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~ SMILE ~
EBB & FLOWS
MOTTO

EBB & FLOW
(THE NEW VOICE)

Details inside...
 Copyrighted Magazine

EARTH'S CREATIVITY

The Art in us, is us
 It is the perception we see
 The unique moments
 Of the Earth's Creativity.

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~ CHICO ~
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WINTER 2010



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EBB & FLOW (THE NEW VOICE)

Previously known as
 Ebb & Flow Community Magazine



A HAPPY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM
EBB & FLOW (THE NEW VOICE)

Editor/Founder—Josie Lawson
Patron—Lord Brett McLean of
Hastings

Founded as 'Josie Magazine' May 1999, Editor/Founder Josie Lawson Patron Lord Brett Reginald McLean of Hastings from October 2002—Contact email LordofHastings@aol.com-HASTINGS BASED MAGAZINE 1066 COUNTRY-

THE SUN SHINES WITH A SMILE.. **MOTTO** —SMILE.—CLIP ART—
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EDITOR/FOUNDERS NOTE

Hi readers,

I hope you all have a great Christmas and New Year...I understand that it is now possible we will have a White Christmas...if anything, it will be pretty. Hope some of you take your photographs and send some in for other readers to see...of course you will keep your copyright. Perhaps some may wish to write their thoughts, maybe write a short story or poem; maybe a funny anecdote..

The Argus and TV now state that Prince William and Kate Middleton are to be married in 2011—I think we will all be looking forward to another holiday to celebrate, don't you? Time will tell. It was a nice gesture on Prince Williams part to give Kate his mothers ring...it certainly is beautiful...and I sense they will have a very long and happy marriage.

I personally am glad Prince William is thinking of his mother Diane, Princess of Wales...she was such a lovely lady...in fact, I had been in contact with her not long before her death as I have done many of the Royal Family...via her lady in waiting or secretary, I can't remember that far back properly...but I wrote a

poem and it was placed in a very large book (publishers Forward Press) that was advertised in The Sun newspaper I believe. I did have a copy but I don't believe I've seen it for a very long time. Maybe one day it will turn up.

My Uncle was in the navy, and actually worked alongside The Duke of Edinburgh, in war time...and his wife (my aunt—mums sister) had tea with Her Majesty The Queen in her garden as a naval wife. They are all aware of this.

I actually contacted because of wanting to mention them within my autobiography if and when it is done, out of politeness. There is other things about Prince Williams father also, in his school days that my family were connected, I had a really good reply, saying to go ahead but they couldn't contribute, but one day maybe they will read this...this was way back in the 1990s before I changed my name again...but they are aware...

I really am pleased that they are to be married...they look so much in love...and would you believe, my Gran and Aunt from my fathers side were also called Catherine...never thought of it before—Kate, is also a shortened version of my granddaughters name...until next time...*your editor...*

EBB & FLOW
Does not necessary
agree with any
opinions contained
in this publication

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Please tell all your friends about this magazine? Pass it on in fact. The more that get involved with it, the more people will enjoy. Just get them to send a stamped addressed envelope (A5) and when one is ready it will be sent through the post to them, or yourself. Gift donations are always welcome to aid its growth. The motto is SMILE— it always has been. Having health problems there may be some delay, but I've kept it going for 11 years, and its now in its 12th, so keep the information coming and the stories, poetry, etc. Please make them legible as I have a sight problem. **Editor's Choice** with regards to publication. Please keep copies of your work as they cannot be returned. Subjects can be as diverse as jokes, recipes, poetry, prose, science, politics and the wonders you find in the world. No payment, except for the fun you have joining in and learning from doing so. Reserved right to republish material, but copyright remains with authors. Magazine is copyrighted to itself. *Your Editor.*

CONTACT ADDRESS

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This magazine as you see has slightly changed. The new name is Ebb & Flow (The New Voice)- It is now your Editor/Founders hobby. No pressure. I will still do my best voluntarily. I also hope many will still contribute as before. What has changed? I have still arranged for some of the usual outlets, the main being the Hastings Reference Library. Will also do my best to send to the College/Universities. There is no longer a Treasury A/C

My first challenge was a photograph which you should see in here. I still have to rest after the major surgery I had, but doing this magazine is therapy for me and I am surer many of you may like to do the same...it is still a bouncing board.

