

THE PALS MAGAZINE

Our three
Roman
Catholic
parish
churches



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The Parish of the Most Holy Trinity

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FROM THE EDITOR

This year 2020 has had a difficult start with almost incessant rain and, as I write, the Covid-19 virus is remorselessly taking hold of the country. There is an inexorable sense of change in the air, so perhaps a dose of spring sunshine will help us get through !

On the 1st of April, our three parishes will merge to become the 'Parish of The Most Holy Trinity'. As explained elsewhere, the merger will be administrative and will not alter how we work together. Although hopefully seamless, our Bank arrangements will alter and letters are being prepared for all those who contribute by 'Gift Aid' with new Standing Orders.

With us all getting older, it is a delight to receive contributions from St Mary's RC Primary School and what we have makes very positive reading. Again, we are grateful to Elaine Mannix, the Head Teacher for what she has done to create such a happy and high achieving primary school in Axminster.

Thank you to all who have sent in articles to make the magazine what it is. Unfortunately we are reaching a point when change to PALS is inevitable. It may be the last magazine in the current format; unless someone might like to assist the editor. A return to a smaller (A5), quarterly newsletter linked to a busier website may be a better solution.

My particular thanks again go to Claire Peters in the parish office for managing the advertising schedule and typing up some of the articles - and this in addition to her job description !

Peter Porteous

Parish information and Mass times are listed on pages 30 - 31 or as shown at:-

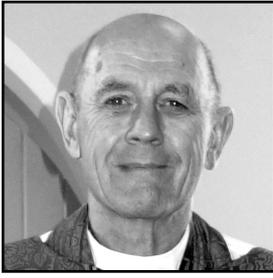
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Cover picture:

*Taken of the dome of the Church of
The Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem*

Photo courtesy of Julian Shaw



FATHER ANTHONY'S PAGE

Humour is a wonderful thing. It defuses tense situations, and a good laugh always makes us feel better. I think Jesus probably had a fine sense of humour and we can see evidence of this in many writings recorded in the Gospels. He used nicknames for several of his disciples and I can think of at least two occasions when he used gentle fun to make a religious point within an otherwise serious encounter. We usually relax when we smile; difficult conversations become less tense, and when we can laugh at ourselves it's a lot easier to see the other person's point of view.

I make this point because I want to write about the quite difficult topic of Christian Unity, and whenever I think about this matter I smile at the recollection of a little joke which I was told many years ago. Because I'm a Catholic I've made the Catholic tradition the butt of the joke, but I hasten to add that it's quite possible to swap denominations between any of the traditions which the little story makes use of! Here's the story:

"Some new arrivals in Heaven were being shown around by St Peter. The group was quite large and included Anglicans, Methodists, Baptists, and Members of the URC, Salvationists, Quakers and Christians from several other traditions. Eventually St Peter led them to a walled enclosure, and leaning a ladder against it, he let them see inside, one by one. They saw groups of people moving about, talking, playing on harps, singing hymns or polishing their halos, and all of them were oblivious of the viewers looking down from the ladder.

When everyone had seen the sight, one of the new arrivals asked St Peter who they were. "Ah", he said, with a smile, "They're the Catholics. They think they're the only ones here, and so we try to humour them a bit!"

The point of the story is this:

The foundation of our unity as Christians is the universal givenness of Jesus, the self-giving victim. Any tradition which has a unity derived over against some other group, by excluding them, betrays the very deepest truth of the universal or Catholic faith, which by its very nature has no "over against." This is why it's so sad when Christians of any tradition, turn belonging to their tradition into a well-defined cultural group with both a clearly marked inside and outside, and very firm ideas as to who belongs outside.

Any sense of identity which depends on excluding others is not that which is freely given by Christ.

The gratuity of God's goodness should result in a growing awareness of our similarity to the whole human race which is loved by God. Any real experience of the crucified and risen Lord which does not make whoever receives it more, rather than less, inclined to love the human race and acknowledge his or her dependence on it, is suspicious to say the least. A real experience of Jesus makes a person less inclined to judge and to consider themselves separate from others. Whoever teaches that a certain sort of experience is the test of being a real Christian is building a wall, a serious stumbling block. It's a mistake to claim any experience as a substitute for a relationship working over a long period of time, which produces deep changes in a person's life. The test of a healthy relationship with Jesus is to look not at feelings, but at our patterns of relating with other people; especially those with whom Jesus identified. A private experience called "knowing Jesus" can never be a substitute for a public change in ways of relating within the framework by which Jesus makes himself known. When we define ourselves by excluding others, we run

the danger of stepping outside of the Gospel.

On 1st April the three Catholic parishes of Seaton, Axminster and Lyme Regis will formally become the single parish of the Most Holy Trinity. The journey towards unity, even within our own tradition, has been long and complicated. Not so long ago each individual parish had its own congregation and its own parish priest. It was responsible for its own finances and within the Canons of the Church it was responsible for its own liturgical variations. Each congregation was different, and no doubt each one accounted for at least a part of its identity by its difference from the others. This may have been done in a laughing kind of way, but that doesn't make it any less real. At first it became necessary to share a priest, and his movement through three communities brought with it an increasing amount of practical sharing. Indeed, it was the practical necessities which probably acted as the catalyst for growing unity. Major Feast days gradually became shared occasions probably through necessity, but nevertheless a necessity which was eased by the practical sharing which preceded it.

The different congregations began to grow together socially, but once more the social growth owed its origins, at least in part, to the shared worship which preceded it. Strengths and weaknesses were discovered and no doubt admired and laughed at in equal measure. But learning took place and this learning and the acceptance of difference which it eased, wasn't imposed from the top, but grew as Christians from the three parishes began to see each other as different faces of the same diamond.

The final and perhaps most difficult part of the journey was to let go of individual financial obligations and to share what we possessed with each other, whilst continuing to respect the wishes of benefactors now deceased.

All of us who call ourselves Christian have an obligation to follow the wish of Jesus that we "should all be one". But after hundreds of years we still seem to be a very long way from unity.

The problems are immense, and the differences between some traditions are huge, but I am convinced that the path towards unity will be eased if we reflect on the way in which our three separate Catholic parishes have united, and learned from each other's differences. We need to remember that The Church calls us to work together with others for the common good, and to reject nothing of what is true and holy, wherever it is found.

Practical Ecumenism suggests that working together can profitably precede praying together, and this is one with the pattern already described above. Areas of social justice, environmental issues and the street pastor initiative have seen good results.

Most of us are very much more exercised with what we can teach each other rather than with what we can learn from each other. It requires humility to share with others whilst still maintaining our individual identities, but this path can lead to change and growth.

A Methodist minister and a Catholic priest were great rivals in the village. They died on the same day and arrived in heaven at the same time. The Methodist was delighted to see great circles of Methodists gathered around God's throne. Stretching out beyond this inner circle were outer circles of Anglicans, Baptists, Presbyterians and many other traditions. The Catholic circle was a long way off, right on the horizon. The Methodist minister was triumphant. "What about that then?" he said. "That should shock you!"

