

The Lockdown Lighthouse

THE INTERIM NEWSLETTER FROM THE FRIENDS OF STANDEN ESTATE:

NUTS ABOUT STANDEN
and missing it loads



No 12 - 18th June 2020

In this edition of The Lockdown Lighthouse:

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

NEWS FROM DEVON

THRIVING WILDLIFE

TRAVELLERS' TALE

COMEDY CORNER

VIEWS OF STANDEN

POTS OF DELIGHT

PICNIC TIME

AND FINALLY...

Looking forward - and back

So, finally, we can give someone a hug if we've been living alone. We can go to the shops, have a coffee at a café, meet up to six friends outside, go to the zoo... Life is beginning to wear a thin veneer of normality. Long may it last. Because of the easing of restrictions, we are no doubt all busier than we were a few weeks ago, and less in need of distractions to keep us sane. With this in mind, and in line with James' decision to end his Standen videos at no. 12, I have decided to publish *Lockdown Lighthouse* fortnightly after this edition. There will be some people, I know, who are still shielding; I hope my decision won't upset them. My aim is to gradually reduce publication as circumstances improve up to the point where we are back at Standen and I can revert to publishing *In a Nutshell* bimonthly as before. As with government guidelines, this will all be subject to review dependant on circumstances!

As a reminder of what we have been missing, here are some pictures of volunteers at work at Standen in the past.





A Walk on the Wild Side...

...is exactly what Bleau has been up to during the past months of Lockdown, most of which she has spent at her mother's on Dartmoor already being there before Lockdown took place.

Some of you may have known Bleau was due to embark on a Sabbatical to return to British Columbia for the months of May-July to assist in the running of *Equinistry Retreats*, learning more about the therapeutic effects horses have on people, natural horsemanship and practicing her equine healing. She was even due to sleep in a barn and assist with the birth of a foal. Wow! I'm picturing very Wild West now. However, she is not disheartened and still holds the dream. I hear the maple syrup cookies are very tasty too, so if we all chip in a good word for when she might get to go...?

Dartmoor has been a huge source of inspiration for her healing and creative work especially poetry and photography and she has become very green fingered in her mother's garden too, which she tells me needed a lot of work.

Here she shares some of her creativity with you which she hopes you will enjoy.



The Enchanted Forest

*I come here
To the Enchanted Forest
And rest my soul against the bark
The ancient oak enfolding his arms around my heart
The invisible and enchanted
world
That I now find myself in
A purple mist to those who see
Allowing me
To disappear for a moment
or more
In the silence
And to be*

Poem & Artwork 2014 ©

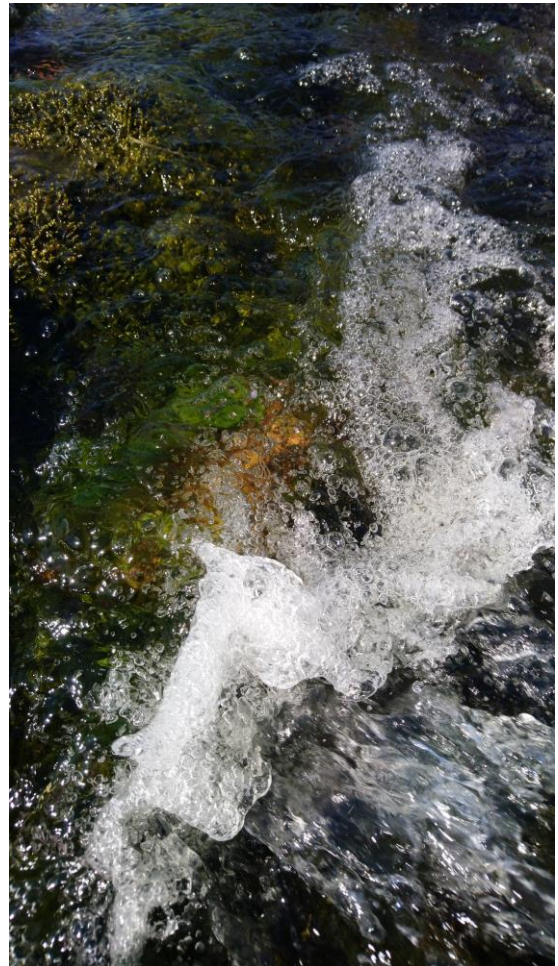


An ode to the garden

*Beauty and calm I find in you
As I tend to your earth
You tend to me too
Sifting soil
Layer upon layer
I reach a contented bliss
Whatever thoughts come*

