



The

# Keston Magazine

News of your Parish and Village



Feb/March 2021

# Keston Parish Church

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Front cover: Detail of Love window by Tonia C Crouch LRPS ©

I am the LORD your God. I am holding your hand, so don't be afraid.  
I am here to help you. *Isaiah 41:13*

# Thought for the month



## Love

As we sailed through the gentle waves listening to the rhythmic beat of the ferry engine, with the blue sky above, we saw the wooded forests and the long sandy beaches ahead, then we heard that welcoming thud as the boat touched the side of the small port as we docked. I immediately felt relaxed and was so looking forward to the weeks ahead on the island I loved so much! With its old charms, tiny villages, twisting roads, shutes and chines, it made me feel like a child again! I love The Isle of Wight.

Some of you may remember that famous answer to the question to a newly engaged Royal couple, “Are you in love?” – when part of the answer was “Whatever love means”!

So what is love? “Love is merely a madness”, Shakespeare wrote. We use the word ‘love’ so easily, from loving a new handbag, a holiday destination, a newborn baby, or even a bouncing puppy, and that heart stopping ‘falling in love’ with a partner! So much has been written about love, the psychology of it, and the effect it has on you.

Love is actually mentioned 759 times in the Bible, and there may be a few passages you are familiar with. A very popular Bible reading, which is often read at weddings and funerals is where

Paul writes a letter to the church in Corinth, and explains that a truly spiritual person is filled with love – “Love is patient and kind. Love is not jealous or boastful or proud or rude. It does not demand its own way. It is not irritable, and it keeps no record of being wronged. It does not rejoice about injustice but rejoices whenever the truth wins out. Love never gives up, never loses faith, is always hopeful, and endures through every circumstance”. It’s often suggested you put “I am” in place of “love is” which is certainly a challenge, especially for me...

The one constant love is the love a mother has for her child. The great crime writer Agatha Christie wrote: “A mother’s love for her child is like nothing else in the world. It knows no law, no pity, it dares all things and crushes down remorselessly all that stands in its path”! Mary the mother of Jesus portrayed such love, and is regarded as the greatest of all mothers. She gives us a clear and inspiring picture of what an ideal mother should be like. Mary never abandoned her child, even in adulthood, and particularly when things were hard. Children do get into trouble, sometimes for the right reasons, sometimes not, as children or adults, but mothers stand with their children throughout life to offer love and support in whatever way they can.

A mother’s love is like God’s love; He loves us not because we are lovable, but because it is His nature to love, and because we are His children.

Tricia Coward, Licensed Lay Minister



## Cover Story



The front cover photo is a detail of the 'Love' stained glass window and was taken by Tonia Crouch, a member of Keston church congregation. The window is at the back and on the north side of the church and can easily be missed! The design is attributed to Burne-Jones. There were originally four windows made by Morris and Co., the others being Hope, Faith and Prayer and were given in memory of George Bentham Rae. Sadly, during the Battle of Britain all the stained glass in the church was damaged. According to the Re-Dedication Order of Service the 'Love' window was reconstructed using original glass from the four Burne-Jones windows.

The 'Love' window shows the Virgin Mary against a background of green leaves and yellow flower heads.

## John's Gospel - a gift from your church

At Keston Parish Church we wanted to do something to share with you where we find comfort and hope in the most difficult of times. So, you have received the Gospel of John with this magazine.

John was one of the friends of Jesus and throughout this book John refers to himself as 'The disciple whom Jesus loved' – the only Gospel writer to do so. It appears that John and Jesus had a close bond and were best friends!

As Christians we want to get close to Jesus in the hope that we will receive the comfort and peace that he promised (*see Chapter 14 verse 27*). Through our relationship with Jesus, we hope to be the best we can be, which in turn we hope, will make the world a better place for everyone.

