

The
CHRONICLE
of
**The College of
ST BARNABAS**

Autumn 2009



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FOREWORD

I must apologise for the late production of the Chronicle, but our former Editor, Fr. Raymond Hockley, left us for quieter climes as explained in his paper on page 6.

After eight years as a resident, I can reflect on the life of the College. I have found it to be a happy combination of community life and privacy, both of which are vitally important. It is good to feel part of a caring Christian community whose life is centred on the daily worship in our Chapels. That is where we find strength and fellowship within the Body of Christ. In our worship and prayer, we can also make a contribution to the life of the wider Church. As we used to tell the house-bound communicants in our parishes, through our worship and intercession we can support the front-line Church in its battle against an increasingly hostile and secular society.

I suspect that the growing militant atheism may well prove to be a healthy challenge to the Church. Perhaps Christians have been too comfortable in their religion in this country; now we need to stand up for our faith and be counted. In the words of St. Peter, we need "always [to] be prepared to make a defence to anyone who calls you to account for the hope that is in you."

I know this to be true from my own experience. For over half of my 43 years in Guyana we had a difficult time with an extreme left-wing government that kept power by rigged elections and tried to de-emphasise the place of religion. It was the Party that mattered and we were told that this must take precedence over the home and family, the Church and all other duties. BUT the Church was strong in those years: Christians valued their faith and knew that the secular state did not have all the answers. Let us pray that the Church in this land may experience a revival in faith, devotion and evangelism.

Our College staff play a vital part in our community and I am glad that the Matron has written an article for this issue. I am sure we should all wish to pay tribute to the staff who cope with sixty human antiquities with patience and good humour.

It was good to receive a recent letter addressed to the College Football Captain inviting us to participate in a 5-a-side football competition. Sadly we had to decline as we felt that it would be unfair to expect any opposing team to cope with 1700 years of priestly experience!

Derek Goodrich

FROM THE WARDEN

"I bet you notice the difference, now you've cum 'ere," (try to imagine it in a Yorkshire accent) was a frequent comment when we arrived in Sheffield after nineteen years in the Diocese of Canterbury and three before that in Southwark. But the thing was, in many ways *we didn't*. The countryside, of course, was very different – the Peak District was only ten minutes from where we lived – but that wasn't what they meant. The things which affected people's lives, unemployment, a collapsed mining industry, a shrinking industrial base, were just as much part of life in north Kent as they were in South Yorkshire, to the evident surprise of our neighbours.

Now, if only we had been asked the same question when the news broke about my appointment to the College, we would have answered a resounding "YES!" Not because their prejudices were right after all, but because being part of the College community is such a unique privilege. Life here *is* very different. The trouble is, it is very hard to explain, to do justice to how special the College is, simply by talking about it. More than two years after we arrived here I still say to people, "Come and see."

There is a quality about this community which is rarely found elsewhere. When I came for interview, one of the select group of Residents charged with drinking multiple cups of tea with the candidates turned to me quietly and said, "What you have to understand, Father, is that what many of us want in the Warden is a kind of abbot." This struck me then, and still does, as hugely significant for what it says about how the community sees itself.

The College is, in every sense but the technical one, a "religious *Community*." It is not a group of individuals who live in the same place for the convenience of sharing common facilities. It is emphatically *not*, as I never tire of saying, a "home for clapped-out clergymen"!

Sitting in the Warden's stall in Chapel not long after I arrived I found myself reflecting on the centuries of prayer which the members of this community have clocked up between them. This still continues to impress and inspire me. When I show people around the College, almost always they are moved by the atmosphere of prayer in the Upper Chapel. But then, it is unusual in having been prayed in, morning and evening and often more, every day since it was built. You can tell, just by being still for a moment.

My wife and I feel greatly privileged to be part of this extraordinary community. In spite of all the difficulties people face, there is more forgiveness here, more respect for others' privacy, more tolerance, love and mutual care than can be found almost anywhere.

That is not an idle boast, and it is, of course, how it should be. But we all know that things rarely are "how they should be." We thank God for the people that make this community so special, and for calling us to be here.

Howard Such, Warden

FROM THE NURSING WING

Pause a while and absorb the beauty around you as you enter the grounds of our College. Each season has its beauty and as I write this, we are entering into Spring – the daffodils are beginning to show their greenery among the snowdrops, and the birds are singing their praises outside my office – peace and tranquillity prevail. This piece of heaven on earth is where I work.

Come with me to the Nursing Wing – the staff are busy attending to their patients. Though the tranquillity has disappeared, there is still a happy atmosphere and I can hear laughter coming from the kitchen. How fortunate I am to be a part of this environment.

My nursing background includes several years working in a mission hospital in South Africa, delivering babies. The nuns were amazing and I am grateful for the experience and knowledge I gained there. Working with people with strong religious convictions prepared me, in a way, for my position here. I also specialised in “Care of the Elderly” as part of my nursing degree which has, of course, been most beneficial!

