

The

CHRONICLE

of

The College of ST BARNABAS

Autumn 2013



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Cover illustration: The Icon of St Barnabas.

The Editor is grateful to everyone who has contributed to the production of this edition of the Chronicle.

'REMEMBER WHITSUN?'
A RESPONSE FROM THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER

In my leading article 'Remember Whitsun?' in the last Chronicle, I deplored what seemed to me a diminishing place for Whitsun (Pentecost) in the revised Lectionary, as compared with its evident importance in the Book of Common Prayer. One of our college Presidents, Bishop Michael Perham, who is a former member of the Liturgical Commission and a well-known liturgical scholar, has sent the following response.

Ed.

I have enjoyed reading your leading article. I suppose I ought to attempt a slight defence of the Common Worship Calendar in relation to Pentecost, especially as I bear some responsibility for it.

This may not convince you, but, for what it is worth, this is how we came to the conclusion we did. We certainly took the view that Pentecost was a principal Feast Day of the Church and that proper celebration of it required serious preparation for it. Our understanding is that in the early centuries the 50 Great Days from Easter Day to Pentecost were understood as a unity, during which people explored and celebrated the whole Paschal mystery that encompassed the Resurrection, the Ascension and the Gift of the Spirit. In this respect the Calendar was rather Johannine, where these three Mysteries are deeply entwined as they are in John chapter 20. The mediaeval calendar which the Reformation did not really challenge, adopts what I suppose is a more Lucan approach, where Eastertide comes to an end, Ascension takes its place and finally there comes a mini-season called Whitsun. In that mediaeval arrangement there is no engagement with the Holy Spirit before the Day of Pentecost (except in that wonderful Collect for the Sunday after the Ascension), but there is a week of celebration of the Spirit beginning on the Day of Pentecost itself.

We were wanting to return to the earlier approach that focused on the Spirit for the nine days that lead up to Pentecost, so that the deep prayer of those nine days is 'come, Holy Spirit', preparing us for the last Great Day of Eastertide, the Day of Pentecost, when the last piece in the jigsaw, so to speak, is put in place. So there is a celebration of the Holy Spirit, but it is not on Whit Sunday and the six days after, but on Pentecost and the nine days before. The liturgical provision in Common Worship bears this out and is quite rich. Perhaps we should have had red as the liturgical colour through those nine days, but somehow the change to red on Pentecost itself has always felt more dramatic.

So there was logic in what we were doing and I confess that I found it much more satisfactory to talk up the Great 50 Days and then to return to Ordinary Time and to green vestments on the day after Pentecost. Of course that also put us in line with the modern Roman calendar, not that we necessarily feel bound to follow that.

I hope this makes sense to you.

+Michael Perham

FROM THE EDITOR

BELLS

'Bell notes alone Ring praises of their own' (John Betjeman at Wantage)

Most of us residents in the College can recall the silence of the WWII years when bell-ringing was prohibited: our towers were deserted (would there ever again be recruits to train another ringing generation?) and rural lanes on Sundays felt strangely desolate. But oh the joy when the Veto was lifted!

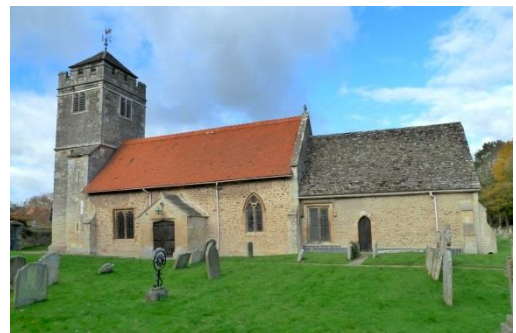


I can remember one Sunday afternoon in 1945 when I was a curate in Bloomsbury cycling from St Paul's Cathedral when the great peal was being rung before Evensong, and in the streets off Ludgate Hill no footfalls echoed and a tremendous and melodious clangour took over those aisles of scribblers' gossip and humdrum commerce. I cycled on and on through traffic-free streets, alone, until I reached

Big Ben (why 'big'? because of its 13½ tons) which was itself later silenced for repairs and its BBC time signal was temporarily replaced by the Great Bell of St Paul's Cathedral. Nowadays the BBC broadcasts bells on Sundays at 5.55 a.m. on Radio 4, from churches across the country.

Up in a church tower I have occasionally watched with awe the bowing of human frames, enjoyed the rhythmic movements and the conductor's curt commands, the majestic rise and fall of the tossing ropes, and the great booming music that fills the spaces and is reminiscent of Dorothy Sayers' famous detective novel *The Nine Taylors* in praise of campanology. (She was the daughter of the priest-headmaster of Christ Church Cathedral School in Brewer Street, Oxford.) It is no less moving to listen to a beautiful peal from an appropriate distance; and here a faint Angelus can tug at the heart-strings – but in my view it MUST be music from church bells, not tubular bells. Nevertheless tastes vary and it has to be admitted that not everyone hears the bells with unmitigated joy.

Appleton (*right*) near Oxford has long boasted teams of exceptional talent and once a set of ringers rang a peal of 'Stedman Caters' comprising 21,363 changes and took 12 hours and 25 minutes to perform! They were members of the ancient Society of College Youths: youths no doubt when they began to ring, but ancient when they finished. The opinions of the inhabitants of Appleton (several of whom are friends of mine) are not recorded.



In our College there is no belfry as such, although the chapel bell rung every morning and evening and at midday can be heard from some distance in the neighbouring countryside. However, we do make a modest contribution to the joy of bells every Thursday afternoon: we own a set of sixteen hand-bells; and a group of dedicated ringers practise in the Lower Chapel under the baton of

our ever-patient Captain, Fr Robin Osborne. Not from him the withering rebuke in the towers ("Now for the 5040 changes; and if any one of you makes a trip (out of turn) the whole peal will be lost.") Rather, for the gentle non-judgmental Fr Robin, "Let's just go back to line 5" on his meticulously written MSS (there are no printed sheets available for hand-bell ringers) on the music stands meticulously organised by Fr John Hathaway.

As yet, being a fairly new group, see 2011 *Chronicle*, we are only at the threshold of change ringing – the art invented by Fabian Stedman in 1644 which consists in varying the order in which the bells of a peal are rung. Each order is known as a 'change'; and a Sunday evening peal often comprises 720 changes on six bells. But in the meantime perhaps we could play the Pancake Bell, as often in the Northern Province, on Shrove Tuesday? Or a special peal to celebrate a resident's 100th Birthday?

The Coronation peal was recently rung at Westminster Abbey; and on some of the old bells in the abbey this prayer is engraved:

May all in Truth and Harmony rejoice
To honour Church and King
With Heart and Voice.

W.B.

Photograph of bell frame reproduced by kind permission of John Taylor & Co, Loughborough Bell Foundry; photograph of Appleton Church by Peter Jennings.

