

Uncomfortable Words. Those who are familiar with the Communion Service know that the most solemn part of it is introduced by a recital of certain words of comfort spoken by Our Lord, and these are called The Comfortable Words. But Our Lord also said some most uncomfortable things, which human nature, left to itself, will avoid listening to. The Archbishop of Cape Town has collected some of these, and published them for Lent reading under the title of Uncomfortable Words. Your Editor has not yet seen the Archbishop's book, so he is wondering whether the collection will include a group of Our Lord's sayings which ought to make the Englishman of to-day positively ill with discomfort, namely, the sayings about almsgiving. Our Lord takes it for granted that all who claim to be Christians will be givers of alms - "Therefore, when thou doest thine alms.....". In the Sermon on the Mount he goes as far as to enjoin selling one's personal possessions if one lacks cash for almsgiving - "Sell that ye have and give alms, provide yourselves bags which wax not old". This admonition is as uncomfortable a word as any, but those who are trying to follow the Master must heed it. Now is the appropriate time to understand what alms are, and what they are not. None of the collections taken nowadays in our three churches is an alms. The collections are spent on ourselves, because they pay for the running of our churches for our own use. Easter Offerings are not an alms; they are a voluntary payment for services rendered; the Poppy Day collections are not an alms, but the payment of a due to those who gave their all for us; the ringers' collection is not an alms, but a payment we make to those who give us pleasure by ringing our bells; the money raised at fetes is not alms, but pays for the repair of our own churches. This catalogue of what alms are not should have given the attentive reader an inkling of what they are. Alms are what we give to those who have a claim on our compassion. Gifts of money and clothing to refugees or victims of disasters are alms; money spent on taking the gospel to the heathen and supplying them with hospitals is an alms; helping discharged prisoners to rehabilitate themselves is an alms; providing police-court missionaries to try to prevent the shipwreck of lives and homes is an alms. And so on. The disturbing feature about the giving in our three parishes is that so small a proportion of it is alms. With the exception of the children's mission sale, the Lent boxes, and an annual donation from Askerswell Church to missions, none of our giving is alms. Church collections and fetes have their work cut out to pay the running expenses and repairs of the churches, and leave no margin for alms. Compared with some parishes, our giving is very good. The comparison, however, should not be with other parishes. It should be a personal matter - what is my income, and how much of it do I give to God? ("Give" is hardly the right word; for all things are God's). In the old days people thought that a tenth of one's income was the appropriate amount to give to God. Nowadays a half-crown a week would be less than one eightieth of the average wage. It behoves those of us who attend service to see whether our contribution to the plate has risen with our income, and those of us who have lost the habit to see the wrongness of not pulling our weight. One of the joys of these parishes is that they contain some people who, if they are unable to attend service, either send along God's portion by somebody else, or put it by until they can come again. How good it would be if everybody were of the same mind. Financial clouds would evaporate, and God's work, of which the world is in such dire need, would go vigorously ahead.

An Askerswell Worthy. Mr. John Granger Farwell ("Old Jack" to his friends) died at the home of his daughter Rose at The Fisherman's Arms, Chickerell, and was buried at Askerswell in the grave of his wife, who predeceased him in July, 1954. Mr. Farwell began his working life at Court Farm at the age of nine, and carried it on for fifty-seven years, until his retirement in 1939. With the exception of a spell at Loscombe, he was employed for the whole of this time at Court Farm as a carter and ploughman. When he began at Court Farm, it was a bigger holding than it is now; for it also included Stancombe, Nallers and East Hembury. Mr. Farwell made a substantial contribution to the Sunday worship of Askerswell Church; for he was a keen ringer, who rarely missed his place at the rope's end; his son blew the organ, and his four daughters sang in the choir. Although the final score of his eighty-five years were, as he put it, "tarmented be them there rheumatics", he never lost his powerful sense of humour. It is a pity that his stories of an order of things now past were not written down as he told them. They would have made delicious reading.

The Cottage in Uploders vacated by Mrs. Irons is now occupied by the family of Mr. Baggs, who works for Mr. Newberry at Uploders Farm. Of Mr. and Mrs. Baggs' three sons, only the youngest, Kenneth, is still at home. Reg is settled at Dottery, and Leslie at Wooth.

Mr. and Mrs. Brake, of Dottery, are the proud parents of a baby son. Their first child died shortly after birth, but this one appears to have a firm grip on life.

