

Before and After

Les Chipperfield

The autobiography of Les Chipperfield; a poor Suffolk man who found the riches of God.

CONTENTS

Introduction	3
Before <i>My life before I was a Christian</i>	
My Childhood	4
The War	6
My Time in the Army	7
Egypt	8
My Marriage	10
Life on the Farm	12
Changing Jobs	15
After <i>My life after I became a Christian</i>	
My Conversion	20
Smoking	21
The Prayer that was Answered	21
The Pig	21
The Washing Machine	22
The Dustbin	22
The Holiday	22
My Healing	22
The Bed of Leeks	22
A Trip to Lowestoft to Change the Jeans	23
The Gale	23
Mother-in-Law's Conversion	24
The Funeral	24
The Man Who Had His Prayer Answered	24
My Spiritual Life	25
My Trip to Germany	27
Nyoman	27

Introduction

Some time in April, 2006, after Les had been talking about his life, I said that he should write a book. His reply was that he had already written an account of his life. Having enjoyed hearing his tales, I immediately offered to edit and type up his work so that it could be published, and he took me up on my offer.

The result is this small book, which gives a 'warts and all' account of Les' life: from his time as a poor, mischievous country lad, to the humble man of prayer who relied on God. He was a man who always loved to laugh, and who also took life seriously enough to pray for everything and everybody.

Les passed away at around 4 o'clock pm, on Tuesday, June 27th, 2006. He was 79 years old. Three days before he had put up his hand and happily said, "I'm ready to go home Lord." This book was completed shortly before he went home to glory, and he was able to read the finished article and give it his blessing; also, he hoped that others may be blessed by it. So, here is a brief summary of the life of Les Chipperfield, in his own words.

Before

My Childhood

I was born in a little village called Rumburgh, on January 10th, 1927. My dad was a tailor, as was his dad before him, and my mum was a housewife. There were seven in my family, and I was the middle one. We lived in a little house down a meadow, and I remember we had a willow tree in the garden. The house was full of rats, and one night one ran across my sister's bed and bit her foot. By the time I was four, I used to run away from home so much that they let me go to school, so that they knew where I was.

My dad worked for the Rev. Wilson, an old man with a beard. He rode a three wheeler and he always had a tin of sweets. I remember smelling the lawns after they were cut, when I used to run down to the vicarage. I well remember my dad bringing a pie or cake home, and we used to say, "Where did you get that from?" He would reply, "Out of the hedge"; but, really, an old lady where he worked gave it to him.

We moved from that house into another one when I was six. When I was a boy, tops used to be the rage because there were no motor cars on the road, only horse carts. Also, we used the foot paths a lot in those days, as they were short-cuts to different places. On the meadow in front of mine there was a round ring in the grass, and I was told that if you wish for anything there it would come true. I wished for a bicycle, but never got one.

Us children, every Saturday, had to go and get wood in an old pram. Two good loads. We preferred it when the wind blew, as it blew the dead branches off the trees. We used to go with my dad cutting hedges for the fire, and he used to tie all of us a bunch of sticks to take home. There used to be a moat outside ours, and we had to cross a bridge to get over it. We all fell in the moat. Whenever any of us fell in there was an old man who used to run out with his walking stick and pull us out.

One day, an old man asked me to go to Wiles Wood, about a mile from mine, to get his scythe. He gave me 2d. Well, I got down to Wiles Wood, found the scythe, and discovered I could hardly reach it. I thought, "If I knock it down I might break it". But I did knock it down, and it didn't break. Then I found, when I put it on my shoulder, that the blade dragged on the ground. Well, I had a rum job with it, but got it to him. It was a well-earned 2d.

I used to go with my dad all day long in the harvest fields. They used to be such happy times. My mum would bring our food to us in the field. The old boys would have a gallon of beer. One old boy asked me if I would carry his beer to him every day, and his tobacco. One day it was quite hot, and we used to have water taps on the road, so I thought I would have a pull from the bottle and then fill it up with water from the tap. Good job the old boy didn't see me. We used to get our water from the pond before we had taps.

Me and my sister Edie used to get on well together. We would go out all day after blackberries, then mother would come with us and sell them, and would keep the money. We really were poor. I remember going to school with the arms cut out of old jumpers on my feet for socks, and my old overcoat used to nearly drag on the ground. No room for pride. It's funny, but all I wanted then was a nice pair of socks; pretty ones. We used to have concerts, but I never had anything to go in so my father sat up and made me a suit, and even put a little badge on the pocket.

I used to spend a lot of time on the farm. I remember when, one harvest time, Mr Myhill asked me to load his corn. He told me he would give me 1d a load. I earned 8s 4d -- 100 load. Was I pleased. We

used to go to the sea-side twice a year: with Sunday school and on school outings. My mother used to take us to Church on a Sunday, and that was my biggest bore. I could not wait to get out.

My mum had to go in Hospital one time. My eldest brother and sister went out, and my granny came and looked after the rest. She lasted 3 days: I drove her right up the wall. Then mum had to go in again some time later, and my sister and I stayed at home with my dad. We had pea soup every day for six weeks. Dad used to get little spuds and throw them in with the jackets on, but we were happy.

I remember mum bought her fruit for puddings and we found it hid up in a chest and ate it all. Poor old mum. She also had a drawer of photos, and we got a pin and pricked round all the faces. Oh dear. My mother had some old books given to her, some of which were poetry, and we used to sit round the fire and she would read them. I remember one poem, it was called 'Little Jim'.

One thing about my mum: she was spotless. I remember one day when she told us to keep in the front room a little while, while she went to the bakers cart. So I hid under the table in the other room, and she got a few things for Christmas. I came out as she was putting them in the old copper. Oh dear, again.

Another thing I used to love was the Threshing Fowler, to see the old girl puffing smoke and piping for water. I used to look after the colder hole, and keep the chaff box clear.

We used to go to chapel three times on a Sunday. One night, before I went to chapel, I went in my mother's pantry, pinched a cheese rind, and put it in my pocket. At chapel they had a pot belly stove, and this night it had the lid down. I put my hand in my pocket and found the rind, so I went to cop it in the fire, but it landed on the stove and began to sizzle and smoke. Well, you can imagine the smell. I was not very popular.

Mrs March was my Sunday School teacher, and used to give us 6d each to put in the collection. One day I only pretended to drop it in, but kept it. As soon as the service was over I went straight up to the sweet shop and ordered sixpence worth of sweets. I was just about to take them when the door opened and in walked Mrs March. How did I feel? The order was quickly canceled. No sweets. But it taught me a lesson. Then a woman near us had an idea. She said, "Every time you get a penny, bring it to me to save for you." I know now she wished she never had that idea.

Well, the day came when we moved again, when I was ten, into a new council house. My dad borrowed a horse and wagon and we moved. When he got home with the horse it fell down dead. I got a job on a farm, looking after cattle, and things in general. It paid 1s-6d a week. Plenty of times I used to sub, so that I never had anything to come at the end of the week. I was always alone. I never really had a mate or girlfriend. I was well in with the school teacher; that old girl used to love me. I remember we had school gardens, and one afternoon, when the teacher was talking with a woman, we pulled all the pea pods off and they were not full. Well, she drove us back to school, and on the way I threw mine over the hedge. All the others had to lay theirs on her desk. What a pile. I went into hospital for six weeks and my old teacher sent me sweets and fruit, bless her heart.

There used to be a forked tree in the playground, and I would put leaves through the fork, pretending I was threshing. Another thing I used to do was to collect bags of leaves with my old teacher, for 1d a bag. When we nearly got it full she would bounce it up and down 'til it went down to half a bag. This teacher I am talking about had an old motor-bike, and we always had to push her off. She weighed 14 stone. I shall never forget one morning: two girls were going to school, and one of them she did not like, so she said, "Morning one." Ha! Ha!

The War

Then the war started, and we had all the London children down. I think this was the biggest break-up of our village life. Things were never the same. We had a family come to live with us, and after a time we could not get on. I was really glad when they went. Well, the school was so full they didn't know what to do. 108 in Rumburgh school.

Well, the day came when I left school and went out to work on the farm where I had been since I was ten. We had three horses and I loved them. We had a load of pigs too. One afternoon, the boss went to a wedding and asked me to feed the pigs and clean them out. Well, I went to clean them out and they came at the door and nearly knocked me over. So I just put some clean straw on top of the dirty straw. I dare not feed them with a pail, as they went between my legs and I went flying, so I left them. The old man had two fits when he got home. I remember I was rolling a field of corn with a flat roller when my brother came to see me. He had a great big bar of toffee. He asked me for a ride, so I said, "For a piece of toffee." In the end I had it all and then sent him home.

I only stopped on that farm a year after I left school. I was getting 14s-10d, giving my mum 10s a week. Still, I had some good times then. There were two boys on that farm, and when the boss went out he would put one up the top and one at home, then we would meet in the middle and have a yarn. He went out with his wife one day, and he had six special apple trees that were fit to pick; so my mate and me picked the lot and took them home -- never mind the next morning.

At the start of the war we had to do 'fire watching', which we did in twos. We had to walk about all night in case fires started. What a laugh. Then I joined the Home-guard. We nearly all had a big stick each, and a piece of uniform each. We used to have some laughs. They tried to get all the old boys on parade and to do arms drill. Well, they used to drop the guns, some of which were 12 bores.

I got a bit fed up with the farm where I started. I had a few words with the old boy who owned it. He also had a girl who worked there, and he would never let her work with me. Just as well she ended up having a baby -- his I think. Well, I was sorry to leave, as I had fallen in love with the horses. One was very special: the name of Darling, a black horse. She used to run away from everybody bar me.

