

FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS

FORDINGBRIDGE AND RINGWOOD PARISH MAGAZINE

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Fr Paul Says.....



The Liturgy of the Eucharist.

I promised a while ago to write something on the Mass as I have often been asked to present an overview with the aim of promoting a deeper appreciation of its significance in the Christian life. I have considered the Introduction to the Mass and the Liturgy of the Word, now I will move to the Liturgy of the Eucharist.

The Preparation of the Gifts

The Liturgy of the Eucharist begins immediately after the General Intercessions with the ‘Preparation of the Gifts’. The gifts, which are unleavened bread and wine, are brought in procession to the Altar by the people. Perhaps a word about the Altar would be appropriate at this point. The Altar is the large permanent structure, like a table, in the middle of the sanctuary. The Altar, like the Font and the Lectern, are special and sacred. That is why they may not be used for anything except the key purpose. Flowers and books may not be placed on either the Font, the Lectern or the Altar because their purpose is related to symbolising

A Foray Into Fenland

In the first week of July, I took a trip up to The Fens, where I taught for many years, to visit friends. Fenland is like no other place I know, flat and low-lying you are treated to beautiful views of unobscured sky. Much of The Fens is actually below sea level and has been drained over the years resulting in a network of straight dykes, beside which run the roads, which are consequently straight and deceptive too. Many a driver has been lulled into a sense of security driving along such straights, only to find themselves suddenly confronted by a right-angle bend. As a result, many finish up in the dyke and have to be fished out. Neither are these dykes of negligible proportions, many, rejoicing in such imaginative names as ‘The Forty Foot’, ‘The Twenty foot’ and so on, are very deep. Mechanical pumping goes on continually to keep the water out.



Although much of The Fens has been reclaimed from the sea comparatively recently, they have a long history. In times gone by, the low-lying land was marsh and swamp, penetrated by creeks running between lakes or meres of open water. Eeles were plentiful, so were ducks and wildfowl, providing both an income and sustenance to the sokemen who lived off the land. Occasional pieces of higher ground became islands and being inaccessible and inhospitable, these often became populated by monks and mystics like St Guthlac who established the abbey of Crowland after engaging in a prolonged battle with the resident demons and spirits. Fenland has a plenitude of obscure Anglo-Saxon saints, many – Wendreda, Ethelreda – being female. Wisbech and Ely, literally The Island of Eels, both claim to be the ‘capital of the area, with Ely having a beautiful Cathedral and hence, in my opinion the better claim. Ely has the famous Herewood-the-Wake in its history and somewhere around Wisbech lies King John’s Treasure, if only it could be found!

So productive is the Fenland soil that, once drained, it is probably the best agricultural land in England, being essentially of two types, peat and silt, and here lies the problem of The Fens. The Fens, like a drying out sponge, are visibly shrinking and the soil, when dry, is light is easily blown away. Nevertheless, farming is intensive and, one day, the once productive soil will be worked out and gone. In only one place does the natural fen still exist, and this is at Wickham Fen where an area has been preserved artificially by containing it within piles and isolating it from the surrounding agricultural land.

the presence of the risen Lord Jesus. How often have I been in trouble for saying that flowers may not be placed on the Altar of the Font?

The Altar

The Altar is a symbol of Christ and his act of sacrifice; his laying down his life for many. That is why the priest bows to the Altar and kisses it at the beginning and end of the Mass. It is for the same reason that he kisses the Gospel Book and the Gospel narrative has been proclaimed. Both are acts of veneration.

The Procession of Gifts

Back to the procession of the gifts. The bread and wine have a rich symbolism. They are not just about eating and drinking. They are symbols of the response we make to God in life and of our gratitude for everything which we receive from God as gifts. Bread and wine are made by human hands and skill. At the same time their production is only possible because the wheat, the grapes and everything else come as gifts from God. The bread and wine stand for our use of the gifts we receive and are therefore signs of our thanksgiving. To be grateful for a gift, we must appreciate it and make it part of our lives. Bread and wine stand for the fact that we receive everything from God, and it is our duty to use those gifts in love and to say thank you.

