

FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS

FORDINGBRIDGE AND RINGWOOD PARISH MAGAZINE

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Fr Paul Says.....



The Liturgy of the Word

The Liturgy of the Word begins after the Opening Prayer and ends with the Bidding Prayers or General Intercessions.

I will begin with a quotation from the General Introduction to the Lectionary: "In the celebration of the liturgy the word of God is not voiced in only one way, nor does it always stir the hearts of the hearers with the same power. Always however, Christ is present in his word; as he carries out the mystery of salvation, he sanctifies us and offers the Father perfect worship". (Paragraph 4)

The Liturgy of the Word and the mystery of the Eucharist are closely connected, and we honour both with the same reverence. As the Church we are nourished at the table of the God's word and the table of the eucharist. That is why the lectern, and the altar are given places of honour in the sanctuary and must

Sore Soles in Santiago!

This is a brief account of my pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela that I recently undertook with my friend Karen. I know many parishioners have done the full distance, carrying their own luggage. We did just five days, 100 km, and arranged for our luggage to be delivered to our accommodation each day. We will not dwell on these short cuts, but we felt that as these options were available, we may as well take advantage of them.



So off we started on a sunny morning from the ancient walled city of Lugo, with light backpacks and happy hearts. The first two days we walked on the Camino Primitivo, following in the footsteps of King Alphonse the Chaste. - I bet he carried his own luggage! We met very few other pilgrims as we walked through verdant countryside and a landscape of poor farms and run-down villages. The agriculture resembled that of England a hundred years ago, people tilling their own fields, with small herds of caramel-coloured cattle, which could find their own way to their day-time pastures, unaccompanied by man or dog, the bells round their necks jingling merrily.

After two days we joined the Camino Francés, where many pilgrims trudged along, and we greeted each other with cheerful cries of 'Buen Camino'. And so we plodded on, hour after endless hour, ignoring the protests of our sore feet and aching legs, until we found ourselves in the suburbs of Santiago and then finally in front of the Cathedral itself. Attending the Pilgrims' mass in this ancient building was a very special experience, and it was good to listen to the magnificent organ filling the vast space with sound.

Afterwards we gleefully headed off to the Pilgrims' office, where, on production of our Camino passports, stamped along the way, we were awarded a handsome certificate in Latin.

We were pleased to find a nice cafe for our last dinner, which for a modest sum, served us a delicious meal with half a bottle of wine each, and we staggered back to our accommodation to pack our bags for our return journey.

(Penny Sharp)

The Santiago de Compostela Cathedral is one of the most important religious structures in the whole of Spain, particularly because it marks the end of the 790 kilometres (490 miles) that make up the Camino de Santiago pilgrimage route. Located in the region of Galicia, in the northwest of Spain, it is a key attraction much-visited by tourists and locals alike.

Construction of the Santiago de Compostela Cathedral began in 1075, during the reign of Alfonso VI. It was built under the direction of Bishop Diego Peláez, on the site of an old church dedicated to Saint Santiago, or St James as he is known in English.

Work on the cathedral stopped after the initial stages and didn't continue until 1100, when architect Master Esteban created three naves in the shape of a Latin cross. Construction carried on throughout

never be used for anything else apart from the proclamation of the word and the celebration of the Eucharist. We are called each Sunday to listen to the word of God and to eat and drink the Lord's Body and Blood. In both experiences, the Lord is truly present.

The Proclamation of the Word

The word 'proclaim' adequately describes the responsibility of the reader of the scripture at Mass. The late Dom Romuald Simpson of Douai Abbey used to compare the proclamation of the word of God as being like someone throwing a priceless Ming vase to someone to catch it. The one who throws must be careful as must the recipient that the precious item is not lost or destroyed. The responsibility of the reader is huge. The General Introduction to the Lectionary says this: "A speaking style on the part of the readers that is audible, clear and intelligent is the first means of transmitting the word of God properly to the assembly." (GI paragraph 14) The reader must ensure that everyone can hear and that the reading has been prepared beforehand.

The Sunday Readings

The Sunday Readings are arranged in groups which take three years to hear completely. That is one reason why we should be at Mass every Sunday and not occasionally. Each year is dedicated to one of the synoptic evangelists: Matthew, Mark, and Luke. The Gospel of each of these is given a year to be proclaimed and the Gospel is the highpoint of the Liturgy of the Word. The Gospel of St. John is used during Eastertide and Christmas time.

