

After taking the “Last Train to Margate” over a year ago and working in the enigmatic Madam Popoff’s shop, Poppy’s adventures continue in “Ramsgate Calling.” A series of short stories explore the ups and downs of life, and the nature of true healing.

Ramsgate Calling

By Sally Forrester

Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/11322.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**



*Ramsgate
Calling*

SALLY FORRESTER

Copyright © 2020 Sally Forrester

Print ISBN: 978-1-64718-850-4

Epub ISBN: 978-1-64718-851-1

Mobi ISBN: 978-1-64718-852-8

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2020

First Edition

Disclaimer

This book may offer health information, but this information is designed for educational, and entertainment purposes only. The content does not and is not intended to convey medical advice and does not constitute the practice of medicine. You should not rely on this information as a substitute for, nor does it replace, professional medical advice, diagnosis, or treatment. The author and publisher are not responsible for any actions taken based on information within.

About the author

Sally's parents, Pat and Evelyn Forrester, came to the Isle of Thanet in the late 1940s on their honeymoon; they loved it so much that they stayed. Sally was born and grew up in the little holiday town of Margate, and first left when she finished St. George's School to attend teacher-training college. Although she moved to the USA with her husband and two sons in 1994 Sally always returns to the area, usually for several months during the summertime, and to celebrate Christmas with relatives. Over the years she has witnessed the area decline and rise once again in fortune. Margate and the surrounding Thanet area are in her blood and hold a special place in her heart. This is Sally's second novel; she has worked as a teacher, artist and in the holistic health field. Her passion is to help people get well and enjoy life. Sally weaves her extensive knowledge and experience of healing with herbs, homoeopathy and flower remedies into this second book and draws her inspiration from the many suffering people who, over the years, have come to tell their story.

The upturn in fortunes of old town Margate inspired Sally to set her books in the Madam Popoff Vintage Emporium. Yes, it is a real shop and a delightful place but the Madam Popoff of Sally's first book *Last Train to Margate* is purely a work of fiction, as are the things that cross Madam's threshold, the characters, and their stories. Now Sally continues the story in the nearby town of Ramsgate where the fictitious Madam

Popoff opens up a second vintage emporium. For her second novel Sally draws upon the colourful history of Ramsgate and the surrounding area. Although this too is a work of fiction some of the people and events are factual, this becomes clear as the reader enjoys the book.

Sally met Mary and her little dog, Winston, at Ship Shape Café in Ramsgate and they too are real. Winston loves his daily sausage dished out by the dotting café staff. When Sally is at home in the USA she enjoys sailing her yacht around the coastal waters of Florida and consulting with the many families who seek out her help.

If the reader would like to know more about the real Madam Popoff Vintage in Margate Old Town please review their web site:
www.madampopoff.com

Chapter 8



“Time is the coin of your life. It is the only coin that you have, and only you can determine how it will be spent. Be careful lest you let other people spend it for you.”

Carl Sandburg

It was late August and the days were particularly hot and sultry. The Isle of Thanet Coast was enjoying a heat wave.

Bank Holiday Monday had seen temperatures of 93 degrees recorded at Heathrow and it was the hottest Bank Holiday on record! The papers and the radio talked extensively about forest fires in the Amazon, too much carbon in the atmosphere, global warming and all of the dangers that faced planet earth. Poppy was relieved to have a couple of days off work to enjoy being outdoors and away from the hot and stuffy confines of her Ramsgate shop. She decided to take a long picnic bike ride out into the countryside. She set off very early in the morning with Jack the Lad snuggled into his wicker basket. The two friends enjoyed the narrow winding country back roads out near the lovely quaint villages of Wingham and Wickhambreaux south east of Canterbury. The leafy lanes offered shade, the hedgerows were bursting with ripe blackberries, trees were laden with apples and farmers had the hay already baled and waiting to be brought into the barns. It was an idyllic day. The blue sky, warm sunshine and the chocolate box thatched cottages with roses rambling by the front door steps brought a sense of joy and hope. Eventually, after much pedalling and the sun was becoming much hotter as midday approached Poppy decided to settle under an ancient oak tree laden with acorns. She propped Dora up against a sturdy gatepost and she entered a large cornfield. The oak tree was in the corner near the gate. Poppy opened up her backpack and pulled out a red and white-checked tablecloth, which she laid out under the tree. Then she set down a flask of tea, egg salad sandwiches, some fruit and a large packet of crisps. Jack the Lad had not been forgotten, a bag of doggie treats appeared alongside a small bowl filled with water. When lunch was over Poppy

remembered the beautiful embroidered cravats that she had hurriedly stuffed into her backpack.

