

The Vicar Writes...

Dear Friends

Our celebrations and reflections on the Easter story are now finished, but our walk with the crucified Christ continues. A walk which will have its joys and sorrows, its smooth paths and its rocky places. However, it is a walk that always ends in victory, just as Jesus' walk to Calvary, his stumbling, painful path, led to an empty tomb and resurrection hope for all.

The disciples who had left him or even denied him were brought back in and used to mighty effect to proclaim the gospel. Of course, they failed and continued to fail all their lives, but Jesus was able to use their weakness and fear. He used their humility to bring his kingdom here on earth. So, if we feel inadequate, if we feel useless and worthless then we can take hope that we are the very people God can use. He can't use people who are puffed up with their own importance, like the Pharisees and Sadducees, he can only use us if we are willing to forget about ourselves and follow him and his path.

If we sometimes doubt our faith and belief then we have the example of Thomas, whose feast day we celebrated on Sunday 3rd July. He too failed to believe, but when he was led to faith in Christ he was able to exclaim 'My Lord and my God'.

May we all pray to be given the knowledge and certainty of knowing Christ's presence with us. Let us pray, 'My Lord and my God'. Christ died on the cross, rose from the dead for you and me. He is with us and our affirmation of faith is:

Christ has died
Christ is risen
Christ will come again.

With all good wishes
Andrew

The Transfiguration - a glimpse of Jesus' future glory

The story is told in Matthew (17:1-9), Mark (9:1-9) and Luke (9:28-36).

It was a time when Jesus' ministry was popular, when people were seeking Him out. But on this day, He made time to take Peter, James and John, His closest disciples, up a high mountain. In the fourth century, Cyrillic of Jerusalem identified it as Mount Tabor (and there is a great church up there today), but others believe it more likely to have been one of the three spurs of Mount Hermon, which rises to about 9,000 feet, and overlooks Caesarea Philippi. High up on the mountain, Jesus was suddenly transfigured before His friends. His face began to shine as the sun, His garments became white and dazzling. Elijah and Moses, of all people, suddenly appeared, and talked with Him. A bright cloud overshadowed the disciples.

Peter was staggered, but, enthusiast that he was - immediately suggested building three tabernacles on that holy place, one for Jesus, one for Moses, and one for Elijah. But God's 'tabernacling', God's dwelling with mankind, does not any longer depend upon building a shrine. It depends on the presence of Jesus, instead. And so a cloud covered them, and a Voice spoke out of the cloud, saying that Jesus

was His beloved Son, whom the disciple should 'hear'. God's dwelling with mankind depends upon our listening to Jesus.

Then, just as suddenly, it is all over. What did it mean? Why Moses and Elijah? Well, these two men represent the Law and the Prophets of the Old Covenant, or Old Testament. But now they are handing on the baton, if you like: for both the Law and the Prophets found their true and final fulfilment in Jesus, the Messiah.

Why on top of a mountain? In Exodus we read that Moses went up Mount Sinai to receive the sacred covenant from Yahweh in the form of the Ten Commandments. Now Jesus goes up and is told about the 'sealing' of the New Covenant, or New Testament of God with man, which will be accomplished by His coming death in Jerusalem.

That day made a lifelong impact on the disciples. Peter mentions it in his second letter, 2 Peter 1:16 - 19 - invariably the reading for this day.

(Please join us on Sunday 7th August at our 10.30 am service when we celebrate our Patronal Festival)

MONICA AND AUGUSTINE

(27th and 28th August)

On consecutive days this month (27th and 28th) the Christian Church celebrates, a mother and her son. The mother is Monica, and her son is Augustine. The story of their relationship and how, after a long process, they both came to share the same Christian faith is a moving one, and perhaps has a message for anxious parents today.

Augustine was born in 354 and grew up in north Africa in the area we now call Algeria. His mother, Monica, was a

deeply committed Christian. His father was not. In those circumstances she was deeply (one might say desperately) concerned that her clever young son should also believe and be baptised. But, in the way of wilful offspring, he steadfastly refused. Eventually Monica's patience ran out. She stood outside the priest's house and noisily asked why a mother's anxious prayers had not been answered. He appeared at a window and rebuked her. 'It is not possible', he said, 'that God has not heard your prayers and will answer them in his own way'.

He was right, but it took a long while. By now Augustine had a mistress and a young son, and had moved to Milan in Italy, where he became Public Orator. However, it eventually happened – a moment of conversion in a garden, instruction and then baptism by the great Bishop Ambrose of Milan. Monica's prayers were answered. Her gifted son was ordained and shortly became a bishop in Hippo, north Africa, and one of the greatest theologians and teachers of the Christian Church. Monica died the year before that happened, but I think we may assume that she died content. Her priest many years earlier had been right!