The Sunday readings always begin with an Old Testament Reading which is selected to reflect the theme of the Gospel. This is followed by the Responsorial Psalm which, in its entirety, is a response to the Old Testament Reading. Like all psalms it must be chanted or sung, and it provides an opportunity for us to reflect on whatever struck us in the Old Testament. Because it is part of the Liturgy of the Word, the psalm must be sung at the 'Table of God's Word' which is the lectern. The responses between each verse must also be sung and are repeated rather like a mantra in prayer.

The New Testament reading follows the psalm. It does not always connect with the Gospel and is offered so that we might hear a complete New Testament book over the weeks.

The Alleluia chant is designed to prepare of the Gospel reading. This is also to be sung.

The Gospel is the highpoint of the Liturgy of the Word because it will describe the words and saving actions of Jesus. Its proclamation is treated with special solemnity. The Gospel book will be carried in procession to the Lectern accompanied by two acolytes, a reminder that Christ is the light of the world. The Gospel begins with a greeting which invites us to open our lives to the proclaimed word. The Gospel book is incensed out of respect for the message of Jesus. Before listening, we sign our heads, lips, and heart with the cross. A sign that what we hear will

the 12th century, and many extensions were added over the years in various architectural styles, including Romanesque, Gothic, Baroque, Plateresque and Neoclassical.

In 1188 Master Mateo took over the construction of the cathedral and added one of its most spectacular features – the Gloria Portico, which is its main entrance. It is decorated with two-hundred figures representing the Apocalypse, and the figure of Saint James, welcoming the pilgrims at the end of their journey. The Basilica was finally consecrated in 1211 before Alfonso IX.

(Culture Trip)



St James the Apostle, son of Zebedee and brother of Simon is said to be buried here, after evangelizing Spain, although the identity of the remains are disputed. James was martyred in Jerusalem, but there are stories of his body being transported here by two disciples following his death.

(Ed)

Father Peter Wilkie



It was 1984 and I was just ordained. Peter Wilkie took me under his wing, and I joined him in the chaplaincy at the RBH in Reading. He taught me all I needed to know about hospital chaplaincy. We worked closely together reviewing our joint strategy and discussing staff and cases. He was always calm and pastorally sensitive.

become present in our lives.

At the end of the Gospel proclamation, the celebrant says, "The Gospel of the Lord". He is not referring to the book from which he has just read but to the people who have heard the word because we are to become the presence of the good news. We become the proclamation.

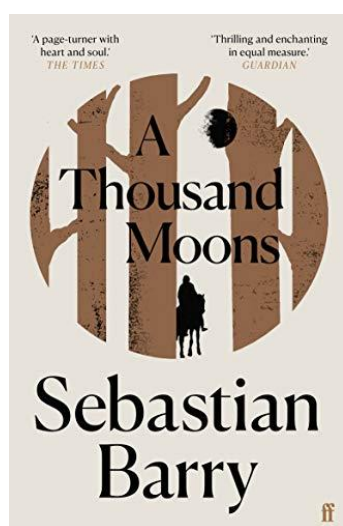
The Silence

A pause of at least 10 or 15 seconds is recommended between the proclamation of the scripture text and the reader saying, 'The Word of the Lord'. This silence gives the text that has been proclaimed a chance to be absorbed by the listeners and the reader before what comes next. The reader should say 'The Word of the Lord' and not 'This is the Word of the Lord' because the term refers not to the printed word but to the word proclaimed.

Silence before the Alleluia is recommended.

(Fr Paul continues next month)

Reading Recommendations



Here is another wonderful Irish writer, Sebastian Barry - you may remember *The Secret Scripture* which won some prestigious award in 2008. Mostly his books are set in Ireland, but this novel takes us to Tennessee in the aftermath of the American Civil War.

