

Pepperpots

Magazine of The Friends of Southwell Cathedral – issue 56, Autumn 2022

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

The sad and sudden news of the death of Her Majesty The Queen on 8th September has touched our nation, the Commonwealth and the entire world. It was announced just as this issue of Pepperpots was going to press.

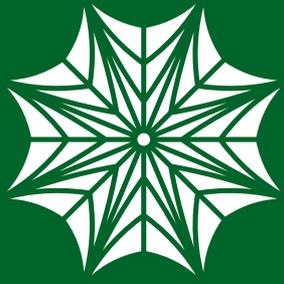
The Queen memorably said after the 9/11 attacks on America that ‘Grief is the price we pay for love’ and it is indeed our deepest love, respect and admiration for Her Majesty that is leaving us feeling a profound sense of loss and disorientation. We are consoled knowing that The Queen’s strong Christian faith sustained, supported, and shaped her long reign, giving her hope and resilience through adversity and change.

Southwell Minster will be a focus for reflection and prayer for our town and diocese. May Her Majesty’s soul rest in peace and rise with Christ in glory.

We pray for His Majesty King Charles III, the Royal Family and our nation.

*The Very Revd Nicola Sullivan
Dean of Southwell*

GOD SAVE THE KING



Pepperpots

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The Chapter House – in use for the 2022 Southwell Music Festival

With proper lighting and heating now in place and the removal of the old central block of radiators, the Chapter House has become a much more flexible space. Southwell Music Festival used it over the Bank Holiday weekend for *Surround Sounds* – a new addition to the Festival programme that ‘presents beautiful solo and chamber works in the intimate, in-the-round setting of the iconic Chapter House.’ The Friends co-funded recent renovations to the Chapter House.

Editor's Welcome

Charlie Leggatt

Welcome to the autumn issue of *Pepperpots*; typing the word 'autumn', with its connotations of cool breezes and damp mornings, seems so welcome as I put this issue together during scorching hot late summer days!

Hopefully, the Friends' autumn tea party (14th October) in the Chapter House will see a bright but crisp day, when scones and rich cakes will be appropriate fare.

Our Festival and Annual General Meeting on 18th June was, as ever, a full and happy day; our guest speaker – Dr Nathanael Price – spoke engagingly on 'Moses as Idol', in a talk examining why Moses appears in Christian art in the form of the idols prohibited by the second of the Ten Commandments. Nathanael's talk was extensively illustrated and he used the tomb of Pope Julius II as his central motif.

The final stage of the Leaves of Southwell project was reached on 30th June with the opening of the extension of the Palace Gardens into the Paddock, where once the Bishop kept his horses. I was touched to be asked to participate in the ceremony and helped Diana Ives, Head of Education, cut the leaf-garlanded ribbon. The idea for a garden had been Diana's originally, at the time of the Minster's first Lottery-aided project (upon the Archbishop's Palace). Amanda Rushen and Claire Connely are the wonderful gardeners responsible for the new plantings.

Having served as the Minster's fundraiser for ten years until my retirement, I was delighted at the appointment of

Ruth Massey to the post. Ruth is well rooted already in the Minster community, having been part of the Music Foundation (and Southwell Music Festival) for many years. The Fundraiser's role is varied and one aspect is to gently encourage legacy giving – a crucial form of benefaction to cathedrals and churches since their foundations. In this regard, one of my tasks over the summer was to review the information at my home parish church on the Luttrell Psalter. This famous manuscript of circa 1325–40 (now in the British Library) was produced for Sir Geoffrey Luttrell, the then squire of the village in which I live. Re-reading his Will of 1345, he noted *inter alia* that "I give and bequeath to the use of the fabric of the holy mother church of Southwell six shillings and eight pence." About £500 in today's money.

