

# FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS

## FORDINGBRIDGE AND RINGWOOD PARISH MAGAZINE

### In This Edition:

- Fr Paul says.....
- Reading Recommendations ( Penny Sharp)
- Poetry Please (Anonymous)
- Walking Not Running (Alex Downing)
- Goodbye Father Peter Wilkie (Chris Basham)
- The Glider Pilots' Regiment (Chris Basham)
- Lenten Lunches (Helen Eales)
- Fabulous Forest (Chris Basham)
- Garden Plant Sale (Sheila Wade)
- Back to Bells (Fr Paul)
- Easter Garden Again (Photo Chris Basham)
- Mystery Warercolour (Jenny Hart)
- Ringwood Please (Chris Basham)
- Easter Reception (Photo John Elliott)
- End Bits

### Fr Paul Says.....



#### Why is Sunday Mass so important?

In line with 2000 years of tradition, our celebration of Mass on Sunday locates the celebration at the beginning and end of the week. There are three aspects to this. We bring in our hearts and minds the events, experiences, and gifts of the week that we might give thanks, all of this symbolised in the procession of bread and wine to the altar. Thanksgiving is the central element in the Mass because 'Eucharist' means to give thanks. Secondly, we are invited to allow the readings of the 'Liturgy of the Word' to provide guidance, nourishment, and food for prayer in the week ahead. And there is one other thing about Sunday. It is the day of resurrection and is, therefore, a kind of mini-Easter, when we give thanks and enter anew into the Lord's Paschal Mystery.

## Walking Not Running!

As many of you know, I've run a few half marathons over the past six years and even completed a marathon - although that was more of a walk/run than a run! However, this year, at the instigation of Georgina, the decision has been made to go for an Ultra! An Ultra is basically any distance over a marathon - this one is 52 km (32 miles) round half the Isle of Wight, in a day. Back in September, when Georgina persuaded me to sign us up, that sounded so easy!



The main reason for doing this is in memory of Georgina's amazing uncle and aunt, Philip and Cathie, who we have sadly lost over the past two years, to cancer. Georgina wanted to do something challenging but positive, so is hoping to raise some money for Cancer Research UK, and the route we follow, from Chale in the south, up to Cowes, is particularly poignant as we go through Yarmouth, where they kept their beloved boat, Sea Mist of Hamble, for a number of years. Cathie and Philip are never far from our thoughts, and will be with us in their indomitable spirit as we trudge round the Island they loved, on May 4th.

Although we are walking, not running, I'm not totally sure I'll make it round, and having expressed my doubts, two lovely friends, Penny (who I completed the marathon with), and Katrina, together with Katrina's daughters Erica and Lydia, are joining us, so we will be a Downing Team of 6! (Actually, make that seven - David's our support crew!). Training walks so far have included 21km from home to Ringwood across a soggy Forest, picking up the Avon Valley Path in Mockbeggar. It would have been shorter, but included a few deviations, and a wade across a swollen stream which had become a river, and for which we had to take our boots off! Freezing cold but invigorating!



If my self doubt was increasing, it was buoyed up for 60 hours last month, keeping track of the Barkley Marathons. This is one of the world's hardest ultramarathons, and takes place at Frozen Head State Park in Tennessee. The course changes every year but is roughly five loops of 20 miles involving a 60,000ft ascent - the equivalent of scaling and descending Mount Everest twice from sea level. There are cut off times for each loop with a 60 hour total time limit. The course is unmarked and competitors must memorise the route beforehand - no GPS is allowed. Only 35 participants are allowed each year, and there have only been just over 20 finishers in its 38-year history. Prospective runners must write a "Why I should be allowed to run in the Barkley" essay, pay a \$1.60 entrance fee, and if successful get a letter of condolence. Runners are also required to bring an additional "fee" which in the past has included things such as a white shirt,



**The Gathering before Mass begins.**

Those moments before Mass are important. They remind the priest of his first responsibility to gather the people together to celebrate the Eucharist. This underpins his week’s work. This means all the different aspects of pastoral ministry like visiting, preparing marriages and funerals, caring for the sick and the dying and generally keeping in touch with the Mass community and those who should be coming to Mass and are not. The priest is charged by the bishop to get everyone to participate in the Sunday Eucharist because it shapes our identity and spiritual life; participation in the Mass is ‘our duty and our salvation’.

