

ISOLATION

The temporary Valley & Valence
Parish Magazine for



SPECIAL

Winterborne St. Martin, Winterbourne Steepleton
Winterbourne Abbas & Compton Valence



...some poppies for Vera

JULY-AUGUST 2020 • DIGITAL EDITION

Getting closer...

Hello everyone – I hope you & all your loved ones are keeping well, and you are STILL coping with the restrictions that this global pandemic has forced upon us.

Well, things are changing rapidly now - many more restrictions have been eased, bubbles have been formed, shops opened, protestations protested, football resumed and... Dame Vera Lynn rests in peace. Soon, pubs and restaurants, holiday parks and (hopefully) cinemas & theatres will open their doors once again ...and life will, slowly, return to a kind of normal.

BUT, in the meantime...

We are continuing to produce some kind of V&V publication in order to get you a few messages, a few words of comfort, a few little things to pass the time. The usual means of production and delivery is STILL out of the question, so here it is – the THIRD (and hopefully the last) digital edition of the Valley & Valence newsletter.

As before, If you know someone that would like to read this but can't, PLEASE print a copy out for them and pop it through their letter box - I'm sure they would very much appreciate it!

Graham H - Editor



Winterborne Abbas

Friends of Martinstown and the Valley

Dedicated to all the people that are selflessly and tirelessly helping others during these difficult times (you know who you are)!

CHURCH LECTIONARY • JULY/AUGUST 2020

Since church services are still suspended you may like to have the readings that would have been used if we had been able to meet. On a brighter note though, the 4 churches are open for private prayer but please check the website and individual church notice boards for arrangements in each church building as they differ; if you need a Bible please bring your own.

SUNDAY 5TH JULY • 4TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

Zechariah 9. 9 - 12 Romans 7. 15 - 25a Gospel: Matthew 11. 16-19, 25 - end

SUNDAY 12TH JULY • 5TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

Isaiah 55. 10 - 13 Romans 8. 1 - 11 Gospel: Matthew 13. 1 - 9, 18 - 23

SUNDAY 19TH JULY • 6TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

Isaiah 44. 6 - 8 Romans 8. 12 - 25 Gospel: Matthew 13. 24 - 30, 36 - 43

SUNDAY 26TH JULY • 7TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

1 Kings 3. 5 - 12 Romans 8. 26 - end Gospel: Matthew 13. 31 - 33, 44 - 52

SUNDAY 2ND AUGUST • 8TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

Isaiah 55. 1 - 5 Romans 9. 1 - 5 Gospel: Matthew 14. 13 - 21

SUNDAY 9TH AUGUST • 9TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

1 Kings 19. 9 - 18 Romans 10. 5 - 15 Gospel: Matthew 14. 22 - 33

SUNDAY 16TH AUGUST • 10TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

Isaiah 56. 1, 6 - 8 Romans 11. 1 - 2a, 29 - 32 Gospel: Matthew 15. 21 - 28

SUNDAY 23RD AUGUST • 11TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

Isaiah 51. 1 - 6 Romans 12. 1 - 8 Gospel: Matthew 16. 13 - 20

SUNDAY 30TH AUGUST • 12TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

Jeremiah 15. 15 - 21 Romans 12. 9 - end Gospel: Matthew 16. 21 - end

Our churches are open for Private Prayer at the following times:

St Martin's, Martinstown - 10.30 am - 12.30 pm daily

St Michael's, Winterbourne Steepleton - 9 am - 4 pm on
Wednesday and Saturday

St Mary's, Winterbourne Abbas - 11 am until 7 pm daily

St Thomas', Compton Valence - open daily

Martinstown Village Store



The shop is still very much open, but with reduced hours.

We are also still offering a **home delivery service** to those in need with the help of several volunteers; alongside this we are cooking up a **home cooked meal** each Wednesday and Saturday.

The **Post Office** is still open too for cash withdrawals, deposits, bill payments, gas/electric and telephone top ups. Posting is still available but delays are possible.

The last few months have been so strange for us all and learning to adjust to our 'new normal'.

I have managed to stay open every single day with the help of a small band of volunteers supporting me through. You know who you are so here is my heartfelt thank you to you all!