I got another job on a farm, one called Banks Farm, in Rumburgh. I had a year there and got restless. I used to go to the pictures on a Saturday night and have my fag. My sister Edie got married at this time, and I did not even go to the wedding as I was at work that afternoon. I loved work, and as long as I had a fag I was alright.

My dad, at this time, worked at the United Dairies. Also, by this time, the Yanks were here, and some of the village maidens found themselves with child. I must just tell you this one: there was a certain woman in the village who always used to tell my mum, "Look out for your girls, I see them messing about with the Yanks." You can guess what happened to her girls. There was also another farmers daughter who found herself in the same boat. I still had never been out with a girl; church and chapel were right out.

I got fed up when I was 16 and a half, so I went to London to seek my fortune. I went to live with my aunt and got a job at a plastic factory, on night work. I used to like that job. Well, I went home one morning, there had been a heavy raid that night, and all that was left of the house was the front door; so I had to start all over again.

With that I went and lived with my aunt Rosie. She weighed 21st. On the way to hers, a Buzz Bomb dropped beside the bus. I never even got a cut from the glass but it put the wind up me.

My aunt Rosie and her girl went and lived with my mum, and I lived with her husband, Kelly. He was a Jew. I really loved him, though he would swear so much. His job was a barrow boy, and he made

very good money. He had his barrow outside St. Martin-in-the-fields. He used to be in a side-street, and they had to be so many yards down, so he had an old boy who used to be a look-out, watching out for the police: he would stand at the top, and when the police came he would go down again. When they were gone he would get up again. As you understand, people would not run down after the goods. I used to go on his barrow sometimes. What a laugh.

My Time in the Army

One day, when I was 17 and a half, I tried to join the navy. I could not get in so I joined the army. I went home for a few days before going in. My mum did not go much on it. Well, the first place I went to was Inverness, in Scotland. I can tell you, they have some funny big old moles there. I was up there for six weeks. Our barracks stood on a big hill. It nearly killed me walking up there. It was two weeks before they allowed us out of the barracks. We used to go to clubs for soldiers, and they had what was called 'Uncle Jock Box', FREE fags and sweets. We went out one day, on the hills, to dig a slit trench. I said to the Sergeant in charge, "I think I have found Loch Lomond down here."

Well, I did my six weeks, then I moved down to Bury St. Edmunds for ten weeks, with the Suffolk Regiment. The first time I went home I was so proud of my uniform. My dad sewed some flashes on the tunic. I think he was proud of me. I shall never forget when I first moved to Bury: the Sergeant came and see us -- he was a big old boy -- and he told us in colourful language that he could be nasty. I thought, "Why didn't I keep at home?" But he turned out to be a good old boy. One day we went through a park that had a lake running through it. The sergeant said, "I am going to jump it, and if I don't get over you will all jump in the middle, wet through."

We used to have room orderlys, and it was my turn one day. The company Sergeant Major and officer came in and went round the beds. We had not been there long enough to put our name on them. Well, they came to my bed and the Sergeant Major got his knife out and cut some mud off my boots. He said to me, "Report this man to the Corporal when he comes back, and he will be on a charge." I said, in my best voice, "Yes sir!" Ha! Ha! I thought, "You will be lucky". I never said anything about it. I had some good times, although it was there that I went on my first route march -- 10 miles. We had some boys from London with us, and their poor old feet hung with blisters -- I can see them now, sitting on the side of the road; but I never once had a blister, and the longest march was 35 miles. One thing I loved was shooting. I got my 'Cross Guns', at Bury, which was a cross of two rifles put on the arm of the tunic.

We used to get paid 12s-6d on a Friday, and I allowed my mum 1s a week. We found a little pub and used to have a sing-song there, and I really had a good time. I still had not had a girlfriend, and I still had my old fag. My sister was in the NAAFI at this time, and she used to send me some fags. Also, there was a farmer in Rumburgh who used to send me money, and I would work it out when I was on leave -- as they were short of help.

I used to get drunk. I went in the toilet one night and a boy in there was trying to swim. Well, what a laugh. It was nothing to find our beds taken to pieces when we got back to barracks and it was black-out time. Everywhere was blacked out, all bar the moon -- they couldn't do much about that.

Well, the time came when I had my first leave. Twelve days of peace. No bugle blowing at 6 o'clock. When the old boy used to blow the bugle he got some right remarks. One morning, somebody had put something in the end. What a to-do. Well, I got home. Every time I went home I would first go and see my dad, have a yarn with him, and then walk four miles home. I had my photo taken with the Home Guard; you could see the difference in the uniform.

After that leave I had to go to Norfolk for 15 weeks. It was tough training. For 7 days we were parading on a meadow. They inspected the rifles and found some dirt in the screw in the butt of my rifle, and I said something I should not have said. So, 7 days for swearing at an officer: 7 days of spuds and washing up. Moan and groan was all I did.

By this time I was getting used to army life. I met some lovely boys, really good mates. We used to be in an old barn up in Blakeney. We had an officer whom we called Guts-and-Gaiters, and that was all he was. He came on parade one morning and saw a boy with his hat on wrong. He said, "If I see one more I will put 7 on a charge."

One night we went to the pictures. We had to go 5 or 6 miles, and it was the Company Commander parade the next morning. Well, when we came out of the picture it was raining hard, and, I must say, I had my best battle-dress on. I got wet through. I put the pants under my bed, in some cardboard, thinking there would be a nice crease in them. But there were hundreds of creases next morning. Well, I thought, "I have got to wear them" -- as I never had any more. My mates said, "He will put you on charge." We went on parade, and when he come to me he just stopped. Then he made a rude remark about my appearance, but he never put me on charge. He said to the boy standing next to me, "Get off it", and the poor boy didn't know what he meant. He said, "Get off it, don't it hurt you?" He continued, "It must do, you are standing on your hair." Well, I just had to laugh, so he said, "You can get your hair cut too."

One day they had us all stand by our beds, and they came and had an inspection. They came to one boy's bed and he had pinched about 20 wallets. I had some good times there and got to know some people; and they knew where we were going to when we finished training. The children used to say, "Hello Chippy", when I was on parade. I used to get wrong many a time. One day, we had to dig a slit trench, camouflage it, and sleep all night in it. I thought, "I want something to put in the bottom." Well, I saw a straw stack so I got an arm-full of that. When my mates saw me get some they went and got some too. Well, you should have seen that old straw stack afterwards.

One day we went map reading -- they give you a reference and you go to it. Well, on the way we saw some old boys sugar beeting, and they had their dinner-bags on the brow. So, you can guess what I did. We wondered what the old boys said when they found out. We had the cheek to wave to them.

Another time we were on a march and, because we were late there, the bridge was blown up, so we had to go through the water. Well, I got wet feet. My old sergeant said, "You should have spare socks", but I didn't and I told him so. He said "Well, I have." There was snow on the ground at the time, and my poor old feet were cold. The sergeant laid his gear out, including his nice new socks, and then was called away by an officer. I just could not resist those lovely new socks. When he came back he did some moaning. He had the cheek to ask me if I had seen them.

One night we thought we would do something, so we got an old boy's fishing boat and burned it up. There was a fuss about that. I well remember old Guts-and-Gaiters came in the dining hall for a collection for the boat. As we went out, I put my hand in my pocket and I only had a half-penny. Even he had to smile.

Egypt

All the talk at this time was that we were on the move. Then we were sent home for two weeks embarkation leave, and I went to work nearly all that time. I remember an old farmer came and asked me to help him threshing, as he didn't have much help at this time. Well, when we had finished he gave me more than he gave the others, and I went and told them. That caused a bit of fuss. I used to

love work as long as I had a fag. A fag meant everything to me: it was like a comfort. My dad never smoked though, he used to chew counter shag. I remember he used to spit in the fire and it used to sizzle. Ha! Ha! Another thing: he always had a kettle of hot water on the hob, and he nearly always had 14 cups of tea in the morning. I used to wonder why it did not run out of his ear holes. Well, before I left this place, I went to Sherringham with my mate one Sunday, and we were walking up the road when two girls asked us to a party. When we got there, somebody shoved a hymn book in my hand. But afterwards they made a fuss of us, and gave us plenty of food and drink.

Well, with my embarkation leave over I was going back to camp. Billy Coby always used to give me a ride to the station. I got to Halesworth, and there was an old woman who asked me where I was going, and I said, "Back to camp." She said, "Did you cry when you left your mum?" I always remembered that.

I got back, and then went to Waterbeech, in Cambridge, and stopped on an air field that night -- which was a Friday. We slept in nice white sheets. The next morning, after breakfast, we were introduced to the crew. I remember we took off at 12 o'clock. We were all issued with flying rations. We sat with our knees interlocked, and landed in North Africa at 12 o'clock at night, on three engines. I well remember how lovely and warm it was. We stopped there several days, as the plane was out of it. One day they asked us if we wanted to go into Tripoli, and I went with some other boys. I had a packet of English fags, and I saw an old boy sitting on some steps, smoking. I asked him to change my fags for one of his. Well, I lit it up... it was terrible.

We left there and went to Egypt, and went to a place called Tahag. It was just tents in the sand, nothing else for hundreds of miles. I thought about old Rumburgh then. I remember we went to church one morning; we left at 7:30 to get to church at 11 o'clock. What a ride. We used to start work at 5 o'clock in the morning and finish work at 11 o'clock. Nothing to do the rest of the day.

