black, purred. The fox in the field, rabbit, deer and fish in the river all welcomed this Boy. The Boy stretched out His hand to bless them all and, just as these wild creatures fear Man who hunts and harries them, the Child knew it would be Man who would hunt and harry him too. As the story was told the villagers could picture it all in their minds. The Boy in a nest of summer's grasses, visitors dressed in goldfinch colours and shepherds with the gift of a lamb. The words warmed hearts and minds.

The ghost grey light of a winter's evening, the Winter Solstice, frost flowers, wind herds the clouds and a full moon lends it light as a lamp. From the little church came the sound of chanting the opening prayer of Compline, 'Noctem quietam et finem perfectum concedat nobis Dominus omnipotens.' Brothers Michael and Matthew, Richard and Robert, Paul and Peter, old Amos who had healing hands and knew which herbs helped to ease pain and heartache and young Barty had come back, silent as shadows. It was the shortest day and soon the Nativity and they wanted to celebrate it again with the villagers.

There was excitement at the monks return but fear as well. The Norsemen had returned but without burning and killing, they were settling, making homes and planting crops. They could be heard calling to each other their voices weaving to and fro. The smoke from their fires rose straight as a cat's tail. The villagers kept a sharp eye on them, they knew the coming of the monks could cause trouble but, they, in turn, were watched.

The brothers, Michael and Matthew, Richard and Robert, Paul and Peter, old Amos and young Barty set to work to put the church in order as best they could. They were going to sleep in it from the Solstice to the celebration of the Nativity.

They had brought candles with them and as it grew dark they lit them and the flames like small gold leaves trembled in the cold. Mungo and Finn from the little community brought them logs to make a good fire. As the evening star shone in the sky the villagers came, in twos and threes leaving the dark to its own devices and light from the candles and fire cast shadows on the walls and it was as though a great crowd had gathered. The old familiar psalms and prayers stoked comfort and goodwill, an owl's call played counterpoint to their voices and something like glory filled the little church. Not only the moon and stars and the staring owl saw and listened to Evensong for someone else on the clifftop listened and watched. As the service ended Brother Amos invited all of those from the little village to come at midnight at the Nativity and to bring their animals too so all could celebrate.

'Don't ring the bell,' warned Mungo, 'if the Norsemen hear it they will come with fire and axes.'

Just before midnight young Brother Barty tolled the bell and its brave message filled the night. Out of the darkness came a straggling procession, in twos and threes they came bringing their sheep, horned goats, two oxen and several shaggy dogs. James and Joseph, the fishermen, brought gifts of herring and cod, Alys had three goat cheeses and Martha carried a basket of speckled eggs. Nervously the people entered glancing over their shoulders, listening, watching. Some crossed themselves, a shieldwall against both darkness and fear and wordless prayers filled their minds. The animals stood outside. The midnight service had just begun when the door swung open letting in air, cold as stars. Five men entered bringing terror with them. The monks did not turn round they continued absorbed in their devotions, '.....et populi meditare sunt inania? Gloria.....'

Two of them heaved in heavy loads which they propped against the scorched and battered wall and then, in silence, they came and knelt on the cold stone floor beside the villagers. From a sidelong glance Mungo saw a scattering of barley had fallen from one sack, the other was a large jar and from it came the breath of summer, wild roses, pinks, poppies and moon daisies, it was mead made from honey by the bees who lived among the crannies in the broken walls.

'Dominus vobiscum.'

'Et cum spiritu tuo.'

As the hands of each villager and those of the men from the north closed together in prayer they looked like the closing wings of doves.

* 'stoop' as used here is when a hawk swoops down on its prey.

Pat Mlejnecky

New Year Breakfast

Another successful start to the New Year was enjoyed by many at the New Year's Day Breakfast. It was good to see new residents to the village and surrounding areas enjoying this Bergh Apton tradition, as well as our faithful following, which meant even more breakfasts were served this year than last year.

Thank you to all who support this event, to which everyone is welcome and raises funds for the Christmas Lunch for the older residents of the village. We look forward to seeing you next year.

