

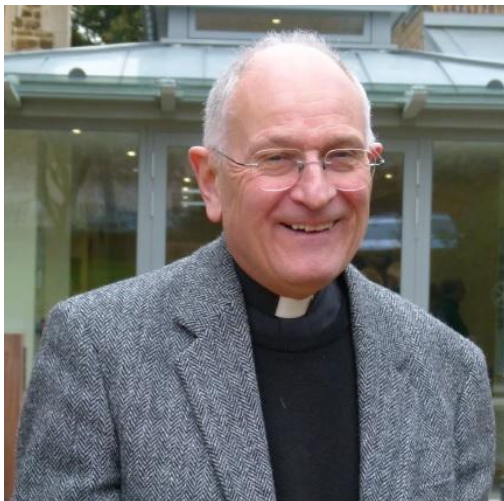
FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS

FORDINGBRIDGE AND RINGWOOD PARISH MAGAZINE

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Fr Paul Says.....



It is Wednesday the 16th of October and our parliament in Westminster has introduced the private member's bill to legalise assisted dying. Much has been written about the issue and I guess much more will follow, but Chris has asked me to write something myself, expressing my own views.

Those in favour of 'physician assisted suicide', as I think it should be called because that is what it is, say that "people facing a death involving extreme pain should be allowed to have control over the end of their own life". While I do not think that anyone should have control over the ending of a life, whether it be their own, or someone else's, I would want to do all I could do ensure that appropriate pain relief was available. That is why I would support more resources for palliative care and its development.

The Wide Blue Yonder

When I'm not climbing about the tower of Salisbury Cathedral and entertaining the tourists I do have another interest – flying gliders – and, before I give up entirely, I thought I might enlighten readers with something about it.

First of all, people generally think this is a very dangerous activity; it isn't. If it was, I wouldn't be doing it. My daughters both ride horses which is far more dangerous. I know. I fell off!



Aerotow launch

What makes people anxious about gliders is they don't have engines. Actually, to let you into a secret, quite a lot of (expensive!) ones do; they hide them away behind the pilot and only get them out when necessary. The purpose of an engine is to provide energy for flight, but you don't really need one in the aeroplane once you have achieved height. Height is energy and in flying a glider well, you can conserve the energy and stay in the air for a long time. I've flown over four hours. From our base near Warminster, we often penetrate the Bristol Channel to fly over the Welsh mountains and even get up to the Scottish border.



aircraft and give it a pull. In the case of the winch, it is quite a strong pull. We accelerate from 0-60kts in about three seconds, which is quite exciting until you get used to it. You then climb steeply to fifteen hundred feet or so when you drop the cable and fly just like any other aircraft. Launching behind the tug is much more leisurely.

Now you are in the air you are in a controlled descent and are using up that energy you have been given in the form of height. Then there is the cunning bit, the atmosphere contains rising air currents – in front of hills and under clouds for instance - and pilots use these to stay aloft. If you find an air current going up faster than you are going down and can stay in it, you are climbing! That's why you often see gliders circling under clouds. Clouds are



My experience over many years is that palliative care staff do all they can to ensure that the process of dying is an experience which is respectful of a person’s dignity and that eventual death is a blessing, as so many deaths are. I know that pain control medication in a palliative setting can hasten a person’s death, but I see that as perfectly acceptable because the cause of death is present. The aim of the medication is not to kill the person but to alleviate pain and suffering. That must be right. But to deliberately end a person’s life in this context is immoral; it cannot be right.

Why do I say that it cannot be right? I see everything we have and are as a gift from God and the supreme gift is the life of a person. That is why a human life, which indisputably begins at conception, it is utterly sacred, and it is God who creates that life at its beginning. Because every moment of life is a gift, it is only God who may bring that life to its completion. And I use that word ‘completion’ deliberately because death is not for us an end. It is a change and a movement into human fulfilment in the life of God. Only God can decide when each of us is ready for that. No human agency is qualified to make such a decision. Every second of every human life is sacred, given and to be regarded as infinitely precious. As those who advocate physician assisted suicide speak of the ‘ending’ of life, they are wrong in Christian terms because life does not end in death. As the funeral Mass puts it “Life is changed not ended”.

