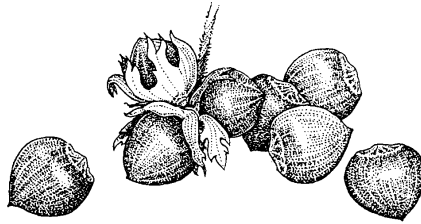


The Lockdown Lighthouse

THE INTERIM NEWSLETTER FROM THE FRIENDS OF STANDEN ESTATE:

NUTS ABOUT STANDEN
and missing it loads



No 15 - 30th July 2020

In this edition of The Lockdown Lighthouse:

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE GARDEN

SUCCESSFUL SUSSEX LUND BID

STORY TIME AGAIN

TOOL GUESSING GAME

WISDOM COMES WITH AGE

LET THE LAND SPEAK

EASY-PEEZY

WHAT GOES AROUND...

AND FINALLY...

FoSE subs

When lockdown started, we agreed that people could wait until we were all back at Standen to pay subs. However, in the interim, James has needed a number of items to help him manage the garden without staff and volunteers, and the FoSE piggy bank is no longer as full as it was. Given the peculiar circumstances, we are now inviting anyone who hasn't yet paid subs for this year to do so. There will be a membership form sent out with this newsletter, and two possible ways to return it.

If you can pay by BACs, you can probably also find a way of creating an electronic version of your completed membership form, by scanner, photo or whatever. In that case, please send your remittance to the FoSE Bank Account at Lloyds Bank: sort code 30-92-92, account number 01856808 with the reference 'Subs' followed by your name. The form can then be returned to Roy Page at membership@fose.org.uk. If you don't have the facility of paying by BACs, please email me at newsletter@fose.org.uk and I will give you my address. You can then write a cheque and send it, with your membership form, to me and I will make sure

everything gets passed on. Please help us to help James keep the gardens going.

July Colour at Standen

Just to remind you what we are working for, here are a few highlights from Standen in late July. Although some areas are clearly missing the volunteers, it is amazing how much colour there still is on show.

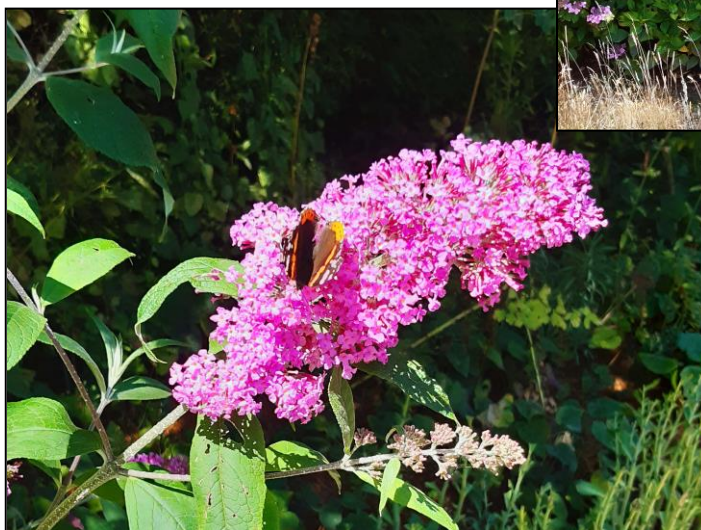
The lavender is in full flower, to the delight of the bees. The delicate mauve doesn't come out well in a photo, but is spectacular in real life.



Hydrangeas are in evidence in several areas of the garden. This one is in a pot by the front door to the house, while others fill the aptly-named Hydrangea Walk.



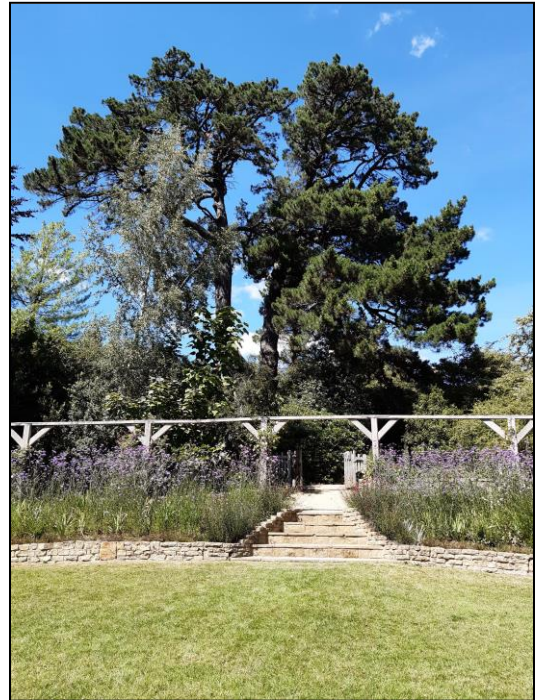
The Farm Track has the alternative name of the Butterfly Border, I believe, and certainly the butterflies were making the most of the Buddliea in the warm sunshine.



