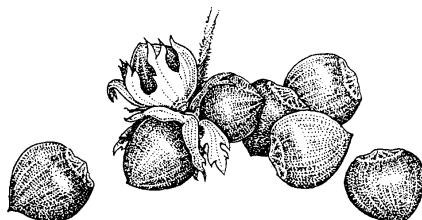


The Lockdown Lighthouse

THE INTERIM NEWSLETTER FROM THE FRIENDS OF STANDEN ESTATE:

NUTS ABOUT STANDEN
and missing it loads



No 30 – 18th March 2021

In this edition of The Lockdown Lighthouse:

DOESN'T TIME FLY
MEMBERSHIP UPDATE AND AGM
AN EXAMPLE OF 'COVID BRAIN'
A TRIO FROM STANDEN
COMIC RELIEF - FOSE STYLE
QUIZ ANSWERS
ANOTHER LOCKDOWN PROJECT
A SPOOKY STORY
A 'BLEAU' DAY FOR US ALL
AND FINALLY...

Issue 30 already!

Good Lord, we've been in this altered reality for a year. I can't believe this is the 30th *Lockdown Lighthouse* I have put together since last March. However, I am planning to send the next edition in a month's time, as restrictions are beginning to ease, and James is hoping to get more volunteers back on site. Then, with a bit of luck, I am hopeful that the May edition will be a regular *In a Nutshell*, full of news of what the volunteers are up to at Standen.

FoSE news

I am pleased to report that over 60 FoSE members have renewed so far, and more than two thirds have done so online, so it seems that our new system is working well. My thanks to all those who have paid up so promptly and generously; it's all much appreciated. Of course, there also has to be a gentle prod to those who

haven't got round to it yet - Lockdown does seem to promote a sense of 'mañana'. I have definitely had more days recently when I've thought, I'll do it tomorrow. To save you looking up how to do it, the account details are: Friends of Standen Estate, Lloyds Bank: sort code 30-92-92, account number 01856808. Please add the reference 'Subs' followed by your name.

Roy has pointed out that one or two people have paid, but not filled in a form. This makes it quite tricky for him to keep track. If this is you, please do complete the paperwork. He's happy to have it in alternative formats if you can't complete the form on line, though it's fairly easy to fill it in on the screen, save it and then email it to membership@fose.org.uk as an attachment.

We have set a date for the AGM - **Thursday 20th May** - time tbc. This is potentially after the hoped-for easing of restrictions, so could be held outside in early evening if the weather is good. If not, it will be a Zoom meeting, and I will ensure that everyone who has paid up will get the link. We do need members to attend, if only to vote the committee back in role!

Finally, on that note, we are looking for new committee members. Although most of us are happy to continue, we do have a few vacancies and would welcome some new blood. Duties aren't too time-consuming. We hold 6 committee meetings a year, usually on a Tuesday evening, and they rarely last much more than an hour. When we are able to hold fund-raising events, committee members are responsible for setting up and clearing away. So please, don't shy away; we need your help more than ever in these difficult times. If you want more information, talk to James, or to a committee member, or email me at newsletter@fose.org.uk

Wordsworth in Lockdown

Not only does Lockdown remove our lives' normal sense of urgency, it also makes us more forgetful, as this poem, sent in by Pat Jilks, exemplifies.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
Two metres from the madding crowd.
When all at once my name was called
To enter Waitrose hallowed hall.
This was the pensioners' special hour
I'd gone to get a bag of flour.
But I forgot, when through the door,
What had I gone to Waitrose for?
The Waitrose staff are extra kind,
I told them it had slipped my mind.

They asked what else had I forgot?
 They clearly thought I'd lost the plot.
 I phoned my wife again to ask.
 She reminded me of this special task.
 "I need some flour to bake a cake
 With all that cream you made me take."
 "Yes, I recall" I had to lie
 I dared not ask what flower to buy.
 But then I saw them at the tills
 A HOST OF GOLDEN DAFFODILS.

From the sublime to the other thing



Carolyn sent in some photos to remind us how quickly the season is moving on. It seems no time at all since the Snowdrops were the star attraction on the Hydrangea Walk. Now they have been superseded by the daffodils in all their glory.

There is always something to look at, and part of the charm of a garden is the fleeting nature of what it offers.



Elsewhere in the garden, the Camellias are in full bloom.

Carolyn and Amy are now working together on the FoSE Instagram page

and trying to make use of it for plant identifications. Carolyn says:



The Camellias are all starting to flower so we are currently working our way through them plus other plants of seasonal interest as and when they look good.

For anyone who uses Instagram the link is:

https://www.instagram.com/friends_standen/. Clicking on the story highlights (the circles labelled Camellias, Winter interest, Autumn interest, etc.) will bring up photos with the plant name like the example I've attached.

Hope that makes sense!