The Friends' Council agreed recently to help with the conservation (and associated costs) of a beautiful late Victorian processional banner depicting St Mary the Virgin with the Christ child. This was rediscovered when a storage cupboard was being tidied. Of excellent quality, it was likely made when the Minster became a cathedral in 1884. Specialist treatment is in hand supervised by Emma Frith, Tutor to the Needlework Guild, and she has kindly agreed to chronicle this exciting rediscovery in the Spring 2023 issue of *Pepperpots*.

Finally, a very warm welcome to Andy McIntosh in his new role as Head Verger.



The Editor helps Diana Ives, Head of Education, open the Paddock extension to the Palace Gardens.

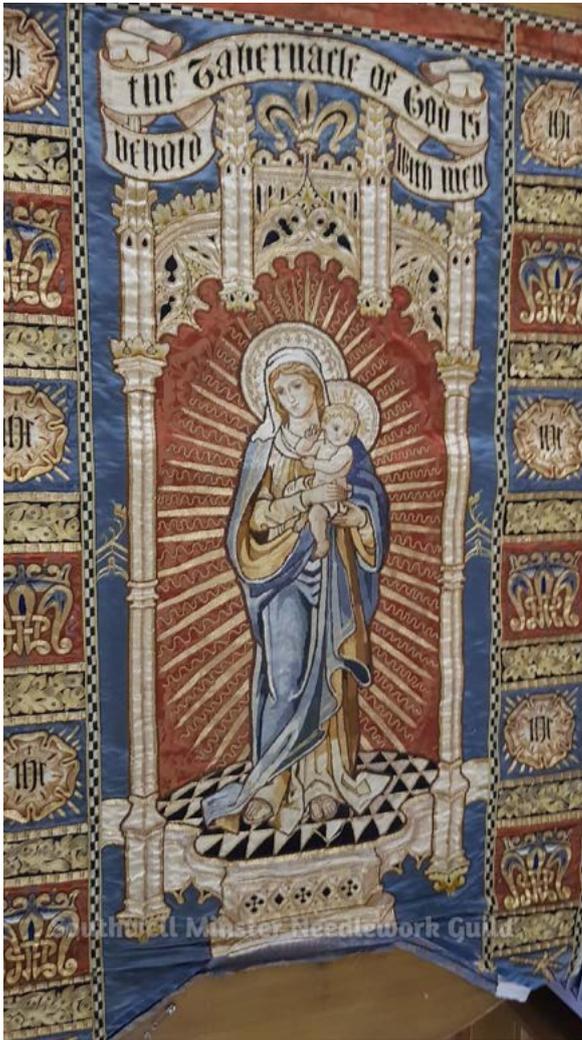
Right-hand column (top to bottom):

The processional banner, unearthed in a storage cupboard.

The Editor confers with Ruth Massey, the Minster's new Fundraiser.

Alison Salter, Hon. Secretary, thanks Nathanael Price for his talk at the AGM.





Dean's Column

The Very Revd Nicola Sullivan



I am writing on the day a hugely successful Southwell Music Festival is finishing.

The first 'full on' Festival for three years, it has once again delighted its enthusiastic audiences and brought many hundreds of people into the Cathedral and town. We are nearing the end of a busy, hot, humid summer (the hottest day on record 39°C in Southwell on 19 July!) which although perfect for outdoor concerts, theatre and the enjoyment of the newly opened Palace Garden and Paddock, nudges our awareness of climate change. As a rural Cathedral blessed with green space around us, we continue to focus on the care of God's creation so threatened globally with catastrophic consequences. We believe that each one of us can make steps, however small, to bring change and recover hope for the future. As the old slogan for Christian Aid said: 'One person cannot change the world, but you can change the world for one person.'

The coming months will also bring the steep rise in the cost of living especially fuel, and the grim backdrop of the war in Ukraine following the Russian invasion in February. It is incumbent more than ever for the Cathedral to be generous, prayerful, and hospitable and attuned to people's spiritual longings and questions. As you read of Canon Paul Rattigan's work you will see how this is being expressed.