Take care. Best wishes - **Karen xx**

"Never regret a day in your life: good days give happiness, bad days give experience, worst days give lessons, and best days give memories."

Unknown

Recycling, Rubbish & Garden Waste Collection Dates

JULY 2020

2nd (Thursday) - **recycling and food**

16th (Thursday) - **recycling and food**

30th (Thursday) - **recycling and food**

9th (Thursday) - **rubbish and food**

23rd (Thursday) - **rubbish and food**

8th (Wednesday) - **garden waste**

22nd (Wednesday) - **garden waste**

AUGUST 2020

6th (Thursday) - **rubbish and food**

20th (Thursday) - **rubbish and food**

5th (Wednesday) - **garden waste**

13th (Thursday) - **recycling and food**

27th (Thursday) - **recycling and food**

19th (Wednesday) - **garden waste**

For more information contact: www.dorsetforyou.com/recycle



THOUGHTS FROM THE DESK OF...

Rev. Ron Martin

When I was in training for ordination in the late 80's and early 90's I went on a placement to a church in Glasgow (my home town). As part of that placement I visited Ravenscraig Steelworks (long since de-commissioned) to spend time with the industrial chaplain who worked there. He told me the story of the steelworker who challenged him by boldly stating to all who would listen, "Do you know the problem with the chaplain? The problem with the chaplain is that when I speak to him, I'm passing the time of day; when he speaks to me, he thinks he's working!"

It's not difficult to empathise with that hard working Glaswegian steel worker and understand why he would reach such a conclusion and why he felt so bold to state it as he wiped sweat from his brow and dirt from his eyes in front of a clergyman in his suit and collar. The story made quite an impression on me and I vowed that Chaplaincy would never be for me. My life and ministry needed to be useful! And yet here I am, 9 years as a Hospital Chaplain and 15 years before that as a Chaplain in the Royal Navy! What ever happened to make me choose such a path?

Life happened. I made my plans and God, as they say, laughed.

Listening isn't as easy as that steelworker might have thought. For example, when was the last time someone really listened to you, really paid you their full attention; didn't interrupt, jump in with their great piece of advice, prematurely seek to reassure you or tell you not to be so daft, or turn the story round to be about themselves? Aside from fear of getting it wrong or saying the wrong thing, we are social creatures; our brains are used to making connections so that we can relate to and communicate with one another. This is one reason why, when we need to listen, we often don't.

But when we give another person the gift of our attention, our stillness, our willingness to stay and to listen and to be there, without flinching; what a difference that can make. Every day in the hospital I experience at first-hand what listening to another human being can achieve. Others have listened to me when I've needed them to and it has been the greatest gift anyone has ever given me. I've felt safe, heard and able to work through my "stuff" with someone who cares enough to be quiet and listen and not judge.

Listening doesn't come naturally to any of us. Like muscles that need to be used in order for them to become strong, so too listening is a skill we need to practice.

I'll end by sharing with you one of my favourite Biblical quotes that I regularly remind myself of when I'm in the hospital. It's found in the Book of Proverbs Chapter 17 verse 28, "Even the fool is considered wise until he opens his mouth."

Reverend **Ron Martin**
Lead Chaplain Dorset County Hospital NHS Foundation Trust
Associate Priest Sherborne Abbey

A Tale for our Time...

Angelo, a young angel and recent recruit to the Covid Relief Squad, was late for the meeting as usual. He dashed in, panting, sank down on a cloud cushion, and made a frightful hash of folding away his wings. The elderly presiding angel looked at him reprovingly, sighed, and returned to his notes.

The epidemic was putting great strain on angelic outreach services. Angelo had just finished a two-week inner-city slot. He had seen plenty of cheerful courage, humour, and loving kindness, but also stress, grief, hunger, cruelty and despair. Everyone knew that the young angel, usually so joyous and optimistic, was a sadder and less buoyant being.

The presiding angel pondered. Something less taxing was needed for Angelo's next assignment. A country area, perhaps. There were serious problems in the country too, of course, but there were trees, flowers, and birdsong to raise the spirits. He handed Angelo new instructions, ordered him to take twenty-four hours' furlough, and wished him luck.