THE ICON OF ST BARNABAS

By the Warden

The icon of our patron saint (*see front cover illustration*) was given to the College by a Russian friend of a resident, who, when she visited the community and found no such icon already here, left determined to commission one for us. She approached iconographer Sr Nadezhda to 'write' it for us (for that is the term properly used). It is really three icons in one, as small icons of Our Lord and the Mother of God are written in the upper corners.

Prayer before an icon is properly understood as prayer in the presence of the subject it depicts. Indeed, "The honour shown to the icon is conveyed to the prototype [i.e. subject]."¹ This makes the use of icons in prayer unlike that of any other religious picture. It also means that the space between the icon and the one praying before it is holy ground. The connection between the 'pray-er' and the subject is emphasised here as St Barnabas is shown stepping over the border, as though out of the icon towards the one standing before it. An intimate connection is immediately established as the Son of Encouragement invites us to join him in prayer.

The text naming the Apostle is written each side of his head. He is portrayed in garments which are not static, which would convey his inner stillness, but flowing, as though blown by the wind. This is perhaps a reference to the words

¹ Proclaimed by the Ecumenical Council of Nicea in 787.

of Jesus, "The wind blows where it wills ... so it is with everyone who is born of the Spirit" [Jn. 3.8]. The Apostle is seen as filled with the Spirit of God, a channel through whom the wind of the Spirit 'blows'.

His inner garment is blue, a colour associated both with purity and humanity. Laid over this is a mantle of deep red – the colour of royalty and martyrdom. Around his neck is set a pallium, the symbol of his apostleship and his traditional ministry as first Bishop of Milan.

Barnabas holds the Book of the Gospels in his left hand. Since, by tradition, he preached from the Gospel according to St Matthew, and that consequently the Book is one of the artistic symbols associated with him, this is perhaps not surprising. However, he does not simply grasp the book, but is offering it to the one standing before him. The gift of the Gospel is presented for the pray-er to make their own. This is further emphasised by the inverse perspective with which the book is drawn, so that the vanishing point is not in the distance, but forward of the picture at the point where the viewer stands. The precious nature of the gift is emphasised both by its bejewelled decoration and by the way in which it is reverently laid upon the Apostle's pallium, used almost as though it were a humeral veil.

His gaze looks directly out of the icon, but not quite at the one standing before it. It is almost as though he is looking beyond, contemplating a truth which he shares in faith with the viewer. His expression is one of complete calm, but there is also sadness in his eyes and a firm strength around his lips. His right hand is held in the shape and gesture of blessing, but the blessing is not simply imparted to the one who is praying. Barnabas' hand is held open with the palm towards the viewer, seemingly complementing the offering of the book by mirroring the position of his left hand. It is as though he is saying, "There you are: it is the Lord of the Gospels who is the source of blessing for you."

We do not stand only before the College's patron saint. Also present are Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Our Lord is identified by the arms of the Cross in his halo, or nimbus. Within these arms are the Greek letters Ω Ω - The One. Beside him the initials $\text{I}\text{X}\text{C}\text{H}\text{S}\text{U}\text{S}$ show the abbreviated name, Jesus Christ. The colours of his garments are the reverse of those of Barnabas: his inner garment declares the royalty of the Son of God, while he is clothed with the blue of the humanity he put on in the Incarnation. His head inclines towards Barnabas, but his eyes gaze directly at the pray-er, looking into the heart of the one who stands before the icon. He, too, holds a Book of the Gospels, but firmly in his hand as his own possession, a symbol of his authority. Also like Barnabas, his right hand is set in a gesture of blessing, but differently from that of the Apostle. The index and middle fingers cross in an X shape, while the straight thumb and curved middle finger form a stylised P. The XP monogram, made of the Greek letters Chi-Rho, is a well-known ancient symbol for Christ. Here Jesus is seen blessing with his own Name, his very self.

In the top right corner is she who is known, in recognition of Christ's divinity, as the Theotokos, Mother of God. This is confirmed by the abbreviated name $\text{M}\text{P}\text{C}\text{Y}$. She is often also known as the Panagia – the All-Holy. On her shoulders and forehead are three stars, symbolising her perpetual virginity.

She wears colours with the same symbolic meaning as the other figures – an inner cap of blue with an outer mantle of deep red. She has the face of a young woman, but with a depth of sadness that recognises both her Son's Passion and the martyrdom of Barnabas. She looks towards them both, pointing away from herself to her Son, as she also does in the icons of her as the Mother of God Hodegitria (the one who shows the Way).

So it is that the icon brings us into the presence of these three, both Barnabas and Mary pointing to the Lord himself. We are invited to engage with them in prayer: with Barnabas as our Patron, blessing us and encouraging us in the service of the Lord whom he also serves; with Our Lady, as she intercedes for us, looking maternally on those whom Barnabas commends; with Our Lord himself as he in turn accepts and welcomes our prayers.

Some of the prayers offered when the icon was received during Evensong draw from all these themes. They may perhaps offer a point of 'entry' into the mysteries which Sr Nadezhda's meditation, written here in paint for us, explores so richly.

*God our heavenly Father,
whose blessed servant Barnabas glorified you
in his proclamation of the holy Gospel
and in the generosity of his judgements:
we receive with joy and thanksgiving this icon,
written to honour his witness
and to join us with his prayers.*

*We praise you for the gifts
which have brought to us this treasure
and entrust to your love and mercy
all who shall stand in prayer to you before it.
Grant them to know themselves to be on holy ground
in the presence of our Blessed Lord,
his all-holy Mother and our beloved Patron.*

*Hear us now, O merciful God, as we join our prayers with theirs
for this holy community which bears his name:
for all who live or work here,
for all who pray your blessings on its life,
for all whose gifts, both past and present, sustain and prosper its life;*

*And grant us so to follow the example of your servant,
who gave such encouragement to others,
that we may be counted worthy to stand before you
in the blessed company of all the saints,
with whom we offer you the service of our praise:*

***Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of power and might.
Heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Hosanna in the highest!***

THREE HUNDRED AND TEN YEARS OF PRIESTHOOD IN FIVE JUBILEES

During the past year, Canon Wilfrid Browning and Bishop Mark Wood both celebrated the 70th anniversaries of their Ordination to the Priesthood, Fr Frank Andrew and Fr Derek Goodrich both celebrated their Diamond Jubilees, and Bishop Alan Chesters his Golden Jubilee of priesthood.

We rejoice and give thanks with them all.



Left to right: Canon Wilfrid Browning, The Very Revd Derek Goodrich, The Rt Revd Alan Chesters, Fr Frank Andrew (see p. 13), The Rt Revd Mark Wood

A PRIEST'S PRAYER TO JESUS

By Charles Hutchinson

When mothers with adoring eyes
Bring babies to the baptistery.
And place them in these arms of mine
Christ of Bethlehem, look on me.

When boys come running down the street
And take my arm in intimacy,
And humble me with trustful love,
Christ of Nazareth, look on me.

When boy and maid stand side by side
With glad and shy solemnity,
And my words make them man and wife,
Christ of Cana, look on me.

