



**New Malden  
Methodist Church**  
*At the heart of the High Street*

# Lockdown Life

**Issue 7: October  
2020**

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## Bank Holiday Blues

We have heard a lot recently about the plight of musicians whose livelihood has completely dried up while live concerts cannot take place. We decided we'd like to do something to help, so we organised an afternoon of Distanced Live Music-Making from our front windows on Bank Holiday Monday. The idea for this arose when I was working with a young horn player, recording his Grade 7 pieces for one of the new-style assessed performance exams. We had to rehearse with the windows open, so I decided to turn that into a positive thing, focusing on wind and brass instruments as they have been the ones that people have been most wary of including in any ensembles.

Studies have been done to measure how far 'aerosols' are projected from various instruments played at various volumes. We however decided that our hedges formed a non-negotiable distance limiter, so we set out chairs in the front garden and lined up 2 horn players, a trombonist, a clarinettist and a saxophonist doubling on Violin. For purposes of variety and continuity, and to allow the wind players to recover their breath and change over safely at a distance between items, Peter and I supplied piano duets, subtly amplified to a level where our audience could hear, although not see us - but any less musical neighbours would not be bombarded with it if they preferred to keep a safe Aural distance from these activities. All pieces were played solo or with piano accompaniment until the last item, 'I'm getting married in the Morning', which was freely arranged for trombone, horn, sax and 2 pianos and performed without the possible benefit of a rehearsal.

It all went really well. We had a good turnout – some 'conscripts' and others just passing by. The repertoire was wide-ranging from Jazz to light classics, by way of songs from the shows of all eras. There were also drinks, cakes and second hand books to keep the interest up and enhance the opportunities for donating generously to the Covid Hardship fund. We raised £330 thanks to everyone's generosity, and although it was quite cold,

some people stayed the whole 2 hours so it can't have been that bad.

Alison Bullett



Eleanor's pictures show what a good turnout there was. It was a lovely musical haven in a mad world!  
Sarah Moore

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## Circuit Steward Vacancy

There will be a vacancy for a Circuit Steward at the end of the year.

This interesting appointment involves pastoral care for the ministers, as well as involvement with the District, Stationing, and being sensitive to the needs of the Circuit officers and staff. The vacancy will arise because Margaret Turner's term of office is coming to an end. The replacement ideally would be from Surbiton Hill (so that there is a steward from each church), but this is not a requirement.

If anyone is interested, please contact the circuit office or Margaret for a job description and a chat.

*If you have any news which you would like to share with the Circuit please email Michael Axton ([maxton@circuitoffice.org.uk](mailto:maxton@circuitoffice.org.uk)) for inclusion in the next summary.*

## It's church, but not as we know it

What will coming to church look like under the Covid-19 security measures?

Well, with a bit of help from Mikey the Bear and friends, Karl has put together this picture guide:

1) Please queue up outside the church, using the 2m markers. Doors will open at 10.20am.



2) When you are invited in (one household or support bubble at a time), you'll need to sign in at one of the two Registration Desks.

While there, please do the following:

- 1) Sanitise your hands
- 2) Scan the QR code for NHS Test and Trace if you have a compatible smartphone.

If you can't do this, and are not in the church directory, then we will need to take contact details. Any data we record will be held for 21 days, as per government instructions.

- 3) Put on a face covering, unless you are exempt



3) Please queue up by the central doors, and wait for a steward to invite you into the Sanctuary.

Note that the side aisle doors are out of use.







4) If you need to use the toilets, please follow the arrows and use the hand sanitiser (which will be at a more human-friendly height!).

Until we've all had time to get used to the system, and because social distancing isn't possible in the corridor outside the cubicles, this area will be stewarded.



5) We're operating a 'clean as you use' system in the toilets. Please use the wipes provided to clean:

- the toilet lid and seat
- the wash basin and soap dispenser
- the sanitary bin (if used)

Please don't flush wipes down the toilet, as this may block it. If you have any problems with cleaning, just ask the stewards.



6) Wash your hands for 20 seconds, following the instructions.

When you're all done, please leave the door open for the next person



7) When leaving the toilets, follow the arrows and enter the Sanctuary using the central doors.



8) The Sanctuary looks a little different to how you might remember it...

The preacher will stay in the pulpit behind the screen.

One side of the Sanctuary has been turned into family 'boxes', with two tables and seats for four or five people (more children could be accommodated, if we know who's coming in advance).

The other side has rows of seats with spaces for groups of one, two or three people.



9) A steward will show you to your seat.

