

# MIXED BLESSINGS

T I M E S

LITE

Welcome to this eighth edition of our lockdown magazine, the magazine which helps to keep us together while coronavirus keeps us apart. Once more it demonstrates the wonderful talents of our members and provides great entertainment.

The photo below illustrates the sort of thing we used to get up to before lockdown and inside you'll find a fascinating article about how time has been spent during lockdown. There are many other items bursting out of the pages. Well done to all our contributors and thank you, Graham, for putting it all together so masterfully.

Enjoy reading.

*John*

**Issue 8**

**10 July 2020**



*Mixed*  
**The Lantern**  
*Blessings*

**STAY ALERT  
CONTROL  
THE VIRUS  
SAVE LIVES**

## Beth Pritchard - *The Lantern Pastor for Discipleship and Creativity*



I was reminded the other day of a beautiful book I used to read when I was younger. It was called '*You are Special*' by Max Lucado. I definitely recommend reading it if you haven't (the pictures are gorgeous!).

The story is all about little wooden people called Wemmicks. In the village there are loads of different Wemmicks of all shapes and sizes with different talents and abilities. The Wemmicks walk around all day giving each other either a gold star or a grey dot sticker.

The pretty ones - those with smooth wood and fine paint - always get stars. The talented ones do, too. They would get stars, which would make them feel really good about themselves, so they'd do something else really good and then get another star! Others, though, who can do little or who have chipped paint, get ugly grey dots.

One Wemmick, named Punchinello, always tries his best to receive gold stars from the other Wemmicks, but only receives grey dots because he is never quite good enough, he would fall whilst trying to impress so his paint would get chipped which meant he only got more grey dots! But one day Punchinello meets a Wemmick named Lucia who unlike any other Wemmick, doesn't have any gold stars or grey dots because they just don't stick to her. Punchinello decides he doesn't want any stickers on him either, so he asks Lucia what her secret is. Her secret is that every day she goes to visit their maker, Eli the Woodcarver.

So after some consideration Punchinello decides to go and visit Eli. Eli knows Punchinello by name right away, he's so pleased to see him!

Eli explains to Punchinello that he shouldn't worry about the stickers the other Wemmicks give him. 'All that matters is what I think. And I think you are pretty special.'

Eli thinks Punchinello is special not because he can do spectacular things, not because his paint is really shiny, but because Punchinello is his! Eli explains to him that if he's not bothered by what the other Wemmicks think then the star and dots will not stick to him either. The more he trusts Eli's love, the less he'll care about their stickers.

Punchinello walks out of the workshop and the stickers begin to fall to the ground.

I LOVE this story, because it reminds me that we too have a maker. A creator God who made us and loves us, not because of anything we can or can't do, not because of how we look or whether or not we've made mistakes. We are loved by our creator, simply because He made us and loves us. And no matter what anyone else might think or say, you are special to Him.

The Bible says in Psalm 139:14 '*I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made.*'

So I encourage you today, however you might be feeling, to spend some time asking your creator to show you just how special you are to Him.

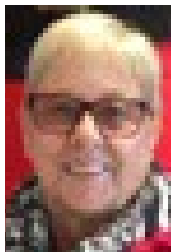


*Margaret has asked us to pass on her thanks to everyone who sent birthday wishes last month - "Bless you all".*

Front page photo - Tony, Maggie and friends at Margaret Green's Animal Sanctuary last year

## “These are a few of my favourite things ...”

We asked Carolyn, Derek, and Dawn to tell us a few of their favourites. Here's what they said:



My favourite:

*Carolyn*

*Derek*

*Dawn*

<i>Meal</i>	Chinese	Spag bol	Sea bass
<i>Drink</i>	Sugar-free Fanta	Draught Guinness	Pink gin
<i>Pudding</i>	Eton mess	Marmalade suet pud with custard	Christmas pudding
<i>Fruit or vegetable</i>	Runner beans	Runner beans	Peaches
<i>Item of clothing</i>	Jeans	Jumper	Shoes
<i>Hobby</i>	Gardening	Doing things on the computer	Painting
<i>Sport</i>	Cricket	Watching cricket	Ski-jumping
<i>TV programme</i>	D.I.Y.	Masterchef	Who wants to be a millionaire
<i>TV detective</i>	Miss Marple	Miss Marple	Inspector Montalbano
<i>Film</i>	The Greatest Showman	Driving Miss Daisy	Love Actually
<i>Actor</i>	Joanna Lumley	John Thaw	Hugh Grant
<i>Musical show</i>	Half-a-sixpence	Joseph	The Greatest Showman
<i>Singer / group</i>	Elvis Presley	Johnny Cash	Eva Cassidy
<i>Song</i>	Love me tender	When I grow too old to dream - Foster & Allen	Come away with me - Nora Jones
<i>Book</i>	Gardening books	Kipling's English History	Author - Elmore Leonard