To end a life, whether by murder or suicide, is an act which fails to recognise that God is the giver and sustainer of that life. It fails to acknowledge that God is a God of love who promises to transform death into resurrection and the joy of the world to come. The act of murder or suicide fails to recognise the God given dignity of the person and, as such, is an act of extreme ingratitude. It also fails to know and believe that God always gives us the strength to persevere through the burden of suffering.

Hovering around the question of assisted suicide is the question of suffering, to which there are no easy answers. Only experience of being human teaches us that suffering is an inevitable part of our experience and, somehow and strangely, has a part in God’s plan for us. We know that suffering often makes us better people in terms of love for others and our gratitude for God’s gifts. And we know as disciples of Jesus that he suffered

the product of thermals rising from warm ground, so we call it thermalling or soaring.

Just like any aircraft, you learn to fly under instruction. We have four two seat high-performance gliders for the purpose, and a team of instructors who are so keen they don’t even charge you – although training to be an instructor is expensive. Safety is a first consideration and pilots learn to take off, land and utilise lift as well as spinning, stalling and recovering from tricky situations, all under supervision. Most people manage solo in around a hundred launches. In the cockpit you have full instrumentation and the usual flying controls. Some of our younger members are now flying for airlines or in The Services.

I remember my first solo well. Tony, my instructor and later my friend, got out of the rear cockpit and told me he’d just like me to do what I’d just done then, but without him in the back. I must admit it came as a shock – but there I was, strapped in and out he got. Getting into the air I was too busy flying to get very frightened, but then I released the cable and had time to look around. There I was at fifteen hundred feet and nobody but me to get the damn thing back on the ground! My legs turned to jelly and I had to give myself a good talking to; then I pulled a few tight turns to lose height and began to set up for a landing, which, in the event, was fine. I do remember the huge sense of relief when I rounded out and realised I’d done it. That was nearly twenty years ago, and there are other hurdles, exams and qualifications connected with navigation, law in the air, meteorology and a few other topics to get done before you are judged fully competent.



Looking across The Isle of Wight to The Solent on a sunny day.

I’m winding down now, but I still run the club magazine, write for “Sailplane and Gliding”, drive the winch and do the occasional flight, back under instruction now as I am no longer current.

If you read this and are interested, have a word with me or drop me an email and I see what we can do!

(Chris Basham)

The Lincoln Imp

Dear Editor,

Thank you for your interesting piece about Lincoln Cathedral last month.

In 1969, just after we were married, Bill was stationed near Lincoln at RAF Hospital Nocton Hall and we stayed there for three happy years. The cathedral was a favourite place to visit and explore.

Our first son, David, was born at Nocton bringing great joy to all the family. Especially because he was only 5lbs 8oz and very precious.

My Aunt Doreen, a vicar’s wife with a mischievous sense of humour, knew the cathedral well and the ‘Lincoln Imp’; a famous carving of a little devil sitting cross legged between two arches in the north side of the choir. She was moved to rush off the following bit of silly doggerel fun just after hearing the baby might be called David.

and transformed the experience. Our own suffering is joined to the suffering of Jesus and, in a way that we cannot understand, is life giving. Remembering of course that the suffering which dying might involve is part of a change to a new life.

Many say that God does not want us to suffer. That must be true because God is love. At the same time, in Christ, God joins us in our suffering and makes it the way to life. I am grateful for Sheila Wade’s reflection on Holman Hunt’s painting. Speaking about opening the door, Sheila says “the message of the painting is not just the opening of the door, but also the coming out into what appears to be a desolate and infested place. So not just letting Jesus in but coming out to join Jesus in a place of renewal and sanctuary, even if it doesn’t look like the cosy comfortable life behind the closed door”. Thank you, Sheila, for that amazing insight.

So, in the eyes of the Catholic Church, ending life by physician assisted suicide is unacceptable and is a serious, indeed grave, offence against the gift and dignity of human life. It is an area where a serious sin and offence against love and the love of God is a possibility.

