

hills and the shapes of the parish landscape, have remained substantially the same. I visualise that as these parish boundary stones weather into their locations, the immense age of the granite will somehow hold this landscape together.

Today, Ringmore parish has great vitality. Its fields produce more food than ever before - far more than its residents require. It is a favoured place to live and it welcomes innumerable families, friends and visitors each year. Almost everybody here has a favourite memory, event, location, view, or walk – just as have the many who have discovered and explored Ringmore over the years. This special world, for all of us who have experienced it, is contained within the parish boundary stones.

So for me this project is about squaring the debt I owe to this particular parish. It is the place where my parents chose to live out the closing years of their itinerant lives and, as a consequence, it became a place rooted in my own mental and emotional map of the world.

I guess that everybody involved will approach the project in different ways, from different perspectives and with different interests. But at the very least I hope that it will encourage both residents and visitors to explore the extent of this local territory and, when they reach a boundary stone, to rest against its quiet surface and perhaps, even if only just faintly and tenuously, connect across the centuries to all the places this parish has been.

John Grimshaw August 2010

In realizing this Project, we are grateful for the support of

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All Hallows Church, Ringmore

The Inauguration of The Parish Boundary Stones

Sunday 26th September 2010

You are cordially invited to teas and refreshments
in the W.I. Hall immediately after the service

WELCOME

HYMN

**Holy, holy, holy! Lord God almighty,
early in the morning our song shall rise to thee!
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.**

**Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore thee,
casting down their golden crowns beside the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.**

**Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide thee,
though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,
perfect in power, in love and purity.**

**Holy, holy, holy! Lord God almighty,
all thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea.
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.**

OPENING PRAYERS

ABOUT BOUNDARY STONES

(Eleanor & Grace Purdy and Jessica & Samantha Tonkin)

HYMN

**Fill your hearts with joy and gladness!
Sing, and praise your God and mine!
Great the Lord in love and wisdom,
might and majesty divine.
He who framed the starry heavens,
knows and names them as they shine.**

The Ringmore Parish Boundary Stones Project

The 2010 Parish Boundary Stones Project sets out to mark with a large granite boulder each point where a public path crosses the Ringmore parish boundary. The scheme is a piece of work which marks a line on a map and creates a point of interest for anybody walking the path.

But what significance has this boundary line in today's society? And if the stones become grown over and absorbed into their banks and hedges, will they even be noticed?

In this note I will ramble around the parish boundary with a few thoughts.

This parish of Ringmore has been an entity for the best part of a thousand years: for thirty generations. For much of that time the area of the parish was the extent of the daily world for most of its inhabitants. They lived there, farmed there, were born, married and died there, and nearly all the events and festivals which marked out their years took place in the parish. The fields, woods, streams and coast of the parish were their entire world. Now, in 2010, over the course of just a few generations, our experience has expanded dramatically and Ringmore forms the backdrop to only a fragment of the lives of most of us. The placing of the boundary stones, large and immovable, is a chance to confirm the importance of this area of land within the boundary before it is swept away in some future reform.

The Parish was at first the domain of the Church and the parish boundary marked the extent of the Rector's authority. In Ringmore, All Hallows church with its tower and steeple was the dominant building, the focus of weekly services that were attended, at times compulsorily, by almost everyone. But parishes were also linked to wider institutions – to diocese, county, and thence to government – and, after Domesday, they became the basis of taxation, contributing to wars and defence and, in coastal parishes, to the protection of shores. All this was defined and organised around and within a parish boundary of stones and landmarks which marked out a system of ecclesiastical and civic governance that has largely passed away.

