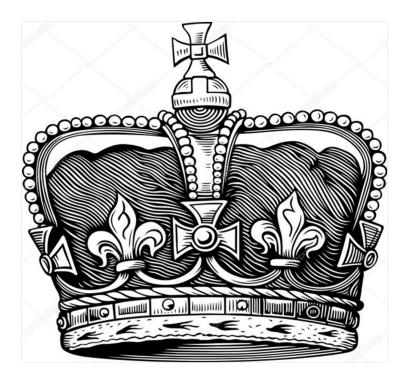
CRATFIELD NEWS

May 2023



CORONATION OF KING CHARLES III MAY 6th 2023

WELCOME

A very warm welcome to Daniel, Cheryl, Ben, Alfie, Henry and Rory and Freddie (the dogs) who have recently moved into Holly Tree Farm. They have already sampled the Pop-up pub so I'm sure they will be happy to join in anything else we have to offer here in Cratfield.

THE CONGREGATION OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH CRATFIELD INVITE YOU TO

"A toast to the King"

with Bonfire and Hotdogs A chance to come together to mark the Coronation of King Charles III at St. Mary's Church, Cratfield at 1900hours on Sunday 7th May

All welcome on the day, but it would help of you could sign up on the sheet at the back of the church if you are planning to attend so we have some idea of number.

CRATFIELD'S CORONATION WEEKEND MEMORIES

On or around Coronation weekend, take a photo, or two, to provide Cratfield memories. It maybe you in front of your house (we like that idea), or your neighbours, or a view of Cratfield that is special to you. Get your favourite photos printed (no bigger than 6 x 4 please) and then take your photos and pin them up on the board provided in St. Mary's church.

Please also send a digital version to marfleets@doctors.org.uk and we will endeavour to create an album that can be kept for future generations to look back on and see what life was like in 2023 and indeed what the residents looked like!

Paul and Carline Marfleet

OPEN GARDEN

Church Farmhouse, Heveningham Rd, Cratfield IP19 0BY Saturday June 10th 2023 From 11am to 5pm All proceeds to St Mary's Church, Cratfield Admission:- Adults £3, Under 18's £2, children under 5 free Tea and home made cakes and scones available from 2.30 to 4

Cratfield Quiz The number 3

- 1. There are 3 miles in a
- 2. Which of Shakespeare's plays opens with 3 witches?
- 3. Who had a hit with the song 3 times a lady in 1978?
- 4. There are 3 French hens in which Christmas song?
- 5. In the Bible, who was trapped in a fish/whale for 3 days and nights?
- 6. Three little birds was a hit for which singer and the Wailers?
- 7. What is another name for the 3 kings who visited Jesus?
- 8. The tunnel of love was a hit for which group in1983?
- 9. Freud's personality theory identifies which 3 parts?

10. Who scored 3 goals in the 1966 World Cup?

- Name the: 3 capitals of S. Africa
 - 3 Musketeers
 - 3 houses that the little pigs built
 - 3 Stooges
 - 3 bones in the inner ear
 - Noah's 3 sons
 - 3 famous Bronte sisters
 - 3 ships of Christopher Columbus
 - 3 books in the Lord of the Rings trilogy
 - 3 colours on traffic lights

Answers on p13



AN IMAGE OF INDIA Part 1

Namascaram

Our plane from Doha touches down on the Trivandrum tarmac a few minutes after 2.00 a.m. about 30 minutes ahead of schedule; but why do all flights to India have to arrive at ungodly hours?

Beyond 'Arrivals' the smiling Mr Madhu and his Toyota Innova are waiting for us; he will be with us for the next ten days. Because of the terrain and distances we cover and the varied and sometimes unplanned journeys we undertake we need a car and driver, we would have real difficulty in getting a car ourselves; car hire for foreigners simply doesn't exist. Twenty years ago it cost £1 per driving hour, now the car costs £45 per day but we have the car and Mr Madhu for 24 hrs to do as we ask, to go when and where we want, for as long as we need; all in and never any extras.

