



## Brook House Newsletter

October 2016

Quote by:  
George Elliott

"Delicious  
Autumn! My very  
soul is wedded  
to it, and if I  
were a bird I  
would fly about  
the Earth  
seeking the  
successive  
Autumns."



### Seasonal Splendour!

Autumn is perhaps the most romantic and heartwarming season of all. It fades in like a softly-sung hymn and beckons the warm embrace of an amber afternoon. Nothing quite compares to the inviting smell of apples and spice, and getting cozy by the fire when there's a nip in the air. Soon the hills will be aflame; a riot of gold and red. For that brief time our eyes will rise from the damp concrete paths to the beauty above: watching each leaf as it tumbles gracefully to the soil.





## Poetry Corner: 'October's Party'

*“October gave a party;  
The leaves by hundreds came-  
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,  
And leaves of every name.  
The Sunshine spread a carpet,  
And everything was grand,  
Miss Weather led the dancing,  
Professor Wind the band.*

*The Chestnuts came in yellow,  
The Oaks in crimson dressed;  
The lovely Misses Maple  
In scarlet looked their best;  
All balanced to their partners,  
And gaily fluttered by;  
The sight was like a rainbow  
New fallen from the sky.*

*Then, in the rustic hollow,  
At hide-and-seek they played,  
The party closed at sundown,  
And everybody stayed.  
Professor Wind played louder;  
They flew along the ground;  
And then the party ended  
In jolly "hands around."*





## Bonkers for Conkers!

What would autumn be without the horse chestnut tree? This icon of the British landscape has something to offer in every season, from its distinctive leaves and pretty flower clusters to its seeds that have a myriad of uses. Since the humble conker is the all-round symbol of Autumn, let's take a trip down memory lane...

I remember a time, and I'm sure you will too, when school playgrounds at this time of year were filled with the sound of striking conkers, and rife with competition.



### How to Play:

Two players, each with a conker threaded onto a piece of string or a shoelace, take it in turns to hit each other's conker, until there is only one conker left. The first player holds out their conker at arm's length, hanging down, ready to be hit. The string should be wrapped around the player's hand to stop it from being dropped.

### Fun Fact:

On finding your first conker of the season, you should say: "oddly oddly onker, my first conker!" This ensures good fortune and few tangles throughout the coming season.





## Scarecrow Festivals!

You stagger to the top of a hill, all puff gone, legs protesting, and in front of you is a purple-clad prince kneeling at the foot of a turreted gate with a woman at the top unfurling her long golden hair. Then you see Humpty Dumpty on a wall, and a little further along Miss Muffet – complete with a dangling spider... You're at a scarecrow festival, of course!

There are scarecrow trails like this all over Britain this season, bringing colour, vibrancy and fun to the countryside. Some villages in the area are following a nursery rhyme theme, while others are keeping it a little more random; Adam and Eve were spotted in Kimcote last week!

So if you're out and about these coming weeks, be sure to keep your eyes peeled for these straw-ridden layabouts!





## Harvest Festival

The Harvest Festival tradition pre-dates Christianity and has been celebrated in Britain since Pagan times. The festival is held on the Sunday closest to the Harvest Moon: this is the full Moon that occurs closest to the autumn equinox, usually between the 22nd or 23rd September.

Celebrations on this day usually include singing hymns, praying, and decorating churches with baskets of fruit and food. Harvest Festival reminds Christians of all the good things God gives them, and to share with others who are not so fortunate. In schools and in Churches, people bring food from home to a Harvest Festival Service. After the service, the food that has been put on display is usually made into parcels and given to people in need.





## We Plough the Fields And Scatter

We plough the fields and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's almighty hand:  
He sends the snow in winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes and the sunshine,  
And soft, refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above;  
Then thank the Lord,  
O thank the Lord,  
For all his love.

He only is the maker  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star;  
The winds and waves obey him,  
By him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, his children,  
He gives our daily bread.

We thank thee then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food.  
Accept the gifts we offer  
For all thy love imparts,  
And what thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.