Winona is a young Lakota orphan, who is adopted by two American soldiers, John Cole and Thomas McNulty, and they live together on a farm with the farmer, Lige Magan. Two freed slaves, a brother and sister, Rosalee and Tennyson, make up this unconventional household. They are very poor, but the home abounds with love and mutual respect. However, this is not the case in their local community, where 'freedmen' are attacked and brutally tortured, and native Indians are not regarded as human. The struggles of Winona to overcome the hostility she feels daily when she steps outside her home and her determination to train herself in the fearlessness of her people are tested when her relationship with a white boy in the town turns sour, and she is convicted on the flimsiest evidence of his the murder. She is a 'ragged thing of an unwanted people.....a thing so light and worthless that the smallest breeze would carry it

Only once did I see him agitated. Peter and I were standing in front of the 'Portone di Bronzo' trying to get access. The Portone di Bronzo are the impressive bronze doors to the right of St. Peter's Square through which access is gained to the Apostolic Palace.

We were both in Rome at the invitation of Bishop Crispian who was attending a communications' meeting. He kindly arranged for us to gatecrash a champagne reception in the Sistine Chapel with Pope John Paul II. Because we were not members of the conference, we had to find our own way into the Sistine Chapel, hence our ringing the bell at the 'Portone di Bronzo'.

Monsignor Brian Chessle, who worked for the Pope, told us to go to the bronze doors and when they opened tell the Swiss Guards that Monsignor Chessle had sent us and that we were to be taken to the Pope.

Peter was terrified that the plan would go wrong and that we might end up in the Vatican prison or be shot at dawn. Much to his relief, the Swiss Guards obeyed, the plan worked, and we both met the Pope with a glass of champagne.

The Pope asked Peter where he was from. Instead of saying England or even Portsmouth he said, assuming that the Pope would be familiar with it, 'Chandler's Ford'. The Pope looked slightly amused and even impressed and said, in his deep Polish voice, Chandler's Ford...



Peter's anxiety on entering the Papal Palace taught me a lot about the man and the priest. Knowing Peter, as I did, over forty years, helped me see that his 'Vatican' anxiety stemmed from a love, loyalty and respect for the Catholic Church and everything for which she stands. In many of conversations with him, I might have questioned some Church teachings. Peter would respond with that well known courtesy putting me gently in my place. His loyalty to the 'Tradition' with a capital T was unflinching, though he was uncertain about how to understand the Church's teaching on hell. But Peter was a kind of paradox if not a sign of contradiction. Archbishop Amigo, Bishop Holland, Bishop Worlock, Bishop Emery and Bishop Crispian all discovered that Peter's loyalty did not prevent him from making his views about Episcopal leadership clearly stated. Sometimes in pretty strong terms. I remember being at a meeting shortly after Bishop Philip had arrived. Peter asked him if he had a five-year plan. The Bishop did not, but shortly afterwards his ten year plan emerged. Peter's loyalty to the Church found ample room for a pastoral sensitivity and flexibility when working with those he served. That is why he was such a good priest in all the places he served and why he was so immensely kind to his brother priests.

"Jesus himself came and walked by the side and asked them what they were discussing." Peter saw walking beside someone and asking them questions, rather than giving answers, as a vital part of his pastoral ministry. He would be the first to advocate that the priest should be like Jesus, humble and compassionate. He would want the priest to lead a person gradually towards the truth and not impose instant wisdom.

The proof of the pudding in terms of his pastoral style was his twenty years at Winchester Prison where he was chaplain. Not for nothing did they name the Visitors' Wing after him and give him a preaching scarf!

Peter's ninety four years gave him a view of the Church and the work of priests which kept the Gospel at the forefront.

What are the challenges that Peter's ministry sets before us?

Peter believed in the power of the risen Lord working in the lives of all people. The Holy Spirit brings healing and continues to gather the people together. This must be our first priority. To facilitate welcome and empathetic engagement with all those with whom we share our lives. Peter was passionate about gathering the people of faith into the community. This was evident in his passion for pastoral visiting and the careful ordering of St. Edwards's Chandler's Ford. Peter saw the Mass as the centre and intense focus of that bringing into community and faith.

Peter always encouraged, through questions, the putting into words, thoughts and feelings about faith, God and the Church

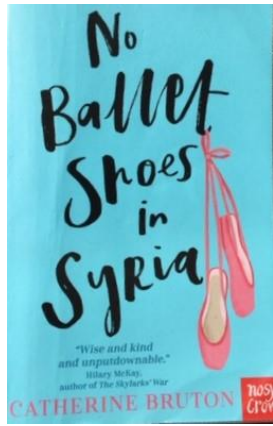
Peter was an effective and eloquent preacher. His example challenges us to listen to the Word of God and to chew it over in prayer and dialogue that we might enter more deeply into the mystery of God. All of us here can testify that Peter was a good preacher.

