



# Bergh Apton Broadcast

Issue 202 Feb/Mar 2026



I'm sure you probably all feel that the start of 2026 has been a mixed one; with a short blast of cold weather and snow as well as some amazing skies and bright sunshine. The birds and plants are making an early start to their Spring activity with daffodils close to breaking free. Events are quite quiet in the village at the moment but there is still planning happening - for the summer fete (this year on the 20th June) as well as the regular meetings which you can find on the back page.

I will be taking part in an arts event at The Forum in March (details are on P6) and this month, we have a report on the second stage of the Bergh Apton Arts 'Raku Workshop', which we all thoroughly enjoyed in December. If you haven't tried one of the workshops yet, then do keep an eye out for new ones as they are a brilliant way to meet others and try new skills. Thankfully the weather was kind to us on the day, so despite being chilly it was perfect to set up the Raku kiln in the village hall car park. Our village hall is such

a wonderful resource, and with a good reputation amongst those who hire the facility, so I would like to start the new year with a thank you to the Village Hall Committee (and ad hoc help) for maintaining this resource in such good condition for us all to enjoy.

If you have set yourself any New Year resolutions to get fit, try something new or make new friends, then we have some opportunities you can get involved with. The Bergh Apton Conservation Trust meet regularly at Church Field to maintain and develop the conservation area we enjoy, which is in the land alongside the church. If you are interested in becoming involved, contact information for the group can be found in the list of contacts on P10. In addition to this, if you like being outside in the peace and quiet but have an interest in conservation, the church are in need of some help with maintenance of the churchyard. If you can volunteer for just an hour or two (or know someone who can) then they would love to hear from you. Many hands do make light work so do let Shirley Rimmer know as she is hoping to develop a team - turn to P7 where you can find out more.

I look forward to seeing you out and about in the village soon,.

**Jenny Lovatt**

Editor



## Village Carol Singing

Last year's carol singing took place just three days before Christmas. A group of nine singers set out into the village, keeping alive the ancient tradition of sharing music and goodwill with friends and neighbours at this most special time of year.



It was a mild and beautifully starlit night, but a serious accident on the A146 shattered the calm, with diverted traffic passing through the village. As a result, the planned route was adjusted and we kept mainly to The Street to stay safely out of the traffic.

The singers are grateful to everyone who supported us by coming out to listen, donating to EACH or offering encouragement and sustenance along the way.

Special thanks go to Kevin Parfitt and family, and to Gill and Andrew Waters, for so kindly welcoming us into their homes and providing much-appreciated festive refreshments.

A huge thank you to all who took part, including Jenny, Sue, Jon, Carrie, Debbie, Steve, Andy and Liz. Singers came from Bergh Apton, Alington, Poringland and even

as far afield as Hethersett to support the evening.

At the time of going to print, EACH are still counting everyone's generous donations, so we will share the total in the next issue.

*Rebecca Hartley*

Any contributions for the Apr/May 2026 edition of the Bergh Apton Broadcast, should be e-mailed to the Editor at [berghaptoneditor@gmail.com](mailto:berghaptoneditor@gmail.com) by 10th March. All contributions welcomed.

## RAMBLING RECTOR' with The Reverend Chris Ellis



On the 17th February I expect a good many of us will be enjoying our annual

pancakes, be they traditional ones with lemon juice and sugar or creative ones with more exotic (and calorific) toppings. Shrove Tuesday has been a tradition in the Christian calendar for over a thousand years, its name derived from the word 'shrive' meaning 'absolution'. Ælfric of Eynsham's "Ecclesiastical Institutes" from around 1000 AD states: "In the week immediately before Lent everyone shall go to his confessor and confess his deeds, and the confessor shall so shrive him as he then may hear by his deeds what he is to do in the way of penance".

The idea of undergoing some form of penance for our failings continues to this day as many people choose to 'give up' something for Lent, be it chocolate, coffee, alcohol, biscuits or whatever. The pancakes of Shrove Tuesday, the day before Lent begins, symbolise

using up all the nice things in the store cupboard before the Lenten fast begins, a reminder of the deprivation Christ experienced during his 40 days in the wilderness following his baptism.

I must admit that I have never been one for 'giving up' something for Lent which has no lasting consequences. I am not sure that depriving myself of a pleasure I enjoy for 40 days before returning to it once again once Lent is over is especially helpful. I would suggest that it is better to use the prayerful, reflective period of Lent to introduce a longer-term change in lifestyle, by which I do not mean to give up chocolate or alcohol etc for evermore, but rather to do something constructive or creative to improve both our lives and the lives of others.

Perhaps plan to learn a new skill or a new language; support a new charity or volunteer some time for a local community group.

When Jesus returned from the wilderness, he did not go back to the life he had lived before.

After the learning experience of the wilderness, he had a new and deeper understanding of himself and God the Father and therefore his ministry of teaching and healing began. He started on the path of changing people's lives for the better, sharing his knowledge of God's love and putting that love into action. A ministry the Church seeks to continue to this day.

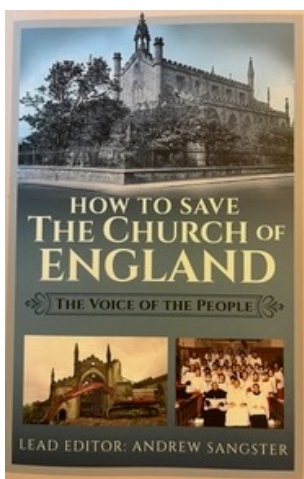
Wouldn't it be wonderful if we came to the end of this season of Lent, not with a few unconsumed packets of biscuits or bottles of wine in the house, but with a new vision for our own lives that could change other people's lives for the good. Lent can seem to be a harsh and challenging season, but it is an opportunity to find new insights into the loving purpose of God.

May we all have a meaningful Lent and come to the joy of Easter with a new vision for how we can show that loving purpose through our own lives.

With every blessing,  
Fr Chris.

