

The Vicar Writes...

Dear Friends

In a recent sermon I spoke of Paulinus of Nola and someone asked me if I would share the story in the magazine.

Paulinus was a brilliant, gifted young man who lived in the declining days of the Roman Empire. He was Governor of a province and a Consul before he was 30, a person of great wealth, power and culture who suddenly, without explanation, and taking leave of no-one, put all this life behind him and disappeared.

Pagan though he was, the Christ had laid his hands upon him and he retreated from the world. He reappears as a humble parish priest at the shrine of St. Felix at Nola, giving his talents and devotion to this little church.

His whole life is, as he puts it: "to guard the altar through the silent night and sweep thy floor and keep the door by day and watch thy candles burn".

Priest, sacristan and verger in one! To his pagan friends, it must have seemed incomprehensible. Such sacrifice, such devotion. Paulinus' devotion did not stop there. He knew that love and service of God involved also the love and care of people, who are the children of God, and for them he was ready to make the same, indeed a greater, sacrifice.

For in the year 410AD, when Rome had fallen to the barbarians and the broken hordes of fugitives streamed past Nola, Paulinus, without hesitation, spent the last of his fortune to ransom all the fugitives he could from barbarian hands. And that was not all. For, at last, when all was spent, there came to him a poor widow pleading for her son and as his hands and purse were empty, he sold himself

and bought back the boy. He was shipped off with slaves to Africa to become the gardener of the son in law of Genseric, the vandal king.

In the words of the hymn:

“Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were an offering far too small
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my life, my soul, my all”.

We sing it: he did it! How did the story end? We all love a happy ending and fortunately there was one. One day Genseric himself came to dine with his daughter and recognised in the old man who brought the salads to the table, the face that had haunted him in a dream of his own judgement. So Paulinus was called and questioned and his name and former rank revealed and the manner of his captivity. He was promptly shipped back to Nola with a company of fellow captives to finish his days in the happy service of St. Felix.

The story speaks to us of a love centered on a church, a building, but from that worship and faith came a loving heart to embrace all the needy and oppressed and that is the true spirit that informs the Church of Christ. A spirit which has always been there and always shown itself in its history. Long before the welfare state and social conscience, the church pioneered in education, in relief of the poor, the sick, the aged, the prisoner and the homeless. The church is and always has been a loving community and in this and every crisis may the church be an example of hope and confidence. Not a community that shuts its doors, but one which opens them to all in need.

With all good wishes
Andrew

Cedric Nielsen

14th September 1933 – 8th September 2020

By Graham Luker

Valdemar Cedric was born in Torquay to Christian and Mary Nielsen. His name has always been a form of amusement wherever he went, particularly hospital appointments when Voldemort would often be called out. To which Cedric would reply ‘I think you mean me!’

Cedric’s father was head hunted from his agricultural College in Denmark to set up and manage a model farm on the Dartington Estate in South Devon. It was here that he met Mary, who worked in the dairy there as their cheesemaker. It wasn’t long before Mary Estcourt Webb became Mrs Nielsen in July 1932. Cedric arrived the following year, followed by Anne two years later, and they were brought up in a house especially built for them in the idyllic surroundings of the Dartington Estate. Jane came along ten years later which was a huge shock to Cedric, when a red headed screaming infant appeared.

In 1945 Cedric’s father decided to move on and set up his own farm, so it was on Jane’s second birthday that they moved to Aish House Farm, near Stoke Gabriel with its land running down to the River Dart. Jane says now the teasing really started. He would pour a small amount of farm bleach, *deosan*, into my potty and when I weed on it, it would turn bright red, and it frightened me so much I screamed hysterically. Another time he put Andrews Liver Salts into the potty and again hysteria as I wondered what was happening underneath me. Mother got wise to these tricks so always then checked first. The teasing eventually stopped, and as I grew older we got on really well. I was very interested in all his wildlife activities, he kept various native caterpillars until they pupated and they emerged as butterflies or moths. He would then kill some with crushed laurel leaves in a jar and mount them on special boards. He had a fantastic collection of insects including beetles. I loved looking at them. He would show me the landforms in the area, their origins and underlying geology, farming methods, quarrying, and where the stone was used. It was never ending investigations. He was a brilliant Big brother!

