

A trip to remember

2011 - ENGLAND

6 April 2011

When the sun is shining life is great

SUNNY WEATHER

After a couple of very cold days we woke to a crisp sunny morning with no wind. The caravan park we stayed at (a short distance from Eastborne on the south coast) was near an industrial estate and on first glance appeared to be uninspiring. But it was the only one we could find in this area - we drove for an hour round and round trying to locate one using the camping atlas and got lost a couple of times. We soon found that you can never judge a book by its cover.

When we jumped on our bikes at 7am it was freezing but there was no traffic or people so we just followed our noses till we came across the ruins of Pevensey Castle. We were able to cycle all around the castle precinct and enjoy the peace and quite of the countryside with its lush green grass and birds chirping. Arhhh, this was what we had hoped for.

We continued cycling through the small narrow streets of a nearby hamlet called Eastham. The place nearly took our breath away. The streets were very narrow and the buildings, although very old, were lovingly maintained. The old church looked great and the rambling cemetery was full of extremely old gravestones leaning in all directions. But unfortunately the battery in the camera ran out at the most inappropriate time and we were not able to capture some choice images. Isn't it always the way!!



Pevensey Castle is one of Britain's oldest fortresses - dating back to AD270.

William the Conqueror rested there and planned the Battle of Hastings.

The castle had sea water on three sides but today the sea is now over 5kms away.





Scenes from Eastbourne - a Brighton lookalike



CHALK AND CHEESE

The plan today was for us to travel along the coast past Brighton. We were to end up somewhere near Bognor Regis so that tomorrow we could chase up some of Heather's ancestors before the weekend. We thought that local churches were more likely to have a curate able to speak to us then. That was the plan. Although it is only a short 50 MILES on the map we found it difficult to keep to our plan. Every turn in the road beckoned us to stop and explore and the amount of heavy traffic slowed us down when we did get going. At this rate we began to fear we would not get very far each day.

Take Eastbourne for example. The guidebooks don't say much about this city. However it is smaller and much less crowded than Brighton and on first viewing has lots to offer. So we stopped and rode our bikes all around the foreshore. We walked our bikes along its old but impressive pier with its cafe's and entertainment venues. Absolutely lovely.

Then there was the chalk cliffs of Beachy Point and the Seven Sisters. Unbelievable scenery. The cliffs of Dover are nothing compared to these although there were a large number of people enjoying the sights. We eventually ended up in Brighton, parked on the outskirts and had lunch in the van overlooking the beach. Heavy traffic and a lack of parking space near the city centre meant that we did not venture out to ride along the world famous pier. We headed for Angmering and drove around this gorgeous village but could not find the caravan park. So we ended up at Little Hampton - close to the destination we had originally planned.

A SUNTAN ANYONE?

As soon as the sun comes out the English race out to embrace it. We take the sun for granted in Australia and cover ourselves up to stop sunburn. Not so the English - they seldom see the sun so why not whip off one's shirt and lap up the rays at any opportunity? All along the promenades we witnessed the same ritual. The English love their Vitamin D and worship it with a passion.



