

## **SFPT Fromus Meadows November report, 2017**

### **November ramblings in the meadows**

**When the high-flying Bigods built their monumental earthen dam, they did us a favour: north of the dam, the sound of the A12 is screened off if you are walking in Meremedede. It helps not to hear that dull roar if you are soaking up the aura of the ancient fields and hedgerows. I would love to time-travel and see the great dam and the lake in their glory — and the wealth of wildlife that would have been attracted to medieval Kelsale Park because of the man-made wetland at its heart. Much of the wildlife — home-grown deer, and a variety of fish and wild-fowl — would have ended up in the kitchens of Framlingham Castle. Through his studies, John Rainer has helped disperse a little of the mist that shrouds some nine hundred years of Suffolk history. Today — mid-November — the Fromus river is resting: when the rains come again, water will rush through the Gorge, and make it a little bit deeper and wider than it is today. Tiny as it is, the river pre-dates human history in Britain, and has been draining this small piece of Suffolk since the retreat of the ice sheet. It was already a very old river when, one day, one of the Bigods saw the river foaming through Kelsale Park after a month of winter rain. ‘What this place needs is a great big lake’, he cried to his bailiff, ‘and there is only one way to do it’.**

***Laurie Forsyth***