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## Practical Help and Support during the Coronavirus Pandemic

The Lantern Church tel: 01202 887733 or email: [help@thelanternchurch.org](mailto:help@thelanternchurch.org)

## My Lockdown Lodger - Jenny Ball



It was the day before Good Friday and my neighbour rang me late afternoon, and said could I take in a temporary 'lodger'. Of course I can, was my reply, and so my 'lodger' arrived, — a scruffy little Yorkshire Terrier, 10 years old called 'Bonnie'. My neighbour is the Animal Welfare Officer and had just 'rescued' this little dog. The Animal Sanctuaries were closed, because of the Coronavirus, so a temporary home was needed quickly. Bonnie arrived and all she had with her was a collar round her neck, so sweet but very nervous and anxious. I quickly found some bedding left over from my last dog and introduced her to my home and garden.

On the Saturday I had to take her to the Vets to be checked over. The Vet said she needed some dental treatment, a lump on her tummy required investigation, and she hadn't been spayed, which could cause problems as she got older. She remarked on what a lovely little dog she was and said 'she lets you do anything with her'.

Several neighbours, hearing about her, very quickly brought me food, blankets and got their dogs to give her some of their toys! Gradually over the next few days. Although still very quiet and nervous, she gained confidence, and began to 'feel quite at home'. She loved to lie on top of my settee looking out of the window and voicing her opinion on passers-by.

It soon became obvious how much she loved people, and whoever we met, whether out on walks or at home, she delighted in introducing herself and seeking attention, wagging her tail and enjoying having a fuss made of her. She loved her walks and food time was a highlight of her day, she ate everything I

gave her. All the time she was with me she never made one mess in the house which, considering the trauma she'd endured, I thought was quite amazing.

She was a good little housedog and from her position on the settee would warn me I was having a visitor. The postman got used to seeing and hearing her and would always give her a wave.

One of my friends offered to give her a trim and this she did one morning. Again she said you can do anything with her, and she loved playing in her garden with their Bichon Frise puppy, Maty. These two became very good friends over the weeks. Bonnie insisting she was the boss! On 'Clap Night' we would all meet in the road and Bonnie was introduced to all the neighbours' dogs. She would meet them all, big or little, wagging her tail, but also giving a few growls as much to say I may be little but.....



*Continued on next page*



## My Lockdown Lodger - Jenny Ball cont'd

I and my family became very fond of her and I did consider keeping her, but having had dogs throughout my life I know what a commitment they are, and in normal circumstances I am out doing something most days.

The Margaret Green Animal Sanctuary was due to reopen on 1st June rehoming the dogs they already had but would take any new dogs a bit later so Bonnie was down for that.

Eventually the day came when she would go to Margaret Green's. She got very excited when I put her lead on her, thinking of course she was going for a walk, which made me feel more guilty.

I sent with her notes of her time with me. Because of her love of people, during

the day they had her in their shop which I thought showed how they treated each animal's individual needs.

On the following Saturday I went onto their website and saw a photo of her and alongside her name was the word 'Reserved'.

I duly phoned them to be told an elderly couple who were known to them, as they had had dogs from them before, had recently lost their dog and were waiting for a 'little dog' to come in. She is now living quite happily in her new home, returning to Margaret Green's to have the necessary medical treatment done.

I think a Happy Ending to the story of 8 weeks as my little 'Lockdown Lodger'.

*Former member Ann Wilkinson came across this poem and sent it to us via Pat P. Ann sends her good wishes to us all. Thank you, Ann.*

He criticised her puddings and he didn't like her cake.

He wished she'd make the biscuits that his mother used to make.

She didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make the stew.

She didn't mend his socks as his mother used to do;

Oh well, she was not perfect, though she tried to do her best,

Until at last she thought it was time she had a rest.

So one day when he said the same old rigmarole all through

She turned and boxed his ears - just as his mother used to do!

*On the other hand ...*

### A Husband's Work is Never Done!

*by Arthur Smith*

I've patted the cushions  
And stroked the cat  
I've washed the windows  
And dusted your hat.

I've oiled the keyholes  
And cleaned the floor  
I've polished the woodwork  
Including the floor.



I've turned the winder  
In the grandfather clock  
And the face is still shining  
Like your new frock!

I have fed the gorilla  
And washed his face  
He's lying in his hammock  
Thinking life is just ace!

I've wound up the gramophone  
And sharpened the needle  
Pass me the seventy-eight  
Let's have: "Pop goes the weasel!"

## Today's testing tongue-twister is "pea-tastically" tasty

Peter Piddock picked a pod of palatable peas,

Those sweet, green, little beauties slipped down his throat with ease.