The gathering before Mass is also important because it provides an opportunity to forge connections with others as well as offering some precious moments for personal prayer. Long conversations at this point should be avoided because they can be a distraction to others.

The Roman Missal says this: “At Mass the people of God are called together, with a priest presiding and acting in the person of Christ, to celebrate the memorial of the Lord’s Eucharistic sacrifice. In an outstanding way the promise of Christ applies “Where two or three are gathered in my name, there I am in their midst”. (Matthew 18.20; Roman Missal, paragraph 27, page 32)

The introduction to the Mass has six parts: the entrance, the greeting, the Penitential Rite, the Kyrie, the Gloria, and the Opening Prayer.

**The Entrance**

The priest and the servers should enter the church in procession and accompanied by singing or a chant. This is to open the celebration and to foster the unity of the gathered congregation. We are encouraged to sing a chant with the choir singing the psalm and the people singing the antiphon. This is not always possible, and in our situation, the chant is replaced by a hymn.

On arriving at the altar, the priest reverences the altar with a bow and kisses it in veneration because it represents Christ and his self-offering. He then incenses the altar and the processional cross in veneration.

Mass begins with the Sign of the Cross and with the greeting ‘The Lord be with you’ signifying the presence of the Lord to those gathered. It is important for us to remember at Mass that the Lord Jesus could not be more present, nor could those who have risen with him into

socks, or a car registration plate, as a donation for being a non-finisher. Competitors must find between 9 and 14 books along the course (the exact number varies each year) before removing the page corresponding to their race number from each book as proof of completion.

The idea for the race stems from the 1977 escape of James Earl Ray, the assassin of Martin Luther King, from nearby Brushy Mountain State Penitentiary.

This was a truly historic year, as, on Friday 22nd March, Jasmin Paris, a vet from Midlothian became the first woman EVER to complete the race, in a nail biting 59 hours, 58 minutes and 21 seconds - just one minute 39 seconds before the 60 hour cut off. Slumping to the ground in exhaustion against the gate she had to touch to finish, following her final sprint, she could be seen covered in scratches from pushing through sharp bushes and shrub in dense forest on steep slopes in her continuous run through day and night. A total inspiration!

We will certainly be inspired by Jasmin on May 4th, as we strive to complete our much lesser challenge, and if any of you would like to donate a few pounds to help us along our way, Georgina’s JustGiving details are below.

(Alix Downing)

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## Goodbye Father Peter Wilkie

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How sad to hear of the death of Father Peter! As a small boy in St. Agatha’s church in Kingston on Thames where we lived in the early fifties, I remember being told by my mother that this Sunday Mass was something special because it included the ordination of a new young priest. All I really remember is a tall young man in white prostrating himself before the ornate altar accompanied by lots of Latin and music. It was Father Peter, and for some reason I always remembered it, and my mother always had a copy of a memorial card of the event in her prayer book, which, from time to time she would draw out and say, “Remember this?”

Many years later, Mum phoned me up and said, "We have got a new priest in Fordingbridge. Can you guess who it is?". I was in Cambridgeshire teaching at the time. Of course, it was Father Peter! A few years later both Dad and Mum became ill and I moved back to Fordingbridge, where Father Peter was always very kind, visiting and supporting both my parents and myself. It was the most difficult time of my life. Occasionally when I was out for a run and Peter for a walk, we would bump into each other and stop and chat. He was a real friend!

On the day Dad died, Fr Peter was on his way to work - remember he was Chaplain to Winchester prison where he earned a salary - a wonderful boon to our cash strapped Finance Committee! As he rounded Cadnam roundabout, he was seized with a sense that Dad, who was pretty much agnostic at best (“All a lot of nonsense, but your mother believes in it”), needed him. He went right round the roundabout and straight to Dad at home, who was clearly that morning about to expire, but not before Peter walked in, put his hand on Dad’s forehead and said “Hello Eddie” at which my father gave a sigh and exhaled his last breath as if he had been waiting for him. Rest in Peace, Peter (and Dad! And Mum)

Fr Peter’s funeral will be on 17<sup>th</sup> May.