For me the issue of physician assisted suicide is part of a much bigger picture which plagues our culture and society. That bigger picture is the growing acceptance that human life is disposable like so many aspects of our experience. That human life is not the sacred gift from God which is to be treated with absolute respect can be seen in so many aspects of our time. I think of the termination of the unborn, the ethnic cleansing and genocide which is happening now, the killing of so many men, women and children in places of conflict using highly sophisticated weapons of war and the human slavery which is a present reality.

This has been a difficult article to write because the matter would be better discussed so that everyone could ask questions and appreciate the issues involved. As Christians we have a responsibility to be clear and strong in upholding the sacredness of life.

Pope John Paul II wrote this:

“Humanity today offers us a truly alarming spectacle, if we consider not only how extensively attacks on life are spreading but also their unheard-of numerical proportion, and the fact that they receive widespread and powerful support from a broad consensus on the part of society, from widespread legal approval and the involvement of certain sectors of health-care personnel”. (Evangelium Vitae,



King David sat in his castle,
High up on Lincoln hill,
And said, with a yawn, “This boredom
Is enough to make any man ill.”
He twiddled his thumbs and fingers,
And whistled an aimless tune.
“I shall die from lack of excitement
Unless something happens right soon!”
Then in came his Majesty’s usher
(Rheumatics had made him limp)
And told with delighted excitement
The coming of Lincoln’s new imp
King David’s lethargy vanished
His eyelids were wrinkled with fun.
“Do you say that one of my subjects
Has actually produced a son?”
And then, with utmost importance,
He sent out a royal decree,
That, “This my tiniest subject
Shall be called David – after me!”
(You must excuse the King if he popped in one or two syllables too many – he always
lost his sense of rhythm when he was excited)
“And David shall ride on a charger
And carry a mighty sword…….”
But the usher attempted to stop him
And nervously coughed, “My lord…
I do crave your majesty’s pardon
But ‘es really everso wee.
The midwife reports that ‘es honely
About knee high to a bee.”
“Ah well, he will grow.” Said David
“He’ll grow into a champion lad,
I dare say,” he added quite kindly,
“He’s bound to take after his Dad.
“Meanwhile, my regards to his mother,
I know just how proudly she feels,
That, in spite of all trials and troubles
She’s produced such a nice David Fothergill-Skeffington-Jones.

Legend has it that the Lincoln imp was a little devil who was turned to stone by an angel for misbehaving in the cathedral and is condemned to sit watching holy goings on from on high for eternity. He has become the symbol of Lincoln; images of him are on every souvenir. Even the football team is known as The Imps. He is quite hard to see and visitors are often seen wandering around with eyes looking upwards to try and spot him.



Steep Street Lincoln

(Helen Eales (and Doreen Barlow))

paragraph 17)

Like the holocaust of the Second World War, this whole area is a ‘slippery slope’ leading to all kinds of abuses.

Reading Recommendations



E. Nesbit is one of the great names in children’s literature (we all know and love The Railway Children). The reason her stories endure is that they feature children who have little adult supervision and plenty of freedom to do whatever they want, and her children are often unruly and not always polite, and they break things and set things on fire. My children loved her books.

One day, ‘Mother’ brings home a rather scruffy, second-hand carpet for the ‘nursery’ of Cyril, Anthea, Robert and Jane. Rolled up in this carpet is an egg, out of which emerges a dazzling golden Phoenix which amazingly speaks English. The Phoenix explains that the carpet will take them wherever they want to go, provided they say ‘I wish’ while standing on the carpet. Many adventures follow - they visit a tropical island, and a hollow tower in France where they find a bag of gold coins (of course they do), but is is the misadventures that are so entertaining - by mistake, the carpet takes off with their baby brother heaven knows where, and their grumpy cook finds herself abandoned on the tropical island. And so on.

E. Nesbit understands children, and her prose is light-hearted and very funny, and not at all moralistic. There is no moral. I really enjoyed re-reading this book.