"No" said the priest, "St Peter has just told me that mine are the only lot God can trust out of his sight"

(My apologies to everyone!)

Anthony

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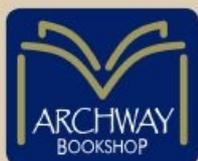


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CHRISTMAS WITH A TWIST

By Patricia Bruzon

Christmas has always been the busiest time of the year for me. It has been normal to have a full house which meant preparing extra beds, filling the fridge, buying and wrapping presents and writing a vast number of cards and, horror of horrors tidying up. Just to add to the fun when I was baking at full speed at the Country Market, the amount of food I prepared was really crazy, but it just happened and we got swept along with it.

Times change; last year I gave up market baking. We had stopped sending Christmas cards some years ago, thinking that the funds spent on postage and cards would be better directed to a good cause, and greetings are sent by email instead, so although friends are not forgotten, we believe it is a win-win situation. In our village we have a communal card and we each contribute £5 towards the chosen charity. For this fee we each write a message in one card which is then printed and distributed via the village magazine, so again no one gets forgotten, but the charity wins.

This year our boys said they did not want any more "stuff" so we agreed no presents all round with the exception of the three grandchildren. What a relief, no traipsing round shops. A quick order on Amazon for the items suggested by the parents and we were sorted.

Our son was in charge of hospitality so we only had to take the turkey (and a pudding left over from last year), and they would do the rest. They had thought of everything including eco friendly crackers and recycled wrapping paper where possible. No bed making, no rushing around trying to tidy up in time for visitors. It was so relaxed.

Thanks to the internet we were able to find out

Mass times in the nearest church and directions seemed straightforward. The plan was that we would go to the Mass at nine pm in Corsham not far from where we were staying. We had been offered a lift by the "other granny" who lives near the family. There was just one problem. We set our satnav and followed directions, but every time we reached the destination we found no church. We went up the road and down the road; we stopped dog walkers and asked where there might be a church. We followed vague finger pointing directions but no church to be found. Fortunately we had allowed a lot of time for our supposedly short journey. Eventually we backtracked for a third time and found the church tucked away in darkness behind a large modern building which had eclipsed it completely from the road. Much relief all round.

There are compensations for changing our ways and not just listening to our offspring, but letting them get on with it. Christmas Day was a revelation. Everything was done with more simplicity but was just wonderful none the less. I was not allowed to lift a finger, just had to be waited on hand and foot, with time to enjoy the grandchildren. So no cooking, no cards, no presents, just relaxing family, it was truly wonderful. (Though we did cheat and treat ourselves to a weekend away in January, after all we had to relax after the exertions of such a busy Christmas).

RECIPE

The Riverford cookbook is really interesting I would like to share a couple of vegetable recipes which are simple but different.

Prepare any quantity of carrots, by peeling and cutting into chunks at an angle. Place these on a sheet of baking paper large enough to wrap around the ingredients. Add a dash of olive oil (or butter) , some star anise, a cinnamon stick and sliced orange. Wrap up the ingredients, make sure the packet is well sealed along the edges, and place the parcel in a roasting tin into the oven where they will steam in the bag. (About twenty five minutes). They are a delicious accompaniment to any meal. Ring the changes by using garlic and rosemary instead of the above flavours.

How about carrot salad? Cook carrots and

whilst still warm pour a dressing made by mixing 3 tablespoons each olive oil and lemon juice, juice ½ orange one tsp each paprika and cumin and crushed garlic (¼ to ½ tsp ie one small clove.) Allow to macerate for an hour, top with freshly chopped parsley just before serving.

Here is a tip, a recipe which resulted from my experiments in the kitchen. If you make meringues try something completely different add raspberry essence or dried raspberry powder and rose water to the mixture just before you spoon it on to the baking parchment. It will be like eating a giant marshmallow. I dare you to stop at one.

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NOTES ON OUR ROMAN CATHOLIC DIOCESE OF PLYMOUTH

Christian communities in communion with the Bishop of Rome have been present in the South West of England since the early days of Christianity. The present Diocesan structure dates back to the mid-nineteenth century, but its heritage and history are rooted in those first Christian communities.

The story of the Catholic Church in its present form, dates back to the time of the Reformation when those who maintained their allegiance to the Bishop of Rome as successor to Peter, and the Latin liturgy and dogmas, were seen – and saw themselves – as being outside the Church of England as established by King and parliament.

At that time several Catholics were martyred for their faith from our three counties. Notable among them was Cuthbert Mayne, a native of North Devon, who was arrested in Cornwall and hung drawn and quartered in Launceston. He is one of the patron saints of the Diocese.

Over the next few centuries the Catholic Church continued in the South-West with the support some local Catholic aristocratic families – notably the Welds in Dorset, the Cliffords in Devon and the Arundells in Cornwall. During the European upheaval associated with the French and Napoleonic wars, many Catholic refugees settled in the area, including several religious congregations.

In 1851 the Roman Catholic Hierarchy was restored in this country, and a church structure was set up with Bishops responsible for their Dioceses, and with priests and congregations. Over the years the numbers of parishes, churches, religious congregations and schools have grown to the present size.

The Plymouth Diocese covers almost the whole of south-west England, serving Roman Catholics in the counties of Cornwall, Devon & Dorset. Its 93 parishes stretch from Penzance and the Isles of Scilly in the west, to parts of

Bournemouth and Shaftesbury in the east. The Diocese is divided into five deaneries for easier administration: Cornwall, Plymouth, Torbay, Exeter and North and East Devon, and Dorset.

For the Catholic schools across the South West of England, the primary mission is for each child to be able to encounter the living God, who in Jesus Christ reveals his transforming love and truth. Our 36 schools are all part of a multi-academy trust, 'Plymouth CAST'.

For those interested in our Diocesan history, archives are housed at Cardinal Newman House, Exeter. They contain a great deal of correspondence, papers, and artefacts concerning the diocese since its foundation in 1851. The Diocesan Archivist is Sister Benignus O'Brien who can be contacted at: Cardinal Newman, House, Wonford Road, Exeter, EX2 4PF



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CHURCH HISTORY

ST AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO

By Rev'd Ed Standhaft

The problem with St. Augustine is that there are two of them who have prominent positions in the history of the church, each being important but in different ways. Take heart if you are already experiencing theological confusion: you will not be the first - or last. Medieval historians frequently mixed up Augustine of Canterbury (6th century) with Augustine of Hippo (5th century) and even today we are not always sure about which one they are writing about!

Augustine of Canterbury who died in May 26th 604 is best known to readers and those who have visited Canterbury cathedral. He was a Benedictine monk, sent by Pope Gregory the Great to convert the English, establishing his monastery at Canterbury, and who later became the first Archbishop of Canterbury. Augustine was soon revered as a saint and this tradition continues both in the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches.

The other Augustine, also considered a saint in both Catholic and Anglican traditions was Bishop of Hippo a pastor, a theologian, and is revered as a Doctor of the Church, despite what today we might consider as holding some views, unorthodox even unacceptable. It is about this Augustine that I want to write, if only briefly.

