

Bun, Cuppa and Chat

Veterans' Group



NEWSLETTER

January 2025



It is with great sadness that I write to tell you that three more members of our Bun, Cuppa and Chat group have passed away since Christmas, Tom Hicks, Martin French and Robin Coe. Also, Debbie, Kathy Leeder's daughter, died very suddenly a couple of weeks ago. Debbie has been supporting her mother and bringing her to Bun, Cuppa and Chat recently so she too was part of the BCC family. Our thoughts and prayers are with all their families and friends, particularly Mary Hicks, Sue French and Mark and his three brothers, Shirley Coe, and Kathy. I hope to give some more details about the service and lives of those who have recently passed away in the next issue.

Given this sad news and the rather gloomy weather recently, I have tried to keep this month's newsletter light and uplifting (the poem opposite is cheerful if you read to the end!). I hope it raises your spirits and brings some healing to all those in need of it at this time. Apologies to Starston readers who may have read Roscoe's May 2019 article in the *Pigeon Post* before and thank you to Norman for his Chuckle Corner, Thomas Hardy, John Betjeman, LR Knost and Aunty Acid. And apologies to the Revds. Carl and Norman for the final poem!

Bun, Cuppa and Chat News

Our next get-togethers are on Thursday 27 February, and Thursday 27 March, 2.30-4pm at the Mariner's Galley in Rushall.

Several of our members are unwell, or recovering after a spell in hospital, including Pearl, Daphne, Kathleen, Shirley, John, Ray and Ann P. We hope all feel better in the coming weeks and look forward to seeing them at the Mariner's Galley soon.

Martin French's funeral will take place at Rushall Church on Tuesday 4th February at 12 noon, followed by refreshments at the Mariner's Galley. All are welcome.



The Darkling Thrush by Thomas Hardy

I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-grey,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

Written in 1899/1900, at the end of the century, this is one of my favourite poems. It reminds me of the evening many years ago that my mother and I attended the York Mystery Plays, set in the ruins of St Mary's Abbey. As dusk fell, a thrush was silhouetted on the top of one of the arches, singing his 'full-hearted evensong', and almost drowning out the actors!
Rosemary



A Month in the Life of a Toller

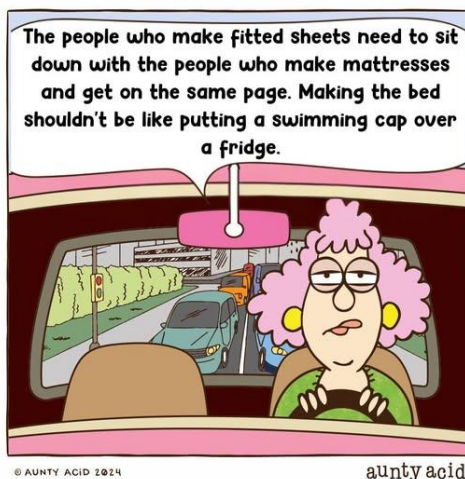
March was such an exciting month for me that I just had to share it with you! I went to Crufts again, travelling down with all my friends, human and canine, from Danehaven Kennels where I was born, and then meeting up with the Master and Missus after I had strutted my stuff on the green carpet. Apparently, I am not allowed to meet them before I go in the ring in case I get too excited. As if! Anyway, I did OK and got another rosette and certificates, so got lots of treats and cuddles from everyone.

Then, thanks to the Missus, my friend Sahara and I got our picture in the national press – well, *The Radio Times* – so now we are famous. Apparently, this actor chappie called Peter Egan wrote about pedigree dogs and Crufts, saying that dogs who show there ‘suffer the physical degenerative decay that inbreeding creates in order to achieve the perfect specimen...’ Not sure what that means, doesn’t sound good to me, but I won’t quibble with Mr Egan about me being a perfect specimen. The Missus got really riled though when he suggested that dogs that show at Crufts don’t live normal lives – ‘running about, getting muddy, playing and interacting.’ As if! We just love the Glebe and the Beck, especially if Herbert and Ozzie are there too. The Missus’s reply appeared in the 16 March edition of *Radio Times*, suggesting Mr Egan spend some time with us to find out what pedigree dogs really get up to. And she included this picture of me and Sahara in the pond – well, I was on the edge, I can’t get my hair wet, I have been to Crufts you know!



