

The

CHRONICLE

of

The College of ST BARNABAS

2010 - 2011



CONTENTS

3	Greetings from Bishop Christopher	
4	Foreword	Canon Wilfrid Browning
6	From the Warden	Fr Howard Such
7	From the Nursing Wing	Sr Heather Mockler
	Calling God by Name	Canon Tom Smail
9	Without me, you die	Mrs Jenny Tingle
10	The Poetry Group	Mrs Jenny Tingle
	For whom the Bell Tolls	Canon Robin Osborne
11	Theology Group	Fr Bill Turnbull
12	Life on the Bluebell Railway	Fr Robert Raikes
13	A View from the Past	
14	Address: Thanksgiving for the Restoration of the Artwork in the Chapel	The Warden
16	From Budapest to Lingfield	Nikoletta Blaho
18	The Lure of the Mountain	Derek Goodrich
19	The Drama of Cranmer's Litany	Bp Kenneth Cragg
20	Michaelmas and Two Michaels	Canon Michael Moore
22	The Seminarian's Song	Anon.
	Vintage Musical Films	Fr Christopher Leigh-Hunt
23	Lent Address	Bp Alan Chesters
	<i>Obituaries and Tributes:</i>	
24	Bishop Mark Green	Canon Robin Osborne
25	Fr Arthur Lewis	Anthony Lewis
26	Bishop John Ruston, OGS	A brother, OGS
27	Canon John Bryan	Fr D Maudlin
28	Fr Douglas Bond	Fr Malcolm Gray, SSC
29	Dr John Stott	The Warden
31	Comings and Goings	

Cover illustration: The newly restored Pre-Raphaelite painting of the Nativity in the Upper Chapel (detail).

GREETINGS FROM BISHOP CHRISTOPHER



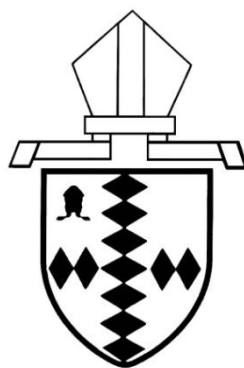
**Bishop Christopher
on his first visit to the College
with the Warden**

I am very glad to send my greetings to readers of the *St Barnabas Chronicle* as we journey through Advent to the celebration of our Lord's Nativity at Christmas. This year I have much valued initial opportunities to put into practice my new responsibilities as 'Visitor' by doing precisely what the word anticipates! I was glad to preside at the patronal celebrations on the feast of St Barnabas and to give thanks in September for the restoration of the beautiful pre-Raphaelite artwork in the Chapel, along with several other more spontaneous visits.

Whenever I come I am encouraged by the quality of common life among members of the College and wider St Barnabas community. I hope this new edition of the *Chronicle* will further extend circles of support and common cause. I am grateful to my good friend, Canon Wilfrid Browning, for taking on the task of editing it.

I am writing this on the Sunday before Advent, the feast of Christ the King. This morning I represented the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Liturgy in the Armenian Cathedral in Kensington. This evening I begin a pre-Advent retreat, setting off for Bec Abbey in Normandy which has provided two of our archbishops, Lanfranc and Anselm, and continues a ministry of prayerful concern for the see of Canterbury today. While the Peace was being exchanged during the Armenian Liturgy this morning the Choir sang: 'Christ is revealed among us, He who is God is here seated. The voice of peace has sounded, Holy greeting is commanded ... Now, ministers, raise your voices and give blessings with one accord to the One Godhead, to whom the angels worship.'

May the joy of the angels be yours this Christmas as we join them in giving glory to God, and may peace and goodwill reign in our hearts throughout the coming year.



A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "H Christopher".

Bishop of Southwark

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

Henry Scott Holland (*right*), who died in 1910, was an eminent theologian. Canon of St Paul's Cathedral from 1884-1904, he was a principal spokesman for the Christian Social Union, a predecessor of others at St Paul's who became deeply committed to political and ethical issues (Dick Sheppard, John Collins, Giles Fraser). Standing one day near Garsington he looked over to Cuddesdon, where he hoped to be buried, and was fascinated to observe a great flock of starlings flying past. They all moved as one and kept together and yet each bird retained its own identity. They were, he mused, a bit like the Anglican Communion: moving together but at the same time respecting others' particularity.



Maybe Scott Holland's vision of the Church was too generous; conditioned by the Idealism he had absorbed as an undergraduate; but it does seem to me to describe accurately something of the genius of this college. I mean: when we, as individuals or as couples, arrived, we were released from public responsibilities but also immersed into a period of stress. There was the removal itself and the loss of familiar surroundings; there might have been bereavement or an illness; and Surrey was a strange land. Of course, we had necessarily made adjustments in the past – perhaps from suburban to rural ministry, and so on, and perhaps acquired a bit of wisdom on the way. But coming here, the change was something BIG. But we were **accepted** into this community; and 'community' means that you can never suffer **alone**. And what a diversity of experiences have formed this community!

In 1912 friends of Scott Holland disturbed many clergy with a volume of essays, *Foundations*. It was the first book my theology tutor at Oxford told me to read – though I also bought the pamphlet by Ronald Knox, still an Anglican, in which he satirised that book in the style of Dryden entitled *Some Loose Stones*! After the wars, came theological upheavals – Karl Barth, the so-called 'Biblical Theology' (e.g. Fr Hebert SSM, Dr L. S. Thornton C.R., Alan Richardson); the Papal Encyclical of 1943 which liberated Roman Catholic biblical scholars from the threat of excommunication, followed by the second Vatican Council; painful controversies – faith and order, faith and history and faith and morals; in the Church of England a Suffragan Bishop in this diocese made a stir (*Honest to God* 1963) – and there were the ASB and *Common Worship*; and sundry crises. We lived through it all, and in various ways have been affected – so that here and now in the College of St Barnabas we are a diversified community loyal to a variety of customs and traditions – and yet we are **one**: we appreciate and value the differences among us; we are indeed like Scott Holland's starlings, individuals yet definitely a united body.

As clergy, our ministries have been in helping believers to see Christ in one another, and even when we are retired, recent words of Archbishop Rowan Williams ring true that 'the interpretative work of the priest looks first at how to uncover for one person or group the hidden gift in another – especially when the first impression is one of alienness and threat'.

It would be absurd to pretend that there were no failures or disappointments in our various stories. How indeed St Barnabas must have sometimes wished St Paul would keep quiet about his sufferings (2 Cor. xi) – and then the words of reassurance: 'when I am weak, then am I strong'; and so the apostles pressed on – the one to Rome, the other to Cyprus – with the ordinary business of living and evangelising, content in whatever state he was (Philip. iv 11). For us in retirement, happiness (like St Paul's) does not depend on some future worldly expectation, but is the deep satisfaction with the here and now, which we so richly enjoy at 'St Barnabas'.

Many clergy are, to be sure, prepared to some extent for this life devoid of former stresses and anxieties, if we enjoyed some 'outside' pursuits. Archbishop Robert Runcie once wrote that 'the sociability required of a good priest consists in a spontaneity of interest in a world and a society of which he feels himself instinctively and naturally a part' – and it was well-known that he himself for a time kept pigs. For others it has been cricket or botany or siderodromology (the study of railways). Indeed distinctive clerical dress, the 'dog collar', was unknown until about 1840.

To this clerical worldliness, in the best sense, contributions in this *Chronicle* bear witness. A visitor to the college, who came to give a talk, wrote afterwards, 'I enjoyed my day at St Barnabas College immensely. I can't wait until the next time! It is a beautiful place and location'.

We, the residents, are very much aware of our good fortune to be part of the college, which owes its ambience above all to the Warden (and his wife, Lynn) and also to the devoted, nursing, domestic, administrative and external staff.

Wilfrid Browning

(The Editor is grateful to his daughters Hilary and Sarah for all their assistance with the initial computer work involved in the production of this edition of the Chronicle, to the contributors, whose generosity has meant that some articles have been held over until the 2012 edition, and to Fr Derek Goodrich, Editor of the 2009 Chronicle for his advice.)