Hippo is in North Africa, present day Algeria, and by the 5th century Christianity in its various forms was exercising a growing influence in that part of the Roman Empire. I say this because Catholic Christianity was but one branch of the faith along with Arianism and Manichaeism and possibly others, with competing theological views.

Augustine was born 13th November 354 and

died 28 August 430. He is best known for his views on sex, his mistress with whom he lived for over 15 years and their son, Adeodatus whom he loved throughout his life. But his sexual exploits as a young man, important though they are, form an important but not all-consuming totality to his thinking.

Augustine, by birth, therefore, was an African and was proud of his African heritage: how interesting that one of Christianity's greatest thinkers should come out of Africa! Monica, his mother, was a devout Christian and his father converted in later life.

Before coming to faith himself, Augustine, furthering his education highly intelligent and gifted, was influenced by the great thinkers in Carthage: while maintaining his hedonistic lifestyle he decided to become a Manichaeism, which in its Christian form began to draw him into faith. However it was in Milan that Augustine's Catholic theology began to take shape, particularly under the influence of the preaching of Ambrose, bishop of Milan.

Ambrose was a spectacular orator and it is impossible to overestimate the influence of this great bishop had on Augustine. He wrote of Ambrose "that man of God received me as a father would and welcomed my coming as a good bishop should." The influence of this pastorally-minded, intellectual bishop, along side Monica's Christian faith and his friendship with a Christian student led Augustine to seek Baptism at the age of 31, along with his son. Later priestly ordination and eventually episcopal ordination led him back to Hippo where he became this bishop.

Many people remember Augustine for two things: first his famous saying "Grant me

chastity and continence, but not yet." And the other, hearing a child's voice say "take up, and read" (the Bible): the reading was St Paul's letter to the Romans, chapter 13 verses 13-14, which includes the phrase "Put on the Lord Jesus Christ." Augustine did and it changed the church.

More on what he wrote and Augustine thinking that shaped the church, Protestant as well as Catholic for well over 1000 years may be found in a later edition of the magazine.

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WHISPERS

By Rita Bellini

Gone too soon those happy faces,
Just memories in many places.
Voices we have loved to hear
In our hearts still sound so near.

Whispers on a summer breeze,
In the rustle of autumn leaves.
Faint sounds upon a winter's day.
"I am here" they seem to say.

When the nights seem over long
And the days all go so wrong
Think of all those happy years
Smile again and dry those tears

"We were lucky, we had love
Heaven's near, not far above.
Do not grieve, do not weep,
Here for you a place I'll keep"

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ST MARY'S IS A GOOD SCHOOL AND NOW A GOOD CATHOLIC SCHOOL



You may recall that we achieved an Ofsted 'Good' following an inspection in July 2019.

Following our recent diocesan inspection we have now had official notification that we are now a good Catholic school. St Mary's was the first school in The Diocese of Plymouth to be inspected under the new framework which was introduced in October 2019 and the first school to have an external team from outside of this diocese.

The inspection on Thursday 31st January this year was undertaken by two experienced inspectors from the Diocese of Nottingham.

St Mary's is a caring and inclusive school which boasts a strong sense of belonging and community. Since the last diocesan inspection, the school has been through a period of immense change – emerging now into a more stable and cohesive position where there is a relentless drive for improvement. The high level of pastoral care offered by the school to pupils, families and staff members is palpable. This is impacting positively on pupil numbers; the school is oversubscribed for September 2020.

The Catholic Life of the school is a strength. Through determination and good role modelling, the Headteacher is at the forefront of positive change: she is growing the community spirit so that everyone feels the benefit and impact of 'living, loving and learning with God'. Pupils are keen to help others and, although this work is in its infancy, they are driving projects within the local area. They thrive on their values of STAR: safe, trust, achievement, resilience.

In advance of the day, phone and email communications shared key information about St Mary's. On the day a large amount of written information was shared as well as lots of observation of events alongside meetings with key stakeholders; parents, children, Father Anthony, staff and governors.

We have more to do and we have already begun to take the next steps but it is an achievement to have secured this outcome in just two years. We are very grateful to the Fr. Anthony and the wider parish community for your support, prayers and actions.

The full report can be viewed on our school website but here are a few of the headlines which may be of particular interest to you.

St Mary's Gift Team

In September we have elections for our school council team. This is made up of just two members of each of our classes.

After this year's elections a child stopped me to say that they were sad that they had not been selected as a school councillor because they really felt they had something to offer the school. Keen to encourage this desire to make a difference I engaged in a conversation with the pupil about what they might be able to do. Over the next week this developed by that child talking to friends and then speaking in an assembly about an idea to have a team that helps God's light shine more brightly in our school. Soon after The Gift Team was born.

Events so far have included planting daffodil bulbs to share with our neighbours, writing welcome cards for visitors, sharing smiles at

playtimes, learning poems and songs to share at a local community breakfast for isolated adults.... small practical tasks that make a difference to others.

We see it as a way to develop the joy of giving as well as the beginning of children understanding vocation.

This is most definitely an incredibly humbling experience for me as head teacher as it truly has developed from the children themselves and their own desire to make a difference. It is a voluntary team and the children come up with ideas about ways to share their gifts. Over half of our children have chosen to join this team.

Next term some of these children will take part in formal training to become a chaplaincy team. This training will end in children being commissioned by Bishop Mark.



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EULOGY FOR JO ENRIGHT

With thanks to her sons Jake and Sebastian

Josephine Mary Enright - beloved mother, grandmother, sister, auntie and friend - was born in 1947 to Eddie & Mary, the 3rd of their children, sister to Brian, Rosemary, Kate and Clare. She spent the first couple of years of her life in Stanmore before the family moved to Southgate, where they would live until she left home many years later.

She grew up close to a much larger extended family - aunts, uncles, cousins and her great aunts who had raised her own mother after she lost both her parents at a very young age. In many ways hers was a fairly typical suburban, post-war childhood, but even during her early years her qualities that were loved by so many - fun loving, determination, and a concern for the wellbeing of others - were there for all to see.

She spent her first holiday in Lyme in 1948 - the start of a lifelong love for the town - and at the age of 5 started at Vita et Pax school where she was one of 3 Josephines in the class, one of whom would become a lifelong friend. Always bright, though by her own admission not necessarily the keenest to apply herself, she was nevertheless made house captain in her final year, due in part - so they say - to some enthusiastic lobbying of fellow classmates by her sister Kate.

A little later on she attended St Michael's Grammar school until the age of 16 when she went to work as a nursery nurse at Camden House children's home in Southgate, where she

had already been volunteering in her spare time. Countless children were lucky enough to be cared for by her during this time - she still spoke very fondly of them decades later - and remained lifelong friends with one of them - Victor - who had been in her care from a very young age.



Jo Enright

Northamptonshire in 1979. In 1981 the family was complete when her youngest son Sebastian arrived on a snowy day, Jo waving to her older sons through the hospital window as they built a snowman for their new baby brother in the park across the road.

As a mother she was the most loving of people who did everything she could to set her children on the right path in life, never spoiling them but if they really wanted something she'd always do her best to find a way for them to work hard and earn whatever it was. She had a wonderful nurturing side - for example recording herself reading bedtime stories so that she could still be there at bedtime when she had to work late.

