

Holiday Thoughts from Jersey by John Broadhurst.

Jersey, the largest Channel isle,
Guaranteed to make you smile.
Lots to do and lots to see.
The following seemed important to me.

The island's only nine miles by five,
So nowhere is too far to drive.
Mile upon mile of golden sand,
So fine it filters through your hand.
Safe beaches lapped by a gentle sea.
An ideal place for children to be.
Inlets and coves tucked away
You could go to a different one each day.
Shells of many types I found,
Spread liberally upon the ground.

Decorated with flowers and everywhere so clean,
The diverse colours just have to be seen.
Agapanthus by the score
Who could possibly ask for more.
Giant heads as blue dandelion seeds.
On Jersey they seem to grow like weeds.
Geraniums of every colour and kind,
On cold Winter's nights I shall bring to mind
The whole picture, with renewed exaltation,
But way out in front, the Eric Young Orchid Foundation,
Which for sheer beauty was by far the best
Way outdoing all the rest.
Remembering the beauty that I have seen
Wrapped up inside a happy dream.

The island is steeped in its historical past.
The German occupiers were the last.
Many of the interesting places to see
Are based on that part of their history.
However, being an island race
Other invaders they've had to face.
So, to guard themselves from these alien powers,
At vulnerable points we found Martello Towers.
The French are their nearest foe,
The castles were built to let them know
They were not wanted on this gentle isle
So they built castles Elizabeth and Orgueil.
Both are well worth going to see
As they're just how, I imagine, castles should be.

Worthy of note is the Jersey cow.
It typifies the island somehow.

The quality of milk for which its renowned
With its dark face and its coat of light brown.

Odd things strike each one of us
And perhaps I seem to be making a fuss,
But all their steps seemed very deep
So much so it was hard to keep
From falling down, I have to mention
It made me feel I ought to be drawing my pension.

One thing, from them, we could do well to learn
Is the traffic idea called 'Filter in turn'.
Whenever you approach a traffic junction
In order for the system to function
You take it turns to secure your place
Which puts paid to those who think it's a race.
If you fail when you should give way
A fairly stiff penalty you'll have to pay.

Should you decide to take your car
You may find the parking system slightly bizarre.
But once you've taken the trouble to work it out
It makes a lot of sense, there is no doubt.
Pay cards, from paper shops are bought
'Cause without them you may be caught.
20p, is the hourly rate
And on each card, you scratch out the date
And time; when you're going to leave your car
If you should be going very far
Several cards may be left in view
That's really all you have to do.
The only problem that we found
Was there are very few spaces on the ground.

The island coastline although rather small
Is varied, and provides some interest for all.
The North is rugged and steep
With beautiful walks, but it pays to keep
To the paths, for if you should stray
You'll probably fall a very long way.

The West side is sparsely populated,
And certainly, the least updated.
The beaches are huge, with plenty of space
So big they're used for a motor car race;
But everywhere you'll always find
The facilities that bring peace of mind.
Toilets and places to eat
For your daily midday treat.

St. Helier, on the South coast
Capital town is its boast;

Busy and bustling with plenty to do
And late night shopping, if it appeals to you.

Sandy beaches, interesting places
Lots of sun to make brown faces,
Easily accessed by boat or plane
No wonder folks go there again and again.
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