On a more mundane but important note, the Chapter will be concentrating on the implementation of the new 2021 Cathedrals Measure over the next nine months. This will bring changes in governance and management structures, not least because the Cathedral will be regulated by the Charity Commission as well as the Church Commissioners. It is likely that it will provoke a 'conflict of interest' for the Dean or any other member of Chapter to be a trustee on the Friends Council because the Chapter is the sole beneficiary. We are seeking legal advice to clarify the position but to date most Cathedral Friends are not chaired by the Dean. In the midst of global changes and challenges, these small issues present themselves and we will do our very best to resolve them.

Thank you, Friends, for your support.

May God bless you.

***“As the old slogan for Christian Aid said:
‘One person cannot change the world,
but you can change the world for
one person.’”***



Introducing Canon Paul

Paul Rattigan, the Minster's new Canon Missioner, tells us about himself



My name is Paul, and I am the new Canon Missioner at Southwell Minster. I have been asked to write a little about myself, so if you are struggling to get to sleep, read on.

I was born in Birmingham, West Bromwich to be precise, though I support Aston Villa. When I left home, I went through a nomadic stage of places and jobs that has not stopped. I started in Norwich doing Maths and Physics at university there. I left after two years

to become computer manager in a Horticultural Wholesaler when computers were the size of a room and then moved to Chelmsford to help the office transition from paper to digital. I became interested in psychology and so switched jobs to Assistant Manager in a pub and restaurant so that I could study in the daytime. I was extremely fortunate that I got the chance to go back to university to study Psychology which I then did in Reading.

I had gone to church as a child and was quite involved in my church, though not singing as that is definitely not my gifting (my wife is pleased that I have to stand at the front, away from her when it comes to hymns). However, when I left home, church was not as important and so my faith drifted. Going to Reading University, I rediscovered my faith in the middle of a maths lecture. This led to a re-engagement with church and the beginnings of a calling to ordained ministry. At the same time, I met my wife to be when I was on a mission in Brighton during the summer holidays. Consequently, I sat my finals, then the following week got married and then the week after graduated.

I moved to Brighton to be with my wife, and I trained as a secondary teacher in Maths and Psychology. Brighton was too expensive to stay and so we looked around and felt called to Liverpool. We moved into an inner-city parish, and I began teaching in a sixth form college. We had five great years there but during that time my calling to ordained ministry grew. I was recommended for training, and this led to moving to Queen's College in Birmingham. I was then ordained in Liverpool Cathedral and served my curacy and first incumbency in St Helens, Merseyside. My second incumbency took me to Boldmere in Birmingham and a larger, very active parish.

I moved back to Liverpool to be Canon for Discipleship and I fell in love with cathedral ministry and all the opportunities and people one gets to work with. I then moved to Leicester to be both Canon Chancellor and Diocesan Director of Ordinands. Then, I moved to Southwell Minster to be Canon Missioner.

The role is made up of three parts. The first and most important is being part of the worshipping community. Not just taking services but being there morning and evening to nourish myself and hold the world in prayer before God. The second aspect is around Governance and so I have the joy of many meetings ensuring I am part of the Minster serving Southwell and the Diocese as the Mother Church. Finally, there is the particular nature of my role as Missioner. I oversee the parts of the ministry that enable people to explore faith from enquirers to long standing followers of Jesus. I make sure that we care pastorally for people whether they be a one-off visitor or a regular member. I encourage those groups within the minster who stimulate Social Justice projects. And I love talking to people!

Out & About

Pauline Rouse writes



Photograph above: Mary Stacey

On Wednesday 4th May, after two years of cancellations, we were able to enjoy a visit to Deene Park in Northamptonshire.

Deene Park, near Corby, is an absolutely stunning property owned by the Brudenell family, who have lived in the house since the 1500s.

We had a fascinating and informative tour of the house and a history of the family, including one ancestor, the eighth Earl of Cardigan who led the Charge of the Light Brigade at the Battle of Balaclava.

