

St Mary's Parish Magazine



July - August 2019

50p

More thoughts on summer:

All of us have so much to be thankful for each day. When we awake to a new day, when a friend is in touch with us, for the food we eat, for the water that flows into our homes, for flowers, birds, trees, our health, for doctors close by who care for us: the list can go on and on. Thanking God should be part of our daily lives. It is also good to tell God about worries and concerns: about jobs, relationships, family, health, whatever comes to mind. Sharing those thoughts with God will often help to lessen the burdens we carry. Take time -- lots of it -- each day to talk to God in prayer. If you spend time with family members or friends this summer, engage them in prayer with you, and listen to how they share their joys/concerns/thanks with God.

Whatever you have planned for the summer months may you have an enjoyable time of relaxation and reflection.

Tony King

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Footnote:

Copies of the magazine can be posted to your home or friends and relations. Subscription rates are £6.50 for a year (6 editions), including postage. Please contact the Parish Office.

REFLECTIONS FROM THE RECTORY

AS SEEN ON TV

Easter Day may seem a long time ago as we enter July but people still ask about the live 2019 BBC TV broadcast from St Mary's over the Easter weekend. Some want to know how it was received. Others want to know about the technicalities. And yet others want to know whether my new found 'celebrity' status has gone to my head? To deal with that final, minor issue first: the next service I took after Easter Day was the 8am Holy Communion on Low Sunday. And although one member of that congregation left saying: "It's Vaughan Roberts – 'as seen on TV' ☐" – my overriding feeling was: "How lovely to be back to normal."

PROCLAIMING GOOD NEWS

In terms of the technicalities, it was an incredible undertaking on behalf of the TV crew and on behalf of our church. There was a great deal of liaising beforehand; much rehearsing needed by all who were involved; and a much skill and patience on the day itself. Speaking personally, I believe that we did ourselves proud as a parish church. We showed the very best of Anglican liturgy and proclaimed the good news of Christ's resurrection to all who have viewed the programme live and online.

POSITIVE FEEDBACK

Finally, how has it been received? The only comments that I've had back have been positive. It might be tempting to say that would be the case, wouldn't it? But I'm not so sure. People around St Mary's and around Warwick are not shy of voicing their opinions and calling a spade, a spade (or, in some cases, a shovel!) The same is true of our nation. People are not backwards in coming forward to offer their thoughts by letter or social media and the fact that there haven't been negative comments suggests that what we shared from the life and ministry of St Mary's touched a deep chord with those who watched.

Many thanks to everyone who took part.

Vaughan

The Revd Vaughan Roberts

DON'T PUT IT OFF!

Too many people put off something that brings them joy just because they haven't thought about it, don't have it on their schedule, didn't know it was coming or are too rigid to depart from their routine.

I got to thinking one day about all those people on the Titanic who passed up dessert at dinner that fateful night in an effort to cut back. From then on, I've tried to be a little more flexible.

How many women out there will eat at home because their husband didn't suggest going out to dinner until after something had been thawed? Does the word 'refrigeration' mean nothing to you?

How often have your kids dropped in to talk and sat in silence while you watched 'Emmerdale' on television?

I cannot count the times I called my sister and said , 'How about going to lunch in a half hour?' She would clam up and stammer, 'I can't. I have clothes on the line. My hair is dirty. I wish I had known yesterday, I had a late breakfast, It looks like rain' And my personal favourite: 'It's Monday.' She died a few years ago. We never did have lunch together.

Because we cram so much into their lives, we tend to schedule our headaches. We live on a sparse diet of promises we make to ourselves when all the conditions are perfect!

We'll go back and visit the grandparents when we get Simon toilet-trained. We'll entertain when we replace the living-room carpet. We'll go on a second honeymoon when we get two more kids out of college.

Life has a way of accelerating as we get older. The days get shorter, and the list of promises to ourselves gets longer. One morning, we awaken, and all we have to show for our lives is a litany of 'I'm going to,' 'I plan on,' and 'Someday, when things are settled down a bit.'

When anyone calls my 'seize the moment' friend, she is open to adventure and available for trips. She keeps an open mind on new ideas. Her enthusiasm for life is contagious. You talk with her for five minutes, and you're ready to trade your bad feet for a pair of Rollerblades and skip an elevator for a bungee cord.

My lips have not touched ice cream in 10 years. I love ice cream. It's just that I might as well apply it directly to my stomach with a spatula and eliminate the digestive process. The other day, I stopped the car and bought a triple-decker. If my car had hit an iceberg on the way home, I would have died happy.