The bread and wine are signs of our thanksgiving and are, therefore, central to what the Mass is about because the Mass is called the Eucharist, which means ‘thanksgiving’. The bread and wine are brought to the priest who places them on the Altar and immediately they assume a new significance because, at that point, we offer those gifts, ‘fruit of the earth and work of human hands’ to God as sign of our thanksgiving, which we have a duty to carry out .

The Eucharistic Prayer

Once the gifts are placed on the Altar and the Altar and gifts are incensed (probably only on a Sunday when there are servers), the Eucharistic Prayer begins. We could call it the prayer of thanksgiving. It begins with the ‘Preface’ which will refer either to the feast or the story of our salvation. The Preface begins by setting the theme and reason for the prayer: “It is truly right and just, our duty and salvation, always and everywhere to give you thanks”. We can go as far as saying that we are created to give thanks and praise to God, we are created to celebrate the Eucharist, which is the most perfect form of prayer and thanksgiving. The reason for that claim becomes clear as the prayer unfolds. The prayer praises God for his goodness and that he is the source of all holiness. Then reference is made to the bread and wine that we have brought to the Altar: “Make holy, therefore, these gifts we pray, by sending down your Spirit upon them like the dewfall, so that they may become for us the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ”. This part of the prayer is called the ‘epiclesis’ and, as the priest ‘lays hands’ on the gifts, we believe that the Holy Spirit changes them into the Body and Blood of Christ, as Jesus did with bread and wine at the Last Supper. The priest takes the bread and the



I was interested to see that one of the early windmills which once drove the fenland pumps was preserved and, apparently, could be made to work, and also the nature of the landscape itself.

It was easy to see how The Fens had once been a wild and desolate place of refuge for monks, mystics and fugitives, forbidding to those who didn’t know and understand it, but also immensely rich in terms of resources to sustain a rugged population.

In “Poetry Please” this time I have reproduced John Clare’s poem entitled simply “The Fens”, which I think will give you a better flavour of the place than my prose. Clare, a working-class poet, whose life ended tragically, was from Peterborough way so knew it well. Go there now!

(Chris Basham)

It was to Wickham Fen that my friend and I resorted on a muggy and steamy morning with rain in the offing, waving my friend Lynda’s National Trust card. There is, inevitably, a visitors’ Centre and Café, where we took shelter during a passing shower, and then we set off determinedly into the lush, green landscape of sedges and reeds, partly on a boardwalk so we didn’t get our feet wet. It was fascinating to see the virgin fen. Lynda was delighted to observe plants, birds, dragonflies and other insects, all of which she could identify and speak about in detail. I saw lots of birds and ducks and bugs and things. It is extensive. We walked miles!



Pilgrims in Gibraltar



Back in the Spring Colin and I spent five weeks in Gibraltar while we waited to move int our new house in the New Forest. Although called an Overseas Territory Gibraltar is very much a Catholic country. There are RC churches scattered all over the Rock. These are:

The Cathedral of St Mary the Crowned. It was here that my father, who was in the Royal Navy and stationed in Gibraltar was received into the Catholic Church in August 1954. Other churches are : Our Lady of Sorrows in Catalan Bay; St Theresa’s church

chalice and uses the words that Jesus used: “Take this all of you and eat it, this is my body” and “Take this all of you and drink from it, this is the chalice of my blood”. Jesus told his disciples to “do this in memory of me” and that is what we do at Mass. The word ‘memory’ has a special meaning. It is about bringing the event of Jesus’s suffering, death and resurrection into the present moment, which is what the Altar signifies.

Our tradition teaches that the Mass is the prayer of the Church and not just that of the priest and people. It is a prayer that is answered, as all prayers are answered, and our gifts of bread and wine become the Body and Blood of the risen Jesus.

