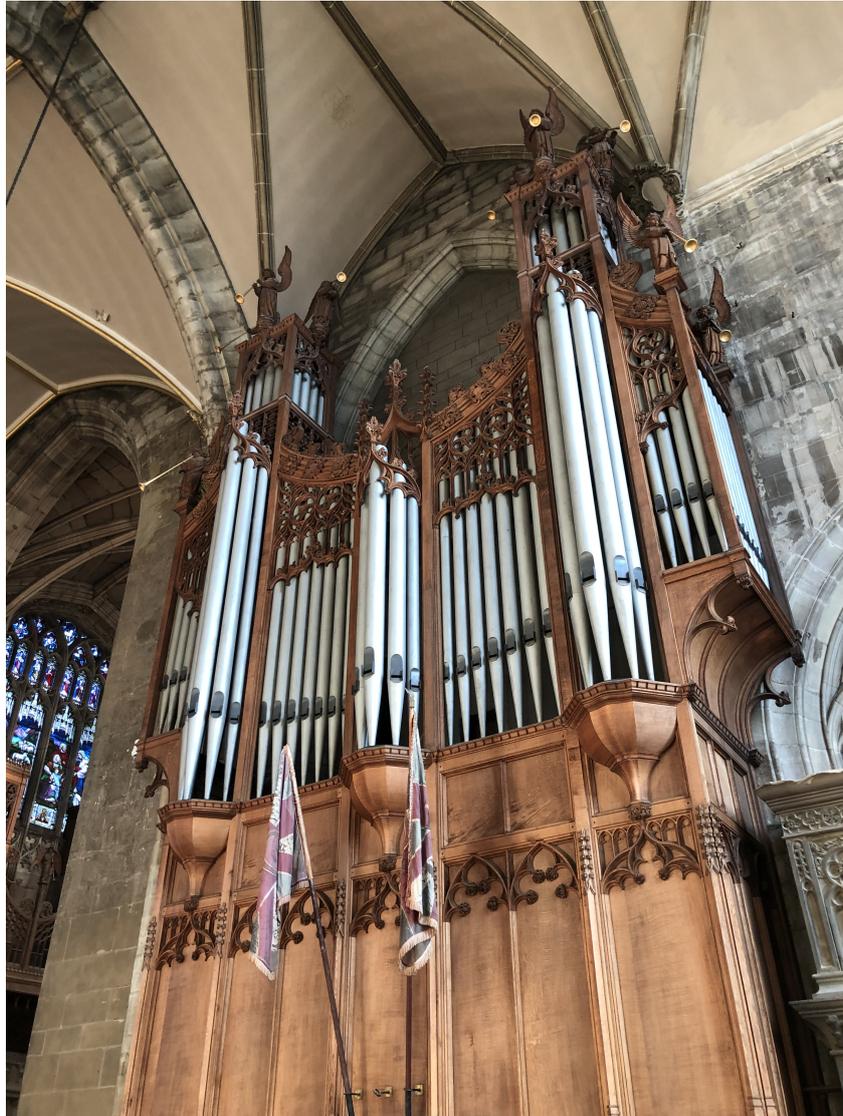


# St Mary's Parish Magazine



**May – June 2020**

**50p**

## A last look at Spring as we move towards the Summer

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attained his noon.  
Stay, stay  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the evensong;  
And, having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or anything.  
We die  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away  
Like to the summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

*Robert Herrick (1591 – 1674)*



**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

## 2020 VIRUS

Holy Week and Easter 2020 were like no other. In fact, it's safe to say that we will look back on the whole of 2020 as utterly out of the ordinary. Who could have seen the coronavirus pandemic and its consequences? Well, clearly *some* people have been concerned about this because numerous governments have been modelling such scenarios for some time, yet no seems to have taken that reading of the future seriously (or, seriously enough.)