Two days later a refreshed Angelo found himself in a charming village, and set off to explore. Everything was quiet, and there seemed to be nobody about. But then Angelo started to notice here and there people were delivering boxes of groceries at various front doors. Among them he particularly remarked on a stocky, bearded man who appeared capable of being in two places at once. A car pulled up near Angelo, and the driver helped a frail old lady out and up the steps into her house. A figure in clerical garb came round the corner carrying a bag of books, and knocked on a green front door. Out of the corner of his eye Angelo spotted the bearded man again, with yet another box of goods.

There was a lot going on in a quiet way. Angelo began to make notes.

The next Covid meeting was barely underway when it became apparent that the youngest angel was in a state of high excitement. The presiding angel looked at him over his spectacles, decided to alter the agenda, and invited him to deliver his report before he exploded. Angelo stood

up clutching his list, and breathlessly began: 'Sir. I listed as many pluses in one assignment as we usually get in four or five together. Volunteers shopping for isolated neighbours and collecting medicines. Shop packing goods for delivery, cashing cheques, getting special requests. Drivers giving lifts to surgeries; Vicar organising Zoom virtual church services. Pub making and delivering takeaways...'

The presiding angel was holding up his hand. He looked as nearly embarrassed as such a dignified angel could. 'Angelo', he said, 'I realise there has been a regrettable mistake. This village was not due for a visit until 2025. It has so many residents who are themselves retired or recycled angels that it was felt they could manage without help. I am so sorryI do hope you do not feel you have wasted your time?'

Angelo smiled. It had been one of the best times of his life.

Kate Delamain

The Mystery of the Missing Celtic Hedge.

Some time ago I wrote a piece about a large piece of rock which could be found on the footpath outside the churchyard. Margaret Hearing and I had several chats as to its provenance. In the end we decided that it was a headstone and I thought that it might mark the burial site of someone who had committed suicide. Long ago those unfortunates who took their own life could not be buried in the churchyard. John Elliot, one of our local historians, then explained that this was, in fact a piece of Celtic hedge – a neolithic part of a Celtic landscape and field divisions. Several pieces can still be found on the Ridgeway.

Every morning when I walked the dog I often passed this huge piece of stone. Every morning, that is, until a few weeks ago when I noticed that it had disappeared.

Somebody had taken this ancient relic! Perhaps whoever has 'borrowed' it would like to return it so that we can all enjoy its historical value. After all, if we are talking ownership, it actually belongs to the whole valley...

Fran Taylor

The Lock Up

by Fran Taylor

Sheds have never been part of my life. In childhood the cellar was the only place for unwanted stuff such as ancient pairs of skis, gas masks, several mould-encrusted trunks & suitcases with rusting locks, warped tennis rackets and other unwanted detritus from years past. A visit to the cellar was always an exciting adventure. A flickering lightbulb guided the descent as the smell of damp growing stronger the further down you went. So with such a huge storage area a shed was never needed.

I am not a hoarder if I haven't used or needed something for a year or so then off to the tip or charity shop it goes – unlike my husband Chris, who had always yearned for a shed and always had an excuse for hanging onto stuff; "You never know I might need that one day" or "I was very fond of that pair of shorts" (well worn, busted zip, covered in paint) and as for the dragon-decorated underpants, they became dusters. Oh, and the cycling shorts – John Crawford has never quite got over the sight of Chris wearing those! ...but that's another story!

Over the years we moved several times and somehow there was never any room for a shed (he got over it!). Eventually the Old Brewery house in Martinstown became home for the two of us and the two boys. At last – he was in his element as the property included a barn, ideal for hoarding all sorts of rubbish including his precious tools (which were now easily accessible to one son or the other). "That bloody boy has nicked my hammer again! Come here you bugger," he would cry as he chased the offending child around the garden (he never could catch either of them!)

Eventually, due to circumstances, we moved into Stevens Farmhouse with limited accessible storage and so the barn had to be cleared out. Time to get rid of all unnecessary clutter I thought, but my joy was cut short as he announced that he had secured the village pound, known as the 'lock up' sited next door to the Church. So the collection of extraneous rubbish continued. If missing, he could usually be found messing about in his lock up, where his tools were now safe as he could lock up and he always had the keys.