Cedric attended Dartington Hall School, an experimental, coeducational boarding school, which believed education should follow a child's interests rather than shape them. Uniforms were spurned, teachers called by their first names and class attendance was optional. Expecting pupils to memorise facts or learn by rote was regarded as oppressive.

His great school friend Ingrid has sent memories of their Dartington days - Cedric was the mainstay of the biology department under our teacher Margarita who was Spanish. Every Monday he would bring in botanical specimens, mainly plants and flowers in season (as I did). We had competitions as to who could find the rarer ones! The other thing we had in common was ponies. Cedric and I would meet at gymkhanas and ride over the countryside and sometimes go hunting and he also took over several of our horses.

We would go to young farmers hops at the Seymour Hotel in Totnes and he and I belonged to the Cactus and Succulent Society. We would take the bus in the evening to Torquay or Paignton, where the sea fronts were illuminated, then visit a member with a fantastic display of cacti. It seemed very exciting at the time. We drifted apart when we were at colleges, he to do agriculture and I to do languages, but we kept up regularly by card or letter, and, later when I was in an unhappy marriage, he used to appear and we would go to Wisley or some open garden. We still managed to meet occasionally, especially when I moved to Somerset..... Ingrid says – ‘I feel a whole chunk of my life has gone’.

On leaving Dartington in 1951 Cedric attended Seale Hayne Agricultural College in Newton Abbot and gained his National Diploma in Agriculture and Dairying. In 1955 Cedric was called up to do his National Service with the RAF. At first he was based at St Athan in South Wales and used to ride his motorcycle all the way from Devon crossing the River Severn on the old Aust Ferry. It was whilst he was at St Athan that Cedric started to attend church regularly and was confirmed by the Bishop of Llandaff. Eventually he was posted to the island of Sylt in the North Sea - linked by rail to Denmark he would often visit his Danish family when he was on leave at weekends. Even in the 50s Sylt was well known for being a

nudist island, even though it's in the North Sea - this suited Cedric perfectly after the freedom of Dartington days.

On being demobbed, Cedric felt his qualifications were more than required for working at home on the farm, so applied for a job with the Ministry of Agriculture. He was successful and given the post of drainage officer for North Cornwall based in Liskeard and Wadebridge. He would return home at weekends to help out on the farm. Whilst in Cornwall Cedric became involved with the Old Cornwall Society, was a member of Looe Sailing Club and The Camel Valley Car Club and Jane would often join him at weekends to be his navigator. Cornwall in the 50s was a world away from the rest of the country, and he always carried his swimming costume for breaks at lunchtime when he was near Polzeath or Holywell Bay. I remember Cedric telling me how a farmer offered him a cottage at Rock for a few hundred pounds, which he couldn't afford at the time – how he regretted it in later years.

Although Cornwall was a wonderful place to work he felt after six years he should further his career by making a move. He saw a post advertised at the Gloucester office. His interview was successful and he worked as dairy husbandry adviser for South Gloucestershire. He moved to digs in Gloucester and when he wasn't travelling back to Devon at weekends he would go out exploring the Cotswolds and he eventually came across Painswick.

Six miles from Gloucester and built up on the wealth of the wool merchants, the village was popular with artists, musicians, weavers, potters - they were all drawn to Painswick and its connection to the Arts and craft Movement. From my point of view it was a wonderful place to grow up and it seemed normal to me. Cedric couldn't believe his luck, he felt the whole place was a stage set and full of the most theatrical eccentric people. He discovered Byfield Guest House and rang the bell where Mrs Cowburn the owner appeared and Cedric said he would like to stay. She asked him how long he was planning on staying, to which he replied 'For ever'. 'Good gracious' she said we have never had anyone say that before. He soon became involved in village life and all that was going on – the local history society, skittles, drama group, gardening club, Stroud & District Motor Club

and Bristol & Gloucester Archaeological Society, he was always being called upon. He also collected old farm implements.

Cedric had arrived just before the dreadful winter of '63. He couldn't believe it after being in Cornwall where snow was a rare occurrence.