WRITINGS WELCOME (Fact, Fiction, Fact/Fiction) THERE IS NO DEADLINE JUST KEEP WRITING AND SENDING, ANY SUBJECT YOU FEEL THE PUBLIC MAY BE INTERESTED IN:-BE IT STORY, POEM, PROSE, TOPICAL, JOKE, RECIPE, WHAT ABOUT HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR OWN HOME TOWN? A BIT OF ART/PHOTO CAN BE EMAILED: Please try email attach. Have probs opening PDF ???
No returns. The Editor looks to the heart—try your best and you will be considered—all abilities accepted for possible publication—Parents/Guardians please write confirming OK with under age children and also you can help any under age children writing the envelope. If non-legible could you please also send in printed block copy of words to enable the editor to reprint legibly and correct. Thank you. SMILE - PLEASE NOW REMEMBER, THIS IS NOT A BUSINESS—IT IS A THERAPUTIC HOBBY THAT THE EDITOR WILL CONTINUE TO DO TO THE BEST OF HER ABILITY...SHE HOPES TO CARRY ON SIMILAR TO THE PREVIOUS MAGAZINE, BUT THERE CAN BE NO PRESURE LIKE A BUSINESS WOULD BE...IF YOU WANT TO CONTRIBUTE IT WILL BE YOUR OWN CHOICE...(NO PAY- JUST FUN)

Ebb & Flow or The Editor/Founder/Patron cannot be held responsible if information contained has altered since the initial printing date.Thank you. *The Editor/Founder*

Websites:

www.nspcc.org.uk

www.redcross.org.uk

Escape from the real world, but can we ever?
I'm waiting to hear—I'm sure many of you have words to tell!
Please keep it clean.
Think of an eco-friendly world
A love story
Or—anything that comes to mind!
Address next page
Email or Postal....

ME TIME
 I read my book
 Hear my soul
 Watch a film
 Walk a mile
 Write my words
 Hear my songs
 Touch the sound
 In my Silent World
 (c) Josie Lawson

HOPE FOR A BRIGHTER FUTURE...

Count your garden by the flowers
 Never by the leaves that fall

Count your days by golden hours
 Don't remember clouds at all

Count your nights by stars
 Not shadows

Count your years with smiles
 Not tears

Count your blessings not
 Your troubles

Count your age by friends
 Not years anon

THANKS TO ALL WHO HAVE HELPED AND GIFT DONATED AND CONTRIBUTED. To Ebb & Flow (The New Voice), ...in particular Lord Brett McLean, (Patron), Shorelink Community Writers- (Grass Rootes Open Writers) — Marriotts Photographic shop, Sally/Ro Gardner... And all who still have faith in this here mag....

HASTINGS LIBRARY
 13 Claremont, Hastings, TN34 1HE
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NEWZOWN
Ebb & Flow (The New Voice)
own newspaper section
 Prince William is to marry Kate Middleton (his long-term girlfriend) in 2011. The Argus (Brighton newspaper) stated November 17th 2010 that Prince William said: “The timing is right now. We are both very, very happy.”
 Miss Middletons engagement ring is the distinctive blue sapphire ring that was his mothers. ‘Princess Diana of Wales’.
 Prince William explained...he decided to give Diana’s ring to miss middleton— William said: “It was my way of making sure my mother didn’t miss out on today and the excitement, and the fact we’re going to spend the rest of our lives together.” Miss Middleton said about her proposal:”it was very romantic, and it was very personal.”

The couple both 28, ended months of speculation.
END

POETRY
 Dear Josie,
 My head came up with this recently. I will call it a poem although it is only two lines. My English tutor got a poem published with only 3, so I beat him. May not be apt for

the Christmas Edition of Eb & Flo, but may fit in somewhere else and make people think.
(typed as sent in)

PREJUDICE
 When I see my reflection in your eye
 -I die.

June Knight

Words written by your editor..
 Passed Away
 But life still goes on.
 The emotion of a lifetime
 Vindicating truth amongst the art of our time -
 See beyond the eyes
 A photo of your loved ones left,
 Deeply in crevice—where horses may bolt,
 Climb into the love.
 The love of your loved ones,
 It is Christmas Time.
 The Romance of beauty
 Love is still there
 Even though the horses bolted.
 Into imaginery mountains
 Where your loved ones remain
 Passed Away -
 As the snow finds the ground,
 Glistening in the ‘Ice of Time’
 A Sundial—Away
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Christmas Thoughts

Christmas is coming,
It's going to be the second Christmas without you,
But it still hurts us that your gone,
Just as much as the day you died.
I know you will be watching over us,
You're God's angel now as well as ours,
And my Grandad who will never be forgotten.