We want, for as long as we need, an in and never any extras. We rapidly leave the modern brightly lit airport zone and are immediately swallowed up in what must be the dimmest, most congested, least attractive area of poor buildings and narrow roads surrounding any of India's international airports. This is the East Fort district, which dates from colonial times and does not seem to have changed much, just decayed gently over the years. Ten minutes driving and we are at our hotel in Thampanoor on the southern edge of TRV, Trivandrum (officially Thiruvananthapuram, but nobody uses that!) Kerala's State capital, home to nearly 3 million people. The Residency Tower is a hotel we have used before, we know it, we like it, particularly the excellent 8th floor open air restaurant the Punjabi Dhaba, with a view over TRV. Dhaba is Hindi for a simple often pretty basic street café - beloved by truck drivers- this one is a bit more upmarket with an in-situ Tandoori kitchen; you can see, hear and smell your food being cooked!

We are checked in and have our room by 3.00 a.m. - back in India after a pandemic enforced three year separation.

For us the road most travelled is that which leads away from TRV to the north-east, heading for the state border with Tamil Nadu. Rising all the time, it skirts the foothills of the Western Ghats and for the first 10 km or so is densely urban. Beyond the satellite town of Peroorkada the road enters the steep sided, winding valley of the Karamana river. Only three decades ago this was a lush, green sylvan place; since then relentless urban growth has replaced trees and grassy banks with buildings of all shapes, sizes and quality from d-i-y shacks and stalls to towering blocks of high-rise accommodation. The views of the river being near totally obscured by roadside commercial advertising hoardings of huge size.

In 1972 at Aruvikkara the river was dammed, and a reservoir created to supply the growing urban area around TRV with irrigation and more importantly, a reliable water supply. Today the banks of the reservoir are

popular picnic spots and at one bags of seed and grain can be bought to feed the fish, some of considerable size, which swim in these waters. Fish are not the only inhabitants of the reservoir, it is home to a good number of Marsh Crocodile, or 'Muggers' one of the three species of Indian crocodile. Because of the danger posed by the reptiles the entire perimeter of the reservoir, with the exception of the controlled fish feeding station, is protected by ten foot high, steel mesh fencing, topped with strands of razorwire. Situated close by the fencing in a secluded spot on the west side of the reservoir and nestled in among banana and palm trees is the Banyan Tree Society 'Happy Valley School' for disabled children.

There are many large houses around the perimeter of the reservoir, it is a pleasant place to live, a quiet open area with much natural vegetation, very green and lush; the waters have a cooling effect much appreciated when in May and June temperatures will be in the mid 40s C. Sometimes properties are available for long lets. This was the case for the building which houses the school where the day begins with the arrival of two smart yellow minibuses, driven by male staff members who have other part time day jobs – one is a rubber tapper who starts work at sunrise when it is cool and the latex sap remains liquid long enough to be collected. Up to forty physically disabled and cognitively less able children across an age range of 6 -15 arrive, some with their parents; which gives the school a family feel. Arrival is followed by morning prayers and a session of physical exercises; classes start about 10.30 a.m.

The school staff includes special education teachers, vocational trainers, a physio therapist and speech therapist. It has a cook and two caretakers. There is a midday meal, a period of rest and play, classes finish at 3.00 pm. with - as in every school in India - the collective singing of the national anthem - before the minibuses take everyone home.

The school's Director is Philip Matthew, a man Peter has known and worked with for nearly thirty years Sue for more than twenty. Philip has been an integral part of The Banyan Tree charity since its inception and has seen it through several metamorphoses as the work among the poor and disadvantaged has changed.