The Acer bed always makes a statement, provoking 'oohs and ahhs' from visitors as they round the corner onto the Lower Terrace. The Monterey Pine is another show-stopper. This year the Verbena Bonariensis has burst into flower all along the beds at



the top of the Rosery. Like the Lavender, it does not photograph well, but makes a lovely, airy display against the sandstone walling.



At the far end of the Croquet Lawn, the Glory Tree is just starting to come into flower, and its scent is already beguiling.



The Kitchen Garden is, as usual, a mixture of things to look at and to eat. Making a splash currently are the Cardoons and the Sunflowers.

Rockinghill Wood repairs

Some months back, before Lockdown, Susan Hodgson made an application on behalf of FoSE to *Sussex Lund*, a grants programme which supports small-scale projects in the High Weald Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty. The bid was for funding to repair and improve the access to Rockinghill Wood. I am delighted to announce that FoSE's bid was successful to the tune of £1,353.

Of course, the downside is that while volunteers aren't on site, and with staff still furloughed, there simply isn't the manpower to implement the project. Fortunately, *Sussex Lund* was understanding about this, and agreed to hold the money for us until Spring 2021 in the hope that by then work will be able to go ahead. So, fingers crossed, as money is going to be in very short supply in all areas of the garden for the foreseeable future, and it would be great to have money for a Woods project.

The Committee Meeting

Here's another slightly disturbingly prescient story from Pat. It's almost as if she knew something!

God sighed. It was a problem and He should not have such problems. After all, He was God. Of course, 'He' was not really a 'He' but the humans had always liked that terminology. Even though He didn't have to call a meeting to talk about the problem, He nevertheless did so. He could do whatever He wanted, but it was not a dictatorship and anyway, this planet's latest evolutionary product was very interesting. It had gone very much faster than He had intended, so He felt that He owed it to them to be able to give their opinion and share in some of the decisions.

When God spoke, it was, of course, in the dimension and language that the humans on planet earth could understand. After all, these new souls had to be treated gently. Comfort and confidence come first, then gradual assimilation, comprehension and travel to what lay beyond.

Much to some peoples' surprise, Heaven was very similar to the earth. God had found that, for humans, that was the best way to begin. So, the best way He had found to explain their future, in a way that beings living on a globe could understand, was that it was like going towards the horizon. To the people standing still, they would see the person going over the horizon and then be out of sight to those who were standing there. To the ones who had travelled over the horizon, there was always a horizon ahead to be reached and, as they travelled, their experience of reality increased gradually. If it had been too sudden, it would have blown their minds into little pieces, just as if a stone-age person was suddenly jettisoned onto the side of a motorway and then introduced to a laptop and television. Knowledge could not be hastened, it had to take time but then, time was only a concept, so it took no time at all really.

Travellers approached the horizon at various speeds.

'How long does it take?' a Saint had once asked.

'As long as it takes,' God had replied.

'I thought that time and space would be different here,' now grumbled a scientist who had also been a famous atheist on earth and was still suffering shock and undergoing counselling.

'So they are,' replied God. 'But you gotta go beyond that horizon to comprehend the differences and then move on, horizon to horizon.

'Until what?'

'Sorry, I can't tell you that yet. Your brain would explode.'

After a bit of muttering, the Committee was ready to hear what was on God's mind and so he spoke.

'It's been too fast,' He said. 'There are just too many. The population of humans on earth is doubling now in a very short time. At first, it was under control, but now you have become half clever and half stupid. Your knowledge and technology has caused you to control diseases and live longer but you don't seem to be willing to control the other end as well - the birth rate. And some of you, as part of your belief systems, even make me the excuse for that, which is totally unreasonable. Earth is just a type of spaceship, you know. Its atmosphere is its life support system and so you have to control the numbers it supports.

'Why is there a problem?' asked an astrophysicist. 'Even if earth is finite, surely Heaven is infinite?'

God sighed.

'The arrogance of earthlings,' He said. 'There's a system in operation and why do you think you are the only ones involved? You, of all people, should know that, with billions of galaxies, each containing an average of billions of stars, quite a lot of which have planets and intelligent life, you are not the only fish in the cosmic sea, so to speak. And you humans have only just become aware that even your own Universe is not alone but that there is a Multiverse of Universes. And that is putting it mildly, I might add.'