H.V.S. SUMMER TERM REPORT

Sherborne, a small county town of the 'B's; The Abbey Bells' and the 'Birdsong' from the various birds, which flutter, plunge and even dart - quite a change from the albatrosses - all very full of song and delightful.

The Abbey, which stands proudly in the centre is glorious. It is ever with us in our grade 2 listed Old School House building, where we hear the sounds on the hour, quarter, half-past and quarter-to throughout the day - a soothing, constant peal. As it is the Wedding Season, often Saturday mornings are full of smart, shiny cars, glamorous

high-heeled mothers of the bride, bridesmaids, ushers, etc. all gathering outside, ready to enter. Clergy and purple robed vergers are always present, greeting, guiding and supporting. The passing townsfolk can happily glance up and take in the colourful view.

Sherborne is an extremely friendly place. It is rare in the morning to pass a person without exchanging a "morning", a nod or a "hello"; or in our case a "thank you" for making space for my 'ferrari'. Andrew and I walk everywhere, supporting the local independent shops and the many cafes. One of our favourite coffee haunts, in true Thomas Hardy style, is called D'Urberville's.

There is a final 'B'; the Boys of Sherborne School. Every Friday during this Summer Term, Sherborne School musicians perform a free Lunchtime Recital in a small central church. Each week, performances focus on a specific category; either Strings, Woodwind, Brass or singing. The Music School Manager, who is always there supervising, sees huge merit in performing to a live audience; boosting the musicians' confidence in preparation for their exams and don't we just love it too!

The Abbey morning Service is at 09.30 and Evensong at 18.00, with a splendid 'choir' of local folk and clergy worshipping together. The Director of Music for the School is also Director for The Abbey. There is never a dull moment. Sometimes we are almost 'Parryied out', if you pardon the expression. There is really very little difference between Transfig. and The Abbey - just the building and the worship on a larger scale, singing God's praises and hopefully doing God's work.

More next time

Helene and Andrew Symington

BEING BRAVE?

Some time ago I was helping my grandson George into his car seat in the back of my car, when I accidentally banged his head. He started to cry. "Come on, George, be brave," I said.

"But I *don't want* to be brave!" he wailed.

I guess we all know that feeling. Sometimes life is hard, and we know we have a need for courage, but somehow, we just don't want to be brave. We would rather give in, surrender to the difficulties, and wallow in self-pity.

The Bible seems to constantly exhort us to be brave, to be strong, to take heart, to be courageous. And life during a pandemic and a war certainly calls for us to make a courageous response. But occasionally we may feel overwhelmed and ready to give in or give up.

Perhaps you are reading this at just such a moment. Maybe this comes as a message to you from God so that you do not lose heart. He knows you, and He sees your situation. And He speaks to encourage you, as He did to the church at Philadelphia: "I know that you have little strength (Revelation 3:8)."

He is the compassionate and understanding God who draws alongside us, to give strength to the weary and power to the weak (Isaiah 40:29). You don't have to do anything, simply turn to Him in your need and ask for help. You will discover, as the apostle Paul did, that when you are weak, then you are strong. His power will be demonstrated through your weakness. You can then do whatever is required of you, because He will give you strength.

The Rev'd Tony Horsfall

REMEMBERING ENID BLYTON

It was 125 years ago, on 11th August 1897, that Enid Blyton was born in East Dulwich, South London. This enormously popular British children's writer created Noddy, the Famous Five, and the Secret Seven. She is among the world's bestselling writers, selling more than 600 million copies of her books.

Enid was the daughter of a nature-loving clothing wholesaler, to whom she was very close. He once sat up with her when she was expected to die of whooping cough, determined that she would survive. Her mother was less solicitous. Enid was bright, popular at school and a talented musician, but decided against it as a profession, going into teaching instead.

She married twice – first Hugh Pollock, an editor at a publishing firm who helped her to become established as a writer. They moved to Buckinghamshire and had two daughters, but then divorced in 1942. The following year she married surgeon Kenneth Waters, and they moved in the 1950s to Manor Farm in Dorset, which inspired much of her later work.

Blyton's mystery and adventure stories have clearly defined good and bad characters and are easy to read. They have been criticised for being too simplistic, and more recently for some of the now outdated social attitudes and language. But they remain popular worldwide for their sense of joy and wonder at life.

Several of her books are based on biblical stories, but she had a general rather than personal belief in God. She was brought up as a Baptist, and her children were baptised in

the Church of England: towards the end of her life she became interested in Roman Catholicism. She put much energy into charity work, encouraging children to do the same. She died in 1968.