.....to be continued

Porgamo

Peter Baker, Sue Seabon



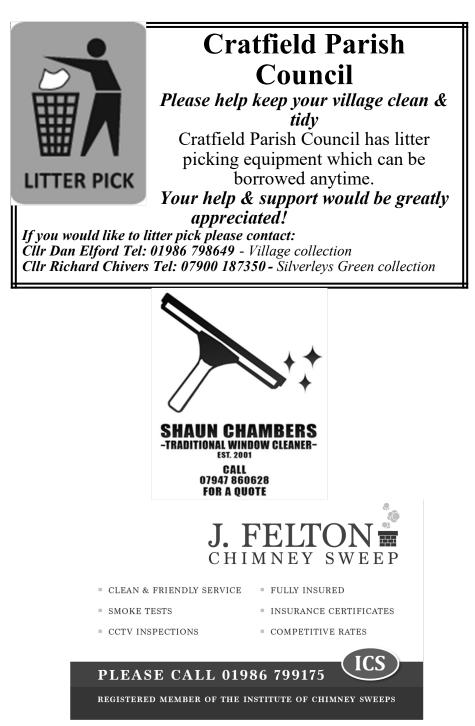
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DIARY OF A NOVICE TRIATHLETE, AGED 53¹/₂

An occasional, and occasionally truthful, record of my preparation for my first triathlon.

Warning: this instalment includes some scenes of a distressing nature and those with a sensitive disposition should look away. Only those who are interested to know what can happen to A Gentleman's Sensitive Parts when he starts cycling long distances should read on.

Even taking the basket off the front of my old bike did not make it racy enough and the time had come to invest in a new one. And so the local bike shop inducted me into the arcane and expensive world of bike-buying. To join this one gives up, if not all, then a large proportion of one's worldly possessions. They put the sorting-helmet on me, which decided on something that was faster but was not going to make me look ridiculous. I also needed a pair of clip-in pedals, which in the cycling world are known as clipless (don't ask). So I got a pair of pedals that looked like miniature props from a Star Wars movie and a pair of shoes that made me walk as if I had just been subjected to multiple indignities.

Following some good advice, I put the new pedals on my old bike and went to the local park to practice clipping in and out while cycling on the grass. One shoe engaged with the pedal with a satisfying thunk and I set off, scrabbling to engage the other. Thunk! Success! This was easy! I slowed to a halt and failed completely to disengage either foot. I tried to set off again but was in the wrong gear so there was a brief, cartoon-like moment of stillness, a wobble, and then I was lying on my back with the bicycle upside-down above me. I managed to unclip from this position, threw the bike to one side, bounced to my feet as if I had nailed the dismount and waved to acknowledge imaginary applause of the audience. In reality, parents were watching me in silent astonishment, summoning their kids from the climbing frame and eyeing the shortest distance to the exits. After a few more goes I got the hang of it and it was time to put the new pedals on the new bike and venture out on the road.

I have always believed that bicycles should have names. Based on my first few outings, wobbling uncertainly up and down the road outside our house, the new bike was christened "Bambi" (which, of course, made the old bike "Thumper"). With a new and misplaced sense of confidence, I set out for a longer ride. It was all going rather well and so, while free-wheeling down a hill, I stood up on the pedals to scratch those parts of my anatomy that are in constant contact with the saddle and THEY WEREN'T THERE! I pulled over to double-check, not that the symptoms are easy to mistake. Nothing. Then, thank goodness, pins and needles. It is not often you will find a chap being grateful for pins and needles in his underpants but this was one of those occasions. I turned around, cycled carefully home and explained the symptoms to Susanne. She was initially sympathetic so I suggested that a massage might speed recovery, but apparently I was on my own there. Later in the week, in the pub, I raised the subject with a friend who is both a cyclist and a GP. He gave me that special look that doctors reserve for friends who describe their symptoms in the pub and said, "No idea, I've never had that problem."

"Wrong answer." I screamed, "You are supposed to say it's a common problem and terribly easy to solve." People in the pub looked at me curiously. "You could try a digital consultation", he suggested.

"Oh yeah", I replied, wary of one of those indignities I had recently suffered with my own GP, "What's that?"

"Try Googling it."

And so later that evening I closed the door to the office, tightened my pop-up blocker a couple of notches and started searching. Hurrah! Apparently it's a common problem that is terribly easy to solve. What I needed was a splitcrotch saddle. I found one recommended on a number of websites. It had: "several elastomer micro shock absorbers (patented)", which sounded comfortable; an "anatomic cut-out", which must be some kind of switch; a "perforated Italian leather cover", which sounded beguiling; and, "sleek and aggressive styling", which sounded rather off-putting. However, I did not plan to spend much time looking at it and so, parting with even more of all my worldly possessions, I went ahead and ordered it.