Merry Christmas Granddad
We love you.
XXX



Sally & Ro Gardner, who are stalwart and energetic supporters of Shorelink Community Writers and Hastings Short Fuse.

Sally, currently working on her fourth novel, says:
"I'm an accidental novelist, really.
Ro says, "Accidental? I should be so lucky!
I'm still struggling with my *first* novel!"

By email: sallygard@gmail.com
Dear Josie

Attached is an excerpt from my first novel, Lillian's Story. The novel is still selling world-wide, and continues to clock up many thousands of library borrowings. The copyright is mine, and I wondered if you would like this excerpt for the Christmas edition of Ebb & Flow, (The New Voice). If it fits the bill, so to speak, you are more than welcome to use it.

Hugs from Sally xxx

William, invalided out of the army in 1942, is a teacher at the local school. Tilly, his pregnant wife, has been killed by a doodlebug in June, 1944.



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I had a meal here with my family...we had a great time...the customer service was so brilliant, I offered to put their details in here... Well worth a trip

For information... All year round or Christmas...please contact

The Beefeater I went too was as below....

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Guestling
Nr Hastings
TN35 4LW
Tel: 01424 813187

(please state where you found this information...thank you...)



Cont. from previous page...

December 1944

William has written a nativity play for the school. It's not like the ones they do with the young children, all sheep and "Away in a Manger". It's about a baby being born in an air-raid shelter and all the people rallying round to help the bombed-out parents.

Jack said could they have some animals in it and the headmaster said he didn't see why not as long as they behaved, so Tess is going to be one of three dogs who protect the baby Jesus.

In spite of these awful V2s the government has refused to close the Schools and I agree with them. They come over with almost no warning, so I think well, if it's got your number on it...In the canteen we agreed that we are just too tired to run any more. Even if there was anywhere to run to. Two fingers to you, Mr Adolf Hitler. We know you are almost finished. Kill us if you can, but we are not going to be bullied anymore.

The play is lovely. I had no idea that William could write stuff like that. All the kids who were in it are so good; it obviously means a lot to them and they're taking it very seriously. Jack plays a street urchin. As Jimmy says, typecasting.

Tess is a bit of a star. Once she understood at rehearsals that she had to follow the girl playing Mary and growl at all the nasty "officials," she had a lovely time. Never put a paw wrong. It's the border collie in her, she's so intelligent, bless her.

It's over and a lot of the audience are in tears. They are calling, "Author, author," and the head calls William up onto the stage. He holds his hand up for silence and everyone looks expectantly at William. "Thank you so much," he says, then he pauses. "I should like to dedicate this evening to my wife, Tilly, who gave me the idea for the play." For a split second no one moves. They all know what happened, of course.

Then everyone stands at the same time and they start to clap and the young actors are clapping, and William just stands there and for a fleeting minute I can almost see Tilly at his side. Smiling.

It is an evening that I shall never forget.

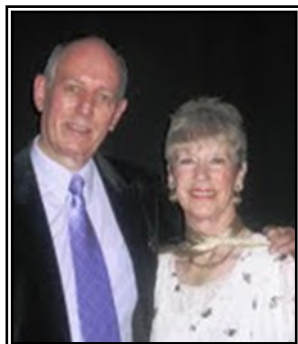
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www.lilliansstory.co.uk

www.shorelinkwriters.org.uk

HAPPY FAMILIES

Monday 23rd December 1940—the usual crowd had already assembled in the Bridge Street Shelter when the Jameson family arrived. They were a bit late tonight, because little Len had to go back to the house to fetch his, much loved, Happy Families card game.



The siren was commencing its banshee wail as they filed in to take their accustomed places in the far right hand corner. With Albert Jameson was his wife Elsie and the two boys, Barry and little Len. It had been relatively quiet last night, because, as the newspapers told them, Manchester had been the main centre of attention for Herr Goering's Luftwaffe.