Now... go on and have a nice day. Do something you WANT to... not something on your SHOULD DO list. If you were going to die soon and had only one phone call you could make, who would you call and what would you say? And why are you waiting?

Make sure you read this to the end; you will understand why.

Have you ever watched kids playing on a merry-go-round or listened to the rain lapping on the ground? Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight or gazed at the sun into the fading night? Do you run through each day on the fly? When you ask 'How are you?' Do you hear the reply?

When the day is done, do you lie in your bed with the next hundred chores running through your head? Ever told your child, 'We'll do it tomorrow.' And in your haste, not see his sorrow? Ever lost touch? Let a good friendship die? Just call to say 'Hi'?

When you worry and hurry through your day, it is like an unopened gift... Thrown away... Life is not a race. Take it slower. Hear the music before the song is over.

'Life may not be the party we hoped for... but while we are here we might as well dance.'

SOME CAMPING TIPS

For those of you planning a summer holiday outdoors, here are some words of advice!

When using a public campground, a tuba placed on your picnic table will keep the campsites on either side vacant.

Old socks can be made into high fibre beef jerky by smoking them over an open fire.

When smoking a fish, never inhale.

Lint from your navel makes a handy fire starter. Warning: Remove lint from navel before applying the match.

You'll never be lost if you remember that moss always grows on the north side of your compass.

You can duplicate the warmth of a down-filled bedroll by climbing into a plastic garbage bag with several geese.

When camping, always wear a long-sleeved shirt. It gives you something to wipe your nose on.

You can compress the diameter of your rolled up sleeping bag by running over it with your car.

Take this simple test to see if you qualify for solo camping. Shine a flashlight into one ear. If the beam shines out the other ear, do not go into the woods alone.

A two-man pup tent does not include two men or a pup.

A potato baked in the coals for one hour makes an excellent side dish. A potato baked in the coals for three hours makes an excellent hockey puck.

In emergency situations, you can survive in the wilderness by shooting small game with a slingshot made from the elastic waistband of your underwear.

The guitar of the noisy teenager at the next campsite makes excellent kindling.

The sight of a bald eagle has thrilled campers for generations. The sight of a bald man, however, does absolutely nothing for the eagle.

It's entirely possible to spend your whole vacation on a winding mountain road behind a large motor home.

A great deal of hostility can be released by using newspaper photos of politicians for toilet paper.

In an emergency, a drawstring from a parka hood can be used to strangle a snoring tent mate.

SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

The Spanish city of Santiago de Compostela has its origin in the shrine of Saint James the Great, now the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela, as the destination of the Way of St. James, a leading Catholic pilgrimage route since the 9th century. In 1985, the city's Old Town was designated a UNESCO World Heritage Site.



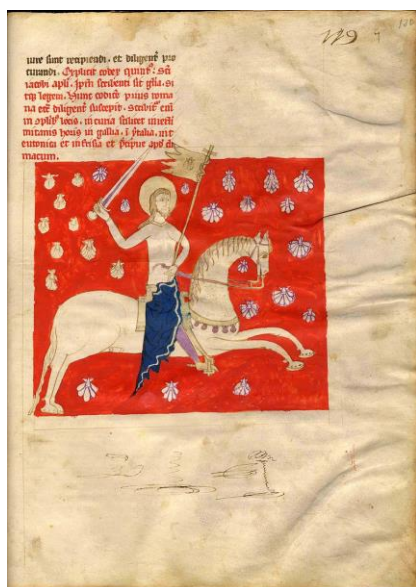
The cathedral borders the main plaza of the old and well-preserved city. According to medieval legend, the remains of the apostle James were brought to Galicia for burial; in 813, the light of a bright star guided a shepherd who was watching his flock at night to the burial site in Santiago de Compostela. This site was originally called Mount Libredon and its physical topography leads prevalent sea borne winds to clear the cloud deck immediately overhead. The shepherd quickly reported his discovery to the bishop of Iria, Bishop Teodomiro. The bishop declared that the

remains were those of the apostle James and immediately notified King Alfonso II in Oviedo. To honour St. James, the cathedral was built on the spot where his remains were said to have been found. The legend, which included numerous miraculous events, enabled the Catholic faithful to bolster support for their stronghold in northern Spain during the Christian crusades against the Moors, but also led to the growth and development of the city.