Just after I arrived, the entire nursing staff, who come from the UK, Africa, Asia and South America, contributed to the formation of a philosophy of care. Each one handed in a list of elements of care that they thought were important, and they valued the fact that that they had been consulted and included. We are able to look at each individual in a holistic way, providing physical care as well as assessing other areas of support that might be needed. Spiritual aspects are usually last on the list for attention in other nursing homes, but are high on the agenda here. The patients are here because of their religious affiliation so this is paramount in their care. The Chapel is in the centre of the nursing wing, so is easily accessible for our patients to join the residents from the Cloisters in daily worship. The majority of our staff have been here for many years so are familiar with the families and friends of those we care for. Generally, the relationships are long lasting, and relatives of those who have died whilst in our care still “pop in” to reminisce when they are in the area.

I find it most gratifying to be able to attend a funeral or memorial service here in the Chapel. The community attends to support the bereaved family and friends, and we are able to say good-bye in a loving environment.

Our patients are highly educated, well-known people who have spent their lives serving and caring for others. The power of prayer is evident here and to worship in the Chapel, where so many of God’s chosen leaders have congregated in the past as well as the present, is an experience which few will have. I am grateful and humbled by being a part of this unique atmosphere and thank God for giving me this opportunity to minister to His servants on earth.

Heather Mockler, Matron

SAINT FRANCIS COMES TO THE COLLEGE

The landing outside the Chapel is at a crossroads in the College, between east and west wings, and between upper and lower floors. Here at the heart of the College a beautifully sculpted statuette of St. Francis has taken up residence.



It is the work of local sculptress Jena Cutler, wife of the Friends' Treasurer.

Our figure is a copy of one commissioned by a former resident, Fr. Norman Cruttwell, for the Church of St. Francis in Goroka, New Guinea. The animals keeping St. Francis company are native to Papua New Guinea.

Saint Francis famously said that "One should preach constantly, occasionally using words". We are grateful for his silent witness amongst us.

Robin Osborne, Sub-Warden

ON LEAVING THE COLLEGE OF ST. BARNABAS

I begin with a fragment of autobiography that some of you already know. The winter of 1995 to 1996 was a watershed in my life. I was in hospital with an extremely life-threatening illness, yet it was a blissfully happy time; and now I know, as I never did before, the reality of God. I was almost perpetually nauseated and exhausted. Day after day, week after week, I was unable to eat or drink – even water made me sick. All who saw me regularly assumed that I would die. Such a thought never entered my head, because it was then that I was made aware of being alive with a life that was more living and real than my own life. This un-nameable presence was a kind of physical warmth, an interior glow, a sense of serene contentment, of assurance, which seemed to embrace and inhabit my very being. Although my body was sick and often in pain yet, at the same time, I felt a strange, but familiar and genuine, peaceful, inner joyfulness. This awareness of presence was intense and lasted several years after my recovery. The intensity faded, of course, as it should, and became not a continuous but a real deep inner stillness, a simple unobtrusive silence, and a longing to be worthy of so wonderful a gift, to be adequately grateful that God is. Simultaneously there developed a desire to be rid of my ego, to let the self vanish altogether.

Others have experienced similar things. I now understand, therefore, what St. Paul meant when he wrote, not God has revealed himself to me but, "God has revealed himself *in* me"; because God is not out there, not someone or something completely other and different, a kind of object among other objects. There is, as it were, simply God and me as almost one subject.

There is a divine Centre, who is my true identity, my real self. He is the beginning and end of everyone and everything.

Of course I still sin. I still seem to want myself apart from him. Some of you, certainly, have realised that I have a long journey to make on the road to being unselfed, and I know it is where I must be. I thought I could travel the way in this community; but, by what can best be called God's prompting, I am impelled to solitude, to silence, and to discover how to express afresh in words, in music and in life those "grace-given outflowings from the well-springs of God's love" (as a Quaker described them).

I owe much to St. Barnabas. I shall always be grateful to you for all I have received and all I have learned here. My leaving this College is not at all a criticism of it, in any way whatsoever; but I realise that I am incapable of self-consciously losing my sense of self, and that thus, above all else, I must seek to know God every moment, so that I live and work and pray, and laugh and love and play in the Holy Spirit who is within me and in whom I am.

What is actually struggling for birth in me is God in me struggling to be *all* God in me. It is an extraordinary process; and what is required of those who experience it is to recognise it and be converted or re-converted, not just a change of mind but a change of the whole being, a re-orientation, a regeneration, a new consciousness, a realisation that God is the only Reality in all and through all and beyond all. I fail, we fail, because we do not throw our whole selves into him, abandon ourselves, take the risk of actually being nothing, of being a total nobody. Until we do we shall never find that God is the only Somebody.