### Is the Parish Church Important in our Community?

You may have a range of views on this subject, from the totally negative to the totally positive. As Chris Ellis, our Rector, said in his sermon on 23rd November, "We all have a choice"!



He, with four other contributors/editors have just produced a little book, which takes that question in what might seem to be a different direction "How to save the Church of England". But is it different? For me both are treating a core element of our lives, undergoing a period of severe change as it has done regularly in every century. I hope the book will contribute to ensuring that the period of change is no more than a semi-

colon.

At its heart the book is an important glimpse at two arteries; Christianity and Community. Both need a transfusion plus an effective pacemaker, or as some have called it, a "peacemaker". One of the country's difficulties in 2025 is that our broader freedoms provide us with so many trains of thought, trains of culture, trains of faith, all of which lack focus as a result of poor leadership.

Perhaps the problem's root is education. As Charles Moore wrote recently in the D.Telegraph (which I rarely see??) "we have departed so far and for so long from a classical liberal education"; "education" defined by Dr Johnson as "formation of manners in youth.... nurture". Without the "nurture", community and interest in community seem to dissolve.

For the country as for a rural parish, all this has been sweeping away a foundation, ensuring that the younger generations are as ignorant of Adam & Eve or St Paul as they are of Nelson or Alfred the Great. Because we've become so multi-cultural, broadening the minds of the young especially in terms of religions, the interest in and awareness of FAITH dissolves into a sea of unknowing. And the same applies to so much of our culture.

This book sets out a range of concerns, not only of priests but also of "the people's

voice". It sets these out clearly, using descriptions like "upstairs and downstairs"; the parish "coalface". It is a scene setter appealing from the Church's heart "for more vision and more imaginative thinking together with a willingness to learn from the past". Without these the parish church could well cease to exist and the community's disintegration will continue. We need each other. We need a focal point of community. We need a leader of our moral culture to be visible and available. We must rebuild.

A final contributor opines, "Clergy are ordained to be shepherds not bureaucrats, pastors not managers.... They've become like doctors so consumed with keeping their clinics open that they've no time to practice medicine".

Please think about the question at the head of this article, even if you have rarely stepped through its portal. What its role was, is and should be? And coupled with that the role of its incumbent?

Do make your choice to read this important book "How to save the Church of England" edited by Andrew Sangster, Chris Ellis, Peter Doll (all in Norfolk) and two others. Publisher White Owl (an imprint of Pen & Sword).

<https://www.pen-and-sword.co.uk/How-to-Save-the-Church-of-England/p/57431>

Christopher Meynell



# THE WOODLAND GARDEN PARENT & CHILD GROUP

A Waldorf-inspired weekly outdoor gathering for  
children aged 0-3 yrs and parents / carers

with gentle woodland walk, campfire, free play,  
crafting for adults, seasonal songs, drinks and  
snacks

Tuesdays 10am - 12pm  
in Bergh Apton, Norwich

£10 per session

dates for next half term:  
24th February and 3rd, 10th, 17th & 24th March

for more information contact Anna  
annameynell@gmail.com  
07815 914150

## Bergh Apton Local History Group ANNUAL SUPPER 2026

BERGH APTON VILLAGE HALL  
on Friday 6th March

will mark the 190th anniversary of the  
**Battle of the Alamo (1836)**



that led to the creation of the State of Texas  
and the legends of

**Davy Crockett and Jim Bowie**

Join us for an evening with  
a four-course supper and entertainment  
and the chance to dress  
in the manner of the event!!!

**Members £15**

**Guests and Non-members £17.50**

**to reserve seats  
call John Ling on 01508 480439**



Would you be interested in joining  
a sketching/en plein air painting  
group in the Spring/Summer? A  
couple of artists in the village  
would like to create a group to get  
out in the fresh air with pencil,  
paints and sketchbooks - to find locations in the village and  
enjoy some creative company. If you are interested in  
joining us, contact: berghaptoneditor@gmail.com

## COOKS CORNER

### RECIPE FOR THE PERFECT BERGH APTON CAROL SERVICE

Allow plenty of time for this recipe. A month or so  
should be sufficient although, owing to their rarity,  
supply of some ingredients will need to be reserved  
several months in advance.

Final recruitment of personnel may need to be left  
until the week before the event, since health and  
family commitments can intervene

The result will be consumed in about 90 minutes but  
the warm and cosy glow that remains will last all  
year.

It's a lot of work but well worth the effort.

**Ingredients** – with notes on suppliers and  
preparation

**Organist:** A vital ingredient, and generally in short  
supply at the time of year, so make sure you request  
yours early in the year. Jon Brompton one of the  
best if you can get him; wonderful to listen to, good-  
humoured, helpful and with plenty of stamina for the  
marathon ahead!

**The Tree:** Another essential ingredient in the  
success of your finished offering. The kind  
donations over many years by Kip and Alison  
Bertram at The Manor have always been gratefully  
received and much admired. Their vision, when  
establishing the plantation in the East Park 20-odd  
years ago, this year yielded a magnificent tree; the  
crowning glory of the season's decorations. It  
was felled, delivered, erected – and later  
removed – by their groundsmen, Peter,  
Matt and Will, with John Ling

coordinating workers and church resources.

**Service Sheet:** At least three weeks before the  
event, select your carols and readings, and mix  
them carefully. One or two variations may be  
introduced each year but any major changes, or  
assembling in an inappropriate order, may cause  
the mixture to curdle or cause indigestion.

Ensure that all dates, details and information are  
correct before passing a draft to the editor for  
formatting prior to sending to the printers. John  
Ling's artistic eye and compilation skills come  
highly recommended.

**Decorating Team Leader:** Another indispensable  
ingredient. They – neutral pronoun – will not only  
have ensured that sufficient supplies have been  
procured; oasis, candles, greenery, and a lot of  
'etcetera', but prepared the materials ready for the  
arrival of the Decorating Elves (see later note)  
whom he/she will also have recruited.