With our gifts changed into the presence of the risen Lord, we move to a crucial moment. It is worth quoting the words of Eucharistic Prayer II: “Therefore, as we celebrate the memorial of his Death and Resurrection, we offer you, Lord, the Bread of life and the Chalice of salvation, giving thanks that you have held us worthy to be in your presence and minister to you”. The ‘memorial’ is not just about remembering a past event. In the liturgy it is about reliving the event and bringing it into the present.

It means that our bread and wine become the self-offering of Jesus to his Father. Our thanksgiving and praise are joined inseparably to Jesus’s self-offering which we see on the Cross, which we see in the gift of his Body and Blood, and which is the essence of Jesus’s eternal act of love in the Trinity.

Through the gift of our bread and wine and through the action of the Holy Spirit, we are, at each Mass, caught up in the love of the God we cannot see. That is, the everlasting outpouring of love by Jesus to his Father, which is returned, and which is the power and love of the Holy Spirit. In the Mass we are in the presence of the love which God is and our thanksgiving for life, for love, for Jesus, for one another and for creation becomes the life and thanksgiving of Jesus, offering himself in perfect love to his Father.

The Eucharist takes us into the life of God and into the paschal mystery of Christ – his life, death and resurrection, because all of that becomes truly present to us. There is a quotation which has always stayed in my mind, and which surfaces when I consider the Eucharist. It is from the Anglican and Roman Catholic agreed statement on the Eucharist which I remember as follows: “In the celebration of the Eucharist we enter into the movement of the eternal offering of Jesus to his Father.”

The Eucharistic prayer takes us into the life of God and the presence of the Trinity, which is why we pray for the dead and for the living for whom we wish to pray. It is why the prayer of the Mass is so powerful and effective.

The Eucharistic Prayer comes to its high point and completion when the priest holds up the Body and Blood of the Lord and sings “Through him and with him and in him, O God almighty Father, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, all glory and honour is yours for ever and ever”. We all respond by giving our assent in the ‘Great

situated in the wonderfully named Devil’s Tower Road; St Pauls’ near the Marina which became my local church; St Joseph’s church which is, for me, the most beautiful of all the Gibraltar churches, built in the nineteenth century. It was here that my father married my Spanish mother in May 1954. There are two other parish churches St Bernard’s and Sacred Heart but I was not able to visit these.

In addition there is a gem in Gibraltar, right at the southerly tip called Europa Point. This is the Shrine of Our Lady of Europe. (Pictured above)

1066 is the date that everyone in England knows. For the Spaniards it is 711: the arrival of the Arabs in Spain. They came across to Gibraltar led by the Berber Tariq Ibn Ziyad. A mosque was built at the southern end of the Rock in thanksgiving to Allah. The Moors were then expelled from Spain in 1309 and in thanksgiving the local Christians built a shrine with a statue of Our Lady named Our Lady of Europe.

Over the next four hundred years the shrine was periodically ransacked by the Moors, replaced by a mosque and then retaken by the Christians and the shrine would be put back. In 1704, during the War of Spanish Succession (When the Spanish throne was being contested by two European powers, the Hapsburgs of Austria and the Bourbons of France. The English did not want the French to have influence in Spain and were on the side of the Hapsburgs, aided by the Dutch.)

Gibraltar was captured by an Anglo-Dutch force. The shrine was once again desecrated and plundered. The image of Our Lady, made of wood, was damaged and thrown into the sea. It was found floating on the water by a fisherman and taken to the Cathedral of St Mary the Crowned. The people of Gibraltar, mainly Spanish, were given a choice: to swear allegiance to the Hapsburg pretender or leave. They chose to leave taking with them the desecrated statue.