Whatever thoughts go
 However they feel
 You take them with
 Deep healing I find occurring
 Piece by piece and day by day
 I'm on a journey in this garden
 And she is helping me to find my way
 I see a wonder in every flower
 In all the bird song and hum of bees
 Each blade of grass I lie amongst I smile at
 I smile to the worms and even the weeds

I think she is also smiling sweetly
 At the child within at play
 As I match her gentle breathing
 Gentle heartbeat
 She listens to all I have to say
 So an ode to the garden I give you
 May her soft gentleness sooth you too
 Sometimes this is what we are in need of
 Listen to nature
 Touch the earth
 She is here for you
 BSHudson 4/2020



It would seem that Bleau is not just walking on the wild side, though. Take a peek at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JxdcvK4R2E> Looks delightful. Now we need a video of James in his onesie in the pond in the Rosery.

Ladybirds and butterflies

At the weekend, my sister and I went for a walk on Limpsfield Chart. Near the River Darent, we noticed a number of Tortoiseshell butterflies. These used to be the commonest species I saw when I was a child, but I have seen very few in recent years, so I was very pleased to see them. We stopped to take a picture of a recently hatched and very smart specimen, and it was at that point that my sister spotted the ladybirds (forgive the pun). On a very healthy-looking crop of stinging nettles was a whole colony of Seven-spot Ladybirds - not a Harlequin amongst them. Some were fully grown adults, some pupae and some larvae.



For interest, this is how a ladybird's life cycle works (with apologies to the ecologists, who no doubt know this already:

- Ladybirds lay eggs in batches of up to 40. They are yellow or orange and hatch within 4-10 days.
- The larva is often grey with mottled spots; it sheds its skin four times over a 3-6 week period

then attaches itself to a leaf for the next stage.

- The pupa stage lasts up to two weeks as it goes through metamorphosis.
- Newly emerged ladybirds start off bright yellow, but as the wing cases harden, their distinctive colour patterns emerge.

Romeo - or is it Roameo's road trip

We spent a lot of time at Standen teasing Roy about all the holidays he takes - though I can't talk, having had a few myself. He has kindly shared one fantastic adventure with the newsletter. So our thanks to Roy for allowing us to share in a wonderful 'virtual' trip.



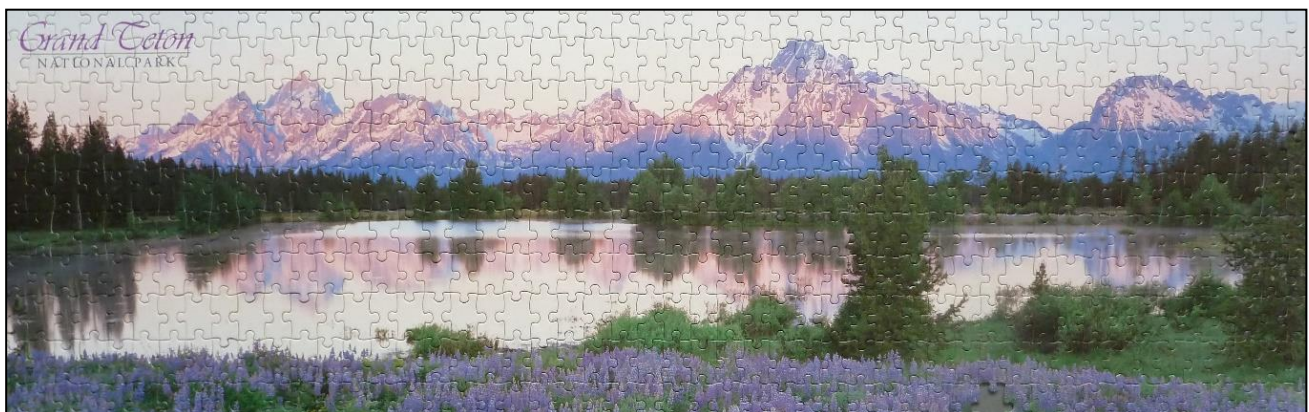
Road Trip to 7 US states and 6 National Parks in May 2017