## 2020 VISION

In this respect, Margaret Heffernan's book *Uncharted: How to Map the Future Together* (published in 2020) is prescient. Heffernan has run her own tech companies, and is now a professor of organization studies and giver of popular TED talks. In essence, she explores the challenges around the complexity of modern life and how can we think about the future. What do we need to do? Who do we need to be? And how can we plan for the uncertainties ahead? Her wide-ranging analysis includes discussion of how humanity has responded in the past to deadly outbreaks of influenza and unforeseen pandemics. There is not time and space to share all her insights from her book but one important idea she draws upon is that of 'cathedral projects'.

## 2020 FUTURE

This concept comes from Stephen Hawkin and describes how one way in which humanity handles uncertainty is through large scale projects (not necessarily cathedrals) which adapt over time to changing circumstances. Again, there is much more that could be said here but one important thing to keep hold of – as and when we emerge from all the uncertainty around COVID-19 – is that the Church as a *whole* continues to be a 'cathedral project'. This is not just in the sense of our buildings but also (as Heffernan says) such projects are also about how people work together collaboratively. So let me express my thanks to everyone who is continuing to collaborate with our shared ministry at St Mary's – it's our past, our present and will be our future.

Keep safe and well through the rest of 2020.

*Vaughan*

# SPRING THOUGHTS



I am a great one for taking photographs wherever we go on holiday. Hundreds and hundreds of snaps stacked on shelves and stuffed in draws. Some indexed with dates and places, others anonymous. Some faded through age, others dated embarrassingly by clothing or style of hair. Each image is there to remind me of a somewhere that I may never travel to again, of a year I can never relive, of memories that may be good or not. I look at some and they give me a warm feeling, good times well spent in a time that brought much happiness. That was the year I finally gave in to God; this one the year our first child was born. Some leave me cold – the places are indistinct, vintage uncertain. And there are others that give rise to mixed emotions. The last holiday together with the kids before they went their separate ways, the year the illness was diagnosed, difficulties at work or school. The bullying that stopped me achieving my real aim in life. Photographs form part of our personal autobiography; they chronicle our lives year by year as we grow up, go to school, university, form relationships, move house, welcome new births and new love and mourn the loss of loved ones. The good years, the bad years - they are all there and each has had its profound or gentle influence on the person I am today. I am the sum total of all the infinite possibilities that control our lives, some of which I have control over, others that have controlled or consumed me. That I choose to chronicle each year with my camera lens allows me to see (in some small way) from where I have come on life's journey and the direction that I have been led. Capturing a part of every year on camera may seem only to be a record of a visit to Rome, Paris or the seaside but it's more than that because it serves to remind us of a precious moment in our lives - it's a valuable chapter of our illustrated story.

Oh, and yes - it's also good to share the images of our holidays with friends and family and remind us of time spent together in what was hopefully a pleasant place.

*John Birch*

## NICHOLAS EYFFLER



Back in January we held our annual service to give thanks for the life of Thomas Oken, a major benefactor for the town of Warwick in the 16<sup>th</sup> century. In recent years this has been combined with remembering a fellow benefactor, Nicholas Eyffler, who was a good friend of Thomas. Here we provide some background to Nicholas, whose good works tend to be overshadowed by those of Thomas Oken.

Eyffler was a German immigrant from Osnabruck in Westphalia. He was born about 1512, and settled in London probably for economic reasons rather than religious persecution. He is believed to have come to Warwick under the patronage of Sir Thomas Lucy who was building Charlecote and to have supplied glass both for Lucy and for the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. Certainly he carried on a very successful business as a glazier at a time when glass for windows was becoming increasingly common. He became a 'denizen' of this country (not quite a naturalised Englishman) in March 1562, and lived first in or near the Market Place and later in two houses in Jury Street.

By his will dated January 14<sup>th</sup> 1591, Eyffler gave his property to two Trustees, Robert West and Thomas Camell. After the death of his wife (like Oken he was childless), they were to rent out his second house on the south side of Jury Street for £1 a year, initially to his brother-in-law's family called Goldsmith, who were also to rent his Meakin's Close property in West Street for ten shillings a year. These rents were to be paid to the collectors of Oken's Charity and the money was to be applied in the same way as Oken's for the relief of the poor.