Jesus entrusted his mother into the care of John at the cross (*see chapter 19 verses 26 & 27*) – I wonder if the words in the Gospel of John might help you to entrust yourself, and those you love, into the care of Jesus, especially in this challenging time.

Often at a funeral we hear words from John's Gospel read out, which are taken from chapter 14, where we hear Jesus say: "Don't let your hearts be troubled – believe in me". We could do with someone to trust and believe in right now – someone who was born because of the love of all people; someone who loves us all so much he ended up giving his life for us. That 'someone' is Jesus.

We hope this little book will bring you strength, comfort, peace and hope. May Jesus bless you through the words of John.

Rev'd Carol Morrison



# Litter Pickers raise money for charity



We have lived in Keston for nearly 10 years and our three children have grown up here and love spending time exploring our beautiful woodland, whatever the season and weather!

As the first Lockdown finished in the summer, our daughter Amelia, (aged seven), noticed a lot of litter returning along the roads and woodland in Keston so decided to make some posters asking people to take their litter home with them.

When out running with her daddy at the end of October, Amelia again noticed the litter and asked Stephen to

buy some litter pickers. Lockdown Two and one Amazon delivery later, the litter pickers arrived and on a very wet Saturday we set out to collect as much litter as we could. Amelia, Harry, (aged nine), and Olivia, (aged four), filled eight bags of litter (see picture above).

As the children had just had Children In Need day at school they thought it might be an idea to turn it into a “sponsored litter pick”. Thanks to the generosity of family and friends more than £300 was raised for charity. Who says children can’t change the world?!

Sarah Brown

## Litter Virus

A face mask is a helpful thing –  
It traps those nasty germs!  
An extra message I must bring  
In these poetic terms:  
When you’ve finished with your mask  
A bin is simply found  
So drop it in – an easy task!  
Don’t leave it on the ground!

*By Nigel Beeton*

# My Faith Journey

I grew up in Surrey as a child and my faith journey began at home. An open Bible at particular psalms with a crucifix was a familiar sight alongside artwork of political icons, musicians, black civil and social activists. As a child, I would try to find a message in the artwork and sketches of Nelson Mandela, Haile Selassie, Marcus Garvey, Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, Muhammad Ali, Maya Angelou, Bob Marley, Miles Davis and Sammy Davis Jr. They all stood in stark contrast to the image of Jesus. A bearded white man with blond hair, adorned with a crown of thorns. There was an unspoken belief in the Lord that was ignored by my large family of teenagers and adults. However we were quickly reprimanded if we took His name in vain.

As the youngest of five, I was the baby, a blessing that my parents believed was a gift from God that kept our family together. I reluctantly started Primary School and it was a huge wrench, but I later found that at school the church was just as important as it was at home. The same lyrics to the gospel reggae, country and jazz music we played at home but this time referred to as hymns and with less rhythm. Nevertheless, I found a sense of comfort whenever I sang in the school choir.

I sang and danced my way through my teens at The Brit Performing Arts School and my faith waned as I hung out with friends, danced every single

night away, travelling the world exploring a number of countries with different beliefs, customs and religions. I had absolutely no time for Church or worship, I was having fun and life was good. I was young, independent and free.

Upon the start of my degree my faith snuck up on me like a shadow in the night. My parents divorced, and my father became increasingly unwell over a number of years. I found myself creeping into the back of a church for private prayer or quiet contemplation. As my father's health deteriorated I sat at his bedside praying with my every

fibre of my being that he would be well and that he could leave the hospital. But my prayers seem to be unheard and I became angry, I felt as if my faith was not strong enough.

I was extremely unprepared for how my faith would be tested

time and time again. It all started when I lost my father on the day of my son's first birthday. I had a party booked with over 100 people to attend with cakes, balloons, clown, a bouncy castle – the lot. How wicked of the Lord to do this to me. But it didn't stop there. I lost my best friend Neale to suicide a year later and then my sister Valerie to cancer shortly after. It was relentless. I couldn't understand why I was experiencing such loss and pain over and over.