We stopped in Egypt for a month, then went to Palestine for six months. We used to be out nearly every night, as the old boys used to derail trains. I remember we went to Haifa when a ship came in, and I found a warehouse full of peanuts. I got a whole bag full but got fed up with them, and on our way back to camp I threw them all over the tail board of the lorry. All you could see out there was nothing but sand for miles. Plenty of times I washed my gear, and it was always aired and dry in about 30 minutes.

On a Sunday morning they used to have a tent for a service, and I took it in my head to go. There was only three out of about 1,500 men that went. It was here that I got 14 days C.B. for swearing at a Corporal. We used to have little boys come round the camp with drinks, sweets, and fags.

When we were on rest in Egypt, right near Christmas, we had a tour of the Holy Land. It should have lasted about three days but I got lost in Bethlehem. When we realised that we were lost, we walked to Jerusalem, stopped in the Y.M.C.A., then went to a camp in Jerusalem. It was Christmas day and we were in bed at 5:30pm, as we never had any sleep the night before. We had our rifles, as we never went anywhere without them. We walked about a day or two, 'til one day a squad of soldiers came and arrested us, and took us back; but we never got wrong in the end, and I did enjoy that tour.

I had made some good friends. I was with a boy from Peasenhall and a boy from St. Lawrence. We used to be on guard together, and we had some good times. I sent my mum things home, and one night we were sitting in the tent and a boy asked me if I would like somebody to write to. So, he gave me a girl's address. I wrote, and got an answer, so we wrote to each other regularly, and also exchanged photos. Her name was Joyce. I liked the look of her, and just longed to meet her.

I did not like Egypt. The towns were alright but the villages were poor. Our toilet used to be a hole in

the sand, and I looked in and saw big old things, like black crabs. I thought, "No thank you, you can hang to that wall, not to me." We used to have some black people in the cook-house, and I missed one one day. They told me he had been getting the tea leaves, drying them off, and selling them. I remember one day we were going back to camp in the lorry and there was an old boy with a barrow full of bread, and they were round-loavers. The lorry driver hit the old barrow and they rolled everywhere. Did I laugh. I did not laugh when I had all my gear pinched, and had to pay for it at 7s a week; but somebody else went short too. I was getting an old soldier at this time.

Well, the day came when I left Egypt. We sailed from Alex and went to Toulouse in France, got a train across France to Calais -- with a stop half-way for a day -- then we got a boat across the channel. I thought I would go up on deck, and I looked up and saw the sea. I sent my mum a telegram from the boat and told her I was coming home. Well, we got to Dover, stopped there a little while, then got a train to Colchester and stopped there about four days. Meantime, I went to Guildford to be demobbed. One thing I remember is the little pork-pie (in other words, 'hat') that I threw over the hedge when I was going home, which was 19th July. They let us keep our uniform, boots, and overcoat.

I had still been writing to Joyce all this time, but just before I left Egypt I wrote and told her that I did not see much sense in meeting, so I just said goodbye in the letter. Well, when I got home there was a letter waiting for me, from Joyce. So, I took a week to think about it, then I decided to go and see her. Remember, I had never seen her and did not really know where she lived; but I went all the same. I shall not forget it. I found the house and saw a girl hanging some clothes out, and went right past. Then I went back, went up to the door, knocked, and Joyce answered the door. What a meeting. I stopped the weekend and had a good time there.

In the meantime I went back to my farm work. I went on the same farm for about six months, then packed it up and went about threshing. I used to love that. Meanwhile, Joyce and I got engaged. She used to come down mine and stop the weekend, nearly always. She once stopped 'til the Monday night, and later stopped the whole week. Then, out of the blue, she just gave me up. Well, it really knocked the bottom out of my world. It took me a long while to get over it. I was still going about threshing, earning 12s 6d a day. One night a farmer came to see me and asked me if I would go and milk his cows before I went out threshing, which I did for three weeks.

My Marriage

The threshing came to an end and I went to work for a Mr Seother. I was with him a fair old while, then he sold up and some London people bought his farm. Well, they had not got a clue about farming -- to know farming you have to be born into it. He went out one day and bought some cows. "Well, I don't know...", I said to him, "Did somebody give you them?" He did not go much on that one. He said, "I'm going to milk them." I said, "Have you done any hand milking?" He said "No," so I thought this would be worth watching. Well, that poor old cow. He then asked me to have a go. He could not understand it.

I remember the old man brought his father down -- his father was 85, I think. It was harvest time, and we were carting corn. We only had an old wagon. Then my boss said, "I will load, as I want my father to see me load." I thought, "This is also going to be interesting." I asked him, "Can you load to two pitchers?" He said, "Yes." Well, we started, and he disappeared from sight. He just stood in the middle and laid the sheaves round himself. We went turning hay one day and we had no turner, so I asked him to call in at Jackson's and get some three-speed rakes. What a laugh. However he made it pay I shall never know.

It was about this time that I met Margaret: I went to town one Sunday night and got talking to her. She also had a friend with her, and they had just been to Church. They said they had to be going home, so I pinched one of Margaret's gloves so that I could see her again. I bought my first second-hand bike at this time. Before this I used to borrow my dad's. That was quite a tale. To borrow his bike I would have to ask for it one hour and thirty minutes before I wanted it, as it took that amount of time asking for it until he would give in. I remember my brother borrowed it one night and my poor old dad mended 26 punctures in it.

I used to go home with Margaret nearly every night. At first, her mum would not let us go alone: her cousin used to come. A bit awkward, sometimes. Her mum always used to get supper ready, and, just like any other meal, when she wanted me to go she would put her teeth in a cup. Margaret and I would then go outside. When we had been out about five minutes, she would then start saying, "Are you now coming in?" Margaret's dad was a joking old boy; he loved a laugh. One night, I remember Margaret put Andrews Liver Salts in the pot, and the old boy wondered whatever was happening when it frothed up. We would all go for a walk on a Sunday morning. He really loved the old farm.

It was about this time that I left White House Farm and went to work for a Mr Ingate. He was a good old boy. I started there in the April, after that very bad winter of 1947. There was a lot of snow that year. Margaret and I got married on the 5th of October; it was a lovely day. We had Linstead Hut for the reception, and it was full. My dad met an old pal and they got drunk. When we went home to our little cottage somebody had put a firework in the fireplace.

The family all came round my house when they came from the wedding, as my dad wanted a cup of tea; but they went home OK. Although we had to go across the meadow for water, we loved living in our house. It had a lovely big garden and always had plenty of wood. We only had an old couple as neighbours: his name was Sam, and her name was Ducky. Could she talk. I had an hour when I used to come home to breakfast, and it would not do to get caught with her or my breakfast time would be gone.

I had now been rolling my fags a fair old while. I smoked Counter Shag, and boy was it strong. I had about 3oz a week. I was always at work; I could not sit about indoors. One day, I remember Dad and I were cutting a big old hedge down, as I used to keep him in wood. It was a boat race day and we were going back to our hedge afterwards. I sat and watched the race while my dad slept all the way through it. I said, "It was good wasn't it?", and he said he enjoyed it. Ha! Ha!

I always used to get up a little after five and was always in bed by nine. Well, one morning I woke up and looked at the clock, and I said to Margaret, "I have overlaid". So I got up, grabbed my milk can, and got up the farm. Then I thought to myself, "It don't really feel like morning." From our cowshed door I could see the main Rumburgh road, and I could see motorcars going along. I thought, "That's funny." I never had a watch at this time so I went home again. It turned out to be only 1 o'clock. How we laughed. I said to Margaret, "what if the policeman see me going up there at that time?"

We never had any electric light, only a lamp and candle. My daughter Janet and son Dennis were born at the cottage. Margaret went to her mum's at the Farm at Linstead and had Janet. It was Easter Monday. I went over one night and mother-in-law said, "It is all over, you can go up and see her." I went up and pulled the covers off, and there laid her dad. Did he laugh.

Well, the time came for Janet to be born, and Margaret's mother nearly drove me up the wall. She said, "Hurry up and phone the nurse and doctor." The old doctor came -- Besley was her doctor. He said, "Whatever did you call me so early for?" He sat down for a couple of hours with us, and told us about how he went into the harvest field to shoot some rabbits, but accidentally shot a man. He told the man,

"I put them in, I will take them out if you come and see me tonight." He said he knew when this man's turn came, so he got a big old knife and started to sharpen it, went out, and said, "I'm ready for you." He said that the man looked at the knife and ran out of the door. He said as far as he knew he had still got the pellets in him.

Margaret was pretty ill with Janet, but was soon well again. My mum was ill so she had to come to us a little while one morning. Poor old dad fell downstairs; it was a good job the door was shut at the bottom, as that held him. My brother Arnold was a rum boy for getting up in the morning. My dad used to sit him up in bed and dress him. When he came to mine I said, "I don't dress people here. I call them once, and if they don't get up they can keep there." Well, one morning he said, "Call me, boy, when you go to work." I called him, made him a cup of tea, then when I came home to breakfast he was still in bed. I left him there.

My sister Hazel came and stopped with us a little while, and Margaret and her earned some money picking blackberries. As Hazel had just left her husband, we helped her to get a house, and helped her to clean it, to give her a start. Meanwhile, my mum moved from No. 2 Council House to Malt Office Lane, a small bungalow. My brother Arnold helped me to move her. My other brother, Nussy, lived at St. Michael; he would do anything. He was a rum lad. I remember my brother and I were home for dinner and a man came to the door, to sell things. Margaret kept saying, "No, not today. No thank you, I don't want anything." Nussy got up, got the case, and threw it over the garden. The old boy said, "You will be unlucky." My brother said, "You are."