Seats with pink ribbons can be used, but those with a red cross on them are out of bounds and must be left unoccupied.

Keeping gaps of four chairs between households/bubbles enables 2m distancing to be observed.





10) We hope to put together activity packs for children using the family boxes.

We understand that not being able to go out for Junior Church or enjoy the Craft Corner is hard for children and young people, but we hope they will enjoy what can do in worship.

Please can parents/carers do their best to ensure that children stay in the boxes, to keep them and others safe 😊



11) While we can't sing during services (the law is clear that this includes when wearing face coverings), we can enjoy organ and piano music, as well as pre-recorded music.

Please resist the temptation to sing along, even when Roberta the Bear plays a catchy tune!



12) Wesley's Coffee Bar remains closed, and so we won't be serving refreshments after the service.

Please leave by the fire doors in the Sanctuary.

The stewards will ask you to leave in order, starting with those nearest the fire door.

Please also move away from the doors, so that social distancing can be observed as we head on our way.



13) Some other things to note:

- The hymn books and worship books have been put away. All the words needed for the service will be on the screen.
- Unless you need the toilet, once you've been shown to your seat, please stay there and do not walk over to others to greet them.
- Services will last at most 45 minutes.

## Holiday Memories

Way back in 1959 I sat the Eleven plus examination at Burlington Road School and one part of the examination that it was not possible to practise for was the composition (essay to the uninitiated!).

Imagine then my delight when we sat down, and the paper said to write about our favourite place for I knew immediately what I would write about and my pen sped over the paper.

My chosen place was East Runton a small village close to Cromer in North Norfolk. My grandfather worked in the War Office in London with a lady who came from the area and she and her husband converted the old forge into an L shaped single storey family home covered with the round stones familiar in Norfolk. The larger part of the building was for the family and the straight part of the L was available for visitors. Their home was up a sandy lane which remains today and stood in three acres of ground. The single track railway from Cromer to Sheringham ran along the bottom of the large field and there was a signal box where the driver had to hand in the tally for the line to be clear. All lovers of the Railway Children will know what I mean. We could stand on the fence and watch just as those children did although not in quite such fancy clothes!!

The freedom offered by such a place to children brought up living alongside the Kingston Bypass was fantastic. We could be up and out before Mum and Dad even woke up and came in when breakfast was called. I went first on my own with my grandparents and can remember the steam train from Liverpool Street to Norwich and Grandpa buying me a copy of "Sunny Stories" to read on the way and the smuts that came in if the windows were open!

"Uncle" David added new things to the grounds each year, a swing, a rope to climb, a sandpit and one year he had built a small thatched roof cottage for children. The kitchen had a stable door and there was a terrace for us to sit in the sun. Up the hill (if such a thing exists in Norfolk) there was a summer house with a beautiful rocking horse that could be ridden on special occasions.

I would happily have stayed in and around the Forge all day but there was lots to explore: a sandy beach with crab boats pulled up and kindly fishermen who talked to us about their work. The village comprised the necessary shops a butcher, greengrocer, bakery and a great fish and chip shop to provide one meal in the week and a house where the front window opened onto the pavement and where it was possible to order a crab in the morning and it would be dressed and ready for collection on the way home in the evening.

On the beach in the morning the Children's Special Service Mission had a service for us and we sang choruses and listened to Bible Stories and were encouraged to "give our hearts to Jesus" something which I wondered about even then because if I "gave" it yesterday did I have to do it again today??? There were other activities like sports in the afternoon but by then we were off to walk to Cromer or Overstrand over Beeston Hump to Sheringham. Plenty of good fresh air and family time.

I have sat and scribbled all this down and could go on for hours but I will spare you this.

In recent time I wrote to the The Forge once again to tell Tony who is the same age as me and who I thought was still living there to tell him about Mum and to enquire about his brother and sister. He returned my letter and told me that his Mum's beautiful garden which was at the front of the house and out of bounds to visitors was still looking good and he and his partner kept it as her memorial. My mum would have been delighted to know that!

Anne Bedford

## Rambles, rounders, romance . . .

We didn't always have a summer holiday when I was a girl. Occasionally there was a week in a caravan in Dorset, and once a rather wet and disappointing week in a B&B in Devon - but Mum made sure my sister and I went to Girls' Brigade Camp every summer.

And, oh, the excitement and anticipation! Captain would tell us in March whether it was to be Bexhill or Cliftonville this year; then, week by week, Cap sent notes and lists and savings cards home with us. By far the most thrilling thing on the list was “Torch for midnight feast”. Even once I’d realised that the Feast was nothing more than a few saved biscuits and sweets, eaten at 9.30pm, it never lost its allure.

