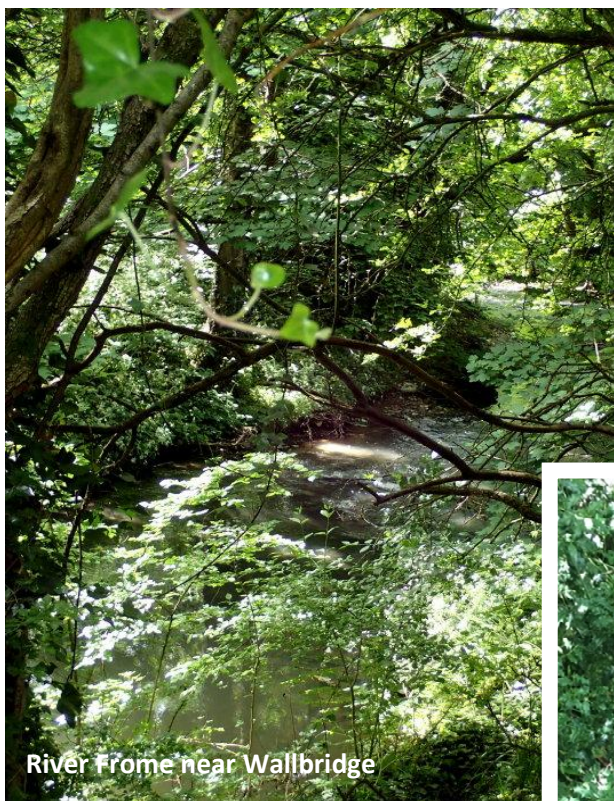


St John's and St Katharine's

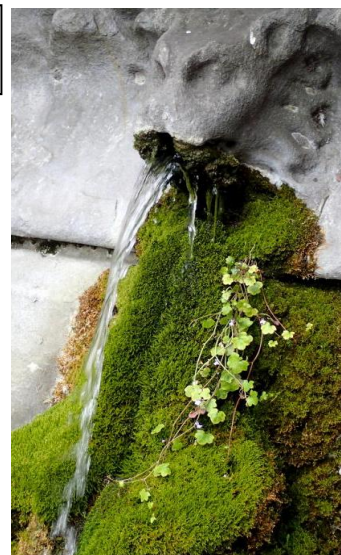
WEEKLY EXTRA

Monday 25th May 2020

Views of Frome's water courses and sources for Well Dressing Week (and spot the bearded dragon?!)



River Frome near Wallbridge



Tributary of the River Frome at East Woodlands



Happy Birthday to Maureen Hobbs this week
and Derek Latham next week

Thought for the week

Time To Reflect

These weeks of lockdown have left us with plenty of time to reflect instead of buzzing around being busy all day. For me it has been a time of reflection in the form of looking back over the past memories. Let me share one with you.

Towards the end of the Second World War (and 75 years on we have recently commemorated VE day), my parents and I lived in what was then Palestine. My father managed an oil installation, and together with personnel from other nearby installations, we spent our spare time on joint outings visiting historic biblical sites. My favourite one was the Sea or Lake of Galilee.

On arriving at the lakeside we ate a lunch of fish caught from the lake and grilled. Today's savvy tourist authorities call them St Peter's fish. On one particular occasion, whilst the 'grown ups' relaxed and chatted, I set out on a special errand. I had recently been given a book, a precious gift in war-time days, to make up my library of three books: Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book*, *Winnie the Pooh*, and now *Children's Stories from the Bible*. I still have all three, the latter one being printed at Butler & Tanner's London branch!

My objective on this particular day was to see if I could walk on water as Jesus had done. That may sound presumptuous to 'grown ups' today, but to an eight year old life was all about new experiences.

Beside the lake where the water level was below the embankment, there were some steps. I reckoned I could go down the steps and try walking out onto the water. Fortunately I could swim, for being a rather chubby youngster you can guess what happened! My target was NOT achieved and with a loud splash I parted the waters and sank to the bottom. I had a lot to learn!

During my reflection now, I wonder how much events that happened long ago can cast light on the paths we follow in later life. Will we look back at this present lockdown and think about what influence it may have had on our continuing journey?

I know that I am still learning.

Pat Lawless



ST ALDHELM'S WELLS In late May, it has become a tradition to decorate St Aldhelm's Well in Frome, with help from local schools.



Frome St Aldhelm founded a mission station here in AD685. The site was an exposed hillside facing north and near a fording point of the River Frome. One of the main factors in siting it was the 'right fair spring' which rose on the slope. The settlement of Frome grew in its shadow. The well was named after St Aldhelm. It was originally for the use of parishioners and subsequently made use of as a horse trough and then re-built in 1866 when the Via Crucis was erected.