Life on the Farm

I used to keep at home, and only went out and had a drink once in a while. I remember we were all going to the Norfolk Show, then Dennis turned up queer so I took Janet with my sister Hazel and her girl. Well, we were nearly there, then I saw her change colour and she was sick all over my blue suit. Did I stink. I could not go in any tents or anything; but we got over it. Another time, I went home to breakfast and Margaret said, "Just go and see what Janet is doing." So I went up and had a look. I called Margaret. Janet had got her pillow, and you know how one feather follows another out of the corner... Well, you never saw anything like it; but we had to laugh.

We had a little dog called Spot. He was a good one on a rat. It was at Christmas time that we used to do a lot of plucking, and I remember one night we had a couple of ducks in a bag, and one hopped out. We wanted to go to a wist drive -- we hardly ever missed one. Well, it was black dark, no chance of finding it; there was a great big hedge and ditch where it went in. We just did not know what to do. In the finish, I said, "Undo the dog." Well, he went in and found it, and never hurt it. We were in time for our wist drive.

Then they came past our house with the electric light, so we had it laid on. Then we went in for a TV. We thought it was wonderful. We never had a bathroom or flush toilet though. Well, the day came when we moved up the farm. We really loved it up there. It was so peaceful. I looked after about 40 cows and two or three yards of young things. We had three horses, we used to keep a sow, chickens, rabbits, and two ducks -- called Gert and Daisy. We sold our first litter of pigs to pay to have the van done up, which we paid £15 for. It was as rusty as a horseshoe.

I remember Dennis, one dinner time, went outside -- he was not very old -- and he got on a tractor and started it up. Well, it upset me. Another time he went in the barn, got behind the hay, and went to sleep. We hunted everywhere for him. There was one of the old boys on the farm helping us to find him. We had a great big moat and a pond, and we thought he had fallen in there. After a long time he

woke up and came out. I was going to hit him, but the old boy said, "Don't hit him, just be thankful you have found him." We had a big old water tank, which I expect held 1,000 gallons of water, set up on two pillars. One tea time I went home and Dennis was under it with a box of matches. He was bending down, and I caught him a beauty. He never had any more.

I made it a habit to look round every night before going to bed. I used to take my dog, and the first thing he would do was go round the meadow to the calves pen. The door had a hole in it where the rats used to run out. I would go into the cowshed, open the calves door, then the rats would run out of the hole and the dog would catch them. But the rats knew, in time, not to go out of that hole, and they used to run up the chains of the bins. That time of day we had to do all the hard work on the farm: cutting the corn with a binder and setting up sheaves, carting it on a trailer, stacking it, thatching it, then threshing it. We had our own tackle, filling muck by hand, spreading it by hand. I used to love harvest time. There is something about it when you see the fields of corn waving in the breeze and the heat shimmering in the distance.

I looked after cows 20 years. I got kicked once in the knee, which hurt about three days, and I broke my big toe when I kicked an old cow that was laying down -- I could still feel it many years later.

I had an old boy help me. We got on well all those years and never got wrong. We had some laughs. I say, "When you can't laugh you want to watch out." We used to set snares, and I shall never forget one day when we went up the field for a load of kale. We always got loaded up and then had a look at our snares. Well, the first one only had a hare's tail in it. We knew who did it, but I nearly died laughing. My old mate didn't.

One day we were after a load of hay and he stepped off the back of the wagon. Well, I laughed. I told him that if he killed himself I would still have laughed. He got up and he said, "It is nothing to laugh about, I shall have to go to the doctor!" He went, and the doctor told him, "When you fall on concrete you can come and see me." My old mate did not think much of that, I can tell you.

One afternoon we thought we would fix a swing up in the barn. Well, we got it up, and then who was going to get on? It took me nearly all the afternoon to get him on, but when he was on did he shout. Then he wanted to get me on there -- I knew different to that.

The house where we now lived had about eight bedrooms, a great big bathroom, and two toilets.

Margaret cleaned and papered every room, and even built a wall up when we had one fall down. We had plenty of out-buildings.

I now had two dogs: lassie and spot. I would take spot up the stack-yard of a night, hold him up in my arms, and he would pull the rats from the stack. He was a good one on rats. One day when we were threshing he caught a hundred rats. He didn't like thunderstorms. I remember one Sunday night we went for a walk up the fields and he caught a fox and killed it. Dennis carried it home and showed everybody who came to the door.

Janet and Margaret had their cows which they would make a fuss of. Margaret could milk as good as me. I only had one cow that I could not milk, as when you went up to it it would go crazy. My younger boss -- there were two brothers -- came up and said, "What is the matter with it?" He said, "I never had one get the master of me." So I said, "Well, milk it." So he got the machine, went up to it, then up went both its feet and he hit the wall. He said, "She can go to sale in the morning." Different story! My old boss was one of the best you could ever find, but the two boys were not worth his old boots. We had one old cow and she would know if you swore at her: she would hit you with her head. I have had some laughs with the old vet. He came one Saturday morning to give a cow a jab, and I told him I would tie the legs up as it would kick him. He said, "I have not got time for that." Well, he just

touched it and, CRACK! It broke his leg, and he laid in the gutter. I got him up and put the broom under his arm, got him to his car, and he got away alright. The next thing I heard, he was in hospital. Another time he came to take a spare teat off a cow's udder. He was busy, then suddenly I saw the tail go up. He was under it, and you can guess what ran down all over his hat. Well, you know what I did. I could not control myself. He asked me to wash his hat, and he went back to work. He had a bald head, and I thought, "What if it happens again?"

One time I did not laugh was when he came to see the bull when he was not well. He walked past me in the barn, then went to the bull's pen and put his chain round the post. Then he went to go to the back of the bull, and he went back and pulled the chain out of his nose. We could not let him out on the meadow so I used to water him in his pen. I took him a pail of water one day, a brand new pail, and he bent it up like a fag box. I thought, "right old boy." Two days without water and he never did it anymore.

Another time when he came I asked if he could do some kittens in for me, and an old cat that was not well. "Yes" he said, "Get them." So I got them. He said, "I will jab them and then you can just throw them on the floor." Well, we did all the kittens and then the old cat. When we threw the old cat on the floor it got up, ran outside, and sat on the path licking itself. I had to laugh. Well, I caught it again and he did it next time.

I remember the vet had to go to Chapel Farm one day, to inject some bullocks. I had to help, and so did Jack, one of the brothers who owned the farm. Well, we got one on a rope, and the vet missed the bullocks and stuck it into Jack. Jack said, "Will it hurt me?" "No guvnor", the vet said, "You will never have a stiff joint again." Well, I was doubled up. Jack did not like the vet bills, he would always moan about them; but they were never very big.

We had an old favourite cow that had a calf, and had such a bad time with it that she could not get up. The calf had to be cut up inside her. After that, Margaret helped me roll her over two times a day to milk her. She used to eat just a little. This went on for 5 weeks. My boss said, "She had better go"; but I kept changing his mind. One day, after about 6 or 7 weeks, Margaret came out with me after dinner, and guess what? She was standing up. She was a bit wobbly, and laid down again. Well, every day she got stronger, 'til in the end I could put the machine on her.

When I had a calf born I used to say it was a miracle. Margaret has helped me all times of the night to get calves. About 20 minutes and they would be running about. We used to take them away about 4 days, then the fun began. One morning I went on the meadow to get them up and they were nearly to Wisset! I remember one holiday, I went to get the cows up for milking and I knew that one was missing. It's funny, but you just know. I took the others home. We wanted to go and look for it that night, and an old mate of mine came up and he said he would look for it. Well, it took him an hour to find it. I was milking, and in the meantime he found it in a ditch and couldn't get it forwards or backwards. Well, it took us about two hours to get it out and she had no ill effects at all.

We lost our little dog Spot. When we were on the farm one night there was a thunder storm and he broke away. I think he was running a rat, and a gate that was usually open was shut. He went right through and broke his neck. I found him when I went milking next morning. Well, when I told Margaret and Janet, we had a funeral service and I buried him. He was a good dog.

We had some good parties up the farm. About a dozen of us went out one night to Holton Cherry Tree, and did we have a time. I got a skinfull. We had about 22 people at ours that weekend; Margaret used to cook for all of them.

We had a big old dairy there, and one year I sawed up enough wood to fill it right up. It lasted all

winter. It was about this time that we started playing Bingo. We used to go at least twice a week and my poor old dad used to babysit. We would bring him fish and chips home for his supper, and he always had a piece of bread with them. He used to tell me some yarns about years gone by. He said there was an old boy who had a horse and trap, and he was always giving people a ride but taking them past where they wanted to go. Well, this old boy gave my dad a ride. When they got to my dad's house, the old boy was then going to whip the horse when my dad knocked his hat off. The old boy had to pull up.

He told me how, when he was in the First World War, he came home at Christmas and his poor old mum never had a bit of bread in the house, as his father had spent all the money on beer. He said they went to town, bought some stuff, and had a good Christmas after all. He told me how one night he got the tea ready and his father came in and said, "There is not much on the table for tea." My dad went and got everything in the pantry and put it round the table, then put his coat on and went out, leaving the old man to put them away. My dad told me his father would get all the money together and go on the beer until it was gone. They even used to take the clean change of clothes up the pub for [him], as the pubs kept open all night. In the end my Grandfather drowned himself at Oulton Broad.

When we were up the farm I used to look forward to Christmas. We would get some beer in and have some friends play cards. I used to love playing cards for money. I have sat up all night playing and gone to work next morning. So I was smoking, swearing, telling dirty yarns, playing cards, bingo, wist drives, drinking, and I thought nothing of it.