If he wasn't pottering around inside, he would sit outside, perched on an old garden chair chatting to everyone who passed by. Ladies in particular were always greeted with "Hello gorgeous,"

Sadly, in 2012, he died and the lock up had to be returned to the Parish Council. What to do with the contents consisting of tools – great and small, bikes, boat bits, a sheep's bell which he had removed from around the neck of a dead sheep – found high up a mountain in Majorca – and so much more?

As a family we decided that a garage sale should be advertised and on the appointed day the dealers arrived and whilst friends and neighbours swung in to action with books and bric-a-brac stalls and the W.I served tea and cakes the lock up was slowly emptied and a fat cheque was posted off to Marie Curie.

The end of an era! – but I know there is more in the loft and I'm still plucking up the courage to tackle that. ...tomorrow perhaps?

USEFUL CONTACT ADDRESSES & PHONE NUMBERS

West Dorset General Hospital

Williams Avenue, Dorchester, DT1 2JY
Tel: 01305 251150 · www.dch.org

Dorset Police

Emergency: 999 · Non-emergency: 101
www.dorset.police.uk

Dorset & Wiltshire Fire & Rescue Service

Emergency: 999 ·
Non-emergency: 01722 691000

Dorset 'Out of Hours' Medical Service

Tel: 0845 600 1013

Bus Timetables

Tel: First 0333 014 3490 · www.firstgroup.com

Train Timetables

Tel: South Western Railway 0345 6000 650
Web: www.southwesternrailway.com

Electricity Emergencies

Tel: 0800 072 7282

TO REPORT A POWERCUT

Tel: FREEPHONE 105 · www.powercut105.com

Gas Emergencies

Tel: 0800 111999

Drains/Water Emergencies

Tel: 0845 7300600

Flooding Enquiries

Local Flood Warden (S.Slade) Tel: 01305 889411
Environmental Agency Tel: 0800 807060

RSPCA West Dorset Branch

PO BOX 5460, Weymouth, DT3 6WH
Tel: 01305 259672 · www.westdorsetrspca.org

Age UK Dorchester

4 Prince of Wales Road, DORCHESTER DT1 1PW
Tel: 01305 269444 · www.ageuk.org.uk

Memoirs of a Lockdown Mum by Susie Norbury

Memoirs you ask? Well, yes. I realise we are all still governed by restrictions and many are still homeschooling. This little ditty is for all of you still at home with your children.

Our only child is a Year 6 school returner and as such, I have had a little time to reflect on my "home-schooling" adventure. I wanted to give all you parents who are still at it, some hope. I wanted to applaud you all. To extend a kindred, "self isolated" handshake because I know just what an adventure it has been.

I'm not sure what I was expecting...perhaps that after 11 weeks being taught by myself and on the odd occasion my husband, she would emerge a genius? I am, after all, a secondary school teacher...how hard could this be?

Perhaps, I would find some hidden talent and she would be taking her maths GCSE this time next year and performing at the Royal Albert Hall once it re-opens, after all we'll have loads of time to practice that piano?

What transpired was so amazing, so completely out of this world and so unbelievably stressful I have been left spent and recuperating from the experience rather than rejoicing in my daughter's new found brilliance!

My intentions were to create a school environment at home, with some form of routine, sound familiar? All the advice from the school was to "keep a timetable", "set out a learning area", "make sure they exercise"...oh yes, I had lots of learning planned (the school had already sent us some to do) and I would add to it! All those things that you come up with at the start of any adventure. You know, the "projects". Teaching my child to sew and knit. Teaching her to cook. Discovering science through homemade concoctions that would have her marvelling at scientific progress! My husband even decided that a bit of woodwork could be added to the curriculum.

Day one, and after almost pulling a hamstring watching the nubile, smiling Joe Wicks on You Tube do press ups on one hand (he'd broken the other, I mean really!), I heaved myself up from the floor, dusted myself off, and my daughter, who is not used to that much boxing, and we set to work.

Some IT problems later and a small matter of my needing to "google" an alarming amount including: 1) the definition of a subordinate clause; 2) why a river is deeper on one side of a meander; 3) how to find the common denominator and 4) actually, who was Charles I? - and the day was done. The dog hadn't been walked, I hadn't thought about dinner, three loads of washing remained on the kitchen floor and we'd barely moved from our seats at the end of the dining room table. I had still got an hour's tutoring on Skype to go with my REAL student! We were both exhausted. It seems that while I thought I knew this stuff, I didn't know it the way my daughter knows it! Defeated and in search of thicker cushions for the chairs we had been sat upon, I began to wonder how long this lockdown might be.