Nearly everything changes – people come and go, and no buildings have survived intact the long years of this parish's existence; field boundaries have been reworked and woods and crops have migrated across the land. But in one respect almost nothing has changed: in all this time, the sea, the valleys, the

HYMN

Now thank we all our God,
with hearts and hands and voices;
who wondrous things has done,
in whom his world rejoices;
who from our mothers' arms
has blessed us on our way
with countless gifts of love,
and still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
through all our life be near us,
with ever-joyful hearts
and blessed peace to cheer us;
and keep us in his grace,
and guide us when perplexed,
and free us from all ills
in this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
the Father now be given,
the Son, and him who reigns
with them in highest heaven;
the one eternal God,
whom earth and heaven adore;
for thus it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

We process to the Boundary Stone in the car park (weather permitting)

PRAYER

BLESSING

May these Parish Boundary Stones stand for the strength of our community.
May they be no barrier, with strangers always welcomed.
May they embrace all who dwell here, together in support one for another.
May they be a defence against all who would disrupt or threaten the land and its people.
May they be a reminder of the enduring love of God towards all who walk this way,
May they be a joy, and a place of rest when weary,
May they be a place of peace and quiet contemplation.
May the living Corner Stone, Christ our God, bless these boundary stones, this parish and all who dwell within;
And the blessing of God almighty . . .

Praise the Lord! His people, praise him!
Wounded souls his comfort know.
Those who fear him find his mercies,
peace for pain, and joy for woe.
Humble hearts are high exalted,
human pride and power laid low.

Praise the Lord for times and seasons,
cloud and sunshine, wind and rain,
spring to melt the snows of winter
till the waters flow again,
grass upon the mountain pastures,
golden valleys thick with grain.

Fill your hearts with joy and gladness!
Peace and plenty crown your days.
Love his laws, declare his judgements,
walk in all his words and ways.
He the Lord and we his children –
praise the Lord, all people, praise!

POEM: *Old Stones*, by James Stevenson

When Bound'ry Stones are planted, planned to stay a million years,
And Ringmore has been marked by willing hands
With granite old and weathered, and then placed for evermore,
Up yonder, on the hills, behind the sands . . .

They are Grimshaw and Sibelco, the names we shall record,
Associated with this enterprise.
Without their intervention and their generous afford,
We'd have no stones, not even half the size.

Thus Ringmore has been truly marked, the Stones will always be,
Until the end of time itself, some say.
But everything goes under, it's called archeology,
So one day, it will seem they've gone away.

Who then will find our monuments when sunk beneath the path?
Will human souls remain upon our Earth?
For Global heat might wipe us out, or else atomic wrath
Could wreak on us its deadly aftermath.

Maybe a thousand years from now a farmer, ploughing fields,
Will strike a wall of granite with his plough.
Will *he* know what he's found, and what the upturned earth reveals,
Or swear aloud, and spit, or wipe his brow?

Our Earth will orbit round the sun for ever and a day,
Great moments in its history forgot.
But Ringmore lasts and granite stones will ever have their say,
And when we're dead our ghosts will haunt the plot.

We leave our mighty Bound'ry Stones for everyone to see.
For better, or for worse, some near, some far.
But when they've sunk beneath the turf round Ringmore by the sea,
We'll not be there to tell folk where they are.

We'll not be there, nor will we care.
Suffice it that the Stones *are* there,
For living souls to marvel at.
And that, I think for now, is that.

HYMN

**We plough the fields, and scatter
the good seed on the land,
but it is fed and watered
by God's almighty hand.
He sends the snow in winter,
the warmth to swell the grain,
the breezes and the sunshine
and soft, refreshing rain.**

**All good gifts around us
are sent from heaven above,
then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord**

**He only is the Maker
of all things near and far.
He makes the wayside flower,
he lights the evening star.
The wind and waves obey him,
by him the birds are fed.
Much more to us, his children,
he gives our daily bread.
All good gifts . . .**

**We thank thee then, O Father,
for all things bright and good,
the seed-time and the harvest,
our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
for all thy love imparts,
and what thou most desirest,
our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts . . .**

READINGS from Joshua 4 and Isaiah 40
(Di Collinson & a member of the Grimshaw family)

ADDRESS *(Michael Tagent)*

PRAYERS

LORD'S PRAYER

**Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.
Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory,**