I remember one morning, when we were washing the cowshed down, I was carting the water and my mate was scrubbing. Well, I took two pails of water and pretended to throw it over him. He said, "You had better not", so I threw it. It nearly drowned him. I threw the pails down and went running away.

He was behind me with water in the bucket I threw down. Well, when I got to the doors they had blown shut. I got up the corner and he soaked me to the skin. We both went home and changed.

I remember we had been using the tractor, and when we finished with it I put it in the shed; but I forgot that it was not my regular tractor. The exhaust pipe on this one was higher than the one on mine. So, when I went in the shed, Crack! I broke it. I knew the son would make a fuss about that, so I thought, "If I could just stand it on the broken piece, the one who backed it out would think they done it". But it did not work out like that. The foreman went to it and it had already fallen off. Just my luck.

Margaret passed her driving test when we were up the farm. I remember when she came home, she was some happy. We had another addition to the family at the farm: our youngest son, Paul, was born. My sister Edie looked after Margaret during this time.

We used to do a fair bit of over-time in the harvest time, and the son would come round and get the hours on a Friday -- we got paid on a Saturday, once a fortnight. Well, he came to my mate first. My mate said, "twelve hours". He came to me and I said, "fourteen hours". After he was gone, my mate said, "You done the same as me". I said, "I know I did, but it is the case of opening your mouth a little wider."

Changing Jobs

Well, sad to say, my poor old boss died -- he had been ill a fair old while -- so the two sons became the boss. Well, they did not get on too well together so they thought they would split up. One wanted me to go with him, and I told him I would in the first place, then I changed my mind.

I thought I had better look for another house. We were not on any council house list, but there happened to be one empty at Rumburgh. We saw the councilor and we got it. I then got a job looking

after chickens. Well, we moved to Rumburgh, right near my dad and my sister. I started learning about chickens at Halesworth. I used to bike from Rumburgh each morning, and I got some over-time at night. We had three chicken houses built at Rumburgh, each holding 5,000 birds, four in a cage. The droppings went in big old pits that had to be pumped out, and the contents were put on the fields. Margaret used to work with me; also another girl. On a Monday, we used to have 20,000 eggs to handle. We used to have a bin to each hut for food, and this had to be knocked each day or the food went hard and got hung up. Well, one day there was food that got hung up, and when we took the bottom off there were great big old pieces that dropped out. We bagged about three tons up. The old man nearly had a fit.

One day, the boss came up and said that there was one egg out. Well, I just laughed. He said, "What are you laughing about?" He said, "If you were one egg out every day for a week, and then for a year, it would soon mount up." I had a woman who would pile her barrow up with eggs, and I warned her about it. Well, one morning she came to me crying: she had turned a load of eggs over. Not only did she cry but I nearly cried too. This happened twice; the second time she paid for them.

We used to have a trolley for taking the eggs to the egg hut, and the boss had left his new car quite near. My old trolley went alongside his motor and scratched it. I never heard anything about it. The boss had the huts cleaner than some people's houses. We had a vacuum cleaner for the egg trays, floor, and woodwork. I had my photo taken when I was using it in a hut, for the Farmer and Stockbreeder. At Christmas, all the people who looked after chickens -- there were four sites -- met up the Buck Inn, Rumburgh. When we got oiled up we went down to Abbey Farm to sing some carols, and the farmer came to the door with a 12-bore. He said, "If you are not out of here in five minutes, I will give you a barrel... not beer." After that he asked us in for a drink. That was the last thing I wanted.

We used to go to bingo at Lowestoft, and whist drives. I was also smoking about two-and-a-half ounces a week. We were not so happy there as we were on the farm, where we had been on our own, with no neighbours to bother about. It was at this time, while I was with the chickens, that I lost my dad: we came home from bingo one night, and had just been in bed about an hour, when my sister called me up. She said, "Dad is on the floor." Well, we went round, got him on the sofa, and sent for the doctor. They took him in hospital, and I knew he would not come out of there. He died about two days afterwards. Well, come the funeral day, and it was the saddest day of my life; but life had to go on. I used to go down and dig my mother's garden, and laid her lawn for her, and helped where I could. I got fed up with the chickens so I tried for a job at Howards', and got one. It was different from a farm life but I soon settled down. I was on the building side and did nearly all the concreting of floors. We had plenty of over-time. I did nine Sundays in a row, and one Sunday they gave me the job in the gate-house -- the best one I have ever had.

As a rule, I have never known anything except hard work. Sometimes I would work all night on different jobs. One morning I was going to start the mixer and the handle flew off and hit me on the inside of the knee. Well, my knee blew up like a football. The next morning, when I got up I could hardly walk. Margaret said, "You are never going to work?" But I went. They offered me another job, but I did my own job, barrowing concrete, and by 11 O'clock it was much better. By tea time it was gone. If I had laid up with it it would maybe take a week to heal.

You were alright up there as long as you had something in your hand, then nobody would say anything. There was a foreman up there who I did not go a lot on. I was working where they were steel erecting, and he got on to me to get a hat on. Well, I went and got one. He said, "If those sections fall on you they would split your head open." This was in the morning. In the afternoon I saw this same foreman

come up the concrete with his head bandaged up. He had been working without a hat on. I said to him, "It's a pity you never had a hat on." He didn't go much on that one.

One Friday, my foreman came to me and said, "Can you work all the weekend? We have to dig a hole and box it out by Monday." So, I said, "Alright." It took all the weekend to do it and it was never used. It was nothing to lay a strip of concrete only to find that the next day you had to break it all up again.

One day my boss asked me if I would look after the toilets for a week or so. Well, it lasted about four weeks, but I did not mind that little job. It was very interesting, the things they wrote on the walls. There was not room to put a stamp where they had not written.

It was while I was at the factory that we had our first real holiday. We went to Cornwall for two weeks and it was really lovely. We went with Margaret's brother and sister-in-law and stayed in a little bungalow. It was lovely weather.

Margaret was still at work in the chickens, and I went home one night and said that my old boss wanted me to take his pigs on and live on the farm. I was really torn between Howards' and the farm.

Margaret told me how he had changed, but I just could not believe it. Well, I thought this over, and I thought I would try the pigs. He paid to move us to the farm.

We soon settled down. It was a lovely house with a great big fireplace and big rooms. We bought two goats, so we never had to buy any milk. We used to stake them out, and sometimes they would get off and it would take hours to catch them. I would stand and call that old goat everything, and it would only "Maw! Maw!" Well, I soon discovered I did not like pigs, and I don't think they liked me. To start with, the lorry used to come on a Monday morning for the fat pigs, and would they go up the tailboard? No they would not. We tried everything, but no good. They would just lay down or jump over the side. And when a pig wants to run, it can run. I thought about this problem. We always used to feed them before loading up, so I thought I would try them without, and it was the answer. We used to weigh on a Friday, and I used to hate the job. We had 117 sows, and an old father pig that we used to get on his back and have a ride.

I thought looking after pigs was simple but I soon changed my mind. I was cleaning the fattening house out one day and discovered I had lost my tobacco tin. I went back, and the old pigs had eaten all the tobacco and chewed the tin up. I fell out with that lot. Margaret had her 13,000 chickens to look after, which was a full-time job. I would sit up to the early hours of the morning when I had sows farrowing.

I remember one day we had a thunderstorm. Our water was pumped up by mains and the thunderstorm took the electricity out. The electricity was not on by the night time and the chickens really had to have water, as this is very important. Margaret arranged for water to be brought to her chickens. The tractor never had any lights on it so she had to go to the police, and they escorted it to Rock Stone. What a night. They just got there at midnight, and then the lights came on.

One night we went out to a whist drive, and when we came home, at 11:30pm, we had about 30 sows running about. What a job. The pig stys at the farm were poor, and there was too much four-tine-fork work; but we loved living there: it was on its own, and so quiet and peaceful. One morning we woke up early and we heard the dawn chorus. It was beautiful.

My boss went away to Spain for a holiday, for two weeks, and in that time we had a real clean-up. He was so pleased, when he came back, that he took us all out to dinner at The Swan. We had a lovely time. I got quite drunk, which amused the old man. He came to see me one day and said we were 66 pigs short. He said, "What have you done with them?" It really worried me; but they had made a

mistake at the office. He would not say sorry. He told me one day, "Never admit that you are wrong." He would not. He came one morning and found fault with everything, so I said, "You had better take a month's notice." But it all blew over.

I remember when I was taught to feed the fattening house. It has a valve which they said must never be touched. Well, we had so much trouble with this house. It used to block, and everybody was fed up with it. We even took the pipes down one by one, but they were OK. It turned out that you had to close this valve up to make pressure, to force it through the pipes. After that it fed alright.

We went for a holiday down Cornwall again when we were at Rock Stone. We took my brother and his wife with us, and we had a lovely time. We got home on the Saturday morning, and as soon as we got home the boss came up the door and wanted us to go to work. I would not go. He didn't like it, but he got over it.

I had a boy with me who was nearly always late. The old man was up there one morning when he came late, and he said, "Go after him and sort him out." But the boy always had an excuse. I said, "What is it this morning?" He said, "I left my rubber boots out all night and they filled up with water." I said, "That's a new one," and let it go at that.

My cousin Bill used to come down and go out shooting, and the old man asked him to buy him a gun. Well, he got him one, and he would go with Bill. They used to have a whale of a time. One day, one of the boys came roaring up the drive on the tractor shouting that the chicken huts were on fire. I soon told him I had not got a fire engine. He said, "It's the truth." I looked down the drive and saw the black smoke pouring out of the huts. There were no chickens in, they had been out about a week and the huts were being cleaned out. Well, they nearly burned right out. They were Margaret's huts.