After the loss of my father and a terrible break up I moved to Keston where Louie then aged two and a half years old attended Windmill Nursery in



Keston church hall. I loved the church from the minute I walked through the door. I relished the atmosphere and the sense of community. The members of the congregation seemed so warm and friendly so I decided to attend one Sunday morning. I snuck into the church and sat at the back. Almost as soon as the service began I started to cry. I was so embarrassed but I couldn't stop throughout the entire service, I wept and wept. It wasn't an unpleasant service, quite the opposite. Tears of gratitude flowed off and on, throughout

## 'You do not have to attend church to pray or worship'

each service I summoned the courage to attend. I questioned why I was attending each week only to feel so overwhelmed and tearful. I later understood that my tears were a release, it was also the feeling of comfort, peace and belonging that had been missing in my life. I knew then that God was welcoming me back and acknowledging my efforts to stay strong and to keep my faith despite my struggles. I immediately decided to Christen my son Louie at the church with church family, neighbours and friends attending. Louie and I began to attend church regularly and it became the centre of our lives with Messy Church, Sunday Family Service, Easter and Christingle – there was always so much fun and such a sense of community.

However, recently I have had to defend myself against a number of issues that almost broke me, and it was during this time that I was going

through my darkest days of depression and anxiety that I turned to the Bible for comforting words to soothe me and give me hope for a brighter day. I learnt that God is always with me, guiding me and listening to me, looking over me. I found my faith strengthening and trusting more in the power of the Lord.

During the periods of Covid lockdown and restrictions it has been difficult to attend church – my sanctuary and place of peace. For a while, I felt lost and broken without the church and congregation and without Rev'd Carol helping me make sense of the world.

I was determined to find a place where I could pray and speak with the Lord in peace. I was alone one day, during another lockdown, Tier restricted, rainy week, when I simply grabbed my Bible and lit an incense stick, a few candles and some tea lights. I fell to my knees in floods of tears and began to repeat the 23rd Psalm over and over in front of the fireplace. My tears dried on their own and I found peace with the realisation that you do not have to attend church to pray or worship. If you trust and believe that the Lord is with you always, nestled deep in your heart, you can recreate that precious time with the Lord absolutely anywhere. My faith is now part of my very being. My journey of faith will continue as the beat goes on and for that I will always be truly grateful.

Ella St John Redwood





# Dog Training in Keston



Hello, my name is Sarah Naessens, I run B&D Professional Dog Services. I am a certified dog trainer, qualified in puppy training, dog behaviour and obedience training. I have built a business that I absolutely love and am passionate about, and our business has grown through recommendations.

At B&D we specialise in dog and puppy training programmes. We offer this with group puppy classes every Wednesday at Keston Church Hall. Our classes are aimed at puppies from 12 weeks to approximately six months, we teach the six stage survival techniques, sit, stay, down, leave, lead walking, and recall. We also offer small group sessions as well as 1-2-1 sessions in your home or nearby park and online courses. This is the most crucial time in your dog's life, everything your dog experiences and learns at this age will stay with them forever. Positive early experiences lay the foundations for a well rounded, balanced and most importantly stable and happy dog.

From 1st March 2021 we will be running agility courses. Physical activity and mental stimulation spells a happy, healthy life. Agility involves a variety of obstacles, such as tunnels, weave poles, jumps and seesaw, which the handler

must direct the dog through as quickly and accurately as they can. To do well, a dog should be focused, confident and energetic, as well as fully in-tune with its handler to respond to their cues.

If you're interested in improving your dog's training and getting active, then agility could be just the thing for you. Perhaps the most obvious benefit of dog agility is exercise, which is great for dogs with excess energy to burn. Navigating agility courses challenge both the body and mind so dogs are properly tired at the end. Not only will agility help strengthen your dog's muscles, it will also improve their co-ordination, flexibility and endurance, in turn benefitting their all-round fitness. Being a handler also carries a similar benefit as it involves running alongside your dog, assisting them as they jump etc. Dog agility is the perfect workout for both of you!