They had come into the shop a few days ago alongside a number of old clothes. Poppy had been so busy with the holiday visitors that she hadn't the time to give them the full attention that they really deserved. She knew instinctively that they were special and were calling to her but it had to be the right moment. Being outside in the beautiful idyllic English countryside seemed exactly like the right time. Sitting under the majestic oak tree with a contented little Jack Russell terrier at her feet was the perfect place to examine the beautiful cravats. As Poppy's fingers gently held them close to her heart she was carried back to another time.

It was 1880 and Jesse was seventy years old and for the past 45 years Sir Moses Montefiore had employed him. Sir Moses was a great man known internationally as an influential Jewish philanthropist. He had devoted his time to protecting the interests of Jews worldwide. He had journeyed to Romania, Russia, Palestine, Morocco and Syria on their behalf. His generosity also supported many non-Jewish causes, which made him a significant role model to the virtues of tolerance and humanity. Sir Moses was a pillar of respectable Ramsgate society. Jesse loved his employer almost as much as he loved his work as a gardener and keeper of the Italianate Glasshouse.

Moses Montefiore had bought East Cliff Lodge in Ramsgate in 1831; an early visitor guide to the area had described it as *a beautiful villa in Gothic taste*. Originally a Mr. Boncey of

Margate had built the villa for Benjamin Bond Hopkins, who acquired the land in 1794. The villa had several owners before it fell into the hands of Moses Montefiore. In 1832 Moses had seen the Italianate Glasshouse for sale in an auction catalogue. It originally stood in the grounds of Bretton Hall in Yorkshire. Curved glasshouses were a way of achieving maximum light. It was constructed of cast iron curving ribs and brass alloy bars. The glasshouse was covered with fish scale glass panes, which became smaller towards the top. Having made the successful purchase Moses Montefiore had it dismantled and carefully re-erected in his estate grounds in Ramsgate.

Jesse came into his employment in 1837 just after Moses Montefiore was knighted. He was a young man at the time, twenty-seven years old, he had lived and worked on his family farm near Maidstone in Kent all of his life. He loved the land and everything that nature had to offer, the peace and the time to wonder at the magic of the seasons, the tiny seeds that grew and fed the village. Jesse understood the rhythm of it all, when to plant, when to harvest and when to give his plants some extra loving care. He talked as easily to his plants as to the stars and planets high above and he knew and understood the relationship the two had upon each other.

It was Jesse's mother who had seen the advertisement for a gardener in a Maidstone newspaper. She worried about her seventh son who had lost his young wife a few years back when she died in childbirth along with their firstborn son. Jesse was finding it really difficult to come to terms with his loss. His mother felt that a change of scenery, getting away

from the farm and the village might help him to move on. Jesse was reluctant to pursue the idea at first because the farm and village were all that he knew. They were his whole world but the opportunity to work for a great man captured his attention and imagination and eventually he made the decision to apply for the vacant position.

Jesse arrived in Ramsgate and never looked back. He joined a number of other gardeners caring for the beautiful grounds and the Italianate Glasshouse at East Cliff Lodge. He learnt to care for all of the exotic plants in the glasshouse including the grapevine. He would talk to them all and they became his family, the human family that was never to be. Jesse couldn't bring himself to become involved in yet another relationship with a woman, the death of his young wife and child had been far too much to bear in one lifetime. However, he found solace and healing in nature's bounty and the courage and the conviction to make another path for himself. Jesse's path was similar to that of his employer. It was noble. He worked hard and produced things of great beauty. Jesse didn't have a knighthood, nor did he receive great accolades but in the greater scheme of things he was a great man. Jesse was responsible, reliable, strong, tolerant, loving and compassionate.