Hilary Ling is beyond compare:- experienced in this  
role; a marvellous flower arranger in her own right;  
her team  
management skills  
are great; and her  
mince pies are to  
die for.



newbies, this ingredient is crucial. Some might  
provide their own materials. Marinating them in a  
little music, coffee and mince pies enhances their  
results. These and/or other team members may be  
recruited to de-rig the event early in the New Year.  
All are highly valued and much appreciated.

**Leader:** The welcome presence of our  
Rector, Chris Ellis, adds a special flavour to  
the finished dish, but we recognise that this is  
an ingredient in short supply and, without the aid  
of a time machine, he is unable to officiate at more  
than one Carol Service on the last Sunday evening  
before Christmas. Lorie Lain-Rogers provides an  
excellent substitute.

**Readers:** Eight of these should be recruited in the  
week before the event; booking earlier inevitably  
results in late changes of personnel as colds, flu or  
other hazards intrude.

Arm-twisting, coercion or blackmail is ineffective in  
this process and may impair the prospect of future  
participation, so Chef may need to hone his/her  
powers of persuasion, and have developed a  
philosophical approach to rejection.

**Candlelighters and extinguishers:** Unless several  
of these are recruited, there is a danger that the  
serving of the dish will be delayed. Prepare them  
with tapers, snuffers and adequate briefing  
regarding the order of work.

**Fire watchers:** Alerting a congregation  
surrounded by lighted  
candles to the  
dangers of personal  
incineration (and how  
to avoid it) is a highly  
effective method of  
averting the hazard.  
Adopt this measure  
shortly before bringing  
the prepared Carol  
Service to the table  
for consumption.



Bergh Apton resident Christopher Meynell tells his own account of a very memorable night in Limassol in 1964, a city you may have visited in Southern Cyprus in recent years and which is now primarily Greek Cypriot.

## CYPRUS 1964

"Limassol, Thursday 13th Feb 1964. The inhabitants of this ancient and historic sea port would not forget this day. Doubtless in fifty years time traces of the unquenchable fear lurking in the eyes of its senior citizens will still be there; a fear they may have passed to their children; a fear ingrained in their systems on this day; a fear especially amongst the Turkish Cypriots - that is, if they still live here.

The night had been quite quiet. Other than the occasional signs of movement. Of people, of vehicles; mainly Greek. It was becoming apparent that the assurances given to the General (Peter Young) & Ed Wynne (1st Secretary British High Commission), the personal assurances of the Cypriot Minister of the Interior, said to be in charge of the fighters, that everything possible would be done to prevent attacks. A keen observer would have noted how the Greeks were concentrating in large numbers in certain specific areas. If this keen observer carried a map, and marked upon it the locations of these concentrations he might have noticed how ominously close to surrounding the Turkish quarter they were, with fortified and reinforced strong points. And it was curious the extra manpower arriving bearing in mind the Minister's assurances. But, the quietness must only have been a lull before a predictable storm.

As though it was a predetermined signal, in a small deserted street to the north of the Limassol by-pass, a loud rattling engine coughed into life. And it grew louder as an incongruous looking machine rolled out on to the main road, where it turned right heading towards Episkopi. Instead of heading west it turned left down Paphos Street and slowly, noisily and ever so surely roared its way straight as a die towards the town's centre, the centre for shopping, the docks, and, crucially, as our keen observer will observe, towards the Turkish quarter. The coughing machine was no ordinary tool of peace loving citizens. It was.... a tank. Admittedly a tank with no turret and no main armament - a converted bull-dozer with a light machine gun mounted on its roof. Had such a weapon been used on the island before. It was opening a new chapter in this whole saga. The infernal machine rolled onwards and as it drew abreast of the line of Greek Cypriot LFS (Legal Forces of the State) troops, a roar of gunfire met its arrival. Volley upon volley broke the morning air, taken up on

all sides by the Greeks. If they expected a response it was uninspiring for no other reason than the TCs (Turkish Cypriots) had so little to retaliate with from behind their makeshift barricades and sparsely sandbagged positions in buildings and homes eaten away by the barrage of mortar as well as small arms fire. The destruction was reducing the space available to the Turks being driven back into a small enclave in their quarter into which women and children had earlier been evacuated.

As soon as the battle was joined, reports poured in to the Cornaro (Joint Force HQ) and we prepared for drastic action. Mr Cyril Pickard (Acting British High Commissioner) rang the General at 6.30 or thereabouts. They agreed that they would go immediately to Archbishop Makarios (Cyprus President) and try to force his hand to call for ceasefire. Then we would get Yorghadjis (Minister of the Interior) to fly to Limassol with the General. As expected the Minister was nowhere to be found.

Embarrassed at meeting the General, having given his word...was he too busy directing operations? Where was he? At the Presidential Palace? At the police HQ? In bed? (a notoriously late bedder!), but he couldn't be found, couldn't be fetched. The General was getting exasperated. The whole palace in uproar but incapable. Finally with an icy cut to his voice he told Makarios, whatever happens he would take Yorghadjis to Limassol and would remain with the Archbishop until the Minister was produced.

Meanwhile helicopters were being readied, a reception group at the other end organised, but the fighting continued. The Minister appeared, we rushed him to the Cornaro. As the party was boarding, the CinC (Air Chief Marshall Sir Denis Barnet) arrived from Episkopi after an evening of rest. Some hope! A quick word with him, putting him in the picture, then off to the battle front.

We landed on the square at Polemidia camp, once the home of the Ox & Bucks LI in the late 1950s EOKA Emergency; today it lay fallow as the army had given it up, other than for a small group of Military Police. We arrived to find a Tactical HQ been set up by 1 Para Regiment with a squadron of the Royals cavalry attached. The whole shooting match was there too (perhaps the wrong description!?). Brig. Douglas Parker (Deputy to General Young in Cyprus District), who had been scurrying around most of the night, Col. Pat Thursby (1 Para), and Maj. Simon Bradish Ellames (Royals). Quick briefing, the situation appreciated (bad), decisions made. With the Limassol District Officer, Mr Benjamin (also in Polemidia), we would go into the

town to the Police HQ.

