

SEPTEMBER

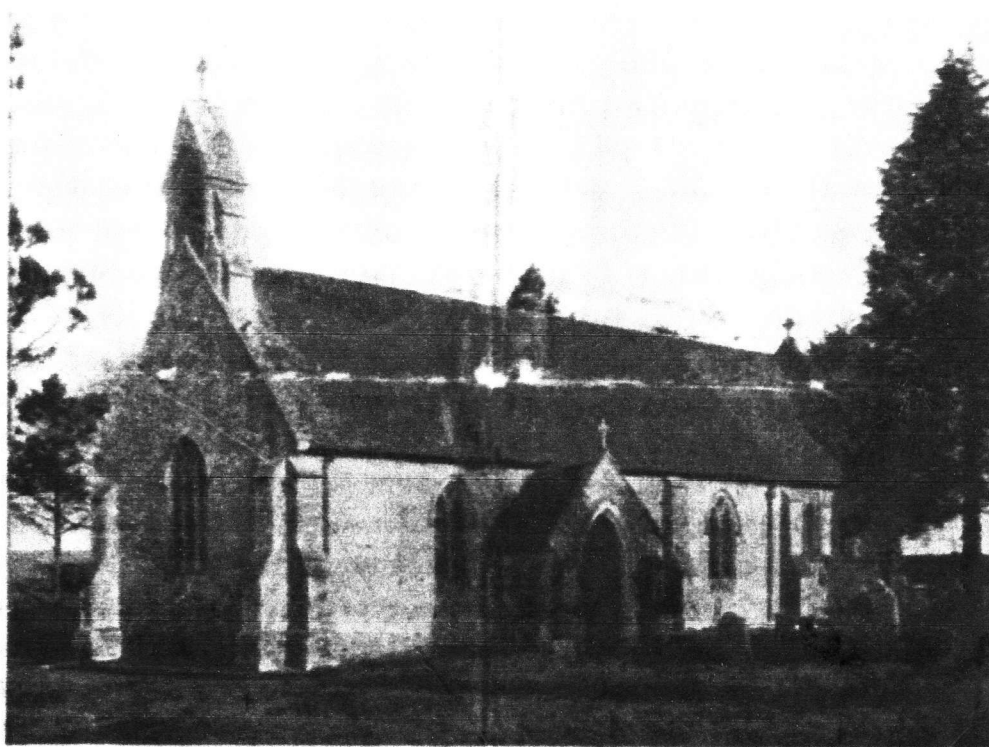
1950

S. LEONARD, CLIDDESSEN

WITH

S. ANDREW, FARLEIGH WALLOP

MONTHLY MAGAZINE



Rector :

REV. ARTHUR W. BADGER, M.A.

CLIDDESSEN.

Churchwardens : MR. F. W. MITCHELL. MR. A. SELF.

Vergers.—MISS E. CLIFT.

FARLEIGH WALLOP.

Churchwardens : THE EARL OF PORTSMOUTH. MR. J. D. FLOYD.

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS OF CLIDDESSEN AND FARLEIGH WAELÖP.

On the night of August 2 there was much shaking of heads and washing of feet before the great cavalcade set out from Farleigh and Cliddesden for Bognor. Enshrined in wet and gloomy days Thursday, August 3 shone out, and stood out, for one of the best Outings we have had, and we have had some good ones heretofore. Four coaches with 150 souls out for a day's Outing is a responsibility. We take it all in our stride. The ride through some of the most beautiful scenery in England was good. The sun shone all day long. Merriment walked hand in hand with good humour, and feet were cooled in the waters of the sea. The tea was excellent. The ride home jolly, and that wonderful picture "Goodbye Mr. Chipps," seen through the glasses of Henty and Constable, a happy memory. It is the simple things of life that are enjoyable. We reached home about 10 o'clock. A little boy who lost himself in the arms of a policeman, who knew Cliddesden, for a couple of hours, gave me an anxious time. But as he slept most of the time at the Station, and was ready for a good tea, he couldn't understand what the fuss was about. Come what may, I had already made up my mind not to leave Bognor without him. I walked miles looking for that child, and I never spoke to so many policemen in all my life. Some one said to me "There must be something in your prayers for fine weather, and a safe return." Why, of course, there is. Our line of coaches passing through the quiet countryside, jubilant with youthful voices, singing an endless medley of songs, helped to make the day memorable. People came to their doors and windows to see what was happening. In a pause, while some cows crossed a Sussex lane, an old man, with a querulous voice said, "Where be they a-goin'?" He wasn't left long in doubt. Two old ladies, short of skirt, wide of girth, with high leather boots, and ancient straw hats, from which peeped a small white bob of hair, shook themselves, disdainfully, as one of our youngsters shouted a well-known London greeting. These two prehistorics turned sharply away, muttering, "What's the world coming to?" It was good to be alive as we bounded past smiling cornfields, into the light of the setting sun, and home. I returned from my day's outing to a funeral, and the day after came the sad news of the illness of Joy Stevens. She was to have gone with our party, but was prevented at the last minute. When I helped the Ambulance man to carry Joy down the stairs, and afterwards put her on the bed in Basingstoke Hospital, I failed to realise the seriousness of her complaint, though I had my suspicions. It was a tense moment, as I waited with her father in my study, for the diagnosis to come through. It was confirmed as Infantile Paralysis. We neither of us spoke. Since then, and during the next week, the replies as to her condition alternated, until one day, she was reported "Out of danger." And then Her condition shows improvement," and "No change": "Had a comfortable day." We leave this lonely child in a ward by herself at Southampton, but not alone. She is in God's hands, supported by our prayers. We all extend to Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Stevens our sincere sympathy. To Mrs. Brickel, a very dear friend, and to Mr. Rickwood, we send greetings, and best wishes for a speedy recovery after their operations, and to Mr. and Mrs. Kenny Dunford, our sympathy. I have to offer my very best thanks for the following unsolicited gifts from Cliddesden people for the Sunday School Outing. An old Parishioner, £7 10s., being change out of £20 for the cost of the Restoration Plate. Mrs. F. H. Bird, £3 3s. Mr. and Mrs. G. Whiffen, £5. Anonymous, one of many gifts for the restoration. £1.

heart about in these depressing days. Isn't it due to the impact of Christ upon our lives? May I offer to Miss Eveline Hunt our best wishes on her approaching marriage to Mr. John Newman. And also our congratulations on passing her examination as a State Registered Nurse. The Exam. was taken while she was confined to her room with illness.

It was said by a famous Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, in 1914 "that the lights were going out all over Europe." We may say, that an earthquake of war is shaking, not only Europe, but the world. If your faith in God has gone, and you are bewildered, then blow on your faith with the breath of prayer, and make it glow again. Read S. Paul's Epistles, study our beautiful Collects, and may God "Lighten our darkness." We must do our duty with courage, act firmly, and with resolution.

Keep smiling.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR W. BADGER.

HARVEST FESTIVALS.

September 24.—*Farleigh Wallop.*

Morning Prayer and H.C., 9.30 a.m.

Festal Evensong, 6.30 p.m.

October 1.—*Cliddesden.*

H.C., 8 and 12 noon.

Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.

Festal Evensong, 6.30 p.m.

WEDDINGS (*Farleigh Wallop*).

Sept. 7. John Newton Newman and Frances Eveline Hunt.

BURIALS (*Cliddesden*).

Aug. 5. David Dunford, aged two hours.