Tim Lenton

Ride+Stride: for churches Saturday 10th September



The impact of the pandemic upon us and on the communities in which we live has reawakened the knowledge that the parish church is much more than a place of worship. It is increasingly recognised as an important part of the community, especially in smaller villages in Dorset. Our church buildings are an architectural testament to the imagination and sense of place of previous generations and it is given to the Dorset Historic Churches Trust to protect, preserve and sustain that heritage for the benefit of future generations in an increasingly materialistic society.

Living in a county as beautiful as Dorset we can be forgiven for failing to notice those architectural gems in our midst as we drive, cycle or walk in the local countryside. Virtually every town, village and community has one - our long heritage reflected in our historic churches, a chronicle of the history of Dorset's communities.

Whether a member of the Christian church or not, close examination of the architecture these churches offer cannot fail to impress.

Upkeep of all our churches is increasingly costly whether for the general fabric or by adding additional facilities to the building. This is where DHCT plays a major part fundraising through its annual Ride+Stride event to enable the churches to be kept in a sound condition for communities and visitors to enjoy, whether as part of a congregation or simply as a source of historical and architectural interest.

In 2021 the Morshead Trophy (named after Sir Owen Morshead the Trusts founder) was awarded to - St Andrew Church, Leigh in the Sherborne Deanery for raising £2483, with St Mary, Sturminster Marshall coming close behind with £2227. The total from all parishes reached £107,000. Thank you to all who sponsored Nina and Tom from our own church who raised £705.

Please support our participants from Transfiguration at a time when all our churches have suffered financially. If you would like to join us this year please contact -
Graham Luker 01202 723305





CALENDAR FOR AUGUST

Wed 3 10.30 am
Sat 6 2.00 pm

NO HOLY COMMUNION *at St. Nicolas*
SUMMER FETE

PATRONAL FESTIVAL

Sun 7 8.00 am
 10.30 am

Holy Communion
Parish Communion

Wed 10 10.30 am

Holy Communion *at St. Nicolas*

TRINITY 9

Sun 14 8.00 am
 10.30 am

Holy Communion
Matins

Tues 16 12.30 pm
Wed 17 10.30 am

Post-Fete Lunch *in hall*
Holy Communion *at St. Nicolas*

TRINITY 10

Sun 21 8.00 am
 10.30 am

Holy Communion
Parish Communion

Wed 24 10.30 am
Thurs 25 3.30 pm

Holy Communion *at St. Nicolas*
Magazine collation

TRINITY 11

Sun 28 8.00 am
 10.30 am

Holy Communion
Matins

Tues 30 10.00 am
Wed 31 10.30 am

Craft Group
Holy Communion *at St. Nicolas*

Fri 2 10.30 am

Coffee Morning in hall

TRINITY 12

Sun 4 8.00 am
10.30 am
6.00 pm

Holy Communion
Parish Communion
Choral Evensong

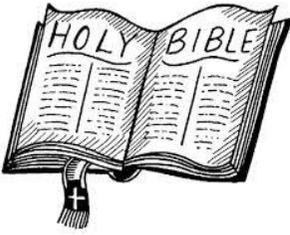
PLEASE NOTE: There are no Friday coffee mornings during the month of August. We restart on Friday 2nd September at 10.30 am.



TO MAKE YOU SMILE.....

As part of the admission procedure in the hospital where I work, I ask the patients if they are allergic to anything. If they are, I print it on an allergy band placed on the patient's wrists.

Once when I asked an elderly woman if she had any allergies, she said she couldn't eat bananas. Imagine my surprise when several hours later a very irate son came out to the nurses' station demanding, "Who's responsible for labelling my mother 'bananas'?"



SUNDAY READINGS **IN AUGUST**

Sunday 7th August - The Transfiguration of our Lord

OLD TESTAMENT: Daniel 7.9-10, 13-14

Daniel's vision depicts the joint supremacy of the 'ancient one' with the one to whom he confers eternal sovereignty over all nations.

NEW TESTAMENT: 2 Peter 1.16-19

Peter underscores the function of transfiguration to confirm Jesus' identity as God's son and the fulfilment of the prophetic ministry.

GOSPEL: Luke 9.28-36

Luke's account of the Transfiguration of Christ serves to reinforce the authority of God's word in his teaching.

Sunday 14th August - Trinity 9

OLD TESTAMENT: Jeremiah 23. 23-29

In Jeremiah 23 the nearness of God is not a comfort. God is so near that there are no secret places. Rather than a refuge, here God's nearness results in complete exposure.