A Handful of Dust by Evelyn Waugh

This novel was written in 1934 and set in that decade. It has two distinct sections. The first is set mainly in London among people of a particular social class who have too much money and not enough to do. They have lunch and dinner out every day, and marriage is no bar to romantic entanglements and liaisons, and gossip is the fuel on which these grown up people run.

Light of The World

Following on from our Editor’s suggestion, I thought I’d have a look at a famous painting and the iconography associated with it.

So, here goes with ‘Light of the World’ by William Holman Hunt, painted in 1853 and exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1854. It can be seen now at Keble College in Oxford.

It was very popular when it was painted and is very popular still today. The third version of the painting, painted by Holman Hunt in 1904, and with help from Edward Robert Hughes, is in St Paul’s Cathedral. Before it was hung in St Paul’s, this version of ‘Light of the World’ went on a world tour visiting nearly all the cities in Canada, South Africa, New Zealand and Australia. Millions of people have viewed it. So, the iconography.... the painting is clearly a religious painting inspired by a gospel verse:

‘I am the light of the world. Whoever follows me will never walk in darkness but will have the light of life.’ (John 8:12).

Holman Hunt wrote extensively about this painting, both the inspiration for it and its symbolism: the closed door only able to be opened from the inside, representing the necessity for man to accept faith through a conscious act of will.



Holman Hunt used this painting to demonstrate his view that symbolism should be based on natural and easily observable imagery, rather than the previous formal and elaborate imagery “rules”. Which sometimes the viewer would need a commentary to help them interpret the meaning of the painting.

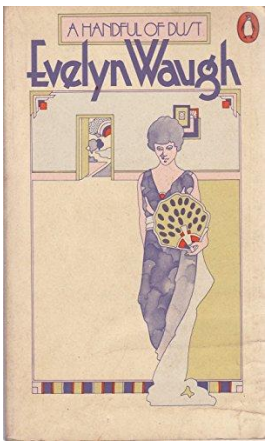
And there are plenty of scattered “natural” clues in the ‘Light of the World’ which the viewer may take note of if they wish: for example, the fallen apples near the feet of Jesus.

But what about the weeds close to the closed door? The usual interpretation is that they represent life without faith and the figure of Jesus with the light will transform the weed infested life to one of riches if the person behind the door lets Jesus in.

Let’s look closer. The ivy around the closed door is dead, but further to the right the ivy is alive. Ivy is a natural plant in the landscape and is usually associated with the hope of renewal during winter. So maybe here, a symbol of the hope of renewal after time?

The dried up cow parsley next to the door also has its own meaning. Cow Parsley is also known as 'Bishops Flower' or 'Bird's nest' because it curls into a concave shape as it dries: this has led to its symbolic meaning of safety, sanctuary and refuge.

(Children are cared for by nannies and do not intrude too much on their parents’ lives).



Tony and Brenda Last live at the family seat with their small son, John Andrew, somewhere out of London but reasonably accessible to it. Tony is considered boring, but Brenda is beautiful and sociable and inevitably begins an affair, with a chap called John Beaver. Tony and John Andrew spend increasingly long periods alone until, almost simultaneously, tragedy hits with the death of little John Andrew, and Tony learns of Brenda’s infidelity.

The second part of the novel is more gritty and quite chilling. Tony must get away, and so he joins an expedition to South America, led by the uncongenial Dr. Messinger, to search for a lost city. Long days are spend trekking over hot dusty plains and in inhospitable jungles, with guides recruited from the local indigenous population. (The language and attitudes expressed in relation to these guides is distinctly of its time, and slightly jarring to modern sensibilities). The contrast of this new life with his previous one is extreme. I will not reveal any more details of Tony’s adventures, but the end is quite harrowing.

What a pleasure it is to read Evelyn Waugh’s classy and elegant prose. This book is quite engrossing.

(Penny Sharp)

Poetry Please!

