SUSSEX WILDLIFE TRUST

January 2025 - A case of the January News

*By Kerry Williams: Communications Officer - Conservation*

Happy New Year! I hope you all celebrated the festive period with cheer and are still basking in the twinkly afterglow, hoovering up remaining treats and reminiscing over time spent with loved ones.

As that sparkle fades to a glimmer, don’t give in to that looming January chasm of grey-blue doom. Instead, focus on the new. Think of Month 01 as a springboard for all the things that await you this 2025; new wildlife, new experiences, new Parish magazine article authors... and with that shameful segue let me introduce myself.

I’m Kerry, ‘Communications Officer – Conservation’ for Sussex Wildlife Trust. My role consists of running the Trust’s wildlife information advice service, WildCall, and also writing content for blogs, our website, and social media.

In December, Michael Blencowe signed off with his last Parish Magazine article about footprints, fittingly leaving me mighty big shoes to fill. Flicking back through the past library has been a wonderful read, and considering Michael’s term of seven years (!), it’s a challenge to find a fresh new topic not already covered. Seeing as it’s a new year, how about newness itself?

So, to January newness. I’m looking forward to fieldfares and redwings delicately tweezing berries from treetops. Huddling on Brighton Pier, amid ghost train squeals and the smell of sweet doughnuts, to watch Starlings sky-dance. Drops of snow and Snowdrops. Chilly stomps up the Downs on roaring fire Sundays.

From now on, the days ever so slowly get longer again, giving more precious minutes to get out there and explore. Last year I visited Ebernoe for the first time, searching for Fungi in early autumn. I look forward to heading back to experience its Old-England-come-fairy-whimsy in the crunching frost. I’ll head back to Rye Harbour to hole up in hides, be-gloved and binoculared, to spot winter waders and hovering Marsh Harriers.

I will search for paw and hoof prints in the snow or the mud. I’ll be vigilant for too-witting and wooing Tawny Owls and scan darkened woodlands to see one; I never seem to succeed, but maybe this is my year.

Whatever you choose to do with this often-condemned-as-miserable month, I hope it instead brings you joy. Let your only January blues be that of the sea and sky. Here’s to 2025!