Unfortunately I wasn't able to witness the next 3/4 hour's events, during which the General battered the Minister unmercifully. The result; ceasefire. I gather, only achieved by the General threatening to report Y to Makarios for not cooperating and appearing unwilling to put a stop to the fighting. Perhaps he was playing for time so that his troops could achieve progress. Perhaps he was frightened no-one would obey him, demonstrating that the Government and him in particular were less in control than they professed to be. Whilst I was waiting outside, firing had been continuing sporadically from the moment of our arrival. Police, steel-helmeted, grenades dangling precariously from every loose stitch of clothing, full bandoliers belted around their bodies, guns at the ready. The whole array would have appeared laughable, if it had not been for the intent showing on their faces and our knowledge of the aims of their intent. An occasional bullet sped over our heads, but didn't arouse much interest. Around our vehicles, crowds seemed to materialise, then melt away again as we awaited news from inside. The police however did ensure they didn't get too close to us. Press everywhere, appearing miraculously, photographing anyone and pumping those who seemed in authority. From time to time, Ian Williams bundled down the sandbagged steps of the police station, went to the RAF Police Landrover with direct wireless contact with Ramadan Djemil(RD), head of the Limassol Turkish community., who was cooped up having evacuated his own house. Every other link with the Turks had been totally severed at that point, so this was their only link with the outside world; their only link with survival? RD was terrified; they all were; they expected no help; but they in the person of Ramadan, beseeched, implored, used every possible means to persuade the Peace Keepers (ie the Brits) to send in troops to defend the lives of the innocent and helpless Turkish inhabitants. This though would have been impossible; politically: too few troops; British service families in the immediate 'battle area'. Our help was limited to negotiating; a role we would continue and continue and continue until a worthwhile result had been achieved, however temporary. Only once peace had been agreed could we step into the middle with our white flags and Union Jacks flying. Ian Williams continued to take calls from RD begging him to hang on, not to do anything desperate, and to place his faith in us; we were doing all we could. Fear had taken such a strong hold of him that we felt the slightest thing would break him - and his community too. Perhaps the over-riding reason why they held to the line and remained sane, was the availability of that RAF wireless set.



They could communicate with somebody; and somebody who could give them a ray of hope - however slight. And that somebody was Ian W, who they knew well, and had done so for many years; they respected and trusted him. No-one else could provide hope. Even so IW thought that he had let them down. IW did all he could - he would never have given his personal assurances if he had not believed they were achievable. He could have done nothing to prevent what was now taking place. The negotiations continued; suddenly a squeal of tyres; a dirty green Austin truck appeared round the corner, in great haste. The vehicle stopped. A wild looking youth propelled himself from the driving seat into the police station where no attempt by the guards was made to prevent him. Our assumption; he was well-known; and judging by his state of near hysteria must have an important message. A shout went up. "Its Spirou!"

Spirou was an elusive and in our book, a dangerous character, whom few had ever seen.

One of the great hell-raisers, so it was believed, in the Polis area. For those who were aware of him it was quite a shock that he was so far from his own territory, but we could only presume he was in Limassol to foment more trouble. Soldiers kept him covered with their weapons and some who knew of him, wondered if there might be an 'accidental' discharge. But, not to be. After ten minutes inside he bounded down the station steps and was away before anything could be done. Had he come to report to Yorghadjis or to receive orders from his leader? Or was his visit pure coincidence. On many occasions the Minister had decreed Spirou impossible to control, and what a terrible influence he was.

He had even written Letters of Protest to the man, requiring him to desist, to operate within the law, not outside it (I wonder who's law?). Although overtly the Minister decried Spirou, covertly it was a very different story, as the man was in reality one of the most successfully destructive elements on the island. Spirou left in another swirl of dust as he had arrived.

Where did he go? Back to Polis or to the more immediate battlefield.

Eventually a ceasefire was agreed. More or less immediately put into effect. And it held, even though randomly shots could be heard. A few minutes before the negotiators emerged, two armoured one ton vehicles arrived, requesting entry into the Turkish quarter.

Inside was a group of Turkish journalists. Yesterday, when things were somewhat quieter, they, in Nicosia, had contacted the General who had given his blessing to their wish to report the state of affairs

in Turkish Limassol. Today, they arrived at a particularly; inopportune moment, politically. Moves were afoot to get Ian Williams into the Turkish quarter to haul out Ramadan Djemil to commence discussions for a permanent settlement.

However the opportunity was seized, the vehicles commandeered and with Ian Williams providing directions, the whole party, with hatches battened down, moved ponderously towards Djemil's headquarters. Without incident! The journalists were dropped off, to be picked up later and Djemil with his deputy were extracted. Ian William's descriptions of the state of the quarter were horrifying. Each entry road blocked by makeshift barriers, heavy lorries, boxes, bricks. All hurriedly drawn across between houses, evacuated and lonely; some knocked down and looted or, as in some cases where the buildings could be used as vantage points, the Greeks had moved in. The streets littered with debris; the debris of battle, of annihilation, of humiliation. Devastation had been wreaked with a vengeance, but for what reason, vengeance for what? Why should there be this distrust, hate, killing? The quarter was perhaps a third of its original size, its size the day before, actually its size at 6.30 this morning. From the doors of every building, every hovel, as the armoured cars passed by, men, women and children spilled into the street. There was no shooting - it had been halted. Panic prevailed, they were all petrified.... no wonder. But, these were British cars!