Albert was only too aware, being in the building trade, that the brick built shelter in which the family now spent every night, would not withstand a direct hit. There wasn't a lot of building going on in London these days, apart from pillboxes and anti tank traps. Albert was mostly employed in clearing rubble from bombed buildings and more than one air raid shelter that had received a direct hit, so he was under no illusions as to the safety of his own family.

The boys were getting more and more excited as Christmas approached. Elsie sighed as she wondered what sort of a Christmas they would have in the cramped and smelly air raid shelter—always providing that they all lived that long.

Her hopes for another quiet night plummeted as the crack of the anti Aircraft guns started to penetrate the walls of their shelter. Elsie took the pack of cards and dealt the first hand to her adored family. Within a few minutes the cards were working their magic and the children squealed with delight as little Len won the first game with Mrs Bunn, the baker's wife. As the crump of exploding bombs crept ever closer to their shelter Elsie withdrew a package wrapped in greaseproof paper, and handed round large slices of cold bread pudding. Everyone smacked their lips as they enjoyed the tasty, and all too rare, treat. No-one was allowed to

➤ *Cont from previous page...*

From Hastings Pier to Eastbourne Pier.

*£1,300.00 was raised and distributed between the following organisations
TS Hastings Sea Cadets, Bexhill Furry Friends, S.A.R.A.H., Saxon Mount School & St Michaels Hospice.*

Next years walk will be held in aid of St Michaels Hospice, S.A.R.A.H., Saxon Mount School, Bexhill Furry Friends, Brownbread Horse Rescue & Activate Youth Club in Fairlight.

Lord Brett is pictures with Vincent Bruce from Activate & The Mayor of Hastings Kim Forward.



➤ ***As you are now aware from the previous page, the FSB held their AGM...***

The 1066 Country Branch of the Federation of Small Businesses (FSB) was held on Thursday 18th November 2010 at AZUR, The Marina Pavilion.

Guests included:-

The Rt. Worshipful The Mayor of Hastings. The Charter Trustees Town Mayor of Bexhill. The Rt Worshipful The Mayor of Rye. The Town Mayor of Battle & The Chairman of Rother District Council.

A collection was held during the event in aid of St. Michaels Hospice.

Further details 07838241222 or e-mail—lordofhastings@aol.com

1066 FSB's Networking Event

The 1066 Country Branch of the Federation of Small Businesses held a special networking event for local businesses, charities and voluntary organisations on Monday 22nd November at Crown House in St Leonards on Sea.

Guests included The Rt Worshipful The Mayor of Hastings & Her Majesty's High Sheriff of East Sussex.

Refreshments, cheese and wine and live jazz were some of the activities on offer during the 2 hour event that was in aid of St Michaels Hospice.

Pier Walk Presentation



The Annual Presentation of Certificates Event took place at the Town Hall in Hastings.

Lord Brett McLean "The Patron of Ebb & Flow" was joined by The Mayor of Hastings Kim Forward to Present certificates to a group of children and adults who took part in a special 16.8 mile sponsored walk

Cont from previous page...

Touch the cards with their greasy fingers, until they had all wiped their hands on dad's handkerchief, before they recommenced the game.

Albert listened to the whistle of the descending high explosive bombs. The German psychologists had decided that it was a good idea to perforate the fins of the Luftwaffe's bombs, so that as they fell to earth, the air screamed through the holes, thereby stoking up the terror of the listening victims. They had used the same tactic with the wind brakes of the Stuka dive bomber and everyone had seen the Movietone pictures of those poor refugees in France hiding in the ditches, and listened to the fearful shriek of the diving aircraft.

The nearer that the bombs fell, the more that the very foundations of the Shelter shook. As one exploded, perhaps a hundred yards away, tiny puffs of dust spurted into the dank atmosphere from the cement pointing between the bricks. When the shock wave of the near miss had subsided, Albert became aware that the whistle of another descending bomb was even nearer than its predecessors. An icy chill ran down his spine. A card fell onto his lap from the makeshift table. He knew that he had never seen it before. His eyes focused on the strange caricature. Mr Grimm, the undertaker.

Impulsively, he stretched out his arms and engulfed his beloved family—they all bowed their heads as if awaiting the executioner's axe as the scream of the bomb became unbearably loud.

There was a large crunching sound as the missile hit one corner of the shelter. Several dislodged bricks clattered onto the ground as everyone awaited the inevitable explosion.