If you are ever bored, try Googling "split crotch saddle". I suggest you use your browser's incognito mode.

Charlie Wilson

LASAGNELAND

A recent survey reveals that lasagne is the second most popular Italian dish in the UK. It is beaten only by garlic bread - but leads pizza and is way ahead of spaghetti. The same survey shows lasagne to be the fifth most popular food of all types. It is a stalwart of family meals, makes an excellent centre piece for dinner parties and is a pub favourite. It is a Just Eat bestseller.

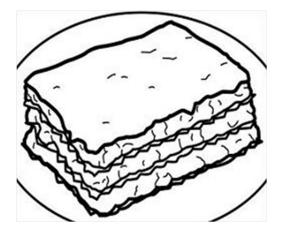
Lasagne has not always been well known. In the Sixties it did not exist as far as the ordinary home cook was concerned. The nearest equivalent mixture of meat and carbohydrate would have been, I guess, some form of meat pie. The only popularly available Italian food was a tin of Heinz Spaghetti, sinister mutant worms that eyed you mournfully from the bottom of a toxic pond of radioactive sauce. Later Heinz Spaghetti became literate - giving the world Alphabetti Spaghetti.

Like most brits I blooming love lasagne. My parents were lasagne pioneers – a friend of my dad's brought some home from his part time job as a gardener for an Italian restaurant owner. We lapped it up and soon my parents got the recipe for it and cooked it all the time. In those days they used to have to boil the pasta sheets first - I remember the awed reverence with which the precooked sheets were removed fragile, floppy and steaming from the saucepan before they were laid into the requisite pattern for the new-fangled lasagne. These early lasagnes were exercises in cheesy meaty deliciousness that, because I did not know any better, I imagined were unique to our family. Its why I became particularly fond of them. I have made lasagnes ever since and I still love them.

When you get down to it, aren't most foods just a form of lasagne? What is moussaka but lasagne made from aubergines? A meat pie is just lasagne fashioned from pastry. Trifle is a form of lasagne – the meat sauce has become a mixture of jelly and fruit; the sponge stands for pasta sheets and the custard and cream is the cheesy saucy topping. Cottage pie is merely mashed potato morphed into lasagne. Friends of mine of a certain vintage are always making lasagne. It is familiar, it is universally acceptable. Remove the sheets of pasta from lasagne and you have a stew. Substitute rice for lasagne sheets and you have biryani or a curry. We may experiment by filling our lasagnes with roast vegetables, sun dried tomatoes, fish meat or game. We serve it with or with or without a sauce on top, but in the end, it remains, triumphantly, lasagne. The food you cook shows your vintage more clearly than the label on a bottle of wine. I feel distinctly that I am part of the lasagne generation.

The internet gives me a window on to foods which are not lasagne. I peek out from beneath my lasagne comfort blanket and see sushi, made from raw fish and wasabi mustard - where lasagne sheets have become corrugated layers of compressed rice and seaweed. I shudder at the rapid evolutions of the burger universe with its pickles, pulled pork and wagyu beef with sweet burger buns as inadequate substitutes for sheets of my favourite pasta. I cast a baleful eye on Mexican food where the meat sauce has been transformed into greenish guacamole and the soft and pillowy lasagne has been left in the oven too long and have shattered into cardboard taco crisps.

Give me Lasagneland – my Happy Place. Nigel Cousins



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Chris Kitchen tel. no. 01986 798 764, email: chrissie.kitchen@yahoo.com or write to Bell Green Cottage, Cratfield, Halesworth, Suffolk, IP19 0BI

VILLAGE HALL UPDATE – MAY

Pop Up Pub - Coronation Weekend – Friday 5th May from 6pm

To mark the Coronation on Saturday 6th May, the Pop-Up-Pub on Friday 5th will be slightly different, with themed food and a special 'Coronation Ale'. Apologies – we have been let down by the band, so there will be no live music as previously advertised. Do keep an eye on the village facebook page for more details on the food offering – the menu is usually published early on the week before. Come along and kick off the bank holiday weekend with a drink and some food (no cooking and no washing up!) Bar takes cash and card payments, Cratfield Kitchen takes cash only.

