ANY hundreds of years ago—considerably more than a thousand years—the people of this corner of Dorset built and dedicated their Parish Church to the honour of S. John Baptist. History does not record the exact date but our present Parish Church stands on the same spot of an earlier church built in the days of the Saxons.

Ever since then the forefathers of our village have gathered week by week, year by year, to seek God’s blessing on their homes and families—to seek His help in all the problems of life both near and far and to give Him thanks for all the blessings of life. For more than 850 years the children of the Parish have been brought for Holy Baptism in the same font which is used today. For something like 300 years the same bells which we hear today have called the faithful to worship. Our Parish Church has been the centre of all life social and religious throughout the centuries. In later years the times and customs of our villages have changed. After the Reformation various sects began to appear and the religious unity suffered in consequence. In later years still there came the break up of the community life by means of easy transport and the attraction provided in the growing towns. Social conditions changed and the villages no longer were the quiet and self contained communities of earlier generations. But still, we find our beautiful parish churches wherever we go—the history of our nation can be found in the memorials of those who helped to make our nation great. Our churches are among the great glories of our countryside, and how desperately poor we should be without them. They are better cared for than at any time in their history but their upkeep is a constant anxiety and it should not be too much to ask that those who rarely or never attend should, without being asked, make some substantial contribution.

And so on Sunday, June 26th, we shall again make it a day of thanksgiving—it is the Sunday within the Octave of S. John Baptist’s day. Countless folk visit and appreciate the beauty of our Parish Church—pilgrims they are from all the corners of the world. Will you come on that day, June 26th, and make it a day of thanksgiving and your offering a thank offering for all that the Church has meant to your forefathers and perhaps to you.

Funds towards the restoration of the Tower at S. Nicholas continue to come in—but not in a rush. On Friday, July 8th, there will be a general Sale in the W.I. Hut starting at 6.30 and on that evening and the following evening there will be skittling for a pig very kindly given by Mr. Harry Miller and the second prize will be a couple of cockerells very kindly given by Mr. Burgess. We have to thank Mr. R. Thorne for so kindly allowing the use of his field.
VERY shortly after these lines appear the present Vicarage will cease to exist as such and the 'Retreat' will in future be the official residence of the Vicars of the Parish and be known as the Vicarage. The old house has been a cold, damp and unwieldy house for long enough and the upkeep has been a great burden. It is not generally known that the Vicar of any parish is the freeholder for as long as he is Vicar and is responsible for all the repair and upkeep of the Vicarage house.

It is, however, a break with the past. The present Vicarage has been the home of successive Vicars for a very great number of years—several centuries in fact—and among those who have occupied it have been men of considerable note and scholarship. Among the outstanding Vicars was Henry Fisher, who was Vicar from 1725-1740 and who made the table which still exists in the vestry. He made it himself from yew trees which grew in the churchyard.—but he was famous in many other ways than as a carpenter!

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Register

HOLY BAPTISM.
May 8th. Ian, son of Douglas William and June Corinne Pamela Cuff.
May 29th. Denise Muriel Elizabeth, daughter of Ralph Frederick John and Audrey Phyllis Painter.
May 29th. Christopher John, son of Alfred Denis and Phyllis Florence Mary Hopkins.

HOLY MATRIMONY.
At S. Nicholas, May 28th. Edwin Percival Frank Durden and Sylvia Mary Miller.