FROM THE WARDEN

I am very grateful to Canon Wilfrid Browning for offering to become the Editor of the *College Chronicle*, thereby bringing to an end a long period when no publication was possible. A lot of changes have occurred since the last edition.

As can be seen from the list of comings and goings on page 31, almost half of the community has changed during this time. This makes even more important the role of the Sub-Warden within the College community, and Canon Robin Osborne has served in this office with great skill and pastoral sensitivity for the last three years. We are greatly indebted to him for his care. On Advent Sunday I was delighted to install Bishop Alan Chesters as his successor.

Our worship has been enhanced by the restoration of the Pre-Raphaelite artwork and principal window in the Upper Chapel. The painted figures and lettering on the reredos, altar panels and gallery screen had become dim and much of the detail lost beneath dirt and discoloured varnish. The sensitive cleaning and, where necessary, re-gilding of the paintings themselves have revealed vibrant colours and an amazing level of detail that have lain obscured for many years. As a result the reputation of the artist, Francis Jackson, previously known as competent but not exceptional, is now being reassessed. Part of the restored central panel of the screen is shown on the front cover.

The stonework of the window mullions, decayed for nearly a century and further undermined by two generations of peeling paint, have been stripped, made good and secured beneath a stone-based shelter coat. The damp areas have been re-pointed and the wall given a fresh, breathable coating.

There have been other changes to the building as well. The western section of the central block has been extensively refurbished. The roof itself has been stripped, lined and re-tiled, the flashings have been replaced, and the exterior woodwork stripped, made good and painted. The four top floor rooms have been completely re-built, with replacement and additional windows, more accessible bathrooms and high levels of insulation. There is even a system to draw warm air from the bathrooms, clean and dry it and re-circulate it in the corridor areas to supplement the heating. We are greatly indebted to all those who contributed so generously to enable this work to go ahead, including the wonderful response to the appeal letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury which succeeded in raising the remaining target figure of £50,000.

Following the installation of new loudspeakers in every room of the nursing wing – a gift of the Friends of the College – an audio-visual link from the Upper Chapel to the Common Room ensures that any overflow congregation from the chapel can join in the service from there.

None of these pieces of work would have been possible without the generosity of many individual donors and grant-awarding Trusts, the skill and sensitivity of some remarkable craftsmen, and the patient tolerance of the residents and staff. I thank them all, and rejoice that the College continues to be so well supported and cared for.

Fr Howard Such

NEWS FROM THE NURSING WING

We congratulate Sister Maria Valerio who has completed her probationary period of employment in a new role. Her job title now is Assistant to the Matron and as well as assisting me when I am on duty she will stand in for me when I am away.

We have been very sorry to lose Sylvie Elliot who has moved to Kuala Lumpur and Giovanni Sakall who has returned to the Philippines. Their work in the College has been greatly appreciated.

Sr Heather Mockler, Matron

CALLING GOD BY NAME

by Tom Smail

The way we pray depends on what we know of the God we pray to. If we do not know who he is, we shall not know what to say to him or, even more, how likely it is that he might be listening and ready to answer.

That was exactly the point that Jesus was making to the Samaritan woman in their exchanges about worship in John 4.22 "You worship what you do not know, we worship what we know, for salvation is from the Jews".

Tossing desperate cries into a closed heaven in the vague hope that 'someone up there' might pay attention is a very different enterprise from the kind of praying to which Jews and Christians are invited and, summarised up in the biblical verse, "Everyone who call on the name of the Lord shall be saved". In the Bible the anonymous someone up there acquires a name, a character, a face so that what he has done for us in the past gives us a firm basis for expectation about what he is committed to do for us in the future. He has identified himself in Old Testament terms as the God who saved Israel out of Egypt and in New Testament terms as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. That is why both Peter in his Pentecost sermon and Paul in Romans 10 pick up the same verse from Joel 2 and tell us that we find our assurance of our salvation in the invocation of God's name - "Everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved". That is what we are doing in every phase and aspect of our relationship to God all the way from the high moments of our first commitments to the gospel to the daily acts of intercession in which we look to his help in the ordinary needs and necessities of our lives and do so "in Jesus' name".

The fact that God promises an appropriate salvation to those who call upon his name does not necessarily imply that he will not do anything for those who, as Paul says, for lack of someone to tell them, do not know and therefore cannot do so. To the Samaritan woman who does not know the name of the God she worships, Jesus nevertheless offers the free gift of living water welling up to eternal life. God's grace in its freedom and generosity extends far beyond the

company of believers; many who in ignorant desperation have called for help to the anonymous something or somebody up there have been stopped in their tracks, delighted and sometimes even converted by the way he has unexpectedly come to their help.

The advantage of God's believing people over others is not that God responds to them and not to others but that their knowledge of God's revealed name and character gives them direction, assurance and a basis for expectation in their praying. They know that when he is gracious to them, it is not by any whim or accident, but because he is utterly gracious and generous in his own nature and being and has revealed that grace and generosity first in and for Israel and then through Israel and for his whole creation in Jesus Christ.

The God of the Old Testament is by name, character and nature a covenant God who commits himself to his people and who in response calls upon them to commit themselves to him. "I will be your God and you will be my people." Karl Barth used to say that that verse is both a command for the present and a promise for the future. God's whole self is given to do everything that needs to make him their God and to make them his people. In Israel that commitment is made; in Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Messiah of Israel, that covenant is fulfilled. In Christ God gives himself to us in total faithfulness and in Christ we give ourselves to God in total faith.

To pray is to exercise faith in God's revealed faithfulness. To call upon his name is far more than 'saying prayers', it is an act of trusting in which we submit our concerns to God believing that he will live up to his name and answer us in the generosity and grace that he has promised us in Christ.

Such faith is never easy, as the psalmists in the Old Testament and Jesus in Gethsemane knew; it has constantly to be rediscovered and reaffirmed in the face of apparent divine unresponsiveness, the silences, delays, refusals and even abandonments that we all encounter – Jesus deserted on Calvary most of all.

But a faith that defies that facts and still hopes in God is constantly refreshed and renewed in the unexpected resurrections that it keeps on meeting along the way; when the situation seems most hopeless the unexpected answer keeps on coming, even when it seems too late.

So in prayer we go on bringing ourselves and the things and people that matter to us in an often hard-won faith in God's faithfulness. We call upon the name of the Lord on their behalf, asking God to use our faith as a magnifying lens that will focus his saving energy where we see it to be most required. His light shines on all the world all the time, but when we pray it shines in a concentrated brightness on the dark places we open up to it, so that in the wonder of his mercy, everyone who so calls on the faithful name of the Lord may be saved.

(Canon Thomas Smail was Vice-Principal of St. John's College, Nottingham, 1980-85, before becoming vicar of Sanderstead.)

WITHOUT ME, YOU DIE

by Jenny Tingle

Without me, you die –
I'm found underground
I'm seen in the sky,
I'm moving with sound
While roaring down falls.
You need me to live,
To grow and to flourish.
Without me, you die.

You find me when looking
At beautiful scenes,
Whatever your size,
Your home or your business,
You always need that which
I give you for free.

I twinkle in Sunshine
And foam in a whirlpool,
I carry such loads that men
Use me each day;
Great ships that take people
To faraway places,
Or hold tiny boats that
Float in child's play.

When God made creation
He used me to start with,
For nothing can thrive without
Contact with me –
So when it's pouring with rain
And you wish it would sunshine,
Just remember how much
You all need me to live!

Be patient – Thank God for
Abundance of water.
For without it, in time, all would
Suffer – and die!

*(Fr Michael and Jenny Tingle have
been residents since 2005.)*

THE POETRY GROUP

Our Poetry Group at St Barnabas is a friendly, enjoyable number of people who have a particular interest in poetry of all kinds. We meet once a month in the small library on the second Wednesday at 3 p.m. to 4.15 p.m.