Back in the Greek quarter our cavalcade of fighting vehicles, all armed to the teeth, the occupants waving, people cheering. Some ten assorted vehicles, ferret armoured scout cars, armoured one ton trucks, land rovers, RAF & Army, a lone staff car occupied by the General, Yorghadjis and me and one very ordinary car. In it the District Officer, Mr Benjamin. On their way back to Polemidia, the Minister, waving to a knot of children gathered on a street corner, said to the General, "if it wasn't for them, I would leave the island now". This remark suggested that this once British-hated EOKA leader (code-named Laertes), a noted brutal killer, had softened - he had after all recently turned thirty - in his years in office. Was he really regretting the destruction of his glorious island, or was it just 'another line' to get the Brits on his side to help him play his own game. He is clever; we must take care not to be drawn into his net and simply become his puppets as he tugs the strings.

Shortly after arriving at the camp, we were joined by Ian Williams with Ramadan Djemil looking distraught, destroyed almost. Physically, he could hardly clamber from the corner where he had been sitting hunched up on the floor

of the vehicle. What was his future?

Negotiations proceeded for several hours stopping for a break at about 2.30. Djemil and Pars (his deputy) remained in the camp looking disconsolate, but safe. Luckily we found sandwiches and drink which was shared ravenously by all, including the press. The Greek group returned to the town, presumably to report to Nicosia and receive instructions.

Agreement had almost been reached and doubtless they would need confirmation from on high the terms were on the right lines. During the interval the General was interviewed by the Times correspondent and two other journalists. They showed little grasp of what was happening. How the General managed to resist the entreaties of Djemil, I will never know. His own freedom of action was so limited, politically, militarily, humanely. How distressing for the British troops standing on the touch line - but oh, so much more distressing for the Turkish Cypriots. Actually it also seemed humiliating for us. We could only watch. During these negotiations I was sitting next door, glued to a wireless set, feeding messages, when needed to the General, especially those from Kutchuk in Nicosia becoming increasingly anxious and impatient, as was Colonel Saglam of the Turkish Army Contingent (Mainland) on the verge of taking a "drastic next step". To allay fears somewhat, I sent off a message to the CinC and Pickard from the General to the effect that a permanent ceasefire was virtually guaranteed. It had taken so long, because despite the accurate and determined fire from the General, Yorghadjis kept quavering and stalling.

As he was so often on target, the Minister seemed genuinely to fear the tongue's salvos - it could be really fearsome when needed - although he seemed to have developed a thick skin taking the brow-beating resignedly. But how much could we rely on his word? That was the question.

Perhaps to emphasise his reliability he proposed he would remain the night in Limassol and stay with Benjamin. Or was he just wanting to provide encouragement on the ground for his 'boys'?

From London, we heard the Ministry of Defence had suddenly woken to the Limassol situation and gave the CinC complete freedom of decision making regarding family evacuation. The signal informed him that he could implement Operation Oarlock without further reference to them and importantly without the need to consider any political implications. This, of course, applied only to families in the Limassol area.

..continued P6

..continued from P6

In fact that morning at about ten, a hundred or so families had been moved out to Akrotiri and Episkopi, bringing stories of how women and children had been cowering on the floor of their houses with bullets ricocheting from wall to wall and mortars pounding away outside..

One airman, fortunately with his family, had turned on a tape recorder. His tape would do justice to any war film - even the Longest Day (we had recently seen). Another family calmly walked out through a hail of bullets to safety, foolhardy perhaps, certainly lucky. But these hundred were the tip of the iceberg if Oarlock was to be implemented.

At four forty-five agreement was eventually reached. All needed now was to produce the record for all to sign. Easier said than done. No-one could

type. I therefore had to clear a small space, and as Jim Pollard, Douglas Parker's Brigade Major, dictated the terms, I laboriously, with two fingers typed it out. The end product was not of the highest quality, but no-one was going to mark it and anyhow everyone was really too tired after seven hours of solid argument and debate. Ramadan Djemil and Polycarpus Yorghadjis both signed as did the other main participants. The pact was made. The ceasefire was to hold "forever". This last phrase had been slipped in it would seem without Yorhgadjis noticing - we presumed it must have escaped his notice; the Greeks normally insist on a time limit.

All sides dispersed; Djemil and Pars back to the Turkish quarter in the armoured cars; Yorghadjis with Benjamin back to the Police HQ, the General and I back to Nicosia by helicopter; it had waited for us since arrival when I had suggested to the luckless pilot that we might be "a couple

of hours". We reached the Cornaro with just enough light to land.

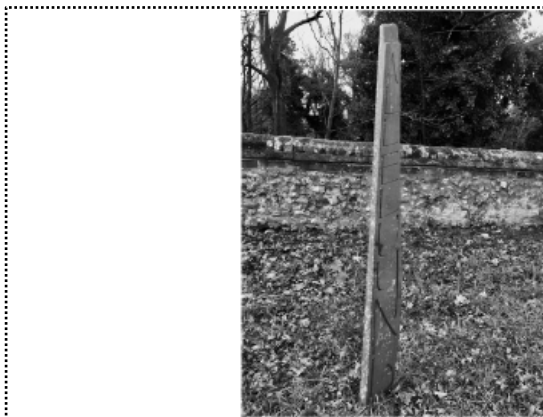
The General was worn out. It had been a gruelling day. Exhausting and harrowing. At least a day of 'action'; he had really achieved something. Without him those negotiations would have got nowhere, I feel sure, and the TCs would have been coerced into a weaker and weaker position. The day was General Young's, indisputably. And the ceasefire has hardly been broken to this day (1965). All was quiet when we left. The destructive, callous inhumanity of these Greek Cypriot forces was terrible to behold. Besides the initiating tank, a troop of bulldozers had appeared, knocking down houses, even some still occupied, leaving the contents visible to the world and elements and of course, to looting. It almost seemed we were back in the Middle Ages - but with modern weapons. A terrible day, but with a reasonably positive outcome."