According to a tradition that can be traced back at least to the 12th century, Saint James decided to return to the Holy Land after preaching in Galicia. There he was beheaded, but his disciples got his body to Jaffa, where they found a marvellous stone ship which miraculously conducted them and the apostle's body to Iria Flavia, back in Galicia. There, the disciples asked the local pagan queen *Loba* ('She-wolf') for permission to bury the body; she, annoyed, decided to deceive them, sending them to pick a pair of oxen she allegedly had by the *Pico Sacro*, a local sacred mountain where a dragon dwelt, hoping that the dragon would kill the Christians, but as soon as the beast attacked the disciples, at the sight of the cross, the dragon exploded. Then the disciples marched to collect the oxen, which were actually wild bulls which the

queen used to punish her enemies; but again, at the sight of the Christian's cross, the bulls calmed down, and after being subjected to a yoke they carried the apostle's body to the place where now Compostela is.

The relics were said to have been later rediscovered in the 9th century by a hermit named Pelagius, who after observing strange lights in a local forest went for help after the local bishop, Theodemar of Iria, in the west of Galicia. The legend affirms that Theodemar was then guided to the spot by a star, drawing upon a familiar myth-element, hence "Compostela" was given an etymology as a corruption of Campus Stellae, "Field of Stars."



In the 15th century, the red banner which guided the Galician armies to battle, was still preserved in the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela, in the centre Saint James riding a white horse and wearing a white cloak, sword in hand. The legend of the miraculous armed intervention of Saint James, disguised as a white knight to help the Christians when battling the Muslims, was a recurrent myth during the High Middle Ages.

The 1,000-year-old pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James in the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela is known in English as the Way of St. James and in Spanish as the *Camino de Santiago*. Over 100,000 pilgrims travel to the city each year from points all over Europe and other parts of the world.

AGEING

Three elderly sisters, ages 92, 94 and 96, shared a house together. One evening, the 96 year old sister went upstairs to take a bath. As she put her foot into the tub, she paused. Then she yelled down to the other two sisters and asked, "Was I getting in the tub or out?" "You old fool," said the 94 year old. "I'll come up and see." When she got half way up the stairs she paused. "Was I going up the stairs or down?" The 92 year old sister was sitting at the kitchen table drinking a cup of tea and thought, "I hope I never get that forgetful, knock on wood." She shook her head and called out, "I'll be up to help you both as soon as I see who's at the door."

A GOOD YEAR FOR NUTS

“A good year for nuts is a good year for babies”: another piece of Warwickshire wisdom. Like marriage, birth was surrounded by a host of potentially evil influences. A pregnant woman had to avoid the house of anyone thought to have the evil eye, or buy off a person with small gifts. Alternatively, the evil influence could be countered by carrying something made of silver, such as a coin. A hare crossing the path of the mother-to-be could cause her child to be born with a harelip, but this could be avoided if the woman stopped and made three rents in her shift.

At the birth itself the room would be crowded with people, in order to guard against changelings. Immediately after the birth the child’s mouth would be rubbed with a mixture of butter, sugar and honey - ‘the breade of heaven’ – to give sweetness to the tongue. It was lucky for him to be born with his face partly covered by the caul, which would then be called a mask. Even a caul which was not a mask was useful, for it could be burnt as a means of divination: the number of ‘bosts’ (bursting noises) it gave would indicate the number of children the mother would bear from then on. A mask was especially valuable, as it safeguarded its possessor from drowning. It was therefore particularly sought after by sailors. At Stratford it was believed that that the child would go abroad if the mask were lost. At Birmingham a dried caul carried on the person was thought to prevent rheumatism!

There was a belief that a child born with hair on his arms and hands was born to be rich. If he arrived on Christmas Day he would have the power to see spirits. The day of the week was also significant. In Warwickshire the well-known rhyme *Sunday’s Child* ended:

*Thursday’s child is inclined to thieving,
Friday’s child is free in giving,
Saturday’s child works hard for his living.*

It was unlucky for the baby to go down before going up, and the helpers would if necessary get up on a chair with him before taking him downstairs. It was also unlucky for the child to see himself in a pool or mirror immediately after birth. If snow were on the ground, the baby might be rolled naked in it – this was done at Ilmington – in order to make it strong. At Stratford, only its feet would be rubbed in the snow, to bring immunity from chilblains.

It was normal for the mother to have four days’ seclusion in the bedroom after giving birth. During this time she had special nourishment, known

as 'caudle', a mixture of old ale, oatmeal, sugar and spices. It was the duty of the wife of the local squire, if there were one, to provide the caudle, which the new father would go and collect from her kitchen. If no old ale were available, water from certain wells, termed 'caudle wells', might be used. Crimscot, Shottery, Snitterfield, Long Compton and Cherrington - and no doubt other places - all had caudle wells. If, despite being fed by its mother, the new-born baby seemed restless, and made continual sucking movements with its lips, it was thought to be needing something which the mother could not provide. Hare's brains, pounded into a jelly, would be prescribed, and it was again traditional to approach the wife of the local squire to supply the hare.