By his will Eyffler also instructed that on a third property belonging to him, a close on the Back Hills (now Castle Hill), two timber-framed barns should be converted and extended into four almshouses for old women, unmarried women to be given preference over widows. In the event the four houses were built of brick on the site (early examples for Warwick) at a cost of £72. 5s. 2d., and when they were completed in November 1597 the first occupants were four widows and four spinsters who, living two to a house as in Oken's almshouses, were also given a dress ("a new frize gown" – a kind of coarse woollen cloth) and one shilling each. For their maintenance, the charity's income totalled £3. 6s. 8d. a year, made up of 16s. 8d. in rent from one barn, £1 from the other, the £1 from

the Jury Street house and the 10s. from Meakins Close.

When the Great Fire of Warwick destroyed the three Oken almshouses in Pebble Lane, that charity built six additional ones for twelve inmates in 1696 on to the southern end of these Eyffler cottages on what continued to be Eyffler land. The inscription on them reads:

*Whereas 3 Alms Houses standing in Pebble Lane in Warwick  
which Received 6 Poor Persons  
given by MR THOMAS OKEN Deceased  
were burnt by the Dreadful Fire upon the 5<sup>th</sup> Day of Sept. 1694  
these Alms Houses to receive 12 Persons  
were by the Charity of the said THOMAS OKEN  
Built upon the Ground given by MR NICH. IFFELER Deceased  
to the same Charitable Office  
by the Feoffees of the said Charity  
upon the 20<sup>th</sup> Day of May Anno.Dom. 1696*

Incidentally, these almshouses did not appear 'so high and lifted up' in those days: the hill was lowered in the 1790s to allow the road to approach the new bridge over the river less steeply.



West and Camell had passed their responsibilities over to an extended body of eight Trustees in 1593, and that Trust was renewed from time to time, but before the end of the 17<sup>th</sup> century we find Oken Trustees acting on behalf of the Eyffler Charity. (Hence the building of Oken almshouses on Eyffler land.)

However, at the time of the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835 the poorer Eyffler's Charity was separated from Oken's and managed by the Municipal trustees. This unsatisfactory state of affairs as far as the almshouses were concerned continued until the Charity Commissioners' Scheme of 24<sup>th</sup> August 1956 transferred the management of Eyffler's Charity to the Oken Trustees, and all ten Castle Hill almshouses (Nos 1 - 4 Eyffler's, Nos 5 -10 Oken's) were then thoroughly modernised. Finally, the two charities were completely amalgamated in 1988.

*Paul Bolitho (The Story of Thomas Oken and his Charity)*

# MAY DAY

On the eve and early morning of May Day, young men and women used to collect greenery and blossoms to decorate the houses of the village and its maypole. This is the practice to which Lysander refers in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, when he mentions the 'wood , a league without the town', where he and Helena had previously met 'to do observance to a morn of May'. Such customs scandalised the puritans. The Coventry maypole was taken down in 1591, and not restored until 1661. At Henley-in-Arden the May gatherings were stopped in 1655, when the Quarter Sessions dealt with 'unlawful meetings of vain and idle persons for erecting May Poles and May Bushes, and for using of Morris Dances and other heathenish and unlawful games, the observation whereof tendeth to draw together a great concourse of loose people'.

Dr Parr, rector of Hatton, in the 18<sup>th</sup> century was a great supporter of popular traditions. William Hone wrote of him:

