

In Cornwall many years ago on holiday
there simply was no place to stay.
At Newquay's bureau we sought advice,
and learned, the home for old is very nice.
And so, to St. Austell, we found our way
on this hot and sunny day.
Climb up the hill, and through the gate
this huge old house was in a state.
The old folks just stared at Babs and I
and when we spoke gave no reply.
Matron told us, you should be alright
if you hear hoises in the night.
Some of the guests are going mad
they won't hurt you, they are not that bad.
After Barbara heard the ceiling fall
I believe she didn't sleep at all.
Next morning with a smileing face
Matron said, it's feet first when they leave this place.
This was not so for Babs and me.
We left 'on foot' as you can see.

The years roll passed, St. Austell almost forgotten.
At St. Mary's Church one Sunday morn
the Warden tells us something rotten,
he says, the Vicarage must be sold
it seems the place is far too cold,
and if on this we can't agree,
the heating bill is for the P.C.C.
We all agree it must be done
but where to find another one?

The old Vicarage goes to auction at the Bell
and bought by a local farmer we know very well.
And now what fate, this fine old Victorian dwelling
all local people speculate, but there is no foretelling.
Not pull it down? Or turn to flats, a home where old reside?
Do we need a place like that? there is one at Quayside.
Some time has passed, the plans approved
and all inside is much improved.
In front an entrance hall, in keeping.
Out back, flower named rooms for sleeping.
Trustees, Friends, and all, enthusiastic
prospects in all look quite fantastic.
The entrance and the drive is moved
so all can see how it's improved.
Then the Official opening by Peggy Cole
the lady I thought to be a fool
for on Saxon Radio she was giving advice
on preventing your pipes from filling with ice.
This was not a good day for the subject chosen,
for back at her home the pipes were all frozen.
I now know this lady is clever and kind
just my bit of cheek, I hope she won't mind.
The old people that live here number just seven
with attention and comfort it must be like Heaven.
Sunday nights see a Service with hymns and all topics.
it's not cold here now, it's more like the tropics.
And the guests are not zombies, they shout out and sing,
And whenever they can join in anything.

Now just three years have passed, and there is no disgrace.
Demand for rooms through these years have exceeded the space.
Peggy has come from her hospital bed this time
on Saturday, the fourteenth of October Nineteen eighty nine
for the Opening of the Home extended
now room for twenty one, and fully recommended.
It's good to know the old Vicarage helps so many getting old,
Far better than a lonely Priest a-shaking in the cold.
All those year's ago in Cornwall, we got the wrong idea,
Because we know, the old folks will all be happy here.
Lakenheath Home, God Bless it, and all who are involved
For from that cold old Vicarage so much warmth has evolved.

Robert G W Rolph

Robert wrote this for Oct 14th

1989