

Trimley now and then

It all began with Rosemary, the outgoing Village Recorder. I am the new, green, not so young, Recorder whom Rosemary approached to take over the role. If you are asking yourself what a Recorder is, then even proposing the question supports the answer. Our role does not involve musical instruments but has the dual function of ensuring the present events and activities in our Village are recorded at a local level, whilst at the same time noting and recording Village items of historical interest to ensure they are not lost from view.

Carnivals may not be native to our damp English shores but together with many other communities around the world the people of Trimley have embraced this concept with verve and zest and have held one in early July for many years. Carnival Day 2017 was my first official, self-appointed assignment, which is why Rosemary and I found ourselves in a field surrounded by floats, Majorettes and stalls of every description. We created a small island of two, notable only for our dextrous handling of melting ice creams on an exceptionally warm day. Perhaps it was the sweetness of the vanilla and chocolate flakes, combined with the recent images of the high kicking and flicking Marching Bands, which produced a feeling of general well-being and recklessness. Or perhaps it was simply observing people enjoying the bonhomie of the hour, which caused a sudden flash of recognition and excitement to run through me.

Amidst the products, amusements, craft stands and "Save Trimley Station" notices, there was one noticeable absence. Where were we, the Village Recorders, other than standing eating ice cream? We should be doing something, having a positive effect, meeting people and encouraging them to share their experience and understanding of Trimley History. Yes, we too should be sheltered under a shady gazebo, making ourselves known and available to our public. More than that, we should be sharing what *we* know with them and asking for their help in colouring in the blanks of village life. I knew my write up of the Carnival would be in my annual report and this would eventually be housed in Suffolk Record Office, only to be seen if someone thought to request it. Why create something which would become invisible when we should be making tomorrow's history recognised and visible? In

one seamless thought process, I knew what I wanted to do as a cub Recorder. Firstly, I wanted the Recorder to be a positive presence in 2018 but more importantly, I wanted to establish a Trimley Blog and promote it online and in person. The reality was and is terrifying but the euphoria feels intoxicating.

The actuality of achieving this relies on all the people who contribute to our village life. From the dog walkers to Trimley SAINTS players, the school building, Trimley Wives, street names, drain covers, animals, plants, church goers, bus stops, train line and all of the great and small things which surround us from the past and present, I want to present these small glimpses of our lives to the people of now and a hundred years in the future in the most accessible manner possible. I do not dismiss the detailed and memorable work of Rosemary and her predecessor, Ray Howlett. Rather, I want to honour their work by building upon it and placing it in the public domain.

I open myself to all contributions great and small. Everyone has a story to tell or something to contribute. This is not about me, but is for and about those who live, have lived or will live in our Village. I would love to hear from YOU and listen to your story. Please contact me:

trimleystmartinrecorder@gmail.com