Kevin Parfitt

Carol Singing

It was a dry but chilly evening on Dec 18th. A 'Choir' of about 40 turned out, so filling the tractor trailer. We were as usual only able to cover a small part of the Parish, sorry to those who may have been expecting a visit that didn't materialize. Refreshments were enjoyed during the evening, firstly at Andrew and Gill Waters then at the end of the evening at Paris & Nigel Back's with the company of neighbours and friends. Thank you to all who came, sang and contributed to the evening in any way. A total of £153.00 was raised for the children's charity Action for Children.



Kevin Parfitt

Ellen Yallop RIP

Ellen Yallop (née Saunders) of Rockland, whose funeral took place on 8th January in Rockland St Mary parish church, died just before Christmas 2017. One of eleven children of a Yelverton family, she came to Bergh Apton as a teenager to live and work at the Rectory in 1938 for Rev. Alexander St John Heard.

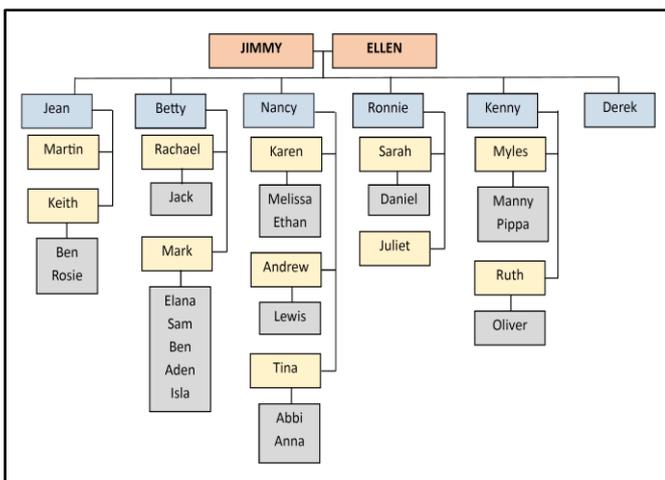
Her main responsibility as one of the house staff was to care for the Rector's Australian wife Betty who suffered from spinal paralysis. The household staff with whom she worked included Bergh Apton men Levi Lord, Frank Freestone and Alfred Boggis.

Ellen's clear memories of that time (recorded in a certificate that she kept with her mementoes) was of her training as a bell-ringer, guided by Rev'd Heard who was himself a keen and experienced bell-ringer.

When the Heard family moved to Cringleford in 1941 Ellen found employment with the Women's Land Army at Thurning Hall near Fakenham where she ran a hostel for a team of sixty young (and probably high-spirited!) Land Army Girls - a far cry, one suspects, from the relative calm of working for a country clergyman and his disabled wife. The war over and the Women's Land Army disbanded, Ellen returned to work for the Heard family at Cringleford until her marriage.

In 1946 she married Jimmy Yallop of Hellington who had started work at The Normans when he was 11 years old and would go on to serve the Andrews family on the farm until he was 80 years old.

After a short time living with Jimmy's parents in Hellington the young couple moved to Rookery Hill in Rockland where they raised their six children and where Ellen lived for the rest of her long life. Five of their six children (Jean, Betty, Nancy, Ronnie Kenny and Derek) provided Ellen with eleven grandchildren and seventeen great grandchildren all of whom are shown on the accompanying Family Tree.



John Ling

NEW DEVELOPMENT PLAN FOR BERGH APTON!

South Norfolk with its partners, Broadland, Norwich & Norfolk has published the **GREATER NORWICH LOCAL PLAN (GNLP)** Growth Options Document.

This supersedes the Joint Core Strategy (JCS) which started in 2010.

Under JCS, Bergh Apton has seen in addition to Tenwinter Pightle, 2 further new developments.

One on Cooke's Road & the other, south of Dodger's Lane on The Street.

We all now have the opportunity, initially until **5pm on 15th March 2018**, to tell GNLP what we think of their proposals.

In Bergh Apton 5 building sites have, so far, been put forward by developers/landowners.