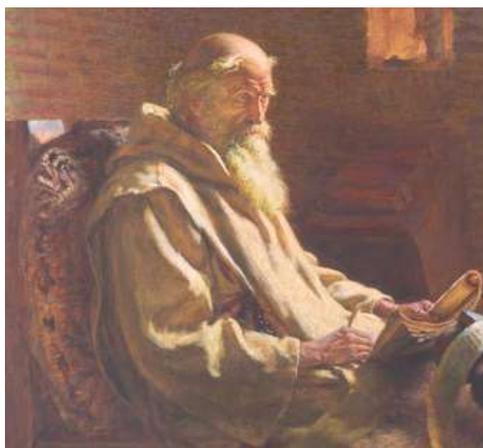
*The late Dr Parr ... was a patron of May-day sports. Opposite his parsonage-house ... stood the parish Maypole, which in the annual festival was dressed with garlands, surrounded by a numerous band of villagers. The doctor was 'first of the throng', and danced with his parishioners the gayest of the gay ... He always spoke of this festivity as one wherein he joined with peculiar delight to himself, and advantage to his neighbours.*

Writing in 1905, Thomas Kemp described events of half a century earlier at Warwick:

*On May 12<sup>th</sup>, 1847, a May-Day celebration was held ... the bells of St Mary's rang out in the morning merrily, and the people were in holiday guise. In the centre of the Market Square, which was then called Mount Pleasant, a spacious booth, 70ft in length, and 20ft in width, with boarded floor and white canvas roof, and intended for dancing: in the centre was a Maypole, which passed through the roof, and from the top of which a flag floated. ... These May-Day celebrations were continued each year on a larger scale, and were talked of for weeks beforehand. In 1848 there was a grand procession of Oddfellows and Foresters, who represented, among others, Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Scarlet and Little John. In 1849 the procession was of enormous length, and included Henry VIII on horseback, and Guy of Warwick in full armour ... All this was eclipsed in 1850, when the procession included Henry VIII, Sir Thomas White, Thomas Oken, Queen Elizabeth, and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, all on horseback ... in 1851 the May-fair was not held, but in 1852 it again blossomed gorgeous as ever, and Charles I and Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick were added to the characters represented. After this it was practically discontinued.*

Roy Palmer

## ST BEDE THE VENERABLE



The Venerable Bede was early medieval Europe's greatest scholar and the first to record the history of the English nation. His reputation alone made this one of the most important historical and religious sites in Europe. King Ecgrith of Northumbria gave the land at Jarrow to the church in 681. Benedict Biscop, a Northumbrian nobleman, accepted the gift and sent an abbot named Ceolfrith along with 10 monks and 12 novices from St.

Peter's monastery at Wearmouth, 12 miles away, to found the new monastery of St. Paul's.

The 12-year-old Bede was present at the consecration of the new church on 23rd April 685. 'I was born on the lands of the monastery, he later wrote, and on reaching seven years of age, I was entrusted by my family first to the reverend Abbot Benedict and later to Abbot Ceolfrith for my education. I have spent all the remainder of my life in this monastery and devoted myself entirely to the study of Scriptures.'

In truth, the humble monk's studies encompassed a wide range of disciplines, including astronomy, classical languages, medicine, and seemingly everything else his imagination and resources would allow. Certainly, Bede's intellectual range went much further than the Bible itself. While many of his 60 works are biblical commentaries, he also wrote on natural history, science, poetry, and history. It is, in fact, for his monumental *Ecclesiastical History of the English People* that Bede is best remembered.

The routine of the abbey day seems designed to deaden rather than awaken intellectual curiosity. Celebrating the offices of the canonical day itself was an arduous, time-consuming, and endless cycle. After the first office, sung at 2 am, any rest came in snatches before a general predawn rise to private prayer and manual duty. Daily life was ordered, shoe-horned in between the constant rhythm of the services from prime to lauds. In the midst of this ascetic and repetitive life, however, Bede wrote a prodigious canon of scholarship by any historical standard. It is impossible to appreciate the scope of Bede's effort without recalling the conditions under which he wrote, working with hand-sharpened tools on

coarse surfaces, minimal artificial light, and communication no faster than a horse on uneven ground. Services of worship that marked his priestly vocation regularly interrupted his attention, and for months at a time, the Northumbrian climate was damp, chilly, and dark. Pen and paper, light and warmth would have been to Bede luxuries beyond imagination.