We usually bring a poem chosen to illustrate a previously selected subject e.g. colours, animals, seaside, festivals, romance ...

Our members vary from 11-16 which means that we have time to discuss the poems chosen. Some of the Poets we have selected are: Robert Bridges, William Wordsworth, Jimmy Durante, Lewis Carroll, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Robert Browning, John Keats, William Shakespeare, George Herbert, Ted Hughes, R. S. Thomas, and many more.

Occasionally we produce poetry written by one of the members of the group, and this is always enjoyed.

We welcome new members to our group and I am always ready to talk to anyone who is interested in what we do.

Jenny Tingle - Convenor

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS ...



Well, not tolls exactly, more a shake and chime; for you are listening to the hand-bell team at the College, whose enthusiasm brings us together every week; the Lower Chapel offers a good rehearsal space.

Our set of Whitechapel bells is the gift of two friends of the College and their further gift of a sharp and flat or two has widened our repertoire considerably, and released us from the key of 'C'. Nor are we limited to hymn tunes and carols, though change-ringing is beyond us at the moment.

We have emerged into public at Christmas and Easter, playing in the gallery of the Upper Chapel, and in the marquee at the College Festival, to what we hope is general approval, or at least general amazement. We have rather surprised ourselves.

'Twould ring the bells of heaven, the wildest peal for years,
If Parson lost his sense, and people came to theirs. (Hodgson).

*(Canon Robin Osborne, who keeps time ...
or tries to.)*

THEOLOGY GROUP MEETINGS 2010-2011

Chairman: Fr Bill Turnbull

The group meets monthly to receive and discuss papers on a wide range of theological matters. The group has been convened by Fr Bill Turnbull, assisted in more recent times by Canon Wilfrid Browning and Bishop Alan Chesters. We are indebted to all those who have generously prepared and delivered papers, especially distinguished visitors to the College.

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| December 2010 | Theological Education
Dr Mark Chapman
(Vice Principal of Ripon College, Cuddesdon) |
| January 2011 | A Journey through 60 Years of New Testament Studies
Fr Wilfrid Browning |
| February | From Archaeology to Ordination
Dr Martin Henig (Wolfson College, Oxford) |
| March and April | Lent Addresses on the Passion according to St Matthew
Bp Alan Chesters |
| May | The Problem of Suffering
The Revd Dr Anthony Bird
(formerly Principal of Queen's College, Birmingham)
with the Very Revd A.G. Wedderspoon
(formerly Dean of Guildford) |
| June | Translating <i>The Imitation of Christ</i>
The Very Revd R. M. C. Jeffery
(formerly Dean of Worcester) |
| August | The Bible and the Koran
Bishop Cragg |
| September | Near-Death Experiences
Dr Michael Marsh
(Professor: Wolfson and Regent's Park Colleges, Oxford) |
| October | Growing Old in Gethsemane
Canon Thomas Smail |
| November | An Evaluation of the Epistle attributed to St Barnabas and the Exclusion of it from the Canon of the New Testament
Fr John Gayford (of St Mary's, East Grinstead) |
| December | On Christian Priesthood
Fr Robin Ward (Principal of St Stephen's House) |

LIFE ON THE BLUEBELL RAILWAY

by Robert Raikes

"Full-sized train sets played with by elderly vicars". That was how British Railways first thought of the preservation movement. They were wary and reluctant to allow any physical connection with their main lines. (That comment could well have been influenced by the sight of two senior clerics in the 1950s film driving the "Titfield Thunderbolt".) The attitude has changed and there is now cooperation between mainline operations and Heritage Railways. Nonetheless it is a fact that there has always been a strange fascination by clergy for railways, especially steam. Eric Treacy, Bishop of Wakefield, who was a very keen railway photographer, died on the platform while photographing a train on the Settle-Carlisle line.

The Bluebell line at present goes from "nowhere to nowhere": reopened in 1960 from Sheffield Park it has gradually moved north to a mile or so south of East Grinstead. Here a ¼ mile cutting which was filled with council rubbish in the 1970s, is being cleared at a huge cost. The aim is to complete the link in 2012.

At East Grinstead a new Bluebell station has been built and the line is now connected from the national network to the north end of the rubbish tip. My involvement (having had an interest in railways since the age of seven when my school was close to Malvern Link GWR station) has been to help move the rubbish. This means being part of a team of volunteers and professional Bluebell staff. It is expected that 10 weeks of loading and transport of the rubbish will get us through by next March. No other heritage railway has undertaken such a task.

In July there was a Songs of Praise at Kingscote Station. 17 of us from the College joined the congregation from churches of the deanery travelling by train from Horsted Keynes (*see right; the author is on the left of the picture*). The Rector of the parish and chaplain to the Railway, the Revd John Twisleton, interviewed me as part of the service. Asked about my motivation for taking part in the railway I said I was attracted to being part of a group of dedicated people serving the community. (There are about 400 volunteers.) Then, "How do you see God?" I started my answer by saying that if he were to ask that of everyone there that evening we would get 350 different answers, because God chooses to show himself to each of us uniquely.



I have also become part of the station staff which involves learning how to receive and dispatch a train and answer all the questions people ask. It means buying your own uniform. At Horsted Keynes it is the Southern Railway outfit. The London, Brighton and South Coast Railway uniform is worn at Sheffield Park.

I have spent some days in the Carriage and Wagon works restoring 110 year old coaches which have been used as bungalows and chicken houses. The result, after maybe 5 or more years, will be their inclusion in the rolling stock helping to recreate the line of a bygone age. Here, and in the loco works at Sheffield Park, there are apprentices learning a trade, alongside skilled professional volunteers and full-time staff.

Groups travelling on the railway include all ages; senior citizens, scouts and guides, school parties and overseas visitors and, in the future, many visitors travelling direct from London Victoria.

(Fr Raikes was formerly Vicar of Whitchurch, Salisbury.)

A VIEW FROM THE PAST



This photograph, taken in 1974, shows three successive Bishops on the Niger. Seated is the Rt Revd Bertram Lasbrey, at that time a Resident of the College, who became first bishop of the diocese in 1922. Standing are his immediate successor Bishop Cecil Patterson (*right*), who subsequently became Archbishop of West Africa, and Bishop L N Uzodike (*left*) who followed him.

(Photograph courtesy of Dr Anne Phillips)

**THE WARDEN'S ADDRESS
DURING EVENSONG AND THANKSGIVING
FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE ARTWORK IN THE CHAPEL
on
17 SEPTEMBER 2011**

Introduction

It's a sobering thought that artists and craftsmen speak to many times the number of people that listen to preachers. A dud sermon is heard by a few and quickly passes into history. Art remains, its message speaking to generations.

When Charles Kempe designed the great window and the mysterious 'Mr Jackson' of Bodley and Co created the paintings in this chapel, they knew they would be seen a hundred years later. Their message was not just to those who commissioned them; it was to the community of the College way beyond the lifetime of those who lived to see the chapel built.

Now, over a hundred years later, thanks to the generosity of many who realise the importance of what we have here, we can see their vision as they intended. Actually, in the case of the window, better than it has ever been, as the stonework was already deteriorating when the window was moved to its present setting from the temporary wall that marked the end of the first phase of the chapel. Generations have come and gone and have not seen as we now see.

Christ is present in all three parts of their work. For a moment, let us consider how they present him.

The Window

The focal point of the great Kempe window is the Crucifixion.

There are, of course, as many interpretations of that mystery as there are artists. Kempe meditates on the triumph of the crucifixion – Now is the Son of Man glorified. The agony of torture is not shown; Jesus appears serene, triumphant. It is finished. The mandorla of light surrounding the crucifix is a traditional symbol of the Kingdom of Heaven, and in the moment of his dying Jesus forges a way from earth to heaven, just as he brought heaven to earth in the moment of his birth.

