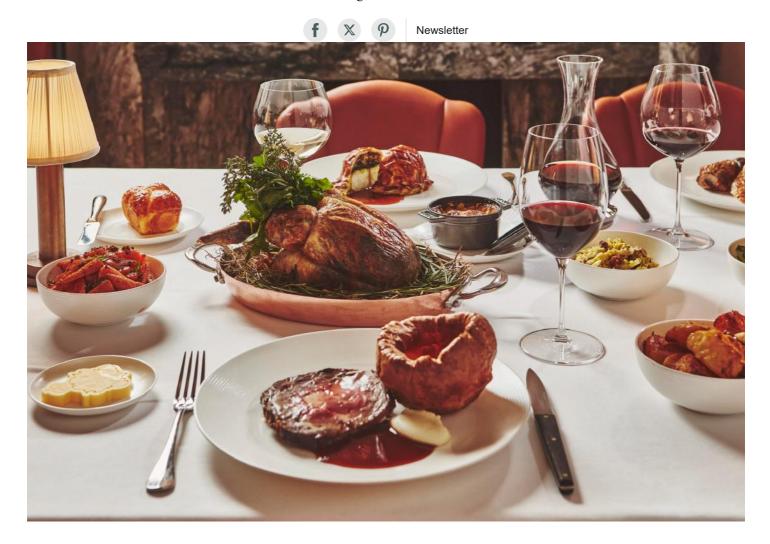
## places for Sunday lunch in south-west London

Jo Rodgers tracks down the finest roast lunches in London's smartest postcodes to see you through the winter.





Before things really heat up, I need to start with a word about location bias, because the best Sunday lunch is one from which you can get home with minimal friction. I live with my family in west London and the places I am loyal to tend to be in that part of town.

I'm full of other biases, too. For instance, that Sunday lunch should feel domestic and a little frowsy, regardless of whether you're eating with relatives. You should be at ease, leaning in, accidentally dragging an elbow through mustard. The service shouldn't be stiff

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the son of the owners). Expect things such as rare roast beef over mash, topped with butterbrowned girolles, and Cornish sole with tomato salad. There isn't a special menu on Sundays, but Sunday is the best day to come — it's always packed and people can't seem to believe their luck to be in there. There are more toasts, more babies and more pudding courses going around. 020-8940 5230; <a href="https://petershamnurseries.com">https://petershamnurseries.com</a>

## For the traditionalist: The Surprise, SW3

If we haven't made a plan and the yen for sticky toffees strikes, The Surprise is where we try to get a table. It sits majestically at one end of a residential square in Chelsea, with Christ Church holding Sunday services at the other, and is neither a lah-di-dah restaurant nor a drinking den. The food is comforting above anything else; on weekdays, it's a place you'd meet someone for hot chunky chips and oversized glasses of red wine. Sunday roasts are traditional down to the ground, from the buoyant Yorkshire puddings to the plain-Jane bread sauce (just like at home).



Not feeling roast-y? The burgers look good too... Photo: The Surprise, Chelsea (Image credit: The Surprise)

It's unusually good looking inside, with ruddy pink walls and a wood-burning fire, and attracts some destination diners and tourists. But mostly we notice mister what's-his-name from one road over, with the yappy dogs, or the older couple a few doors down from us, who we sometimes see having supper at home, candles lit, in their basement dining room.

There are almost always a few Chelsea Pensioners at the tables, handsome in their scarlet

coats. It's our local and it's a balm to be there. 020–3837 4600; www.thesurprise-chelsea.co.uk



Credit: Estelle Manor

## Estelle Manor review: The Oxfordshire hotel and private member's club that will appeal to honeymooners and families alike

Estelle Manor is a sanctuary from the rest of the world — a place where life is easy and everyone