The house was built over six centuries and has wonderful views over the park and lake. The house itself has been wonderfully and sympathetically maintained with fabulous family portraits, beautiful French furniture and interesting historical artefacts.

The gardens are well worth a visit, sadly the sun didn't shine for us but it didn't diminish our enjoyment of the day which included a delightful lunch provided for us in the little restaurant.

A visit to Elton Hall

The Friends' next outing is being planned for Tuesday 16th May 2023 to Elton Hall near Peterborough.

Elton Hall is an extraordinary house that has been in the ownership of the Proby family for four hundred years. The house stands in wonderful, recently restored gardens with beautiful borders and interesting topiary. We will have a tour of the house and gardens followed by lunch.

All details can be found on the enclosed insert.



Celebrating Choral Outreach

Elizabeth Johnson writes

Wednesday 8th June 2022, a joyful day: the 'Leaves of Southwell Project Celebration Children's Concert' finally took place in the Minster, postponed from the previous year.

One hundred and twenty children from Bleasby and Richard Bonington Primary Schools took part. A morning of music, storytelling and craft activities was followed by an afternoon performance to an audience of over one hundred family and friends. The Minster was alive with happy, excited, engaged children: singing in the State Chamber, vocal workshop in the Song School, storytelling in the Chapter House, lantern making in the North Transept. It being a beautiful June day, the Palace Garden was the perfect venue at lunchtime for picnics and running around.

In preparation for the day, during the Spring term the children had workshops in school with singing leaders Guy Turner and Mike Gregory, and storyteller Nicky Rafferty. For the concert, the children were joined by the cathedral choristers. They sang "Songs of the Forest", a set of five songs specially composed by Guy for this project,

words and themes reflecting nature and the carvings in the Chapter House and linked to Nicky's stories. Aoife Cleland, from the Minster's education team, put together a splendid sequence of projected images and the words as a backdrop to these songs: 'The Hatter and the Monkeys', 'The Girl and the Tree', 'Who Stole my Spoons?', 'The Pig and the Acorn', 'Mikku, Mikku'.

The final piece in the programme was the much awaited first performance of "These are our Leaves". The words for this song were written by the winner of a lyrics competition held at the Minster School in 2020, set to music by Guy. Michael D'Avanzo, the Minster's then organ scholar, was a superb accompanist throughout the day.

Many of the enthusiastic audience left wonderful feedback comments showing their appreciation and enjoyment of the performance. Similarly post event evaluation from the schools highlighted how much the children had enjoyed the opportunity to sing in the Minster and perform to an audience.



A Letter concerning my Homeland



Andrii addresses an anti-war rally outside King's, Cambridge.

Andrii Smytsniuk, a young Ukraine national based at Cambridge, was naturally devastated when the Russian invasion of his homeland began. He had to travel to Romania to evacuate his parents there from the west of Ukraine. After a few weeks waiting for a visa, they were able to come to the United Kingdom. His father, a priest at St Nicholas's church in Yamnytsia (Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church) has found the separation from his congregation particularly hard to take. Here, in his own words, Andrii writes an open letter to a friend whose home near Southwell he visited recently with his parents.

I am very grateful to you for your hospitality! My parents really enjoyed visiting a little English village. My father especially enjoyed holding worship in your living room. It was very painful for my father to flee Ukraine and worship is the only thing that reminds him of his former way of life before Russian planes began to bomb his hometown.

We talked a lot about the causes of this war, and I still don't understand them. I know quite a few Russians and I have been to Russia, but all my Russian acquaintances are against this invasion. I don't know anyone who would be for the war. The hardest thing for me to understand is the churchgoers in Russia who think that Ukrainians deserve to be invaded. I would really like to understand what their

view is based on. Perhaps they think (quite erroneously) there are Nazis living in Ukraine who have hated Russians all their lives. I know they won't believe me, but I do not hate Russians. I have many friends from Russia, and I even learned Russian to communicate with them. I know that I am not a Nazi, my father is a priest, and I do not know a single Nazi in Ukraine. I also know that some Russians will not believe me, because they think differently.