If the life of the new-born baby was in danger, the ceremony of baptism would be performed by the midwife, though children so treated were said to be only 'half-baptised'. If they died, they would be buried on the north side of the church, with the unbaptised and the suicides. For the proper ceremony in church, the baby would be robed in a white garment, called a 'chrisom'. If the parents were too poor to buy one, they might borrow the communal chrisom belonging to the village, which was kept by the priest. The mother would return it when she went to be churched; it was thought wrong for her to go out on ordinary business before this. At the baptism salt was placed on the baby's tongue, with the exhortation: 'Receive the salt of wisdom, that God may be gracious to thee'.

A child's godparents, of whom there were never more than three, were sometimes given the old name of 'gossips'. It was an evil portent if the child did not cry during the ceremony. A common christening present was a silver apostle spoon, which it was very unlucky to lose in later life. Another useful gift was a piece of coral. It had the double benefit of helping to form the baby's teeth and to protect it from witchcraft. The first teeth had to be treated with some care when they came out. They were sprinkled with salt as a general remedy against being used for ill. If a dog ate one, the child's new tooth would be a dog's tooth. It was a good thing for a milk tooth to be put in a mouse's hole so as to ensure the new tooth would be as small as the mouse's. The children in some Warwickshire families still put a tooth that has come out under the pillow the following night. The fairies, in the shape of the parents, then remove it and leave money. With inflation, the once customary sixpence currently stands at upwards of two pounds!

Roy Palmer

NEVER A CROSS WORD!

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23							24					

ACROSS

1. Hood around a bird. (4)
3. Royal residence keeping the French in step. (6)
8. Roman prefect almost keeping fit? (6)
9. Church passages surrounded by water, we hear. (6)
11. Saint sees bird on the stair. (7)
12. Points to tree found at a crematorium. (5)
14. Patriarch seen at an auction? (3)
15. Sort of plague that warms things up! (5)
16. To begin with even a Roman soldier lost his! (3)
17. The saint is back with a Scotsman. (7)
19. Skullcap gets round a lot, etc. (4)
21. He sang about a Hindu god. (6)
22. A bit of a misadventure before Christmas! (6)
23. George rules, we hear, and provides food. (6)
24. Quick! It's Lent!! (4)

DOWN

1. Pick up a prayer? (7)
2. Cardinal starts to chat about religious observance.. (5)
4. Back to slam in a menagerie for the Ark. (7)
5. God shows everyone a surprised expression. (5)
6. Point to a very large goddess. (3)
7. Eli steps out with some letters. (8)
10. Biblical city where worker took ten to church. (7)
13. Open presents to find snakes. (8)
15. Buffalo eats cardinal – it's a blessing! (7)
16. Pray for space to tend. (7)
18. Roman narcissist provides bread from heaven. (5)
20. Deaconess from Philippi confused one lady. (5)
21. You'll find him in Ezekiel, whichever way you look at it! (3)

THOUGHT FOR FOOD

Grilled leg of lamb with goat's cheese and herb salad

A juicy recipe for a family occasion

Ingredients

- 5 garlic cloves
- Small bunch fresh oregano, leaves picked
- Finely grated zest 2 large unwaxed lemons
- 1 tsp sea salt
- 6 tbsp extra-virgin olive oil
- ½ British lamb leg, boned and butterflied

For the salad:

- 2 bunches fresh soft herbs such as basil, tarragon, mint and coriander or a mixture
- 50g wild rocket
- Drizzle extra-virgin olive oil
- Squeeze lemon juice
- 200g ash-rinded goat's cheese



Grilling time 30 minutes plus marinating and resting

Serves 6

Make a marinade by crushing the garlic, oregano, lemon zest and salt to a rough paste with 1 tbsp of the olive oil in a pestle and mortar. Add the rest of the oil and mix well. Prick the lamb all over with the point of a small, sharp knife, then rub with the marinade. Put in a sealable plastic food bag, squeezing out any air, then leave to marinate in the fridge for at least 3 hours, or overnight if you can, making sure the lamb is kept flat so the marinade can coat it evenly. Bring the lamb up to room temperature – it will take around 2-3 hours to lose the chill – then transfer to a metal baking tray.

Heat the grill to very high (240°C) and cook the lamb for 15 minutes on each side, then rest it for 10 minutes. Meanwhile make the salad. Put the herbs and rocket in a bowl with the extra-virgin olive oil and the lemon juice. Toss, then season to taste.