So it is not surprising that Kempe places the crucifixion here not on a sentimental green hill bedecked with flowers as he sometimes did, but in the heavenly city. The rest of the window is filled with angels singing verses of the great hymn *Urbs beata*, Blessed City, heavenly Salem. The whole thing is a depiction of the worship of heaven in which we are faced with angels everywhere we look.

Angels appear in both of Jackson's compositions as well.

The Altar and Reredos

At this end of the chapel, Christ appears as High Priest and King.

On the upper panels of the reredos he is shown in the vestments of the Eucharist, his hands raised in the gesture of prayer as well as against the arms of the cross. His right hand is shown in blessing. He is accompanied by the two men who appeared with him in the Transfiguration. Of course, Moses and Elijah traditionally represent the Law and the Prophets; they are also the ones who have come face to face with the fire of God's presence. Moses met with God in the fire of the mountain and came away with his face shining; Elijah was carried in a chariot of fire into God's presence. This part of the composition at this end of the chapel shows the glimpse of the divine glory that was revealed in that mysterious moment on the mountain, and with it Jesus as our Great High Priest.

In the lower panels of the altar Jesus reigns from the throne of his Kingship, holding an orb in his left hand and blessing with his right. He is surrounded by angels playing music as they worship. It is the fulfilment of what is foretold above in the Transfiguration.

So as the priest presides at the altar he is reminded of the source of his priesthood and the Lord whose vessel he becomes. And as we kneel to receive our Lord's gift of himself we gaze upon the kingship of the One whom we receive in such a humble form as we hold out our hands.

And we are reminded of the angels and archangels and the whole company of heaven who are worshipping with us, playing as well as singing. There is, it seems, much music in heaven.

The re-gilded backgrounds and freshly vibrant colours and detail portray the glory and the inter-relationship of these two facets of the Lord's ministry.

The Gallery Screen

At the far end of the chapel are still more angels.

On either side panel they proclaim the opening of the Gloria in Excelsis. In the centre panel they carry words of the incarnation from the Creed.

Here in the centre, as we turn to leave the chapel, we are shown the extent of the humility of our Great High Priest and King. The tenderness of the scene is wonderfully captured, neither over-sentimental nor bland. The setting is intentionally stylised, the kingship of this infant emphasised by details such as the damask hanging, like those in a medieval royal tent, which hangs behind his Blessed Mother. And perhaps it is not surprising that the angels who worship him wear coronets. Even the heavenly aristocracy sing the praise of this little one. In his dying he forged a path from earth to heaven; in his birth he blazed a trail from heaven to earth.

When I was talking to the restorers on the scaffolding while they were uncovering the astonishing detail in this panel they spoke with real admiration of the skill and obvious devotion of the artist. Mr Jackson must have been a

man of great faith to have been prepared to spend such effort on tiny details that cannot even be seen from the ground. The threads of gold on the angel's cope trimming are all individually painted; even the blades of grass can be distinguished. Why go to so much trouble except as an offering of faith and to inspire others?

To place the incarnation at the exit of the chapel is a stroke of genius. If we are to take seriously the worship with which we have joined, if we are to be the loyal subjects of the King whom we have received at the altar, we are to follow his humility in the world beyond those doors. And it is only just outside them.

Conclusion

We have come to thank God for the restoration of these works of art.

Let us give thanks for the gifts of those who created them; for the matching skill and dedication of those who have enabled us to see them as though they had just been made.

Let us praise him knowing that we are surrounded by angels and archangels and the whole company of heaven.

Let us thank him that here in this holy place, we are reminded to prepare, as the disciples at the Transfiguration were, for the glory and majesty of the divine realm that will, one day, be our home.

FROM BUDAPEST TO LINGFIELD

by Nikoletta Blaho

Moving abroad is never easy. But if you grow up in a post-Communist country you learn to appreciate the mere opportunity to go abroad and still be able to come back, therefore to enjoy the whole process more.

I remember my first time leaving the country: it was 1990, a shopping trip to the neighbouring Austria. I was about 10 years old and my father had just bought a dark blue Fiat Polski which was a spacious luxury car compared to the one we had before, the famous TRABANT (which was a four wheel bicycle rather than a car but we loved it to bits as my parents waited for 3 years to get one). We visited toy stores, food stores, electrical stores and we were amused by the choice of supply in front of us. As it wasn't permitted to bring back too many items, especially not electrical goods, cars were queuing up near the border on the way home because people stopped to hide everything they could. We arrived home with some new toys, loads of *Milka* chocolate and sweets, and with a new video player.

It was the taste of freedom and we were so pleased. Things were looking up. West was so different and suddenly Hungarians had the opportunity to do something new, to start up businesses, to try their fortunes and reach a certain level of wealth.

Hungary had such a promising future ... but somehow it has never materialized. In my opinion it is suffering from a Post-Communist/Capitalist Identification Disorder which makes it vulnerable and subject to abuse in the wrong hands, where best intentions have been long lost. It is a pity, as Hungary has its potential: agriculture, art, tourism, skilled workers, inventors etc.

After finishing Grammar School I moved to Amsterdam then to Norwich to work as an au-pair as I've always been adventurous and interested in different cultures. Then after graduation in Communication and Event Management in Eger, which is a small town not far from Budapest, England as a final destination was an obvious choice for three reasons.

(1) In my experience people here were kind and helpful with nice traditions and value for work and quality of life. (2) They were using a beautiful language, simple and difficult at the same time. (3) England with its green fields and gardens wasn't too far away, only a few hours' flight, which would allow me to visit my family and friends regularly.

Within a few months I found a part-time job working as an administrator and customer service assistant for a small family business in Horley. It was a lovely place where with the help and support of my colleagues and boss I managed to use and improve my skills, learn new techniques, and eventually be promoted to a more creative and demanding role, as a marketing coordinator. However the commercial environment never satisfied my needs and after almost two years I started looking for jobs in the third sector. That is how I found an advertisement for a Fundraising Assistant role at the College.

I am very grateful that I found a home here in England and I most certainly feel very lucky that I have the opportunity to work for the college, as it's not like any other charity or home. It's more than that: a community full of life, kindness and care, and, with its amazing surroundings, it is really – as I once wrote – a marvellous place.

A Poem by Alexander Petöfi, a Hungarian Poet

You praise me, dearest one, for being good!
Perhaps I am, who knows, it may be true,
But thank me not ... the source of every good
That's in me rises from your heart and you.

... from "You Praise Me"

(Sixty Poems by Alexander Petöfi, translated by
Eugénie Bayard Pierce and Emil Delmár)

*(Niki works in the College Office as
Fundraising Assistant and Assistant Administrator.)*

THE LURE OF THE MOUNTAIN

by Derek Goodrich

Mountains have had a great influence on me. It all started when at the age of 13 I moved to North Wales. From our home in Llandudno we could see Snowdonia and soon the mountains fascinated me. I remember cycling with a friend to the foot of Taly-fan which being exactly 2000 feet high qualified as a mountain. Of course we did not reach the summit as this was just a morning excursion, but it gave us a healthy respect for mountains. British mountains may seem to be tiny on a world scale, but they still demand care and preparation: proper boots, clothing, food, water, maps and compass are vital. Weather conditions can change suddenly and a clear bright day can be transformed into a mist-covered scenario with minimum visibility.

Soon we graduated to youth hostelling and every holiday a group of teenagers would be out fell-walking. We climbed Snowdon by 3 routes and came to appreciate that great mountain.

I am sure that these experiences helped to foster my vocation to the Priesthood. Mountains showed me a glimpse of the wonder of God's creation and gave me a sense of beauty, wonder and awe. They are a parable of the Christian life. Climbing a mountain involves concentrating on the uneven path ahead (the daily round of prayer, Office and Mass) and also looking ahead to the summit (the glory and wonder of God, expressed in worship).