When I stand up to preach to those
Whose goodness and humility
Rebuke me, till I flinch with fear,
Christ of the mountain, look on me.

When this too human heart of mine
Lies held in friendship's mastery,
And I am torn by too much love,
Christ of Bethany, look on me.

When in the room of death I stand
To solace pain and to set free
The labouring hearts of dying men,
Christ of Calvary, look on me.

When I am happy as a child
For simple joys unconsciously
When I forget who giveth joy,
Christ in Glory, look on me.

When I go tramping over hills
That look towards the sunlit sea
Under a sky of windy clouds,
Christ of Emmaus, look on me,.

When without maid or wife, I see
The years creep on me solitary
And round me a great loneliness,
Christ of the Garden, look on me.

When I am sorry for my sins
And run back haltingly to thee,
With broken vows and empty hands
Christ of Compassion, succour me.

When at the altar, day by day
I handle the good mystery
With these unworthy hands of mine,
Christ of the Altar, look on me.

When at the last I come to pay
The price of my mortality,
When Sister Death shall close my eyes,
O Master Christ, acknowledge me.

Submitted by Fr Michael Johnson

*Canon Hutchinson was Vicar of St John's, Waterloo, London, (1925 – 1943)
before becoming Vicar of St Bartholomew's, Brighton (1947 – 1962).
He died in Hove in retirement. He baptised Fr Michael in 1937.*

ISLAND TREASURE

By Canon Keith Gibson

In 1493, Christopher Columbus was making his second voyage to the west. To his mind he was discovering a new world, and the lands of the New World must have new names. After all, at one inlet where his crew landed he was told that the island's name was Ayay. What sort of a name was that? He hastily "christened" it 'Santa Cruz'. Many others he named after saints. But sixty miles north of Santa Cruz (now Saint Croix) he was at a loss. Small islands were stretched right across his horizon, some even overlapping. How to find names for so many? Then he remembered the story of St Ursula and the eleven thousand Virgins who, after a pilgrimage to Rome, were martyred by the Huns near Cologne on their return journey. There may not actually be eleven thousand islands but the thought was there, and he accordingly named the highest island 'St Ursula' (now 'Tortola' for the turtle-doves) and the remainder the 'Virgin Islands', the name they still bear.

As to the origin of the number 11,000, there are several theories. Were there perhaps just ten or eleven virgins, a number multiplied by enthusiastic chroniclers over the years? Did Ursula have just one friend named Undecimilla? The unearthing of a large cemetery of mainly female remains near the supposed site on the Rhine could have helped to promote the legend.

There are a few Arawak and Carib rock carvings on the islands, but for the most part the early history was of pirates – and buccaneers, some of whose names and attributes survive in the islands' geography. For example the site of the main airport is Beef Island, a reminder that 'buccaneer' derives from 'boucan', a word meaning a rock on which meat was dried and cured; or Virgin Gorda, the "fat virgin", whose profile from the sea is said to resemble a recumbent rotund (i.e. pregnant) "virgin" – a coarse buccaneer jest.

In the struggles for sovereignty that followed, the islands changed hands frequently. Over the years St Croix was to come under as many as seven different flags, including for a while the Knights of Malta. But by 1600 the islands to the windward were firmly under the British, who defended their settlers in the new Colony of the Virgin Islands. The remainder were eventually colonized by Denmark, as the 'Danish West Indies'. Albeit at the closest point Danish and British were only half a mile apart.

As in most of the West Indies, many slaves were imported from West Africa. But the Virgin Islands being remote, small and for the most part unproductive (St Croix excepted), the general tenor of life was lawless. With admirable courage the Methodist Church addressed itself to the spiritual needs of the slaves and peasant workers, meeting with such success that the Church of England despatched the Reverend John Latham in 1750 to confront them, by providing churches for their masters. This inevitably led to the situation which obtained right up to modern days, in which, while in the capital Anglicans and Wesleyans were equally distributed, everywhere else was solidly Methodist.

The British islands came under the Bishop of Barbados and, from 1842, of Antigua. The first Bishop of Antigua, D G Davis, in his first visitation reported to the SPG that he found a thriving church community under a hard-working

priest, which encouraged him to set up church schools which could also be used for Sunday worship. Bishop Davis also included the Danish West Indies, confirming huge numbers, and at a later date the parishes in all the Virgin Islands, British and Danish were combined in one Archdeaconry.

But life after emancipation became increasingly stagnant. After a brief spurt in the 1850s, when an old Spanish silver mine was reopened for the mining of copper with the aid of labourers from Cornwall, the islands became a forgotten backwater, and the turn of the century saw only dry subsistence farming.

The Great War changed things. In 1917 the United States, needing a naval base, purchased the Danish West Indies for hard cash. Work opportunities opened up for the British islanders in construction and the supply of fish, cattle and 'human resources' to their neighbours. After a few years the American Anglicans were placed under the pastoral care of the Bishop of Puerto Rico, while the British remained in the Diocese of Antigua. This meant that there was one parish in his diocese which the Bishop of Antigua could not even visit without spending a night in another Province of the Anglican Communion!

It was to this outpost, yet a Crown Colony, that I was invited to minister. On my way there, having to spend the inevitable night in St Thomas, U.S.V.I., I learned that the Americans were hoping that the British churches would wish to amalgamate with them so that they could form a new diocese of the Virgin Islands with a Bishop of their own. I realised that besides exercising a normal ministry to my small but multi-island parish, my unique remit would be to discover the wishes of the parishioners as to whether they should make this almost unprecedented transfer, or whether they preferred to preserve the *status quo*. And if the former, to facilitate the change, with all that this would involve: a new church polity, legal structures, new loyalties, Prayer Book, Hymnals, the lot, not to mention the pastoral challenge of reassuring those who were genuinely distressed by the change, people for whom I had much sympathy.



I set about it first by urging the three congregations to list their concerns in detail. Then I invited the Bishop of Puerto Rico to come and address these concerns ("from the fundamental to the hilarious" the bishop described them). Finally I organized a plebiscite. I myself took the ballot box to all those eligible to vote. The result was disappointingly equivocal, but there was a small majority for the transfer and so it came to be. Two days after the shooting of President Kennedy, a Solemn Evensong took place in St George's parish during which the Bishop's crozier was handed over, and a moving letter of dismissal and farewell read, from the Most Reverend Alan Knight, Archbishop of the West Indies.

So it came about that for the next fifty years I served in the British islands as a priest of the Episcopal Church of the U.S.A.

Fr Keith and his Virgin Islands wife Alma arrived as residents in May.

SIXTY YEARS ON

By Private David H. Williams, S/22597492

Aged seventeen in 1950, I was too young to perform my National Service, and my college would not accept me until I had done so. That meant three years in the sixth form. Fortunately, during that third year the head boy of the previous year paid a visit to the school resplendent in his sergeant's uniform. He said to me, "David, you've got A-Level Chemistry so unless you want to end up as a lorry mechanic in the army, apply to join the petroleum laboratory units".