Thomas Hood’s humorous observations about a bleak time of year paints a light-hearted picture of winter as it affected nineteenth century society. Enduring the cold weather was hard enough but the smog, still a problem in the mid-twentieth century (“pea soupers”, remember them? The curious punctuation is to suggest staggering through such a fog.), brought everything to a standstill. Imagine how much worse it was for people living in Hood’s time, with none of the modern comforts that most of us take for granted. Their favourite pastime of going about town to see and be seen, hoping to spot acquaintances,

Both these symbols in the painting indicate, to me at any rate, that the message of the painting is not just the act of opening of the door, but also the coming out into what appears to be a desolate weed infested place. So not just letting Jesus in but coming out to join Jesus in a place of renewal and sanctuary, even if it doesn’t look like the cosy comfortable life behind the closed door.

Quite a difference in meaning!

But as ever, symbols in painting (iconography) are about interpretation. Even if you have the writings of the artist, you can still look at the painting with fresh eyes and receive a different message.

And that’s the fun of looking at art.

(Sheila Slade)

Fabulous Forest

Autumn means Chestnuts, and the place to get them is Godshill woods.



When we were kids on bikes, that’s where we went and filled our pockets. Some years there were lots of fat shiny ones, other years they were small and thin, but there was always plenty to be had. We searched on the ground and threw sticks up to bring down clumps still in the tree.



Then there’s the tricky bit, getting the darn things out of their prickly shells! My preferred method was to crush them under my heel. There were other methods.

Getting them home we would roast them

Gardeners’ Corner



This is the time of year I least enjoy gardening. The vegetable beds are almost empty; just some carrots, French beans, sprouts and a few of the so called Christmas potatoes left. I always plant tubers of Christmas potatoes knowing I shall need to eat them in late October but they make use of land already harvested and it is good to have new potatoes in the autumn.

Dahlias are still flowering and so are the begonias. I have rescued the best of the geraniums and put them in the unheated greenhouse knowing that they may or may not survive. Some years I am lucky- they will be trimmed down and covered before the start of winter. I have been busy emptying the small pots, planting cyclamen and violas together with bulbs.



As the raised beds are emptied they will be dug over and covered with black sheeting. This helps to deter weeds, nesting mice and warms the soil a little for an earlier start in the spring. I have never been very successful with autumn sown

exchange gossip and study the latest fashions flaunted by the upper class, was cruelly denied by thick fog.

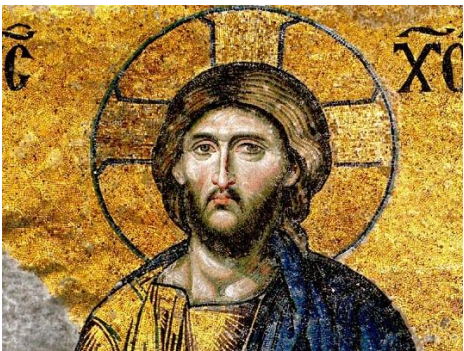
(Jan Mollett)

No sun – no moon!
No morn – no noon –
No dawn – no dusk – no proper time of day –
No sky – no earthly view –
No distance looking blue –
No road – no street – no “t’other side the way” –
No end to any Row –
No indications where the Crescents go –
No top to any steeple –
No recognitions of familiar people –
No courtesies for showing ‘em –
No knowing ‘em! –
No travelling at all – no locomotion,
No inkling of the way – no notion –
“No go” – by land or ocean –
No mail – no post –
No news from any foreign coast –
No Park – no Ring – no afternoon gentility –
No company – no nobility –
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member –
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds –
November!

Good News!

(John Elliott is going to recount for us something of the fascinating history of the New Testament in this new column. Ed)

Some years ago I signed up for a course at Sarum College on the Gospels and the letters of Paul. It was a two-year course with us meeting one evening a week and it was taught by David Catchpole who, before retirement, had been a Professor of Theology at Exeter University.



I did not really know what I was hoping to gain from the course, other that I knew little about the Gospels, or Paul’s letters, thought that they we all written at about the same time and all told exactly the same things. What a shock I was in for!

It was quickly pointed out to us that the four gospels were produced at slightly

round the fire – sometimes with explosive results! Exciting!
In any event, roast chestnuts are delicious!

Cookery Corner

Chestnut and Mushroom Pie.