It was taken to Algeciras where it remained for 160 years. I visited the church in the main square in Algeciras which is still held in special veneration as having housed the statue of Our Lady of Europe. It is a tiny narrow chapel (Pictured above) standing incongruously and looking lost in time between modern shops

In 1961 the statue was returned to the diocese of Gibraltar by the military and on 17th October 1962 the refurbished shrine was blessed by the Bishop of Gibraltar and Mass was celebrated there for the first time since 1704. A Papal envoy on behalf of Pope Benedict XVI presented the Golden Rose to the Bishop for the shrine. The shrine is a tiny white chapel with the altar in an apse. Colin and I both loved it. Down on Europa Point the shrine stands away from the noise of central Gibraltar with its shopping centre and tourists.

From Europa Point the African coast can be seen across the Strait of Gibraltar with the Mediterranean on one side and the Atlantic on the other. It is a very busy part of the shipping world with container ships and oil tankers going through the strait continuously. It has always been a place of high activity; in the past there were pirates and invasions and today there is drug smuggling and migrants trying to reach Europe. Spanish and Gibraltarian police boats and helicopters constantly patrol the area.

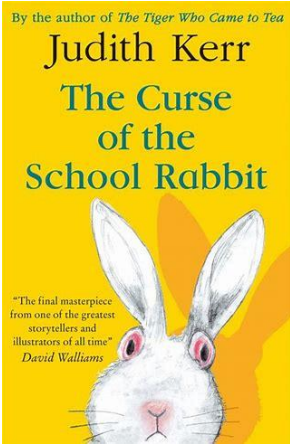


Today the Gibraltarian population is made up of some Spanish blood but there is a lot of Genoese and Maltese blood dating back to the 18th c. when most of the Spanish population decided to leave. For this reason Gibraltar people tend to be Catholic rather than Protestant. They are pious and Mass attendance is high. There are Masses, recitations of the Rosary and of the Chaplet to the Divine Mercy going on somewhere on the Rock each day. There are lots of priests and there is always a

by
to to

Amen’. That part of the prayer sums up the meaning of the Mass and, therefore, the meaning of the Christian life. It is our duty to give thanks and praise to the Father in and through Jesus, both in this life and in the next. Next time I will talk about the ‘Rite of Holy Communion’ and the ‘Concluding Rite’.

Reading Recommendations



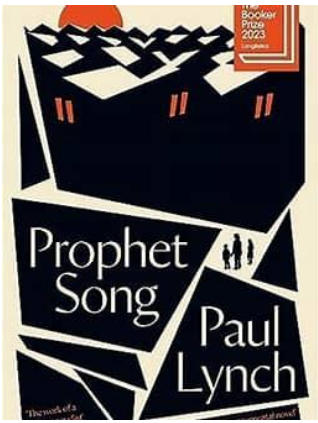
This must be the last book Judith Kerr (author and illustrator of the Mog the Cat books) wrote before her death.

Tommy does not like the class rabbit. It has continence issues, and spoilt Tommy’s trousers in a very embarrassing way. But his small sister, Angie, adores it. So Tommy is horrified when Angie offers to look after the rabbit, Snowflake, while the teacher visits her elderly mother.

The rabbit arrives at the family home just as his father, an out-of-work actor, is entertaining a theatre director who will hopefully offer him a job. (This is important, as Christmas is looming, and Tommy desperately needs a new bike). However, Snowflake takes a fancy to the Director’s trousers with horrible results and Dad does not get the part.

But, things turn out OK in the end as they always do in children’s literature, if not in life, and Tommy gets his new bike....

Judith Kerr’s illustrations are very appealing; her characters expressions are executed with just a few strokes of her pencil. If you liked Shirley Hughes’ illustrations, you will like Judith Kerr’s.



This book was the 2023 Booker prize winner, and was recommended to me by Bill Eales, so I’m writing this review for you, Bill!

It is an extraordinary novel, really. Set in the present, in Ireland, but an Ireland that is ruled by an oppressive government, where dissent and insurrection are harshly suppressed by the GNSB (the Garda National Services Bureau); defectors from the army or the police are shot on sight,

deacon or altar server assisting at weekday Masses in addition to Sunday Mass . There is also a large Jewish population and some Moroccans.