Those isolated cases that the Russian news services inflate and twist for their citizens speak louder to them than the words of an ordinary Ukrainian. I am a Christian and I consider it a sin to kill another human being. I know that many Russians are sure that Ukraine, egged on by NATO, was going to attack them and will not believe me that this has nothing to do with reality. I don't understand why, even if they believed it, they didn't think about turning the other cheek (even if they didn't get hit on the first cheek).

There are already more than five-hundred refugees from Ukraine in Cambridge itself. Almost all of them were from Russian-speaking cities such as Kharkiv, Mariupol and Berdiansk. Interestingly, many of them have been Russian speakers all their lives and considered Russians as their brothers, but after seeing Russian tanks with their own eyes, they decided to switch to speaking Ukrainian exclusively. My friend, Arsenii, who was born and lived



all his life in Moscow, but is now studying mathematics at Cambridge, is also switching to Ukrainian because his mother is Ukrainian. His grandparents are still in Kyiv, and he is very worried about them. They say several residential buildings nearby were destroyed by Russian missiles during the siege of Kyiv. And his good friend in Kharkiv was killed by a Russian missile during the shelling. She was twenty-one years old and she won many international awards in mathematics.

I would especially like you to meet another friend, Svitlana, who herself is from Moscow. She was born there, but lived most of her life in Mariupol. The story of how she left Mariupol is simply horrific. During the siege of Mariupol, Russian missiles destroyed thirty-six of the thirty-eight houses on her street. She buried body parts of her neighbours. She was only miraculously able to escape, despite many dangers, obstacles and numerous personal humiliations at Russian-controlled border crossings. After her stories and the stories of many other refugees, I read or watch news less and less. You can believe or not believe the news, but the stories of refugees tell the whole truth much better than TV or the Internet. Their stories make this war a reality because they are so terrible that it is simply too difficult to make them up. I send you my best wishes and end with a prayer for Ukraine:

Lord, oh the Great and Almighty,
Protect our beloved Ukraine,
Bless her with freedom and light
Of your holy rays.

With learning and knowledge enlighten
Us, your children small,
In love pure and everlasting
Let us, oh Lord, grow.

We pray, oh Lord Almighty,
Protect our beloved Ukraine,
Grant our people and country
All your kindness and grace.

Bless us with freedom, bless us with wisdom,
Guide us into a kind world,
Bless us, oh Lord, with good fortune
For ever and evermore. Amen.



Happier times:
Andrii with his
parents in their
hometown of Ivano-
Frankivsk, Ukraine



Pigs in the cloister and deer as vegetable: What monks ate in the Middle Ages

Theo Wilson writes



Theo was born and bred around the Minster, and so has a great affection for Southwell Minster, previously singing as a chorister in the cathedral choir and more recently acting in services as a thurifer and server. His love of medieval history, in particular ecclesiastical history and the medieval Church, was sparked by this association. Theo has just completed a Master of Philosophy degree at the University of Cambridge with a thesis entitled 'Magister Golyas de quodam abate: Diet and Satire in the Twelfth Century'.

Introduction

When I first thought about how to write this article, I, like many people who are unsure of an exact fact or quote, typed into Google the following phrase: 'what did medieval monks eat?' Despite the many results, most of them were not entirely accurate. 'Their diet was vegetarian' stated one. Another proclaimed that monks ate vegetable soup, grainy bread, and green vegetables, with fish being eaten on special occasions. Most concluded that the food eaten by medieval monks was simple, unexotic, and firmly uninspiring.

I therefore aim to dispel some of the myths you may know about the types of food eaten by monks in the Middle Ages. I also hope to convince you that the food eaten by medieval monks was as exciting, if not more so, than the food we enjoy now. They ate a wide range of dishes using ingredients like cumin from Iran and Turkey, and black pepper from India. They ate a variety of both marine and freshwater fish and used ingenious and humorous ways of bypassing the restrictions placed upon them by the Rules of their monastic order. So why then is this rather simplistic view of the food enjoyed by monks still perpetuated?