An Askerswell Wedding. It gave Askerswell people much pleasure to see Miss Eileen Norman, of Walditch, brought back into the parish as the wife of Mr. Michael Biss, of Medway Farm. The Norman family have their roots in Askerswell, and used to provide a good proportion of the choir. A combination of circumstances, of which not the least was to have the wedding before Lent, made the 13th of February the nuptial day. The

significance of this date was not lost on the rustic congregation, who made great use of horse-shoes and black cats to put things right. The charms had no perceptible effect on the driving rain, but when the large congregation rose to the notes of "Here comes the bride", it seemed a miracle that such a vision of beauty as the bridal party made could have come out of such weather. They took up their stand in a chancel where the first primroses and violets peeped out of the moss. The wedding feast was at Medway Farm. We owe it to the honour and reputation of the bridegroom's father as a District Councillor to assure our readers that the severe disability of elbow and neck to which he fell victim after the feast came quite exclusively of an encounter with a frisky cow. At the time of writing, he is still under the doctor, but making good progress.

The Reason. We gardeners are always under the curse of Adam. If it is not late frosts or early blight, then it is slugs or small boys. But last summer we became aware of a new plague. We saw our promising trees of Conference pears converted overnight into a sorry spectacle of dangling cores; the same fate befell the Cox's Orange; and when we went for garden peas, we found the pods shredded, and the peas gone. We noticed blue tits all over the place, and we put two and two together. For once, four was the right answer. The Times has now made it clear that in 1957 we suffered from the biggest invasion of blue tits on record. They came from the Continent. It appears that the primary cause of the irruption was last winter's mildness, which lowered the mortality rate; combined with a dry, warm spring, causing a good breeding season. They entered houses, tore wallpaper, opened milk bottles, and even ripped the silver paper off display chocolates in shop windows. We hope our bird lovers may read, mark, learn and inwardly digest, and that we may never again see hunks of ham rind suspended in apple trees.

The disparaging remarks about male knitters in our last number have been challenged by the Askerswell Ladies' Sewing Party (which, by the way, is making most desirable articles for the fete, and these articles may be bespoke now). The ladies remind us that the best tailors, the best cooks and the best waiters-at-table are always men. This is very true, and we withdraw. Men excel at everything, except maternity. The Pilgrims who will cycle to Salisbury with our birthday present to the Cathedral on its seven hundredth anniversary are the Misses Pauline Dunkerton, Morwenna Willmott and Ruth Willmott. The birthday present will be a bag of silver coins from our three parishes. The pilgrims will welcome a silver coin for their bag from anybody at any time.

By the death of Miss Lucy Isabella Scott (at the age of 77) in Uploders, the parish has lost one of its finest characters. She was a retired nurse, a native of St. Kew, in Cornwall, and with her companion, Miss Friend, had been living in Uploders since 1934. It was her misfortune to be a martyr, in the full meaning of the word, to asthma; and night and day, for several years, she was under its constant attack. The doctors who attended her had the highest opinion of her fortitude. Although confined to her room, she took a lively interest in the church and the parish, and was a generous supporter of good causes. Her suffering never got the better of her sense of humour, nor made her self-centred, and she deeply appreciated the devoted care bestowed upon her by Miss Friend. Like the late Lady Pinney, she bequeathed her body to assist medical research, and after a funeral service in Loders Church, it was taken to the anatomical department of Bristol University. Thanks are due to Mr. Fred Taylor and Mr. Gilbert Miller for the ready help they gave at the funeral service. A young family has made a welcome arrival in Loders in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Herbert, and their daughters Joy (aged 4) and Lynn (aged 1½). They have taken the rooms at Mr. Whittle's lately vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, who have moved to Stoke Wake, near Blandford. Mr. Herbert's parents live at Askerswell, and he is already known in this neighbourhood as the genial operator of one of the buses. His wife is a native of Southsea, but they have come to Loders from Burton Bradstock, where Mrs. Herbert was a member of the choir. They will not lack neighbours wishing to make them feel at home.

Services in March

<u>Loders:</u>	2nd.	H.C. 8 & 11.45; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	9th.	H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	16th.	H.C. 8 & 11.45; Matins 11; children 2.	
	23rd.	H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.	
	30th.	H.C. 8; Matins 11; Children 2.	
<u>Askerswell:</u>	2nd.	Evensong 6.30.	9th. Matins 10.
	16th.	Evensong 6.30.	23rd. Matins 10.
	30th.	H.C. 10.	
	2nd.	H.C. 9.30.	9th. Evensong 3.
<u>Dottery:</u>	16th.	Evensong 3.	23rd. Evensong 6.30.
	30th.	Evensong 3.	

PARISH NOTES (APRIL, 1958)
Loders, Dottery and Askerswell.