<u>Other Pop Up Pub dates for your diary – first Friday of every month –</u> <u>2 June / 7 July / 4 August</u>

Indoor Bowls – every other Tuesday from 7pm – 2nd, 16th and 30th of May

Do come along and have a go – no experience required – all good fun! Tea & Coffee available and there is a suggested donation of £2 to play. Any queries please contact Nigel 07445351861 or Elliott 07963676207. Come and have a go!

Cratfield Dog Show – WAS Sunday 7th May – now postponed

Please note we have had to postpone the Cratfield Village Hall Dog Show – new date TBC, most likely September – we will update you as soon as a new date is set. Apologies for any inconvenience.

Photographic Competition 2023 - Saturday 14th October

Who can enter? ANYONE! Yes – <u>ANYONE</u>! It is for anyone in the village who wants to take part as it is a fun event. You do not have to be a professional photographer, and over the years many photos taken on smartphones and tablets have been entered and won in a category, so you do not need to own an expensive camera either.

Do my photos need to be a specific size? Yes – due to the mounts used to display all the photos we can only accept photo sizes of 6" x 8" or 8" x 12" – you can submit landscape or portrait in either size.

Please do bear these sizes in mind when taking and printing your photos – photos when often enlarged to be a bigger size can get quite 'granular' and loose some clarity.

To ensure the competition is fair for all please do not submit photos of other sizes and please do not submit mounted photos as these cannot be exhibited. **Do my photos have to be colour?** You can enter black and white and colour photos, the categories are for inspiration and open to any interpretation you wish.

How much does it cost? It is £1 per photo and children can enter for free **Who judges the competition?** A totally independent judge who does not live in the village and we use a different judge each year. The photos are all displayed anonymously with numbers instead of names, so the judge has no way of knowing who has submitted which photo/s

What are the categories again? My Cratfield / Suffolk Patterns / Abandoned Suffolk - All topics are open to your interpretation!

100 CLUB

Cratfield VH 100 Club for April - 1st prize (£15) for Jeremy Blackman (number 98) / 2nd prize (£10) for Robert King (number 80) and 3rd prize (£5) for Tracey Aryaeenia (number 69). Draw by E Rae and congratulations to all the winners!

Committee Meetings for 2023 - 7pm

Thursday 18th May / Thursday 17th Aug / Thursday 9th Nov (and AGM)

Village Hall for hire!

Don't forget our hall is available for hire for a very reasonable price! For any future booking enquiries please contact us on <u>cratfieldvillagehall@gmail.com</u> or Robert King on 01986 798975

Quiz Answers

5. Jonah 1. League 2. Macbeth 3. Commodores 4. The 12 days of Christmas 6. Bob Marley 7. Magi/wise men 8. Fun Boy 3 9. Id Ego Superego 10. Geoff Hurst Name the : Cape Town, Pretoria, Bloemfontein. Athos, Portos, Aramis. Straw, sticks, bricks. Larry, Moe, Curly Joe. Malleus, Incus, Stapes. Shem, Ham, Japheth. Charlotte, Emily, Anne. Nina, Pinta, Santa Maria. The fellowship of the ring. The two towers, The return of the king. Red, amber, green.



Benefice Services for May 2023

May 2023	7th	14th	21st	28th
Bedfield	At Worlingworth	2pm Rogation Ser- vice CS		11.00am Morning Praise/ short HC
Brundish	6.30pm Corona- tion Songs of Praise	To Worlingworth or Wilby		10.30am H C & celebra- tion EP
Laxfield	10.30am Coro- nation Celebra- tion with Baptist Church	10.30am Holy Com- munion EP	10.30am Holy Communion DM	At Brundish
Monk So- ham	11.00am RA Family Service	11.00am BCP Morning Prayer RA	11am BCP Holy Comm. RA	At Bedfield
Tannington				
Wilby	10.30am HC DM	10.30am HC CS	10.30am SP Village Worship	At Brundish
Worling- worth	11.00am Let's Celebrate Coronation BS/ VS	11.00am Let's Celebrate Roga- tion DM	11.00am Holy Commun- ion EP	11.00am To Bedfield 6pm Pentecost Praise LE

Thursday 18th May Ascension Service 6.30pm Metfield







Planning the Future Navy

Well, that is an impressive title, isn't it? But it is what my next job was about.