In 1970 she gained a place on a Social Administration course at LSE, where she met Roger, and they were married in 1972. Shortly afterwards they both qualified from Newcastle University as social workers and their work took them initially to Northamptonshire, then Bristol for 3 years during which her 2 eldest sons, Nathaniel and Jacob were born, before finally settling b a c k i n

She was also the life and soul of the party as many friends and relatives will tell you - her high kicking on the dancefloor, not to mention her unique dress sense and infamous multi-coloured boots often leaving 3 mortified teenage boys!

Since she passed away many former work colleagues in the home finding team at Northants County Council have paid tribute to her, all commenting on what a pleasure she was to work with even if her infectious laugh did cause one or two to complain anonymously on occasion! She was a great manager who led by example, not to mention a loyal friend to her colleagues in times of need. The number of lives she must have positively impacted during her time working in foster care is immeasurable; one particular source of pride for her was the culmination of years of hard work leading to her finding a family to adopt 4 sisters and enable them to remain together through their childhood, a truly remarkable achievement.

After more than 25 years in Social Services the opportunity to leave the world of work presented itself and she moved to Lyme Regis. Far from taking her foot off the pedal however she soon settled in and began volunteering with vulnerable adults at the Connect centre in Bridport, as well as the Gateway social club that many of the same adults attended in the evening. She also set up the Lym Zim Link charity with her sister Kate, due to their brother, Brian's links with Zimbabwe. For the first 7 years, mainly through selling their own crafts as well as the monthly Lym Zim draw, they supported the Leonard Cheshire home, a residential school for children with physical difficulties near Harare. Initially they paid to equip the home's bare physio room, but eventually they were able to go even further and fund the construction of an entirely new residential block, transforming the home into one of the best facilities in the country for disabled children. The impact of this really can't be understated - for some children having access to these facilities really was the difference between being able to walk independently or not; being able to return to live with their families or remain away from them in a residential school.

Perhaps with a sense of 'job done' at Leonard Cheshire, the charity then moved on to support girls at the Emerald Hill School for the Deaf, covering the fees for impoverished children who might otherwise be unable to receive an education. It also helped to improve the living conditions for deaf children at the Pedro Arrupe Centre, a home for 25 children with hearing impairments in rural Musami, paying to install water and electricity at the home and replace the thatched roofs of various buildings. An amazing legacy & something to make those who knew her feel immensely proud.

In her later years she was thrilled to become Granny to 7 grandchildren - Daniel, Evie, Leo, Oliver, Louis, Grace and Benjy - and loved nothing more than having them to stay for trips to the seaside here in Lyme, just like her own children, and indeed herself, had enjoyed in days gone by.

Her 3 sons, as well as their wives and partners, recall with fondness her help, advice and patience during some of those difficult moments that all new parents face. Although her health prevented her from being as active with them as she'd liked in the last couple of years, she nonetheless played the role of Granny with typical love and enthusiasm, whether through Skype calls, homemade cards and other treats that she loved posting to them, and watching their joyful faces as they spent hours in her house discovering many of the same toys that she'd enjoyed her own children playing with many years earlier.

Her life and the mark that she left on the world can best be summed up in the words of her older brother, Fr. Brian Enright:

"Her life-long concern for the marginalised, whether deprived children in North London and Northamptonshire, or vulnerable adults in Lyme Regis, was truly remarkable. She was a kind, generous and loving person and her death leaves a huge gap in our lives."

ST MARY'S CATHOLIC PRIMARY SCHOOL

SPRING NEWS 2020

From the Head Teacher

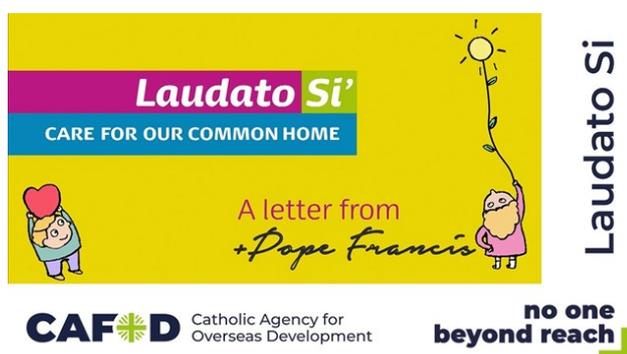
A letter to the people from Pope Francis

We started the year with this shared theme to develop our common home. This fitted well with our teaching theme in RE of Creation.

It had been the teachers' thought that we would raise awareness of the issues but we soon discovered that our children were very informed about the ways that our world has become at risk; from plastic in seas, to deforestation, risk of animal extinction and ice cap and water level concerns. In fact some of our children felt quite worried so instead of taking about it we worked on actions to improve it.

As a whole school we did lots of work to improve recycling in our school and especially to cut back on single use plastic.

We have also had a focus on having the courage to be kind and connected this to being peacemakers.



Use this address to see the video that launched our project:

<https://cafod.org.uk/Education/Primary-teaching-resources/Laudato-Si-animation>

Neil Parish MP

Last term Eagle Class, our oldest pupils, spent a day in London to visit Parliament. This was part of their on going work to understand democratic principles as well as to develop skills to debate. During their trip they met Neil Parish MP who agreed to come to work directly with us on some of our change activities.

This term our shared theme is 'Change Starts with Us' and we were very privileged to have Neil Parrish talk to all pupils about what inspired him to become a member of parliament and how an MP can make a difference.

He also worked separately with our oldest pupils to build on their Parliament visit to develop their understanding of the democratic process.

Kestrel Class design and open local children's play area

Last year our current Kestrel Class took part in a project to make improvements to the local Foxhill Play Park. This term they were invited to officially open the play park which was made from their designs.

We have been working over the last two years to help children develop their voice and to learn that they can make a difference. This was an excellent example of how they can achieve positive change. Use the addresses below for our school website and the local newspaper report for full details of this great project.

http://www.stmarysaxminster.devon.sch.uk/website/opening_of_foxhill_playpark/446377

<https://eastdevonnews.co.uk/2020/01/31/axminster-youngsters-fantastic-ideas-put-the-fun-back-into-foxhill-and-loretto-road-play-areas/>

A THOUGHT FROM ST MARY'S

Hilary's Luncheon

On Wednesday 19th February we enjoyed another of Hilary's lunches.

This has quickly become an established feature of our shared parish and school life. The simple, healthy and tasty lunches offer a space for community. They really are a very positive and gentle way to build community.

Look out for the date of the next event and if you do not already take part please do consider giving it a go.