This I did. It meant that after the first six weeks of "square-bashing", my life was a reasonably "cushy number". Mind you, I did all the ordinary training required – firing a sten gun and a bren gun, charging with a bayonet and throwing a hand grenade. On the ranges at Aldershot, however, at rifle practice I could never hit the target – because they kept moving it from side to side!

Once I was put on a charge of conduct prejudicial to good military discipline. Returning one day for a wash before lunch, I noticed that my carefully boxed blankets had been disturbed and one was missing. I was paraded (minus beret and belt) before the commanding officer charged with losing a blanket. The regimental sergeant-major immediately intervened, saying that it was believed the blanket had been taken by Private X who had absconded without leave, so I was acquitted. (It was still a time of rationing, the poor lad perhaps wanted to take a blanket home to his mother.)

Moving in about May 1952 to the British Army of the Rhine, I had a very enjoyable time, which took in visits to the Old Catholics in Düsseldorf (they had a chapel above the Church Army centre), and also to the opera in Cologne. My duties, including being driven around army petroleum depots to climb huge petrol tanks, were to take samples of the petrol and later analyse it in our laboratory in Duisburg.

The following spring, I was transferred to a mobile laboratory on the German-Dutch border, with one other colleague. Headquarters sent us monthly the list of work to be done; we usually completed it within a week, but delayed sending off our report until the end of the month. This meant we each had three weeks of glorious inactivity every month, during which I practised soil science and taught myself Latin – passing this at what is now 'O-Level' at the RAF education centre in Hanover. (It was a necessary pre-requisite to taking up my place at Cambridge.)

In June 1953, sixty years ago exactly, all troops in our part of Germany were summoned to a special parade on Coronation Day (2 June 1953) in München Gladbach. It was, alas, several months since I had even touched a rifle! On the next Monday morning after the order came, Staff-Sergeant Crook, a nice chap, had to refresh our training (about ten at most of us in the unit – drivers, cooks and chemists) on our very small parade ground. Various orders were issued, like "slope arms, present arms". But my rifle fell to the ground! Nothing was said. Exactly the same thing happened on the Tuesday morning, again nothing was said.

Before training started on the Wednesday morning, I was told the C.O. wished to see me. We had a long and pleasant conversation, and then he said to me: "When we go on the parade in München Gladbach, I have to leave *someone responsible* behind to guard the depot with our Yugoslav émigré soldiers. Would you mind being that person?" I agreed and tried not to look too downcast! I never touched a rifle again, but spent Coronation Day in the guard-room listening to everything on a portable radio. As the others left about 7 a.m., a window of the lorry was lowered and one of the two officers called out to me: "Everest has been climbed". I shall never forget Coronation Day.

Fr David became a resident in 2013. He was previously an incumbent in the Diocese of St Asaph; then Chaplain in Warsaw (1995-1997).

A MEMORABLE DATE

By Frank Andrew

It was the third of September 1939. Along with three other young chaps, around 20 years of age, I was in Llandudno on holiday. One of them was a promising pianist and organist and I still think of him when I hear the "Moonlight Sonata" being played. He was killed during the war in the RAF.

On that memorable Sunday morning we had been to Church in Llandudno and were returning to the Boarding House for lunch. The 'wireless' was on and a voice was saying, "We are now at war with Germany". It was, of course, Neville Chamberlain, then Prime Minister. We looked at each other and then expressed our thoughts with much speculation. I don't think it affected our holiday, but we had the strong feeling that our lives were about to change.

On March 1st (St David's Day!) 1940 I became a soldier (*see right*) at a place in Derbyshire. I was the first of the four to join up. What a change of life after 23 years in a quiet Welsh village. I had left my Mother at home on her own. She died of cancer in hospital during my first year in the Army; I was given compassionate leave for the funeral. I was now homeless. My sister was married, and I was able to stay with her when on leave.

Six and a half years in the Army certainly broadened my outlook on life and matured me, and I have always been grateful for what I experienced. I was never very keen on soldering and I hated the 'spit and polish'! I managed to keep out of trouble and was never put on a charge, though I came close to it at times!



After a month's 'square bashing' in Derbyshire I was sent down to Sussex. I saw London for the first time and found it thrilling to travel so far by train and then on to Brighton. I took part in exercises on Devil's Dyke.

In addition to attending compulsory Parade Services, I occasionally attended Communion. I moved around the south of England a lot during the Battle of Britain days with the first German air attacks, jumping in ditches and trenches for safety. Towards the end of 1942 I was put on a troopship for North America as part of the First Army, following up the first landings in North Africa.

It was while I was serving in North Africa that I experienced the most startling change in my life. A senior Army Chaplain (Dr SGF Brandon) approached me and asked if I had ever thought of being ordained. I said, "Certainly not"! He talked to me about the possibility and started me off on the way with reading and even early lessons in Latin. He was himself a scholar with a Doctorate in Divinity of Leeds University, and was to become the author of several very learned books and Professor of Comparative Religion at Leeds.

Before the Army I had been a shop assistant with dreams of having my own chain of stores and my name in neon lighting above them! God, however, seemed to think otherwise. As another Chaplain put it "As of old St Andrew heard it by the Galilean Lake" (but this time it was the Mediterranean Sea!).

After North Africa we moved to Southern Italy following the landings there, and came ashore at Taranto. In Italy a great deal happened which convinced me more and more that God was indeed calling me to serve him as a Priest. Much was still to happen before I stood in York Minster to be made a Deacon in 1951. It had all started on 3rd September 1939 when England declared war on Germany.

*After an urban ministry in Sheffield,
Fr Frank became a resident here in June 2011.*

Editor's footnote:

This article presents a fascinating glimpse of the pastoral sensitivity of S George Brandon, who had been previously known only as a radical New Testament scholar whose great book, The Fall of Jerusalem and the Christian Church maintained that the destruction of the Temple in A.D. 70 led to the extinction of the Church as a Jewish-Christian sect and the domination for ever of an entirely Gentile Pauline Church.

According to a 1952 review by the Oxford Professor G D Kilpatrick, Brandon's 'revolutionary book' offers opinions 'nearer to those prevalent on the Continent', but that should not prejudice us against it. Written by an army padre who was 'constantly on the move', it was a 'remarkable achievement'. On a scale registering the historical reliability of St Matthew's Gospel, Brandon would be on the extreme and sceptical left, far distant from, say, the late Professor Charlie Moule. Nevertheless, George Brandon, a former Mirfield student, was appointed one of his examining chaplains by Bishop Gerald Ellison, then at Chester.