Leaving command of a ship is always sad. Commanding a warship is the single most important task in the Navy. It's a huge privilege and a job which makes demands on your professional knowledge, your seamanship, your tactical understanding, sometimes your moral or even physical courage and above all on your relationships with your crew, to whom you inevitably become very attached, and without whose skill and support you can do nothing.

But there is always a next job and, in late 1979, I left HMS Ashanti for my first really serious job in the Ministry of Defence, as a desk officer in the Directorate of Naval Plans. Naval Plans was then the premier Naval Staff Division and was responsible for planning the future Navy and allocating the naval budget to the various activities and monitoring the spending. My task was planning the shape and size of the future fleet, and making plans for building, maintaining and refitting ships, then assembling the necessary budget for the voting of the annual Navy Estimates. In those days the Services were still separate departments, with separate budgets and their own Ministers, all under the aegis of the overall Ministry of Defence. It was rather strange, confusing and very nerve wracking. My new boss was the then Captain Sandy Woodward, who was to become famous a couple of years later in 1982. He was frightening! He was a distinguished

submariner, regarded as the sharpest intellect in the senior ranks of the Navy. He had a "quickfire brain" and an abrupt outward manner which only eased if he trusted you, and he also understood well the strange byzantine ways of Whitehall and MoD business. His trust took some winning. When I joined, I was summoned by the veritable dragon who guarded his office for an interview with him, which went roughly like this:

"You've joined the Plans Division, the premier division of the Naval Staff, responsible for the future of the Navy. Your job is to make tough decisions and persuade the rest of the MoD, the other services and the Treasury that you're right. If you think a decision is as easy as 51% one way, and 49% the other way, you simply haven't thought about it enough. If it was that easy, someone further down the line would have made it and it wouldn't have come to Plans. I shall give you six months to learn to work successfully in a highly political, joint-service, Whitehall atmosphere. If you succeed, you'll stay. If you don't, I'll transfer you somewhere else easier and less important. Go and get on with it."

You can imagine how I felt. And I had just come from commanding a frigate! The first few months were indeed confusing and challenging, but I got lots of help from the other desk officers and from civil servants steeped in Whitehall ways. Gradually it fell into place. I was working with the Navy's and the Civil Service's brightest and best, and I had to run fast to keep up. But I learned how to write persuasive memos and handle sceptical committees. I learned too that special skill of Whitehall – to write elegant and courteous memos which really said nothing at all! I learned that it was much easier, and trouble -free, for people to say "no" than "yes" so that I had to be determined and right when I wanted to get something done. I learned a great deal about working with (and against!) the other Services and of course ministers and government itself, and how you could build a consensus to get a project through.

Soon it even became fun. The days were long, generally from 8 am to 7pm, but the social life was good and there were even evening parties from time to time, and sometimes a little bit of practical joking.¹ Sadly, I don't think this happens much nowadays - it's all much more serious.

Sandy Woodward, by the way, went straight from his Plans job to command the Falklands Naval Task Group as an Admiral. But even he turned out to have an ironic sense of humour once he trusted you. He never told me how I was doing, but he didn't sack me either. One fine day, seven years later, I found myself sitting in his old seat as the Director of Plans.

1. Most of the Naval staff were weekend commuters from Hampshire, Devon or other naval areas, so were at a loose end in the evenings. Personally, I hated weekend commuting when working ashore, and so we continued to live in London.

Jeremy Blackham

Cratfield Parish Council Meeting Dates 2023 Cratfield Village Hall

Tuesday 10th January 2023 at 7.30pm Tuesday 14th March 2023 at 7.30pm Tuesday 9th May 2023 at 7.30pm Tuesday 11th July 2023 at 7.30pm Tuesday 12th September 2023 at 7.30pm Tuesday 14th November 2023 at 7.30pm

~ Planning meetings are arranged when required ~ All Parishioners Welcome!