His mother loved her seventh son and would always visit him twice a year, once on his birthday in late August and once around Christmas. As she became older she spent much of her time in her armchair sitting by the window in summer or by the fire in the winter and sewing. She made lovely things but the loveliest of them all were the cravats that she made

for Jesse. They had been very carefully planned and it had been necessary to put aside some of her housekeeping money to purchase the necessary supplies. It took a year of purposeful saving, every week a few coins were dropped into an old teapot that sat on the highest shelf upon the kitchen dresser. Eventually Jesse's mother had enough in her purse to go to the Maidstone market and purchase good quality bleached cotton and a colourful assortment of silk threads. There were nine cravats in total, three different designs; one was to be used for every day out in the gardens, one to be kept for Sunday best and one for very special occasions such as Jesse's birthday. It was the three birthday cravats that had survived the passage of time; they were in almost pristine condition and were the three that had made the journey into Poppy's Ramsgate Vintage Emporium. Each cravat had a different design. One was embroidered with beautiful oak leaves and delicate acorns; hues of green, brown and golden yellow threads had been used as perfect as the leaves and acorns that Poppy, looking up, could see shading her from the strong sun. The second cravat was adorned with luscious magenta and inky blue blackberries, there were brambles and hovering above them all Poppy could see a beautiful Adonis Blue butterfly. The third cravat was her favourite, an old fashioned bee hive in threads of yellow and gold and a swarm of bees, "Oh my!" Exclaimed Poppy as she carefully examined the delicate thread work. They were clearly a testament to Jesse's love and respect for nature, a reminder of his focus in the world, the place where he felt the most comfortable and most at home. They became Jesse's treasures. His mother passed away shortly after finishing the last cravat. They had been made with and from love, her

lasting legacy for Jesse. The cravats were as priceless as the most precious gems that Jesse had seen adorning the elegant ladies who occasionally called at East Cliff Lodge and took tea with Sir Moses Montefiore.

Jesse loved the bees; he fully understood the important part that they played in the cycle of nature. An old beekeeper had taught him how to manage the hives at East Cliff Lodge and Jesse eventually became their trusted guardian. As he grew older and the other gardeners who had once been his contemporaries had moved on Jesse also became the trusted guardian of the Italianate Glasshouse. He was stoical and solid just like the oak tree; people came to him for advice. Jesse always seemed to know the right answer to life's problems. His wisdom was almost sage like, it had been gathered over the many years that he had patiently observed nature. Jesse was a watcher; a quiet man who moved silently, he left light footsteps wherever he trod and the world was a better place because of his gentle yet wise presence.

Today, August 31st 1880, was his birthday. Jesse had chosen to wear the cravat with the beautiful green oak leaves that were gently turning gold and the cluster of acorns. He sat down in the Italianate Glasshouse on this hot day and he started to busy himself with the cactus plants. Many of them needed repotting. Charlie, his trusted cocker spaniel lay sleepily at his feet. As Jesse reflected upon his long life he acknowledged that he had been blessed in many ways and he also realized that he had been a blessing to others. He missed his mother and still, after all these years, his young wife. However, more than anything else, he mourned the

child that he had never known. Jesse reflected quietly upon his own seed, which had sadly never taken hold and flourished. He carefully surveyed the glasshouse and smiled as he acknowledged and appreciated all the plants that he had grown and nurtured, all flourishing and happy.

He looked at his pocket watch, midday with the sun at its zenith and it was very hot in the glasshouse. He knew that it was time. Jesse had realized that over the past few years he had become increasingly tired. He had never really taken the time to truly rest, take a holiday and a well-earned respite from his everyday duties. He had become conscious that his memory was slipping away; he had to write himself long lists every day so that he wouldn't forget. He looked down at his hands; the finger joints were becoming deformed with arthritis. Their constant wear and tear in the gardens and glasshouse now made his hands painful, and he knew that it wouldn't be too long before he would find his duties in the garden and the glasshouse difficult to perform. His heart ached for his loved ones on the other side. Jesse decided that it was time. He looked around and smiled, nodded at all of his beautiful plants and he lovingly patted his faithful Charlie goodbye. Jesse shut his eyes and slumped back in his chair.