He would drive around in his Mini Cooper, wheels spinning and noise of the exhaust blaring through the narrow streets – everyone knew Cedric. This started my connection with him, as the Byfield was a second home to me. He also discovered that his ancestors 'The Estcourts' came from Painswick - Cedric loved it, another extension of Dartington.

Well, he didn't stay at the Byfield 'for ever', everyone was sad to see him leave when he was chosen to work for the Farm Waste Unit in Guildford. This new job involved a lot more travel all over the British Isles and abroad. After a few years' ADAS made the decision to move the waste unit to the Ministry office at Coley Park in Reading so he moved to Lower Earley which at that time was right on the edge of Reading .

In 1973 Cedric became a mature student at Reading University carrying out experiments on a farm at Sonning. In 1975 he gained his M. Phil degree in Farm Waste Management. He was also a member of the Institution of Agricultural Engineers and the British Institution of Agricultural Consultants.

Cedric became head of farm waste in 1980, which meant he was responsible for the national programme of advice to the agricultural industry on the management, storage, treatment and application to land of farm wastes, to avoid environmental pollution of water, soil and air. He also set up a mobile laboratory for monitoring commercial farm plants. He was a member of several steering groups and advisor to the Department of Agriculture in Northern Ireland on anaerobic digestion development.

Cedric travelled extensively with his work, a frequent traveller to the Netherlands, Brussels, Stockholm and Rome on policies within EEC. I believe his farthest assignment was to Santiago, Chile to evaluate the safe disposal of the waste from their cattle, pig and poultry farms. His experiences travelling could also be fraught, one evening I remember he returned from visiting a pig unit in Germany. As soon

as he sat in his seat on the plane an Indian lady next to him rose up with her finger firmly on the call button to summon the stewardess and say 'This man stinks', to which the stewardess leant over Cedric and said 'Indeed you do sir, come with me', and he was ushered to the back of the plane in confinement. This would also happen on trains, the usual comment being 'Have you stepped in something'? Needless to say the dry cleaners did very well from him. In 1982 he was seconded to the Commonwealth Commission to provide advice to the Government of Cyprus on the management and disposal of pig slurry from over half million pigs. The objective was to control and prevent smell nuisance in tourist areas. He was often brought in to solve situations where holiday resorts had developed near agricultural land and animals, particularly where farm buildings had been converted into holiday accommodation. This often led to difficult court cases. Another occasion was to Saudi Arabia to advise on the waste from millions of quails which are farmed there and regarded as an aphrodisiac. Closer to home the Crown Estate at Windsor called him because the Queen had been riding out and noticed hundreds of dead fish floating in the ornamental lake - evidently effluent from the farm buildings was seeping into the water.

Papers, reports, lectures, conferences, so many, I remember he would frequently arrive home late because of road, train or flight problems. In summer if he was in Whitehall for the day he would ride his motorbike, wearing full leather and boots and change into his suit when he arrived apart from his boots, and as Cedric had a great habit of crossing his legs it would always show a length of boot which someone would immediately notice and could almost take over the meeting. Sometimes if I was visiting my Ealing office I would drop him off at Heathrow, I was often behind time, he then had to run, usually full length of a corridor to arrive breathless, just in time, last on the plane. ..There was **lots** of grumbling. He always hit it off well with Baroness Trumpington who said how much she liked coming to see Cedric as he was different to the rest, and once in his office would say - 'At last, now I can relax', kick off my shoes and have a fag.' From 1976 to 91 Cedric was the representative for the UK on the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations. In 1983

he became their Chairman organising international workshops with many published reports as a result. Cedric was author of a large amount of advisory literature and Codes of Practice, responsible for setting up promotional events, particularly the National Muck event in Warwickshire.

Cedric retired to Painswick in 1992 to a cottage with a long garden, previously the gardener's cottage to Painswick House now the Rococo Garden. For five years he worked as a private consultant, again with much travelling. He quickly became part of the Painswick scene again, and was instrumental in setting up the Painswick Beacon Conservation Group, being the recorder of wildlife. He set up butterfly tracts, organised guided walks and arranged working parties to clear scrub. It was at one of the scrub clearing sessions that he fell in a quarry and damaged his ankle which even though he had surgery on, always proved troublesome for him afterwards. Cedric also wrote a guide to Painswick Beacon with contributions from local Painswickians, and eventually became chairman of the group. He even tried his hand at bell ringing as Painswick church has a wonderful peal of fourteen bells, but his co-ordination was so bad he was told to leave.