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# Current Church Services

Due to the significant increase in Covid, at the time of going to press in January, we are not holding 'in person' church services. However, we are recording services and posting a YouTube link to this, along with a service sheet, on our website [www.kestonparishchurch.org.uk](http://www.kestonparishchurch.org.uk). Please continue to refer to the website for further updates, or you are welcome to call Rev'd Carol on 01689 853186.

# Christmas Past

On Christmas Eve, our usual Christingle Service was a shorter version

than normal and sadly without singing, but still with a lovely excited, expectant atmosphere. An innovative idea was to give the children each a 'take away' make your own Christingle bag to do at home. We were able to send the collection at this service, amounting to £77, to the Children's Society.

Earlier in the month, on Sunday 6th December, when Anna Khan, the CEO of Welcare, came to talk to us about the work of this local charity with needy families the congregation raised the magnificent sum of £558.36 towards their Families In Crisis Appeal.

Thank you to all who organised these events and to everyone who donated so generously.



Left: Harry and Evie Saunders enjoying their homemade Christingles. Above: A socially distanced Christingle Service

# From the Registers

## Funerals

17th December	Marjorie Doris Stanbridge (aged 88 yrs)
6th January	Kenneth Henry Clarabut (aged 90 yrs)

## Interment of Ashes

6th October	Jack Jarman-Crainey (aged 26 yrs) (spelling corrected)
15th November	Edward 'Ted' Roy Counsell (aged 86 yrs)
23rd November	Frieda Winnifred Meddemmen (aged 81 yrs)
4th January	Marjorie Doris Stanbridge (aged 88 yrs)

# The Greyhound – An Interesting Year...



I was asked to write about how 2020 has been for The Greyhound, where do I start?

On Friday 20th March, we, like many others had to close our business. We watched as over 2,000 pints of ale and lager were poured away by the brewery, (under Government instruction). A very difficult time, followed by three months of continuous harassment from the authorities 'responding to information received that we were trading'. We were visited on eight separate occasions from Licensing, Environmental Health and the Police, culminating in a raid by eight Police on VE Day – apparently 'decorating the pub was giving out the wrong signal'. This was a particularly upsetting visit as we thought we were adding to the village spirit by celebrating a landmark date in the history of the British Isles. On this occasion, (along with every other visit), they found no evidence of any untoward activity going on at The Greyhound, they must have been very disappointed to find no beer in the lines or the cellar!

The Government then announced the ludicrous decision to allow pubs to reopen on one of the busiest days of the

week, Saturday 4th July. We opted for a 'soft opening' on Monday 6th and I spent Saturday 4th, (for 'research purposes'), touring other local establishments to discover how the big chains were responding to the new Government directives regarding re-opening – nine pubs later I'd forgotten why I went out!

We opened with 'social distancing' table service only, maximum of six people, no service at the bar etc. Ultimately it meant more staff and less income, but what choice did we have? Within two weeks we sadly had to watch The Fox close down, we could only sympathise with their plight. We were left as 'the only pub in the village' – we sincerely hope this situation does not continue. Both pubs complimented each other with very contrasting clientele. The village can definitely accommodate two pubs.

The Government then brought in the 'Eat out to help out' scheme, throughout the month of August it was hailed as the 'saviour of the British economy'. One month later we were being blamed for the spike in Coronavirus that ultimately led to the





second lockdown announced on 31st October. We were determined not to throw away all our beer again and we began operating a takeaway system to protect our family business. Predictably we were brought to the attention of the authorities again due to the overcrowding on the common and once again each visit left the Police and Licensing happy with the measures we had in place. This was extremely frustrating as whoever was complaining was deeming us responsible for the groups on the common, yet they didn't see us out with black bin liners cleaning up their picnics, supermarket alcohol and takeaway coffee etc.