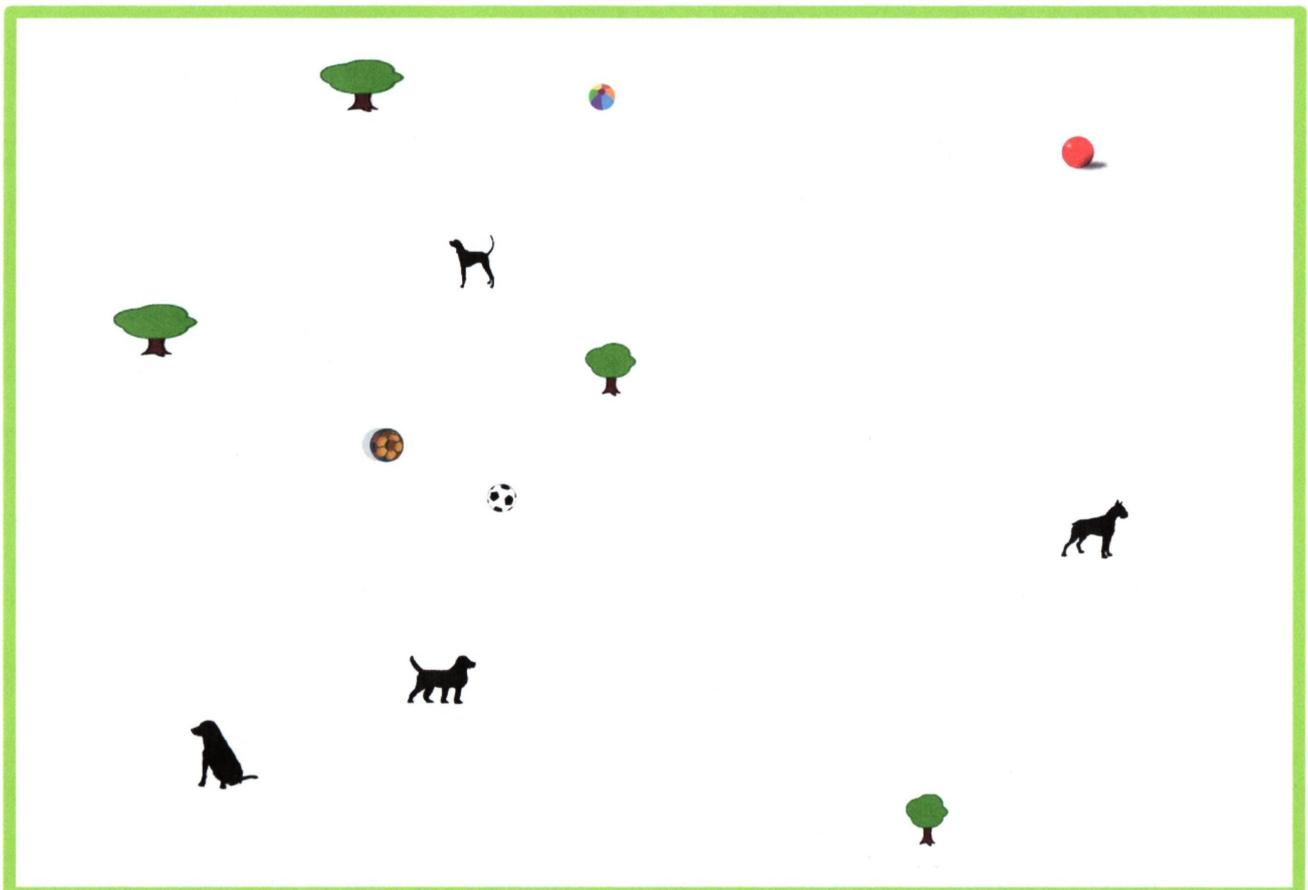
Come and join us

You are welcome to get involved in some of the activities we already do at St Mary's : as a volunteer to support reading, or bring another specialist skill such as knitting or sewing, gardening, pottery, painting, poetry. Whatever your area of interest we are very likely to be able to make use of it to benefit the children and their learning.

Or watch out for our shared community events such as Hilary's Lunch.

If you have another idea to further develop school and parish links don't hesitate to contact us.

Brain Teaser: Four dogs are in a field and need to be kept under control. Using only 2 straight lines, divide the field into 4 areas so that each area has one dog, one tree and one ball.





IF SUNDAY IS FOR PRAYING, WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF THE WEEK?

By Roger King

I can remember, a long, long time ago, when I dutifully went to Church with my parents with the idea that this would set me up for the rest of the week. In those days praying apparently involved kneeling beside your bed with your hands clasped together, this did not come easily to me.

Then came school, the war, air raid shelters and a closer look at what life was all about. I was also lucky enough to have a headmaster who talked to his sixth form about the historic theories about the existence of God. So, maybe, here the mustard seed was planted, what it grew into is work in progress!!

Although I was bombed and machine gunned whilst still a schoolboy, in a long military service, I never had to fire a round at an enemy target. Furthermore, in a relatively short time, we were standing with our previous enemies against a new huge threat. I was aware of the adage "you don't find atheists in foxholes" and of the horrors of the trench warfare and the

blitz; more serious thoughts came to mind.

At last, the penny began to drop, you did not go to Church to be with God, He is with you every moment of your life; if you do your best to follow his example of selfless love for all things and accept whatever befalls you as His will, you can take whatever comes and begin to know His peace.

Do not think that He is in your pocket or on your back; you have to ask Him in to help you tackle whatever it is concerning you. You do not have to get on your knees to ask for his help, He probably knows what you need already, but you have to ask.

A bloke called Fenelon, of whom I know nothing, writes
"If you are with God in faith and love you are in prayer"

Nobody said it was easy.

The PALS Magazine Rate Card prices up to end of Dec 2020

| A4 Publication | Full Page | Half Page | Quarter Page | Small Ads |
|------------------|-------------|-------------|--------------|------------------------------|
| Inches | 9.75 x 6.75 | 6.75 x 4.75 | 3.25 x 4.75 | All sizes below Quarter Page |
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| Colour | £72 | £36 | £23 | |
| Black and White | £60 | £30 | £17 | £12 |

The PALS Magazine is produced as a summer and winter edition. It is usually free but is sold for £1 in some locations. The printing costs are usually offset through its advertising. The magazine is A4 size, of 32 or 36 pages and printed partially in colour. The print runs for each issue are for a minimum of 350 magazines which are distributed firstly to church congregations in Axminster, Lyme and Seaton and then to outlets in the three towns.

All enquiries:- The Parish Secretary, The Presbytery, Lyme Road, Axminster EX13 5BE
Tel: 01297 32135 Email: axminster@prcdtr.org.uk

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ST MICHAEL & ST GEORGE CATHOLIC CHURCH, LYME REGIS

By Richard Salt and Philip Mostyn

It all started with £100....

In the 1830s Lyme was a fashionable resort (as it is now!) and its Catholic families met for Mass in some of the larger houses, such as Coram Court in Pound Street, where Monique Bellingham lived. She was widowed and had five daughters and a son, who died while serving in the Army in India. After his death, she found £100 in his desk (worth about £13,000 now) and decided to use it to start a project to build a Catholic church in Lyme, which would have been illegal only a few years earlier, before the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829. The scheme was enthusiastically supported by the new Catholic parish priest at Axminster, Father Charles Fisher, who bought a plot of land at Silver Street for £275 in 1835, and commissioned a leading architect from Bath, Edmund Goodridge, to design a magnificent church - in which he is now buried.