Doulting This well is an ancient spring and source of the River Sheppey. It was dedicated to St Aldhelm after he died in Doulting village in AD709.

Some accounts say that on the day of his death he sat by the well singing psalms before being carried up to the church in the village where he died. The Church of St Aldhelm in Doultong was also dedicated to him. Folklore has attributed healing powers to the spring where the pilgrims bathed.



That was not possible this year ... but we did manage a virtual one thanks to Colin's idea for a tap dressing collage (*see left*). You can see a larger version by going to www.stjohnsfrome.com.

The well in Frome isn't the only one named after St Aldhelm – there's another just 10 miles away in Douling, so here's a quick look at the two:

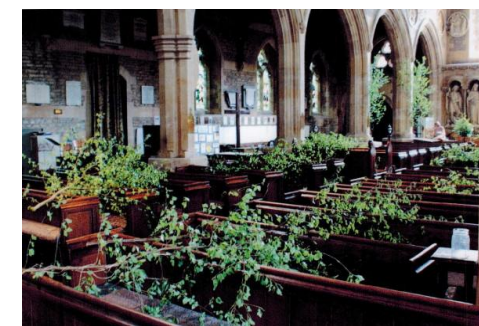
PENTECOST FROM YESTERYEAR

Eds: Our thanks to Gerry Russell for sending in these photos, which must be from 2010 or earlier ...

We miss Maurice in all sorts of ways – and this is one of the times in the year when we would normally miss him most. Maurice led the decorating of St John's for Pentecost – using birch branches to symbolise the Holy Spirit rustling like wind through the leaves. It was quite a labour intensive task and actually started for Maurice some weeks before when he would trek through the forest searching out areas where sufficient of the right size and variety of tree was growing. He sometimes combined this with walking the family dog, as he often dog-sat for relatives at this time of year.

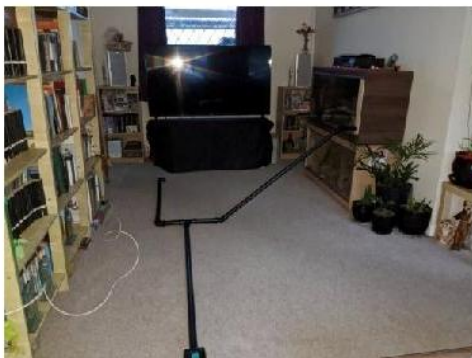
Armed with written permission, about four of us would repair to Longleat, locate and cut down the saplings under Maurice's direction, load them onto his trusty trailer (and latterly the churchwarden's even trustier four wheels), return to church, sort and string them up - and keep them topped up with water (they were a very thirsty bunch). The result was stunning.

His helpers changed over the years, but hopefully you can still recognise some of them here!



LOCKDOWN DIY

Pam, Joe and Peter's extended family of rescued animals have enchanted us over these past weeks and the smallest, shyest and as yet unfeatured – Gourmet the mouse – gave rise to a DIY project in the lounge. Gourmet is so named because he is a fussy eater and likes everything just so. Whilst not phased by his household companions (Anthony the cat, Sparky the pigeon and Mr & Mrs Bearded Dragon – three of them pictured below), he nevertheless prefers his own space, and that brings us to the special runway system which has now been built in the lounge, utilising plumbing and guttering parts, to ensure he gets his daily exercise.



Sparky is a past DIY expert – nest building in the bedroom cupboard. Although she can fly, and indeed has to in order to get up to the cupboard, she prefers to walk, and her trail leads from the garden, through the kitchen, lounge and hallway and into the bedroom, to transport the raw nest materials.

The video of her travels can't be shown here, but these are a couple of photos showing her in action. Several of us met this delightful extended family at a Teatime @ SJ there last year – hopefully it won't be too long before we can visit again.