- Ingredients
- For the pastry**
- 350g/12oz plain flour
 - 200g/7oz butter, chilled
 - pinch salt
 - 1 free-range egg yolk
 - chilled water
- For the filling**
- 50g/1¾oz butter
 - 2 leeks, sliced
 - 350g/12oz mushrooms (such as chestnut or button mushrooms)
 - 2 garlic cloves, sliced
 - large sprig thyme, leaves only
 - 15g/½oz dried mushrooms (optional), soaked in 150ml/5fl oz freshly boiled water
 - 50g/1¾oz plain flour
 - 1 tsp Dijon mustard
 - 100ml/3½fl oz marsala
 - 200–300ml/7–10fl oz vegetable or chicken stock (amount depending on whether or not you are using dried mushrooms)
 - 200g/7oz vacuum-packed chestnuts, left whole

- Method
1. To make the pastry, either put the plain flour and butter into a food processor with a generous pinch of salt and pulse until it resembles breadcrumbs, or rub it in by hand. Add all but a tablespoon of the egg yolk and just enough chilled water to bind it together. Shape into a ball, wrap in cling film, and chill in the fridge until you are ready to roll it. Reserve the remaining egg yolk for egg wash later.
 2. To make the filling, put the butter in a large saucepan and melt over a low heat. Add the leeks and cover. Fry for 5 minutes.
 3. Turn up the heat slightly and add the mushrooms. Cook for a further 4–5 minutes, then add the garlic and thyme. If using, drain the rehydrated mushrooms, reserving their soaking liquor, and roughly chop. Add to the saucepan.
 4. Add the flour and stir until you can see a roux has formed around the vegetables.
 5. Stir in the mustard, then add the marsala and stir until it is well incorporated. Gradually add the stock and the mushroom liquor, if using. (If not using the mushroom liquor, use

broad beans so again will plant the seeds in pots in the greenhouse in early spring.

It has been a mixed year for fruit; apples have done well but the Victoria plums although plentiful lacked taste (needed sun). Raspberries and blackberries were prolific but not the strawberries unfortunately.

(Barbara Geatrell)

Jubilee

Next Year, 2026, will be a Jubilee Year in the Catholic Church. The last one was 25 years ago in 2000. It will begin on Christmas Eve this Year and end on the 6th January 2026, which is the Solemnity of the Epiphany. The Jubilee begins as Pope Francis unseals and opens the Holy Door at St. Peter’s in Rome.



A Jubilee Year is a special year of forgiveness and reconciliation, in which people are invited to come back into right relationship with God, with one another and with all of creation. Pope Francis has given the Jubilee Year the title “Pilgrims of Hope” and he has invited us to renew our hope and to discover a vision that can “restore access to the fruits of the earth to everyone”. We are also invited to discover a spirituality of God’s creation in which we understand ourselves as “pilgrims on the earth” rather than masters of the world.

The origins of the Jubilee Year are to be found deep in biblical history and specifically in the Law of Moses. The Book of Leviticus says this: “You shall count off seven weeks of years, seven times seven years, so that the period of seven weeks or years gives forty-nine years. Then you shall have the trumpet sounded loud.....And you shall hallow the fiftieth year and you shall proclaim liberty throughout the land to all its inhabitants. It shall be a jubilee for you: you shall return, every one of you, to your property and every one of you to your family. That fiftieth year shall be a jubilee for you; you shall not sow, or reap the aftergrowth, or harvest the unpruned vines. For it is a jubilee, it shall be holy to you: you shall eat only what the field itself produces”. (Leviticus 25 8-12)

The jubilee was to be “the Lord’s year of favour” (Isaiah 61:1-20). It included the restitution of land to the original owners, the remission of debts, the liberation of slaves and the land was left fallow. Jesus

different times after the death and resurrection of Jesus, that they were all written for different communities and often gave very different slants to the stories that they told. In addition, there had been another gospel, often referred to as Q, which had been lost and possibly came from a community at Qumran.

There is much debate about the date of the gospels, and so the order in which they were produced, though the following is perhaps the most generally accepted sequence.