I had many great days on mountains in Wales, in the Lake District and in Scotland. Then I ventured further afield and developed a great love for Austria: in the Vorarlberg where I remember attending Mass at the crowded village Church and then climbing to 9000 feet on a perfect day with great views in all directions; in the Tirol where we spent a week in mountain huts and in the Salzkammergut, that lovely area of mountains, forests and lakes east of Salzburg. Other great memories were of Zermatt at the foot of the great Matterhorn in Switzerland; Mount Kilabalu in Sabah, Malaysia which at 13,000 feet dominates the country; Mount Cook in New Zealand where we arrived at the foot of that great snow-covered range on a most glorious evening; Madeira, an island of mountains and great cliffs; the Canyons of the U.S.A. where one looks down rather than upwards and Kranjska Gora in Slovenia where the jagged Julian Alps dominate the village. Then there was Guyana where the good Lord showed His sense of humour by putting me on one of the world's flattest coastlands, but in the interior there are the Kaieteur Falls, a sheer drop of 741 feet, surrounded by mountains which I visited on 5 occasions, always awed by the great unending flow of water.

I can appreciate why God summoned Moses to receive the 10 Commandments on Mount Sinai and why Our Lord needed to spend a time of prayer on the Mount of the Transfiguration. The Psalmist can say "I lift up my eyes to the hills". Many have known that inspiration.

*(The Very Revd D. H. Goodrich was
Dean of Georgetown, Guyana, 1984-1993.)*

THE DRAMA OF CRANMER'S LITANY

by Kenneth Cragg

The Anglican liturgist, Gregory Dix OSB, notes that Cranmer stood in the long medieval tradition which related the Eucharist entirely to the Passion.

The rite of 1552 has not one single mention of the resurrection and the ascension outside the Creed ... What we are dealing with ... is the undiluted tradition of medieval extra-liturgical devotion in which he had always lived, but transferred by him from the sphere of private devotion to become the very substance and meaning of the liturgy itself.

Thus his sense of the Holy Communion is in Pauline terms of a 'Proclamation' of the historical Cross to the world as the divine narrative of our human redemption. Though the sequence is not made articulate in Cranmer's theology, this emphasis opens out a realist, historical interpretation of the Sonship of Jesus. Has not this divine 'Sonship' been preoccupied with a metaphysical reading busy with 'status' and inter-Trinitarian definition? Whereas in the 'vineyard parable' (Luke 20.9-19, Mark 12.1-11 and Matthew 21.33-46) his role is historical and climactic, or 'metahistorical' concerned with function not status, role and the authority it entails in action. The nation as the 'vineyard of the Lord of hosts' returns us to Isaiah 5 and many a psalm. The point in the parable of the 'sending of the son' is that, whereas mere messengers could claim the son's fruits from the custodians, only the son could assert the ownership, which in the repeated rejection of the messengers they were defying. The parable has an echo in Surah 2.87: 'Some of them they said were liars and some they put to death.' What is evident is that there is an accumulating crisis. One rejection of a messenger makes a second and a third with each time a hardening of the heart. They are really conspiring this way to take over the whole estate. There were many such absentee landlords in the Galilee of Jesus' day. That an 'absentee' should be analogy for Yahweh is only the measure of how far the entrustment to creaturehood had been made. 'Over to you, you humans, all is in your hands to explore and exploit by your technology. Realise what you can do with what there is in your competence and power.'

Then follows what may be called a descending spiral of perversity saying, in the manner of Nietzsche: 'Evil be thou my good'. It is that perverse condition which draws from God the ultimate response. The 'son' who is the crux of our human crisis is the answer of divine grace, by virtue of how his suffering is transmitted to redemptive love.

We can only wonder whether in his last great trial of soul, this Thomas Cranmer was enabled to endure his crisis in these Gethsemane terms. A frail and timid man in his mid-sixties, he had weathered twenty years in the highest office of his Church through all the vagaries of Henrician years to

become the prey of Mary in the workings of the royal supremacy he had been so careful to deploy. From his immolation in the tower of St Michael's beside Oxford's north gate he could see the preparations for the stake in the near-by Broad Street. Under pressure he had lately recanted his evangelical 'errors' from the pulpit of St Mary's and deeply moved in anguish of conscience he had withdrawn it. In a final gesture with his right, the offending, hand he found the courage to erase the aberration. The Litany he had composed a few years earlier was already breathing the pleas of his own travail as the burden of his life-span took its ultimate toll in his death-stake companioned by his fellow bishops of London and Worcester. The scene is one of the tragic epics of English history and he, at its heart, the timidly courageous scholar-scribe of the English liturgy. There was a beautiful irony, in the eloquence of each.

*(Bishop Cragg was a Bishop in Jerusalem, 1970-73
and has written widely on Islam, and the Koran.)*

This article is extracted from a forthcoming book The Sufferance of Souls by Bishop Cragg, and is printed here by kind permission of the publisher, Melisende.

MICHAELMAS AND TWO MICHAELS

by Michael M. H. Moore

At Michaelmas in 1973 I was privileged and delighted to accompany Archbishop Michael Ramsey, by then coming towards the end of his time at Canterbury, on a visit to the celebrated Community at Taizé, then of course still dominated by its founder, Brother Roger Schutz. The archbishop had a fine and well-deserved reputation as an ecumenist after personal encounters with Pope Paul VI and a succession of orthodox Patriarchs and leaders of other Churches, but less was known then of his extraordinary rapport with young people of many nations, the Church of the future (as well as the present). What follows are brief excerpts of a diary I wrote at the time, to give a flavour of the spiritual power of this gathering at Taizé in the hills of Burgundy ...

"Our first entry into the Chapel will remain a powerful memory with me. Seldom have I been 'hit' by such an atmosphere of silence and prayer. The chapel was only dimly lit. One was conscious of its being full of people, an inner cluster habited in white – the brethren, and an outer sea of young folk, late teens and early twenties, kneeling or sitting on the carpeted floor; hundreds of them. The chapel is comfortable and a place which one wants to come to. There are few chairs and no pews; there is sense of spaciousness but togetherness. Everything stimulates worship: the subdued flickering lights (perhaps too dim religious), the space but warmth, the focus of the altar, and

above all the 'professional' excellence of the 'performance' of the worship itself – microphones and loudspeakers properly placed, and music which is grand, but simple and easy to take part in. The organ is not large, but just right for the building, and the singing light but easy, without being hurried. The leading cantor is an ethereal tenor, who would grace the evangelist in the St Matthew Passion in any cathedral in Europe. At the end of the Evening Office the Archbishop gave the Blessing with what the young people called a 'voice from heaven'."

Next day there was a Michaelmas Eucharist in the Chapel. "The Ministry of the Word was accorded to the Taizé rite. However the Archbishop read the Gospel and then gave a short meditation, yet a meditation which contained all the material for a weekend retreat: the Jacob's ladder open to heaven for the two-way offering of worship to God in the Highest, and service to the world of love and suffering. This was inspiration, for the Archbishop had not then seen that the ladder with the Cross in its midst is a main motif of the Chapel."

During the day there were conversations between the Archbishop and groups of young people. "A contribution from a Spanish youth was memorable. It had to be translated through French to English. He criticized his bishop for visiting a poor parish in a bejewelled cope and mitre: how can the Church preach holy poverty to the poor and be so rich in its institutions? ... Those of us who had heard the discussions in the afternoon recognized much of the Archbishop's sermon (at the Evening Office). It was a crystal-clear summary of what he had said in answer to the young people's questioning. There was no doubting their interest again. The thousand gathered listened in wrapt silence. What is the call of Taizé? – to find one's Christian self, one's Christian fellows and fellowship; and to find humility in the shadow of the Cross. What is the hope of our calling? - heaven, the Kingdom of God on earth, and the unity of Christian peoples. How can this unity be realized in terms of the Church? – not by resignation to present structures; not by opting out; but by renewal of the institutional Church from within. The call is for renewal in worship and for renewal in service for the suffering. The call is the Lord's; once it is heard there must be no turning back – only a going back home from Taizé to share the call.

"If those who had heard the Archbishop before were lost in some wonder, those who had not could only have been entranced."

No doubt a prophet had been among them.