Wherever he lived Cedric created a beautiful garden with flowers and vegetables. He contributed every month to the Painswick Beacon magazine with his Nature Notes. He became secretary for the Cotteswold Naturalists Field Club arranging speakers and tours plus he was outings secretary for the Bristol and Gloucester Archaeological Society. He was often called upon to give talks for many societies at which he was so good at conveying the unusual and amusing side of his job.

We had many exciting holidays. The early days were motoring in my MG, usually camping in Italy, the former Yugoslavia or Spain. We moved on with more comfort to a caravan, which we kept at East Creech near Wareham or Bere Regis during the summer and would also take it off to Cornwall or France. We progressed to my flat here at Sandbanks and more recently we took to cruising which we both thoroughly enjoyed.

Cedric moved to be with me here in Poole 2008. It was a good move for him, and he would often say, 'Painswick isn't like it used to be'. A member of the church here, he made lots of new friends and appreciated his new surroundings living by the sea. His observations on natural history were a regular feature for our church magazine, he wrote about the Green Man and the God Pan, as well as studies of hawthorns and yew trees.

Cedric had to spend the last ten months in a nursing home. After such a full, active and busy life he found it very difficult to accept and it was sad to see him so unhappy, and of course the present situation we all find ourselves in didn't help.

An ex-colleague says the thought of spending time with Cedric always lifted my spirits, knowledgeable and knowing, always generous with his help, entertaining to the last, with delightful anecdotes and salacious gossip! It was a privilege to have known him.

We have enjoyed a wonderful life together. Thank you Cedric for enriching the lives of so many, particularly mine.

RIDE AND STRIDE

A Big thank you to all our friends who supported the Ride & Stride event this year

I am able to send £680 to Dorset Historic Churches Trust

Graham Luker



CALENDAR FOR **NOVEMBER**

ALL SAINTS DAY

Sun 1	8.00 am	Holy Communion
	10.30 am	Parish Communion
	6.00 pm	Service for All Soul's
Wed 4	10.30 am	Holy Communion <i>at St. Nicolas</i>
	2.00 pm	Bible Study Group <i>in meeting room</i>

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

Sun 8	10.30 am	Matins (online)
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SECOND SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT

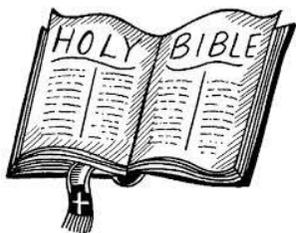
Sun 15	10.30 am	Parish Communion (online)
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CHRIST THE KING

Sun 22	10.30 am	Matins (online)
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ADVENT

Sun 29	10.30 am	Parish Communion (online)
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SUNDAY READINGS **IN NOVEMBER**

Sunday 1st November - All Saints' Day

OLD TESTAMENT: Isaiah 56.3-8

God's house will be a house of prayer for all nations, not just the nation of Israel.

NEW TESTAMENT: 1 John 3.1-3

We are children of the Father and when he comes we will be purified in his name.

GOSPEL: Matthew 5.1-12

In the beatitudes from the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus makes it clear that the kingdom of God belongs to the poor in spirit, the lowly and the persecuted.

Sunday 8th November - Remembrance Sunday

OLD TESTAMENT: Micah 4.1-5

The mountain of the Lord where God will teach us his ways so that we may walk in his path.

NEW TESTAMENT: Romans 8.31-end

Nothing will separate us from the love of Christ for we are more than conquerors through him who has loved us.

Sunday 15th November - 2nd Sunday before Advent

OLD TESTAMENT: Zephaniah 1.7, 12-end

The prophet warns that the Lord is coming and he will punish those who are complacent and those who have sinned by destroying all living creatures.

NEW TESTAMENT: 1 Thessalonians 5.1-11

Paul admonishes the Thessalonians to be alert and have courage in their persecution as they wait for the return of the risen Lord.

GOSPEL: Matthew 25.14-30

In the parable of the talents the unimaginative and wasteful treatment of God's resources is attacked.