In fact, it wasn’t even a Camp, strictly speaking - neither our Captain nor any other officers had the necessary licence for taking girls under canvas. Instead we camped out on straw mattresses in the halls and rooms of the Methodist churches that hosted us. These rooms were so similar to the ones we knew in our own church that it was a home from home, just with different splinters.

To be honest I can’t recall much about Bexhill or Cliftonville themselves. As with probably all the best holidays, my clearest memories are of funny moments and friendships . . .

I was in Junior Section (7 – 11) for my first few camps, and completely in awe of the fabulously sophisticated Brigaders (13 +), Jackie, Pam, Gwenda and Jill. We arrived in Bexhill on 30 July 1966, just as an apparently important football match was being played. I wasn’t that bothered, until Jackie offered a few of us younger girls the chance to gather round her illicit transistor radio to hear England win. They say everyone knows where they were that day - I certainly do.

We always held a full uniform Church Parade in our host church. One year I remember sitting in the front row and falling a bit in love with a boy in the second row of their Choir. Of course, after the service he went his way, and I went mine, back to the hall for Cap’s amazing Sunday roast. Two years later, and I was in the colour party - and there was he, reading the lesson. He charmingly brought me a glass of squash after the service, and, Reader I . . . wonder whatever happened to him.

I was a good swimmer, working my way through the Duke of Edinburgh Life Saving Award, so I was in the Lifeguard team whenever we went to the beach. This was a really good job to have as I had to be first in and last out of the sea. Unfortunately, the only time there was anything like a water-based emergency (a girl got a bit scared of a wave) I’d cut my foot on a sharp pebble and someone else had the glory of helping her to safety.

When we weren’t on the beach we’d be in the park playing rounders. I loved that game - involving as it did a nice lot of lounging around, either as a fielder too far away to catch the ball, or sitting it out after I’d been stumped at (usually) first post. The Ramble was also a popular annual event, designed to test our map-reading mettle and team-building skills. A couple of Brigaders would lead (or sometimes lose) a group of younger girls; we’d eat our packed lunches well before mid-day; fall out about which direction to go and who had the grooviest stickers on her satchel . . . and return to Camp dehydrated, sunburnt and very pleased with ourselves.

On the Wednesday afternoon we’d welcome visitors to Camp, mainly mums, dads and siblings. But by the time I’d become a Brigader (though never fabulously sophisticated, sadly) boyfriends were allowed too, as long as they took at least one other girl along on whatever outing was on offer. My best friend Sue was going out with a lovely chap called Roy, so I tagged along to the boating lake. I wasn’t just there to chaperone, I needed to impress Roy as I was very keen on his brother, Ian, an officer in the Boys’ Brigade (and, Reader, much later I did marry *him!*).

Judith Jewell

## What a difference a day makes

These two pictures illustrate the changeable weather that is always to be found in Cornwall and was our experience during our two weeks there in September. When the weather is not so good, you can



choose to drive over to the other coast where the weather is often different (sometimes even better!), or just curl up inside with your book!



The 'View' of St Ives from across the estuary at Hayle in sun and a sea mist

Sarah Moore

## Methodist Guild Holidays

Holidays have been a bit hit and miss this year. Hopefully some of you will have been able to have a few days away, or have at least enjoyed the extra time to spend in the garden. The good weather has enabled us to make the most of our beautiful countryside, although it has been distressing to see the mess and havoc some holiday makers have left behind on our beaches and beauty spots.

It is hard to make plans for the future at the moment, and the 'bucket list' of places I still want to visit has to be trimmed more and more realistically with each passing year. So I have found my thoughts turning to Holidays Past, and I wondered how many people remember the old- style Methodist Guild Houses with as much affection and nostalgia as I do. Many of these places have now been sold, and the ones that do still function as holiday venues now cater for the rather more upmarket and sophisticated sort of holiday- maker that I suspect we have all become in our advancing years.

Our family went several times in the 1970s, when things were not remotely sophisticated or upmarket: quite the reverse. This was the pre-duvet era, and no- one had yet invented the en-suite bathroom. The MGHs provided a good down-to -earth family holiday, successfully bridging the years when we children had outgrown beach holidays but were not old enough or solvent enough for solo travel. There was a particular sort of universal atmosphere in all these Houses, which means that I cannot now distinguish one holiday from another in my memories of the 4 places we visited around that time – The Links in Eastbourne, Moorlands in Whitby, Abbot Hall near Morecambe Bay and Plas y Coed in Colwyn Bay. I'm fairly sure the Snowdon climb was from the last- named and I think it was at Moorlands where I rushed to the toilet one fateful morning to open my 'O' level results in private.