THEOLOGY GROUP MEETINGS DURING 2013

January	Climate and Covenant Bishop David Atkinson
February /March	God and Company - Five Addresses for Lent 1 Creator and Father 2 Son and Word 3 Spirit and Life 4 Many Brethren 5 True Worshippers Fr Michael Shields, CMP
April	God-incidences and the Princeton Syndrome Dr John Bertalot (Organist Emeritus, Blackburn Cathedral)
May	The Significance of John Henry Newman The Rt Revd Geoffrey Rowell (Bishop of Gibraltar in Europe)
June	The Significance of St Barnabas Fr David Stonebanks
July	The Prayer Book over 450 Years The Revd Dr Gordon Jeanes (Vicar of St Anne's, Wandsworth)
August	The Mystery of the Last Supper Canon Wilfrid Browning
September	The Cistercians in Medieval Europe The Revd Dr David Williams
October	The Growth of a Province and the Influence of Colonial Bishops The Very Revd Derek Goodrich
November	Spirituality in Later Life The Rt Revd Nicholas Holtam (Bishop of Salisbury)

A FRESH START FOR THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND?

By John Rees

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On 21st March, Bishop Justin Welby was enthroned as Archbishop of Canterbury, in a colourful inauguration ceremony at Canterbury Cathedral. The commencement of his new ministry as the 105th Archbishop of Canterbury was watched by millions of people all around the world.

So will it be “all change”, or “more of the same”?

The truth is likely to be somewhere in between. His predecessor, Dr Rowan Williams, found himself in the centre of frequent controversy over the last decade, by his statements on political issues, on the place of Islam and other faiths in our changing society, on the deepening imbalance between the rich and the poor in our communities, and by his willingness to engage with powerful secularist voices such as Professor Richard Dawkins. His academic background and extraordinary wide grasp of cultural issues (ranging from children’s literature through film, theatre, music, art and philosophy) made him a formidable spokesman for Christian faith – far beyond the confines of the Church of England. It was a remarkable accolade that Pope Benedict should have invited him to address the assembled Roman Catholic bishops from all around the world, when they celebrated the 50th anniversary of the Second Vatican council in Rome in Autumn 2012.

It is unlikely that the incoming Archbishop will approach things in the same way. His background could not be more different. After 11 years in the oil industry, and significant periods as a parish priest (just north of Banbury), and serving in cathedrals in Coventry and Liverpool, he had been Bishop of Durham for less than a year when his appointment to Canterbury was announced. It is likely that he will bring to the job an incisiveness born out of those experiences which will contrast sharply with the sometimes opaque pronouncements of his predecessor. He will also be bringing into the role his very considerable mediating skills, borne out of many years of negotiations both in his business life and in his less well-known interventions in international conflict resolution.

These skills are going to be invaluable, as the problems which dogged his predecessor’s time in office will not be going away any time soon. The familiar ones will be there to haunt him, over gay marriage, women bishops, and all the more routine tensions to which the Church of England and our wider society are prey. One thing we can guarantee is that he will not have an easy ride nor, after an initial honeymoon, a positive press! But one thing he is already emphasising, as did his predecessor, is that the true and most valuable work of the Christian Church is not done in its national institutions, but in its local expressions, in parish churches, families and individual believers’ lives. And above all, as his predecessor frequently reminded us, God is still God ...

Canon Rees is a lawyer and is Joint Registrar of the Province of Canterbury.

INDUSTRIAL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

By the Revd Carol Williams



The Industrial Christian Fellowship (ICF) has a long history consistently concerned with working people, their workplaces and the presence of God in daily life. With its roots in The Navy Mission set up in 1877 to minister to the physical needs of the building trade navvies, it was re-invigorated in 1919 under the guidance of Prebendary PTR Kirk who changed its name and quickly recruited as Chief Missioner The Reverend Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy MC (*left*) popularly known as 'Woodbine Willie' of World War I fame. It also amalgamated with the Christian Social Union in 1920.

Kirk perceived a weakness in the traditional parochial machinery adequately to bear witness to God or meet the spiritual needs of the workers in the fast moving industrial heartland of Britain. He directed ICF to be a fellowship of those who understood the vital relevance of economic realities to faith in the workplace and the importance of applying the moral truths and principles of Christianity to the social and economic order.

It is the theology of Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy that remains most closely associated with the work of ICF. His identity with suffering humanity and a suffering God penetrates the truth of the Gospel. His concerns for the struggles of those in the trenches in WWI were most effectively transformed into concerns for the worker and the difficulties faced by the social and economic issues of his day.



The importance of bringing Christian faith into the here-and-now of daily life and all forms of work is an area of practical theology that continues to be critically relevant to the social and economic realities of each generation.

The Industrial Christian Fellowship is a broad based, nationwide and ecumenical organisation working through a network of relationships alongside existing church structures to encourage Christians to see their work as part of God's purpose and calling; to equip them through research and resources to apply Christian moral truths and ethical principles in and through their work; and to empower individuals to discover the presence of God in their work and workplace in order to better live out their faith seven days a week. Its quarterly journal *Faith in Business* is published in partnership with Ridley Hall and edited in Cambridge.

The local address is:

Industrial Christian Fellowship (charity no. 215315)
PO Box 414, Horley RH6 8WL Tel: 01293 821322, or
The Revd Carol Williams, Former Chairman
Email: CarolJPWilliams@btinternet.com

Studdert Kennedy memorial reproduced by kind permission of the Dean of Worcester.

HOPE

By Jenny Tingle

When we are born, our
Parents have many hopes for us –
Good Health, a broad education,
Plenty of friends and exploration
Of all that is around, of just
Out of reach – which, with help,
We eventually conquer.

Hope is the energy which
keeps us going. We explore
in our minds what things we
should do – Can we? Can't we?
Shall we? Shan't we?
Make up our minds – do!

Perhaps it's better to go
and bake a cake, or ride
a bicycle! The time flies by –
Is it too late to Hope for better?

Hope without prayer,
and prayer without Hope,
bring desolation.
In Christian Hope
is our strength and Motivation!

Someone is there for us
To trust, lean on, or just put
Out our hands to touch –
Hope leads to Action, and
Action leads to fulfilment –
Never give up - just put your
hand in His, and all will be
well – Alleluia! Amen.

Mrs Tingle is the convenor of the monthly Poetry Group.

CELEBRITY GUESTS AT THE PATRONAL FESTIVAL



(Left) The Bishop of Chichester, Dr Martin Warner, who preached at the Festival Evensong, talks to Fr Roger Davison

(Right) The Bishop of Wakefield, Dr Stephen Platten, the speaker at the Festival Dinner, with our Guest of Honour Dame Judi Dench.



A SERMON AT A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING WHEN THE RESTORED BLUEBELL LINE WAS LINKED TO THE SOUTHERN MAIN LINE SYSTEM AT EAST GRINSTEAD

Bishop Alan Chesters

I am delighted to share in this celebration of the return of the Bluebell Railway and steam locomotives to East Grinstead – the very town where the man who has gone down in history as the instigator of its demise lived. When I was young and the Bible very much part of school life, enthusiasts spent idle moments seeking scriptural texts to support their pastimes. Lovers of cricket found backing in Acts where they read 'Peter stood up and was bold'. Beer drinkers like the text where 'Paul took courage' (a brand of ale at that time). Rail enthusiasts



Residents at a recent Bluebell Railway Songs of Praise

might turn to Isaiah's vision of God in which 'his train filled the temple'. From that we can surely justify coming to this holy place to thank God for the restoration of a railway line.