NEW TESTAMENT: Luke 12. 49-56

Jesus, in this passage, says he has not come to bring peace, but division.

Sunday 21st August - Trinity 10

OLD TESTAMENT: Isaiah 58.9-end

The prophet promises the people that if they do good deeds and honour the Sabbath then the Lord will guide and reward them.

NEW TESTAMENT: Hebrews 12.18-end

Warning against refusing God and showing that we should worship God with reverence and awe.

GOSPEL: Luke 13. 10-17

A cripple woman healed on the Sabbath.

Sunday 28th August - Trinity 11

OLD TESTAMENT: Ecclesiastes 10.12-18

The teacher of Israel, King Solomon, in this passage, suggests that words have the power to build and the power to kill. They are powerful weapons against evil and if unchecked for evil.

NEW TESTAMENT: Luke 14.1,7-14

One Sabbath, Jesus is invited to eat at the house of a prominent Pharisee and notes how guests pick the places of honour at the table and tells them a parable on the subject.

TO MAKE YOU SMILE....

A minister had been preaching on the dangers of alcohol. He concluded by thundering: "And that is why, if I had all the beer in the world, I'd take it and pour it in the river. If I had all the wine in the world, I'd take it and pour it in the river. And if I had all the whiskey in the world, I'd take that as well, and pour it in the river." Satisfied that he had made his point, he sat down.

The music leader then stood up, and with a sheepish grin announced: "Our closing hymn is on page 238: 'Shall We Gather at the River'."

An Unforgettable Experience

All of us at some time can recall a journey that we will always remember because of its hair-raising experience. Tessa and I had such an experience when we decided to board a bus in Pointre a Pitre which is the capital of Guadeloupe, back to a little village on the north west coast called Deshaie, where we were to rejoin our friends' yacht.

All started well.....we boarded the bus at the terminus, and there already were people sitting on the bus waiting for it to start. We sat down, thinking that when all the seats were full the bus would start.



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Imagine our surprise then, when all seats were full, passengers still kept getting on until the bus resembled a central line tube in the rush hour! At last the driver appeared and after much shaking of hands and supervising a large bundle of sugar cane being hoisted on the roof, off we went. Once clear of the town, the road was steep, narrow and very tortuous, but this did not deter the driver who thought he was driving at Le Mans! Every time we came to a village he would sound his horn (which was like a bugle call) and wave to all the ladies who were walking down the street. Often, he would take his hand off the wheel and blow them a kiss!

Sitting next to Tessa was a young mother with an infant in her arms who was mesmerised by this lady sitting beside her with white skin, blue eyes and straight hair and wouldn't take her eyes off Tessa! We would all hang on to each other as we swung round bends at breakneck speed. Just as we reached the top of the hills, and started to descend, the bus suddenly swerved, skidded, and all the sugar cane on top of the roof fell off into someone's front

garden. "Quel Bruit"! Chaos and pandemonium ensued the driver got out and argued with the owner of the garden and the person who had forced him to swerve, everybody got off the bus and joined in the tumult....there was much waving of hands and shouting in voluble French, and we were beginning to despair of ever getting to Deshaie at all!

Then, in typically French fashion, all of a sudden everybody got back on the bus, the driver shook hands with everybody including the owner of the garden where the sugar cane lay, sounded his horn, waved to all the girls and off we went. After a few more thrills and swerves we finally arrived at Deshaie in one piece, safe and sound, but breathless....what an experience!

Tessa and Nigel Yeoman

P.S. Deshaie is where the T.V. series "Death in Paradise" is filmed.

A Ukrainian Story for 2022

Thank you so much to those who gave generous donations for Dorset Buttons. The money raised will go towards helping Ukrainians who have come as refugees to this area.

We have been introduced to Kseniia and her five year old daughter, Uliana, who have now been living close by for a month. We are getting to know much more about what it feels like to be a refugee and the trauma that accompanies such upheaval in life. It has been decided that the money raised from Dorset Buttons will go towards school uniform and dancing lessons for Uliana. She has been given a place at Lilliput School in September and she appears to have a

natural ability to dance! She certainly needs to have social contact with children of her own age, as soon as possible.

We would like to share their story with you:

From a Local Host Family:

We decided in late February, we wanted to do something to help with the situation in Ukraine. Having sent donations, it didn't seem to be enough, so I enquired with some refugee charities about the possibility of hosting a displaced family. There seemed to be a few barriers at that time, however, as time progressed, the Government set up the 'Homes for Ukraine' Scheme, which allowed us to register our interest.