Briefly these are:

- North of Cooke's Road near village hall.
- The Street, north of Dodger's Lane.
- Church Road, the former blockworks.
- Church Road to south opposite Tenwinter Pightle.
- School Road, adjacent to & west of the church.

Further details of the sites and Online Consultation Responses at www.gnlp.org.uk

Written Response Forms available by phoning **01603 306603**

PLEASE RESPOND

David Skedge
Chair, Bergh Apton Parish Council.

A warm welcome to all the new families who have recently moved into Hawthorn Drive. We hope you are settling in nicely.

SONGLINE FOR DOGGERLAND

Bergh Apton Community Arts Production 2018

***Have you got your tickets?
It may not be too late?? This
encouragement can only be given
using known knowns a month ago,
at which point two performances
were already sold out. Do try, we're
sure you won't regret it.***



Songline for Doggerland

Performances in Bergh Apton Church:

**Friday 2nd, Sat 3rd, Friday 9th, Sat 10th
February.**

**Tickets £15, including Refreshments,
in advance ONLY**

(limited to 100 per performance)

ONLINE:

**[https://www.eventbrite.co.uk/e/
songline-for-doggerland-tickets-
38208085412](https://www.eventbrite.co.uk/e/songline-for-doggerland-tickets-38208085412)**

TELEPHONE: 01508 480696

Songline for Doggerland

For further details about the Play see the Bergh Apton Website <http://berghapton.org.uk/home/arts/doggerland/>

Preparations have been much in evidence.

Singers have been gathering in vast numbers, Musicians too, with a wide array of instruments. And interesting sounds have been erupting – sounds that have never previously been heard – anywhere, ever. Sounds that you will definitely want to hear. The reason; they have only just been created by our brilliant musical director, Mary Lovett, commissioned to compose music to enhance the action on stage. To top it all the Happy Couple will add in some real innovation.

Then we have an intrepid band of Actors who under the artistic creativity of our performance director, Charlotte Arculus, are combining their talents with the extraordinarily versatile Rude Mechanicals. Between them and together a truly fascinating play is taking shape. Charlotte has innovation as her other name producing atmosphere out of thin air! We have yet to see the play in its entirety, but the auguries point to a unique and thought provoking piece of fun and enjoyment. So, those of you that have tickets, are in for something pretty special.

We're not allowed to tantalise you with pictures of the special effects as these may only be revealed in the performances – so you'll have to wait and see. But as the whole is dependent on people – here are a few people from the 70 or so involved in the production!





Singers & Actors. Kaja Pedersen, Steve Whitby, Jon Brompton, Amanda Colman, Abby Reeman, Francis Meynell, John Nicholson, Liz Robinson, Nicolette Richards, Phil McCallum, Angus Mewton

And, finally one of the stories written during Hugh Lupton's three Creative Writing Workshops in April – this one by Christopher Meynell. The writers developed storylines, used or alluded to in the Play and to be published for the audience, around the prompt – describe an important Mesolithic Location, and start with the words “I see...”

THE WATER THAT HIDES THE FEET OF THE EARTH

I see them; they have been approaching for a while. I saw them when they were still far off, in the shining of the moon, above the water. I'd never before experienced such a scene (I was only a few years old, then) – tail to snout to tail to snout. The leader must have done it many times before, though, surely.

At home the village was hungry. No meat for quite a while – how long was it, now? Several sunsets and sunrises too – probably as many as fingers on both hands (but I had lost one in a 'discussion' with next door). Now as an elder, I use the new names for counting numbers, but in those days we could only relate things to every day objects. We lived beside a large pool; it was dark, and deep, and dangerous. Or so we

believed. For a while, now, we knew not why, the birds had left; no ducks, no geese, no stilts, no Aaa-vosc-ettes (as we called them) – was it more than just the season? We called this pool, “The Water that hides the Feet of the Earth”. It was so deep; no-one knew how deep and what dangers lay beneath its surface – but dangers there definitely were. Some of our tribe had not lived to tell us of the wisdom of the deep.