Charlie immediately sensed that something was wrong and he ran off to bring help. By the time others came it was all too late. When Sir Moses Montefiore summoned his doctor Jesse had been dead for some time. A heart attack was suspected. Everyone at East Cliff Lodge knew that they had lost a trusted friend. The elderly Sir Moses, himself in his twilight years, sighed and muttered to himself, "A good man

has sailed away, Chiron the ferryman will be waiting to take him to the Elysian Fields.”

Poppy opened her eyes; she was thinking of the Biblical verse three score years and ten. Jesse had chosen to leave just as he had chosen all those years ago to leave the family farm and village and forge a new path for himself. As Poppy held the beautiful embroidered cravat with the oak leaves and cluster of acorns she heard a voice that seemed to come from the ancient oak tree that she was sitting under. “Time, Poppy, we only have so long. Heed the time and make the best use of what you have, make it count.”

As she cycled home that afternoon Poppy decided to take a detour and passed by the synagogue built by Moses Montefiore. She had looked up his history on her smart phone and discovered that in 1831, when he had bought East Cliff Lodge in Ramsgate, he had declared that he would build a small but handsome synagogue to commemorate his visit to Jerusalem. He wanted to express his gratitude for a safe journey and to celebrate his great and manifold blessings. On acquiring the house in 1831 Montefiore’s cousin, David Mocatta, was hired as the architect. The cost was estimated at between fifteen to sixteen hundred pounds and the interior was an extra three to four hundred pounds. The dedication took place on 16th June 1833. The Grade II listed building is a simple one in the late Regency style and the chiming clock is the only example on an English synagogue. When Poppy reached the synagogue she looked up at the chiming clock and saw that it was inscribed with the motto:

“Time flies. Virtue alone remains.”

That evening, back in the welcoming confines of Lookout Retreat Poppy and Aunt Flora discussed the Italianate Glasshouse, Jesse, Sir Moses Montefiore and bees. Poppy produced the beautiful cravat embroidered with oak leaves and acorns and shared Jesse’s story. She recalled reading somewhere in the past that the mighty oak trees are often the first trees to be struck down in a lightning strike because on the outside they look so strong and healthy but quite often on the inside they have become rotten. Aunt Flora reflected and said, “Poppy, Jesse worked so hard, and just like the mighty oak he was big and strong and reliable but he never took the time to properly rest. Over time he just became worn out. I suppose it’s a lesson we all need to heed, life needs to be a fine balance between work, play and rest that’s if we are to maintain good health.” Poppy sighed and replied, “Maybe the Bach flower remedy made from the oak tree would have helped Jesse to see that particular nugget of wisdom before it was too late. Apparently it’s well indicated for people who struggle on regardless of the warning signs that they are damaging their health.” Aunt Flora nodded.

For the remainder of the evening they continued their conversation by discussing the fate of the bees prompted by the beautiful cravat with the old-fashioned beehive. There had been much discussion in the news for the past few years over their plight and of the mysterious disease sweeping through Europe and the USA connected with bee colony collapse. Aunt Flora loved her garden at Lookout Retreat and recently she had decided to help the bees out by sowing

