

Jèrriais Letter 10th April 2021
Presented by Winston Le Brun

Good day to all who listen to this “Lettre Jèrriais” on BBC Jersey, this is Winston Le Brun that has the pleasure of presenting ‘La Letter Jèrriais’ for this mid April 2021 the week following the Easter holidays. So firstly I shall begin by wishing you all a most sincere and Happy Easter to compliment this fine season of a new beginning just as Spring has done.

The weather this holiday was fresh with Northly winds that pick and sting but in general this last week has been reasonable and also hoping that one has benefited of a little security release and that one has ventured of a little freedom of being house bound in relation to Covid.

Anyhow now that the clocks have taken on summer time we have the chance to benefit of the longer evenings until Autumn arrives and we’ll have to take on Meridian time for the shorter Winter timetable. Did you know why the clocks advance by one hour to take British Summer Time? Well it was due to take advantage of the natural light during the First World War. It’s remarkable how the long and cold Winter days can be placed to the rear of the spirit now longer daylight hours offers of heat that booster the moral as there is no tomorrow. However take care and do not forget that this is Spring not Summer because these nasty winds from above sting and reminds anyone with hand windchaps of pain incurred.

Speaking of Easter, Easter Sunday is a movable church feast that changes date every year. For example the churches of the western world follow the Gregorian calendar whilst their counterparts of the Eastern world follow the Julian calendar which means that the same celebration by the two groups is celebrated on different dates.

However within our part of the world Easter cannot be earlier than the 22nd March and no later than the 23rd April or if you wish the first Sunday after the full Pascal moon which is the first full moon that falls following the Spring equinox of the 21st March and quarter day where daylight and dark are equal.

Here at home my wife has picked the last of the daffodil bunches. During the season we are fortunate of having magnificent colours of white and yellow, orange and yellow, pure white, single heads, many heads with strong scent and of course the meadow wild daffodils that were known in biblical times as the “Lent Lillies”.

Speaking of flowers snowdrops that grace our hedgerows during the latter Winter days along with the daffodils have had their turn to shine and as we progress to the beginnings of Spring the wall flowers grace us with their presence and also just as sudden one notices the greenery of lillies of the valley ready to bloom in May. I remember well that the elder of my two sisters Janet’s marriage to Chris celebrated on the 25th April that she wished to have lillies of the valley in her wedding bouquet. So much so that the florist Valentine Vautier was able to advance his greenhouse crop to enable for her wish to fruition, some 60 years ago.

Si its official Spring has now been with us some 15 days or so and that the longer daylight hours are a fact and that the grey and wet short Winter days are but a memory away. However now that Winter has gone to bed his summit is yet to come as Spring showers come into force and when getting in the wash line clothes both feet mustn’t be in the same boot. It’s all well and good to relax into the scenes of “All in

an April Evening”. This is a season of two unmistakable halves that can surprise, just arrived at the clothes line at the top of the garden steps and if by chance ahead of the shower and not behind here is the sun all brightly shining as it emerges from behind the cloud to ask what was the “carry one in aid of”

Following Easter and ahead we flow I’m reminded that as a youngster Palm Sunday, prior to Easter day one would be advised by the older generation that wherever the wind was blowing from at midday, there they would remain for at least three quarters of the year. I have no idea if it was but old wives tales but the wind of this last week certainly know how to sting.

In finishing I hope to have found you all in reasonable health to tackle the long daylight hours of the future where we hope to meet as members of L’Assemblée d’Jèrriais as soon as possible when permitted. I am fond of this time of the year when time permits and escape to the garden greenhouse for a pose, spirit to regain, health improving and appetite to grow. Setting sun and dinner announced one must go leaving the night stars as gardien of all around because today is nearly but tomorrow is perhaps

Well good folks that’s enough of my nonsense for today as always I wish you peace between neighbours, good health and a very good day.

Going good pace rounds off this month end, but like the ‘April Fool’ and Easter the holidays are long gone and but a memory. Anyhow I hope I find you all in reasonable health and ready for the challenge of the longer day light hours. I like this time of the year when one can escape into the garden, even for a short while, thought to gain, health increasing bit by bit and for sure appetite to make, for it is said that it’s the stomach that supports the back.

The month of May is but a breath away and on the doorstep. With all its greenery which is uncovered more and more as each day passes with yet another potato field released of its plastic overcoat. Away from the easterly wind that sting and dry at the same time, privet hedge you have done your work with trapped sun, shelter you give without shade imposed night and day the peace you keep. Washing dries under the summit as the clouds of the sky skit ahead of the wind. Be aware what do I see a dark cloud on the horizon appears, black as soot unlike his cousins grey and white, this time by chance an April shower averted. The fog of latter days is as welcome as a 'cold' is to a singer the day of his performance is gone hopefully never to return.

Land freshly cultivated, green peas with shallots and onions to plant, too soon for May beans wait a pause for heat to retreat. The rhubarb with sprouting leaves hidden in its barrel searches for sun rays. All greenery growing as spring takes its pace. Winter, never pleased with its sting sulks and doesn't want to take a back seat even though snow was there this month. Perhaps, maybe almost summer will announce itself more and more.

Be careful hidden predators watch every move. Mice or mole underneath or rabbit above all have good appetite, new shoots are tasty. Night time is no better as slug or snail a pace they go. Goodness this year is different the States have debated to reduce their number, perhaps, just perhaps a police station shat be built on the roundabout at the end of the tunnel. Sadly, silly me the April fool is at the beginning of the month not at the end, its May that's arriving.

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