(Chris Basham)



eternal life. The priest should introduce the theme of the readings in broad terms.

**The Penitential Act and the Kyrie**

This with its moment of silence, provides an opportunity for us to acknowledge our weakness in order to open our lives to the power of God’s love. It is at this point that we are encouraged to bless and sprinkle water as a reminder of our baptism. Together we all sing the Kyrie but not when there is a sprinkling.

**Glory to God in the Highest**

This is an ancient hymn in praise of God. It has its origin in the second and third centuries and is sung in all Christian traditions and rites. The text of the hymn may not be changed, and it must always be sung when possible. It appears on all feasts and solemnities and on Sundays outside Lent and Advent.

**The Collect or Opening Prayer**

This completes the introductory part of the Mass. It is preceded by a moment of silence so that we may become aware of the Lord’s presence and call to mind our intentions.

**Next Month**

I will look in detail at the Liturgy of the Word.

**Reading Recommendations**



We all know seaside towns like Dynmouth. Given that the author lived on the south coast during the final years of his life, I think it is modelled on Sidmouth. Dynmouth has the full range of

# The Glider Pilot’s Regiment



Salisbury Cathedral has a window dedicated to the British Army’s Glider Pilots’ Regiment which operated gliders in the Second World War. If you want to see one of the gliders they flew, you can go to The Army Air Corps Museum at Middle Wallop. They are big!

The function of these gliders was to insert a complete unit of soldiers to an exact location. When airborne troops are mentioned, people generally think in terms of paratroops as many of them were. The problem with attacking with paratroops, is that in the process of the drop they are widely dispersed. Before becoming an effective unit, they have to spend time finding each other and concentrating. If you send your force in in a glider then you can deploy a coherent company to just where you want them and all at the same time. Therefore, gliders, in the days before helicopters, were essential to hit small but vital targets like Pegasus Bridge across the Caen Canal, batteries and other strategic installations early in an operation. They were used by ourselves, the United States and Germany as well as Japan.

Military gliders were quite big. The glider I owned was a single seater, and our club operates three two-seaters for training. By comparison, a WW2 Horsa glider could accommodate thirty, and the larger Hamilcar could deliver a small

tank. They were launched into the air behind powered aircraft like the Short Stirling or American Dakotas and were towed to the target where they were released to be piloted down by their pilot, with greater or lesser success. The erstwhile pilot would then shoulder his .303 or sten gun and became an ordinary soldier and part of the force. In the painted window, in the left light centre, you can see Elijah throwing off his cloak to symbolise the pilot throwing off his role as aviator and reverting to an infantryman.

D-Day is usually considered a primarily naval operation, troops going in at dawn in landing craft supported by naval firepower, however, the gliders were in there first, in order to take and hold targets inland such as the bridges Wehrmacht forces would need to bring in reinforcements to suppress the operation. I visited Pegasus Bridge which crosses the Caen canal close to the landing beaches while going home, waiting for the ferry and my daughter coming along behind me.

Gliders were operated from many local fields including Stoney Cross and Tarrant Rushden, from where the Pegasus Bridge operation began at 2245 on June 5<sup>th</sup>. Novel and exciting ways of picking up the gliders were tried, such as a snatch method where a tow aircraft would hook a static glider off the ground by means of a hook as it flew over - no idea what the acceleration involved there would be. Our winch can accelerate a glider to 59kts in two seconds and that is enough for me! Most, I believe, rolled on the tarmac behind their tug. Interesting enough to be taking off in combination with a big four engine aircraft and two other gliders as well!