The tower

The church is Neo-Gothic, influenced by Salisbury Cathedral (particularly the roof vaults), and the original design included an elegantly tall and thin octagonal spire. This was a new challenge for the builders of Lyme, so a less ambitious tower was eventually built in 1855 and this had to be rebuilt in 1936, after it was badly damaged in a storm. Sadly the bell it houses needs repairs which we cannot yet afford.

Our Saints

The first mass was said here on 27th August 1837 - just 2 years after the foundation stone was laid on St George's Day (23rd April) 1835. A

fitting day because the patron saints of the church are St Michael and St George, who are depicted on the seal of Lyme's royal charter of 1284... and in stained glass above the altar.

The Sanctuary

Another saint is associated with this church because within the High Altar (designed by George Goldie) lies a relic of St Francis Xavier. He was a 16th Century Jesuit priest who brought Christianity to many parts of India, Malaya and Japan. The altar was moved forward in 1972, to allow the priest to face the people during Mass. The Gothic stone reredos and arcading on the altar were originally painted and gilded, which were lost as the stone decayed. There is also a fine neo-Norman octagonal baptismal font at the foot of the Sanctuary.



The Presbytery

Overlooking the Sanctuary on the right is a gallery which connects to the priest's home (Presbytery), which is beside the church. This was designed by Edward Welby Pugin, another famous Neo-Gothic architect who designed over 100 Catholic churches. It was built in 1839, followed soon after by the old School building behind the church, which originally had three storeys and provided education by nuns for a century...until it fell into disrepair. In 1993 it was restored as a parish social room.

The Lady Chapel

The Lady Chapel with its two lovely windows of the Annunciation and two others of St. Cecilia and St. Monica was built in 1851, the gift of Burnard Farnell in memory of his wife who was one of Mrs. Bellingham's daughters. The Lady Chapel contains a family vault where Mrs. Bellingham and her daughters are buried.

The Lady Chapel also has plaques to the memory of parishioners who fell in the Two World Wars, and one commemorating Admiral Sir John Talbot GCB, who lived nearby at Rhode Hill, Uplyme. He and his wife Juliana (nee Arundell) were generous benefactors of the Church and are both buried under the aisle below the Sanctuary, with their son Reginald being buried in a grave to the South of the door to the Church.

The Stations of the Cross

The Stations of the Cross were also installed in 1851, and are made of unusual papier mache in bas-relief.

The stained glass windows

The stained glass windows over the High Altar were donated by Mrs Ann Wray in 1883, a convert to Catholicism. The centre light is a figure of "Mary Immaculate" and in a small medallion below is St. John on the island of

Patmos. Below the side lights depicting St. Michael and St. George are scenes of the Visitation and Nativity. These windows are the work of Westlake, Lavers & Co. of London. Ann Wray is buried in a grave to the North of the path leading to the main door of the Church.

The organ

The current two-manual and pedalled organ has a wonderful tone, which is heard every Sunday morning. The original organ had to be replaced in 1978. It had been donated in 1909 by Alban Woodroffe, who was Mayor of Lyme and started the Woodroffe School, and was a stalwart of the parish.

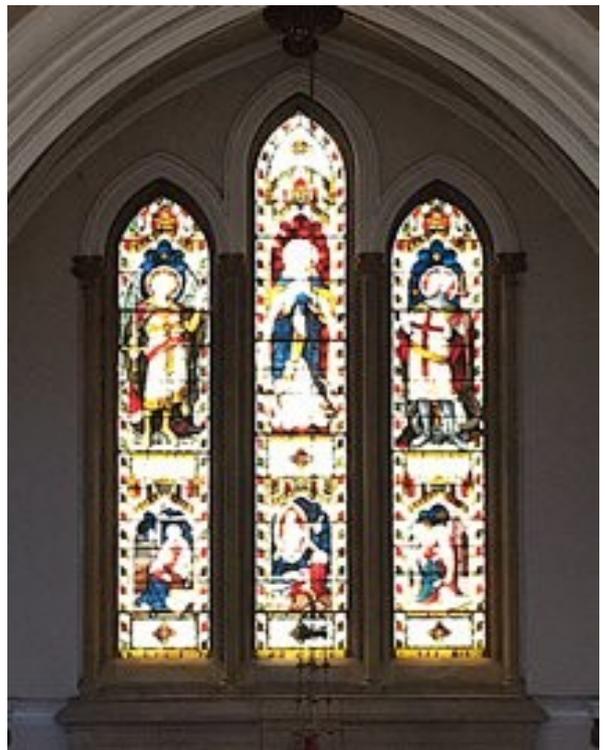
Salt and wind

With its exposed position above the town, and the sea air and strong winds, the Church buildings require frequent maintenance and re-rendering. Because the church and presbytery are Grade II* Listed buildings, no work can be done without the approval of the Historic Churches Committee and supervision of heritage architects, ensuring that historic materials and standards are maintained... which makes maintenance very expensive.

The last major restoration was carried out in 1990-91. This was led by General Sir David Mostyn KCB, CBE, who lies buried in a grave with his wife Diana, outside the Church. He was Admiral Talbot's great great grandson, and Alban Woodroffe's great nephew.

Further restoration of this beautiful and historic church is already overdue, particularly to the exterior, roof and guttering, which are fast deteriorating. Grants are being sought from national organisations and charities, but the proportion of the funds that this small parish must still find is substantial - about the equivalent of £500 in 1835!

CHURCH OF ST MICHAEL AND ST GEORGE, LYME REGIS



OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM

By Doreen Baker

When Walsingham came to Plymouth

Walsingham - England's Nazareth - a-a-h! That's the place my late husband and I visited several times during the 80s and 90s. We'd always stay for a couple of weeks covering the Feast of the Assumption (August 15th). That day was like no other. With bunting flying, a certain feeling descended on the place with everyone looking forward to the finale which started late afternoon with a short service at the parish church with its floor strewn with crushed lavender - a heavenly fragrance to begin with - then a grand procession round the village, stopping at various points for prayer and hymn singing, finishing in the dark back in the church grounds for food and fireworks.



Doreen with the crown

Most days we would join the midday procession which walked the Holy Mile from the village to the Slipper Chapel reciting the Rosary en-route. Other days we would go visiting, and what great places to visit, such as The Lavender Farm at Heacham, the worlds collection of theatre organs, Wurlitzers and steam engines at Thursford, West-facing Hunstanton for its glorious seas, Houghton Hall, built for Sir Robert Walpole, and where outside one would find heavy horses, ponies and peacocks strutting the lawns and spacious park. The National Trust property at Blickling Hall with its fabulous Long Gallery; Holkham Hall, built in the Palladian Style and home of the Earl of Leicester and containing Gainsborough, Rubend, Van Dyck and others: West Runton for its Shire Horse collection and churches too numerous to mention but mostly all steeped in pre-reformation history. I could go on but last of all I must mention the coastal

town of Blakeney where we visited its Seal Island, where I bought a very expensive dress in a very posh shop and where I learned that Baroness Orczy got the inspiration for the surname for her "damned elusive pimperl".