Exactly how Bede came to be called Venerable remains obscured by the passage of time. The popular account suggests that a monk, inscribing in stone upon his tomb, chiselled *Here in this grave lie Bede's bones* and left the job incomplete when he quit for the day. The next morning, he discovered that an angel had added the word Venerable. Whatever its origin, the epithet has been regularly coupled with his name.

While many of Bede's works have become relics of intellectual history, of course, his *Ecclesiastical History of the English People* remains singularly important. Beginning with Julius Caesar's invasion of Britain, Bede's narrative spans almost 800 years of history, encompassing political, military, and social life as well as the coming of Christianity and the rise of the early church. His account is a primary source of



information on such events as the martyrdom of St. Alban, the coming of the Saxons, St. Augustine's arrival in Canterbury, and the Synod of Whitby.

The Venerable Bede never travelled farther than the city of York. He never met a Pope or world leader. He never saw a library better than his own. Bede died in his cell at Jarrow in 735, at the age of 63.

He was buried in the church, but in the 11th century, a cleric from Durham stole his bones and placed them with those of St. Cuthbert. His remains now rest in the Galilee Chapel at Durham Cathedral.

Within a hundred years of Bede's death, his book was known all over Europe. The *Ecclesiastical History* formed the basis of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles, compiled in the late 9th century, and popularized the BC/AD dating system, the now-common measure of time based on the birth of Christ.

Canonised in 1899, he is venerated with a feast day on the 25<sup>th</sup> May.

## IT'S A SIGN! IT'S A SIGN!

Hmm...Bad Luck seems to follow me everywhere.....



Daily life in the Warwickshire home years ago was filled with signs and omens. It was unlucky to pass the salt ('help to salt, help to sorrow') or to spill it. The ill luck of spilling it could, however, be averted by throwing a pinch of salt over one's shoulder into the face of the devil standing behind. It was unlucky to cross knives on the table, to kill a house cricket or money spider, to chop down a tree, to put anything other than a prayer book on top of a bible, to go to a play on Friday, to pass someone on the stairs, to open an umbrella indoors, or to drink another's health in water. It was bad luck to say one's prayers at the foot of the bed, but lucky to fall downstairs. It was also lucky to pick up dropped gloves or an umbrella, or to find a horseshoe. Egg shells should never be burnt, or the hens would stop laying. Similarly, if milk was put on the fire, the cows would go dry.

It was bad luck to throw out soapsuds on Good Friday because of the tradition that a woman threw dirty water over Christ as he was on his way to Calvary. It was considered lucky to eat pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, and grey peas and beans on Ash Wednesday; this would ensure money in your pocket for the whole year. It is still considered lucky for every member of the family to stir the pudding at Christmas, and every mince pie eaten in a different house between Christmas Day and Twelfth Night brings a happy month in the coming year. It was bad luck to take holly into the house before Christmas Eve, or hawthorn, blackthorn and gorse at any time, perhaps because of their supposed connection with the crown of thorns. To prevent misfortune, the Christmas decorations were burnt on Candlemas Day (2 February); today this is done on Twelfth Night.

To mend an article of clothing while wearing it invited trouble, as did drying writing by the fire. If the palm of the right hand itches, 'rub it on wood, it will come to good'. An itching right eye means joy, a left eye, tears. For either eye to itch at night, however, is a good sign. An itching nose means that you will be kissed, cursed, or vexed – by a fool. Sneezing was thought to have particular significance. To sneeze to the right was lucky and to the left, the reverse. One sneeze meant wishing; two, kissing; and three, a shocking bad cold, or alternatively, a disappointment. Four was a letter, five, something better; and six 'is a journey you'll go.