The agenda is displayed 3 days before the meeting on the noticeboards & website. If you would like to add anything to the agenda please contact the Clerk 7 days before the meeting. website: www.cratfield.onesuffolk.net Email: cratfieldpc@gmail.com or Tel: 07774 734411



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School Readers Needed!

National Literacy Charity 'Schoolreaders' is looking for volunteers to provide one-to-one reading support to children to help them to catch up with their reading post pandemic.

According to latest government figures, 200,000 children currently leave primary school without reaching the required standard for reading.

'Schoolreaders' support has been proven to help children's reading, fluency, comprehension and enjoyment, providing a crucial supplement to classroom teaching.

'Schooreaders' volunteers are asked to listen to children read a minimum of once a week in term time (usually for up to two hours at a time) and to commit to a minimum of an academic year. The charity interviews its prospective volunteers and then matches them to an appropriate local partner school – usually one with the greatest need for reading support.

Jane Whitbread, founder of 'Schoolreaders', comments, "When I set up 'Schoolreaders' eight years ago, I never anticipated the demand for our reading volunteers would increase so dramatically. Covid and its associated disruption to education has meant that we are needed more than ever. Children who leave primary school unable to read well cannot access their secondary schooling fully which is likely to have life-long disadvantages.

"Poor reading skills can also affect life chances and hinder such simple things as reading instructions, understanding a medicine label or accessing information over the internet which so many of us take for granted. Literacy opens doors, helps learning and brings new opportunities.

"Volunteering through us is so simple yet so enriching. Adults can give back to their local community, it provides a regular purpose and makes such a difference to children's lives. 98% of our volunteers reported a positive impact on their well-being through volunteering with us."

To find out more about becoming a 'Schoolreaders' volunteer please visit www.schoolreaders.org or call 01234 924111

ST. MARY'S CHURCH SERVICES MAY 2023

Sunday 14th	Sunday 21st	Sunday28th	
6.00pm Evening Prayer CM	9.00am Village Worship C.M.	10.30am Holy Communion & Celebra- tion At Brundish	
Sidesperson A. Edmunds	Sidesperson C. Marfleet		
Reader D. Peacock	Reader P. Baker		
Readings Acts 17:22-31 1 Peter 3:13-end John 14:15-21	Readings Acts 1:6-14 1 Peter 4:12-14, 5:6-11 John 17:1-11		

Zoom Services - Celtic Prayer 7.00pm Wednesdays, 9.00am Fridays To join us email Chrissie Smart – rev.chrissiesmart@gmail.com and you will be sent details

This month there is a lot of Kingdom talk. Firstly of course we have the coronation of King Charles III which many people are excited about. Secondly though, on the 28th of May we have the great celebration of the Kingdom of God called Pentecost. Pentecost, the celebration of the day the Holy Spirit was sent to be with us. The Holy Spirit who brought the people of God alive with hope, who brought new ability and possibility to the people of God in the early church. He came not with a whisper but a roar of power and led them from a fearful and broken place into new life. As a consequence of Pentecost, 3000 people came to faith in one day in one very small place. That Pentecost experience has been repeated again and again across the world with millions of people believing. It has happened several times already in Britain, what if it were to happen here?

We in the northern hemisphere are at the very time in our year, in the cycle of seasons, when we are seeing new life busting out all over! Consequently, it perhaps makes it easier for us not just to celebrate the Holy Spirit acting in the past, but to exuberantly celebrate bursting in upon us again and breathing new life and vigour into us as God's holy Kingdom people.

When we struggle, when we feel tired, when we wonder if we can achieve what needs to be done (or truthfully perhaps before we are reduced to this level!), we need to call upon the Holy Spirit and ask to be filled again and refreshed with his life-giving power. Our God loves us and wants us to do well, wants us to succeed and wants us to proclaim his eternal Kingdom in all the world.

God bless, Reverend Enid

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