When the lamb has rested, lift it onto a large chopping board, slice thickly and scatter with the herb salad. Crumble over the goat's cheese, then serve.

LYCH GATES

A lychgate, also spelled lichgate, lycugate, lyke-gate or as two separate words lych gate, (from Old English *lic*, corpse) is a gateway covered with a roof found at the entrance to a traditional English or English-style churchyard. The name resurrection gate is also used. Examples exist also outside the British Isles in places such as Newfoundland, Australia, and Sweden. The word *lych* survived into modern English from the Old English or Saxon word for corpse, mostly as an adjective in particular phrases or names, such as lych bell, the hand-bell rung before a corpse; lych way, the path along which a corpse was carried to burial (this in some districts was supposed to establish a right-of-way); lych owl, the screech owl, because its cry was a portent of death; and lyke-wake, a night watch over a corpse.

It is cognate with the modern German *Leiche*, Dutch *lijk* and *lichaam*, West Frisian *lyk* and Swedish *lik*, all meaning "corpse". There is also a German phrase for one who could talk to the dead as a medium or *Leiche Zunge*. The word also appears in Old English and pre-Christian Galway as a "Lich Tongue" – referring to one thought able to appease the spirits of upset ancestors and spirits returning to former abodes and creating turmoil on All Hallows' Eve (Halloween or Samhain).

In the Middle Ages, before mortuaries, and at a time when most people died at home, the dead were placed on a bier and taken to the lychgate where they remained, often attended against bodysnatchers, until the funeral service, which may have been a day or two later. The lychgate kept the rain off, and often had seats for the vigil watchers. Bodies at that time were buried in just shrouds rather than coffins. At the funeral, the priest conducted the first part of the service under the shelter of the lychgate.



Lychgates consist of a roofed porch-like structure over a gate, often built of wood. That at Long Compton in South Warwickshire is pictured. They usually consist of four or six upright wooden posts in a rectangular shape. On top of this are a number of beams to hold a pitched roof covered in thatch or wooden or clay tiles. They can have decorative carvings and in later

times were erected as memorials. They sometimes have recessed seats on either side of the gate itself, for the use of pall-bearers or vigil watchers.

The body rested inside the churchyard, so the gates themselves should be under the edge of the roof, between the end columns, rather than in the centre as is usually the case with modern lychgates.

The gateway was part of the church. It was where the clergy met the funeral party and where the bier rested while part of the service was read before burial. It also served to shelter the pall-bearers while the bier was brought from the church. In some lychgates there stood large flat stones called lich-stones upon which the corpse, usually uncoffined, was laid. The most common form of lychgate is a simple shed composed of a roof with two gabled ends, covered with tiles or thatch. At Berrynarbor, Devon, there is a lychgate in the form of a cross, while at Troutbeck, Westmorland, there are three lychgates to one churchyard. Some elaborate gates have chambers over them.



Most were built from around the mid-15th century although some date from earlier, including the 13th-century lychgate of St George's churchyard in Beckenham, South London, claimed to be the oldest in England. Several new examples were built to mark the new Millennium, such as that at Lenton, Lincolnshire. Illustrated is that at Shiptonthorpe, East Yorkshire

Traditionally in some parts of England, particularly parts of Yorkshire, at the end of the wedding as the bride and groom leave the church the gates are closed (or where there is an absence of gates a rope is held across) by the local children and the couple have to pay them to let them pass.

HOLIDAYS

The package holiday has helped so many to see so much, to eat such a lot, to get so brown, to feel so ill, to laugh a lot and drink a drop, and scatter money all over the world.

Johnny Morris (1916 – 1999)

Summer 2019 Lunchtime Recitals

**Fridays at 1:15pm
Collegiate Church of St Mary, Warwick**

- 5 July Peter Irving - organ (Solihull School)
- 12 July Alessandro Bianchi – organ (Cantu', Italy)
- 19 July Alex Woodrow – organ (St Alphege, Solihull)
- 26 July Tracey Gesteland – soprano with Wyatt Smith (Seattle)

Admission free, retiring collection

AND FINALLY

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

ACROSS 1 Cowl 3 Palace 8 Pilate 9 Aisles 11 Stephen 12 Ashes 14 Lot
15 Boils 16 Ear 17 Simon 19 Calotte 21 Ganesh 22 Advent 23 Grains 24 Fast

DOWN 1 Collect 2 Watch 4 Animals 5 Allah 6 Eos 7 Epistles 10 Antioch
13 Serpents 15 Benison 16 Entreat 18 Manna 20 Lydia 21 Gog

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Flowers	857351
Church Guides	403940
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