Sunday 22nd November - Christ the King

OLD TESTAMENT: Ezekiel 34.11-24

God must wrest control of his flock from the destructive power and selfish interests of those who exploit God's people for their own selfish ends.

NEW TESTAMENT: Matthew 25.31-end

The extent to which love and compassion are shown in human relationships becomes the yardstick by which man's worth in the sight of God is measured.

Sunday 29th November - Advent 1

OLD TESTAMENT: Isaiah 64.1-9

Isaiah utters words of contrition, worship and adoration as he opens Israel's heart to the coming of God's deliverance.

NEW TESTAMENT: 1 Corinthians 1.3-9

Paul commends the Corinthians to eagerly wait for Jesus.

GOSPEL: Mark 13.24-end

The people are told to be vigilant as they do not know exactly when Jesus will come.

Dear Mummy

Do you remember this poem which Alexandra had to memorise off by heart? I recall reading it to you; how we laughed at all the funny ideas; certainly things you would **never** do, though now that you are just a tiny bit older do they actually matter? Perhaps you could start a new trend in your lovely new home? What might the staff think?!

'Warning'

*When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
With a red hat that doesn't go and doesn't suit me,
And I shall spend my pension
on brandy and summer gloves
And satin sandals
and say we've no money for butter.*

*I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired,
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells,
And run my stick along the public railings,
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.
I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
And pick the flowers in other people's gardens,
And learn to spit.*

*You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat,
And eat three pounds of sausages at a go
Or only bread and pickle for a week
And hoard pens and pencils and beer mats
and things in boxes.*

*But now we must have clothes that keep us dry,
And pay our rent and not swear in the street,
And set a good example for the children.
We will have friends to dinner and read the papers.
But maybe I ought to practice a little now?*

*So people who know me
are not too shocked and surprised,
When suddenly I am old
and start to wear purple!*

Jenny Joseph

*My 88 year old mother is residing in a care home for her
general well-being (she has dementia). Daddy died in
November 1999 and she's struggled ever since. An
engineer, he did everything for her, even triple-glazing the
kitchen windows when we lived in Buxton, Derbyshire. It
was cold!*

Helene Symington

Miscellaneous musings modern life...

In filling out an application, where it says, 'In case of
emergency, notify:' I put 'DOCTOR.'

Member of the congregation to minister: "I didn't say it was
your fault, I said I was blaming you."

Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.

The older you get, the tougher it is to lose weight because by
then, your body and your fat are really good friends.

Where there's a will, there are relatives.

POPPY APPEAL 2020

Look out for the Poppy Appeal again this year, but not so much via street collections. Instead, the Royal British Legion will focus on contactless donations, as a safer way forward during the pandemic.

One such method will be 'point of sale donations'. This means that when you shop at your supermarket and reach the till or online, you may be invited to round up your total to the nearest pound to help the Poppy Appeal.

A spokesman for the Royal British Legion said: "The Poppy Appeal 2020 is very much still going ahead", but that "the safety and wellbeing of our volunteers, staff and members is paramount.



This means that collectors who fall into the vulnerable category have been advised "not to take part in activity on behalf of the Poppy Appeal that would expose them to any additional risks while coronavirus is still present."

And yet the need is still huge: "Members of the Armed Forces Community are suffering significant hardship as a result of the Covid-19 outbreak and we at the Royal British Legion will do everything we possibly can to support them."

Green grow'th the Holly

A music manuscript from about 1515 and attributed to King Henry VIII has the words:

*Green grow'th the holly,
So doth the ivy,
Though winter blasts ne'er so high
Green grow'th the holly.*



The next three verses take us through spring, summer and autumn, so this is clearly not a Christmas carol, unlike the familiar 'The Holly and the Ivy'. What may not be known is that holly and ivy are two of the very few native evergreen trees, and in past times must have been especially popular in providing greenery during winter months.

With its shiny spiky dark green leaves, holly is surely one of the most easily recognised trees in this country. Though often bushlike, holly can grow up to ten metres high with a straight trunk and pyramid shape. It is *dioecious*, meaning each tree is either male or female, explaining possibly why the one in your garden never has any berries!