On day three, when my daughter shouted "but Mummy, you don't understand, that's not how we do it", I realised I might be doing more harm than good. We were starting to shout a bit, well, quite a lot actually. I had to rescue things. I set out a basic ground rule, "When we're home-schooling, I am your teacher, not your Mummy, so if you wouldn't shout at your teacher, don't shout at me...not until 3.30pm!". I then did the sensible thing. I helped if I knew the answer, otherwise, I told her she should contact her teacher! Leave it to the professionals! I realise many of you may not have had this experience. You may well have had the serene households I had been dreaming of, and if so, I am ever-so-slightly, a teensy-weeny bit jealous.

So we ditched Joe (miss the face but not the press ups) in favour of discovering and rediscovering walks on our doorstep. We DID cook, we DID knit (badly) and she DID do some woodwork with her Dad.

Better than that though, and something I never expected, was the laughter. We laughed EVERY SINGLE day. My daughter is the funniest person I know. I discovered too, that she's far more capable than I had given her credit for. Her lasagne was an OK attempt, but guess what? She has learned to load the dishwasher! Why didn't I think of that before? She's not a genius mathematician, nor is the Albert Hall in our sights, BUT, I discovered something more precious. I got to know my daughter, REALLY well. And apart from a few bits which could be improved (and that goes for both of us!), I really like her! Had I not had this enforced, intense and at times vile experience, I might never have got to know her like this. And that has given me a bit of an insight into who I am too.

If I was giving myself advice in hindsight, I'd say "Don't attempt to finish everything the school give you. Allow some slack every every day. Remember one hour of homeschooling is probably equivalent to two at school. This is unlikely to happen again in our lifetimes so make it memorable."

And so, to all you lovely homeschoolers, you trojans, you brave and fearless souls...well done, keep going, and I hope you too discover something wonderful about you and yours that might never have been if we'd carried on our daily lives as was.

Good luck with your geniuses!

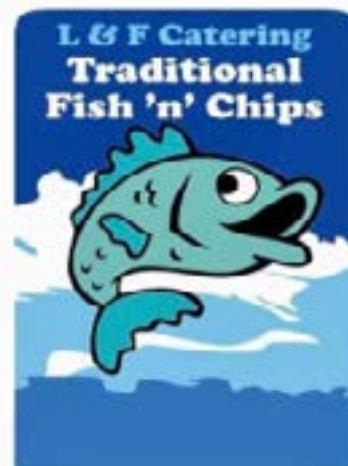


Nats Fish & Chip Van is back on WEDNESDAY! From 5pm - 7pm.

Text or call 07803257674

we are still PRE ORDER ONLY by 5pm

on the preceding TUESDAY



For specials check out our specials board

Kids Menu (under 13)

Cod	all	£4.00
Sausage		
Fish Cake		
Chicken Nuggets		
<i>Includes chips and drink</i>		

Fish

Cod	Small	£4.00
Cod	Large	£5.00
Haddock		£4.50
Seampi		£4.00
Fisheake		£1.50

Chips

X Small		£1.50
Regular		£2.00
Large		£2.50

Non-Fish

Jumbo Sausage	£2.00
Regular Sausage	£1.50
Chicken Nuggets	£4.00
1/4lb Beef Burger	£3.00
1/2lb Beef Burger	£4.00
+ cheese	30p
Vegetarian Burger	£3.00
Cheese/Onion Fryit	£1.50
Onion Rings	£1.50
Baked Beans	£1.00

Extras

Curry Sauce	£1.00
Mushy Peas	£1.00
Pickled Egg, Onion or Cherkin	30p each
Bread Roll	50p
Can of Drink	£1.00

**CORRECT CASH
or CARD PLEASE**

THE VALLEY CLUB

I hope you have all been keeping safe and well during these testing times. Hopefully, with a few lockdown restrictions now being eased, we will be able to meet up with friends and family. At the time of writing this, we do not know whether any of our events, planned for the Autumn, will be able to go ahead. I will update you in the September V&V.