However, not everything in the garden is quite so rosy. Last Wednesday's storm was a real equinoctial gale, and brought down the Chinese Incense Cedar (*Calocedrus Deccurans*), which has stood on the corner of the Croquet Lawn for as long as I can remember.



Fortunately it didn't land on the little Junipers which were planted nearby but the fence rail didn't fare too well.

On the edge of the estate, Trudie has discovered a badger set. This character was snapped in full daylight on a chilly morning earlier in the month. With the night camera set up, Trudie was able to capture other members of the family at play. A video of their





activity can be seen at <https://youtu.be/VyaBQvUVcoM> but there is also a still photo taken with the night camera when I presume they were all romping together to keep warm, judging by the temperature recorded. Either that, or they were listening to the radios James sometimes leaves out to try and keep the critters off the flower beds. Let's hope they choose to stay their side of the ha ha. The

sett is just below the plantation in the hedgeline.

The trail camera Trudie used is the one FoSE bought a few years back. It's good to see it's still proving useful.

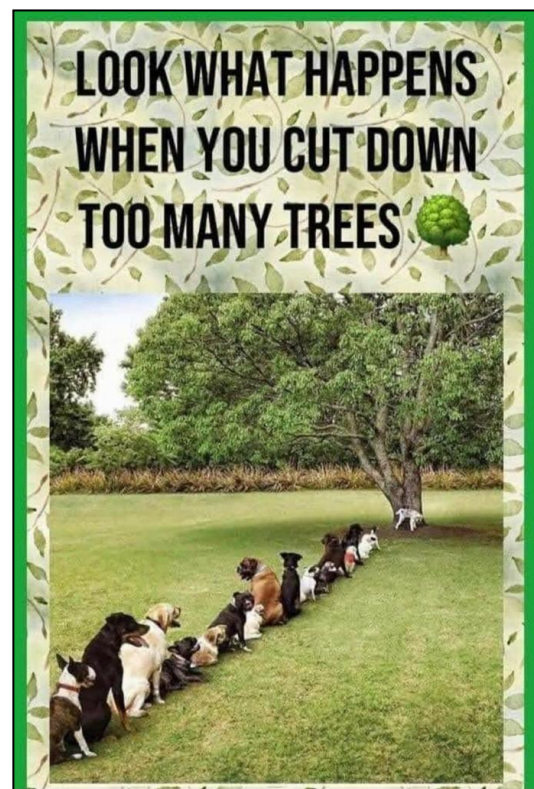
Who says animals are dumb?

It seems that some cows are more intelligent than we give them credit for: - see attached Clever Cow video, while some humans clearly aren't; - see attached Darwin Award Finalist video. Dogs, however, are clearly renowned for their patience!

And talking of trees...

How many of you managed to work out all the trees in Roy's quiz? If you didn't, or just want to check you got them right, here are the answers:

- 1 Horse Chestnut
- 2 Beech
- 3 Pine
- 4 Monkey Puzzle
- 5 Rowan
- 6 Cherry
- 7 Silver Birch
- 8 Mahogany
- 9 Redwood
- 10 Sycamore



The Car Ride

Here is another spine-chilling story from Pat Jilks, and definitely not designed for bedtime reading.

Katie woke with a start. It had been the dream again, the one that she had been having a lot lately. It was always the same dream and she thought it must have been something she had seen on the TV that, although she couldn't remember it, had stuck in her mind. She liked weird stories too, so that might have been the trouble. Anyway, although it was a very unpleasant dream, she was not taking it seriously and no doubt would soon go away.

The dream was that she got in the car, as usual, with her husband Tom driving but, when she had settled herself and belted up had said something to Tom. When he did not reply, she had looked and it had not been Tom sitting next to her. The driver had turned to her and smiled and it had been a horrible face. At that point, she had always woken up with a start and, thank goodness for that, she thought.

Today, they were off for the weekend to stay with their daughter and family. That would be lovely and, as a bonus, the weather looked to be perfect, which meant they could spend time outdoors with the grandchildren - always better than cramped inside.

It was a two hour drive so, after a fairly quick breakfast but with time for another cup of tea - off they went. Tom passed his hand lovingly over the bonnet of the car as he went into the garage. They had only had this one for 6 months and it was his pride and joy. Katie had chosen the colour, which was red. More than red, it was a bright scarlet, a colour she loved and which cheered a person up on the most dull day. Today, it was not dull though, the sun was shining brightly, with only a couple of puffs of cloud in the sky and all the spring blossoms waving at them.

Settling themselves into their seats comfortably, off they drove.

They had gone for about ten miles when they saw a man at the side of the road who was signalling for them to stop. Tom had slowed down, uncertainly, but Katie looked at the man's face and did not like what she saw there at all. He was dressed entirely in black and his expression gave Katie the shivers.

'Don't stop,' she said to Tom. 'It's not safe to stop. I've heard about lots of cases where somebody stops a car making out there was something wrong and then steals the car and that man looks somehow evil.'