Next, 3 Tier systems and re-opening on 2nd December. We were put into Tier 2, no mixing of households etc. unless outside. We found ourselves in the absurd position of having our outside decking full of 'teeth chattering' customers whilst being empty inside. 'Bill' and 'Bob' could work and travel together in the same van, yet if they came into the pub they had to be seated on separate tables! It was a very stressful time for all our staff compounded by many people constantly trying to break the rules.

Less than two weeks later we were put into Tier 3 which was a relief for all our

staff, it meant we could close the pub and begin to operate a far less stressful, (and costly), take away system. However, once again we were in the limelight with the authorities, which led us to take the decision to cease the service and close down again.

Finally, 30th December finds us in Tier 4. The Common is still crowded; we are still closed and not sure if we will be able to re-open when the time comes. A very quiet and different Christmas and New Year which has left a big dent financially.

Sadly, pubs have received so much bad press yet we ensured we followed all the guidelines and felt that The Greyhound was a safer environment than a supermarket or any other retail business.

With all that said, we were delighted in November to receive the Campaign for Real Ale award for 'Lockdown Hero' acknowledging all the efforts we had put in place to be Covid safe. We have also been overwhelmed by the immense support we've had from customers and residents on the various social platforms.

Thank you and stay safe.

Dave and Toni Lee



# Bish-Bash-Bosh by Chalkpit

With the end of swimming lessons, the Headmaster of Keston School, Mr Richard Godden's thoughts turned to the noble art of boxing! Perhaps looking back many years later it was a form of retribution after the episode at the swimming baths. I remember the general feeling amongst my classmates was one of confusion! Why was it permissible to now punch a school friend when it was not allowed to have a fight in the playground if someone should be caught cheating at marbles or some other dastardly crime? The punishment for fighting on the Common could be detention or, if the fight was particularly rough, a visit to the boys' cloakroom along with a cane struck in the appropriate area!

The day arrived when we went for our first session of boxing in the Village Hall where a makeshift boxing ring had been arranged with benches. That first session resulted in several bouts, with the Headmaster trying to encourage some form of enthusiasm but with little effect and, with no harm done to anyone, we were told that more effort was needed for next week's bouts!

Fortunately there was a solution at hand from an unlikely quarter. Beneath the school was a basement used for unwanted items and the storage of coal – this was the domain of the School Caretaker. On hearing of our concern he revealed that he had been an Army boxing champion during his military service and, more importantly, he was willing to share his knowledge! This is where the BISH-BASH-BOSH comes into the picture! His advice was as follows: At the next contest to give a

hard blow with the right to the area of the heart – BISH, this brings the head down and open to a left uppercut to the chin – BASH, and your opponent should then go down to the canvas – BOSH! Again we reluctantly went to the hall and the waiting arena to be paired, not unlike Gladiators in Rome to our imaginations. When my turn came I touched gloves with my opponent and we proceeded to put in as little effort as possible – but not for long! Mr Godden demanded more aggression and, remembering the Caretaker's advice, (sadly I cannot remember his name), I landed into the old BISH-BASH-BOSH and scored a hit as he fell to the floor! It was silent for a moment and then the Headmaster leapt into action, no doubt with a certain amount of trepidation as to the consequences of what had been an exercise in character building. This was the end of boxing to everyone's relief and my opponent recovered in a surprisingly quick time! Many years later we were to meet and during our conversation about "The Good Old Days" he confessed he had played up to the incident in the hope he might have been sent home, but even better, boxing was abandoned and the gloves were never seen again! Of course, fights still broke out on the Common at playtime.



The class in question

# Pandemics and Keston



Keston Parish Church circa 1880

Archaeological evidence suggests that a church has stood on the site of Keston parish church since at least the late 11th century and the list of Rectors has the second Rector of Keston down as William Taunton in 1207. This means that many have endured and prayed about plagues here before us but of course, detail about how Keston was affected are not numerous.

