

FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS

FORDINGBRIDGE AND RINGWOOD PARISH MAGAZINE

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Get Up Again For Phat Larry!



Fr Paul Says.....



This year we are blessed with two people who have been preparing to become Catholics. Supported by their catechists, Sue Broadbent and Helen Rawlins. Felicity Allegri and David Price will be received into the 'Full Communion of the Catholic Church' at the Easter Vigil.

The Easter Vigil is the highpoint and culmination of Lent and the Easter Triduum which comes at the end of Holy Week.

Remember June of 2022 when we were 'wowed' by 'Phat Larry' in the church hall and 'Jivin' at Jill's last year? Well, we have invited the band back again on the evening of 16th of March to give us another rollicking session of music new (probably not very!) and old. There will be a licenced bar and snacks will be on sale. Tickets are now on sale - and selling well - and can be reserved by email to lawrencebartel@yahoo.co.uk or by calling 07771 852670 or by purchase after Masses. Proceeds to Poitiers.

Larry tells me "The band sets out to provide a party, playing popular music from the 60s to the present, the emphasis is generally on what will make people smile, wiggle or dance (preferably all three). A typical set list would include 'Brown Eyed Girl' (Van Morrison), 'Come Up and See Me' (Cockney Rebel), 'Daydream Believer' (Monkees), 'Mustang Sally' (Wilson Pickett and the Rascals),



'Crazy Little Thing Called Love' (Queen), Johnny Be Goode (Chuck Berry), 'I Saw Her Standing There' (Beatles) and numerous others.

Jonny Foyle is the band's bass player. However, his first instrument is the cello; you might remember he opened the first event we played for the parish with a fabulous solo set." Jonny

will again open solo before the band break loose.

There will be a prize draw and offers in this regard are most welcome. The band has donated a prize for one 'Golden' ticket holder, to be drawn on the night.

(Chris Basham and Larry Bartel)



Holy Week or, the ‘Great Week’ as it was previously known, begins on Palm Sunday. On this day Mass begins outside the church with the blessing and processions of palms. This is a commemoration of Jesus’s last entry into the City of Jerusalem. As he rode on a colt, the people spread palm branches in his path and they cried out “Hosanna! Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord”.

The liturgy of Palm Sunday is a reliving of the moment that began the passion of Jesus. It brings into the present the timeless reality of the experience. Our celebration happens within ‘kairos’ time as we stand with the people of Jerusalem and all people of faith during this time of the Lord’s suffering, death and resurrection. The moment has a permanent nature because the event takes us into the eternal life of Jesus as God with the Father and the Holy Spirit. The same mystery happens at Mass. As we offer the body and blood of Jesus to the Father during the Eucharistic Prayer, we are caught up in Jesus’s eternal relationship with his Father.

Holy Week is given to us so that we might pray and reflect upon the events which led to the Lord’s crucifixion. The Thursday of Holy Week is called Holy Thursday or Maundy Thursday which is marked by two liturgies.

Traditionally on Maundy Thursday morning the Bishop celebrates the Chrism Mass, joined by all the priests of the diocese at the Cathedral. Two things happen: The Bishop consecrates the Chrism and blesses the oils of the sick and of baptism. and at the same Mass, the priests renew their ordination promises.

On Maundy Thursday evening the Easter Triduum begins with the Mass of the Lord’s Supper. This commemorates the Passover Meal which Jesus had with his disciples the night before he died and the institution of the Eucharist. It was during this meal that Jesus washed his disciples feet and that event is relived as the priest washes the feet of a group of people – please say yes if I ask you. The foot washing is called the ‘mandatum’ which means the command – basically that we are to copy the way

California Dreamin’



I am recently back from another trip to California to see my great friends who moved out there fourteen years ago now, from a small village in Wiltshire. I was their gardener for a short time when we first met, and our friendship survived their ability to finish off anything green in the garden. We quickly agreed on a strategy of gravel gardening with very few plants!

In California they live up in the mountains a couple of hundred miles north of Los Angeles, in an area which is very dry for most of the year and subject to the wildfires we have all seen on the news. Again, taking advice, they have adopted a minimum planting strategy and the only plants we have introduced to their canyon garden are a few very hardy trees and shrubs. They already had native oaks and some pine which attract the local wildlife... which they greatly enjoy, watching from the relative safety of their terrace... we do move inside when the brown bears appear, but not for the bob cats and the elk... and we do phone for the snake relocator when rattlesnakes get too close!

