

Hello to you all.

Devon is a county known for its cream teas, green fields and proud heritage. June is the month for celebrating Devon Day. It is also the month for National Cream Tea Day. In our newsletter we hope to bring you a flavour of Devon.





We would very much like to hear from you about any memories, poems or things that interest you so we can include them in the newsletter. You could let us know when we telephone you.

We hope you are still taking care of yourselves and please remember if you want to speak to a member of the Memory Cafe team, please contact Serena on 01271 816793. She can put you in touch with them.

On May 24th 2019 Devon County Council voted to adopt St. Boniface as the Patron Saint of Devon. He was born in Crediton in 680AD. He spent many years travelling in Europe as a missionary. He was made Bishop of all Germany East of the Rhine in 722AD. He was martyred in the Netherlands and subsequently buried in Germany in 745AD. His saint's day is June 5th.

Prior to this, Devon Day, held on 4th June, celebrated the feast day of St. Petroc. The flag of Devon was dedicated to him. He was believed to be the son of a Welsh king but chose a religious life. He lived in Ireland for some twenty years returning to Cornwall to found his monastery at Padstow. The town being named after him. He founded several churches and monasteries in the South West, several clusters of which are found around Barnstaple. There are 18 churches in the county dedicated to him.





Members of Braunton Caen Rotary have been busy out in the village removing weeds and tidying up seating areas.



The loving husband always greeted his wife with a 'hello Brew-TEA-full!'

When I told the barista she had given me the wrong drink, she quickly became all missed-TEA-eyed!



The only dinosaur who loved drinking tea was the TEA-Rex!



















Origin of the word Scone is believed to have come from the Dutch word 'schoonbrood' which means 'fine white bread'.

World's biggest Scone was 119.45 kg. It measured 117cm (3.83ft) and was baked by Shaun McCarthy in New Zealand. It took a mighty 7 hours to cook!



The exact origin of the Cream Tea is disputed but there is evidence to suggest that the tradition of eating bread with cream and jam already existed at Tavistock Abbey in the 11th century. However, food historian, Alan Davidson, theorised that in 500AD Phoenicians (now modern day Lebanon and Syria) sailed to Cornwall and traded their art of making 'Kaymak' (similar to clotted cream) in return for Cornish tin.

Today there is more of a dispute over which way to eat your cream tea. The Devon way is to split the scone, then put cream first and jam on top. The Cornish way is to put the jam first with the cream on top. Various reasons for the difference abound including that folk could not afford the jams so putting it on top of the cream was less costly. But, Nick Rodda (of Rodda's Clotted Cream) maintains that Devon doesn't make such good clotted cream as Cornwall so the jam on top is to cover this!

The cream tea consists of scones, clotted cream and jam. Occasionally an alternative to scones is used such as the 'Devon Split' or 'Chudleigh'. It is thought that this was used prior to scones. There is a 'Cream Tea Society' supported by Tiptree Jams and Rodda's Clotted Cream, and even a National Cream Tea Day on 26th June.



We are happy to include your memories, poems, pictures and ideas. Here are a couple from Janet and Michelle.

Janet recalls her father "Bruce I aramy and he used to farm in Croyde. Every week on Tuesday and Fridays he would travel to Barnstaple where he had a stall in the market. He had a large Morris with a roof rack on it. This would be piled high with the vegetables that he had grown, only secured on with string! Nearly always as he drove up the hill out of Croyde with the rear bumper almost touching the ground, many of his vegetables would fall off. Bruce, being the character he was, would just stop the car, jump out and retrieve the ones he witnessed falling off. The remainder lay in the road for the lucky walker passing by to pick up! "They are friends - one guy is from Devon and the other is Cornish. They are having a



Michelle wrote this lovely poem: VOICES

Voices are noises that sing And swell with the crowd. They cry and are happy. They cry and are sad Shouting, screaming, giggling Singing, whining, sighing And dying... All kind of noises All kind of noises From plants to elephants A voice is not absurd It's when they are talking They should not be heard.