We had been there nearly two years and I was fed up. We put our names on the Halesworth list because we wanted a free house badly. Well, we saw in the paper that there was a house going at Sorterton. It was out of the way but we looked into it, and we got it. I saw my old boss and had the pleasure of telling him that I would be gone in a month. I was really happy to get away from there. Well, we moved, and I had a holiday -- we could not go far as we were short of money. It was a small house, and Janet had to sleep in the one and only bedroom.

I got another job with pigs, as it was all that was going; but this was altogether different. I got on well with the old boy there. It lasted only six months, as he sold up. So now I had to find yet another job. So I went up the Le-gryns, and my job was to hang turkeys on the hooks. We used to handle about 5,000 a day. If I did not like pigs, I liked these even less; although I had some good times up there. I remember the foreman asked me to do a little job inside one day, putting these big old boys on the elevator, and that took them onto a table. Well, I laid these on, and they fell back into the tank and nearly drowned me. The old girls up top stood and laughed. I didn't.

I asked the boss for a change one morning and he told me that I could cut the throats. Well, I started off, then one I could not do. Then I let them all go. They had to stop the line, so I went back to hanging them on the hooks again. I tried to get back up Howards', but could not get what I wanted. I asked the foreman up Le-gryns for another change and he put me in the killing room. Well, I nearly went mad, as everything had to be done at such a speed. Back I went to hanging on again.

One day we had a letter from the Halesworth Council, telling us we could have 29 Oak Green in about six months. We went and had a look at the house and it was in a rum old state, nearly every window in the house was broken. I did not know what to do really, but my sister said to me, "If I was you, I would have it." She said, "We will help you to clean it up." Well, we took it. It cost us nearly £60 to clean it up. We moved in, and I kept up the turkeys. I used to go at five O'clock in the morning,

catching the birds for some over-time, and I used to do two hours every night, and a Saturday and Sunday morning. Sunday morning was best just to do the drains. I did not like the turkeys; I had to bath every night as I could not get rid of the smell.

I sat down one night, and wrote my old boss at Howards' a letter asking if he could give me a job. I had an answer that told me to go and see him. Well, I went, and he gave me a job filling rollers with concrete. The first Monday I started the foreman asked me to wipe a slurry tank down. I wiped it down, then I saw the foreman, and he said, "I will be with you in a minute." I stood about, and I thought, "I must do something," so I wiped it down again. It took me up to dinner. After dinner I heard him again, he said, "I will be with you in a minute." I thought I had better wipe it down again. I had nearly given up on him coming by now. Well, I kept on with that 'til 4:30pm. When I went and asked if there was any overtime going, he said, "You can do two hours". He said, "Just carry on with what you have been doing." Well, I stood and laughed. It must have been the cleanest cart to leave Howards'.

I was short of money, just then, as you had to work two weeks before you got any money. But when I got settled in I was alright. At this time, Margaret was on Home Help, which she used to love. She loved all her old people. After I had been at Howards' a little while, they asked me if I would like night work, and I took it. I used to start at 6:30pm and leave off at 6:30 in the morning. I would go round with Margaret to all the old people on a Friday afternoon. There was one Mrs Burton, she used to love me. She would tell Margaret to go home and leave me alone with her -- she was a good-living woman. Then we would go shopping at Beccles Co-op, and we would always get some fish and chips to eat coming home. Then we would go to stock-car racing at Peasenhall. One night we went, and when we were walking among the cars I found some money, and I kept it.

I got so I loved being up Howards', and the money was good. Margaret was bringing home a good wage too, so we had nothing to worry about. It was in December 1973 that Janet was married to Alan. She was married in St. Mary's; I shall never forget walking up the aisle with her. It was a cold day. We had the reception in Holton Hut. They kept bringing me drink, and it was mixed. I got well and truly drunk -- they took my photo while I was dancing. Afterwards they were making me black coffee. But we had a good time. Janet and Alan went to live at Sorethon Corner.

After

My conversion

I was at work at Howards', on night-work, and I got these pains in my body. I could hardly move. I kept at it, but the time came when I had to call a halt. My ankles were over my shoes. I called out Dr. Dickerson, and he told me to have a holiday. We went on holiday, but I felt so bad that we had to come home. I went back to the Doctor and they messed me about. They kept saying to do this and that, and eventually they took blood tests and found I had Rheumatoid Arthritis. I got so bad that I had to go in Patrick Stead for six weeks. I really was in a state. This went on for nearly a year.

Just before Christmas, in 1973, I was seeking something. I did not know what. My son Paul had been to a Tent Mission and he wanted to get me something there. I told him I did not want anything, but he kept on about it, so I said, "Get a bible". So he brought a bible home. We had a look at it and then put it upstairs, where it stayed. I had forgotten it, but God had not. Well, I got in a state where I could do hardly anything. Margaret had to wash me, do my hair and everything, and do a Job -- which was nursing at Patrick Stead.

I used to read Cowboy books. I loved them. I would read them 'til the early hours. One day, I went upstairs -- what a job -- to get another book. But the bookcase had fallen over, so I started to put the books back. When the last book came it was that bible. I looked at it and thought I would have a go at reading it, so I started. When Margaret came home, I said to her, "Can you guess what I am reading? I will give you three guesses." Well, I had to tell her it was the bible. If anybody came I would put it behind the curtains. Everybody in the family had a laugh. Then I found that Margaret was taking it to work, as she was on night work. So the bible was on 24-hour work.

My boy, Dennis, was at work at Howards', so I used to cook his meal. The trouble was, I was reading the bible but not doing anything in the house. So, before I knew it, he would be home and the dinner wouldn't be ready. One day, Margaret made a beef pudding, and with that you had to keep adding water. Well, I was reading, and I forgot all about the time; I just had to read. It was not before too long that I began to smell that something was wrong: the pudding was burning. But when I looked, although the pan was dry, the pudding was unharmed. So I said, "While I read the bible the Lord looked after the pudding."

At this time I was still seeking; I didn't know what it was all about. I asked Margaret, one night, if she would come with me to a church service. Well, we got there an hour too soon, but said we would stay. I thought that was where I would find what I was seeking for. But, alas, the service was over, nobody spoke to us, and we came home. That was that.

There was a girl who brought me some leaflets, but I did not understand them. Then I went to a carol service, and a chap who was a farmer was there. He wanted me to go to a prayer meeting, which put my back up, so nothing came of it. I must just add that I was still smoking at this point.

I then had a little booklet come into my hands called Journey Into Life, where I saw that you had to be born again: where you had to ask the Lord Jesus Christ into your heart, to confess that you are a sinner, repent of your sin and ask forgiveness, and he would come in. Is this what I was seeking for? I was still reading my bible and I was still in a state. So, in January, 1974, I asked Jesus to come into my heart. I did it for a whole week to make sure. This was the start. I did not feel anything different, but I had done it.

I went to my brother's and sister's and told them what I had done. Not a good move. My own family thought it was some kind of joke, and that I would get over it; but, it has been over 30 years, praise the Lord. And I am sure that I will never get over it. It was about a week later that Margaret gave her life

to Jesus. We did not, at this point, know how to handle it -- whether to pray, or anything. I was still in pain. We then joined a fellowship, and met with other Christians for prayer and a Sunday meeting. When I went to a prayer meeting, as soon as I was out I had to have a smoke. I had tried to give up but it did not work. One evening the preacher asked if any man wanted to give their life to Christ. I put my hand up, but by the time I got out I had forgotten all about it. But God had not, and He brought it back to me. God never forgets. I have had so many things happen, and to me it is impossible to count everything. I won't be able to write everything down. All I want to do is glorify God, that is my aim: I do everything for Him, for He is my everything, and I cannot do anything without Him, not even pray.

Smoking

Smoking became a problem to me. If I went to a prayer meeting I could not wait until I got out to have a fag. I had tried many times to stop. I had always rolled my own. I used to take two fags to work, only to go home and get more. It was always the last thing at night and first thing in the morning. One particular morning I had only enough tobacco to roll one fag. I rolled it, and before I lit it I went to the toilet. While there, it fell from my fingers into the pan. It was the end of my smoking habit. I knew it was over. Praise the Lord, HE DID IT! I gave HIM all the glory over 30 years ago.

The Prayer that was Answered

I once went to a ladies meeting and shared my testimony. Margaret had said to me, "Pray for some eggs, we have not got any and I did not have any money to get any." Well, after the meeting, we went to the car, my friend John and I, and began to get into the car when a lady ran up to us and said, "I want to give you a pound because your word really blessed me." So, I came home, went to the shop, and got a dozen eggs. When I phoned Margaret at work and told her what happened she was really blessed. It is at this point in my story that my rheumatoid arthritis had burnt itself out, although I was still getting flare-ups now and then.

Then there came a time when I was taken off the Sick Club, but I could not get a job, and I never got any money because Margaret was at work. So I did the housework, and Margaret was on night work. I then had to pray for everything. If I needed any money Margaret would give it to me, but then the food stock fell very low, and the freezer became nearly empty. I would lay my hand on it every time I went by, and, relying on God to provide our needs, I would say, "Praise the Lord."