## TEUCER WILSON RDI

Teucer, from near Aylsham, was a stalwart of the Bergh Apton Sculpture Trails or at least the last three. Last year, 28th November it was announced that he had the honour of being selected by the Royal Society of the ARTS (RSA) as a Royal Designer for Industry(RDI). This group of leading and amazingly talented British individuals is limited to 200 who work in a range of disciplines; product, industrial and graphic design, architecture, lighting, film, fashion, textiles, furniture and multimedia, they have designed the world around us. From the Kenwood chef, Dyson hoover, bus shelters, airports, lighting, chairs, road signs, our clothes, hoes and so on.

Amongst their number are such revered creators as Tim Berners Lee, Quentin Blake, James Dyson, Brian Eno, Norman Foster, Thomas Heatherwick, Barbara Hulanicki, Nick Park, Zandra Rhodes.

In Bergh Apton churchyard there are three of Teucer's carved pieces, a gravestone near the south wall, and donated by BA Arts, the Alleluia standing stone next to the main gate and a slate panel elegantly depicting an extract, relating to the village, from the Domesday Book. There are also, I believe, several of his works in private collections. Here are the Alleluia and Domesday pieces. Do go to see them to admire their artistry!



If you are intrigued by his name, Teucer was the stepbrother of Ajax, and was acknowledged as the best of the among the Greek archers of Troy. Shielded by Ajax, every time he shot an arrow at Hector, Apollo, the protector of the Trojans, would foil the shot. He was one of those to enter the Trojan Horse and is the legendary founder of the city of Salamis on Cyprus .

*Christopher Meynell*

## Spring Art Fayre



Image: Jennifer Lovatt

Villagers, Trevor Price and Jennifer Lovatt will be joining other artists at The Spring Art Show in The Forum Norwich, 11 - 15th March and would be very pleased if you could join them. If you would like to know more about the event, please refer to the event website [www.springartshow.co.uk](http://www.springartshow.co.uk), where you can find information on the artists taking part. Alternatively, do contact [jennifer@jenniferlovattstudio.com](mailto:jennifer@jenniferlovattstudio.com) for an invitation to the Private View event on the evening of Wednesday 11th.

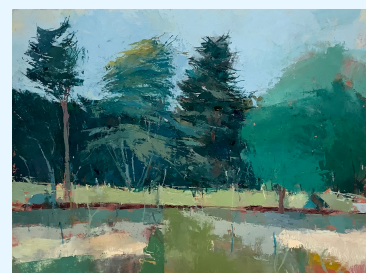


Image: Trevor Price



## Bergh Apton Church Easter Flowers

We are arranging Spring flowers for Easter in the church on Sat 4th April.

Do come and help - we would love to see you!



Contact: 01508 480439 or 07900 553420 or [hilary.ling@btinternet.com](mailto:hilary.ling@btinternet.com)

## EASTER COMMUNION



*followed by  
Refreshments  
and an Easter Egg Hunt*

**BERGH APTON  
CHURCH**

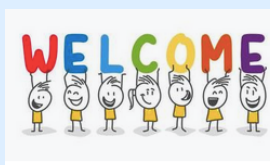
**Sunday 5<sup>th</sup> April  
10.00 am**



## A warm welcome to new arrivals in Threadneedle Street in January

**Sandra Bottoms**, a retired Customer Relations Manager, has arrived from Long Stratton, moving into 'Gilead Cottage'. She volunteers at the Long Stratton Foodbank.

**James & Nesha Andrews** and 3yr-old son, Hugo have arrived from Chedgrave. They've moved into 'Failte'. James is an architect and Nesha a nurse.



We hope you'll all be very happy in Bergh Apton.

## A LENTEN EXPERIENCE



**Bread of Life?  
Bread of Heaven!**

**Speaker:**  
**Canon Paul Thomas, OBE**

**An Exploration with  
music, beautiful pictures,  
poetry and no nonsense  
prose**

### Five Wednesdays in Lent

25<sup>th</sup> February Bergh Apton Village Hall NR15 1AA  
4<sup>th</sup> & 11<sup>th</sup> March Rockland Barn NR14 7EY  
18<sup>th</sup> March Bergh Apton Village Hall NR15 1AA  
25<sup>th</sup> March Rockland Barn NR14 7EY

**6.30 pm with a light supper beforehand.**  
**Prior registration not essential but it helps with  
catering: Phone 07733 430681  
or email [lorielain-rogers@outlook.com](mailto:lorielain-rogers@outlook.com)**

**ALL ARE WELCOME**

Join us whatever your Christian persuasion – or none

More information: <https://www.achurchnearyou.com/church/10140/>  
<https://www.facebook.com/berghaptonchurch/>

**Do you enjoy the peace and  
beauty of nature?**

**Are you interested in flowers  
and wildlife?**

**Do you like to stay active?**

**If the answer to any of these is  
'YES' – read on .....**

**YOUR CHURCHYARD NEEDS  
YOU.**

In an age when wildflower grazing meadows are a vanishing resource, and roadside grass verges are becoming overwhelmed with aggressive grasses and other species, ancient churchyards are the last refuge of many rare species of flora, and a haven for pollinators and other insects. Birds too.

We have approximately 4.5 acres of churchyard.

During the growing season, approximately one-third – paths and areas around newer and frequently-visited graves – is mown regularly. Most of the rest is managed to encourage wildflowers.



In 2020 and 2021, the Norfolk Wildlife Trust conducted several surveys of our churchyard in February, March, June and July. They identified well over 90 floral species plus numerous grasses, and recommended a management programme which we have adopted.

The principle of that management is pretty simple; cut once or twice a year and remove the cuttings. This stops the nutrients being returned to the soil, reduces the height and vigour of the grass and enables the wildflowers to compete. The timing of the work will vary depending on the type of season and which area is in need of a haircut. Easy-peasy!

Except that the two 70+year-olds currently doing the job are, frankly, starting to fray around the edges.



What we'd like to do is to form a team of folk who could be called upon to help. This would be on an 'as and when' basis and, if we have several volunteers, there's a good chance that at least one or two might be available when needed. In addition to managing the conservation areas, there might be the odd bit of scrub clearance and other jobs depending on your interest and skills. It's cheaper than the gym and might work a few new muscle groups too!