Monastic Rules

Most people's impression of the food eaten by medieval monastics comes from reading monastic Rules. These Rules governed the way monks lived their lives, prescribing what they should wear, eat, how they should pray, and the structure of the monastic day. There are many different types of monastic Rules, such as the Rule of St. Chrodegang and the Rule of St Augustine. Each monastic house also had their own additional unique customs which varied from house to house. The most famous of these Rules is the Rule of St Benedict which is commonly seen as the main guide for the dos and don'ts of being a monk. Written in around AD 530-560, the Benedictine Rule set the way monks lived throughout Europe for most of the Middle Ages and beyond. It dictated where the monastic meals should be eaten (in the refectory) and further stipulated that two different types of meals should be provided so that 'one person who may not be able to eat one kind of food may partake of the other'. If fruit or vegetables were available, they could be added as a third option. Monks also received a pound of bread and, most importantly, were forbidden from eating the meat of four-legged animals. The clear and thorough rules stipulated by the Benedictine Rule are therefore used as a guide by many to give an idea of what monks ate throughout the Middle Ages.



Fresco wall painting showing St. Benedict and his fellow monks eating in a refectory c. 1505-1508, Abbey of Monte Oliveto Maggiore.

The Reality

By the eleventh century, however, the type of food being eaten in monasteries had changed dramatically. Instead of the dietary restriction outlined in the Benedictine Rule, monks enjoyed a wide range of different food. This variety is shown in a list of sign language used by monks during their meals in the Abbey of Cluny, Saône-et-Loire, France. This language came about as the monks were prohibited from making conversation in certain parts of the abbey during the day. One commentator described the monks at Cluny as 'chattering away' with their hands during their meal in the refectory, a place where speaking was prohibited. The food list mentions symbols for bread cooked in water, flat cakes, cuttlefish, eels, pike, cheese, cheesecakes, milk, honey, cherries, and food cooked with oil. Because each dish has a unique individual sign, it suggests that these dishes were not just one-off meals but were instead being regularly consumed in the monastery refectory.

The range of food available in the monastic refectory is also encapsulated in the words of Bernard of Clairvaux in his *Apologia* where he describes the different types of egg dishes produced in kitchens of the Abbey of Cluny. He writes:

‘To take a simple example: who could describe all the ways in which eggs are tampered with and tortured, or the care that goes into turning them one way and then turning them back? They might be cooked soft, hard, or scrambled, be fried or roasted, and occasionally they are stuffed. Sometimes they are served with other foods, and sometimes on their own. What reason can there be for all this variation except the gratification of a jaded appetite?’

Bernard of Clairvaux. *Cistercians and Cluniacs: St. Bernard's Apologia to Abbot William*. Trans. Michael Casey. (Kalamazoo: Cistercian Publications, 2007)

As most monks came from the social elites, they expected to be served a similar range of dishes to those enjoyed by the laity. Examples of these dishes have survived through medieval cookeries, the Middle Ages version of Delia's Complete Cookery Course. Like many chefs today, medieval cooks wrote down the ingredients required to make certain dishes as memory aids. One manuscript, *Utilis Coquinario*, recalls the process for the preparation and cooking of ‘pekokes & partiches’ (peacocks and partridges) writing that they should be first preboiled and larded before roasting. We know that this type of bird was regularly eaten in monastic houses as their bones have been found in the kitchen middens (rubbish heaps) of Eynsham and St Albans Abbeys and can be dated from at least the eleventh-century onwards.

Another dish enjoyed in the monastery refectory was a cheesecake or ‘Sambocade’. A recipe for it reads:

‘Take and make a crust in a trap & take cruddes and wryng out þe wheyze and drawe hem þurgh a straynour and put hit in þe crust. Do þerto suger the þridde part, & somdel whyte of ayren, & shake þerin blomes of elren; & bake it vp with eurose, & messe it forth.’