However, there is good news from the Garden & Craft Committee as they are planning to have an outdoor (weather permitting) Garden & Craft Show on Sunday 16th August. It will have to be smaller than the usual annual show, but it does mean that all Valley Club Members will be able to enter their fuchsia plug plant, which I'm sure you have been tending and feeding during the weeks of lockdown!

Keep well, have a good Summer and take care.

Pat Willetts - Tel. 568458

THE WINTERBOURNE COMMUNITY TRUST

...is here to support individuals and families experiencing financial hardship in these difficult times. We can offer grants to help with everyday living expenses and some practical support.

We cover Martinstown,
Winterborne Steepleton and
Winterborne Abbas.

ALL ENQUIRES ARE
CONFIDENTIAL.

Please contact **Frances Clifford**
on 889400 or 07780441043

or

frances_clifford@hotmail.com

...or

Jan Griffiths on 889783

or

j.griffiths127@btinternet.com

...or

Joy Parsons on 889611



Our takeaway menu is ready to view. THURSDAY is Curry Night, followed by Fish and Chips on Friday night, Stone Baked Pizzas on Saturday evening and SUNDAY ROASTS!

Also: Real Ale, DBC Origin and Mortimers Cider!

This is currently a collection only service.

Please phone **01305 889361** or message us via our **Facebook business page**, you can pre order up until **9pm the night before**. There will be limited slots available between 5.30 & 8.30pm, this is to prevent crowds gathering. Please specify the timeframe you would prefer to collect and we will respond with your collection time. You will have a 10 minute window to collect your order, so please don't come early if you can help it.

We have set up markers in the garden so you can queue safely with 2 metres between you, but we hope the 10 minute collection window will prevent queues.

We can't wait to get back to it, the menu is available on our website:

www.thebrewersarms.com

Best wishes, Leanne and Ben



The Martinstown Wassail - an Update

Back in early January, when the world was an astonishingly different place, and the word Corona either meant a Mexican beer or a brand of old-fashioned fizzy pop, forty Martinstown villagers met one chilly evening for a Wassail. Traditionally, wassailing was a winter English drinking ritual intended to ensure a good cider apple harvest for the following year. Around England there were two distinct types of wassail. The house-visiting wassail was the practice of people going door-to-door, singing and offering a drink from the wassail bowl in exchange for gifts. These days this has largely been displaced by carol singing, another tradition that will be face practical challenges if social distancing is still with us this coming December.

Martinstown instead favoured the orchard-visiting wassail. In this, the merry wassailers visit an orchard - there's a clue in its name - recite incantations and sing to the trees to promote a good harvest for the coming year. This is an activity as guaranteed to bring good results as Donald Trump's use of disinfectant for Covid-19.

However, whilst you may scoff cynically at all this medieval nonsense, but the evidence suggests otherwise. My garden proudly contains the apple tree that Martinstown wassailers chose to serenade in January. A year ago (pre-wassail) this pathetic specimen went through the entire year without producing one single apple. But after the wassailers honoured it with their singing, this year it has produced a beautiful - and hopefully delicious - crop. Picture attached.

To all the wassailers who wassailed that chilly night in January, a sincere thank you. Your efforts were well worth it. Now can we sort out the virus...

David Haslam



Hidden Treasures

As in many other gardens in the Valley, there has been more digging in our garden at Stevens Farm Lodge than for many a year, literally unearthing some village history. The first find, a tiny horseshoe, should not have been a surprise as we knew that lurking beneath the ground lay a stable floor, discovered in the early 1990s when excavating the footings for an extension. A large horseshoe nail followed. From the same rubbly patch came shards of blue and white pottery and a piece of old bottle glass. Over the years we have turned up many clay pipe stems, but this was the first time we have actually found one of the old clay pipe bowls. While none of these will make our fortune, they are treasures as they tell us a little about the lives and work of former residents.



Turning to Margaret Hearing's excellent 'Book of Martinstown' and the enclosed plan prepared by Ron and Ann Matthews, we found that there used to be three cottages here. The residents in 1940 were married couples; the Pearces, Churchills and Reads. The Stevens and the Fishers gave their names to the Farmhouse and Barn, respectively. In the late 1970s the old cottages and outbuildings were converted or demolished and our house was a new addition to the site.