April the Sixth is the day when we shall be raising the Easter shout to greet the spring of souls and the spring of the year. With only a week to go, the question is whether nature will be able to shake off the shroud of winter soon enough to make the Easter hymns and lessons realistic. At present, the pastures are seared by Siberian winds, the daffodils beloved of Wordsworth are decimated by frost, and the primroses and violets that have plucked up courage to peep out are doing so very gingerly. But a day or two of the milder weather now coming in may work wonders, so that it will not be too strenuous an act of faith to sing on Easter morning "Now the Queen of Seasons, bright with the day of splendour, and the royal feast of feasts comes its joy to render", or to say on Easter evening "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land". When Easter falls in un-springlike weather, the tidy-minded people never fail to renew their plea that in the interest of holiday-makers the date of Easter should be fixed at a time when the weather would be fitting. And they never fail to ignore what is so apparent to the countryman, that the English weather defies domestication. It can put us in swim suits in February and in fur coats in June. Even now we cannot recall what were meant to be Coronation frolics on Asker Down without a shudder. And that was June. We with untidy minds are content to let Easter continue to depend on the whims of the moon. The moon is as likely to be au fait with the weather as the planners. Also we like the centuries-old connection between Easter and the moon. It was in the light of the first full moon after the Spring equinox that Israel came out of Egypt; it was in the light of this same moon that Jesus prayed in the olive groves of Gethsemane; this same moon was looking down on Joseph of Arimathea's garden when life conquered death. As Mary Magdalene came early to the sepulchre, so, we hope, will all the faithful come on Easter morning to the Holy Communion to salute the risen Lord. The times of services are appended. In Easter week, for longer than can be told, parishioners have met to receive their church accounts and to appoint church officers for the ensuing year. The widespread impression is that this meeting is dull, and the impression is erroneous. To know what money the church has coming in, and exactly how it is spent, is nearly as interesting as the financial status of the people next door. It is also the meeting at which criticisms of the church (which are often aired in the bus) may be aired with more chance of righting the alleged wrongs. The Easter vestries will be in Askerswell School on Easter Tuesday: in Loders School on the Wednesday, and in Dottery Church on the Thursday, all at 7.30 p.m. Every parishioner is entitled to attend, and will be welcome.

Mothering Sunday brought a crowd of mothers and their children to Loders Church for the annual mothering service - in spite of the bitter wind. Mrs. Willmott took the service and gave the address. The children presented gifts to their mothers, and after service they went through Loders leaving at people's houses bunches of wild flowers "from Loders Sunday School". To the children's great regret, there were not enough flowers to do Uploders, and even if there had been, the wind would have exposed the tiny tots to the danger of pneumonia. The children were gratified to learn later that their flowers were missed in Uploders, and they want it known that they will try to compensate Uploders with extra big bunches shortly.

The late Miss Webb. Both Askerswell and Loders were shocked to hear of the sudden death in her home at Allington of Miss Myra Webb, one of "the Four Ladies of Askerswell". Miss Webb had been seized by an attack of pleurisy as she was returning home with Miss Croxton from a meeting of the Bridport Co-operative Women's Guild, and she died early the following morning. She was 68. Her funeral service at Weymouth Crematorium was conducted by the Rector of Askerswell. Great sympathy was felt with the Miss Croxtons and Miss Wilkinson at this breaking of a friendship and association of many years' standing.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dennett, who had lately been staying with her son in Uploders, died at the ripe age of 87 and was buried at Powerstock. She was born at Poorton, and spent all her long and useful life in the neighbourhood of Powerstock.

A halo goes abegging. One of the world's heroes is the unknown inventor of the jumble sale. He deserves a place in stained glass windows, if only for the amount of money he has raised painlessly, and even pleasantly, in good causes. The recent jumble sale at Askerswell, run by Miss McCombie for her school fund, is another feather in his cap, as can be seen by comparing it with the Agricultural Discussion Club whist drive. In the latter Mr. Charlie Gale bestowed a pleasant evening of whist, some £20 worth of turkey, whisky, and other delectable things, on his supporters, and made a profit of £11. Miss McCombie bestowed on her supporters an assortment of rummage, the whole of which one would think twice about giving ten shillings for, and made a profit of £25, with the added satisfaction of having fitted out some of the ladies of Uploders for Easter. The merit of a jumble sale is not to be measured in money terms only. There are its entertainment value, and its quite astonishing powers of healing. Parishioners who for any other purpose are in a perpetual state of ailment, are given the strength

not only to walk to the sale, but to win honourable mention in the fight for bargains. The power of the jumble sale could be extolled still further, but this would not be politic, so we conclude by proposing its everlasting health.