I think I owe my abiding passion for railways to the Church. In the earliest sermon I can remember, the preacher in the Methodist chapel in the Pennines where I went to Sunday School claimed that when faced with life's challenges we should think of an engine climbing a gradient, the clickety-click of the wheels seeming to say 'I am going to do it', and then having reached the summit, gathering speed downhill, singing, 'I have done it'. Well, the Bluebell Railway has done it and we rejoice. When I became an Anglican, our parish priest was train mad. Youth club trips were organised to the sheds at Doncaster and Crewe. Bp. Eric Treacy was our Archdeacon, writing in my autograph book - 'Good train-spotting, stick to your Sunday School!' As if that was not enough indoctrination, 50 years ago, when I was first ordained, the Bishop of Kingston, William Gilpin, was a great supporter; trips for curates were organised to Sheffield Park to ride on the restored line as part of P.O.T.

This is Eastertide when we celebrate Christ's resurrection from the dead, with its promise of new life and hope for this world and the next, and with that the challenge to change things for the better. We may be forgiven for linking the restoration of something which seemed dead and finished like the line from East Grinstead to Sheffield Park and that unique resurrection of Jesus from the tomb which is at the heart of our Christian faith. Have you ever wondered why so many Christians, not least clergy, are rail enthusiasts? This is more than nostalgia for the past. Whether we think of the first passenger line between Manchester and Liverpool, the building of rural railways across Sussex or the restoration of the Bluebell Line, such projects begin with a vision - a vision of getting somewhere and opening up new possibilities and experience of life for many people, much as Isaiah had a vision of what he had to do for the people of Israel.

Christians often visualise life as a journey - a journey with ups and downs, joys and sorrows, challenges and solutions. John Bunyan called it '*Pilgrim's Progress*'. In Ely, the Pickering tomb epitaph claims:

The line to heaven by Christ was made,
With heavenly truth the rails are laid,
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To eternal life where it ends.'

To have a vision of God's purpose is a terrific experience, but usually to make a vision become reality will be costly. Cynics will ridicule, the apathetic will think it a pipe-dream. It will take courage and perseverance. It did for Isaiah when God called and he replied 'Here am I, send me'. Tonight we thank God for the vision of those who in the early 1980s came forward with the seemingly crazy idea that the line might be once more linked with the network at East Grinstead and so be accessible to more people. To many, contemplating the rubbish in the Imberhorne Cutting and, let us face it, the cost of millions of pounds, it must have seemed a vision too far, given the

demands of the existing line. We thank God tonight not only for the vision of the few but also for their persistence and patience over 25 years as they dealt not only with the terrain but with 39 different landowners!

Easter is the celebration of new life and there is something very much alive about a locomotive in steam. It is a symbol of energy and dynamism. The Easter event, our Lord's death on the Cross and his glorious resurrection on the third day, offers hope to a world in which life can at times seem hopeless. Easter is the assurance that good triumphs even over death. In the gospel stories, the news that Jesus was risen was given first to a few individuals – Mary Magdalene, Peter, Thomas – but the message of this new and eternal life only took off, when, enabled by the Spirit, that group of people we now know as the Church worked together. And what a very assorted lot they were! St. Paul compared them to our human body, in which each of our limbs and organs plays a significant part in the wellbeing of the whole.

When people grasp the vision of one or two inspired individuals and work together, seemingly impossible things are achieved. The Gospel has been proclaimed to the ends of the earth. This is how the Church at its best has been, and still is, the promoter of education, health care, child care, schemes to provide food and shelter. The recent BBC 2 programmes on the railways illustrated how many people must cooperate for the trains to run. This completed extension of the Bluebell Line is the result of many, many human hours by professionals and an army of volunteers – hundreds, thousands – getting stuck in, in practical ways, helping on the track or its stations, in fundraising and catering and much more. Again like the Church, a railway, not least a heritage line, comes to life when people share their skills and their time, working together to build something which will enhance the life experience of others. Tonight we thank God for all those people.

Some who do not share our enthusiasm may say, "Would not the effort have been better spent in building a hospital rather than restoring a line which was not exactly profitable even in its heyday?" *They miss the point.* It is a worthwhile activity to work together to bring enjoyment, happiness, simple pleasures to lives that are perhaps mundane, if not stressed. We trust in the Lord of life who enjoyed a party. The ultimate secret of the Christian Gospel is the promise of eternal joy through the Lord's offering on the Cross. Today's success both reminds future generations of what a rural steam railway was like and offers a time of relaxation and renewal, to volunteer and fare-paying passenger alike. For that to happen, the need to volunteer, to work together, to share skills will continue when the thrill of achieving this arrival in East Grinstead is but a memory.

Tonight we thank God for what has been achieved and for those who have made it possible, and pray that in some small measure this restoration, like the Lord's resurrection, will bring joy to many.

*Bishop Alan Chesters is Sub-Warden of the College;
he was Bishop of Blackburn from 1989 to 2003.*

**HOMILY AT A EUCHARIST OF THANKSGIVING
ON THE FEAST OF THE VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY
AND THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF THE ORDINATION TO THE
PRIESTHOOD OF THE VERY REVEREND DEREK GOODRICH**

The Right Reverend Cornell Jerome Moss, D.D.
Bishop of Guyana

Today we celebrate the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary to her cousin, Elizabeth. This is one of the Feasts of Our Lady, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and is among the later ones, finding itself in the calendar around the 13th or 14th century. The celebration of this feast was to encourage Christian Unity. The focus of this feast was never intended to be Mary, rather Christ and His saving work in the redemption of the world.

However, there can be no denying that Mary and Elizabeth feature prominently in St. Luke's account of this visitation, but both Jesus and John the Baptist, in a subtle way, share the stage with them.

Both Mary and Elizabeth point to someone other than themselves.

Jesus makes John the Baptist leap for joy '*in his mother's womb*'. This is the joy, known to every Christian when he encounters Christ and is enveloped in the messianic salvation which Christ offers to all. Elizabeth is filled with the Holy Spirit and affirms Mary's crucial role in the Incarnation as '*co-redemptrix*'. She exclaims, '*Blessed are you among all women...*'

Luke then borrows the Song of Hannah and adapts it to the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose joy is complete as she is chosen '*to be the Mother of the Lord*.' The song is the Magnificat, in which Mary once again points to one '*other than herself*'. She points to God, indicating that He, and He alone is responsible for her greatness.

Today, we also celebrate another important event. We join with Dean Derek Goodrich in a celebration of the Sacred Priesthood, and the joy that has been his, having shared in the Sacred Priesthood for sixty years. When inviting me to give this address, he sternly admonished me to focus on the priesthood and not Derek Goodrich. But amazingly, for the past sixty years, the two have been inseparable!