The Pig

I started to pray for a pig, to fill the freezer up. Well, I prayed and I prayed, then we had a call from a lady in Chediston who said that she had a load of bones from a pig, and would we like them. Well, we went and got the bones, but I said, "What about the meat, Lord?" I was still praying for my pig when we got a call from a friend of Margaret, who she worked with, to say that she had some bantams that were a worry to a farmer, as they kept getting on his field. So we went and got them, and put them in the freezer. Where was my pig? I just kept on praying for my pig. Then, one day, a lady phoned up: she had taken a pig to the butcher, and asked if I would like to pick up 30lbs of sausages and 14lbs of meat. My prayer was answered. Praise the Lord.

The Washing Machine

We had been out one day, and when we came home there was a card in the letter box. It said that the man had been to deliver a washing machine. I said to Margaret, "Somebody have made a mistake here, we have not ordered one." I then phoned my cousin up, thinking it could be him; but, no, it was not. Margaret phoned the shop, and they told her that somebody had been in the shop and payed for it. So it was delivered. Praise the Lord for everything. I just had to pray for everything.

The Dustbin

I had a metal dustbin, and it had a hole in the bottom, so I had to put a piece of cardboard in the bottom. Well, one day we came home and a brand new dustbin, a plastic one, stood near the door. Margaret said, "I wonder whose that is?" I said, "My Father has given it to me." How good the Lord is to his children.

The Holiday

Janet and Alan, my daughter and son-in-law, said that they would take us on holiday to Cornwall for a week. We never had a lot money, and at this time I did not have hardly any, but they kept on about us going. Well, the Friday came and I said to Janet, "We can't go." I just did not want to impose upon them so I said I would not go. We had a friend who was going to water the house flowers while we were away, so Janet took the key to her. When she came back she said, "Get your coat on Dad, and we will go." Well, I put my coat on and put my hand in the pocket, and I pulled out a tenner, then another, and another. When I had finished there was £100. Where did it come from? My heavenly Father. He said, "I will supply all your needs."

My Healing

When I lived at 29 Oak Green, Halesworth, I went up my garden to cut the grass on the path. I had only just started but I felt too tired; so I went indoors, sat down, and had a rest. Then I went and tried again, and the same thing happened. I told Margaret what happened, so she said, being a nurse, "When you go to the toilet, number two, let me see it." I then tried cutting my grass, but again I could not do it. When I did go to the toilet I showed Margaret, and she said, "Do you mind me seeking some advice?" I didn't go much on it, but she phoned Doctor Clarke. Well, he came out and said to me, "You will have to go into hospital." I said I would go first thing in the morning; he said, "Now." So I went.

The next day I was so weak I could hardly walk, and the Doctor said that I had lost half the blood in my body through a tablet I took, so I would had to have a blood transfusion all in one day. My sister came to see me and I think she thought I was on my way out. My old friend Jack Thickitt came to see me, and he said, "Do you want me to pray for you?" I said, "Yes please." Also, Ken Tracey was up there, and he prayed too. The nurse up the hospital said, "Every time you go to the toilet, show me number two." The next time I went, I looked at it: one half was black with blood and the other half was normal, just when they prayed. It was a miracle. I went home with Margaret the next morning, as she was on night work. I give all the glory to God.

The Bed of Leeks

I used to love my garden. I also used to pray for everything. I had a lovely bed of leeks -- they really did look good -- but I found that they had a bug in the top which worked to the bottom, causing them to

die. My neighbour, who also had the bug, told me he had tried everything on his leeks, but could not get rid of it. So I prayed to the Lord, and I felt he said, "Cut the top off". So I said to Margaret, "Bring a sack, we have to cut the tops off." So, away we went and cut the tops off. They turned out to be a lovely bed of leeks. The next year the same thing happened again. I did not pray, I just said, "We are to cut the tops off." We cut them off and they all died. I took it for granted. So, you just cannot take God for granted. What a lesson.

A Trip to Lowestoft to Change the Jeans

Margaret had been to Lowestoft to get my boy Dennis a pair of jeans. They were not big enough, so we took them back to the shop, in Bevan Street. As I had my 'disabled passenger' badge we could park outside the shop. Well, Margaret went in and changed them. When she came out, she attempted to drive off, but there was a line of cars with hardly any break in the line. Well, a man in the line said to Margaret, "Get your belt on", and he reversed and let us in. Away we went. But when we got a little way along we heard a mighty bang: a car had come out of a side-road and hit the man who let us in. We both felt so bad about it, but the Lord kept us. I give God all glory in everything.

The Gale

My daughter and son-in-law sold their house in Halesworth and were waiting to buy another one. So we said, if you buy a caravan we will find somewhere to put it, and you can have our house. Well, we have a friend named Ted, the farmer, and he said that we could put the caravan on his farm, on a nice little spot under a big oak tree. It was lovely up there.

We had a battery for the lights, and I used to have many an early night when the battery ran down and Ted was out. I fixed a toilet up in a shed, so that we did not have to keep running round Ted's -- I even put up a bit of bailer string for the toilet rolls. We moved the caravan there in April, and we kept there 'til the October. Margaret was still on night-work. She was up the hospital 25 years, and being on nights was just right.

We were on our way to a meeting at Melton, and we were stopped by the police because of something that had happened in the area, and were late for the meeting. When we came home, Ted asked us in for a drink, but we were tired so we went to bed. We had not been in bed long when I thought the wind was getting up. I said to Margaret, "We really ought to pray." We had a prayer, but we could not go to sleep. So I said to Margaret, "I think we should get dressed." The wind was really picking up at this point.

Well, the caravan started to go up and down, and we were under the oak tree. You talk about blow! I talked to Margaret about getting out, but it was impossible. Then Margaret said, "I think we should praise the Lord." Well, I must admit, I did not feel like praising the Lord. Everything was moving; the stove was getting a move-on, I can tell you. I heard a crack, and a big bough of the tree had just broken off. I did try to praise the Lord -- not a very good job of it. I said to Margaret, "I believe there is a big angel sitting on that draw-bar, or the caravan would go over."

After some time it started getting light outside. We could see the damaged trees uprooted, and telephone poles snapped in half; but there was not a twig on the caravan. The Lord had kept us. Praise His name. Ted walked up the road and looked at the scene: the roof was off his shed and the barn gone -- they found it fields away. It was another miracle. Glory to God. Well, Alan, my son-in-law, came that same day and took the caravan home. They had bought a house in Walpole, and we got back to

normal. Praise the Lord for all His goodness.

Mother-in-law's Conversion

Now, my mother-in-law and I did not get on at all. I could not say anything right or do anything right. I was a Christian, and I knew it was not right to argue, so I kept out of the way. Margaret also could never do anything right. I used to pray for her, that the Lord would touch her, and I felt that was all I could do. One day, Margaret said to her, "I am expecting." We already had three children, but Mother-in-law said, "You have not got her into trouble?" So I said, "I am married, at least!"

One day Margaret came home from mother-in-law, as she went there every day, and she said that mum had seen Jesus come outside the window last night. So, I said to mother-in-law, "If He comes to the window again, ask Him to come in." She did, and He came in and sat on the bed. I said to her, "What is He like?" And she told me what she had seen. Margaret's mum could not read or write very well, but she described Him as in The Revelation, chapter 1, verse 13-16. I cannot say how I felt. Then, one night I went over and she asked me to pray for her. After this she was altogether different: she would witness to people in the house, like the Insurance man. She witnessed to him that the Lord came on the bed that night and thanked her for what she had done. It taught me a big lesson: nobody is outside God's salvation. Glory to His name.

The Funeral

Margaret's mum did not live a great while after her coming to the Lord -- there was no doubt of her conversion. There was a bit of fuss about the hymn books being used at the funeral: we wanted Songs of Praise, and Margaret's Aunt wanted another book. We had Songs of Praise in the end. Ben Angel took the service, and afterwards my daughter Janet went to a Christian and gave her life to the Lord. How would mother-in-law have felt about that? Praise the Lord.

The Man Who Had His Prayer Answered

I had to go away to be assessed, as I was getting better. It was a government thing, so I had to go to Watford for a few weeks, to show them what I could do. Margaret and a friend took me there, but they could not stop so they put me down and then went home. Well, it is impossible to put down on paper how I felt. You talk about crying out to the Lord. I just felt utterly alone. I thought, "What is this all about?"

I got sorted out and found that I had to go 30 miles away, on a bus with about 30 others. I had already been told that I might be in a dormitory, and how was I going to handle this as a Christian? I just did not know. "Help me Lord", I prayed.

We got to the place where we stayed. We were asked for 50p, then given a key and a towel. Praise the Lord. We had a little room each, with a bed, a table, and a chair. I soon found out what sort of place it was: the doors had been kicked in and it was really rough.

We used to go to this little factory each day, to work and have dinner there. We had breakfast and tea where we lived. As far as I knew, I was the only Christian there. Well, with the talk, the jokes, and what they got up to, I began to wonder if I could do it. Margaret would write to me each day, and now and again she would phone -- but money was short, so it wasn't often.

I got over the first week. Come Friday night, was I glad to get home for the weekend -- even for the fellowship. My life now was a life of prayer. Then, the next week, word came round that Bryon was coming back. Who was Bryon?

Each dinner time, we got our dinner and went and sat down at a table to eat it. I sat down at a table and was told it was Bryon's table, and that I could not sit there; so I went to another table. I met up with Bryon. He was just like a gangster and had his men with him. One day he said, "How would you like to sit at my table?" I said, "OK." So, I got to know Bryon. He said, "I am going to call you Blue Boy." So, that was my name.