During his long illness, he looked forward to the day when the Lord would take him. Peter believed in the infinite love and mercy of God, which is why he told us that anyone who went to confession to him would have an easy ride. May Peter now be welcome into that share in the divine life for which he has always longed both for himself and for us all.

off'. The final chapters are very dramatic, but the book ends on a happy note.

Winona is the narrator of this powerful story, and her voice and language are convincing as the Native American idiom (although of course we cannot know this) considering the author comes from a very different time and culture.

It is searing and disturbing. Although the events of the story took place over two hundred ago, shreds of the attitudes of the time remain today, and the status of the First Nation people, although they are physically safe, has barely improved at all.



Aya and her mother and small brother are asylum seekers, living, or surviving, in Manchester, housed in a single shabby room in a house inhabited by many similar families. At the community centre where they spend their days while waiting for their appeal for residency to take place, Aya hears the notes of a piano in a room above where a ballet class is taking place.

Ballet had been Aya's passion in a Aleppo in her life before the war. Her father was a doctor at the hospital, her mother spend her days cooking and singing and laughing in their sunny apartment . Aya could play all day long in the streets with her friends, and attend her ballet class with Madame Bolova.

However, the family has to flee. The story of their current life is interspersed with accounts of the family's attempts to reach Europe and their long spells in refugee camps . Somewhere along the way Aya's father is lost.

This would be a great way for girls (not sure that the story would appeal to boys) to learn about the plight of asylum seekers, and for many (like my grandchildren) who attend multi-cultural schools to understand the struggles of the parents and grandparents of their school friends.

But back to Aya. She is warmly invited to join the ballet class upstairs, and ultimately to audition for the Royal Northern School of Ballet.....

This story deals with a serious issue, but is told in a way that is enjoyable and readable.

(Penny Sharp)



(Fr Paul)

A Musical Treat With Supper



On Friday 26th April we were delighted to welcome the 'One Voice' choir to sing in the packed Fordingbridge church. They offered their services free (they just enjoy singing!) and proceeds went to the Salisbury Hospice.

The music was a joy for everyone and the choir master thought the church acoustics were wonderful. Over the next hour we heard songs from the shows, folk music, traditional songs, popular music as well as some refreshingly new pieces. All delivered to a very high standard indeed.

As the choir were going to start their performance early, at 6pm, we were able to offer a supper to follow for all who attended. The supper comprised baked potatoes with fillings of chilli, tuna mayo, cheese, coleslaw, etc. courtesy of the ladies at Fordingbridge who all chipped in with baking and producing toppings.

It was all very well received by all who came along from both Ringwood and Fordingbridge churches. We definitely hope to be able to invite 'One Voice' to join us again next year.

(Helen Eales)

CAFOD Plant Sale

May saw our, now annual, event take place. At the time of writing, we have just finished the first weekend which was blessed by good weather, and we have one more weekend on the 25th/26th to do.

Your generous donations for the plants Sue has grown on from seed, cuttings and tubers in her Dorset garden, has raised £300 already for CAFOD. An amazing result after one day and we thank you so very much for your support. I'll let Melissa know the final total for the parish newsletter, but I think this year will be a record for the amount raised. Thank you for your generosity once again.

While I was busy on the stand chatting to all you lovely people, and selling plants, I also handed out some leaflets for a Flower and Art Festival in our village of Woodlands (just the other side of Verwood) This is taking place over the weekend of 29th/30th June. The village church, The Church of the Ascension, is the main venue and the theme of the festival is: "He has made everything beautiful in its time". Ecclesiastes 3.11 and the festival is celebrating creativity. Refreshments and stalls selling

Poetry Please!

Last month I put together some purple trousers, scarf and a pair of purple shoes and made my way to Mass on Thursday as usual. Fr Paul noticed my colour scheme and called me a 'purple lady' so I quoted 'When I am an old woman...' He had never heard of it, and when I asked round, neither had several others.