What a feast on which to observe such a joyful anniversary. In reflecting on both events, I discovered some striking similarities.

FIRST: the Blessed Virgin Mary and Elizabeth were available to God and were used by Him in special ways. Mary accepted God's decision to bear His Son, '*Lord be it unto me according to Thy word*.' Even in her old age, when told that she would bear the fore-runner of the Lord, Zechariah doubted, but in silent acceptance, Elizabeth allowed God's will for her life to be done.

The Christian Priest must have that same sense of availability, and willingness to cooperate with God, even when that availability and cooperation interrupt the day to day flow of his life. God blesses our availability and cooperation by *'doing great things through us and for us.'*

SECOND: the Christian Priest must be willing to take risks. Mary was unmarried, and to be found pregnant would have made her a social disgrace. Elizabeth was old, and should have moved beyond the desire for a child or even hope of having one.

But God has the final say. When a person commits himself to God as a priest, he is taking a big risk, and perhaps some may argue that God is also taking a risk. Our world of security collapses, and we must leave our comfort zone. Mary and Elizabeth were not sure what would have happened if the plan were fully executed, and they did not know what the outcome would be.

Sixty years ago, Dean Goodrich would not have imagined that he would have covered so many thousands of miles and ministered so far away from the land of his birth. He had no clue that his would be such a varied and diverse ministry. But that is exactly what happens when one commits to God: he experiences the creative imagination of God which leads us over distant lands and diverse cultures to *'declare the works and wonders of God.'*

THIRD: Mary and Elizabeth pointed to one other than themselves, they pointed to God. Derek Goodrich is not his own priest, he is God's priest, God's *'pontifex'* or *'bridge-builder'*, connecting man with God and God with man through His sacramental ministry empowered by the Holy Spirit. The Christian Priest truly lets his *'light so shine before men that they see his good works and give glory to God in heaven.'*

The priestly ministry is always about God and pointing others to Him. It is about being a faithful dispenser of the *'Word of God and His Holy Sacraments.'*; it is about presiding at the Holy Eucharist, and, in the words of Michael Ramsey in his classic *'The Christian Priest today'*, at the altar *'the priest takes the people of God with him, in his heart.'*

We thank God today, for the long and fruitful ministry of Dean Derek Goodrich. A man with deep love and devotion to God and a burning desire to share that love with all of God's people. We salute his extraordinary missionary zeal and the courage with which he stepped out of his comfort zone, and *'came over to Guyana to help us.'* His spiritual leadership and guidance have drawn many to Christ for healing, restoration and new life.

Undoubtedly he has been able to accomplish much during his ministry, and, Dean Derek, as that ministry continues, continue to pray every day, as you have done for the past sixty-plus years: *'He that is mighty hath done great things for me, and holy is His Name!'*

ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL REQUIEM FOR FR TED WOOD
25 JUNE 2012

Fr Michael Johnson

A question many of us were asked years ago: "Do you think in your heart that you be truly called, according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the order of this Church of England, to the Order and Ministry of Priesthood?" For centuries Bishops asked this question from the Book of Common Prayer, when men were to be ordained Priests. The priest-to-be answers, "I think it". Well, Father Ted didn't just "think it" he totally, utterly, absolutely KNEW it! He truly believed he was born to be a priest.

He knew it as an eight-year-old boy, when he cut up a white shoebox to replicate a clerical collar and tied it around his neck. He had no doubt at all that the priesthood was to be his role in life, even when a neighbour warned him that if he continued with all this "Church nonsense" he'd end up with "Religious Rumania"! And it was to the priesthood that God called him.

I've already used the word "called" twice. He embraced the right attitude towards vocation - *Being called*. The highest and most Christian job for anyone is the job they are clearly meant to do - the one to which God is calling them. God doesn't reserve all the best Christians for the Sacred Ministry, as you may have already noticed! I feel sure He wants the best Christians in every job. The Christian doctors and nurses who remember their patients have souls as well as bodies; the Christian MPs who try to promote just laws in Parliament; the Christian mothers and fathers who do wonderful Church work in bringing up a thoroughly happy and devoted family to God's glory. And so on. All these people are doing the job God wants them to do, and doing it to the best of their abilities. And with them, Father Ted, who more than fifty years ago was totally convinced that he was doing what God wanted him to do. And he never gave less than his best.

An aspect of Fr Ted's ministry is the fact that he never once hankered after high position. All he ever wanted was to be the best parish priest he could possibly be, and it's safe to say that after more than forty years of being a parish priest we can look back at his ministry (those of us who have known him) and know for sure that he achieved that ambition.

Mind you, it's a good job he didn't achieve one particular promotion early in his ministry. Forty years ago when I knew little of the workings of the Church, let alone the *wordings* of the Church, I visited a mutual friend who assured me that it wouldn't be long before Fr. Wood would be made a Canon. Later Ted asked me if that friend had anything interesting to say. "Oh, yes", I replied, "he said it wouldn't be long before you would be canonised." Hiding that smile of his he gently corrected me.

He had a faith which supported him those long years, and a belief that in his own small corner of the Church he would be able to help bring to people the Grace of our Lord Jesus, and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, despite all the craziness that was and is still going on in the Church of England.

Whilst some may say there is a danger that a popular, caring, loving priest attracts people to *himself* rather than to God – that it is the singer not the song that they are drawn to – there is no doubt that he, the singer, introduced many people to the song, and they have gone on to love it, and *because* of it have found their own lasting faith in God. All this has been done without being stuffy and pompous, but by being where people are at, and speaking as they need to be spoken to – in language they understand.

This came home to me many years ago, at our Family Services, when we were using a course of Bible talks he had written, which were aimed at the young people. It was the *adults* that came forward, time after time, saying how much they had learned and how they wished they could have been taught that way when they were young. He was a great communicator. I am reminded that he once said, "If I ever become so heavenly minded that I'm no earthly use, I'll give up." No-one can accuse him of that!

Another aspect of his ministry in which he excelled was Worship. He always gave the very best he was capable of. He was always totally prepared; there was nothing shabby or "it'll be alright on the night" about the services he was responsible for. An extract from a book written about sixty years ago by Cyril Garbutt, one-time bishop of Southwark, sums up for me Fr. Ted's approach to worship: "Worship is the primary duty of the Church. Through it the Church offers to God the best it possesses, and through it God reveals Himself and gives His blessing to His children. Public Worship lifts man from earth to heaven. It is the expression of the Church's faith in God and its response to His sovereignty and love."

Ted always acknowledged this high ideal and remained faithful to it even in retirement, whatever the personal cost. And it did cost, as it would for someone who once referred to himself as a *reactionary, conservative, Anglo-Catholic, traditionalist*.