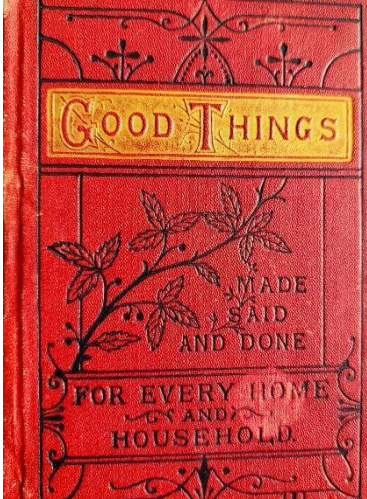
(Maria Murray-Browne)

More Good Things

Time, I thought, to have another browse through this little book.

For such a bijou sized publication, it is jam packed with information of ‘Good things made, said and done’, albeit peppered as it is with promotion of products made by Messrs, Goodhall, Backhouse & Co. of Leeds. (More of their interesting history at a later date)

Today I thought I would share one of the ‘good things made’ that caught my eye: as with all these recipes, it gives no indication of how many mouths it is meant to feed as we have come to expect in more modern catering manuals, let alone any allergens, calories or whether it will freeze successfully. Nevertheless, it looks straightforward and I intend to try it out one day – perhaps on a day when I can offer a choc ice as an alternative... Just in case.



SULTANA TIPSY CAKE

Materials: One dozen square sponge cakes, or a sponge cake cut into slices – if stale, so much the better; half a pound of preserve or marmalade; some sherry or raisin wine; two ounces of sultana raisins; one ounce of citron; one pint of custard

Process;

If a large sponge cake be used, first cut it into slices; soak the slices, or small sponge cakes - after spreading some jam on them and arranging them in a glass dish - in the wine.; pour a pint of custard, while hot, over the whole, strew the raisins over the surface, and cut the citron into strips, and lay it here and there among the raisins.

“If wanted for dinner, this dish should be made early in the morning. It is better at all times for being made some hours before it is wanted to allow the custard to get cold. (and here is comes.....) See that the CUSTARD POWDER used in making the custard is that manufactured by Messrs, Goodhall, Backhouse, and Co. of Leeds.”

Post script for those, like me, who have never come across citron before, I searched the internet for a definition:



“Citron is a wrinkly, yellow fruit that resembles a lemon but has very little juice and a sour taste. It is mainly used for its fragrant rind, which can be candied, zested, or infused in various dishes and drinks.” I’m guessing in this case it is candied and, today, candied peel would suffice.

And, finally, this month’s provoking thought from page 69: “He who would thrive, must rise at five. He who hath thriven may lie till seven.” Which one are you?

(Helen Eales)

Fabulous Forest!

Over the last month I have walked Jester in the Forest on a few occasions. I was interested to

Cookery Corner

Lots of crab apples this year in the picture below. I remember home made crab apple jelly.

violence erupts on a daily basis, and people are killed indiscriminately. There are food shortages, water systems are cut off. Civil war erupts during the course of the novel.

Eilish is a scientist and mother to four children. She lives with her husband, an official in the Teachers’ Union, who disappears following a Union demonstration. He is not the only one to disappear. Boys disappear, and she fears for the safety of her 17-year-old son. She is not going to let him ‘disappear’! He does disappear and Eilish watches as her other children are consumed by fear and anxiety about their father, and her elderly father descends into dementia.

This feels quite plausible in the Western world at the moment. It is sombre and mildly terrifying. It takes a few pages to become accustomed to the prose - it is quite poetic, and the descriptions of the winter weather match the atmosphere of the book - ‘The winter rain falls lush and cold, the passing days held numb within the rain...’ The dialogue is embedded in the prose. It takes a bit of getting used to, but it works well.