[Take and make a crust in a trap [pie tin] and take curds and wring out the whey and draw them through a strainer and put it in the crust. Do thereunto sugar the third part and some whites of eggs and shake therein blooms of elderflower and bake it with rose water and serve it forth.]



I am very grateful to the food writer Elly McCausland for giving her permission to reproduce her excellent picture of a Sambocade.

The ‘blomes of elren’ refers to elderflower from which the recipe derives its name Sambocade after *sambucus*, the Latin word for elderflower. While the recipe itself can be made using an elderflower liquor, using fresh elderflower would require the flowers to have been picked around late May to mid-June.

These two dishes thus present some of the variety of different meals which could be eaten by medieval monks. Their food was not boring and simple. Instead, it was as exciting as any modern meal, and I can highly recommend the Sambocade to any budding medieval chef.

Loopholes

One of my favourite parts about studying the food eaten by medieval monks are the loopholes they created to eat ‘forbidden’ foods.

These loopholes are frequently ingenious, requiring intellectual and linguistic gymnastics. The most common way that monks bypassed the Benedictine Rule’s guidance on monastic diet, for example, was by redefining or changing the way that they interpreted the Rule.

One such example is where the Benedictine Rule states that only the sick and infirm are allowed to consume four-legged animals and that meat could not be eaten in the monastic refectory. Monks reinterpreted this Rule, arguing that meat could be eaten so long as this was done in either the monastery infirmary or, in the case of the Benedictines, a special room, the misericord, where some relaxations of the monastic rule were allowed. In the medieval abbey of Westminster, the monks rotated between the refectory and the misericord on alternate days, allowing the whole monastic community to eat meat throughout the week, and thereby abiding by the letter of the Rule though not its sentiment.

Other monasteries took a much more intellectual approach to the problem. In the thirteenth century the monks in one French monastery were forbidden from eating any meat except game they had hunted. To bypass this issue, they smuggled hunting dogs into the monastic cloister and set them to chase pigs, reared on the monastery farm, thus transforming the pigs into game.

This was not the only example of the academic and mental gymnastics that the monks were doing. St Thomas Aquinas decided that chicken was originally aquatic, due to Genesis stating that fish and birds were made on the same day. Some monastic institutions therefore permitted the consumption of fowl by their brethren as it followed scriptural precedent. Another monastery circumvented an expressed prohibition on the consumption of deer by redefining the deer as vegetables rather than meat. The monks argued that as deer were ‘grown’ in a forest, they were in fact a vegetable and therefore were fair game (pardon the pun) for eating.

Conclusion

The food eaten by monks therefore was far more diverse and exciting than many commentators allow. Rather than eating grainy bread and vegetable broths, monks ate a variety of different foodstuffs from a variety of different sources. To do so they set about circumventing the Rules by which they were supposed to live, and the ways they did so prove to be amusing and entertaining. Thus, in this somewhat brief piece, I hope very much that I have given an insight into why I find the study of monastic food so interesting and why I think there is much to celebrate about medieval monastic cuisine.



Country Sayings & Folklore revisited

Charlie Leggatt writes

Regular readers will recall the poster of Country Sayings & Folklore included with the Spring 2021 issue of Pepperpots. This was one of our contributions, in non-financial terms, to the 'Leaves of Southwell' project. Since then, the following 'pearls of wisdom' have come to my attention. After the hot, dry, summer we've experienced – with wider debates on climate change – it is interesting to consider whether or not they still hold true.

St. Vincent's Day / January 22nd

Remember on St. Vincent's Day

If the sun his beams display,

'Tis a token bright and clear

Of prosperous weather throughout the year.

As the days lengthen, does the cold strengthen.

If snow lies for three days it will take another fall of snow to take it away.