In May 2017 Christine and I had planned a trip to the US to take in Yellowstone National Park and a lot of the canyons. We didn't know what to expect, but were certainly more than surprised and amazed.

Our journey started in Salt Lake City (Utah). Having passed the Great Salt Lake, we stopped en route to Yellowstone National Park at Idaho Springs (Idaho) an old gold mining town. The next morning we drove on to Yellowstone (Wyoming/Montana and Idaho). This park has so much to offer - from the wild life to the fabulous scenery of the Grand Cannon of Yellowstone to the amazing springs and geysers, of which Old Faithful was the highlight. Whilst driving through we actually saw a buffalo giving birth!



Leaving there, we wanted to drive through the Grand Tetons, (see my painting and the jigsaw, which Christine had done) but there had been so much snow that the roads were closed so we had to take a different route to the one we had planned. We arrived at our destination, Jackson Hole and drove around the Grand Tetons National Park, taking in Snake River and Jenny Lake.



We then moved on to visit Bear Lake, often called the Caribbean of the Rockies because of its turquoise blue water, and took the scenic route through Logan Canyon, 39 miles long, where there were signs saying that this was where the Hole in the Wall gang had been. We stayed in Logan and then drove on to Park City, which has the Utah Olympic Park to the north, which hosted the 2002 Winter Olympics, and then to Heber Valley and the Strawberry Reservoir.



Our next stop was Provo, but on the way we called in at Sundance Resort, a ski resort which is owned by Robert Redford. Christine was hoping to see him, but she was disappointed! There was a scenic route which took in Bridal Veil Falls, and some canyons, but these were not as spectacular as Logan

Canyon.

Our next planned destination was Arches National Park, which was just amazing with more than 2000 natural sandstone arches. It is difficult to describe the impact these had. Whilst we were there we stayed at Moab, and also visited Canyonlands, another area with so many deep canyons. We also decided to take a jet boat ride on the Colorado River, which was stunning.



The next morning we set off for Bluff, which is within the Navajo-Hopi territory, visiting Natural Bridges National Park and drove the Moki Gulch drive, which was very hairy (un-made up road with hairpin bends with no crash barriers). On the way we saw the Valley of the Gods, which is an area of isolated buttes, towering pinnacles and wide open spaces that seem to go on forever.



Our next planned destination was Bryce Canyon National Park but it was a long drive so we had planned to stay in Kanab. The journey took us through Monument Valley (Arizona), Lake Powell and Page. We had to stop off in Page to see what the town with the same name

as us had to offer! Bryce Canyon took our breath away. As we came up to the

ridge, we were certainly not expecting what was laid out before us - crimson-coloured hoodoos, which are spire-shaped rock formations.

Having spent the night at Bryce we drove on to Zion National Park, which was a complete contrast. You can go on the paths where ancient native people and pioneers walked as well as gaze up at massive sandstone cliffs of cream, pink, and red that soar into a brilliant blue sky.



After all this we drove to Las Vegas (Nevada) - no we didn't lose all our money - and then on to the Hoover dam. We did not visit the Grand Canyon this time as we had been there several years before.

Finally, we planned a week's rest after all the driving and sightseeing so we had booked in to the Palm Springs Tennis Club (California). The weather was really hot reaching 110 degrees F, but we still managed to play tennis in the heat, as well as relax round the pool.



At the end of this week we had a long drive back to Los Angeles across the desert and there was a vast wind farm on the way and I

have never experienced so much wind blowing across the road as we were driving. I had to really hold on to the wheel and slow down to about 10 mph as we crossed this area. Quite scary, but we eventually arrived safely in Los Angeles for our flight back to the UK.