*(Canon Moore was formerly
Chaplain of the Chapel Royal at Hampton Court,
and before that the Archbishop of Canterbury's
Chaplain for Foreign Relations at Lambeth.)*

THE SEMINARIAN'S SONG

(To the tune of the Major-General's Song from the Pirates of Penzance)

I am the very model of a Catholic seminarian,
I've information pastoral, canonical, and Marian,
I know the Popes of Avignon and Councils Ecumenical
From Nicaea to Vatican, plus gatherings heretical.

I'm very well acquainted too with matters homiletical,
I'll write a pretty sermon that is eloquent yet practical;
About soteriology I'm teeming with a lot o' news ...
Such as salvation history's relation to the modern Jews.

I'm very open minded; I have Sunday lunch with Protestants,
I teach them our Church History and sing it in Gregorian Chants,
In short in matters pastoral, canonical, and Marian,
I am the very model of a Catholic seminarian.

(Anon. found by Fr Michael Johnson)

VINTAGE MUSICAL FILMS

by Christopher Leigh-Hunt

We have had a grand selection of vintage musical films over the autumn on BBC2 (and I hope they will continue) which do not appear often, although some are doubtless on DVDs. The best ones starred FREDERICK AUSTERLIZ and VIRGINIA MCMAHON (popularly known, of course, as Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers). Those two amazing dancers (and singers for Fred had a soft melodious voice) made a number of such films – the best known being "Flying down to Rio", "Top Hat", "Springtime", "Shall We Dance?" and "Follow the Fleet". They were ably supported by such character actors as ERIC B CORT, a valet who always referred to himself as "We", like the Pope, and HELEN BRODERICK, a dippy, jokey American matron in her fifties.

Lyrics and music came from a number of brilliant composers of the period – Rogers and Hart, Irving Berlin, George and Ira Gershwin (the last three of refugee families from Russia) and Jerome Kern. How lucky the '30s' were.

Often the story continuity in these films was quite disconnected and at random, but the humour quick and sharp ... (one instance: Fred Astaire driving a horse carriage with Ginger Rogers as his irritated passenger, and she asked Fred acidly, "what power did he have over people" and he replied gaily, "Horse power!"). But the films were elegant and smart in every way – in contrast to the times of recession and depression in the 30s that young present day folk know nothing of – the movements are perfect: the diction clear. We shall never see the like again.

(Fr E. C. Leigh-Hunt was formerly chaplain of the Middlesex Hospital.)

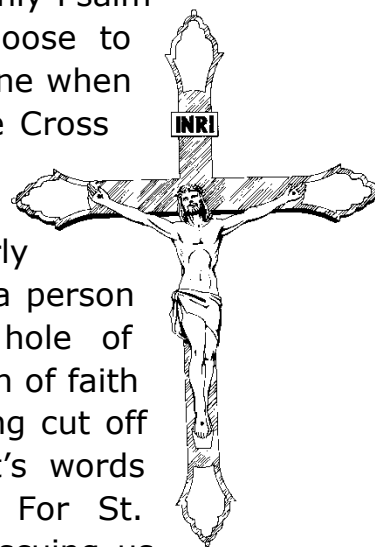
FROM THE LAST OF THE ADDRESSES GIVEN IN LENT 2011 ON ST. MATTHEW'S PASSION NARRATIVE

by Alan Chesters

The whole creation, natural as well as spiritual, is challenged and marred by our sins and yet redeemed by the death of Christ on the Cross.

I know people who rubbished the Passion story and our belief in the saving of Jesus. They claim that the Evangelists made up the whole thing. Well, from reading his Passion narrative, if that was his purpose, I think we might give Matthew (and indeed Mark before him) full marks for going the wrong way about it to convince anyone.

We do not know if on the Cross Jesus was pondering only Psalm 22. It is an extraordinary verse for Matthew to choose to record. Jesus, unlike in his time of prayer in Gethsemane when he had to make a decision, now from the arms of the Cross waiting for death to come seemed to plummet to the depths of the consequences of sin when He indicated that He felt totally cut off from God – completely, utterly alone. This is the nightmare to end all nightmares for a person of faith and hope in God – that black gaping hole of nothingness into which we can be plunged. For a person of faith there is surely no greater depression than this – feeling cut off from the very source of life and love. The Psalmist's words express that sense of being abandoned by God. For St. Matthew, Jesus accepted even this as the price of rescuing us from the power of evil. As one commentator put it 'The cry reveals once again the true humanity of Jesus, His depression, His agony of mind and spirit. In the work of reconciliation he experienced the real significance of sin, which is separation from God'.



As we have thought about the Passion of Christ during these past weeks it has become clear that there was no depth of human suffering, physical, mental and now spiritual torment, which Jesus was not prepared to endure in order to bear the sins of the world, in order to fulfil the demands of sacrificial love. This, as nothing else, proves that the Christian faith takes sin and suffering as something which is very real, very serious. There is no question, as some of the eastern faiths would have it, that sin is an illusion to be dealt with by mind over matter. For Christians, suffering is the way to that freedom which is life both now and for eternity.

(Bishop A. D. Chesters was Bishop of Blackburn from 1989 – 2003)

BISHOP MARK GREEN

The Bayeux Tapestry gives a robust depiction of the Battle of Hastings. Amongst the lively characters who can be identified in the tapestry is the brother-in-law of William the Conqueror, Odo, Bishop Odo. Bishop or not, Odo is in the thick of the battle. As a clerk in holy orders he does not bear arms, but he urges on the soldiers with a very painful stock up their backsides. The legend, and you know how the legend runs along this ancient strip cartoon, the legend says of this prodding: "Bishop Odo comforts his troops." *Confortare*: to strengthen. You've all used that in Whit Sunday sermons to explain what is meant by calling the Holy Ghost 'The Comforter': not what has become softened to snuggling consolation, but *confortare* – to strengthen, to encourage. "Bishops were bishops in those days," you would say.

This is all good Sunday School stuff, but I make no apology for the military metaphor, for we are speaking of what God did with his servant Mark Green. Mark's priesthood was forged in war. In the Second World War he was a young chaplain forced into unimaginable horrors, encouraging men not by prodding from behind, but by a leadership which won him the Military Cross. And thereby he became for ever a strengthener, an encourager.

Always in his room was a photograph of him in 1972 after his consecration as bishop, standing with Michael Ramsey, so we know he was properly done, and the photograph was his constant reminder, not of honour but of vocation. It reflected the words of the archbishop's charge in the old ordinal:

'...be to the flock of Christ a shepherd, not a wolf; feed them, devour them not. Hold up the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken, bring again the outcasts, seek the lost. Be so merciful, that you be not too remiss, so minister discipline that you forget not mercy; that when the chief Shepherd shall appear you may receive the never-fading crown of glory ...

That upright dignified figure we came to respect so much we saw beaten down by age and infirmity, his patience strained by waiting for the end: to friends who offered to visit he would say "Don't leave it too long", not to win sympathy but with complete realism. The military metaphor of discipline and obedience applied to the very end. For what he became we thank God, and for what God gave us through him we thank God

On the Sunday before Bishop Mark drew his last breaths next door as Evensong came to an end, we were singing the hymn:

Soldiers who are Christ's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe;
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the Lord.

Which hymn ends just as his life ended, and ours should, with the doxology:

Father who the crown dost give,
Saviour by whose death we live,
Spirit [*the confortare One*] who our hearts dost raise,
Three in One, thy name we praise. Amen.

(Canon Robin Osborne)

FR ARTHUR ROLAND LEWIS

My father was born in Kingsley, Cheshire into a working class family. There were poor prospects for a good education there, so when he was eight the family moved to Solihull. He was educated at Solihull School and at Oxford where his lecturers included Tolkien and C. S. Lewis and where he developed a keen interest in Christianity, in writing and an ability to think for himself. All of these served him so well during his years in Rhodesia.