The holiday was run as a large House party, and we loved it. In any given holiday week, there would be a mix of age groups; predominantly families during the school holidays, of course. There was also a 'Host' – typically a retired Minister and his wife - and an Activities Leader – someone younger and with the sort of boundless energy, sense of fun and positive determination necessary to unite all ages in walks, excursions and various silly activities. And crucially, of course, to make sure everyone was Enjoying Themselves.

Each Saturday evening after the evening meal, everyone would gather together and there would be Introductions and Roll Call for the week's new arrivals. When your name was called, you had to respond with 'Here' if it was your first visit, 'Still here,' if this was your second week, 'Here again' if you'd been there before,

and 'Still Here Again... well, you get the idea. One of the best aspects, in my teens, was sharing a small dormitory with up to half a dozen girls of around my own age – the nearest I ever got to living out the fantasy of an Enid Blyton boarding school. It meant freedom from parental supervision, staying up late and talking, or painting our toenails (not that that ever happened at Mallory Towers), and even the occasional Midnight feast if anyone could stay awake that long and was actually hungry. There were of course also Boys' dormitories, but I don't recall much Hanky Panky. I don't think anyone actually patrolled the corridors, but there was a strict 'Lights Out' rule to make sure we were up for breakfast in a fit state, ready to face the day's hike.

The food was hearty and substantial, of the meat and two veg variety, with perhaps a pie on alternate days. Crumbles to follow, and lashings of custard. This was definitely before anyone except Fanny Craddock had shown the nation how to cook, and 'Full English' would have described all the meals. Certainly nobody had heard of 'Five a day' unless it referred to potatoes. The waiting staff were youngsters of university age, so there was plenty of banter to be had there, and you could bribe them for second helpings.

After breakfast, everybody collected their greaseproof-wrapped sandwiches and boarded the coach for the day's excursion. The ratio of filling to bread in these 'wads' was always firmly in favour of the Mother's Pride, but after a morning's exertions, including raucous (and censored) singing on the coach to get us to the point of departure, nobody complained. What would have been the point.

Walks were organised by the Leader in a low-key way that is the hallmark of the true expert and belied the level of skill and responsibility required. Nobody knew what he or she carried in that large rucksack, but I'm sure all eventualities would have been covered, with a rope, a whistle and a threepenny bit rather than a Risk Assessment. The afternoon often ended in a tea shop. The entire premises would have been booked out for about 30 or 40 people and we fell eagerly on slabs of fruit cake and strong tea with alacrity, to tide us over the next 2 hours until dinner. The evenings were similarly Communal, with in-house concerts or a Social, games, quizzes, silly competitions, table tennis tournaments. I usually contrived not to bring any music with me, but my dad needed no encouragement, and would press me into service to accompany him in one of his favourite G and S bass/baritone solos such as The Sentry's Song from Iolanthe or The Policeman's Song from the Pirates of Penzance. There was no TV or video, obviously, but the week flew by. I think my parents enjoyed it too, or we wouldn't have repeated the experience as we did. It gave them a chance to mix with people with whom they had things in common, and they could relax with regard to us, as they pretty much knew we were safe and in Good Company even if we made sure they couldn't always keep a direct eye on us.

There were morning and evening devotions for about 15 minutes each day, where the hymn singing reflected the fervour of Methodists On Holiday from all over the country, all liking a lively discussion about the best tune for a favourite Wesley hymn. There was plenty of good-humoured regional rivalry about this and much else besides; some things don't change. I've made it sound like Hi de Hi, but it was better than that. At the end of a fortnight we had made good friends, and the subsequent (handwritten) correspondence typically lasted roughly until the exchange of Christmas cards but not beyond. But I can still remember some of the names and the jolly japes we got up to in those far-off innocent and simpler times, when no one had a phone let alone a tablet or laptop, and Technology was not even a word. Does anyone else have similar memories of this Golden era, I wonder?