Back to Walsingham and its Holy Shrine; sadly, during the time we were going there, the golden crown from Our Lady's statue was stolen and a plea went out to members of the Walsingham Association to donate any old pieces of jewellery they might be prepared to part with. These could then be sold on to help pay for the replacement. I remember having quite a large silver snuff box and stuffing it with a gold bracelet, a chain and a few other odd pieces and sending it in.

Now- come our weekly newsletter here at Seaton when I read in church that Our Lady's Statue was coming to Plymouth Cathedral as part of her Dowry Tour I immediately thought I must go! I spun around in my pew to tell the person behind me - and that turned out to be a newcomer to our church - Paul Bennett. I really gave him an earful, telling him all about the crown, my connection with it, as much as I could about Walsingham and my need to get to Plymouth and the dear man promised to get me there if all else failed. A notice appeared at the back of church for names to go by coach. We put our names on it, but no-one else did. Father Anthony then told us to contact Joe Harrison for he was going and offering seats, so that is what we did.

Well come 7am on the 18th May slowly up my drive purred one Audi Quatro. Wow! What a

sight! How I wished my neighbours were up early enough to see it, but they weren't. Joe turned off the engine while we discussed where we were picking up Paul, turned it on again and away we purred to Seaton. Paul got in and away again quietly until we picked up the A38. Now I had only known Joe as the quiet, gentle "incense swinger" who served on our Seaton Altar on High Day Vigils. Mind you, he created such a fug some of us at the back had to fan ourselves to stay alive! However, once he hit the A38 he became like a madcap racing driver, swerving, cutting in and letting nothing overtake us. I hung on to my Miraculous Medal for dear life thinking we'd never make it- but we did and in good time.

At 9am the Exhibition opened with a guide explaining certain artefacts and relics and whilst I was writing out a petition, I became aware that he was telling the story of the crown theft and the people who donated jewellery to help get a replacement. It was then that good old Paul shouted out "There's a lady here that was one of them!". Well, that did it. The guide was on me for all I could tell him and asked if I would remain behind at the end for a photograph.

The program for the day included the Rosary, sung litany of the English Saints and Martyrs, Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament (reconciliation available), an extremely interesting talk on the Dowry of Mary given by Monsignor John Armitage who is the Rector of the Walsingham Association and with whom I am very privileged to be photographed.

As requested we remained behind while all the Tour items were packed away into a van. I was placed in front of certain staging expecting just to be photographed when on to my hand was placed the crown. I could hardly believe what was happening to me until, looking away from the camera I looked again at the crown and thought to myself "this is nothing like the crown I contributed too. It can't be a real one. Its too flashy, too many so-called jewels on it. It

must be a mock up just for show, not genuine! Yes, that is what I thought.

Well, I picked up a booklet from the souvenir table and at home later that night I opened a page and quite by chance read, "fortunately - if it can be put that way- it was the "daily" crown and not the precious one which is only used on

Great Feasts. "Yes, it was the daily crown I had donated to and not the precious one which I had never known about. Finally, in a phone call from HQ I just had to find out which crown I had been photographed holding and was told it really was the Precious one - and the value of it? I dare not tell you.

Thank you, Joe and Paul, also thank you Blessed Mother.









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NO SMOKING IN CHURCH

By Nigel Magrane

In 1966 The Royal Irish Fusiliers were warned for a short tour of duty in Swaziland. Just three years previously trouble had erupted so the government sent a battalion out to ensure peace and stability.

At that time as one of the so-called High Commission Territories, Swaziland was under British protection. About the size of Wales the country is landlocked by South Africa and Mozambique. Agriculture and forestry were the main industries and the crops included bananas, citrus, cotton, pineapples, rice and sugar cane. The Swazis are cousins of the Zulus and ruled by a not too absolute monarch with goodness knows how many wives.

The battalion was 52% Catholic which meant we would have a Roman Catholic chaplain. An Englishman was appointed, Father Andy Kenny an Englishman was a good choice. Andy was originally from the Birmingham Diocese and was used to Irishmen. Steering a delicate path between Catholics and Protestants from both sides of the border could be tricky and Andy managed it well. He endeared himself to everyone simply by making himself available to everyone. He could be seen on the football pitch, in the dining hall, on the firing range, watching parades, visiting the sick and the prisoners in the cells and joining the officers in the odd game of poker. His infectious laugh and a broad smile helped.

Our camp was never intended to be a permanent military base and it lacked a church. Andy had nowhere to say Mass or anywhere to call his own. Sunday services had to be held in the dining hall - Mass at 1000 and Morning Service for Non-Catholics at 1100. But meanwhile the cooks would be trying to get the Sunday lunch on. It was most

unsatisfactory.

Andy wasn't having this and he prevailed on our Catholic Commanding Officer to do something about it. The Quartermaster and 'Flash' Kearney, the Assault Pioneer Sergeant, were sent for. Assault Pioneers are like engineers. They can build bridges; dig large trenches, set up water points, lay mines, erect barbed wire and blow things up. They specially liked blowing things up. Flash and his men set to work and in a relatively short space of time the church was completed. Outside it resembled a log cabin but inside it had carpeting, chairs, an altar and a small sacristy with an office and telephone. Andy was delighted and named it the Ecumenical Church of St. Columba. Everyone was pleased, specially the cooks.

Non-Catholic services were taken by an Officiating Chaplain, that is to say, a locally appointed clergyman and ours was a charming Canadian Missionary. Timings were as before -1000 for Mass, 1100 for Morning Service.

One Sunday the Officiating Chaplain telephoned Andy to say his car had broken down. He would not be able to reach the camp by 1100 so could Andy please take a prayer service? Andy duly obliged. He walked into the church and explained the situation to the waiting congregation. They quite happily agreed Andy could take a prayer service. He found some prayer books which were distributed and was about to step onto the altar when he realised the candles were not lit. He asked if anyone had a light.

"Of course, Father," answered a smiling Fusilier. "But we don't smoke in our Church."



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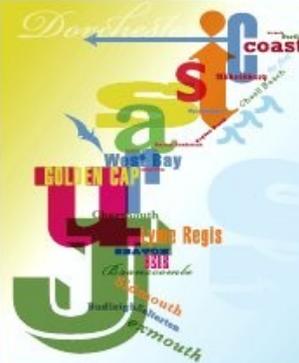


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RAMPANT SECULARISM IS FUELLING CULTURE WARS

The rejection of Christianity has served only to undermine western values of freedom and tolerance

By Melanie Phillips

(Article submitted by Michael Priestley and printed here by kind permission of News Licensing)

A BBC film is to be shown in schools to pupils aged between nine and 12 claims there are “more than 100 gender identities”. How did we get to a stage where such absurd nonsense is promulgated by our cultural avatars?

A new book by Douglas Murray, *The Madness of Crowds*, which is published next week, offers a timely exploration of the gender, race and identity politics at the heart of what has been correctly described as the culture wars. Murray writes that we are going through a “great mass derangement”. People are behaving, he says, in an increasingly irrational, herd like and unpleasant way in order to create a new religion of “social justice”. This atomises society into different interest groups and ascribes elevated moral status to people simply because they are black, gay, female, transgender and so on.