I’d like to say this is a terrific book to read on holiday or on the beach, but I think it might cast a shadow over your sunny paradise (and anyway, does anyone read on the beach? Does anyone go to the beach? Except maybe with children, and it is hard to read when you are being buried in sand).

But I hope you will read this thought-provoking book. The situation it describes does not seem far-fetched. And you know a book is worth reading if it is recommended by Bill!

(Penny Sharp)

Poetry Please!

The Fens

Wandering by the river's edge,
I love to rustle through the sedge
And through the woods of reed to tear
Almost as high as bushes are.
Yet, turning quick with shudder chill,
As danger ever does from ill,
Fear's moment ague quakes the blood,
While plop the snake coils in the flood
And, hissing with a forked tongue,
Across the river winds along.
In coat of orange, green, and blue
Now on a willow branch I view,
Grey waving to the sunny gleam,
Kingfishers watch the ripple stream
For little fish that nimble bye
And in the gravel shallows lie.

Eddies run before the boats,
Gurgling where the fisher floats,
Who takes advantage of the gale
And hoists his handkerchief for sail
On osier twigs that form a mast--
While idly lies, nor wanted more,
The spirit that pushed him on before.

There's not a hill in all the view,
Save that a forked cloud or two
Upon the verge of distance lies
And into mountains cheats the eyes.
And as to trees the willows wear

see what had grown where the Gorse had been routed out. One large area has been replaced mainly by bracken and heather. Sadly the patch of Heath Spotted Orchids I saw last year have not reappeared but I am hoping that they will next year.



(Barbara Geatrell)

In my Forest rambling I have started to notice the heather starting to bloom.



Call me pessimist, but this always says to me that the end of summer is coming into sight, and it hasn’t started yet!



In warm weather the ponies make for the shade, and here is a picture of rowan masquerading as holly. Merry Christmas!



(Chris Basham)

Gardeners’ Corner

My mistake in the New Year of impulsively buying twelve cauliflower plug plants has produced some interesting results.



On the positive side I have had some very healthy large cauliflowers but most of them were ready within a few days of each other. Their flavour

These aren’t ripe yet, but this looks like a good year. Can anybody tell us how to make this delicious treat?



Indoor Curling



Following the very successful and enjoyable ‘Kurling’ Event held last September at the Trinity Hall in Ringwood, and by popular demand, the Ringwood and Fordingbridge Joint CAFOD Group are planning to do it all again.

This time, it will be held in the hall at Fordingbridge and the format will be much the same: Anyone can play it, standing or sitting and at any age from five to ninety-five. Bring and share food, with a licenced bar with soft drinks.

If you missed it last time – here is your chance to join in the fun. And all for a great cause too! Tickets will be on sale throughout August for 7th September and may to be limited so don’t hesitate!

(Helen Eales)

Canadian Affair



Your two Spring plant growers and sellers went off to the Canadian Rockies by ourselves for a couple of weeks in July... we were allowed!

Lopped heads as high as bushes are;
Some taller things the distance shrouds
That may be trees or stacks or clouds
Or may be nothing; still they wear
A semblance where there's nought to spare.

Among the tawny tasselled reed
The ducks and ducklings float and feed.
With head oft dabbing in the flood
They fish all day the weedy mud,
And tumbler-like are bobbing there,
Heels topsy turvy in the air.

The geese in troops come droving up,
Nibble the weeds, and take a sup;
And, closely puzzled to agree,
Chatter like gossips over tea.
The gander with his scarlet nose
When strife's at height will interpose;
And, stretching neck to that and this,
With now a mutter, now a hiss,
A nibble at the feathers too,
A sort of "pray be quiet do,"
And turning as the matter mends,
He stills them into mutual friends;
Then in a sort of triumph sings
And throws the water oer his wings.

Ah, could I see a spinney nigh,
A puddock riding in the sky
Above the oaks with easy sail
On stilly wings and forked tail,
Or meet a heath of furze in flower,
I might enjoy a quiet hour,
Sit down at rest, and walk at ease,
And find a many things to please.
But here my fancy's moods admire
The naked levels till they tire,
Nor een a molehill cushion meet
To rest on when I want a seat.