Jesus treats others by washing feet: the work of a slave in Jesus's time. It is from the word mandatum that the word Maundy is derived.

After the Mass of the Lord's supper on Maundy Thursday evening, the Blessed Sacrament is carried in solemn procession to the Altar of Repose outside the church. This is an ancient custom which is all about remembering the time when Jesus was buried before his resurrection. Some Anglican churches still have Easter Sepulchres where the Blessed Sacrament was 'buried' until the Easter Vigil. People are invited/expected to pray in silence before the Altar of Repose for a while or until the church closes.



The Easter Triduum moves into Good Friday with the liturgy of the Lord's Passion. This happens traditionally at 3.00pm and this year it will be celebrated in Fordingbridge. This is a solemn and austere celebration which is not actually a Eucharist or Mass. It begins as the priest prostrates himself in silence before the Altar. He then goes to the Chair for the opening prayer and the liturgy of the Word. The Bidding Prayers are replaced by extended intercessions for all people and faiths. This is followed by the solemn veneration of the Cross in which each person is invited to take part by bowing or genuflecting. Holy Communion is then distributed from the reserved sacrament because the Eucharistic Prayer is not said. There is no blessing at the end because the Triduum continues into Good Friday evening and Holy Saturday. Good Friday is day of fasting and abstinence from meat.

Holy Saturday is a day of silence and reflection until the Easter Vigil begins. It will be celebrated this year at Fordingbridge and will begin at 7.30pm. The liturgy begins as everyone gathers outside, as on Palm Sunday, but this time around a lighted fire. The 'new' fire is a sign that Jesus is the light of the world and drives away darkness. As the fire is blessed the Paschal Candle is lit and carried in procession into the church. During the procession and as he holds the candle high the priest sings 'Christ our Lord' to which all respond, 'Thanks be to God'. Everyone is given a candle lighted from the Paschal Candle as a sign that the light of Christ burns within each of us.

When he reaches the sanctuary, the priest places the Paschal Candle in its stand which will remain in the sanctuary during Eastertide until Pentecost. Then Exsultet or Easter Proclamation is sung. The Exsultet is a beautiful poetic reflection on the meaning of the Paschal Mystery. Then come the readings which present the



Mojave drought in 2022

However, this trip was notable for the rain that fell... nearly every day... and very welcome it was. This area of California has officially been in drought for the last ten years plus. Almost immediately the land started to green up. Hopefully the spring wildflowers will be spectacular in another couple of weeks... after the snow that fell the day I left! And this change in weather, although no doubt a transient change, reminded me yet again of the wisdom of gardening within the constraints of what you have: climate, soil, elevation, knowledge, and time available.

Many friends out there have wonderful gardens, full of colour and scent and a delight to visit. But at a terrific cost: in water, 'critter' defences and in time spent on keeping the non-native plants going, in what is essentially a hostile environment. One

friend devotes a great deal of time to keeping the mule deer away from eating the new shoots on tender shrubs, another to keeping the ground squirrels from digging up newly emerging herbaceous perennials.

Sara and Will have instead (and to be honest, largely through lack of commitment to their garden) concentrated on native plants with built in critter and climate defences: the creosote bush, hummingbird sage, desert mallow, the wonderful california poppy, and others which the critters largely leave alone and also require no watering. Their garden doesn't look beautiful in a conventional sense.... people don't stop on their way past to admire... but the garden does sit well within the environment...and boy do they get lots of visiting wildlife which you can sit back and enjoy, rather than try to chase them off the "precious" plants. It's a lesson for all gardeners I believe.

I do remember, very fondly, a client of mine many years ago, who asked me to grow rhododendrons for him in his brand new garden, as his mother was insistent that these were needed to create a wonderful garden. His mother lived in a "very nice" part of the Home Counties on acid soil. His garden was on the edge of the Cotswolds on limestone with virtually no topsoil: we compromised in the end by growing a few Rhodos in large pots around the front door to keep his mother happy... but he had to remember to water them from the waterbutt and to feed them, which sadly he often didn't... so never a great success.

