

THIS AND THAT 200

Salamanca was but a beautiful diversion. Our goal and destination was Portugal. Not by way of the main highway from Salamanca though. We took a lesser route, stopping first at *Vitagdno* where we delighted in shuffling old men in berets and caps, shops selling local produce and the narrow streets of a country town untouched by tourism.

Cork oak cuckoos

The countryside all the way to the border was sparsely populated and, for the most part, arable. Acres and acres of short stemmed wheat, ripe for harvest. Stonier areas were dotted with cork oak and grazing cattle. At a stop to investigate the cork oaks we heard the only cuckoo of our summer. It was singing in English.

A long and winding descent brought us to the substantial border river *Aguedo*, just above its confluence with the mightier river *Douro*. Before crossing we stopped to have lunch and a brief nap in crisp, sunny weather, overlooking the river. We admired the industry of the Portuguese. Every square metre of hill on their side of the border was covered with neat rows of olive trees and vines.

Experiencing Portugal in Africa

It was good to arrive in Portugal. Diana had visited before, I not. My love of all things Portuguese derives from holidays in Moçambique. Brought up on Rhodesian bush mission stations we holidayed in the coastal Moçambique town *Beira*. We stayed in the *Miramar*, a small family hotel. The smell of mosquito repellent in our rooms and taste of the dining room's repellent cabbage soup remain with me.

We loved *Beira*, revelling in the Latin way of life as lived under a hot, steamy, tropical African sun. My father, brother and I regularly visited the docks to watch the loading and unloading of freighters. In those happy days docks were open to all and sundry. My sister enjoyed local Portuguese Lotharios eyeing her up and down appreciatively. Our parents delighted in wine they could not afford at home. Their favourite was a late harvest *Grandjo*. I was able to relive their pleasure in it on this trip.

Some years later, when I was teaching in *Harare*, I had a girl friend who taught in the border town *Mutare*. On my weekend visits we'd drive into Moçambique through glorious blossom-scented orange orchards (when in season), to a town called *Vila de Manica*. There we'd nibble olives, chunks of peri peri beef, peri peri prawns and cashews with nogs of delicious Portuguese bread while drinking Manica beer beside the swimming pool. We'd return home with great wicker demijohns of wine sealed with a huge club of plaster of Paris, undeclared at the border.

A bull fight in Vila de Manica

I attended my only bull fight in *Vila de Manica*. The Portuguese don't kill the bulls, they simply madden them with javelins stuck into and left dangling from their hides.

Headly days. A pleasing contrast to the conservative, upright, uptight white Rhodesia. Nor was Moçambique a racist society. Intermarriage was encouraged not frowned upon and black people could rise to the top of the professions or civil service. Too few did however. Disparity of wealth and apathy about black education and advancement, under Salazar's dictatorship, made the birth of a liberation movement inevitable. Holidays there, however, left me with a nostalgic love of all things Portuguese.

Once in Portugal we zig zagged along un-trafficked roads through hilly, stony and unprosperous seeming countryside. Every likely patch of soil appeared either to be cultivated or to have once been cultivated. Olive trees and vines predominated. Most fields and vineyards were walled or more usually tumble-down-walled. We travelled high above deep river valleys enjoying frequent splendid views.

Later we dropped down into the famous *Douro* river valley. 557 miles in length it is the Iberian peninsula's third longest river. The section along which we drove is deep in a valley of terraced vineyards clinging to often near vertical slopes. The grapes are destined for Port, either the wine itself or as *aguardente*, the spirit that fortifies the wine. I regret not buying more to bring back.

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THIS WEEK: TRINITY FIVE 16 July 2017

St Nicholas' Chapel, Pilley: 8.00am Holy Communion

St Mary's South Baddesley: 9.30am Holy Communion

St John's Boldre: 10.30am Family Service & Children's Club

St Luke's Sway: 6.30pm Choral Evensong

For Prayer This Week

World peace. Sufferers from persecution. Our local schools: South Baddesley Primary and William Gilpin, Pilley. Michael & Emily married yesterday. Olivier Bence baptized today. **Prayer requests:** Heather Collins-Wells, Colin Erne, John Hudson Davies, Janet. **R.I.P.** Molly Hewlett, Reg Phillips, Edward Symons.

Activities This Week

Mon 17 Jul - 10.00am St John's Interment of Ashes: Reg Phillips

Mon 17 Jul - 4.30pm Bible Study Ph. 07786194282 for venue

Tue 18 Jul - 10.30am Vintage Fitness. Seated exercise to music at St Nicholas' Pilley & refreshment

Wed 19 Jul - 10.30am St Nicholas' Pilley, Communion + Coffee

Thu 20 Jul - 10.30am Vintage Fitness. As on Tuesdays

Fri 21 Jul - 5.45pm St John's Wedding Rehearsal

Sat 22 Jul - 2.00pm St John's Wedding - Andrew & Jennifer

NEXT WEEK: TRINITY SIX 23 July 2017

St Nicholas' Chapel, Pilley: 8.00am Holy Communion

St Mary's South Baddesley: 9.30am Matins (BCP)

St John's Boldre: 10.30am Holy Communion & Children's Club

St John's Boldre 6.30pm Choral Evensong

Dates for the Diary 2017

Mon 24 Jul - 2.30pm St John's - Thanksgiving - Molly Hewlett

Tue 25 Jul - 8.50am WG School end of term Service

Wed 26 Jul - 11.00am St John's Funeral Edward Symons

Sat 29 Jul - 2.00pm St John's - Wedding Raymond & Sandra

Fri 1 Sep - 2.00pm St John's - Wedding Simon & Ionella

Sat 9 Sep - Ride & Stride - St John's & St Mary's 10 - 6pm

Sat 9 Sep - 1.00pm St John's Wedding James & Camilla

Sat 23 Sep - 7.00pm Boldre Memorial Hall - Harvest Supper

Sun 24 Sep - 10.30am St John's - Harvest Festival

Sat 30 Sep - 2.00pm St John's - Wedding Andrew & Jessica

Sun 1 Oct - 10.30am St John's - Pet Service

Sat 14 Oct - 12.30pm St John's - Wedding James & Sophie

3.00pm TODAY, ST SAVIOUR'S BROCKENHURST

Songs of Praise - a chance to sing the very best of hymns

JAM JARS PLEASE

Jean Gibbins wants small and 1lb jars and lids please. Please leave them in the church porch.

BOLDRE CHURCH AND VILLAGE FETE

The Fete results exceeded all expectations. Well done one and all! The total raised by any stall or activity has no bearing on its importance to the success of the Fete. We will be donating £500 to the Pilley Community Store.

Programmes/Gates	260.10	Jane Pitt-Pitt's Glass	10.00
Vehicle Entry	154.70	Gifts	364.46
Grand Draw	2,550.91	Books	96.17
BBQ/Bar	140.00	Pimms	185.99
Plants	283.80	Tanner's Ladder	82.70
Teas	278.70	Children's Games	15.45
Coconut Shy	54.13	Face the Music	20.00
Cakes	262.60	Ice Creams	176.10
Jams	400.50	Donkey Rides	45.20
Bottles	314.20	Golf	9.00
Tombola	126.75	Natural Products	10.00
Dog Show	93.50	Face Painting	20.00
Bouncy Castle	15.00	Treasure Hunt	20.80
Curios	225.29	Baskets	10.00

Total from the Day £ 6246.05

Donations & Advertising £ 1192.50

Expenses still to be finalised £- 887.40

Likely total £ 6651.15