Alison Bullett

Methodist Guild Holidays still exists as Christian Guild and they can be contacted at the following  
Christian Guild, Hothorpe Hall, Theddingworth, Leicestershire LE17 6QX

Tell 01629 826531

email [mail@christianguild.co.uk](mailto:mail@christianguild.co.uk)

website [christianguild.co.uk](http://christianguild.co.uk)

## Hold Me

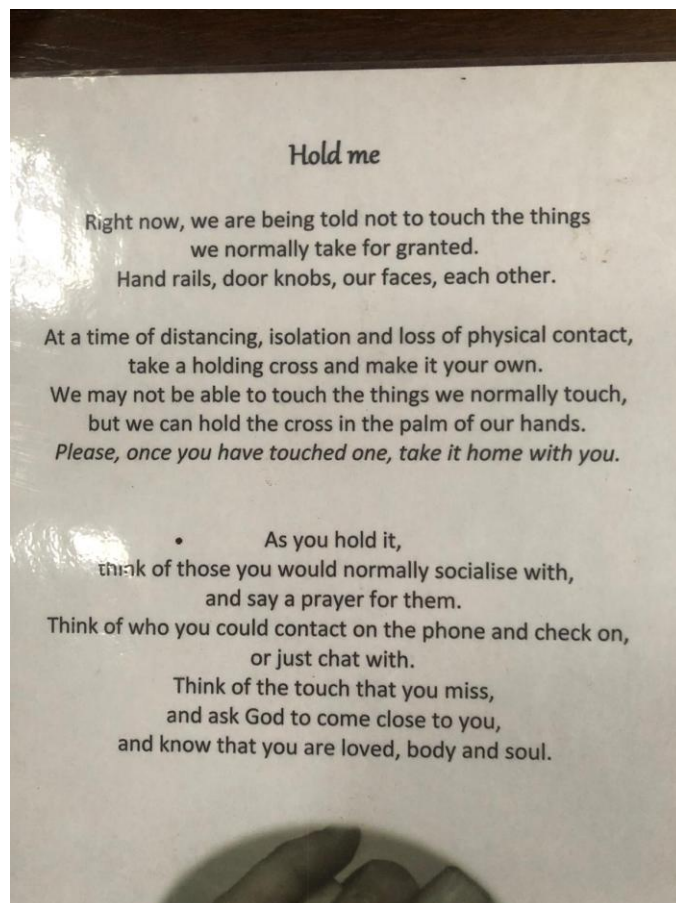
We recently visited All Saints Church in Newland, Gloucestershire, known locally as the Cathedral of the Forest (of Dean.)

It is certainly a very large church for a small village and there is much of interest to see inside, including some interesting modern stained glass. (pics on the web).

This notice beside an empty(!) bowl caught my attention and I thought I would share the idea.

We had an excellent lunch in The Ostrich pub right opposite. Definitely worth a detour if you're in Cider with Rosie country.

Peter and Alison Bullett



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## Forward from Covid – Wiser and better



Covid is costing us dearly: lives lost; education disrupted; jobs and businesses gone; inequalities worsened; huge resources consumed.

Yet some good things can also come out of it. People know neighbours better, helping each other in new ways. We are grateful for essential workers, and realise we haven't been paying them very much.

These three free-standing public discussions will explore the lessons and insights generated by the crisis. How we can turn the bad experience to advantage, and build wiser and better lives together?

- **Thursday 8 October**  
*Changes, challenges, opportunities – Kingston, Westminster, globally*

Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Davey, *MP for Kingston and Surbiton*;  
Councillor Caroline Kerr, *Leader of Kingston Borough*.

- **Wednesday 14 October**



*Moving forward together – richer and poorer, older and younger.*

Associate Professor Sylvia Collins-Mayo, *Head of the Dept of Criminology and Sociology, Kingston University;*  
Rabbi René Pfertzel, *Kingston Liberal Synagogue.*

- **Thursday 22 October**  
*Living together better*

Rt. Revd. Dr Richard Cheetham, *Bishop of Kingston;*  
Jeremy Rodell, *South London Humanists.*

*All meetings in All Saints Church, Market Place, Kingston, 6:00 - 7:15 pm, with coffee from 5:30 pm.*  
*For more information contact Leslie Packer on [lgpacker123@gmail.com](mailto:lgpacker123@gmail.com) or 020 8549 1960*

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## Final thought



**Stay safe!**

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## Next Issue

The theme for next issue is gardening, whether you are a newby or an 'old hand'. Please send me your photos, likes and dislikes, tips, ruminations, you know the form. We may even try and rustle up a quiz.

Please send all submissions, to Sarah Moore at [mmmc@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:mmmc@hotmail.co.uk) (or through my door in longhand ☺), no later than 23<sup>rd</sup> October.

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