It seems high time to share this cheeky gem to a wider audience. It was voted Britain's favourite post war poem in 1996, beating Dylan Thomas's 'Do not go gentle into the good night'. I first read it in a card given to me by a dear work colleague when I attained a Special Birthday milestone some years ago. If I sat on the pavement now, I doubt I could get up again without help.

(Helen Eales)

WARNING!

When I am an old woman, I shall wear purple
And a red hat that doesn't go and doesn't suit
me.

And I shall spend my pension on brandy and
summer gloves
and satin candles and say 'We've no money
for butter'.

I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm
tired

And gobble up samples in shops and press
alarm bells

And run my stick along public railings
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.

I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
And pick the flowers in other people's gardens
And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat
And eat 3lbs of sausages at a go

Or only bread and pickles for a week
And hoard pens and pencils and beer nuts and
things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
And pay our rent and not swear in the street

And set a good example for the children.
We must have friends to dinner and read the
papers.

But maybe I ought to practice a little now?
So people who know me are not too shocked
and surprised

When suddenly I'm old and start to wear
purple.

(Jenny Joseph (1932 – 2018))

(I had a good friend, an always outrageous Head of Year in our school who loved to teach this – and dress for the occasion! (Sadly, she is now engaged in daisy cultivation – no doubt outrageously – in the churchyard at Old Bolingbroke in Lincolnshire. Happy memories Boo! Ed.)

craft items will be available at the village hall, 100m down the road.



Sorrows might be interested to come along a have a look, I thought it might be a possible idea for your churches to develop from your very successful Open Day this year: people coming to the churches for a different reason and maybe feeling inspired to stay.
Just a thought.

(Sheila Wade)

Fabulous Forest!

I haven't visited the Forest much this year thanks to the ruts left by heavy machinery used to clear large areas of gorse and abundance of mud. However I did take Jester for a walk there last week and saw plenty of clumps of lousewort and the bluebells seemed more numerous than last year. The young bracken fronds were abundant. Bracken is thought to be the most common plant in the world and is found on all continents except Antarctica. It provides a good habitat for nesting birds and cover for the movement of other birds, mammals, amphibians and reptiles

Jester has instead been enjoying his 'off the lead' walks in Moors Valley where there is a tarmac path around the lake if it is too muddy in the woodland area.



(Barbara Geatrell)

Yesterday I did my first longish walk in The Forest this year wearing shoes rather than boots. At last, it has dried out enough to get through the mud and cross the brooks. I took about an hour and three quarters starting from Abbott's Well. I didn't see a living soul until my return when two people were sitting on the slope back up admiring the view.

Paint Ship

I read the other day that the Royal Navy will now recruit those who cannot swim. This triggered a memory. In 1959 on National Service I was on HMS Loch Ruthven in the Arabian Gulf (called the Persian Gulf in those days). It was decided that the whole of the visible area of the ship should be given a new coat of grey paint. The whole of the lower deck, all hundred and twenty five of us would take part. No excuses!



Our eight Somali ratings, on board for the 'hot' jobs, were given the funnel! I was one of those painting the ship's side. Two of us sat on a board dangled from the ship's guard rail each with a brush sharing a paint pot also hanging from above. When we had painted all we could reach, we unwound the ropes on our board until it began to slip and wound it up again when we had a new area to paint. Our paint pot was lowered from above. As the ship was at anchor, this continued until we reached the water. We slipped into the sea and swam to the stern where there was a ladder to the deck. The job was completed in a day. Anyone who could not swim was given a life jacket, and told not to get paint on it!

(David Saunders)

Fordingbridge PCC

There was a Fordingbridge PCC meeting early in May and I thought I would offer a brief review of just a few of the topics discussed. Not many of us are, perhaps avid followers of committees and things, but I thought a quick look in these pages at some of the topics coming up might be helpful for communications and keep readers abreast of what is going on. The full minutes, of course, are freely available on the parish website. Actually, it would be really good if this could be a regular feature and come from a committee member. The same might apply for Ringwood.

The first thing to catch my eye is that the cemetery is being mapped and Melissa has offered to help.



This would be an interesting project from the point of view of parish history. Personally, like many others, I have an interest having three family members installed and a place booked for me!

There was appreciation for the Easter services and a note that next year they should be in Ringwood if a few problems could be overcome.