The day on which you sneezed was also significant:

*Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger,  
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger,  
Sneeze on Wednesday, have a letter,  
Sneeze on Thursday, something better,  
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow,  
Sneeze on Saturday, see your true love tomorrow.*

Another version of the rhyme went on to say, 'If you sneeze on Sunday, you'll be a wicked person all the rest of the week'. Cutting nails also had a meaning depending on the day:

*Cut them on Monday, cut them for health,  
Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth,  
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for news,  
Cut them on Thursday for a new pair of shoes,  
Cut them on Friday, cut them for sorrow,  
Cut them on Saturday, see your sweetheart tomorrow,  
Cut them on Sunday, cut them for evil,  
For all the week long will be with you the devil.*

The last prognostication is reflected in another rhyme: 'Better a man that's ne'er been born/Than pare his corns on a Sunday morn'. Probably with the same aim of avoiding bad luck, teeth that came out were salted and thrown into the fire.

The flowers of hawthorn and elder were unlucky in the house:

*Hawthorn blossom and elder flowers  
Will fill a house with evil powers.*

However, the elder did have some good uses. Made up into a toothpick it ensured protection from toothache, and a child wearing a cross prepared from the white pith would never have whooping cough!

*Roy Palmer*

.....  
"I've had bad luck with both my wives. The first one left me and the second one didn't."

*Patrick Murray*

# NEVER A CROSSWORD!

1		2		3				4		5		6
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13		14					15					16
						17						
18					19					20		
				21								
22								23				
24							25					

## ACROSS

1. Note I feel over faith. (6)
4. Food provided by gent from the US? (5)
8. Plague to get you in hot water? (5)
9. Oh! I can't find where Paul started his missionary journeys. (7)
10. Locate the Rector – he's in the cathedral choir! (3,5)
11. A dark day in a Jewish month. (4)
13. Sharp eyed problem for a camel? (6)
15. Author with a foot problem, we hear. (6)
18. Cure, say, for an Achillean problem. (4)
19. Balsamic dressing or mystic doctrine? (8)
22. Man and priest returning, not Jewish. (7)
23. Greek god producing headless chicken in anger. (5)
24. The measure of Herod, for example. (5)
25. Footnote – a charitable gift of songs. (6)

## DOWN

1. Young big cat I lost, then found in Mesopotamia. (7)
2. Italy upsetting the non-clerics! (5)
3. Len shied away from providing protection (8)
4. Widow's contribution for a small child? (4)
5. Almost no-one gets 24 hours for lunchtime. (7)
6. Jacob's son seen by Queen sitting under a tree. (5)
7. Father Christmas mistaken for the devil? (5)
12. Cruise around but hold account for clerics' offices. (8)
14. Leaner model going on for ever. (7)
16. AT sixes and sevens in the Old Testament? (7)
17. Men came about somewhere for a witch trial? (5)
18. Biblical maid, witch and the return of an artist. (5)
20. I give out cards. Perfect! (5)
21. A pint, say, for taking someone to their grave. (4)

# THOUGHT FOR FOOD

## Garlic and sage smashed jersey royals with pan-fried sea bass

An easy to prepare healthy meal for springtime

### Ingredients

- 600g jersey royals
- 2 tbsp olive oil, plus extra to drizzle
- 70g salted butter
- Small handful fresh sage, chopped, plus 6 whole leaves
- 2 garlic cloves, finely chopped
- 2 sustainable sea bass fillets, skin on (about 150g each)



Preparation: 20 minutes

Cook: 50 minutes

Serves 2

Heat the oven to 200°C/180°C fan/gas 5. Bring a large pan of salted water to the boil, then add the potatoes and cook for 20-25 minutes until just tender. Drain, then transfer to a baking tray and allow to cool slightly. Squash the potatoes with a potato masher until they are almost broken apart. Drizzle with a little oil, then roast in the oven for 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, in a saucepan, gently melt 50g of the butter. Let it cook over a low-medium heat until it just starts to turn brown. Add the chopped sage and cook in the butter for 1-2 minutes until the sage starts to go crisp, taking care not to burn it, then remove from the heat. When the potatoes have been in the oven for 15 minutes, pour over the sage butter to coat well, then roast for another 30-40 minutes. For the last 10 minutes of the cooking time, scatter in the garlic. The potatoes should be golden and crisp.