This holiday certainly made me think of all the early pioneers crossing this vast country in just a covered wagon, not having any idea of what was in front of them and under constant threat of attack. These vehicles offered very little protection. There were plenty of places where the Indians could have waited on the ridges, watching their slow advance and waiting for the right opportunity. I am full of admiration for them.

More bits to smile at

I think Martin is angling for the role of newsletter comedy editor. He has been trying for weeks to find a way of sending this video to me, as it was in a format I couldn't access, but his persistence has finally paid off. He thinks it should be entitled: 'Look what Tim's been up to under lockdown', and I can see what he means - <https://www.facebook.com/yindy.sandhu/videos/10216526131241523/>

He also sent me the following words of wisdom, author unknown.

As I was lying around, pondering the problems of the world, I realised that at my age I don't really give a ---- anymore. If walking is good for the health, the postman would be immortal. A whale swims all day, only eats fish, drinks water, but is still fat. A rabbit runs and hops and only lives 15 years, while a tortoise doesn't run and mostly does nothing, yet it lives for 150 years. And you tell me to exercise?? I don't think so. Just grant me the senility to forget the people I never liked, the good fortune to remember the ones I do, and the eyesight to tell the difference. Now that I'm older, here is what I've discovered:

1. I started out with nothing. And I still have most of it.
2. My wild oats are mostly enjoyed with prunes and all-bran.
3. I finally got my head together and now my body is falling apart.
4. Funny, I don't remember being absent-minded.
5. Funny, I don't remember being absent-minded.
6. If all is not lost, then where the heck is it?
7. It was a whole lot easier to get older, than to get wiser.
8. Some days you're the top dog; some days you're the lamppost.
9. I wish the buck really did stop here; I sure could use a few of them.
10. Kids in back seats cause accidents.
11. Accidents in back seats cause kids.
12. It's hard to make a comeback when you haven't been anywhere.
13. The world only beats a path to your door when you're in the bathroom.
14. If God wanted me to touch my toes he'd have put them on my knees.
15. When I'm finally holding all the right cards, everyone wants to play chess.
16. It's not hard to meet expenses ... they're everywhere.
17. The only difference between a rut and a grave is the depth.
18. These days I spend a lot of time thinking about the hereafter... I go somewhere to get something, and then I wonder what I'm 'here after'.
19. Funny, I don't remember being absent-minded.
20. Have I posted this before...???

Glimpses of a familiar spot



Forced to stay closer to home than usual, Roy and Christine made a trip to Standen and took some photos of the Croquet Lawn. Clearly he was just as impressed with James' 'emergency' wild flower meadow as James himself was. The Poppies and Oxeye Daisies do make a super show. This mid-summer flower is known by a number of names, including the slightly unflattering Dog Daisy. When I was young, we called them Moon Daisies, apparently a reference to the fact that the flowers glow in the fields in midsummer evenings. Other names include Horse Daisy, Moonpenny and Marguerite.



Roy has also turned his artistic talents to good use making this painting of the view from Standen's picnic area in the days before lockdown - a quintessential English country scene.

I notice the man walking his dog is on his own, though - presumably social distancing!

Pretty Petunias

I wish you could smell this photo. The daffs in my tubs are long gone, but the petunias I've replaced them with provide a welcome splash of colour and scent at my front door.

As the photo shows, they had just been watered - something I seem to be spending a lot of time doing all round the garden, though the continental climate of the last couple of afternoons has helped somewhat.



Social distancing properly

Trudie emailed in to say that she had been able to meet some of her volunteers - a real treat.

Some of the volunteers and I met at a secret location for a gathering (Outwood Common). Socially distanced of course. So lovely to have a proper chat face to face with cakes and biscuits like a Wednesday work party

without the hard work. Another lady walked passed and ask to take a photo too as we were, according to her, doing it properly. And not a drop of rain fell either.

And finally...

This one should be for Bleau. Out on a morning's walk locally, I encountered these two characters in a field, clearly very happy in each other's company.

A symbol for our times, perhaps.

