

August 2025

I always like to try and get my 'bit' for the Lambfold written a few days before the deadline on the 20th of the month and as I write this the news is full of talk of country-wide drought and hosepipe bans. Today also happens to be July 15th – St. Swithun's Day' – and as the old verse goes:

St Swithun's Day, if it does rain, for forty days it will remain.

St. Swithun's Day, if it be fair, for forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

Swithun was Bishop of Winchester in the ninth century, a trusted advisor of King Egbert of Wessex. At the end of his life Swithun 'commanded that his body should be buried outside the church, where it would be trodden by the feet of passers-by and made wet by the rain that falls from heaven'. When he died on July 2nd 862 his request was fulfilled but when a new cathedral was built the then bishop had his remains moved inside, despite being warned that terrible storms would result. His remains were moved on July 15th 971 and although many cures and miracles were observed it apparently rained for forty days, which is why St. Swithun's day is synonymous with long, summer storms.

The schools break up next week and some of you will be planning holidays and hoping for some fine weather, others with gardens or allotments will be longing for some rain. One thing is for certain, it will do what it does, but we can take heart from the fact that since 1861 when records began there has never been forty days in a row of either wet or dry weather. We pray that God will provide for our needs and all will be well.

God bless

Revd Sue

P.S. As I am about to press 'send' to the editor it has just started to rain!

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