The Pilgrims who are cycling from Loders to Salisbury to join in the tribute of the young people of the diocese to the cathedral on its seven hundredth anniversary, acknowledge with thanks a steady trickle of silver coins for their pilgrim's bag. Before the bag is presented at the Cathedral, its contents will have been changed into 1958 half-crowns. Parishioners who wish to contribute a coin to the bag are reminded that the pilgrims (Misses Morwenna and Ruth Willmott) will begin the pilgrimage on April 11th. It is announced that Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will attend the thanksgiving service in the Cathedral on June 28th.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Rudd, of Corfe Farm, was baptised Thomasine at Loders Church on March 28th.

Miss Dorothy Grace Harris of Dottery was married quietly to Mr. Alfred John Bearpark, of Charmouth, at Loders Church on March 29th. They will make their home at Wootton Fitzpaine. The bride will be missed at Dottery Church, where she was a loyal member of the band of young communicants.

Mrs. Hilton, of Vinney Cross, has received widespread sympathy on the sudden death of her husband, Mr. Leonard Hilton, with whom she had been hoping to celebrate her golden wedding on April 20th. Mr. Hilton had been obliged by a weak heart to give up farming at Gribb. His wife found him dead in the garden, which a seeming accession of strength had lately enabled him to put under cultivation. Mrs. Hilton's career in domestic service before her marriage ran parallel with that of a former churchwarden of Loders and butler of Loders Court, Mr. Frank Gillard, now living in retirement at West Bay. She was cook at Mountfield in Bridport when he was butler there, and when he moved as butler to Pulborough, in Sussex, she went as cook. Mr. Hilton was shepherd on the Pulborough estate, and he first saw his future wife when he drove in with the footman to meet Mr. Gillard and Miss Gale (as she then was) at Pulborough station. After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton farmed for twenty-three years in the U.S.A., and enjoyed the discomforts consequent on refusal to part with their British citizenship.

Mr. and Mrs. Gill and their son Michael have given up farming at Cloverleaf and left the parish, to the general regret of their neighbours. Mr. Michael Gill was a member of Loders Church Council, and took an energetic part in the Askerswell Young Farmers' Club. However, our loss is mitigated by the fact that Cloverleaf has been taken by the married son of Mrs. Masters, at Matravers. His wife, formerly Miss Olive White, of Washingpool, was also a keen member of the Askerswell Y.F.C., and a pillar of Allington Church.

Our local links with the Royal family have been in evidence in the past month, Miss Susan Newall, of South Eggardon, was one of the four hundred debutantes at what is thought to be the last of the presentation parties at Buckingham Palace; and Mr. Denis Laskey, son-in-law of Sir Edward and Lady Le Breton, was in attendance on the Queen's state visit to Holland, in his capacity as private secretary to the Foreign Secretary. Mrs. Laskey flew to Holland to join him, and Loders Court were much exercised to detect them in the television of the proceedings.

All Askerswell, and especially the school, are sorry that Miss Tuck feels that the time has come to give up caretaking the school, a job she has done for twenty-five years. Her resignation will take effect at the end of this term. Like the best of her generation, Miss Tuck regarded her post as a responsibility rather than a means to bread-and-butter, and she spared no effort to keep the school clean, and to have it warm for the children's arrival on cold winter days. The managers feel they have been fortunate in getting Miss Eileen Collier to succeed Miss Tuck. She had already been assisting Miss McCombie in supervising meals, and to this she will now add the caretaking and the washing up.

A representative committee. When it had finished its secular business, the Askerswell annual parish assembly turned its attention to ecclesiastical matters, and appointed a committee to run the church fete, which will be at Askerswell House at the kind invitation of Captain and Mrs. Aylmer on Saturday, June 7th. The proceeds are for the bell fund, and to cover other repairs recommended in the surveyor's report. Miss McCombie was elected secretary and Wing-Cdr. Newall chairman, of a committee representative of the whole parish.

On Good Friday, the most solemn day in the Christian year, services will be:
LODERS, 9 & 11 a.m. ASKERSWELL, 10 a.m. and DOTTERY 7.30 p.m.

Services in April

<u>LODERS:</u>	<u>Easter Day</u> , H.C. 7, 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.
	13th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
	20th. H.C. 8 & 11.45: Matins 11: Children 2.
	27th. H.C. 8: Matins 11: Children 2.
<u>ASKERSWELL:</u>	<u>Easter Day</u> , H.C. 10, Evensong 6.30.
	13th. Matins 10. 20th, Evensong 6.30. 27th, Matins 10.
<u>DOTTERY:</u>	<u>Easter Day</u> , H.C. 9, Evensong 3.
	13th. Evensong 6.30. 20th. Evensong 6.30. 27th. Evensong 6.30.