



(‘To bend with apples the moss’d cottage-trees;’)

Sidesmen for September

- 4th. Dr. Cracknell & Mr. Loughborough
 11th. Mesdames Utley & Hosken
 18th. Mr. & Mrs. Folland
 25th. Mr. & Mrs. Green

Readers & Readings for September

- 4th. Mrs. B. Hosken: I Corinthians 15: 1 – 11
 11th. Mr. B. Hosken: II Corinthians 3: 4 - 9
 18th. Mrs. B. Pinchin: Galatians 3:16 - 22
 25th. Mrs. D. Ogle: 2 Corinthians 9:6-15

[Oct. 4th. Mrs. M. Mortimore: Ephesians 3: 13 - end]

The Month’s Sundays

- 4th. **Trinity XI**
 11th. **Trinity XII**
 18th. **Trinity XIII**
 25th. **Trinity XIV/Harvest**



(‘... and fill al fruit with ripeness, to the core.’)

Monthly News-letter for *St. Helen’s, Abbotsham*



(Straw bales in a recently-harvested field of Wheat)

September 2011

Church Officers:

Parish Priest:	Fr. Francis Otto	01237 473445
Churchwardens:	Mrs. Denise Oldaker	01237 479731
	Mr. Charles Folland	01237 477678
P.C.C. Secretary:	Mrs. Penny Portman	01237 474480
Church Treasurer:	Mr. Simon Wiseman	01237 t.b.a.



(Several ears of Wheat left at the field-edge – for gleaners?)

Services each Sunday

- 8:00 Holy Communion (B.C.P.)**
11:00 Sung Eucharist (Traditional)
6:00 Evensong (B.C.P.)



(Fig-leaves)

Dear Fellow-Pilgrims,

Not **all** that very long ago really, everyone in a Parish knew when Harvest was: more or less everyone in the village would be involved, most families had at least one member working on one of the farms and, even in the days of the ‘Thrashing Machines’, there was still an urgent need of all kinds of labour. The men would be there for the ‘heavy work’, augmenting the efforts of those who worked in the fields year-round; the women would be hard at it, not just seeing to the food that would reward the villagers’ efforts, but doing all the daintier tasks; the children might be allowed a romp or two in the new stubble but there would be buckets to be filled and carried, balls of twine to be brought, urgent messages to be faithfully delivered (*‘Please, Mrs. -hgbb!-, can ee spare - hgbb! - some cloam fer tonight?’ ‘Well, what sort of cloam, buoy, an’ wherefore?’ ‘ ‘tes fer Town Farm, Mrs., an’ she zaid t’ ax tickerly fer Dennerplaates -whooh!’ ‘She? Who’s ‘she’ then: the cat’s Mantber?’ ‘Oh no, Mrs., I’m sorry mum: ‘tis Mrs. Trebilcock - ‘n’ she tole me to ax tickerly nice.’ ‘Now you waait there, min’, an’ I’ll fetch down a bit o’ daicent cloam: but if you chip enny o’ett, yule be sarry yu wiz iwver barned! Now, buoy, you git yer breath back...’*). All the year round there were Market Days, when eggs, and butter, and cream were sold, ‘cash-crops’ readied and brought to Market, early potatoes lifted, bagged, and taken to be sold, but ‘Harvest’ really meant Wheat, and the weather determined the date of harvesting. In the post-War years, there were still ‘Harvest Camps’ as memories of the ‘Dig for Victory’ campaign carried on, and, of course, Londoners annually went to Kent for hop-picking.

Now, of course, we have almost completely ‘outsourced’ all this: our potatoes might come from Egypt, or the Canary Isles, our French Beans from Kenya, our Onions from Chile, our Tomatoes from Spain or Italy... meanwhile, what is being grown in the fields which (for the moment) surround us, is of passing interest at most.



(The Revd. R. S. Hawker)

Yet Robert Hawker’s invention of Harvest Thanksgiving in Morwenstow struck a chord that still resonates with us, far removed from the land though most of us actually now are, for whom plants are mostly decorative, animals pets. Is it because deep within even the most hardenedly disbelieving of us, there lies still some shred of belief of our common dependency upon God?



(One of the Compositae – like Daisies – but this is the infamous, noxious Ragwort.)