So Tom accelerated and went on.

Katie looked back and frowned, puzzled. The man somehow looked different. To begin with, he was no longer dressed in black but in the casual type of clothing that Tom was wearing. He had his head bowed but, just as he almost was out of sight, he looked up. Katie was completely shocked. It looked like Tom's face but, at that distance, she

could not be sure of course. Maybe it was that the light was shining on him from a different angle now that they had passed.

All the same, Katie felt somehow worried and even a bit frightened, which was very strange. She turned to Tom.

'There was something very strange back there,' she said. 'Didn't you feel it too?'

'Yes,' said Tom. 'Very strange'. And he laughed. It was not a laugh that Katie had heard from Tom ever before. It was a harsh and cynical laugh. A cruel laugh, mocking her.

Then Tom turned his head and it was not Tom at all. It was the man in the dream, with his horrible face. Now she saw that the face was more than horrible. It was truly evil. His eyes were penetrating and she felt helpless. As she looked more closely, she saw there was a protuberance each side of his forehead for all the world like little horns but that was impossible. Surely, it was impossible.

Katie felt like she was paralysed and rigid. She looked ahead and saw that the light was no longer like bright sunlight but a red, like some sort of inferno.

'I'm sorry to cause you inconvenience,' said the creature, laughing again. 'But I have a quota to meet and am running a bit short on numbers. I'm sure you understand. I love the colour of your car - it's my type of red.'

And the car drove on.

More indoor gardening

The cyclamen featured in the last edition prompted Pam Neary to send in a picture of her own indoor gardening project. Her pot plants are clearly thriving, and appear to be trying to stop her going out into the garden so that they can have all her attention. She comments:

Interesting to see others pleasure in "indoor gardening"

Here is a small idea of my "Lockdown project" which has been so good for the creative mind and for achievement during this awful time. Any ideas on improvement will be much welcome.

Looks to me like she's got it all sussed.



So long, it's been good to know you...

Well, that was some bombshell Bleau dropped last week. She is determined to stay in touch, so hopefully this is only the first of many missives which we will receive from her as she moves into her new life. Good luck in all your endeavours, Bleau. Standen won't be the same without you.

Hello lovely FoSE members.

I am sure by now you have all read my long and possibly out-of-the-bleau email from last week, bringing you the news that sadly it is my time to move on from Standen. The universe has spoken and taken the reins and so I must trust and follow their call and what an amazing one it is. Thank you for all of your very beautiful and I must say, moving replies. I've been close by my blanky (sucking thumb) reading and replying to them this week (still more to go, i'm getting there) and have been very touched by your words. How lucky have I been hey?! To work with a team like you. So blessed. Such happy times. Like one massive family. I'll really miss you. Though it's not goodbyes really. You know you won't be able to keep me away that easily and as I said, my gardening job has given me plenty practice to help occasionally muck in and Trudie knows I love a bonfire for joining you guys in the woods, so i'll be back, with cake of course.

It's starting to sink in a little more now, it's been an emotional week, and maybe still for the next few, but that's to be expected right? Standen has been in my life since I was a wee tot, let alone the last 13.5 years working for the trust. It gets in your blood and this change of direction has come about very quickly. I still feel i'm in that film, but each morning wake up



thinking, ahhh, yup, it is real. Little did I know what that phone call was going to be about while mucking out Guinness' stable the other morning.

I'll keep you all up to date with how the job is going. I finish on the 6 April, 2 weeks off to take care of my landlord's farm (good practice for the job with sheep, pigs, ponies, chickens, dogs and cats to look after) then off to see mummy fingers crossed and start at the vets on the 26 April. I promise an update to you a few weeks after with cute animal photos to be included and will be able to tell you all about acupuncture, Chinese herbs and homeopathy yeah? 😊 Eeeek me

has lots to learn but it'll be great especially when I get to take animal clients of my own.

Talking of cute animals... I've been uncovering some hidden gems. Here you have it. Your very own Standen Easter Bunny to bring you all the Easter sweeties your heart could desire 😊

Hope they don't give you nightmares. Gosh I've been finding some crackers. Maybe i'll create a Standen Selfie montage to send you in my last week. It promises some giggles that's for sure. Oh how I shall miss Stan the Scarecrow 😊 Take care of him for me. I thought I could have taken him to the vets. Wheeled him in and he could have made the teas, but I'm not sure what Birgit would think about that, or the animals. He is after all a scarecrow and i'm there to promote peace and zen 😊

Bundles of love to you and thank you so much for your support these years and with my decision to follow my dreams. The new charm around my neck bought just before I received that call says, "she flies with her own wings" - Ha! Did I pre-empt something? Bleau



And finally...

James has received a phenomenally generous donation to FoSE funds, which will allow him to do some much-needed repairs on Standen machinery in these straightened times. It's good to see how the pandemic has brought out the best in so many people. A silver lining to a very black cloud, maybe.