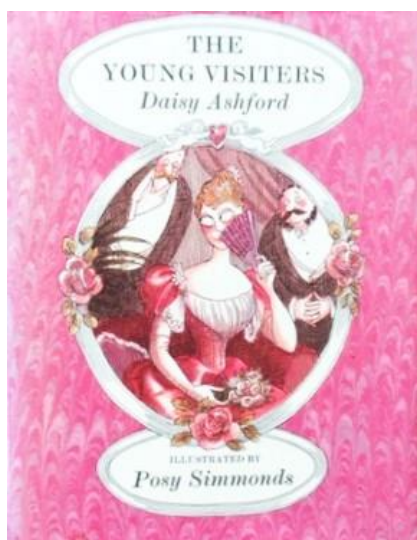
churches, a fish and chip shop called Phyl's Phries, East Street Bingo, a cinema (the Essoldo), a shop selling televisions, a dry cleaner (Courtesy Cleaners), a laundrette (this is set in the 1970s), ice cream parlours.

The Queen Victoria Hotel dominates the promenade, where residents enjoy a stroll in the mornings. It would appear to be a perfect town in which to raise children, or enjoy a peaceful retirement.

But of course all the residents (it seems) have secrets which could be used for blackmailing purpose. The discoverer of these secrets is an unpleasant, grinning teenager, fifteen year old Timothy Gedge. He is to be seen hanging round the promenade, peering through living room windows, lurking in bushes. He learns that Commander Abigail has certain proclivities, that Mr. Plant at the pub is not as upstanding as he appears, that beautiful Miss Lavant has discoloured teeth and is in love with Dr. Greenslade (unavailable). He plagues the poor vicar relentlessly so that his (the Vicar's) Christian patience is sorely tested.

It is only when he torments poor little Steven with a shocking story about his (Steven's) mother's death that someone stands up to him, eleven year old Kate.

Not quite finished the book so I cannot tell you how it ends. But if you haven't read any of William Trevor's books I urge you to do so. He is an Irish writer, quite prolific, and highly acclaimed for his short stories. He can worm his way into the souls of seemingly respectable people like us. He is my favourite writer.



I have owned this book all my adult life, and turn to it in times of extreme stress. It was published in 1919, and was written by a 9-year-old girl. It is a story written by a child for children, but one that appeals so much more to adults. It is hilariously funny.

Mr. Salteena 'was an elderly man of 42'. He was 'parshial to ladies if they are nice' and when the story opens he has an attractive young woman, Ethel Monticue, staying with him. Although Mr. Salteena is not quite a gentleman, he is invited to stay with his friend Bernard Clark (very much a gentleman) in his palatial



*Pegasus Bridge after capture. Horsa gliders in background right.*

Pegasus Bridge must be the most pro-British place I have visited in France. There is an impressive D-Day Museum, the bridge itself (now replaced, but the original is preserved in the museum grounds), the famous café – expensive but friendly – memorials, and all kinds of exhibits including the original gliders are on display. Inevitably, it being last Autumn, it rained while I was there, but it made a good lunch stop and I was able to see most of what they offered and was able to ponder on the many brave men who did their duty there.

(Chris Basham)

## Lenten Lunches at Fordingbridge and Ringwood

This year the joint CAFOD group of our two linked parishes put on Lenten Lunches again every Friday during Lent.

At Ringwood, we don't have much space, using the large lounge and kitchen of what was formerly the presbytery. Nonetheless, we managed to serve a total of fifty-one soup lunches raising a marvellous £252 in donations.



In Fordingbridge we are fortunate enough to have a hall, so we were able to advertise more widely. People came from nearby rest homes, as well as friends and neighbours and even a couple of folk who just came along because they saw the poster. We served a total of a hundred and twenty five soup meals and donations amounted to £495.

People are very willing to help with the soup making and setting up and clearing away. It always feels like a real community affair with lively conversation and a spirit of generous support for the work of CAFOD.

If you want to know more about the work of CAFOD, or would like to see especially what is happening in the Israeli/Palestinian crisis at the moment in the way of aid, go to the [cafod.org.uk](http://cafod.org.uk) website. There is also an opportunity to donate there.

(Helen Eales)

residence in the country, and Ethel is invited as well.

On arrival ‘a tall man of 29 rose from the sofa. He was rather bent in the middle with very nice long legs fairish hair and blue eyes. Hullo Alf old boy he cried so you have got here all safe and no limbs broken. None thank you Bernard replied Mr Salteena shaking hands and let me introduce Miss Monticue she is very pleased to come for this visit. Oh yes gasped Ethel blushing through her red rouge’. (Ethel is very taken with rouge and applies it many times during the course of the book).