The moral of the story: go with the flow. It will be better for the planet, your garden, your wallet ... and your temper.

(Sheila Slade)

Lent Talks and Compline in Salisbury Cathedral

In what promises to be an election year, Salisbury Cathedral are offering this Lent a series of interdenominational talks about election issues from a Christian perspective. So far, I have attended the first one to do with environmental issues and presented by a very articulate Methodist minister. It certainly made me think! Uncharacteristically, the talks this year were not well advertised and I got onto them late, otherwise I would have given more notice. I have given brief notice in the bulletin, and the full programme is here:

- Feb 19 Mark Cheetham (Methodist) The Environmental Crisis
- Feb 26 Pete Orphan (Baptist) Health and Social Care
- Mar 4 Katie FitzSimmons (Diocesan Director of Education) Education
- Mar 11 John Proctor (Roman Catholic) Immigration and Refugees
- Mar 18 Kenneth Padley (Cathedral) Just Economics

The talks are free, at 7.30 and you can park for free in the Close.

The evenings conclude with Compline in the Quire, which is optional, but quite an experience. Compline is an ancient service of prayer, part of the daily prayer of monastic communities and said at night time, just before retiring to sleep. Over centuries it has developed several forms, but is believed to have been ordered by St. Benedict. Basically a heathen, I first encountered it when I was involved in Churches Together in Cambridgeshire where we finished each meeting with it at the ancient parish church and said the prayers in semi-darkness. Some, like me, then discreetly adjourned to the pub round the corner! The Canon Chancellor has promised the Cathedral Chamber Choir for, at least, some

history of salvation coming to completion with St. Paul's letter to the Romans proclaiming the Resurrection of Jesus. The Gospel from St. Mark describes the discovery of the empty tomb. As the Paschal Candle burns, we are reminded that all scripture, including the Old Testament, is to be interpreted in the light of Christ.

Since Baptism plunges us into the mystery and life of the Resurrection, we are invited to renew our baptismal commitment during the Vigil holding the candles of Baptism. Then we are sprinkled with the water of Baptism as a kind of seal on our baptismal renewal.

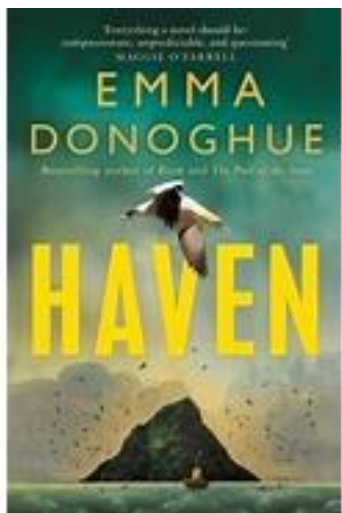
Once we have renewed our baptismal promises, the moment arrives for our two candidates to become Catholics. Before they are formally accepted into the Church, they have to say in public that they "believe and profess all that the holy Catholic Church believes, teaches, and proclaims to be revealed by God". They are then accepted, Confirmed and welcomed by us all and join us in receiving Holy Communion, which for them, is the first time as members of the Catholic Church.



From the Easter Proclamation:

"This is the night,
 When Christ broke the prison bars of death
 And rose victorious from the underworld.
 O wonder of your humble care for us!
 O love, charity beyond all telling,
 To ransom a slave you gave away your Son!
 O truly necessary sin of Adam,
 Destroyed completely by the death of Christ.
 O happy fault
 That earned so great, so glorious a redeemer!
 Please come to the Easter Triduum.

Reading Recommendations



Emma Donoghue is an Irish writer, who writes excellent novels on many different subjects. Fellow readers might remember 'Room', about a mother and son being kept captive in a man's basement, or 'Pull of the Stars', about the Spanish Flu pandemic in 1919.

of the meetings.

The other thing to enjoy is that you get to sit in the quire in the stalls of the many, many canons who have sat there and gone before us through the ages. The thirteenth century choir stalls were made from trees felled in Henry III's forest of Gillingham and presented to the builders for the purpose. They represent the earliest complete set of choir stalls in the land – although Lincoln will tell you the same about theirs!