When the wind backs and the weather glass falls
Then be on your guard against gales and squalls.

February is short, but its discomforts are long.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

However, set against the above saying is:
If February brings no rain, 'tis neither good for grass nor grain.

Be it dry, or be it wet, Nature always pays its debt.

As the weather is on Shrove Tuesday, so 't' will be till the end of Lent.

March many weathers.

**March brings breezes cold and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.**

East wind in Spring a brilliant summer will bring.

**April with its sunshine and showers
Gives us rainbows and many wild flowers.**

**Blossom of the almond trees
April's gift to April's bees.**

**Mists in May, heat in June,
Puts the harvest right in tune.**

A swarm of bees in May are worth a load of hay.

Rain in May for long hay.

St. John's Day / June 24th

Cut your thistles before St. John,
Or you'll have two instead of one.

A swarm of bees in June is worth a silver spoon.

Calm weather in June, sets all in tune.

June damp and warm does the farmer no harm.

If there are thunderstorms in June, there will be a plump harvest.

*If on eighth June it rain,
It tells of a wet harvest, men sayin.*

*Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gilly flowers.*

What is to thrive in September must be baked in July.

*August brings the ripening corn,
Then the harvest home is born.*

August fills the barn and September the loft.

Lammas' Day – Loafmas / August 1st

The name comes from the Anglo-Saxon custom of offering loaves made from the first ripe corn as a harvest thanksgiving.

After Lammas the corn ripens as much by night as by day.

St. Bartholomew's Day / August 24th

All the tears that St. Swithin can cry,
St. Bartelmy's mantle will wipe dry.

St. Bartholomew brings the cold dew.

*If Bartholomew's be fine and clear
Then hope for a prosperous autumn that year.*

September blow soft till the fruit's in the loft.

September either dries up ditches or breaks down bridges.

Fair on first of September, fair the month.

*If in October the leaves still hold,
The coming winter will be cold.*

If the oak bears its leaves in October, there will be a hard winter.

Full moon in October without frost, no frost till full moon in November.



Hallowe'en / October 31st

*If ducks do slide at Hallowtide,
At Christmas they will swim.
If ducks do swim at Hallowtide,
At Christmas they will slide.*

St. Martin's Day / November 11th

*Where the wind blows on Martinmas,
there 'twill be for the rest of the winter.*

*If a hard frost before St. Martin's Day,
it is going to be a wet and stormy winter.*

November cold, Christmas warm!

*Marry on December third
For all the grief you ever heard.*

Gift Aid

The Hon. Treasurer, Roger Wilson, writes

Dear Friends, may I mention Gift Aid, a most useful scheme available to us as a charity to increase our income by tax recovery from Her Majesty's Revenue and Customs?

Obviously, a person's tax situation may change as the years roll on and he or she may begin to pay less tax. Our kind HMRC requests that we, from time to time, remind those of you who gift aid your subscriptions ensure that you pay enough tax to cover the tax we recover. You can easily do this by checking that the total amount of tax you have actually paid in the last tax year (6th April to 5th April) is more than 25% of the total amount of gift aided donations (not just your subscription to the Friends) you have made in that year. Looking at it a different way, the gift-aided donations total should not be more than four times the tax which you have paid. The tax can be either income tax or Capital Gains Tax or both. If you do need to reduce the gift aiding on your donations, you should contact the charity or charities and instruct them accordingly.



Keeping in touch – your email address

Pepperpots appears twice a year, but news from Southwell Minster keeps coming. If you'd like us to keep in touch more regularly with you, please send your email address to: editor.pepperpots@icloud.com. Your data is kept in accordance with our GDPR policy (available on request) and you can of course unsubscribe at any time.



Pepperpots is the magazine of The Friends of Southwell Cathedral

The Friends of Southwell Cathedral exist to bind together all who love the Cathedral Church and who desire to help in preserving for posterity the fabric of this building; in maintaining daily worship therein; and in enhancing its adornment.

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