When Albert opened his eyes again, the first thing he saw was the Happy Families card on his lap. He squinted through the brick dust. It was Mr Chip, the carpenter.

A huge smile spread across Albert's face—"Merry Christmas everyone!" he cried.

© **Roland Gardner**

IN MEMORIAM**Frederick (Mick) West
16th May 1945—20th November 2009**

You were taken away from us so suddenly. A year is coming up since we lost you. The day you died was the worst day I have ever had to go through in my life, for all of us for that matter. You married my nan (Josie Lawson) and she introduced you to her kids, that was the day my nan changed my mum's life.

Mum saw you as her dad, she loved you as her dad, and you will always be her dad, our Granddad.

You went on to have a son with our nan called Michael (Our Uncle).

Meeting you was the best thing my nan ever did, the best thing she did for my mum by bringing you into her life. Otherwise I would never have met the most kind, caring, loving decent man there ever was.

I can't remember much of being a kid, but I know you were always around, and there for us when we needed you.

I look back through photos of the past and I see you in them with the family, so happy.

I remember the day before you died, we spent the day with you, we went and did shopping, you stocked up on food...it was like you knew...that the day after would be the last time you would see us. You went to the butchers that day and bought a load of chops both for you and for mum. I remember we got outside and the bags were so heavy I took them to mum's car where she drove around the block to pick you up. You seemed out of breath, not very well. The day after you came to our house, you stayed most of the day, we chatted as normal. Then we said our final goodbyes without realising it.

FSB AGM

Federation of Small Businesses
The UK's Leading Business Organisation



1066 Federation of Small Businesses (FSB) Chairman Lord Brett was elected to the position of REGIONAL FSB CHAIRMAN responsible for East Sussex, Brighton & Hove at the East Sussex FSB AGM held in Uckfields Blue Bell Railway on 17th October. Since his election to the regional chair Lord Brett has had to attend a number of FSB engagements around the county having visited Eastbourne, Lewes, Wealdon & Brighton.

Lord Brett is pictured at the Eastbourne AGM with Eastbourne Chairman Arthur Mapletoft, Mayor Caroline Heaps & MP Stephen Lloyd with Dec, Danielle & Michael students from the South Downs College.

SCULPTURE comes to Hastings

A new hair and beauty salon opened up in York Buildings in Hastings. The new salon based on 5 levels also offers an academy facility for on the spot staff training and a wedding service.

Lord Brett is pictured with the owners of the salon "The Sparacia family" who also own a salon in Rye, 2 in Lanzarote and 2 in Italy.





Cont from previous page...



Lord Brett McLean—Patron of Ebb & Flow's The New Voice attended a guided tour of the Pestalozzi International Children's Village Trust in September.



Lord McLean & Lady Casper were joined by hundreds of visitors who were entertained by solo and group singing and dance displays performed by the Students from the village who originally came from far away lands such as Nepal, Thailand, Bangladesh etc.

Our Patron is seen here with some of the students.

Brownbread Horse Rescue



The Patron of Ebb & Flow Lord Brett McLean officially opened the Brownbread Horse Rescue Centre Open Day held in September.

Lord Brett who is also Patron of Brownbread took part in their activities and even rode one of the rescue horses.



Displays by the 1066 High Steppers, Belly Dancers & Can Can Dancers entertained the crowds, during the intermission; there was also a classic car display, birds of prey display, world war one display, pedigree and novelty

dog show. The next open day will be held in May 2011.

The Patron is pictured with Lloyd the rescue horse who has been at Brownbread for over 5 years and is also pictured with Bexhill Furry Friends of whom he is the President of the organisation.



You phoned me later that evening; you asked for mum. I was in the bath, I told you I would get her to phone you back.

I forgot.

A few hours later I tried phoning you, to tell you that another of Casey's puppies had died.

I got no reply. I carried on trying; that's when mum phoned Michael. He said maybe you were in the bath, but then he said you always took your phone with you in case someone phoned.

He rushed home, that's when he found you, it was sadly too late.

You had died of a heart attack.

Casey your dog was laying there, near you. He must have known you had gone.

He howled for days after you went.

Michael took over the flat with your dog Casey who you loved to pieces, he was you're best friend, your everything.