I wasn't looking over the Water that hides the Feet of the Earth. That pool was behind me. I was peering out towards the point where we knew the sun would rise. Several from our village were with me; watching. Watching out for our next meal. We were ready – or so we thought, crouching behind a bank of sand covered with tufts of grey-green grass. Was that a sheep calling – shirley (archaic spelling) not. It certainly seemed to be so; but we never brought our sheep this far towards the waters; not in those days. Then I saw the brown blob above me – it called again. It was one of those Curled Ewes that live in the wetlands. They now call it a courlieu I think, or some Frankish word.

The sun was still underneath the sea, below its night-time sheltering roof. It would soon climb out to give us light and warmth and we would bow low as it did so. But for now, all we could see were sparse flame-like fingers, piercing orange through the roof's chinks, licking the foothills of the Great Blue.

And still they came, driving towards us, split into more than one group. In the direction from whence the cold winds come, was a group of big black birds, wings outstretched, a slow regular beat and a gentle sonorous chatter; a distinctive grunting tuneful communication. These were what we nowadays call Black Swans, but there are not many around now. Only amongst the daffodils!

The other group flew differently; tighter wing-beats and very long straight snouts and legs. They seemed to be mainly black and white, their necks craning forward to see who was in front, and to follow their leader. The sound of wind in the tree tops – but there were no trees that I could see and no wind either.

And, Joy of Joys they were heading for the Water that hides the Feet of the Earth. Was a meal in prospect?

Christopher Meynell



Dates for your diary 2018

FEBRUARY

2 nd	19.30	Songline for Doggerland at Church (18.45 at village hall car park)
3 rd	19.30	Songline for Doggerland at Church (18.45 at village hall car park)
7 th	19.30	Village Hall management meeting
9 th	19.30	Songline for Doggerland at Church (18.45 at village hall car park)
10 th	19.30	Songline for Doggerland at Church (18.45 at village hall car park)
14 th	19.30	B.A. Society talk by Mary Fewster on Yarmouth Herring at Village Hall
17 th	10.00	BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field
17 th	19.30	BA Local History Group Annual Dinner
21 st	10.00-12.00	Coffee n Chat at Village Hall
22 nd	10.00	BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field
23 rd	19.30	Fete meeting at Village Hall
27 th	12.30	Tuesday Friends at Parish Church
28 th	19.30	Parish Council meet at the Village Hall

MARCH

4 th	All day	Iceni Microscopy Group Open Day
14 th	19.30	B.A. Society talk by Margaret Ayton on Tibet at Village Hall
17 th	10.00	BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field
21 st	10.00-12.00	Coffee n Chat at Village Hall
22 nd	10.00	BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field
27 th	09.15	BA & Alpington School service at Parish Church
27 th	12.30	Tuesday Friends at Church
31 st	09.00	11 Says assembly at B.A.Village Hall

APRIL

4 th	19.00 for 19.30	Bergh Apton Village Hall A.G.M.
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Regular Activities

Monday	17.00	Dog Training Village Hall
Tuesday (Alternate)	10.00 - 13.00	Painting Class Village Hall
Thursday	19.30	Sing-a-Long Village Hall
Friday	10.00 - 11.45	Yoga Village Hall

Activities Contacts

(BACAT Workshops)

Pat Mlejnecky: 01508 480696

(Conservation Trust)

Stephanie Crome: 01508 480573

(Local History) John Ling: 01508 480439

(Village Hall) Hilary Ling: 01508 480439

(Painting Class) Barbara Fox: 01508 550168

(Singing) Karen Bonsell: 01508 484052

(Bergh Apton Society)

Lynton Johnson: 01508 480629

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Bergh Apton Community Arts Trust

Bergh Apton Conservation Trust

Bergh Apton Local History Group

Bergh Apton Village Hall

Bergh Apton Parish Council

Bergh Apton Parochial Church Council

The Bergh Apton and District Society

A comment about the new year 2018



For our anniversary celebrations we had several members of our family staying with us who also celebrated the start of the New Year with us, including their dogs and ours surprise surprise!!!! *From Milton and Family*



April - May

Copy Deadline:

1st March

Please send articles to me

Milton Harris [Editor] at

town_farm@btinternet.com

Thank you