*'When did humans start going to Heaven,' asked an anthropologist, who had been deep in thought. 'Australopithicus, Neanderthal, or even before? Did **they** have souls and is it only creatures who have souls that come here? I've seen animals and insects here all right, just like on earth but, are they here just to make us feel at home? And think of some creatures like butterflies. They have such a short life span and so many of them would have died by now that the whole place should be over-run by them. And some creatures, like jellyfish, have been going strong for millions and millions of years before us, so the seas should be solid with them by now!'*

'You'll find out all that in due time, but don't side-track me,' sighed God. 'It's always the same with Committees, they never stick to the subject in hand. At the moment, we've got to find a way of reducing planet earth's human population. There is a quota you know.'

So, they all put their heads together and came up with a solution and - well - you'll find out!

Name that tool

For those of you still puzzling, the photos from the last edition were of a bradawl, a brace and a slate ripper. A bradawl is used to make an indentation in a piece of wood, for example, in order to make it easier to get a screw or nail to begin to bite. A brace usually comes with a bit and while the brace is turned the bit bites into wood to bore a hole. A slate ripper is a device used in roofing. The vicious-looking teeth cut through roofing nails, freeing the attached slate from the rafters.

Here are a few more to challenge you, again from Graham's tool box. The first is the intriguingly named Spokeshave:



Next comes the equally mellifluously-named Swan-necked Mortice Chisel, followed by a Coping Saw.



The final puzzle for this edition is the Waggon Wheel wrench. Sounds like it should be used against marauding Plains Indians.

Seenagerhood

Martin has just made a discovery about being a senior citizen (or at least, found the following definition on-line).

SEENAGER

I **just** discovered my age group! I am a **Seenager** (senior teenager)

I have everything I wanted as a teenager, only 55-60 years later. I don't have to go to school or work. I get an allowance every month. I have my own pad. I don't have a curfew. I have a driver's license and my own car.

I have ID that gets me into bars and the wine store. I like the wine store best. The people I hang around with are not scared of getting pregnant; they aren't scared of anything - they have lived this long, why be scared? And I don't have acne. Life is good.

Also, you will feel much more intelligent after reading this if you are a **Seenager**. Brains of older people are slow because they know so much. People do not decline mentally with age; it just takes them longer to recall facts because they have more information in their brains. Scientist believe this also makes you hard of hearing as it puts pressure on the inner ear.

Also, older people often go into another room to get something and when they get there, they stand there wondering what they came for. It is **not** a memory problem; it is nature's way of making older people do more exercise. **So there!**

I have more friends I should send this to, but right now I can't remember their names. So please forward this to your friends; they may be my friends, too.

More artwork from Bleau

Bleau has sent in another soothing picture, full of tranquil shades of blue. It is entitled *Let the Land Speak*. Beautiful, and just the medicine we need at the moment.



Easyfundraising

I'm afraid this is yet another plea for help, but one which won't cost you anything. I have mentioned Easy Fundraising before, but we are still fairly short of contributors, despite the fact that statistics show that we are all avoiding the High Street in favour of shopping online.

If you are shopping from home, please consider supporting FoSE as you do so. Go to <http://www.fose.org.uk/> and click on the yellow banner underneath 'Nuts about Standen'. It reads: Don't forget to use our webshop when buying online! Clicking on this will take you the **Easyfundraising** page. Don't be put off by the Ebay banner at the top; that's simply one of the retailers you could use. Type the name of the retailer you want to buy from in the 'Search for a Retailer' box. A list of possibles will come up. Click on the one you want and then click 'Shop Now' and continue with your purchase(s) in the usual way. The retailer will then make a small donation, a percentage of what you have paid for your shopping, into the FoSE account. The current total raised is £779.42. Often purchases only make pennies, but it all adds up.

....Comes around

Many people have pointed out the parallels between the Spanish Flu pandemic and our current situation. More than one person I know has thanked their lucky stars for modern technology as a means of keeping in touch and keeping sane. The static telephone now seems like old tech, but back then, it served a similar purpose in connecting people, and those selling the devices were quick to capitalise.

The current legislation on face masks would also be familiar to a time traveller from 1919. Then as now, there were endless

variations in masks, and no doubt discussions as to which were most effective, easy to wear, and of course, elegant. Here is a selection:



When In Quarantine
PEOPLE who are in quarantine are not isolated if they have a Bell Telephone. ✱
The Bell Service brings cheer and encouragement to the sick, and is of value in countless other ways.
Friends, whether close at hand or far away, can be easily reached, because Bell Service is universal service.



NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.



....Keep washing those hands