- Mark probably appeared around 65-75AD and was written in Greek for a Gentile audience; possibly in Rome or Antioch, though some have disputed this and even suggested Libya.
- Q appeared about the same time as Mark though there is no evidence to prove this. An analysis of the gospels shows that Matthew and Luke drew on what was in Mark and in Q which would tend to confirm that Q was produced before either Matthew or Luke.
- Matthew, it is suggested was written in the 80sAD, though others suggest 40-50AD, which if true would make it the first gospel. However most feel that it was written for a ‘second generation’ of Greek speaking Jewish Christians who were living in Antioch and had experienced the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem in 70AD and the first Jewish-Roman War of 66-73AD.
- Luke and Acts most probably date from 80-100AD and were written for a Greek speaking audience of Christians. It appears to draw on the contents of Mark and Q.
- John’s gospel appeared a little later, perhaps around, 90-110AD, though some argue that it contains material that was produced somewhat earlier’ perhaps around 70AD. It was probably written in Greek for a Johannine community of Jews who had been excommunicated from the synagogue because of their belief in Jesus.

(John Elliott)

End Bits

Thanks to all contributors. I look forward to more from John, and Jill Coke is going to try her hand at gardening for us for a while in next issue which will be the Christmas one.

- the larger quantity of stock.) Bring the mixture to the boil, then turn down and simmer, continuing to stir, until it has thickened. Add the chestnuts, cover, and remove from the heat. Leave to cool.
6. Preheat the oven to 190C/170C Fan/Gas 5.
 7. Divide the pastry into two pieces, one slightly bigger than the other. Roll out the larger piece of pastry and use it to line a pie dish. Add the cooled filling.
 8. Roll out the remaining piece of pastry and top the pie, wetting the edges with the egg wash, making sure they are well crimped together. Cut a couple of slits in the pie to let steam escape and brush with egg wash.
 9. Bake in the oven for around 40–45 minutes, or until the crust is golden brown. Serve in slices.

(From ‘Hairy Bikers website)

In The Loft



Now in the right hand column you can see a piece of cathedral graffiti on a pilaster in the gallery overlooking the nave. Look carefully. Recognise it? It is a technical drawing of the roofspace above. At the bottom you can see the tie bar and, superimposed above it, the roof structure. In fact, it appears to have two roofs, one above the other, the lower one being the original roof, replaced in the early 1500s. If you look carefully you can see the original roof was built with scissor trusses and not queenposts. The new roof is both higher and more pointed. I can only imagine this has been drawn to demonstrate the roofing project to recruits to the builders. You might need to enlarge the picture.

(Chris Basham)

Please can I have things Christmassy, decorating ideas, stories – I always like to put in a short story, and they are hard to find, anecdotes, Christmasses past and other jolly stuff?

Chris

is the one who brings the old jubilee to completion.

While originally celebrated every 50 years, Pope Paul II changed it to 25 years in 1470. The first ordinary jubilee was proclaimed by Pope Boniface VII in 1300.

In the Gospel of Luke, Jesus makes clear that his own mission is to bring jubilee. In the synagogue at Capernaum he read from the scroll of the prophet Isaiah, proclaiming the Lord’s year of favour: “The Spirit of the Lord has been given to me, because he has anointed me to bring good news to the poor, to proclaim liberty to captives and recovery of sight to the blind, to let the oppressed go free, and to proclaim the Lord’s year of favour”. (Luke 4:18-19) Jesus goes on: “Today, this scripture has been fulfilled in your hearing”.

Pope Francis has asked for this year, 2025, to be a year of prayer and preparation for the Jubilee year.

(Jubilee handout – edited)

In the opposite column you can see the nave roofspace in Salisbury Cathedral as it is today. It is technically a Queenpost Roof and the ‘queen posts’ are the rectangular trusses you see striding back from the camera to the far door into the old tower. In fact, it is a double queenpost, because you can see a second rectangle on top of the first, supporting the actual roof.

The queenposts rise from the massive tie-bars along the bottom, each of which has been a whole oak tree and are the largest timbers in the whole cathedral.





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