At 19 he knew he wanted to be a priest and missionary. He wanted to play his part in fulfilling the Great Commission given by Jesus Christ: "Go therefore into all the nations and make them disciples." He was ordained priest at the youngest possible age, and after brief curacies he joined the Universities' Mission to Central Africa as a missionary.

To my father his real life began when he went out to Africa in 1947 at the age of 27 to work as a missionary and priest. He spent 11 years at various mission stations in Tanganyika (now Tanzania) and on the nearby islands of Zanzibar and Pemba. He learnt the local Swahili language, preached in it from the start and never used an interpreter.

My parents married in 1958 and went to live in Rhodesia where my father undertook a position as priest-in-charge of St Faith's mission, Rusape. In 1960 they moved to St. Peters Mission, Manda, a remote place in the African bush in the Honde river valley on the border with Mozambique, some 70 miles from the nearest town. There they spent nine years, building up the central mission with 14 outstations. The church my father had built was octagonal, made of steel, brick and concrete, including the pews, with a large white cross on the top. It was designed to be as near to indestructible as possible.

In 1969 they moved to a parish centred at Rusape. My father also had responsibility for the Chapelry of St. Catherine's at Inyanga in the Eastern Highlands, where he was Archdeacon. Then in 1976 he obtained temporary leave from Parish work to accept a seat in the Rhodesian Senate.

In 1983 my father became priest-in-charge of Phalaborwa, a mining town on the edge of the Kruger National Park before retiring to Solihull, England, in 1987. There he assisted at the parish of St Alphege and continued to write for the Rhodesia Christian Group.

Towards the end of my father's life when he was beginning to fail, if you asked him how he was he would often reply, "Still alive!" Well, I believe he is "still alive," not here, but in Heaven. For Jesus Christ by his death on the cross and resurrection on Easter morning has forever overcome the last enemy.

I thank God for having given Margaret and me our lovely, kind and competent father who all his life was on the side on the Angels. So now and for all eternity I entrust his soul to the love and care of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

May he and my dear mother, together, rest in peace.

(By his son, Anthony.)

BISHOP JOHN RUSTON, OGS

John was born on 1st October 1929 and learned the faith at St Michael and All Angels Church in Sunnyside, Berkhamsted. He was educated at Berkhamsted School and had a distinguished academic career at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he gained a Double First in Classics. It was here that he came across our former Superior, George Tibbatts, who was Dean of Chapel at that time, along with Wilfred Knox at Pembroke and both Eric Simmons and George Braund at the parish of St Luke's, Chesterton.

It was no doubt the influence of those figures that led John to test his vocation to the priesthood and to train at Ely Theological College. After a curacy at St Andrew's, Leicester, John became a Tutor at Cuddesdon Theological College. By that time he had already been professed in the Oratory of the Good Shepherd and our one time brother Edward Knapp-Fisher was his College Principal. When Knapp-Fisher was elected Bishop of Pretoria in 1960, John went out with him and spent more than forty years in that Province.

John gave his heart to Africa and spent his early years at a mission station in Sekhukhuniland in the Diocese of Pretoria, where his great skills as a linguist came to the fore as he mastered both Sesotho and Setswana. In 1976 the Bishop of Bloemfontein, Frederick Amoore, invited John to become his archdeacon. John's wisdom and humour, as well as his disciplined and ordered life, coupled with a deep love for the peoples of South Africa, led to him being elected as Suffragan Bishop of Pretoria in 1983.

In 1991, John became a well-loved and respected Bishop of the Diocese of St Helena and he exercised his ministry with faithfulness and devotion. His time saw a remarkable ecumenical co-operation with the Roman Catholic Diocese, borne out of expediency, but carried out with foresight and pastoral care. He also fulfilled the desire of one of the remoter congregations to have their own church building, appropriately dedicated to St Michael the Archangel.

However, perhaps John's greatest legacy to the people of that Diocese was borne out of that sense of God's justice that had under-pinned both John's ministry and that of all our Brethren who have served the peoples of South Africa over the past century. On arriving in the Diocese, he had found that the St Helenians had been deprived of their rights as British Citizens. His willingness to lend the weight of his Episcopal office, coupled with his clear thinking, along with the long-time hard efforts of a good number of St Helenians, led finally to their full citizenship being restored. Such a theme in John's life only came about in 2002 after he had been retired some time from the diocese; but this did not in any way detract from the overwhelming sense of a wrong being put right that John felt, as also he did when the long oppression of the majority of South Africa's peoples came to an end in 1994.

So it was to this country that John returned; and to the wonderful care he experienced here at the College of St Barnabas. It was a return, too, to his remaining earthly family, to whom he was devoted, and also to the life of the Oratory in the country where he had begun half a century before.

(By a Brother of the Oratory of the Good Shepherd)

CANON JOHN BRYAN

John was born in a small village near Ross-on-Wye in Herefordshire. After his primary schooling he became a pupil at Ross-on-Wye Grammar School, from where, in 1938, he went up to St Peter's College, Oxford to read History. Books and Oxford became and remained an important part of John's long life. He graduated with a First in 1940 but soon found himself in the Royal Navy.

John was reticent about his war service, but we do know that whilst on the Russian convoys he sustained back injuries which plagued him to the end. It is also known that during a terrible ice storm off Murmansk, a gunnery officer was washed overboard and John dived into the icy sea to rescue him. By 1945 John was serving on the battleship King George V and was present in Tokyo Bay when the Japanese surrender occurred.

On being demobbed he returned to Oxford to prepare for Ordination at Wycliffe Hall, having completed in 1947 his second degree, this time a BTh and again a First. John was made deacon in 1948 and ordained priest in 1949 in Rochester Cathedral by Bishop Christopher Chavasse. He served his title in Belvedere and then did two short-term curacies in the Diocese of Southwark. In 1954 he became Rector of Warkton and Weekly and then in 1956 Bishop Spencer Leeson asked him to take on King's Cliffe in the Peterborough Diocese. So came into his life a village and its people, the love of whom remained deep in his heart until the end of his life.

Because he was a man of vision and tremendous energy John soon found himself a member of the Church Assembly, the precursor of the present day General Synod. As a Proctor in Convocation he knew every priest in the Diocese and served them with distinction. He also served for a long time as Warden of Readers, and for a number of years as the County Chaplain to the British Legion. This was an inspired appointment, for as well as being a priest's priest, John was also a man's man. Whilst a member of the Church Assembly he was also a Church Commissioner, and served on the committee dealing with Bishops' houses.

Father John would never have presumed upon God's mercy. He had realised for some time that death which he welcomed was coming and that he would soon meet his merciful redeemer. He was content to hand himself over to God's outrageous love. John believed in the Communion of Saints, the Resurrection of the Dead and in the Real Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. He knew where he stood, and would always promote and defend traditional catholic teaching and values.

I have no doubt that the holy and faithful priest and friend who ministered to so many down the years, and served his village and its people so well for nearly 30 years has been met by his merciful Lord and entered into his eternal reward.

(Fr D Maudlin)

FATHER DOUGLAS GREGORY BOND

His 50 e-mail addresses only scratch the surface of the ministry of this remarkable priest of the Church of God. He often talked about the past: Ordination, Edinburgh, Abthorpe, Slapton, Silverston, Harpole, Kingsbury, Kislingbury, Pattishal, Cold Higham, Gayton Tiffield and the priests and people those places represent. There are those who have known, loved and respected him for his ministry and his endless wit far longer than I. I'm a new boy in the life and times of Father Douglas, and those from the Peterborough Diocese and beyond who have known him many years will have memories and stories you can relate bringing tears of emotion and hilarity.

Father Douglas was an accomplished musician and loved to sing and to play the organ. He had an irresistible and infectious sense of humour and fun and so very often made jokes about himself, his size and his wobble.

In his retirement, Douglas embraced the Message of Fatima that calls for the daily saying of the rosary, praying for the conversion of sinners and making sacrifices for the sake and benefit of others. He loved Fatima and for him it was his "other home".