Sadly the dog (called Dog) you had before Casey had to be put down, he was getting too old, and in pain, it was the best thing for you to do for him. You were so sad he went, but now you have been reunited, back together again like the old days. And Casey is being cared for by Michael.

I was crushed when you went that I blamed myself, thinking that if only I had got mum to phone you back, you may have told her you weren't feeling so good, then maybe we could have got a doctor to check you over. It could have been for something totally different.

That night was the worst night ever, mum finding out you had gone, telling us, everyone screaming and crying.

Mum rushed over to you, pushed to get into your flat. They then took you away. We visited you in the Chapel of Rest; you looked so different, so cold, yet so peaceful.

You were finally out of pain.

I kissed you on the head,

We all said our final goodbyes.

➤ *Cont from previous page*

The next few weeks passed in a blur.

We held your funeral, where friends and family came to say goodbye. It was so painful finally letting you go. We cried ourselves to sleep.

You went so close to Christmas, you would have spent the day with us. You did...

Mum brought your ashes down stairs with a few candles, you're photo and the Christmas Tree. She even made you a dinner without realising it, then the tears started.

In the meantime mum is keeping hold of your ashes, so we can all be close to you. She will scatter them where you would have liked to be laid to rest, when we all feel ready to let go.

You were the best Dad anyone could have ever asked for, also the best Granddad and friend.

We all miss you every single day.

It's hard living without you, but not a day goes by when we don't think about you.

We miss you and love you so so much.

I hope we are all doing you so proud.

You were a true legend to both the family and people who knew you.

We will be ruined, but until then we will be proud to have called you our Dad and Granddad.

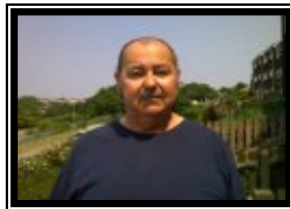
Your memory still lives on.

I'm just sorry I forgot that night then maybe, just maybe, you might still be here with us.

Sleeptight Granddad,

We love you

XXX



Cont from previous page...

Due to my disabilities, I was very remiss of not thanking Brett publically before now... I did indeed give Brett a momento gift on behalf of myself a few years ago...having just recently spoken to Brett of this...I informed him I would place a picture of it in this magazine...and you will also see where I bought it....the jewellers shop in question gave me permission to place the shops logo in the magazine which is shown on the pictures.....I believe and know it is a great shop to visit....



LADYBIRD, WHY DID I CHOOSE A LADYBIRD? Because Brett is also known for his Ladybird Photography...

The Lord of Hastings & Patron of Ebb & Flow is seen here displaying his new badge/chain of office which was created, designed and presented to him as a gift from local art and design students from the local college.

Lord Brett said "It's a wonderful gift and very much appreciated!"



A Very Happy Festive Season and New Year...

LIFE IS A JOURNEY

QUIETNESS OF MIND, NOT A SOUND
 THOUGHTS QUIET, SUN SHINING,
 EYES MISTY...
 MOMENTS OF MUSIC, RADIO
 BREATHING HEAVY, BUT QUIET
 MEDITATION OF LIFE'S JOURNEY...
 THINKING BACK, THINKING FORWARD
 BABIES BORN, MEDIA NEWS
 QUIETNESS, MOMENTS OF REFLECTION
 QUIET TIMES ARE THE BEST!

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**From The Patron of The New Voice!!!**

As Patron may I take this opportunity to wish you all a very happy holiday over the festive season; I hope you all have a very healthy, happy, wealthy and successful new year with much good fortune.

With every good wish,
 Lord Brett McLean of Hastings

As Editor/Founder of Ebb & Flow—The New Voice I would like to also take this opportunity to thank all my readers for supporting the magazine throughout the years since 1999—

and more so since it began again last Christmas with a slightly different name. I am very grateful that your Patron has carried on supporting this magazine since my Pituitary Tumour (benign) operation March 2009—it is truly a therapeutic magazine for myself also, and hopefully others...

EMAILS....**“Tony May”****Email: unseated.tony@googlemail.com**

Hi Josie,

Thanks for this! I can open these and it's a great way to keep Ebb & Flows in pristine condition. Many thanks for the glowing review—high praise indeed coming from you who's written for the Evening Argus...

Glad you love 'Timeless' so much and I think you should get some kind of award for 'services to the town' for all you do with Ebb & Flow—I had no idea that you paid for it all yourself each time!

