

Sergeant White

Do you believe in angels?

I can hear some of you snorting in disbelief, others citing the appearance to the shepherds on the occasion of JESUS' birth, and others who have actually seen what they believe to be angelic beings... I am here to tell you that I don't think they always come flying in with huge wings and gleaming white robes....please read on...

Chloe and I had been invited over to West Sussex to visit her father, Mick Taylor, who was recording some tracks in a studio over there. I can't remember any details about the place, or the music come to that; but as you will discover, that really isn't the point of this story.

We had our visit to the studio, and at quite a late hour, sometime after 11 pm, we set out on our journey home.

Our route took us through the Ashdown Forest, an ancient and wild bit of woodland; I was glad I had put plenty of petrol in my little Mini Cooper S for the return trip. How was it, then, that in the middle of this lonely dark place the Mini spluttered and died on us? I looked at the Fuel gauge- it was registering Empty! I still to this day can't figure out why. We had it checked later, and it was working accurately...I do have suspicions that it was a deliberate sabotage. But Someone was keeping an eye on us!

A car drew up beside us, and pulled into the layby in front of our car. Someone got out, and approached my window.

“Can I be of any help?” came a friendly male voice. “I am a police officer, don't be afraid. What seems to be the trouble?”

I explained our predicament, and he immediately offered to go and get us some petrol. There was, apparently nearby a petrol station with an automatic gas dispenser. Very rare in those days, (we were in the 70s) but finding an open garage, at that hour of the night would have been even more of an impossibility.

I told him that I had no money with me at all; but he said that didn't matter – he would take care of it.

Within a short time, he had returned with a can of petrol, and he topped us up. We thanked him profusely, and at that point when he was about to leave and get back into his car I asked him for his name so I could repay him for the petrol.

“Sergeant White, from Lewes Police”, he said, smiling as he went away from us.

We arrived home in Northiam safe and sound, and fell asleep thankfully in our beds.

The next day I took the car to our local garage, where they had a look at the fuel gauge on the Mini, and pronounced themselves mystified; there was nothing wrong with it! How curious!

I went home thoughtfully, and then decided to ring Lewes Police station to get some details of our rescuer, Sergeant White. Imagine my astonishment when the person on the phone at the Station said they had no-one of that name working there! And no police car anywhere near Ashdown Forest that night. They checked with all the personnel at other stations nearby, but drew blanks at

all of them.

So, who was this Sergeant White, who had come to our rescue in the middle of the night? He had been in Police uniform, so he was not a civilian trying to reassure us.....

As I said at the beginning, not all angels have big feathered wings.....