Previously unknown to me, there is a new translation of the lectionary on its way. This will require the purchases of new copies and readers can watch out for changes.

Repairs to the potholed drive and the ramp are in hand, the reinstatement of the church bell is going forward and Donna Kerrigan is taking the chair of the Joint Finance and Property Committee. Sadly, Anne Hunt is moving away and we weekly counters will miss her! Thanks for keeping us on track, Anne!

Things to look forward to in the year are curling, courtesy of CAFOD, a garden party on 23rd June for Fr. Paul's Anniversary, another musical event in October, the AGM, also in October and some talks from John Elliott.

(Chris Basham)



There is still plenty of water about and the bogs on the hillsides are running. Cotton grass is beginning to appear, but not a lot of sundew.



There are always gulleys formed by run-off, but this year they are most impressive.

The unfortunate bit was the damage caused by selective felling in Hazelly Wood, where the gravel track has been made almost impassable by the use of heavy plant. The cut timber seems to be being left to rot while signs I ignored warn the walkers off.



(Chris Basham)

End Bits

My usual thanks to all contributors, especially Penny for telling us about her travels. I was going to write a 'filler' about a visit to Crofton Beam Engines on a rainy day which kept the 'troops' adequately entertained for a couple of hours, but the columns seem to be lining up beautifully of their own accord, so will save it for later. If you go that way you can find Wolf Hall – a disappointment – but to compensate, opposite is the tomb of John Seymour, father to Jane, in Bedwin church.

(Chris Basham)

Cookery Corner

Whenever I make cakes I remember my dear Auntie Kathleen, who never had much success with baking. On one occasion, when my cousins and I were teenagers, she had invited the family to a birthday tea and had baked a cake. A beautifully iced cake was brought out and the candles lit. Then the confession: this was, in fact, a tin that my cousins had decorated to save the day! Auntie's cake had sunk and wasn't presentable. However, with the soggy centre removed, the remaining ring of her cake was served and enjoyed by all.

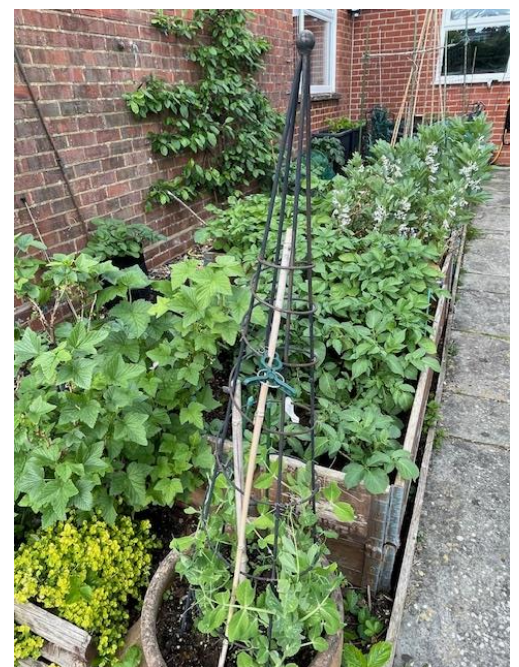
I wonder if she would have had more success if ovens with glass doors had been around in those days? Thank goodness that disasters such as under or over-cooking can now, usually, be avoided by monitoring progress through the glass panel.

My sponge cakes could be better but fruit cake failures are, mercifully, rare. The only occasion when we've bought a Christmas cake was when a faulty oven thermostat caused my cake to be overdone on the outside and under-cooked in the middle. Rather than waste expensive ingredients, the "disaster" was converted into several fruity puddings and served with custard!

(Jan Mollett)

Gardeners' Corner

This is a busy time in the garden as plants grown from seed seem to be weekly, if not daily, 'jumping' out of their pots. Fortunately all the tomatoes and cucumber are now in their summer growing area. Geraniums, begonias and Verbena have also been planted out. The main problem I have encountered this year is a lack of space because in late autumn I fell for an offer of twelve plug cauliflower plants.



I now have a large raised bed full of very large plants all at the same stage and look to be ready at the same time as the beans. Previously I have grown cauliflowers from seed and the plants have matured at intervals during the autumn which is definitely preferable.

(Barbara Geatrell)