But the tasty, pea-green morsels satisfied him not one jot,

Then he came across a can of corn - and quickly scoffed the lot!



Photo by Simon Panton - thanks Simon

### *Are you missing Wimbledon?*

Here's some facts you may not know:

- 350,000 cups of tea & coffee,
- 230,000 glasses of Pimms,
- 142,000 portions of strawberries, and
- 7,000 litres of cream are served;
- 54,250 tennis balls are used;
- 17 groundspeople are needed to pull a one tonne court cover into place;
- 8 millimetres - the height of the grass;
- 50 per cent - the proportion of Roger Federer's name that is "er".

### *Do you know what this is?*

Look what jumped out of a pot when Graham was watering one evening.

Is it a frog, a toad, or a fairytale Prince?

Can you help identify it?



### **John's Jokes**

My neighbour was in court for damaging the low wall in front of my house. He asked for three other fences to be taken into account.

*Which of these three farmers lives nearest to the Chemist's:*

*- farmer A, farmer B or farmer C?*

### *Virtual Mixed Blessings in Bloom*

Don't forget to enter photographs of your best horticultural efforts for our competition. Closing date 31 July.

*If you don't have a camera, no problem. Contact Derek or Graham and we'll send a staff photographer round.*



## Back in the Days of Tanners and Bobs

*- contributed by Clive Gill*

Back in the days of tanners and bobs,  
When Mothers had patience and Fathers had jobs.  
When football team families wore hand me down shoes,  
And TV gave only two channels to choose.

Back in the days of threepenny bits,  
When schools employed nurses to search for your nits.  
When snowballs were harmless; ice slides were permitted  
And all of your jumpers were warm and hand knitted.

Back in the days of hot ginger beers,  
When children remained so for more than six years.  
When children respected what older folks said,  
And pot was a thing you kept under your bed.

Back in the days of Listen with Mother,  
When neighbours were friendly and talked to each other.  
When cars were so rare you could play in the street.  
When Doctors made house calls; Police walked the beat.

Back in the days of Milligan's Goons,  
When butter was butter and songs all had tunes.  
It was dumplings for dinner and trifle for tea,  
And your annual break was a day by the sea.

Back in the days of Dixon's Dock Green,  
Crackerjack pens and Lyons ice cream.  
When children could freely wear National Health glasses,  
And teachers all stood at the FRONT of their classes.

Back in the days of rocking and reeling,  
When mobiles were things that you hung from the ceiling.  
When woodwork and pottery got taught in schools,  
And everyone dreamt of a win on the pools.

Back in the days when I was a lad,  
I can't help but smile for the fun that I had.  
Hopscotch and roller skates; snowballs to lob.  
Back in the days of tanners and bobs.



## Our Father in Heaven ... - Pat Piddock

The steadfast love of the Lord endures for ever.

Lord, we give You thanks because we know that Your love for us goes on whatever our circumstances. We thank You for the improvements that are going on around us, and ask that you will bring harmony to our Government so that right decisions will be made.

Bless families and friends who are finding life difficult especially as we come out of lockdown. Give us confidence and hope. We ask that we will live simpler lives so that others will just simply live. We ask these things in Your name. Amen



## Born and Bred in Dorset - John Taylor

*In this issue John looks at Dorchester, the county town*

Due to several disastrous fires there are only a few ancient buildings in Dorchester but the town contains numerous examples of Georgian architecture in stone and brickwork.

The old Shire Hall, built in 1797, contains the Court Room in which the Tolpuddle Martyrs stood trial. The almshouses called Nappers Mite (now put to another use) date from 1615.

On the southern fringe of the town stands Maumbury Rings. This was originally a Neolithic temple adapted in Roman times to form an amphitheatre.

Max Gate, situated to the east, was Thomas Hardy's home - see pic below.



A mile to the south east lies the charming thatched rectory of Came

where William Barnes peacefully spent his last years.

St Peters church in the centre of the town is a fifteenth century building with a fine 90 ft tower and a statue of William Barnes outside.

Occupying a strategic site above the river Frome on the North West of Dorchester is Poundbury Camp of the Iron Age. Close by may be traced the Aquaduct which supplied Dorchester (then known as Durnovia) with water in Roman Times.

About two miles south west of Dorchester stands Maiden Castle, an Iron Age hill town and almost impregnable fortress which is acknowledged to be the finest in Europe. Its great, green ramparts, massive entrances and general size are a good example of the skill and perseverance of the local people. Excavations have revealed an astonishing history of this great downland hill.

Eastwards from Dorchester lie the watermeadows of the Frome beyond which stretches the great Egdon Heath of the Hardy novels. A footpath leads past the dignified mansion of Kingston Maurward now a county college.