And so it goes on. I wish I could reproduce the whole book. The childish innocence with which the story is told is so refreshing after the sometimes awful content of some children’s literature today, particularly teen fiction. It is a bit unusual in that the characters are adults and not children or animals, and the author records the preoccupations and absurdities of adults as children see them. A bit unnerving. Daisy Ashford published a few other children’s stories, but only this one remains in print. Later in life she married and had four children, and never wrote anything again. But she lives on in this charming book, which is deliciously illustrated by Posy Simmonds. (It is not very long, you will read it in one sitting).



(Penny Sharp)

### Poetry Please!

It really would be nice if someone contributed a favourite poem to fill this slot with a bit of commentary, but in the absence of a poetic contribution, I shall continue my ramblings about ballads by good old anonymous, often with obscure sources and interpretations just cos I like ‘em.

If you listen to Penny improvising on the organ in quiet moments, she sometimes plays a lovely tune which has been set, I think awkwardly, to some lyrics beginning ‘An Upper Room’, but it appears better in various other guises, ‘There was a ship...’ and ‘The water is wide’, but it seems to be of Scottish origin, and with the original title ‘O Waly Waly’. Set to music it is haunting. You will have heard it sung by The Seekers and others,, but the original words stand very well on their own and here they are:

### Fabulous Forest!

With a slight improvement in the weather The Forest is drying out and the first shoots of Spring are beginning to appear.



Although you can find gorse flowering all year round, it is particularly impressive this year, there are the first shoots of bracken poking through and the tiny bluebells, obviously of a hardy variety which I am only aware of in The Forest are beginning to appear. The ponies are still looking scruffy in their winter coats. They seem to thrive on the flowering gorse, there not being much else to browse at this time of year. Donkeys like it too, apparently.



Bracken is starting to show through, and it won’t be long before last year’s dead cover is replaced by new growth.

(Chris Basham)

### Garden Plants For Sale

Its that time of year again when my sister Sue and I are getting ready to bring plants to you for sale on Sundays in May to raise funds for CAFOD.

The “getting ready” is almost all Sue at the moment, who is busy in the greenhouses: she has an additional, larger, one since Christmas. So having sown seed in those cold rainy months, which hopefully are now behind us, she is busy potting on, staking and feeding. Yesterday she was splitting dahlia tubers from last years plants and potting those on. A real mini production greenhouse!

What are we growing for you? Tomatoes, vegetables, flowering perennials and annuals, shrubs from cutting... all grown on in a Dorset garden. This year we are 100% peat free, have re-used pots (carefully sterilised) or sourced pots made from recycled materials. So as green as green can be, we think.

### Mystery Watercolour



I live in Woodgreen and am the proud owner of the above painting of The Walton Canonry and Myles Place (both in Salisbury and Myles Place figured in the recent BBC production of ‘Great Expectations’). I don’t know anything about it or how I got it. The signature is indistinct but looks like D. Browd. I wonder if one of our readers could throw any light on the painter or the painting for me? If anyone would like to buy it you could make me an offer. Replies please to the editor.

[crisbasha@aol.com](mailto:crisbasha@aol.com)

(Jenny Hart)

### Ringwood Please



Right at the top of this rag are the words ‘Fordingbridge and Ringwood Parish Magazine. I wish now I’d put it the other way round. When I started, I had quite a lot of contributions from Ringwood, and I was careful to include early on in the run, histories of both churches, Ringwood’s coming from Terry Mee, but today I seem to have less coming from the Ringwood end.

Please, if you attend Mass at Ringwood, write us some copy. I wonder if there is, perhaps and individual who might take a bit of ownership of Ringwood and encourage others to contribute. If you would like to do that, please get in touch with me.

(Chris Basham)

### Reception At Easter

At the Easter Vigil Celebration Felicity Allegri and David Price were received into full communion with The Catholic Church. Their sponsors were,



A ship there is, and she sails the sea,  
She's loaded deep as deep can be,  
But not so deep as the love I'm in:  
I know not if I sink or swim.