Keston parish registers go back to 1540 and a dramatic example of the ever present threat to life in times past is found in the parish burial register for September 1603 when all seven of the Sanders family died of the Plague. On 8th September, Thomas buried his son Peter in Keston churchyard to be followed on the 19th by his daughter, Joan, then on the 22nd Anne and Martha Sanders were buried at the same time only to be followed on the 24th by father Thomas and mother Elizabeth, and finally by son James on the 30th. Records also state that on 29th July of that year 'A woeman with her child were buried of ye plague'.

One of James I first actions as English monarch in that year was to issue a book of Orders relating to the plague

outbreak, outlining rules and procedures to be followed in an attempt to stop the spread of the disease and to aid those suffering from it. Houses were 'to be closed up' for six weeks if one of the inhabitants fell ill, and the sick were encouraged to be 'restrained from resorting into company of others' for fear of spreading infection. If they did leave the house, they were to mark their clothes so as to warn others of their disease – they could be overseen by watchmen and breaking these orders could be punished by a spell in the stocks. Moreover, 'clothes, bedding and other stuffe as hath been worne and occupied by the infected of this disease' were collected and burnt. But King James also took measures to ensure the sick would not lose everything; he ordered that collections should be made

## 'restrained from resorting into company of others'

in order to support those who were locked in their houses and to replace their possessions. Even when out and about, people were advised to hold herbs in their hands, (the same ones they were burning to clean the air in their homes, such as rosemary, juniper, bay leaves, frankincense, sage, and lavender), or breathe through a handkerchief dipped in vinegar – an early alternative to a medical face mask!

The Great Plague of 1665-1666, (Bubonic Plague), killed 100,000 Londoners ie. 15-20% of the city's



population. Those who could, fled the city while watchmen locked and kept guard over infected houses and Parish Officials provided food. All trade with London and other plague towns was stopped. People lost their jobs. Keston seems not to have suffered so badly on that occasion but did not escape entirely, as records state that on 22nd September 1665, Joan, the wife of John Wright was buried and that on 5th October 1665, Mary, the daughter of William Covill were both buried ‘of ye plague, as was suspected’.

It seems that lockdown, economic hardship, social isolation, financial support for those affected and even face masks are nothing new, although of course we are now fortunate to have the technology to have developed a vaccine for the current pandemic.

Sally Churchus using various sources

## ‘Quarantine’

The Cambridge Dictionary has named ‘quarantine’ as its ‘word of the year’ for 2020. Apparently, it was the word most looked up between January and October of last year. ‘Quarantine’ even beat ‘pandemic’ and ‘lockdown’.

The Cambridge Dictionary has now added a new meaning to the word ‘quarantine’. It runs: ‘A general period of time in which people are not allowed to leave their homes or travel freely, so that they do not catch or spread a disease’.

The editors are also considering some possible new words for the dictionary. These include ‘Quaranteam’ (a group of people who go into quarantine together), Lockstalgia (a feeling of nostalgia for the lockdown period), and Coronial (someone born around the time of the pandemic).

## A prayer for times of isolation

God of heaven and earth, in these times of isolation,  
apart from loved ones, distant from friends, away from neighbours,  
thank you that there is nothing in all of creation,  
not even Coronavirus,  
that is able to separate us from your love.

And may your love that never fails continue to be shared  
through the kindness of strangers looking out for each other,  
for neighbours near and far all recognising our shared vulnerability,  
each of us grateful for every breath,  
and willing everyone to know the gift of a full and healthy life.  
Keep us all in your care. Amen.

*Christian Aid*

# What I Do

My husband Lee and I have been residents in Keston for 45 years and brought up two sons here. I always describe myself as a quilter and most people probably imagine me making duvets so let me explain more...