While the potatoes are in the oven, cut 4-5 slashes into the skin of each fish fillet, then season all over. Heat the 2 tbsp oil in a frying pan over a medium heat. Fry the fish, skin-side down, for 3 minutes, pressing down gently with a spatula so the fillets don't curl up. Flip and cook the fish on the other side for 2 minutes, then take off the heat. Before serving, heat the remaining 20g butter in a small frying pan and fry the whole sage leaves until crisp (about 2-3 min). Serve the fish with the potatoes, topped with the sage leaves, black pepper and any leftover butter from the pan.

# CELEBRATING WHITSUN

Whit Sunday is the seventh Sunday after Easter and commemorates the descent of the Holy Spirit on the disciples, in the form of tongues of fire, as promised by Christ before his ascent into Heaven. The official name for the festival is Pentecost, meaning fiftieth, and is derived from an existing Jewish festival that celebrated the first fruits of the corn harvest, and the giving of the Law of Moses, fifty days after Passover. It is still not entirely clear why the English call the festival Whitsun, but it may be that it was named after the white clothes worn by people being baptised on the day. Being tied to Easter, the actual date varies from year to year.

Whit Monday was officially recognized as a bank holiday in 1871, which gave boost to its already considerable popularity, but it lost its status in 1971 when the Spring Bank Holiday was created.

Whitsun's position in early summer made it one of the favourite times in the traditional calendar, and a range of open-air events took place on the day or during the following week. Whitsun ales and morris dancing in the South, and Whit walks and wakes in the North, were characteristic of the season, along with countless fêtes, fairs, club walks, pageants, parades, and excursions, all over the country. In many places, Whitsun was much more important than May Day. A poster advertising attractions at Sunbury in Middlesex in 1758 gives a flavour of the season at the time:

*On Whit Monday, in the morning, will be a punting match ... The first boat that comes in to receive a guinea ... In the afternoon a gold-laced hat, value 30s. to be cudgell'd for ... On Whit Tuesday, in the morning, a fine holland smock and ribbons, value one guinea, to be run for by girls and young women. And in the afternoon six pairs of buckskin gloves to be wrestled for.*

In Victorian and Edwardian times, the festivities were often less spontaneous than May Day, being organized by church or chapel, school or club, or other worthy institutions. In Wiltshire, about 1910, is recorded:

*Whit week was the highlight of the year. It was Sunday School Anniversary at the Chapel on Whit-Sunday when, dressed in our smartest frocks and suits, we gabbled our recitations and lustily sang our Anniversary hymns. That was followed on Whit Monday by the excitement of the Sunday School tea (delicious slabs of plum cake, thin bread and butter and sugary small cakes, washed down with sweet milky tea). We thought this a cut above the Church children's lemonade and buns on the Rectory lawn. Tea was followed by sports and games until sunset. But all that excitement paled before Whit-Wednesday, when we had the village Club-walking.*

*Steve Roud*

# Poets Corner

Time heals.....

Does it?  
Can anything relieve this shattering grief?

The turning of a key in the lock,  
a half-familiar face in a crowd,  
the scent of apple blossom on a spring morning,  
the song we loved –

- all memories that revive the pain.

And yet.....

A butterfly sipping nectar from the buddleia,  
a sunflower turning its face to the warmth,  
the sunset glory of autumn leaves in a forest,  
the crispness of frost on winter grass -

- all bringing hope that

time heals.

\*\*\*\*\*

## AND FINALLY .....

### CROSSWORD SOLUTION

**ACROSS** 1 Belief 4 Manna 8 Boils 9 Antioch 10 Lay vicar 11 Adar 13 Needle  
15 Bunyan 18 Heel 19 Cabalism 22 Gentile 23 Irene 24 Ruler 25 Psalms

**DOWN** 1 Babylon 2 Laity 3 Enshield 4 Mite 5 Noonday 6 Asher 7 Satan  
12 Curacies 14 Eternal 16 Numbers 17 Salem 18 Hagar 20 Ideal 21 Bier

---

## Who's Where in The Warwick Team

Contacts in our partner churches in the Warwick Team include:

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### St Nicholas

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