You are a real star!

Love Tony xx

(note from your Editor—The Evening Argus changed its name to The Argus a few years ago...) thank you very much for your thoughts Tony...

Email: shorelinkwriters@yahoogroups.co.uk

Hi everyone,

Delighted to be able to tell you that as a result of our quiz evening for St Michaels Hospice we are going to be able to donate a cheque for £400. Well done, everyone who helped—it was a fun evening, too!

Sally.

www.shorelinkwriters.org.uk

“Bridget Pepper”**Email: BridgetP@kaat.org.uk**

Hello Josie,

Finally I have found time to type something up! I hope this is the sort of thing that is appropriate for your publication, I also attach a photo should you wish to use it. Do let me know if you need further information and thanks again for your help.

Kind regards

Bridget.

Bridget Pepper

East Sussex County Fundraiser

Sussex Air Ambulance

Tel: 07800 649246

Please look
 over the page
 for article...



FOLLOW US ON 

Sussex Air Ambulance is a charity, supplying an emergency helicopter medical service for every person living and working in, or travelling through

the county, 365 days a year. The Sussex helicopter is based at Dunsfold, close to the Sussex/Surrey border. We rely almost entirely on public donations to keep flying and we have to raise £1.7 million each year to fund the operation. Publications such as this one are a marvellous way for us to spread the word about what we do. Flying with a critical care paramedic and a senior doctor on board, we can reach most parts of the county within 15 minutes. We really do bring a mini A&E to the scene of accidents or medical emergencies, and thanks to the skill of our team, can anaesthetise and even operate prior to flying the patient to the nearest most appropriate hospital for their needs. We are always happy to come and speak to local groups about our work as our story is a powerful one and we are eager to spread the word about what we do.

Our head office is based at Marden in Kent from where another Air Ambulance operates so as a charity, we are able to provide 2 helicopters covering 4 counties—East Sussex, Kent, West Sussex and Surrey.

We simply could not continue without our wonderful band of volunteers so if anybody reading this would like to find out more about helping us with events, talks and collection boxes, please contact me on **07800 649246** or email me at bridgetp@kaat.org.uk. If you would like to book a talk for your club, school, or society, please contact head office on **01622 833833**

Bridget Pepper
East Sussex County Fundraiser

If any reader makes contact, it would be most appreciated that you mention where you found the information above. Thank you.

➤ *Cont from previous page...*

she lived on a council estate, had done since she was a year old.

Winter was nice around Christmas...you could go out, be very cold, but when you came in...you would be warm...a coal fire was the best fire of all...

Roll on the first day after Christmas without snow...then the outdoor fun could start.

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TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR REDUCING STRESS

- 1) Thou shalt not be perfect or even try to be
- 2) Thou shalt not try to be ALL things to ALL people
- 3) Thou shalt leaving things undone that ought to be done
- 4) Thou shalt not spread thyself too thin
- 5) Thou shalt learn to say "NO"
- 6) Thou shalt schedule time for thyself and support network
- 7) Thou shalt switch off and do nothing—Regularly
- 8) Thou shalt be boring, inelegant, untidy and unattractive at times
- 9) Thou shalt NOT feel guilty
- 10) Thou shalt not be thine own worst enemy but be thine own best friend.

IF

If you think you are beaten, you are
If you think you dare not you don't
If you'd like to win but you think you can't
It's almost certain you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you've lost
For out of this world we find
Success begins with a person's will
It's all in the state of mind.

Anonymous.

Cont from previous page...

didn't think it would wake anybody...after all, she couldn't hear it all that well...

All of a sudden in bursts her brother from his room...he grabbed the electronic beater and turned it off...moaning that she would wake her parents and sister...he stormed out and put the light off again...Gabriel slid under the sheets and cried...Christmas Day, crying, what an awful start to the best day of the year.

In the morning...about 6am her siblings were up also...she let them have their excitement...hers had been deflated. About 8am, her dad came into her room, with one of the biggest grins...pulled the black blind up to show a beautiful sunny day with white everywhere...it had been snowing.

It was really excited when she finally rose from her bed. She went to the bathroom, had her wash, got dressed...she decided she would brush her teeth after breakfast. It was the one day in the year the family were allowed to enjoy all the fruit, cooked breakfasts with mushrooms, and cooked turkey and then it would be sandwich tea...and sure enough as she gradually went down stairs, head first of course...she loved to lay on her tummy, put her hands on the stairs one by one and slide down...she got there just as her mum was dishing up...