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,  
And neither have I wings to fly.  
Give me a boat that will carry two,  
And both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,  
A-gath'ring flowers both fine and gay,  
A-gath'ring flowers both red and blue,  
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against an oak,  
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;  
But first he bended and then he broke,  
And so did my false love to me.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,  
And love's a jewel while it is new,  
But when it is old, it groweth cold,  
And fades away like morning dew.

What am I doing? Well, I shall be helping at the sales table and at the moment I am supplying advice and encouragement. But I am also busy helping our village CofE Church of the Ascension organise and prepare for a flower and art festival here at the church in June which I'll tell you a little more about next time.

The Sundays we will be with you after Mass at Fordingbridge and at Ringwood are: Sunday 19<sup>th</sup> May and Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> May.  
See you then!

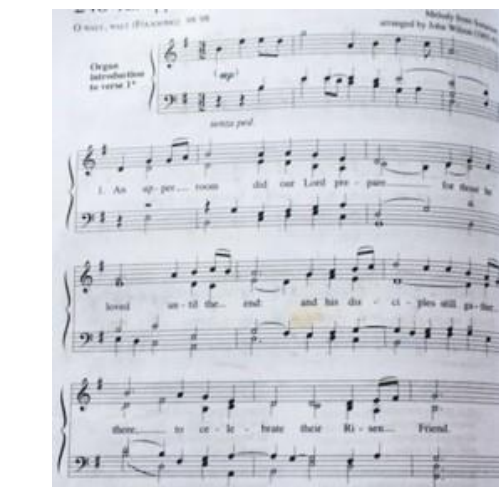
respectively, Larry Bartell and Megan Fletcher.



(Photo John Elliott)



(Sheila Wade)



(Traditional)

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## Just Thinking!

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### WISE WOMEN

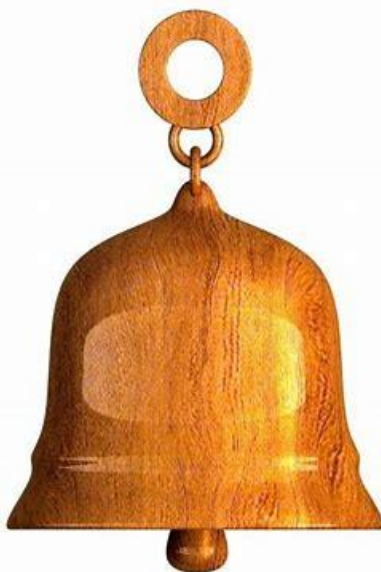
If there had been three wise WOMEN,

They would have asked the way  
Arrived on time  
Helped with the birth  
Cleaned the stable  
Cooked a casserole, and  
Brought gifts that were useful.

### MARRIAGE:

It's an agreement  
Wherein  
A man loses his bachelors degree  
And a woman gains her masters

(Long held in my 'Use Later' folder.  
I suspect David Saunders and Bob Berry!)



Our church in Fordingbridge was built with a bell. It would have been used daily when this was a monastic house. Bells have been part of our tradition since the 5<sup>th</sup> century. In fact, their use goes right back to the days of Temple worship in Jerusalem. Bells are used to call people to worship, to be rung at important moments during the liturgy and to announce important occurrences. In our tradition a bell is rung for the Angelus as a reminder for us to unite in prayer. This would be rung at 6.00am 12pm and 6.00pm. Our bell was taken down for repair and now is the time for it to be put back. I would be grateful for contributions to the cost of its re-hanging.

(Fr Paul)

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## Easter Garden Again

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Spot the change from last month!



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## End Bits

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As always, many thanks to contributors. There aren't enough of you, so please help me out. Five bits from me this time. I'm supposed to be an editor! I have stuff promised for next time, but you know what promises are!

Just so you know – I don't always use stuff immediately, and little snoppets or witticisms are always useful. I don't record where they come from, but nothing is wasted!

There are things going on that ||I can't always attend, so please feel free to step in as a reporter and get your name known if you can't see me. Remember, photographs are like gold, and you all have cameras on your phones!

Chris