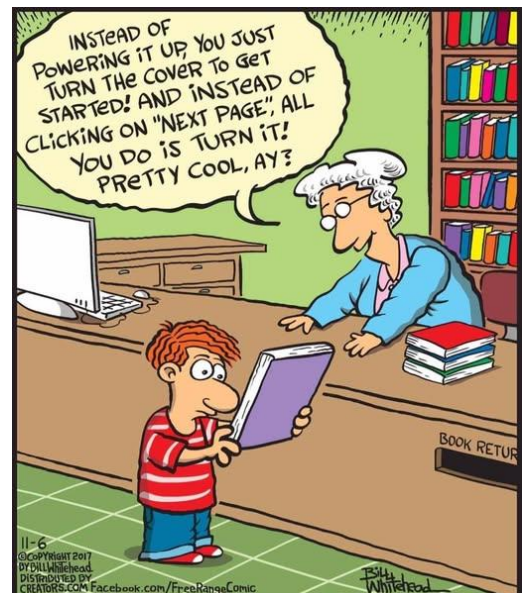
Love from Roscoe and Sahara. Pedigree (and Proud) Nova Scotia Duck Tolling Retrievers: Missus, Rosemary Steer

And finally, I have been x-rayed, DNA’d and eye tested to prove that I am a perfect physical specimen (I knew that) and can be a Daddy! The Master has told me the best bit is yet to come for me. I am not quite sure though why Master and Missus and my other favourite humans keep muttering ‘Baby Roscoes!’ and looking worried. Surely you cannot have enough of me!



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aunty acid



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Ishi Whitehead

Do not be dismayed by the brokenness of the world.
All things break. And all things can be mended.
Not with time, as they say, but with intention.
So go. Love intentionally, extravagantly, unconditionally.
The broken world waits in darkness for the light that is you.

L.R. Knost

Musings from the Mutts and the Moggie

The Missus has given us more space this month. We thought she wanted to share more of our gorgeousness with all our admiring readers, but she said it was because she hadn't time to write an article this month, so needed to fill the space!

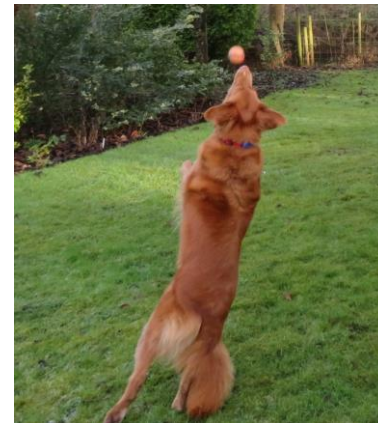
Sahara here – we're in big trouble, again! Over the winter, 300 woolly things moved into the big field in the village, so Missus said we had to be on the lead when walking near them. Anyone would think we couldn't be trusted. Eventually the lamb chops or woolly jumpers (aka sheep) were shipped out to Earsham, so we were let off the lead. Yippee. Well, at the first sniff of sheep poo, even in the frost, Nacho was off, and of course, I had to follow. Missus eventually had to go through the hawthorn hedge backwards (yes, really) to retrieve us, and then Nacho was



I just followed him, Missus!