“and so we are asked to agree to things which we cannot believe, and told not to object to things to which most people object, such as giving children drugs to stop them going through puberty or allowing men who self-identify as female to use female toilets”.

How have we arrived at a situation in which, under the rubric of spreading tolerance, freedom and reason, people who challenge this kind of thinking are told they are bigots and bullied off public platforms and out of their jobs?

None of this comes as a surprise to me. I’ve been warning against this cultural breakdown for years. In my book *All Must Have Prizes*, published in 1996. I charted the way in which

virtually the entire educational establishment had decided that schools and universities could no longer transmit western culture because it was intrinsically racist and colonialist. The bedrock principles of the West had to be replaced by moral and cultural relativism under which everyone was free to make up their own rules of behaviour and all lifestyles and cultures would be equal.

In 1999 I published another book, *The Sex-Change Society: Feminised Britain and the Neutered Male*. In this I wrote about the destruction of the sexual contract between men and women, the harm done to children by the undermining of marriage and the rise of fatherless families, and the development of androgyny in which distinctions between male and female were intended to “blur into invisibility”.

The introduction of such ideas can be traced to the seismic impact of the Holocaust and the Second World War. The fact that genocidal Nazism had arisen in Germany, the very heartland of high European culture, dealt a shattering blow to the West’s conception of itself as enlightened.

At the same time, Britain became demoralised as a result of its post-war bankruptcy and the loss of empire. Such fundamental loss of self-belief made the West vulnerable to the idea spread by Marxism intellectuals that it was rotten to the core. A new culture was planned that would eradicate division, bigotry and war. The transformation was to be achieved by means of a “long march through the institutions” in which the citadels of the culture would be captured and transformed from the inside.

The ideas at the heart of this can be traced back to the 17th century Enlightenment and its great fallacy: the worship of reason that certain powerful European thinkers of the time placed in opposition to Christianity.

Today's most influential secularists are squarely in that tradition. It's fundamental to their world view that Christianity is responsible for credulity, hatefulness and division while secularism will ensure, in the words of John Lennon's *Imagine*, that 'the world will be as one'.

They couldn't be more wrong. Virtues such as belief in the innate dignity of every human being, putting the interests of others above your own or doing what's right and just all originated in the Bible.

Moreover, the book of Genesis introduced the revolutionary concepts of a universe governed by intelligible laws and the linear concept of time. It was these ideas that enabled the development of western science, progress and modernity. Nevertheless, convinced that the Bible stands for all that is bad, the secular world introduced ideologies such as moral and cultural relativism, multiculturalism, scientific materialism, feminism, environmentalism and others. These are all based on the utopian belief in perfecting the world. Because they embody virtue itself, any dissent has to be eradicated as evil.

So, curiously, as I wrote in yet another book, *The World Turned Upside Down*, ideologies that set themselves against religion possess nevertheless the characteristics of a religious inquisition with unchallengeable dogma and the persecution and annihilation of heretics. Like all utopian ideas, their inherent impossibility means the attempt to impose them leads inescapably to oppression. From the French Revolution through communism and fascism to our own cultural totalitarianism, secular ideologies have created the precise opposite of the freedom, tolerance and rationality they supposedly enshrine.

So the onslaught on the core principles of the

West is sawing off the branch on which we sit.

The only way this can be remedied is by acknowledging that the concepts we value so deeply aren't universal. They come instead from the biblical foundations of the West which we have deliberately smashed.

We need to put Humpty together again. We need nothing less than a new Enlightenment which conserves and builds rather than destroys.



A view by Tim Stanley

The key thing is not to believe politics can save you, because it can't. I'm not saying politics and faith are separate; on the contrary, politics should be a dimension of faith. One of the problems with the West is precisely that the two have become separated in peoples' minds, and politics has been allowed to break away from God, floating around, gaining a self-satisfied sense of independence and importance it does not deserve. Everything worth anything actually leads back to God: politics, art, family, food, sport. These are all aspects of ourselves; and we are all made in the image of Him.

Totalitarian regimes make politics god; modern liberalism tries to make politics godless. Both are artificial, both separate man from his true self, ending up in alienation and failure. We are made to love but also to be loved. A politics that doesn't recognise the complete love of the father cannot help us to love each other in turn. It's doomed to failure.

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Tim Stanley is a journalist, historian and Catholic Herald contributing editor.

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THATS LIFE

By Nat Bruzon

Advertising is a very competitive business. In order to maximise results, advertising companies aim their advertisements at particular sections of the market.

Recently, my attention was drawn to a competition with an overseas holiday as prize which seemed to be aimed at those without any brains whatsoever. In order to win, the 'brainless' were required to text or phone the answer to the following question: (*gospel truth*)

What document is required to travel abroad?
Is it

- (a) A Passport?
- (b) A Gas bill?
- (c) A Bus pass?

I felt sorry for the 'brainless'. It was indeed a tough question. I popped in to see my old friend

Johnny Nowt-Uptop and he was struggling.....really struggling. "What do you reckon Nat?" he asked. "To be honest with you, Johnny," I replied, "It's got me beat. I'm sure the answer is staring us right in the face, but I'm blown if I can see it."

We decided to solve the problem was by the process of elimination. Nowt-Uptop was quick off the mark. "Well," he said, with an air of authority, its most definitely NOT that pass port thing." I thought about it and said I tended to agree with him. "You see," he continued, "I am pretty sure that port is a drink that toffs drink after their dinner and someone once told me that they were always arguing as to whether it should be passed to the left or to the right. Can you imagine; CAN YOU IMAGINE the problems at Airport Security when I turn up with a bottle of port not knowing which way to

pass it?" I agreed it would be total chaos, and we immediately deleted option A from our list.

We pondered over the remaining two options. "Let's take the Bus pass next," said Nowt-Uptop. "We are getting a bit warmer here, I think. You travel in a bus don't you?" I scratched my head.

"Careful Johnny, could be a trap; the holiday on offer includes travel by AIR and....." Nowt-Uptop interrupted me. "Stop right there Nat, they can't fool us! It doesn't take an 'Ainstain,' or whatever the name of that genius is, to tell us that buses do not fly. Scratch out option C."

We looked at the remaining name on the list. GAS BILL. "I think we've cracked it. It's got to be the gas bill". Johnny gave me a 'high five' and continued. "I bet you anything you like that when we get to the airport there will be signs that read... 'Please have your travel documents and gas bills ready for inspection at Security. To avoid delays please ensure that your gas bills are presented face up with the meter reading clearly in view'. I stood up to leave, and said to Nowt-Uptop, "Good luck Johnny and I hope you and the Missus have a good holiday. You are sure to win."

Two weeks later, I bumped into Nowt-Uptop and asked him if he had won? He looked at me miserably, and said, "I haven't heard yet, but even if I have won, we won't be able to go on the holiday." "Oh dear," I said, "and why is that then?" Johnny paused for a moment, and then said slowly. "Mrs. Nowt-Uptop has told me that we are NOT ON GAS, we are on Electricity, so I won't be able to present the correct document....."

Ah well, that's life !