Nowadays we associate holly with Christmas wreaths and garlands, cards and carols. Pre-Victorian times saw holly branches used as Christmas trees, with the spiky leaves representing Christ's Crown of Thorns and the red berries as drops of blood. Holly brought into the house was regarded as protection against evil spirits and as a refuge for good 'faeries' who would guard the residents of the house in return.

It is interesting to note that where no person or animal brushes by a holly, the leaves lack all spines except the one at the tip. This includes upper leaves on mature trees. A bit like people – be nice and they won't be scratchy!

Back to 'Green grow'th the Holly'. The final verse ends:

*The God of life can never die,
Hope! Saith the holly.*

How wise. Where would we be without hope?

Kirsty Steele

We will remember - 80 years on

This year we've been remembering the Battle of Britain, described by Winston Churchill in August 1940 as '*one of the decisive battles of the war... never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.*' It was a dramatic turning point in the history of the Second World War. The occasions for Remembrance this month will provide us times of gratitude for what was achieved in the darkest moments of war.

However, this year we are very aware of our own struggles with the worldwide Covid-19 pandemic. We face an unseen enemy, but the effects on our lives and society are almost as devastating as world war.

Remembering is not just about focusing on past events. It is also about making present past events, as we give thanks for all that took place. The Battle of Britain was fought by the Few and won in the skies over the Channel. In our battle with the virus, we can call to mind the victory of

Jesus: *'Remember Jesus Christ, raised from the dead, descended from David.'* (2 Timothy 2:8). Jesus secured the victory of death by His cross and resurrection, so that we don't need to fear death, but trust in His loving purposes for our lives.

Currently we can't see clearly what the future holds for us; it may be very different from what we might expect. However, we can pray for God's will to be done and that we will play our part, just as each of those airmen did so many years ago.

'They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old: Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them.'

The Rev'd Canon Paul Hardingham

The Soldier's Prayer

*I asked God for strength, that I might achieve,
I was made weak, that I might learn humbly to obey.
I asked for health, that I might do greater things,
I was given infirmity, that I might do better things.
I asked for riches, that I might be happy,
I was given poverty, that I might be wise.
I asked for power, that I might have the praise of men,
I was given weakness, that I might feel the need of God.
I asked for all things, that I might enjoy life,
I was given life, that I might enjoy all things.
I got nothing that I asked for –
But everything that I had hoped for,
Almost despite myself, my unspoken prayers were
answered.
I am among all men most richly blessed.*

Soldier in American Civil War

ILLTUD - PATRON SAINT OF NGO'S?

6th November

Not many people have heard of Illtud, but perhaps we should make him the patron saint of all Christian NGOs (Non-Government Organisations) who work in emergency and famine relief.

Illtud did not set out to be an action hero – he was a gentle and learned abbot heading up a monastery in Glamorgan. Illtud spent his days reading the Scriptures and philosophy. Yet the year that famine struck the coast of Brittany, Illtud put down his parchments and became a man of action.

Illtud issued what must have been one of the earliest 'emergency relief appeals', and was able to collect a great deal of corn. Illtud loaded this corn onto several small ships, and set off across the perilous Channel in order to save the people of Brittany. Perhaps he had in mind the words of Christ: "I was hungry and you fed me..." (Matthew 25:35)

Certainly, the people of Brittany never forgot Illtud's kindness towards them: even today some Breton churches and villages bear his name. Many churches in Wales are also dedicated to this compassionate man.

FROM THE REGISTERS

Baptism

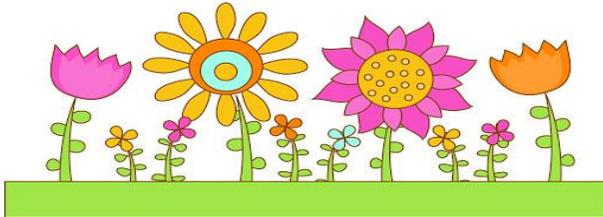
11th October Theodore and Jenson Byles

Funeral

21st October Jan South (77)

ALTAR FLOWERS

Sunday 1 st	Susanne King
Sunday 8 th	Michael Wright
Sunday 15 th	Susanne King
Sunday 22 nd	Susanne King
Sunday 29 th	No flowers



MAGAZINE DEADLINE

The deadline for the December issue of the
Church Magazine is
Friday 20th November