Forty years ago I was tempted by an advert in the local paper for an Appliqué class in Biggin Hill run by the local Embroiderers' Guild. It opened my eyes and I was soon enrolled on a City & Guilds embroidery course for two years – the textile bug had bitten!

I then joined patchwork and quilting classes run by Bromley Adult Education and met inspirational tutors Pat Salt and Dinah Travis. I ended up on another C & G course pioneered by them, this time four years of Patchwork and Quilting followed by a Teacher's Certificate so that I could join Pat and Dinah in a teaching team. On Friday mornings we three tutors occupied three classrooms at Kentwood in Penge with 60 students – heady days for Adult Education!

Adult Education became my passion teaching all forms of patchwork, quilting, appliqué and design for more than 20 years. This was a most rewarding time seeing adults develop their skills and enjoying the company of like minded people and then holding an annual exhibition for proud students to show the fruits of their labours.

I am a member of Beckenham Quilters and the Quilters' Guild and through these groups I ended up

organising a quilt show at Hever Castle for ten years. It was a very rewarding experience, working with friends, (particularly Liz Harvey), and co-ordinating quilts, wall hangings and quilt art from Kent, Surrey and Sussex members.

For my own enrichment I joined a group of four quilters (Passepartout) – we had completed our City & Guilds course together and wanted to encourage one another in the next steps, producing many quilt art projects together and always looking for a challenge, culminating in our exhibition at Hall Place, Bexley.

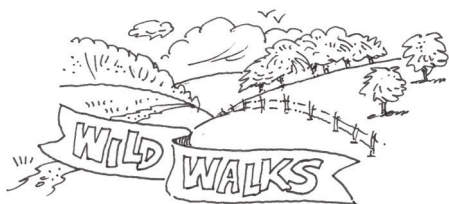
Having always been keen to pass on knowledge I got involved with local Keston ladies in 1989 to produce a patchwork quilt as a raffle prize to raise funds for the Church Urban Fund. We had a lot of fun and it resulted in the

formation of Keston Quilters. We were a very happy band of stitchers, (including Sally our Editor), producing several quilts to raise money for different charities. It's a lovely feeling that stitching for enjoyment can result in helping others.

I am now retired from teaching formally but hopefully will never retire from quilting. My stitching skills have come in useful during the Covid year with masks, bags and scrubs being the priority not to mention sewing for our young grandchildren and encouraging my tennis group to explore stitching!

Pat Taylor





The beginning of a new year is always a time for reflection; and no more so than this year. However, I won't refer to the circumstances in which we find ourselves both past and present.

A few days ago, on Thursday 7th January, at Leaves Green we awoke to a layer of snow all around – pretty wet but nonetheless it looked lovely! It lasted for a few days and was enhanced by a couple of nights of frost.

It took me back to 1970 when we first arrived here and on that Christmas Eve it started to snow. It was fine but dense snow that continued all night and into the morning. When dawn arrived it was a stunning scene straight off a Christmas card!

Now in those days Biggin Hill aerodrome was little used and I could walk out of my garden and, in a straight line, walk across the airfield to the woods beyond bordering the West Kent golf course. This I decided to do on what had then become a beautiful sunny but cold day. I recall ducking between the strands of the barbed wire fence and following a fox's tracks. When I arrived at the other side of the airfield, again, there was only a token fence through which I could easily go.

Now, compare and contrast. Today the aerodrome has become a major hub, flying, as they do, all over the world. The simple fence has become a compound style chain link type with a security patrol vehicle in regular use!

The quaintly named Milking Lane Farm has been allowed to disintegrate following a highly questionable fire. No longer do we have cows leaning over the garden fence (or the old bull – ooh, scary). At the time the farm was owned by the South London sanitary/hardware company of Olby. The governor would sometimes visit and check all was well.

The lower fields toward the Downe road usually grew corn and when harvest time came and more hands were required I'd have the pleasure of driving one of the tractors towing the bales back to the farm. Then it was all hands put to stacking them in the two Dutch barns.