The seats are misericords, and, if you don't know, that means that they are made to tip up like cinema seats today, but not, particularly, to allow access down the row. No, each misericord has, when in the vertical, a kind of ledge (see picture!), on which the cunning canon could rest his posterior so he could appear to be standing when, in fact, sitting. Thereby, their misery, caused by standing through interminable services, could be relieved, and hence, the name 'misericord'. And another thing about misericords: usually they are presented laying down as seats, so the undersides are invisible. Now the early carpenters who made them knew about that, and so, underneath, they could be decorated with whatever the carpenter thought he might get

away with, and in some places, not to put too fine a point on it, they got away with more than at others. It is always a good idea to raise the misericord to see what is going on beneath. You may be shocked! But not at Salisbury, ours are perfect innocent and pristine floral arrangements.

(Chris Basham)

A Piece of History from 1914 -18

David Saunders has been rummaging in his stamp drawer again and sends us this fascinating document.

Letter written by a soldier from France during the 1st World War. found in a box with stamps)

Still in France

My dear Father and Mother



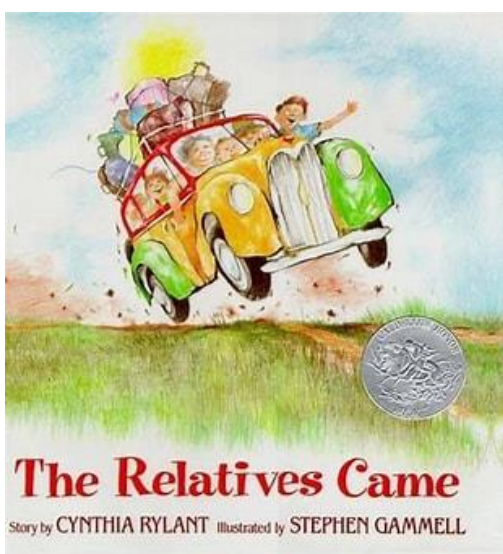
I got your letter alright and was very pleased to know you were all well. I suppose it was a great day on Conscription Voting Day but I see by the papers that it fell through it is a pity in one way but I think this business will be brought to a satisfactory conclusion without it still it is a sure thing more men are wanted. I know that IWW mob and I know they would do every thing they could to block it. I can't make out why people do not take this war more serious. It is one of the most serious crises that has ever befallen the world and everyone ought to know what it would be like under German rule, they either have not got brains enough or else they are pro Germans. I think they would be the latter.

I had a batch of Christmas cards last mail. I was very pleased with them. I had one from Bob McDonald. I will write to him when I get a chance. I don't get much chance of writing from here, if I did there is nothing to tell you about. The big guns go bang, bang and that is all I know about them. Tell Bob Mc. that I got his card alright and remember me to him, also Marion and Mollie. I had a card from them. I also had a parcel from Lizzie and George but I have not got the ones from

This novel goes back to seventh century Ireland, where a group of three monks sail out into the Atlantic Ocean to found a new monastery on a large outcrop of rock. The Prior (Artt) is a very spiritual man who puts worship of God above earthly needs; ancient Cormac and young lanky left-handed Trian are more concerned with practical matters - building a cistern to catch rain water, planting seed in the scanty rocky soil, fashioning fishing rods. However, the Prior must be obeyed at all times following their holy vows, and a tiny community is eventually set up, revolving around hourly worship, and copying the psalms and Gospels (on calf's vellum - this is a paperless society!)

But things degenerate as winter approaches - their source of food and fuel (birds) migrate, and the monks begin to starve. The Prior becomes more unbalanced in his treatment of the two humble brothers, and exerts a psychological hold over them. . A schism is inevitable

The author has done her research thoroughly, and the book is full of fascinating detail - ancient Irish myths, obscure biblical passages, and small descriptions of their domestic arrangements. But following a gentle and interesting start the novel becomes powerful and disturbing.



Children are fascinated by chaos, large families and disorder and adore this picture book. I must have read it a thousand times. A family leave their grape vines in Virginia to visit their relatives. But this is no ordinary family. It is huge. They leave in a rickety old car, which they stuff full of children and adults, and suitcases which fly off the roof as they travel, and they take with them with them 'pop and crackers and baloney sandwiches'. They rattle over the mountains and eventually crash into the gate of the farm of their relatives, who spill out of their house in the hundreds and embrace the travellers warmly.