The churchyard is a glorious and peaceful place; beautiful in all seasons. Even if you feel that the work is beyond you, do come down and enjoy it – the snowdrops will be out around now, and then the wild daffodils in March. See what birds you can identify - and flowers too; something new every month. If you'd like to become a member of an ad hoc team, please call Shirley – 01508 480576 or email [bachurchwarden@outlook.com](mailto:bachurchwarden@outlook.com)

It should be said that the only payment will be a glow of enjoyment in the results of your labours. The church is funded entirely by its supporters and its own fundraising; the Parish Council kindly helps with fuel and maintenance costs for our cutting equipment, but we receive no other support. As we have to pay over £19,600 to the Norwich Diocese, and more than £2,600 in insurance and electricity, we are grateful for any practical help to keep our costs down.

## COUNTRY MATTERS

### BRIEF ENCOUNTERS

(but not of the third kind!)

Alone I live, a solitary stalker, a rusty shadow. At dusk I pad the paths, ever watchful. The wind brings messages to my sharp ears. My bark shudders the night.

Until January the weather was mild, daffodils were seen in flower, someone saw a butterfly and I had two wasps, rather dozy wasps, in my kitchen. Then the Holly King decided to show what tricks he had hidden up his sleeve and down came the snow. My two cats went out to explore this strange piebald world and the porch door was left open just enough for them to come in. Later I, too, went to open the door and look out and one of the cats came running and bringing a friend to visit, a fox. If the door had been open wider he would have come in. So fox and I met at the door, both astonished. I was so close I could have touched him. He turned and ran but not as though fleeing from an enemy. The other cat was coming through the hedge as fox went running by and the cat gave a little hop and skip as though inviting a game so I wonder if these three know each other.

During the twelve days of Christmas the robin is the little Lord of Misrule. His thin thread of song is not of 'comfort and joy' in these early January days of snow and cold to the bone days. He sings a winter's tale, a little flock of notes and lilts. His coat is the colour of wintered leaves and his bonfire bright chest like a shield. His eyes dark as peppercorns see all, he knows who comes, who goes. Two robins have territories, one each side of my gate. They often perch on the top rail and I call them Lords of the Rail. One is certainly Cock o' the Rail and he struts along while the other robin sits in the holly tree. Every day I put a trail of best food for robins along the top rail of the gate and they both now come right up to my hand and one flew so close I felt his wing on my cheek. I offer food on my hand but that, for now, is a step too far.

We walk over a world of buried secrets and treasures. Recently in west Norfolk a hoard from a long gone battle led by Boudicca's tribes have been unearthed. Beneath hedge and hollow are bones of kings and warriors whose battle cries once echoed from hill to hill, a bunch of keys, a sword clasped closely by ropes of roots. Under our feet also is Mole the Miner making tunnels and chambers that know no sun or moon and only he has mapped. He works in a crypt of earth and roots. Mole is a architect of fortresses and earthworks.

Once, quite some years ago, we rescued a mole. We had been in the meadow next to Framingham Pigot church to collect blewits. These are edible fungi and we sliced them and egg and breadcrumbed them, fried them and put them on toast, a meal for a king! On the road outside the churchyard we came across a mole scurrying along, how he got there we could not think and he was in grave danger of traffic. I picked him up and stroked him, a mole's fur lies flat no matter which way it is stroked, just right for a little miner. There in my hand was Moldywarp, 'the little gentleman in black velvet' one of whose long ago ancestors had inadvertently killed a king and became the toast of the Jacobites. We put him over the wall into the grass round the church where he could tunnel in safety.

Pat Mlejnecky

## BERGH APTON ARTS

### METAMORPHOSES

HUGH LUPTON

SATURDAY 14 FEBRUARY 2026

BERGH APTON CHURCH

7,30pm

£15

Come and listen to Hugh telling magical,  
dark and old as time Greek myths of  
shape shifting and transformation.  
Step out of this world into a world where  
a King's ears turn to a donkey's ears,  
beautiful girls become stars,  
spilt blood changes to flowers  
and  
a warrior is suddenly a swan!

Tickets from Eventbrite:

<https://www.berghaptonarts.org/metamorphoses-2026>

## BERGH APTON ARTS

### WRITING WORKSHOP

with

HUGH LUPTON

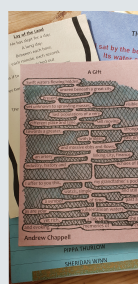
Tuesdays 5, 12, 19 & 26 May 2026

1000 - 1200

Cost: £80 for the 4 workshops

Those interested must commit to the four sessions.

Hugh is not only a Master Storyteller but also a writer. These workshops are for those who enjoy words. Hugh sets a theme and those involved not only write but discuss, listen and read and so the group is kept deliberately small. There is often homework! A challenging four sessions, inspiring and full of interest. At the end those taking are expected to make a record of all the written work, the obvious way is to make a book but last time, there were two quite different ways. Using imagination one made a pack of cards and the other scrolls!



In the last newsletter, I reported on a recent writing workshop by BAA.

Unfortunately, I incorrectly attributed these works to Andy Chappell, when,

in fact, they were work by Peter Lyle.

Please accept my apology for the incorrect referencing.



## BERGH APTON ARTS

### A RAKU FIRING!

#### **Christopher:**

A stunning day. Perfect early winter. A roaring fire. Good company. Creativity at work. Georgina, having fired our clay works in her studio, took us through the glazing process. Providing colours and implements. Excitement grew as the 'moment critique' approached. The kiln was lit, plain-looking but glazed pieces were laid carefully, the lid fixed tightly. The inside temperature increased to some 1000 degrees C, the indicator cones bowed. Lid off, Georgina armed with long tongs placed them in the bins of sawdust which immediately burst into flames. And the results, you should have

seen them. Raku, as ever, worked its wonders, its mystery, its unpredictability. And all thanks to Georgina, our intrepid and delightful leader. How lucky we are.