At the entrance to the Sao Paulo hotel there is a foyer in which he had a chair close to the door and everyone knew that that chair was his. He would sit there to hold court and chat to all and sundry as they came and went regardless of who understood him (or not!). In these recent times when he has not been able to be with us we have always revered that chair as we made our entrances and exits, and raised a glass or two in the dining room for our absent friend.

Father Douglas moved into the College of St Barnabas and referred to it as his new and final home, and final resting place. He was disappointed when he learned that he could no longer make the journey to Fatima, but he was reconciled and content that he had the image of Our Lady of Fatima close by. For him that meant that the Shrine of Fatima was close by and that the Mother of his Lord was close to him day and night.

Father Douglas was initially anxious about being transferred to the Nursing Wing but he soon came to realise it was for his good. To know that there would be someone at hand should the need arise was a great comfort and joy to him and gave him peace of mind. That the door of his new room upstairs was opposite the big lift which would take him to the ground floor by the door of the Chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved was all that he could ask for.

Father Douglas was a big man with a wide girth and a wonderful sense of humour. He loved his food and a gin and tonic or two, or more. Of course, he just had to be a big man with large proportions to house that enormous heart of his which was so full of love, enthusiasm and fun and from which all of us received blessings upon blessings.

(Fr Malcolm Gray, SSC)

AN ADDRESS BY THE WARDEN AT A THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR THE LIFE OF JOHN STOTT

Intimacy with Christ

In one sense it feels somehow intrusive to speak of John's 'intimacy with Christ'. He had such a personal connection with the Lord, that to make it the subject of an address feels as though we are treading where we shouldn't. Yet John spoke with such openness, and with such a lack of self-consciousness about relationship with the Lord, that it is a subject that he would want us to think about, not for him but for ourselves.

The deeply felt personal relationship with the Saviour which is at the heart of John's spirituality is not presumptuous; it is a response to Jesus' own invitations. "Come to me, all who labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." (*Matt 11.28*) And in case this might seem to be for the privileged few, "Whoever loves me will keep my word, and my Father will love them, and we will come to them and make our home with them." (*John 14.23*) It is for the privileged, but not for the few.

Whoever keeps my Word

The cornerstone of John's intimacy with Christ was his understanding of his love, his will, his saving work, which he drew from his engagement with the Scriptures.

The word 'engagement' is important. John's profound knowledge of the Bible, his detailed study, exposition and theological interpretation of the Scriptures, were not something to which he gave so much energy because it was a discipline for which he was gifted, even though he was. These were not things to enjoy with friends in the kind of theological banter so common among students and often also among clergy. John didn't do all this with such insight because it was fun, even though it was. John simply wanted everyone he could touch to realise that the Scriptures are the key to their intimacy with Christ.

It isn't something that is beyond the reach of anyone. And the amazing thing is that, unlike so many human relationships, intimacy with Jesus, precious and unique for each person as it is, is not a privilege that is weakened by being shared by more people. What John found leaping from the pages of the Gospel can be as powerful for you and me and everyone else as it was for him.

John's personal generosity found its natural fulfilment in Jesus' imperative to share the faith. He wanted as many people as possible to find what he had found. If he had featured in the parable of the Treasure in the Field, he would have bought it so that he could give it away, rejoicing in the mystery that there was always more for him, and so still more to give away. "And that," he would say, "is as true for you as it is for me."

Birds

While that prayerful, disciplined study of the Word of God was essential in nourishing John's intimacy with Christ, there were other things. "Look at the birds of the air." (*Matt. 6.26*) Of course he did, and with the same enthusiasm

with which he shared the Word of God. It's not surprising that in his looking at the birds of the air, John became an expert.

Birds for John were not a subject to study, although he did. Nor are they merely precious living things to be honoured and celebrated, although they are. For John, birds were part of the Creation of the Word, another revelation of divine mystery of infinite variety.

This wasn't sentimentality. John's wonder at the creation we have been given to live in found its special joy in looking at the birds because they reveal the generosity of God, both in their infinite variety and in God's care for them. Creation was, for John, another inspiration for and demonstration of intimacy with Christ. "Do not be afraid; you are of more value than many sparrows." (*Matt. 10.31*)

People

And, of course, there was a third aspect to John's intimacy with Christ. He could draw close to the Lord through his study of the Scriptures and his contemplation of nature and particularly birds. But, special, wonderful, precious though both of these are, we are worth even more.

John saw in each person whom he met an icon of Christ. And he was very aware of the injunction, "Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for by doing so some have entertained angels without knowing it." (*Heb. 13.2*)

However irritating, inconvenient, or just plain daft people were, John would accord them the same courtesy that he would have done had the Lord himself been standing in front of him.

It would be fair to say that there have been comments of surprise that John chose this community in which to live his last years. The tradition of prayer and the externals of worship might not have been ones that would readily have been associated with him. Yet John prayed with us faithfully and never once lost patience with what went on here.

If asked, he would quietly, and with great courtesy and respect, explain any reservations that he had, but he would never insist that only his way was right, or that other ways were wrong. He would listen, and he was prepared to re-consider, even in the last years of his life. As a result, others also showed greater sensitivity.

This generosity was part of his relationship with the Lord, and he would try as far as possible to ensure that everyone felt they were equally important.

Conclusion

Throughout John's ministry, intimacy with Christ was not only something he enjoyed but was also something to share and encourage ... with everyone.

As we thank God for giving the Church someone with such gifts, let us pray as John did that we may grow in that intimacy, and, like him, become the inspiration for others to do the same.

COMINGS AND GOINGS

NEW RESIDENTS

We have welcomed these Residents who have joined the College community since the last edition of the Chronicle:

Mrs Marjorie Hyde	30 September 2009
Canon Wilfrid Browning	23 October 2009
Fr Robert Raikes	22 November 2009
Fr David Gray	16 February 2010
Fr John Hathaway	19 February 2010
Fr George Kirk	1 September 2010
Fr Ray Follis	5 November 2010
Bishop John and Mrs Pam Waller	24 November 2010
Fr and Mrs Roger Bould	25 November 2010
Fr Ted Morris	11 December 2010
Bishop Alan and Mrs Jennie Chesters	15 December 2010
Fr Peter Windridge	31 January 2011
Fr "Joc" and Mrs Jean Colling	7 February 2011
Mrs Sheila Mantle	28 February 2011
Fr Vernon Scott	8 April 2011
Bishop Kenneth Cragg	11 April 2011
Fr Frank Andrew	6 June 2011
Fr Peter Sanderson	17 June 2011
Mrs Betty Rees	12 August 2011
Canon Reg and Mrs Thelma Bartle	22 August 2011
Fr Trevor Thorpe	22 October 2011
Mrs Rosina Levinson	29 October 2011
Mr Richard Baty	25 November 2011

THOSE WHO HAVE DIED

Mrs Gladys Lewis	26 September 2009
Mr Timothy Lawford	22 November 2009
Canon Julian Rudd	8 December 2009
Fr James Miller	20 January 2010
Fr Arthur Lewis	25 January 2010
Fr Herbert Hartley	7 March 2010
Bishop John Ruston	27 April 2010
Canon John Bryan	24 May 2010
Mrs Peggy Hunter	19 September 2010
Mrs Molly Gilbert	8 November 2010
Fr George Kirk	19 February 2011
Mrs Jennie Chesters	8 March 2011
Fr Ted Morris	4 March 2011
Fr Douglas Bond	18 March 2011
Fr John Eddison	10 May 2011
Fr Peter Keightley	24 July 2011
Fr Peter Sanderson	25 July 2011
Dr John Stott	27 July 2011
Mrs Mary Smith	28 July 2011
Mrs Betty Rees	5 October 2011
Canon James 'Joc' Colling	7 November 2011

✠ May they rest in peace and rise in glory

OTHER DEPARTURES

Mrs Kate Roberts	19 September 2009
Mrs Jean Sharpe	23 August 2010
Fr and Mrs David Mumford	30 September 2010
Mrs Truda Smail	27 May 2011