With its yellow flowers, Ragwort looks, if not decorative, at least bright and cheerful, although its yellow is that of the skin on cold custard, or English mustard, just before it goes greeny-brown (working in an Hotel as a Summer job, I was taught how to revive long-dead mustard, by pouring a little boiling water into each pot, and stirring vigorously!). But Senecio Jacobaea, Staggerweed, Stinking Willie, has these properties: *‘All parts of the plant contain alkaloids that are toxic to cattle, deer, pigs, horses and goats, causing liver damage, and death is slow often occurring months after ingestion. Sheep are less affected, but should not consume the weed as the liver damage can be cumulative. The foliage has a distinctive unpleasant odour when crushed so poisoning by grazing is rare as it is instinctively avoided. If the plants are carelessly cut or uprooted and left around to wilt, they become palatable and the alkaloids are still potent, so grazing animals can be poisoned’*. Pigs are said to have such powerful livers, that they can de-toxify even Adders’ Venom, yet they too succumb to the effects of this poisonous plant. It is difficult to eradicate and so used to be a ‘notifiable’ weed – yet see how many are happily growing along Abbotsham Road, for instance, despite the fact that: *‘A single plant can produce over 150,000 white downy seeds, which are carried away by the wind, and which can remain viable in the soil for up to 15 years.’* Time was, the Council Highways set teams of men to rid verges of this toxic plant, but Councils now teem with Politicians & Accountants... who will be the first to cry, *‘Why didn’t someone tell us about this?’* when some disaster happens.



(...in a few months! **one** month on, and they’ve turned – Haws in the background)





Any offers, for this useful & rather attractive little corner cabinet?

Saint Helen's Dormouse

Hello. Well autumn is now on the way, but I hope that you have all had a good summer. I have enjoyed wandering around the gardens and looking at the flowers. I have also checked out the brambles to make sure that I will have a supply of my favourite blackberries this year!

We are still in the season of Trinity and will be for a while yet, so the colour in Church remains green. At the end of the month we get Michaelmas and I think of the sculpture of Saint Michael on the front of Coventry Cathedral – 'There was war in heaven' and Michael and his angels fought the dragon and threw him down to earth. You could have been forgiven thinking that he threw the dragon down to London last month. How very very sad that state of affairs is. There needs to be an awful lot of work and prayer to solve that problem.

Now let us look to happier things. The plants of the Bible. This month we are due to look at 'L'. There is Ladanium, Leeks, Lentils, and Lilies. Shall we look at all these as the next letter 'M' has quite a lot of plants?

Ladanum. It is mentioned in Genesis and Hebrews and both times rendered 'Myrrh', but myrrh is not an indigenous plant in either Gilgad or Palestine. It is identical to the Arabic Ladau, the fragrant resinous gum of Cistus – Rock rose which has many species in Palestine.



(Rock Rose)

Leeks. The Hebrew is Chatzir and appears many times as grass but the only time that it is referred to as Leek is in the passage talking about the good things of Egypt and is listed along with onions, and garlic. It was a favourite vegetable in Egypt and was revered as sacred.

Lentils. Jacob's red pottage was lentils and lentils occur in three other places as produce and food of Palestine. They are a small dark seed of a

vetch plant and are cultivated in the East. Revalenta Arabica is the flour of lentils. The red lentils are most esteemed.



(Three colours of Lentils!)

Lily. Opinions vary about the Lily of the scriptures. In some places it is probably the true lily and the scarlet Martagon possesses similar features and is grown in Palestine. It may also mean any striking indigenous flower.



(A Turk's Cap lily – Martagon)



(Pancratium maritimum – Rose of Sharon?)

So next month it is 'M'. By then we will be well into autumn and getting our gardens ready for the winter. Enjoy the warm sunshine when it is here!
 God Bless Everyone

The Church Dormouse

...concluding 'One Night with ENSA'

The costumes for the Revue had been made for G.B. Cochrane's pre-war London production, using a great deal of silk, taffeta, satin and chiffon, all shortly to be severely rationed. The chorus costumes were lovely. They all had a separate head-dress, adorable ribboned bonnets with the crinolines, exaggerated 'Huzzah' hats for the 'Strike Up the Band' routine and rather splendid ostrich feather head-gear for the 'Come Back From the Bar' number, which opened the second half of the show. I remember this particularly, because I became locked in the lavatory wearing mine. There were very few 'Ladies facilities' on the active Yorkshire airfields. Therefore, one 'facility' had been made 'OFF LIMITS' for the men, to provide the Revue ladies with their comfort stop. I popped in as the five minutes call came for the second half – but quickly found that I could not get out! The door had jammed. I called out, 'Halloo-oo?' several times, and 'Anyone there?': not a soul. I then planned to climb over the door-frame – but the walls were tiled, and I was wearing tap shoes – the front part of which are metal plates. I wedged one heel on the basin rim, placing the other foot on the toilet-roll holder – very ill-advised! – I found myself clutching the door frame, ostrich feathers over one eye, yelling, 'Help!' 'May Day!' 'SOS!' 'Someone HELP!' Eventually, a nervous fellow put his head round the door to be confronted by a furious face à la 'Kilroy was here'*. 'Are you all right?' 'OF COURSE I am NOT all right!! The door is jammed: GET ME OUT.' A well-placed boot opened the door, and I hurtled past on to the stage, feathers askew, puffing like a steam train.

And where were you?' asked Gee sternly, when we finished the number. I explained, Sympathy? –none; peals of laughter – plenty.



(Kilroy – also known as Mr. Chad)