#### **Debbie:**

Spending the day exploring raku pottery was both challenging and rewarding. Not every piece turned out as planned but they were part of the beauty of the process, each result carried its own character and lesson. More than the outcomes, the experience itself stood out, learning from a skilled instructor, sharing the kiln's excitement and connecting with people from the local community. It was a fabulous opportunity to experiment, to grow and be part of something creative together.



#### **Pat:**

In the Clay Day and the Raku Firing we worked with the four elements, Fire, Air, Earth and Water. Raku is a form of Japanese pottery, the results are often unexpected, glazes crawl and crack and colours dimmed but can also be quite eye taking and pleasing, it is working with a magic. Raku and one of the Japanese philosophies, 'wabi-sabi' go hand in hand, it is the acceptance that all life and all things are fleeting, that there is value in all no matter how worn by time. There is no need to be always seeking perfection and believing that only the latest fashions have value. It is accepting what has happened.

The Clay Day and the Raku Firing taught us new worthwhile ideas.



#### **Rebecca:**

Before the workshop I had never heard of raku but I enjoyed discovering the magic and the wabi-sabi philosophy of accepting imperfection. Seeing my wreath come out of the flames and then polishing away the carbon to reveal the finished piece was a great experience.

#### **Sandy:**

Not knowing quite what to expect at the finish added to the anticipation and the alchemy of pieces emerging red hot from the kiln. I would love to have another session if there is one.



## With thanks...

This newsletter cannot be produced without the generosity of our sponsors who have pledged support at this time for the print costs for the next 12 months.

## Our thanks go to:

Fanny Thursby Trust, Bergh Apton Arts, Bergh Apton Conservation Trust, Bergh Apton Society, Bergh Apton Local History Group, Bergh Apton Parish Council, Bergh Apton Parochial Church Council, Bergh Apton Village Hall Trust, Bertram Charitable Trust, Country Holiday Cottages Norfolk Ltd, and the Christopher Tenwinter Trust.

## Useful Contacts

### BAA (art workshops)

Pat Mlejnecky 01508 480696

### Bergh Apton Broadcast

Jenny Lovatt 07542 927630

### BA Conservation Trust

Tony Davy 01508 558453

### BA Local History Trust

Linda Davy 01508 558453

### BA Society

Lynton Johnson 01508 480629

### Church: Rector

Reverend Chris Ellis 01508 484174

### Church: Warden

Shirley Rimmer 01508 480576

### Dog Training

Tina Devlin 07810 158799

### Family/Local History research

John Ling 01508 480439

### Microscopy Group

Peter Sunderland 01508 493398

### Parish council

clerk@berghapton.org.uk

### Pilates classes

moveswithemma.com

### Singing (The La La's)

Karen Bonsell 07583968739

### Village Hall Bookings

Hilary Ling 01508 480439

### Yoga classes

Gemma Bains 07979 723914

## Regular Events at The Village Hall

<b>Monday</b>	10am	Extend Fitness 50+
	5pm on	Dog Training
<b>Tuesday</b>	9.30am & 10.30	Pilates
<b>Tuesday</b>	7pm	The La La's sing
<b>2nd Wednesday</b>	7.30pm	B.A. Society
<b>3rd Wednesday</b>	10-12 noon	Coffee n Catch Up
<b>3rd Wednesday</b>	2-4 pm	Village Archive
<b>Friday</b>	9.30am & 11.15	Yoga
<b>1st Saturday</b>	9-5pm	Microscopy Group

## Roberts & Son Printers

Litho & Digital Colour Printing  
Printer Ink/Toner/Spares  
Office Supplies

High Quality Colour Photocopying and  
Laminating Service available

T 01508 520221 F 01508 528313

E print@robertsandson.co.uk

www.robertsandson.co.uk

2-6 Bridge Street • Loddon • Norwich • NR14 6EZ

Want to get regular updates?  
Join our Facebook community at:

'Bergh Apton Community  
Noticeboard'



or look on our website

<https://berghapton.org.uk/>

## Below The Winter Sky

Below the grey, winter sky,

A covering of snow,

Lay upon the distant hills.

In the valley

The familiar, but welcome  
sight

Of the grey stone cottage,

With smoke from the single  
chimney,

Gently drifting away

Upon the chilling winter  
breeze.

Journey's end closer now,

Footsteps quicken through the  
snow,

Along the narrow lane,

Leading to the path

And the solid timber door

At the front of the cottage.

Already in my mind,

Smells of the kitchen,

A glowing fire in the grate,  
The warmth and comfort of  
home.

As I close the door,

Fresh snow covers my tracks

Along the lane,

As winter secures it's hold

Upon the cottage in the valley.

Inside at last.

Expectations of journey's end,

Fulfilled,

As I rest, by the fire,

Of the cottage, in the valley,

Below the grey, winter sky

Chris Roe



## Village Diary

### FEBRUARY

11th 7.30pm	BA Society talk on Cantley Sugar Beet Factory by Steve Cash
14th 7.30pm	Metamorphoses with Hugh Lupton at the church
18th 10 - 12	Coffee 'n' Chat
18th 2-4pm	Archiving
21st 10am	BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field
25th 6.30pm	Lent course
26th 10am	BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field

All activities take place at Bergh Apton Village  
Hall unless otherwise stated.  
If you'd like your event in the diary, please contact  
[hilary.ling@btinternet.com](mailto:hilary.ling@btinternet.com)

### MARCH

4th 7pm	Parish Council meeting
6th 7pm	BA Local History Group Annual Supper
11th 7.30pm	BA Society
18th 10-12	Coffee 'n' Chat
18th 2 - 4pm	Archiving
18th 6.30pm	Lent Course
21st 10am	BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field
25th 7pm	BA Village Hall Management Trustees meeting
26th 10am	BACT Workday. Meet at Church Field
28th 9.30am	11 Says assembly

**APRIL** 4th 9.30am Decorate church for Easter