Like many other families in the UK, we were told at that point, we needed to find our own displaced people from the Ukraine, in order to sponsor them for a UK visa. I was told about some Facebook groups where people were trying to link up, but it was more like an online dating site and I didn't feel comfortable with this process. So we registered with two organisations that were working to match displaced Ukrainians with potential host families in the UK. EU4UA introduced us to a mother and daughter via email. Following a couple of video calls with them and many emailed Q&As, using the magic of Google Translate, we agreed that we would be a good match, and we started to complete the Visa applications.

A week later we had a home inspection by a member of the BCP Resettlement Team, who also verified our ID documents to start the enhanced DBS check process for us. I contacted Sir Robert Syms MP that day, to see if he could help push through the visa applications, as by this point, our new Ukrainian friends were placed in a military camp in Bulgaria. True to his word, Sir Robert intervened with the applications, and we got the Visas signed off in less than

two weeks, which was very quick, as I understand others are taking up to ten weeks. Once the paperwork was complete, we booked flights from Bulgaria to Stansted, and sent the tickets to the girls. Two days later, we were at Stansted Arrivals ready to greet them.

We have welcomed our new guests into our home as part of the family, and have spent the last four weeks, nurturing them, giving them space and time to heal, and introducing them to life in Dorset. We love having them in our home. Life is certainly different with a five year old to keep us on our toes. We talk, walk, play and cook together, learning about each other's cultures, practising English and learning new skills. Family, friends, neighbours, and local businesses have been so generous in their support for our Ukrainian house guests, It makes me proud to be part of this community.

We do not know how long they will stay with us, or indeed, what the future holds for them, and the rest of their family who are now fragmented, across Bulgaria and Nikolaev in Ukraine, but we are happy to continue to look after them in our home for as long as they need.

... and from their Ukrainian guests: (with help from Google Translate!)

Waking up from the noise of planes overhead on February 24th at 5am, I couldn't understand what was happening. Taking my phone in my hands, I looked online, the news stunned me. War? I didn't believe it, like many people. I decided it must be fake news, how could there be a war in 2022? I refused to believe it, but it was true. Confused, we began to put things, documents, medicine together. For a while we stayed in our city of Nikolaev, waiting for everything to end, but after three weeks of living in the cellar, in a cold dirty basement, without a second exit, not

designed for accommodation, sirens were still sounding around the clock. We slept on the ground on the cold muddy floor, wrapped in blankets. More precisely, we didn't sleep for all those weeks, with my daughter screaming and weeping, wanting to go to her little crib to her favourite toys. Uliana just wanted to go home, but we stayed in the basement. One day, my daughter was hysterical about the explosions all around, and screaming from other people, she didn't recognise me, she was so traumatised. The following morning, it was decided that we should leave our home city of Nikolaev, and the country that we love.

We were planning our life, we sought to create comfort and cosiness in the house we worked hard for and were building for our future, but we had to leave everything. With our future life packed into one backpack on my shoulders we left to go to a safe place with my daughter. We got onto a minibus, with frightened women and children and older people. We said goodbye to our husbands and men, there was much crying. We didn't know when or if, we would see each other again.

We drove on a mined road, explosions were heard on the highway, there was a lot of military equipment all around. There was an understanding that life could end at any moment, it was very scary. We went without any understanding of how we would escape this nightmare. We were travelling to the border of Moldova, the driver did not bring us off the highway. Women with children, old people were walking along the highway with heavy bags, backpacks in the cold. Once we arrived at the border at Moldova we stood for eight hours. There were more than 1000 people trying to escape over the border. Then at night we got on the train and headed to Bulgaria, where we jumped from one train to another train to another train. For three days we got there with transfers without sleep, or

food. In Bulgaria, we were assigned to a refugee hotel and for a while we lived in Bulgaria. I hoped for a miracle and the end of the war, and didn't want to go too far from home believing we could return home soon. But time went by and the war shed more blood, and I realised that we needed to go further, as Bulgaria has no suitable life, no future for us.

England opened its doors to us, or rather the wonderful couple, who let me and my daughter into their family's life and do so much good for us. For which I am immensely grateful to them. I am grateful to Rose and her friends at church, for helping us too. I also want to say thank you to all the people, who want to help us and are not indifferent to our situation and our people, who support us, and pray for Ukraine.

Thank you

Kseniia & Uliana



FROM THE REGISTERS

Baptism

3rd July Ivy Jean Davis

ALTAR FLOWERS

Sunday 7 th August	Grace Martin
Sunday 14 th August	Grace Martin
Sunday 21 st August	Susanne King
Sunday 28 th August	Susanne King



MAGAZINE DEADLINE

The deadline for the September issue of the
Church Magazine is
Friday 19th August