Oh well, I suppose I should be realistic and embrace change – after all it was a hundred and fifty years ago – wasn't it?

Richard Geiger



Ashmore Lane



# Booklet

## The Discovery of an unknown Roman Enclosure on the very top of Holwood Hill

During the building programme on the old Redwood Centre work by the Kent Rescue Unit found a wide, deep defensive ditch enclosing a rectangular area of over one acre. This stood at the very top of Holwood Hill and thus dominated the nearby Iron Age hillfort known as Caesar's Camp. Equally important was the fact that it overlooked much of the Thames Valley from this highest point. Pottery from the ditch dated to the mid-first century and this is likely to reflect Roman military activity and probably a signal station. Part of the enclosure is under the present Holwood Crescent. At the same time the Kent Unit also exposed a hidden pirate radio station on the site, which was similarly being used to send messages across the Thames Valley! Copies of the report are available from the Kent Archaeological Rescue Unit for just £6, plus £1 postage, please phone 01689 860939.

## Keston WI to shut?

It is with great sadness that Keston WI, after 98 continuous years at the Village Hall, has had to suspend due to lack of officers for the Committee. For a WI to run it has to have a President, Secretary and Treasurer. We needed a new President and Treasurer and in spite of all our efforts over the last year and more we have been unable to fill these posts.

It may not be the end of a WI in Keston as we have three years for a new

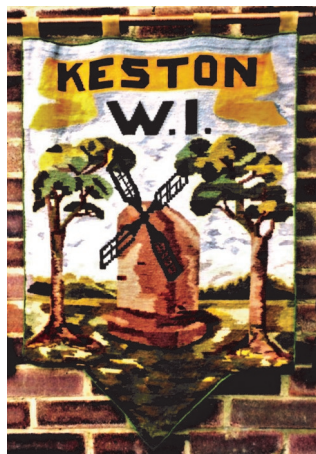
one to be formed to retain our money which in the meantime will be held by the Federation. So if anyone out there feels they would like to start up a new

Keston WI please let me know and I can put you in touch with the right person to help and advise you. It does not have to be the same day, or the same time, or the same venue, as the old Keston WI, it would be up to the new committee to decide what would best suit them.

It would be sad if this was the end of the WI in Keston so I hope someone out there will be interested in starting one up again. Please contact me on [tonia.cc@blueyonder.co.uk](mailto:tonia.cc@blueyonder.co.uk) and I can give you the details of the local advisor who will be able to answer any questions you may have regarding setting up a WI.

I would like to thank the outgoing committee for all their support and hard work keeping things going through the pandemic, and my thanks also go to all those members who have served on the Committee over the years and made Keston WI a friendly and fun place to be. I shall miss it, and all the members, but I have made many friends there.

Tonia C Crouch



Keston WI banner

# Magazine Deadline

Please send copy for the April/May issue of The Keston Magazine to the Editor, Sally Churchus, by Sunday 7th March at the very latest. Email [editor@kestonparishchurch.org.uk](mailto:editor@kestonparishchurch.org.uk) or Tel: 020 8462 8750. Thank you.

# Laughlines

## ☺ Order

Happy to visit his local pub before it closed again, a man found himself near two nuns. Eager to talk to anyone after weeks in Tier 4, he ventured: “What is your order?” (Meaning their religious community). The nuns happily replied: “Sausage and chips”.

☺ **Mix Up**

So bored, I changed the wrappers round  
on the sweets in a box of 'Celebrations'.  
Wife's not happy, she got her Snickers  
in a Twix!

## ☺ Gardening

Gardening season is off to a great start: I planted myself in front of the TV four weeks ago, and I've already grown noticeably.

## ☺ Adam and Eve

Adam and Eve had an ideal marriage. He didn't have to hear about all the men she could have married, and she didn't have to hear about the way his mother cooked.





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