Bum Steers or Steer Bums



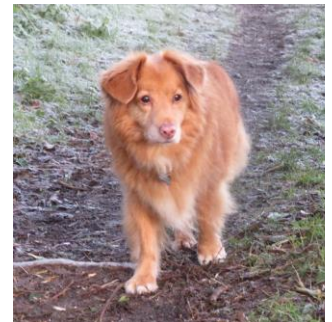
Nacho doing his performing sealion act



Peek-a-boo



Roly Poly – Nacho version



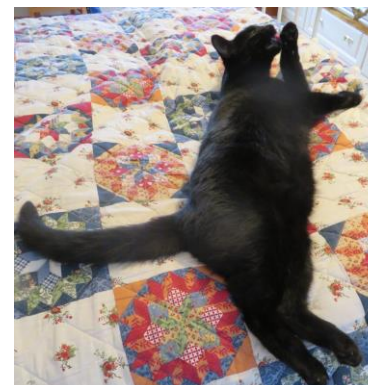
Golden Oldie



There is definitely something tasty under there



Just Chilling



And me too

Norman's Chuckle Corner

- ✚ A man goes to his doctor for an annual check-up. The nurse calls him in to do the preliminary checks. 'How much do you weigh?' she asks. 'About 11 ½ stone,' he says. After weighing him she says his actual weight is 13 stone. The nurse then asks his height. 'I'm about six foot tall,' he says. The nurse checks and sees that he is only five feet six. She then takes his blood pressure and says it is very high. 'It's no wonder my blood pressure is high, what do you expect? When I came in here, I was tall and thin. Now I am short and fat.'
- ✚ A policeman is interrogating a young man, 'Where were you between four and five?' The young man confidently replies, 'Either in Nursery or 1st year Primary'.
- ✚ Two men walk into a bar; the third man ducked.
- ✚ My wife is so mad at me because when she asked me to sync her phone I threw it into the sea.
- ✚ We all know Murphy's law: Anything that can go wrong will go wrong. Have you heard of Cole's Law? It's thinly sliced cabbage and carrot in mayonnaise!
- ✚ Did you know that the guy who invented the umbrella was going to call it a Brella but he hesitated.
- ✚ Today my son asked me, 'Can I have a bookmark'? I was so cross. He's 11 years old and he still doesn't know my name is Brian.
- ✚ My wife asked me to put ketchup on the shopping list. Now I can't read it.
- ✚ Here is a tongue twister to try out on your friends: If two witches watched two watches, which witch would watch which watch? Each witch would watch which watch belonged to which witch's wrist.
- ✚ A man was boasting to his mate about his new car. 'I've just bought myself a Tesla Model X; It drives itself'. 'That's great', said his friend, 'Where is it?' 'I have no idea', said the man.
- ✚ What do you get when you cross a motorcycle with a joke? A Yamahaha.

Blame the Vicar by John Betjeman

When things go wrong it's rather tame
To find we are ourselves to blame,
It gets the trouble over quicker
To go and blame things on the Vicar.

The Vicar, after all, is paid
To keep us bright and undismayed.
The Vicar is more virtuous too
Than lay folks such as me and you.
He never swears, he never drinks,
He never should say what he thinks.
His collar is the wrong way round,
And that is why he's simply bound
To be the sort of person who
Has nothing very much to do
But take the blame for what goes wrong
And sing in tune at Evensong.

The Vicar should be all pretence
And never, never give offence.
To preach on Sunday is his task
And lend his mower when we ask
And organize our village fetes
And sing at Christmas with the waits
And in his car to give us lifts
And when we quarrel, heal the rifts.

But there are lots of people who
Are not so kind to him as you.
So in conclusion you shall hear
About a parish somewhat near,
Perhaps your own or maybe not,
And of the Vicars that it got.

One parson came and people said,
Alas! Our former Vicar's dead!
And this new man is far more 'Low'
Than dear old Reverend so-and-so,
And far too earnest in his preaching,
We do not really like his teaching,
He seems to think we're simply fools
Who've never been to Sunday Schools."
That Vicar left, and by and by

A new one came, "He's much too 'High',"
The people said, "too like a saint,
His incense makes our Mavis faint."
So now he's left and they're alone
Without a Vicar of their own.
The living's been amalgamated
With one next door they've always hated.

Dear readers, from this rhyme take warning,
And if you heard the bell this morning
Your Vicar went to pray for you,
A task the Prayer Book bids him do.
"Highness" or "Lowness" do not matter,
You are the Church and must not scatter,
Cling to the Sacraments and pray
And God be with you every day.

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