Here's little save the river scene
And grounds of oats in rustling green
And crowded growth of wheat and beans,
That with the hope of plenty leans
And cheers the farmer's gazing brow,
Who lives and triumphs in the plough--
One sometimes meets a pleasant sward
Of swarthy grass; and quickly marred
The plough soon turns it into brown,
And, when again one rambles down
The path, small hillocks burning lie
And smoke beneath a burning sky.
Green paddocks have but little charms
With gain the merchandise of farms;
And, muse and marvel where we may,
Gain mars the landscape every day--
The meadow grass turned up and copt,
The trees to stumpy dotterels lopt,
The hearth with fuel to supply
For rest to smoke and chatter bye;
Giving the joy of home delights,
The warmest mirth on coldest nights.
And so for gain, that joy's repay,
Change cheats the landscape every day,
Nor trees nor bush about it grows
That from the hatchet can repose,
And the horizon stooping smiles
Oer treeless fens of many miles.
Spring comes and goes and comes again
And all is nakedness and fen.

(John Clare 1793 - 1864)

was good; I have eaten some, blanched and frozen others and my neighbour was very happy to help eat them! The negative side was the lack of room for growing other vegetables and the cauliflowers being ready within a few days of each other - going back to growing them from seed.

Peas have and are doing well - even the ones relegated to a large pot thanks to the cauliflowers.



I have only grown one cucumber plant this year as I don't like cucumbers but enjoy growing them; not a waste as one of my grandsons loves cucumber with grated cheese. I must admit I feel a little guilty about my daughter's cheese bill when he sends me a photo of a large plate of cucumber slices well covered with grated cheese! My neighbour is another willing recipient of any spare cucumbers.



(Barbara Geatrell)

I was pleased when all my dwarf sunflowers flowered at the same time - a cheerful sight in the rain!

After causing a bit of chaos at passport control at Heathrow and in Salt Lake City with various passport issues... the Americans didn't like that Sue's US passport was out of date and that she hadn't got an ESTA with her GB passport... funny that... but she was returned to me at the entry point and allowed to proceed to Calgary after an 'interview' with US Border Control ...and additional amusement was caused when the airlines realised that we have the same birth date... often happens with twins! ... we are now safely back after a very enjoyable trip and for me lots of looking at the wildflowers.

Highlights were the absolutely magnificent mountains, the vastness of the place ... and the friendliness of the people we met. It was very, very hot with most days in the mid-30s which meant that most of the wildlife were hiding away in the cool of the forests but we did get to see one brown bear, lots of elk and mountain goats and the ubiquitous chipmunks and ground squirrels.

A final note: Mass attendance at the Vigil Mass on Sunday in Banff was 250, mainly holiday makers... makes you think.



(Sheila Wade)

End Bits

And, to continue Sheila's thought, the last time I went to Mass in Palm Springs USA there was a traffic jam to get into the parking lot, and inside it was packed. There was also enthusiasm! North American phenominom?

Very many thanks to all contributors – let's have more of you! Please, though, a reminder: I like text in Times New Roman 12 point, and justified in a WORD document. Photos separately, please, and in jpg format. Pdf does not work! Please resist the temptation to do your own layout with photo inserts. It just won't look the same in Forty Days because I have to unpick it! If you can't manage that, send anyway and I will sort it out. Text on an email form is fine.

Going back to John Clare, in "Poetry Please" he was born at Helpston in Northamptonshire, was educated in the village and worked as a farm labourer, a lime-burner and a number of other rural occupations. His poetry was recognised and he became lauded by London society. The dichotomy in his life as worker and poet seems to have torn him in two, so his physical and mental health broke down and he died in an asylum. Dr. Jonathon Bates, a very well known academic, has recently written a biography I would like to read. I hope you like Clare's concrete and simple style.

(Chris Basham)