They all sat round the table...dad had put the gramophone on...the Christmas Tree—a big one, she knew the tree present would come at tea time...finally when they all transferred to the lounge, and mum and dad was left to do the washing up...her and her brother decided to play snakes and ladders...she crossed her legs and up and down the ladders they went, trying to avoid the snakes. They just finished the game when her mum and dad came in, they said it was their coffee break...they seemed to have a great big beam on their faces....smiles.

We have another surprise for you all...

Gabriel, this is yours...wow! Just what the doctor ordered...a pair of JACKO Roller Skates...she would have a field day...now she couldn't wait for the snow to go, so she could go racing around the estate...

CARD NOTE LETTER

26.20.10

Hi Josie

Hope you are as well as can be expected.

Thank you for placing 'Love Is' in mag.

Here are some more + love is (part 2).

Hope you enjoy reading them!

God-Bless you.

Love from

Angie...xx

PS: Keep Smiling...

**LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR**

What a nice thought indeed,
If we could all get along with our
neighbours,
By sharing a cheery smile,
Or to stop and converse for a while.

Most of us value our privacy,
Which in this day and age,
Is not difficult—to understand,
But most of us—sooner or later,
Would appreciate a helping hand.

Even if we are too hesitant to ask,
A good and honest neighbour,
Someone in whom we can share our
woes,
Is a blessing, someone we can turn to,
In sharing our highs and lows.

A genuine neighbour could become a
good friend,
Someone trusting, reliable and kind,
Someone whom we can call upon,

And someone in whom we can
depend.

When we feel at a loss or in need,
Or the thought that nobody cares,
There's no reason to suffer in
silence
But to find the courage, reach out
and take the lead.

Always try and make the effort,
To be polite and show respect,
As good communication—in its
own right,
Is the way in which to connect.

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*I promised to place these details
within the magazine as I found their
customer service really good and
helpful when I was in need...*

On card...

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In September of 2010, I took these photographs at a book signing in Waterstones bookshop in Priory Meadow, Hastings. Unfortunately the author so far has failed to contact me...She is Matt Monro's daughter.



Details on card...

The Singer's Singer
The Life & Music of Matt Monro

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Note from Editor...if any reader contacts from seeing this in Ebb & flow could you please inform where you found the information. Thank You

STORY TIME



CHILDHOOD WONDER

It was amazing the day Gabriel woke. At the bottom of her bed were lots of presents. Father Christmas had been. She still felt guilty though of touching them. It was only 3am and if she did she knew she would become very excited. Especially if what she had asked for was there. A Xylophone. She knew that she had been with her parents when they bought it, but at the same time, she knew they had to send it to Father Christmas, and then it was up to him whether she had the gift or another child. They were quite poor—and as each Christmas went by, her and her siblings had to say goodbye to their previous Christmas toys, so that they could be sold to gain the funds for their new presents. This particular Christmas, she had to say goodbye to her pram. It was really such a lovely pram. A coach built one, just like the modern ones real babies were pushed around in...hers was only one size smaller... she didn't have a really childish one, as she was about 13 years. Quite young for her age. At the same time, she had a doll she called Maria...she had received it for her birthday...she could hold her hand and walk her, just like a real toddler. But, although she was the same size as a toddler, she looked like a child of her own age.

She couldn't resist waking...she ripped open the big present...and YES!

She had got her xylophone...but it was so different...It wasn't a musical instrument with wooden bars, they were like steel...the beater had batteries in, so that it warbled a beautiful tune as it played. She had had a go in the shop... she had a choice between that and a scooter...well, she would have the scooter the following year...but this year, it just had to be the xylophone...she absolutely adored music...she grew up with it...her family were musical...her aunt danced, she knew her dad used to dance, her cousin played guitar and keyboard, and her brother the guitar...she had music milling around in her mind all the time...she loved her records...she had actually heard the 78 record her dad and aunt were on...they said they used to sing and dance in Hastings back in the 1930s...that was along time ago, it was now in the late 1950s...she remembered all the time, the shop they used to go to, was along the seafront not far from the local college.

She looked at her clock...3am...now 3.30am...she couldn't resist it...she