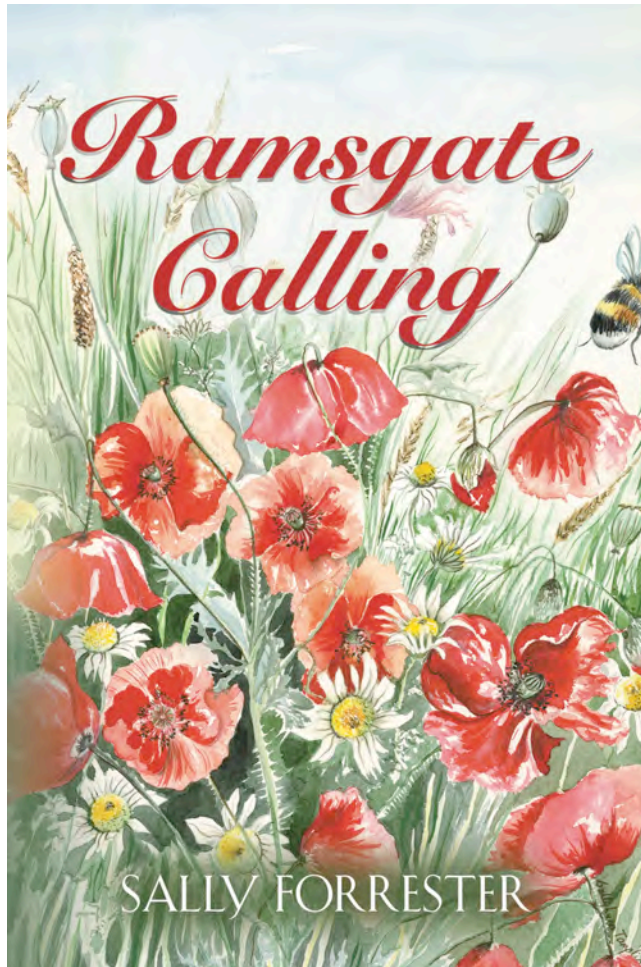
several areas with wild flowers to attract and provide nectar for them.

“Loss of agricultural land, encroaching urban environments, toxic chemicals used by farmers and gardeners have all played their part and taken their toll on the declining bee population. Some scientific research has shown that the signal from cell phones not only confuses bees but may also lead to their death. Poppy, bees keep plants and crops alive, without bees us humans wouldn’t have much to eat! Einstein is supposed to have quoted that if the bees disappear off the face of the earth, man would only have four years left to live!”

Poppy nodded and sighed, “Aunt Flora I’ve even read that there’s a homoeopathic remedy made from the honeybee called *Apis*. It is an acute care remedy for allergies, bites and stings indicated when there is much redness, heat, swelling and restlessness. I’ve also heard that many people suffering from distressing allergies have experimented and take a daily spoonful of locally produced honey and over time this can sometimes help their symptoms. Then there’s bee propolis. I read about this recently. It’s commonly called bee glue a resinous mixture that honey bees produce by mixing their saliva and beeswax with exudate gathered from tree buds, sap flows and other botanical sources. It is used to seal unwanted spaces in the hive. Apparently it has a special compound called pinocembrin, a flavonoid that acts as an antifungal. Propolis is often used in wound healing; a study has found that propolis can help people who have traumatic burns heal faster by speeding up new healthy cell growth.

Propolis has also been shown to kill *H. pylori*, which is implicated in gastric ulcers and colitis; also MRSA, as in the potentially fatal bug. It acts on these pathogens without destroying the good flora in the gut. Aunt Flora we really do have a lot to thank the bees for and it's good to know that there may be things from the natural world that can help combat some of these super bugs that often make the headlines in the newspapers. They seem to be increasing at such an alarming rate."

Aunt Flora smiled as she rose to clear the supper table, "Poppy we must all learn to take better care of our planet. We need to be diligent caretakers and to truly acknowledge that some of our best healers can be found just outside the door in our own gardens." From the large picture window, as the sun was setting, Poppy could see the wild flowers blowing in the wind and the mighty old oak tree away in the distance at the bottom of the garden on the cliff edge. She carefully packed up the beautiful cravats and as she made her way to bed she wondered what Jesse would have made of it all, the toxic chemicals, the cell phones and the declining bee population.



After taking the “Last Train to Margate” over a year ago and working in the enigmatic Madam Popoff’s shop, Poppy’s adventures continue in “Ramsgate Calling.” A series of short stories explore the ups and downs of life, and the nature of true healing.

Ramsgate Calling

By Sally Forrester

Order the book from the publisher [Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/11322.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**