

Doynnton Parish Pump

Spring is springing, more and more of us are getting our first COVID vaccinations, and life is looking up a bit at last. We look forward to seeing everyone out and about in the village as the weather improves.

Holy Trinity Church: on Easter Sunday, April 4th, there will be simultaneous services at Doynnton, Dyrham and Wick at 10 a.m., with social distancing and careful adherence to Government guidelines. The three churches will then host services every week in turn, with the first being Café Church at Doynnton on Sunday April 11th, 10 a.m.

Doynnton and Wick WI is continuing to meet online for the time being. The speaker for April is Gilly Montgomery on the new and emerging style of working from home and in the community. The weekly WI Zoom chats take place on Wednesdays at 2 p.m. If any members do not receive their link by email, they are invited to contact the President, Tina Holbrook, at [Tinaholbrook\[at\]aol.com](mailto:Tinaholbrook[at]aol.com).

The **Seed Swap**, which took place over three weeks from February 13th in the church porch raised £20.80, which has been donated to North Bristol foodbank. From what one could surmise from the amount of seed that disappeared and seed that was swapped, or money donated, and some appreciative feedback, it seems to have been a successful event, attended and enjoyed by many. We very much hope to bring it back next year as a more sociable event in the village hall, if covid rules allow. Many thanks to all who contributed.

Many thanks to all the villagers who have offered their services to help their neighbours – details below. Contact the **Doynnton Mutual Aid Group** at doynntonvillage@live.co.uk to join the WhatsApp group, stay informed and get access to help within the village.

Doynnton foodbank: villagers have donated a number of food items which can be found in a box in the church porch; please feel free to help yourself if you are in need. Also a big thank you for your continued support for **North Bristol Foodbank**, which is needed now more than ever. Please leave any tins or packets you can spare in the box in the church porch (please make sure they are at least three months within their use-by date).

Dates for your diary

April 3rd and 17th and May 1st: 10.00–11:00 a.m., in the village hall: **Doynnton Village Market: for locally produced vegetables, eggs, meat, fish, baked produce, preserves and more.** Please adhere to social distancing and wear a mask, unless exempted. Contact Elizabeth Crew on 0117 937 3168 by Wednesday to reserve your goods.

More reminiscences of the Second World War, this time from David Vaudrey:

The night the bomb fell – When my father was posted from Larkhill, near Salisbury, to Malta in 1940, our family moved to Ferndown, a sprawling village surrounded by heathland, between Ringwood, Wimborne and Bournemouth. In 1944 the household comprised my mother, my brother Denis, then aged 16, our nanny, Cissie, and my twin sister, Gillian and myself, aged nine. Our other brother, Derek, 20, was away, having joined the Royal Artillery, his father's regiment.

On April 23rd that year, St. George's Day, I woke up in the night feeling as if someone had tipped a bucket of gravel over me. Cissie came into our room and told me to get dressed. In the dark, I put both feet down one leg of my short trousers so I wasn't able to walk properly and, later, when my mother saw me hobbling, she thought I had been badly injured. Cissie led us downstairs.

My mother had woken up hearing thumps on the roof. Thinking there might be incendiary bombs up there, she went downstairs to wake Denis with a view to putting out fires with the pathetic little stirrup pump that all households were issued with. As she reached his room the bomb exploded. Plaster fell from the walls and ceilings, filling the floors with rubble. The staircase was like a scree and she could not climb back up. My sister and I sheltered under the dining room table until the danger seemed to have passed and then beds were made for us on the sofa and armchairs.

In the morning we saw that the bomb had landed in the lane leading to the house, leaving an enormous crater and cutting off the water and electricity. The house was in a dreadful state; it had been built using lime mortar and many of the bare walls bulged dangerously, still with pictures hanging from the rails. I don't remember feeling in the least frightened – in fact, it was all rather exciting.

Gillian and I were taken to stay with friends for a few days before being taken by Denis by train to stay with an aunt near Manchester, on his way back to school. As we were away for three months, we attended a school there for a term. By the time we got back, my mother had rented a bungalow where we stayed for about a year while the house was being repaired. We all went back to the house each day to look after the chickens and the ducks that my mother kept.