As a matter of fact, I got on well with Bryon. One day, when we were going home on the bus, he said to me, "Are you saved, Blue Boy?" I nearly fell off my seat. I thought, "What do you know about being saved?" I said, "Yes, Bryon, I am." Well, the next morning, going to work, he sat behind me and told every dirty joke he could think of. You talk about the Devil. He showed me a piece of paper with Luke 14 on it, and he said, "I'll get all the boys in my room, and you can read it". Well, I went in that room and I read it. He said, "Well done Blue Boy." The others did not dare laugh. Then he said, I am going to get all the boys in the room, and you can give your testimony. Did I pray? Only the Lord knew. Then Bryon changed his mind, and said he wanted to hear it alone. Our rooms were next to each other, and he said, "When I tap on the wall, come round." I did, and gave my testimony. He had tears in his eyes when I left. Next morning he was the same as usual, but he could not leave me. He was always having tracts, and he would give them to me. I wondered where he got them from. He always helped me where he could, even to getting off early on a Friday and putting me on the train at Liverpool Street. How I used to look forward to the weekend for fellowship, as I did not get any during the week.

The time was coming up for me to end my time there. It came to my last Friday Night. Bryon said that everybody was going down the pub for a good time, and I had to tell him that I would not be going. Well, he called me everything he could lay his tongue to, but I still said, "I am not going." He told me that when he had had a few drinks he would be back to beat me up.

When they left, I was the only one left. I got in my room, and did I pray? I knew that I could lock the door but I felt led to leave it open. I left it open. About somewhere around 9:30pm he came back; but he brought me a cup of coffee, and he said he was sorry. He said his other mate was drunk and would hit you for nothing, but everything passed off well.

Margaret picked me up, and was I pleased it was all over. There is so much more I could write, but I felt that was the end. During the next week I had been to a meeting, and when I came home at 11:00am my son Dennis said a man had telephoned from Yorkshire, and would I phone him back whenever I could? Well, I phoned him back and he said, "I am Bryon's dad, and I have phoned to thank you for witnessing to Bryon. I prayed to the Lord for someone to witness to him." You talk about tears.

Apparently Bryon had been an alcoholic. His father said that he went home one night, soaked, and Jesus came at the foot of the bed, and he was saved. Praise the Lord. How wonderful He is. So, where did Bryon get the tracts from? His dad. All glory to my heavenly Father.

My Spiritual Life

At this time in my walk with the Lord, I only knew that I had to pray. That was my life. All that I needed I had to pray for. I would get up at four o'clock in the morning and pray until eight o'clock when Margaret came home. This was laid upon me, to pray. When I went for a walk I would pray. I had to go to the dole, to sign on, and I used to stand on the bridge over the stream and pray there. There is a certain tree past the water place, on the road near Walpole, where I used to spend an hour praying for Halesworth. This is all praise and glory to God: it was only by the Holy Spirit that I could pray to my heavenly Father.

All I knew was fasting and prayer. I had nothing and yet I had everything. At one time I prayed so much I thought I was going over-the-top, and I sought out a man to talk to as I heard that people can have a religious spirit!

I was still going to the fellowship, prayer meeting, and children's meetings out at Ted Woods' farm. They were really blessed times; the Lord really met with us. I was also blessed with Margaret, that we could pray together. I think it is wonderful when man and wife know the Lord. It was a great help to me. Margaret would phone me and ask if I would pray for someone in hospital. There were two people who came to the Lord through Margaret talking to them. How wonderful it is to be a link in the chain. Praise His name. He is so good to us, he just loves and loves. I know the Christian walk can be heartbreaking too, as I have had some experience of this.

I spent hours praying for my family, as everyone who knows the Lord does. Margaret came to know the Lord, as did others in my family. I thank God for each one.

The one highlight of my Christian walk was the Leiston Mission, in 1978, which lasted three weeks. We should have gone a year earlier, but John Sparks was ill and had to go into Hospital. But that was the Lord's doing. God always knows the right time.

Well, there was a lot of prayer that went into the Mission weeks before it started. We were praying here at Halesworth, and at Leiston. This was truly a blessed time. The Lord gave me a vision of some iron gates, and I thought, "I know where they are: Sizewell Hall." But I was wrong, they were the gates leading into the playing field in Leiston. I just thank God.

Well, we moved the caravan -- which we used for sleeping in -- and a small tent onto the playing field. Our first night was Sunday night, and it was so full that we knew we would have to get a bigger tent. So, we got a bigger tent. And as the little tent was wet we had a day of fasting because we wanted it dry, so that we could get the big one up -- which we were able to do. We had everything: Children's meetings -- the most in attendance was 167 -- coffee mornings, meetings for adults, door-to-door work, and every day we had a prayer meeting that anyone could come to. We had Mondays off, but there was always something happening, always somebody coming and going.

I spent the three weeks of the mission in the caravan at night. I loved it, and to see what God was doing. Margaret and me had a prayer on our own in the caravan, praying for £150 to pay for a car bill, when there was a tap on the door. An American man stood there and asked if he could come in. He told us how the Lord had told him to go to the base to change his dollars into £150 pounds, and then bring them to the caravan. He said, "Would you do something for me? There is an elderly couple opposite my house. Would you go and share with them about the Lord?" We did. The elderly man was a deep-sea diver, and he was in a bad way. Margaret shared with him and he came to the Lord. It was real.

There were a lot of helpers at the Leiston Mission, and everybody had things to share. My job was on the door. I really had some lovely times. People were always asking questions. I gave out the stickers to put on the children's' cards -- if they filled a card up they got a prize. We had a boy named Richard, he was a lovely Christian. We used to go out together door-to-door. People would ask us in and time would fly. One day, some of the team went to give communion to a man who came to the Lord, and I was left in the caravan. I saw a young woman coming so I asked her in for a coffee. She told me how the devil had kept her away from the tent. Well, we talked, and she said she wanted to give her life to Christ. We knelt down together, and she asked the Lord to forgive her and accepted Christ as her saviour. Praise the Lord.

One night we had finished the meeting and a lady came in. I said, "Are you a Christian?" She was

crying, and she said, "No, but I want to be." And she did become a lovely Christian. There were many saved, and many children gave their hearts to the Lord. It is always sad when it comes to an end, but it was truly a lovely mission. I love helping on a mission, we never had two alike, all had a different story to tell; but it is impossible to write everything.

I have been on the Christian roadway for over 30 years, and yet sometimes I think I don't know anything. There is so much that I do know, but I long for a deeper walk with my Lord, because I know that there is always more understanding to come into.

Today everything seems to be on the surface. It's a deep work that I want; I just don't want to go along with the crowd. I don't want to be in a rut. I want to glorify God in all I do. I want to walk as I should walk: not to pretend, but to be real, that I may know that I am Christ's. We have to know the Lord. It is very important to be soaked in the Word so that we can give a word in season.

The trouble today is that we have so much. I feel I was much better when I had nothing, because it took me to my heavenly Father, and He did supply my every need. He said in His word, "You have not because you do not ask." -- James 4 v 2.

There are some people who will not humble themselves under his mighty hand. He is God, and without Him we can do nothing. Even Jesus said this, he said, "Without the Father I can do nothing." -- John 5 v 19 & 30. It is the Holy Spirit that we must rely on.

Today, every time the postman comes, somebody is begging for money. But we are to rely on the Lord: "I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his offspring begging bread" -- Psalms 37 v 25. The Bible says about giving, "Don't let your left hand know what your right hand is doing," -- Matthew 6 v 3, and as to giving as a way of bringing peace between us and God, "The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord, but the prayer of the upright is his delight." -- Proverbs 15 v 8.

My Trip to Germany

My son, Paul, was in the army, in Germany, and Margaret saved up our fare to go and see him. I think it was a ten-day trip. The only trouble was that I could not carry very much at all. We had to go to London Bridge to catch the bus which took us to the ferry. It was not the going, but the coming back that was the problem. We had a lovely time, but coming back we would have to get across London with all the luggage.

We got on the bus in Germany, to come home, and had not been on long when a man went up to the front of the bus, and he spoke about Reydon, near Southwold. So, Margaret had a word with him, and yes, that was where he was going. Well, praise the Lord, he helped us with our luggage across London, helped with the taxi, and then put his case in 'Left Luggage' so that he could carry ours. I don't know what we would have done without him.

He told us this day had been booked up for a year, and he only had about two hours with his daughter. I could hardly understand him, so Margaret shared the Lord from Liverpool Street to Halesworth. Isn't God good. When we got to Halesworth, Janet met us. The man who we had met had missed his bus, so we took him to Southwold, never to see him again. A touch of the Lord. It makes you cry. He is good.

Nyoman

Dennis saved all his money for a year. He would give it to me each week, for he said he was going to have a holiday of a lifetime. He went to Bali all on his own. One night he phoned us up and said that he had got himself married. I could not believe it. Well, he came home, got some money together, and

then went out and brought his bride home. Margaret went and picked them up from the airport. His wife, Nyoman, was a Hindu of first class, and everything out there was a god. Nyoman was not very well when she came -- they thought she was having a baby, but that was a false alarm, praise the Lord. I have to stop at this point and mention that I will not be able to cover everything, only the main things in this story. After a time, Nyoman began having fits. It was terrible what she went through. We used to pray for her.

Well, they were able to get a bungalow quite near to us, so Margaret could keep an eye on her. After a time she had a little girl who they named Lydia. One morning Nyoman came down to us, but she wasn't very well, and Margaret said, "Who brought you down?" She said that her neighbour had brought her. We think Nyoman had a fit, as she was in a bad way. When Margaret saw the neighbour, she said, "Thank you for bringing Nyoman down." The neighbour replied, "It was not me." It could have been an angel.