The illustrations are just wonderful. There are pictures of the meals, the chaotic sleeping arrangements, and daytime activities - playing, gardening, cutting hair, playing musical instruments. The sun shines constantly, the adults and children are well-fed, with beaming faces bursting with happiness, dogs and chickens race around.

Eventually the first family pack up some more baloney sandwiches and head off back to Virginia, children falling out of the rickety car and suitcases flying.

you yet or Helen Stanleys either, I think they must have went down in the (?) but if they are still afloat they will come along sometime. I had a small parcel with socks and (?) from Miss Baxendale. I am glad she wrote to you. She told me she had sent you my letter. She is a good old girl. She told me if Conscription was carried she is going to get a job of tram conductor and let all soldiers ride free. I said I hope she keep the job until I come home. She always has a joke in her letters.

So my dear parents I must stop now as it is getting dark. I don't know if you will get this letter but I hope you do. I will write whenever I get a chance, so goodnight for the present. I forgot to tell you I am well. I feel better than I did in England this is all this time.

Love to all from your loving son, Don xxxx

I had a letter from Leon last week, he is well.

(Author unknown but submitted by David Saunders)

Wet, Wet, Wet!

Nobody can have failed to notice the incredible amount of rain we have experienced this year! It has been almost like lockdown all over again. My golfing friend says he has hardly played since Christmas and the gliding club that I belong to has almost closed down. We do our best, but although our club is on top of a 700' chalk hill it has rarely been dry enough to fly from. Even when it has dried out, some days the cloud base forecast has been down to 650' which is really no help at all. I went to do my duty as winch driver late last month and did manage to get a few intrepid fliers into the air, but, as my photo shows, even using out lightest vehicles to tow cables out, we were putting ruts in the grass which will dry out solid in Spring (our best hope!)



Pilots have to keep flying to retain currency so everybody will be up for re-training when the weather clears.

Closer to home, the Forest, in most places is unwalkable. Even cycling is unpleasant. Here you can see the road (Moot Lane between Downton and Woodgreen) where the water is running off the Woodfalls ridge and turning the road into a river.

Local Heraldry



Recently a vase with this coat of arms appeared on Facebook. A bit of research will tell you that it is the arms of the local lords of the manor the family of Prideaux-Brune. The cross is for the Brune family and the chevron the Prideaux. I wonder if anyone can provide a bit more detail about what the components signify?

(Chris Basham)

Gardeners' Corner

The garden is looking cheerful again with the daffodils and crocuses. I am enjoying growing crocuses here as we were unable to grow them in St Leonards thanks to the squirrels



This is a gorgeous book. In my experience of visiting libraries in the USA, I feel that (dare I say it) American publishing for this age group is superior to ours. They have a far greater range and the quality of writing and illustration is better.



(Penny Sharp)

Poetry Please!

Easter

Rise heart thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him mayst rise:
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more
just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The cross taught all wood to resound his name,
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or since all music is but three parts vied
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I got me flowers to straw thy way:
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th'East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

(George Herbert)



flooding is not worse.

Even if it isn't raining, cycling along that results in a wet pair of jeans!

Then there is the flooding, which I'm sure everyone has seen! In fact, with the amount of rain we have had, I'm surprised the

I'll leave you with a photo of our airfield in better days. Roll on Spring!



(Chris Basham)

Fabulous Forest



One frosty morning early in February I took Jester for a walk in the Forest as I was keen to see the result of clearing so much of the gorse. That area of Forest has certainly been opened up and I shall be very interested to watch the succession of new plants. Since then I have only been able to visit the Forest a few times as it has been so wet and much too muddy for very short legs!

And a big feature up my neck of the woods has been tree felling.



I have planted broad bean and pea seeds in my unheated greenhouse. The percentage germination of the peas was most disappointing, but the beans did well and last week.. I transplanted them into a raised bed. Two days later I found a ball on one of the shoots - it was snapped in half! The rest of that day was spent pruning the Forsythia and Potentilla to gather sufficient twigs to build a low protective fence around the beans! Early in February I sowed a few tomato seeds on a heated tray in the conservatory. The aim is to spread the season for tomatoes. One type was Veranda Red, a compact bush type, which was very successful last year in the conservatory.