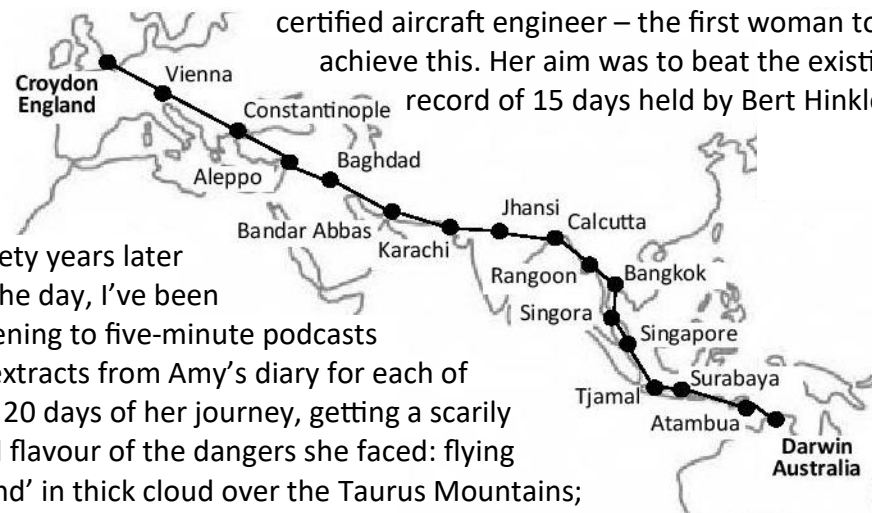


Anniversaries in 2020

90th anniversary of the first solo flight from England to Australia by a woman – 5th-24th May 1930

When Amy Johnson set off on her 11,000 mile journey in a second-hand biplane, a Gipsy Moth named Jason, she was 26 years old, and she had gained her pilot's licence only a year previously. The longest solo flight she had done before had been from London to Hull, her home town – just 200 miles. She had basic maps, no radio contact with the ground and no reliable information about the weather. A plus was that she was a

certified aircraft engineer – the first woman to achieve this. Her aim was to beat the existing record of 15 days held by Bert Hinkler.



Ninety years later to the day, I've been listening to five-minute podcasts of extracts from Amy's diary for each of the 20 days of her journey, getting a scarily real flavour of the dangers she faced: flying 'blind' in thick cloud over the Taurus Mountains; being forced to land in a remote part of Iraq during a sandstorm; getting lost over the Java Sea during violent weather caused by an unexpected volcanic eruption. The wide range of emotions she experienced are all laid bare: the elation of reaching India in record time; the despondency when the monsoon rains destroyed all hopes of beating the record; the fear; the loneliness; the exhaustion. The help and kindness she received also come through – often from British embassy/consul staff but also from many others: the women who helped repair Jason's wing by unpicking shirts made from aeroplane fabric salvaged from WW1; the Dutch pilot who led her in his plane from Tjamal to Surabaya when she could not navigate for herself through exhaustion; the tribe on the island of Timor when she unexpectedly landed in the midst of them.

You can read the daily diary extracts – and see photos – by Googling 'Amy Johnson Arts Trust' and clicking on 'Amy's blog'. It's a fascinating real-life story and I thoroughly recommend reading it.

Mandy Crook

Life on the *Queen Mary 2*

Chapter 8: Home!

The account of Lois and Terry's voyage of a lifetime comes to an end with this edition. A huge thank you, Lois, for sharing your travels with us.

Cunard kept us informed of what was happening in the world all the time while on board. They really did look after us extremely well: as I have an allergy to goat's cheese and feta, the maitre d' would give me the following evening's menu so I could ensure any meal I chose would not have any trace of them in it, and my meal was prepared at a separate station. At 12 noon 'eight bells' would be rung in the Grand Lobby as a tradition, and the Captain would make a navigational announcement from the bridge, including our course, speed, depth of sea, the weather, and whether we would be berthed in port or anchored at sea – some ports were not deep enough to take a ship the size of the *QM2*.

Two more days at sea and our next stop was Busselton, a city on the south-west tip of Australia founded in 1832 by the Bussell family (not Bushell)! It's known for its sheltered beach and seasonal humpbacked whales, and for a wooden pier stretching nearly 2km to the Underwater Observatory, where life on a coral reef is on view – see photos. This coral is very different to the Great Barrier Reef coral, which has far more variety and colour. The guide gave us a very interesting talk on how they have to constantly monitor the fish and coral. You could walk along the pier, but as it was extremely hot, we took a little train there and back.

Next day we reached Fremantle Perth, the point at which we were to disembark for our journey home. Six weeks had flown by, and we were

sorry to leave, but we were looking forward to seeing the family again, as FaceTime had not been possible due to the time difference. Our grandchildren had sent us a video of how to wash our hands, with Matilda singing the ABC and Penelope the French national anthem as they washed, which brought me to tears

as we had missed them so much! At breakfast the Captain announced they would not be taking on any new crew or passengers but that he would be continuing with the ship to Southampton – a cheer went up through the restaurant as he was very highly thought of.