It would be remiss of me not to mention another result of his ministry. Through his teaching, his influence but most of all his example, in just one of his parishes he was responsible for three men making the decision to test what they considered might be a vocation to the Sacred Ministry of the Church. All three were tested and all three found acceptable. I am so very proud and grateful to have been one of the three. I will always thank him from the bottom of my heart, and I'm sure the other two would join me if it were possible. I thank him for being my example, my mentor, my guide, my encouragement and, above all, my dearest friend for forty four years: he who played such a major part in me learning what I might *become*, and in my achieving it, as far as I have been able.

I know, more than many, that there have been times in those years of ministry when he felt he had failed and had to admit to being unworthy. That's the price of being human. It was then, he said, that he heard the voice of Jesus saying to him, "You have not chosen me but I have chosen you". It's another way of saying, "I called, you answered; the responsibility is mine". And that brought him comfort.

A great many of the cards, letters and comments I've received from people in his past parishes and here in the College have mentioned his smile, remembered by many people, past and present. He knew that a lot of good

pastoral work in his parishes could start with a smile and a laugh, and it did. Even when he suffered from a great deal of leg-pulling at the time a television company started showing an outrageous comedy series called "*Father Ted*", he could still see the funny side of life.

In fact, I would have summed up our life together in that way, if he hadn't beaten me to it with his last words to me! The evening before he died, he woke from a deep, deep sleep, saw me sitting by his bedside, unleashed the full force of his now legendary smile on me and said, "It's been fun." It *has*, and I have the happy memories to prove it.

It has been said that it takes a minute to find a special person, an hour to appreciate them, a day to love them, but then an entire lifetime to forget them. I won't forget the "special person" that is Ted Wood and today I give thanks for his generous priesthood. I thank him for being generous with his time and his patience, generous with his teaching and his caring, generous with his loyalty and his friendship, and, above all, generous with his love.

ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL REQUIEM FOR FR IVAN CLUTTERBUCK 28 MAY 2013

Canon Robin Osborne

With funerals here at the College of St Barnabas there is always a flavour of 'The Last of the Summer Wine'. This is not to call up images of Yorkshire and Foggy and his friends. 'The Last of the Summer Wine' rather calls up an idea - that we trail a past behind us; the older we are, of course, the longer is that past; and people whom we meet in their old age trail behind them a wealth of experience and accomplishment to surprise us. Where do we look for Ivan's years of the summer wine?

Well, amongst the flotsam and jetsam of the kind that appears at the winding up of anyone's life, we found a telling snapshot. It is the photograph of a small boy. The small boy is instantly recognizable: "That's Ivan Clutterbuck" we cry, and so it is: It is a picture of Ivan aged six, a sturdy child, facing the world with confident eye. Little Ivan is dressed, not in a sailor suit (that was to come much later), but as that singular product of Western Christendom, the boat boy - a little server attendant on the altar, responsible for carrying in church the holder of incense, the silver boat. Look, there it is in his hands. The photograph brings a smile of recognition to our lips. "Ah", we say, "Look: the child is father to the man". And we would be right, but at a far deeper level than we might at first imagine.

For there has been a consistency about Ivan, a constancy, which has marked him through a long life, through army and navy chaplaincies, through school-mastering for boys and school-mastering for girls, through the Church Union with his lay apostolate, through his care of Sisters in Religious Communities, though his mastership of the Lichfield almonry, to his last days here at St Barnabas. Stability, constancy, are the outstanding marks of the Benedictine; Ivan lived and died as a Benedictine oblate.

The other clue to his vocation is in the Epistle to the Ephesians, the bit which has been read this morning (4.11), where St Paul presents his catalogue of Christian gifts, gifts of the Ascended Christ: 'He gave some to be apostles, some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers'.

'Teacher.' Of all these gifts, Ivan was from beginning to end the Christian teacher. The word for 'teacher' which St Paul uses is *Didaskalos*, which means literally 'giver of good things', where 'good' has the flavour of 'wholesomeness', of Christian proficiency. 'Teacher', you note, not 'innovator'. Perhaps 'Interpreter' would be a good word to use for him, interpreting eternal truth to new generation after new generation.

For Ivan was the unstoppable teacher, with a list of publications as long as your arm. Even here at St Barnabas, where most of us are content just to tidy up our laurels before we rest on them, Ivan didn't stop. He published his *Apologia Pro vita sua*, the story of his life, 'The Pelican in the Wilderness', in which that early photograph of him as a boat boy is reproduced. And month after month he contributed devotional gospel articles for 'New Directions', articles of limpid clarity and deceptive childlike simplicity.

The 'Pelican' title he chose, not because it gives us that well-known hint of what his belly can or can't hold. 'Like the pelican in the wilderness, as an owl in the desert', is a quotation from Psalm 102, its choice provoked by what he saw as the Church of England laid waste by its ignorance of, and desertion of, its catholic heritage.

In his list of Christian gifts St Paul mentions not only the calling of 'teacher' but also that of 'prophet'. In seventy years of priesthood Ivan spent only a tenth, seven years, in parish ministry, three in his title parish as a curate, and then four later on as an incumbent of a remote Cornish corner known best to smugglers. The rest of his time he ranged as prophet, to England and the United States, with clear eye and faithfulness to his vision.

There is some hint that the Clutterbucks fled from Holland in the 17th century after religious persecution in that country, and settled in Gloucestershire, their unusual surname being an anglicised form of the Dutch. Pupils are allowed to pull the legs of their teachers – it is a sign of affection – and it adds a certain piquancy to our memories of Ivan that he might have been descended from a band of protestant refugees.

Ivan's pilgrimage has been a long one, and a faithful one. Today we, his family and friends, accompany him to the gates of Paradise, for the next stage of that journey, and the vintage of the last of the summer wine enriches the dignity of parting.

A Christian funeral is fundamentally a proclamation of the Gospel, in which the lives of us all, our spring and summer wines, are placed in the context of our eternal destiny, our destination, in which Christ is not a dead hero but a living Lord, acknowledged and worshipped in this life, and welcoming us in the life beyond, where Christ will share with us the new wine of the Kingdom.

COMINGS AND GOINGS

NEW RESIDENTS

Fr Peter Hearn	22 June 2012
Mrs Lois Green	20 July
Canon Michael Shields	1 August
Fr David Fysh	8 October
Fr David Pope	19 November
Fr David Williams	10 December
Mrs Mary Johnson	18 March 2013
Fr Roger Hawkins	5 April
Fr Alan and Mrs Peggy Spray	1 May
Fr Keith and Mrs Alma Gibson	5 May
Canon John de Sausmarez	18 May
Mrs Jean Sharpe	4 June
Fr Timothy van Carrapiett	8 July
The Revd Isabel Landreth	31 July

MOVED AWAY

Mrs Lois Green	11 October 2012
Fr Michael Paton	14 January 2013

THOSE WHO HAVE DIED

Fr Peter Hearn	17 September 2012
Fr Charles Harris	30 October
Bp Kenneth Cragg	13 November
Fr Trevor Thorpe	15 January 2013
Fr Ivan Clutterbuck	10 May
Mrs Elsie Ridding	22 June
Fr Glyn Grant	8 August

✠ May they rest in peace and rise in glory

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