I am a bit concerned about lack of room this year in the raised beds as most of the cauliflowers have survived and are looking very healthy. I shall have to grow more potatoes in tubs which is usually successful.

(Barbara Geatrell)

And Now for Something Completely Different

The Perks of Aging from David Saunders

People phone at 9 pm and say 'did I wake you?'

There is nothing left to learn the hard way.

You can live without sex but not without glasses.

You can hold parties without the neighbours realising.

Your secrets are safe with friends because they can't remember them either.

Nobody is likely to kidnap you for ransom.

In a hostage situation, you are likely to be released first.

Things you buy now won't wear out.

Your supply of brain cells is down to a manageable size.

In a few days time you won't be able to remember where you saw this list.

(Compiled by David Saunders)

End Bits

Just took photo below Saturday afternoon (24th). You can see the flooding in the Harnham meadows where the water meadow channels show up well. This land would certainly have been boggy in 1220 as well and might have seemed an odd place to want to build a cathedral unless the builders knew that there was a suitable gravel bed concealed under the mud for them to build on. The Chapter from Old

As I'm sure you are aware, George Herbert (1593-1633) was the vicar of Bemerton following a spell as an MP for Montgomery in Wales. He was related to the Herbert Earls of Pembroke of Wilton House.

In this poem, which has been set to music by Vaughan Williams, Herbert draws on Scripture, weaving in themes of praise, resurrection, and the Spirit's role. The day of Christ's resurrection is unsurpassed in glory, shining brighter than any daily sun.

He is also remembered for his hymns, being something of a musician, including "King of Glory, King of Peace" He played and sang with the Cathedral choir.

One of the most useful thoughts I have drawn from him is "He who cannot forgive, breaks the bridge which he himself must pass"

I had always thought 'shape' poems a phenomenon of the sixties, but here's one by Herbert from 1633.

Angel Wings

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and flore,
 Though foolishly he loft the fame,
 Decaying more and more,
 Till he became
 Most poore:
 With thee
 O let me rise
 As larks, harmonioufly,
 And sing this day thy victories:
 Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in forrow did beginne
 And still with sickneses and shame
 Thou didst so punish finne,
 That I became
 Most thinne.
 With thee
 Let me combine,
 And feel this day thy victorie:
 For, if I imp my wing on thine,
 Affliction shall advance the flight in mee.

(You have to flip it on its side to see the shape resembles 'Angel Wings')

(Chris Basham, poems George Herbert)

It always makes me sad to see a great stand of trees clear felled almost overnight leaving the land forlorn. Mostly the trees are confers and not indigenous to The Forest, grown for the purpose and sold before they are trucked away. The Forest soon grows back, but some logs seem left over, and here is what happens.



Decay is a natural process and provides habitats for small creatures and insects, finally returning the wood to the earth from which it came. I wonder if Barbara can tell us a bit more than I can about the processes we see here?



And some deer at Hale.

(Barbara Geatrell and Chris Basham)

Sarum would have known that because the ground already belonged to them and was called The Myrfield, so that's where they built – forget stories about archers and stags. They only had to dig down a metre and the rest of the work was done by nature. (You should be able to enlarge the photograph on your phone or computer.)



Notice that The Close itself is not flooded. This is due to the drainage put in in 1790 by James Wyatt, who also took up the graves. Just think of burying people there!

Hot news this evening, to me at least, is that Larry Bartel has taken on the role of Chair of The Church Parish Council. Congratulations Larry from the entire Forty Days team, the Parish in general and we all look forward to your guidance as we move forward. (I haven't put in a photo because you can see him at 'the top of the shop' playing his guitar) Watch this space for more next time!

Many thanks to all my contributors, especially Penny who always reassures me when I ask 'Are we doing all right?'. I really do appreciate feedback. I would also be grateful if somebody could help me by writing a column; Cookery Corner seems to have gone by default and could do with resurecting now Easter has come, it would be great for somebody to give us something for kids – or any other ideas.

Penny tells me we have been at this for four years now, so mabe cause for a celebration?

Chris