It would be fascinating to hear from anyone who has anything to tell of the stories of any of these old dwellings and their inhabitants. In the meantime, we will keep digging and sieving the soil.

Alison Crawford

MARTINSTOWN Garden and Craft Show Sunday 16th August • Martinstown Village Hall

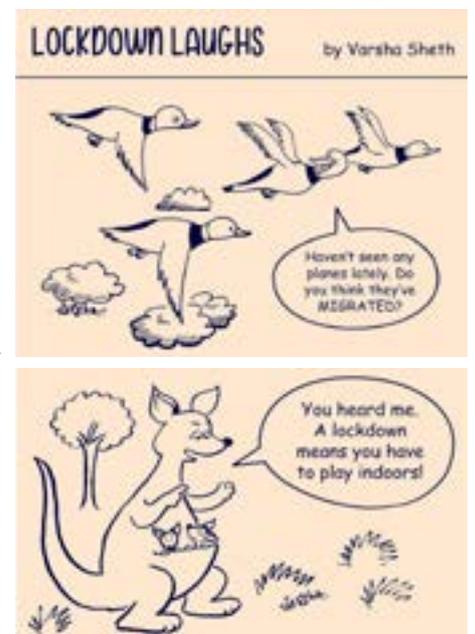
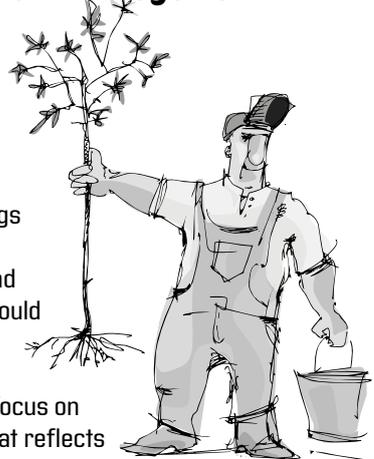
For those of us who have been working hard in our gardens over the Lockdown period, it would be a shame not to celebrate our achievements, so we will do our best to hold a unique and special version of the Garden Show on Sunday 16th August.

Assuming that Government guidance on social gatherings will be relaxed by then, we'll be talking to the Village Hall Committee and, all being well, hope to use the garden and surrounding area, as staging the Garden Show inside would be too difficult in the present circumstances. Clearly it will not be quite what we anticipated before CV19 took hold. Craft and Cookery will not be featured, so we will focus on flowers, fruit and vegetables and aim for a fun event that reflects the enjoyment we get from our gardens. Some old favourites will be there, including the weight of potatoes grown in a container and the Valley Club plug plant and there will also be new classes specially devised for this year only.

The programme will be distributed as soon as we get confirmation that we can go ahead, but please reserve the date. If you have a garden gazebo, or similar, please consider lending it to us for erection outside the Village Hall.

Looking forward to seeing you on 16th August ...we hope.

Richard Benson, Rosie Duke, Jan Griffiths, Anne Pusey, Anne Tate, Sally Webb



Dingbats - can you identify the phrase/saying?

For those of you unfamiliar with these, the first one has been done for you - Good Luck! Answers next month!
From Elaine Herbert x

<p>HCNUH</p>	<p>X</p> <p>MASCARA</p>	<p>NOXQQIVT</p>
<p>1 <i>Hunchback</i></p>	<p>2</p>	<p>3</p>
<p>B</p> <p>O</p> <p>B</p>	<p>011011010</p> <p>HOPE, DYLAN</p>	<p>DAY DAY</p>
<p>4</p>	<p>5</p>	<p>6</p>
<p>Stand</p> <p>I</p>	<p>H ijklmn O</p>	<p>ISSUE ISSUE</p> <p>ISSUE ISSUE</p> <p>ISSUE ISSUE</p> <p>ISSUE ISSUE</p> <p>ISSUE ISSUE</p>
<p>7</p>	<p>8</p>	<p>9</p>
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<p>10</p>	<p>11</p>	<p>12</p>

A helpline for vulnerable people in need of vital support in the Dorset Council area

01305 221000

communityresponse@dorsetcouncil.gov.uk