We left the ship and went to a day hotel. As we had a long journey and an overnight flight, we had booked business class, which was indeed an experience! Although Terry and I were in seats next to each other, we weren't close enough to touch – only wave! We were told we could order our meals and drinks any time of the night, and each meal was served with a linen tablecloth and napkin, real cutlery and real china (see photo); we could also use the lounge and bar any time. We were given a cloth bag holding pyjamas and told we just had to ask when we wanted our beds made up. Each seat went flat and was made up with a quilted cotton sheet and pillowcase, plus a quilted cover, so we had a good sleep! We changed planes at Doha (we wore masks at each airport although very few people did), then more sleep as we went on to Heathrow. A fantastic experience to end our amazing holiday.

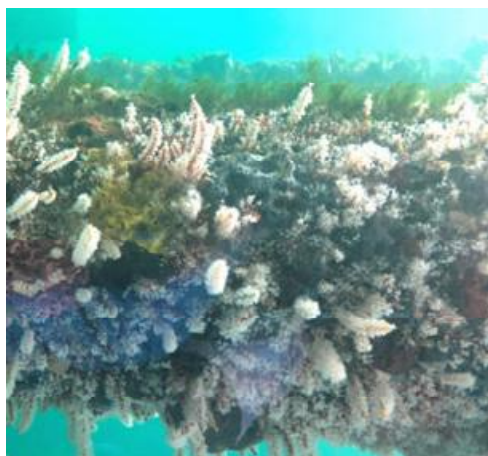
We came back home to beautiful green countryside with all the daffodils and primroses out – very different to when we had left in January. We had agreed to isolate for 14 days once we were home – then seven days in to this, lockdown was declared.

We were so blessed to complete our cruise on the right day: the following day *QM2* was declared a merchant ship, and all crew and passengers who could fly home had to disembark, leaving only 250 passengers and a small crew on board. The *QM2* finally arrived in Southampton on 15th April, where it is still berthed.

Lois Bushell



Signpost at the end of the pier in Busselton



Coral at the underwater observatory, Busselton

In honour of St Aldhelm

Thank you to Revd Colin Alsbury for our puzzle this week!

A good number of St Aldhelm's riddles survive, and we believe that he would gather an audience by singing and telling riddles and stories as part of his mission and ministry. In that spirit, here are a few little riddles for you to ponder. They're not in his wonderful poetic style or quite as profound as some of them but they may give the grey cells some exercise:

- 1 I'm heard as ready to stroke but seen as fear or wonder.
- 2 You hear that with water I'm needed but if cut it's water I'll need.
- 3 A sound of disappointment is heard but look and see that I've got bigger.
- 4 My veins are rich but sound to be hard to bear.
- 5 It was strong force we heard the widow gave.
- 6 Heard it might be told but it's seen to follow.
- 7 A challenging voice is heard but its all about gain
- 8 Heard to intercede but acts like a vulture
- 9 Heard to be an artist's tool or the means of taste but its just there to help carry
- 10 Full of sweet voices we hear but it's just some paper.

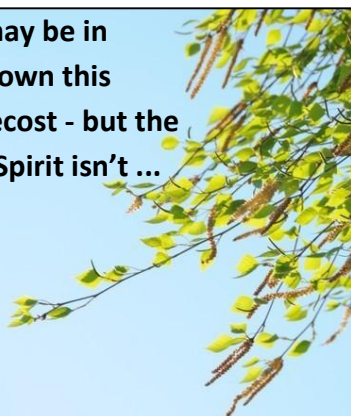
Answers in the next Weekly Extra – on 8th June

SPOT THE BEARDED DRAGON ...

So did you see it on p1?



We may be in lockdown this Pentecost - but the Holy Spirit isn't ...



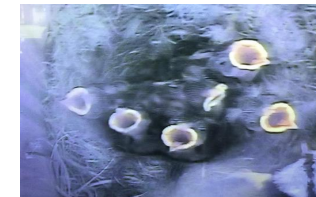
WILDLIFE IN OUR GARDENS

Lockdown has provided the opportunity to see more of our local wildlife – not to mention the sound of tiny chirrups coming from garden walls. Here's a couple to get us started ... more next week.



Thank you to Betty and Peter Smith for this night-time photo of a vixen supervising her cub's midnight feast, alongside a visiting hedgehog.

Meanwhile in a bird box in Lois and Terry Bushell's garden, six of the eight blue tit eggs have hatched ...



Women in the Bible quiz answers

1. Mary
2. Endor
3. Martha
4. Hannah
5. Jezebel
6. Simon Peter
7. Miriam
8. Ruth
9. Samaria
10. Leah and Rachel
11. Three - Cain, Abel and Seth
12. Tabitha or Dorcas
13. Because she had sheltered Joshua's spies
14. Sapphira
15. A hand-maiden or a waiting woman
16. Mary of Magdala, Joanna and Mary the mother of James
17. Deborah
18. Salome
19. Esther
20. Elisabeth

This week's SUDOKU

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