We must stop behaving like the unredeemed. The Eternal Christ has no part in our hatreds and disagreements and prejudices which we mistake for principles: they all have to be crucified and put to death. Our sole task, our proper function, is to be in the presence of God; and our only deed is to enable everyone else to be in that Eternal Presence. This is why I must, while I can, be in a city of the secular world, amongst what are designated "ordinary people", so that I can learn how to radiate the Eternal Love, and meet others in expectation of finding the eternal and infinite God within them. Because, until all people in this time world are enabled to live in the eternal life, the Blessed Community is incomplete.

"Now may every living being, young or old, weak or strong, living near or far, known or unknown, living or departed or yet unborn, may every living thing be full of God's bliss."

*Raymond Hockley
16 September 2007*

A PRECIOUS PROMISE

I wonder if you have had the experience of being accosted by an eager young Christian who wants to know what your favourite verse of Scripture is? It seems to be an innocent collector's game, especially in the United States.

When I was first asked this question, I confess that I was taken by surprise and unprepared. No longer! I am now ready to be bombarded by collectors' enquiries.

So what is your favourite verse? Mine comes within that well-known passage, Jesus' Upper Room discourse. It is John 14:21:

Whoever has my commands and obeys them, he [or she] is the one who loves me. He who loves me will be loved by my Father and I too will love him and show myself to him.

What specially commends this text to me is the promise with which it ends, "I will show myself to him". Unless I am greatly mistaken, all Christians having come to know Christ, are not content with the degree to which they have come to know him and long to know him better.

Well, here is a promise which exactly meets our need: "I will show myself to him". So we pray some such prayer as this:

Lord Jesus make yourself to me
a living bright reality,
More present to faith's vision keen
than any outward object seen.
More dear, more intimately nigh,
than e'en the sweetest earthly tie.

And in answer to our prayers, he surely will respond, for he has made a precious promise to this effect. Perhaps he will open to us the Scriptures, or perhaps he will make himself known through the breaking of bread, for through these he made himself known to the two disciples on the Emmaus Road. And still today Scripture and Sacrament are two regular means of grace.

Now rejoicing as we should do in the promise of Jesus, we need to recall that it is a conditional promise: he will make himself known to those who love him and who are his lovers. Not those who make loud protestations of love and loyalty and then like Peter deny him. Not those who sing rather sentimental songs, "Jesus I love you". But rather those who obey his commandments.

It is truly remarkable that Jesus expects his disciples both to believe his teaching and to obey his command: "You call me "Teacher" and "Lord", and you are right, for that is what I am." (John 13:13).

The astonishing thing about my text is this link between love and obedience, as in the Old Testament especially in Deuteronomy. Just as Israel was told to love the Lord the God and obey his commandments (eg Deut. 6:1), so the disciples of Jesus are to love and obey him. The analogy is an indication of who Jesus knew himself to be.

To sum up: the test of love is obedience, and the reward is a self-manifestation of Christ. It is truly a precious promise!

John Stott
25 March 2009

AN UNUSUAL JOURNEY TO THE PRIESTHOOD

It is rather a long story which is fully detailed in my book "Changing Scenes".

My father as Chairman, with his brothers, developed a large retail distributorship in the motor business from Exeter to Truro.

Before I joined the business, my father and his brothers decided that I should be trained with Caffyns (Kent & Sussex) in a very similar company on a three year pupilship. I was to attend one year at Brighton, one year Eastbourne and one year Tunbridge Wells. It was here I met Jean and we were married in Langton Green in 1952.

We returned to Devon where I started at one of the agricultural branches. As the Chairman's son, I was expected to work long hours with very few privileges.

I was transferred to the other much larger agricultural business and later to Head Office in Plymouth amidst mounting tensions, where I was "high flying" with grand business lunches five days a week.

We had every material comfort as we brought up our four children in our home, an old farmhouse near Plymouth.

Our social life was certainly in the fast lane – in my limited spare time, I was a churchwarden, member of Diocesan Synod, a Rotarian and a hospital visitor. Dinner parties and other social events were part of the scene.

We had a living in *au-pair*, a daily maid, children at private schools, two cars, boats, a pony, holidays in Europe – a lifestyle well blessed. Or so we thought!

Then CRASH – I had a sudden heart attack. Then another. I had a long spell in hospital. I was 36 at the time.

Jean asked the Bishop of Plymouth (the Rt Revd Guy Sanderson) to come and see me, which he gladly did on several occasions. "I'm so glad to be back in the pastoral scene", he said. The Bishop and many doctors said that if I wanted to live we should leave Devon and Cornwall!

During my long recovery, Jean and I opened the first charity shop in the West Country for the Sue Ryder Foundation and we arranged many other fund raising events.

I was now at the very bottom of my personal pit, quite unable to climb up and see a future path. Prayer had been of prime importance.

We were taken aback to receive a letter from Sue Ryder asking if we would like to be considered as joint house parents to a venture she wished to develop in Hertfordshire.



Stagenhoe

After much prayer and with the thoughts of the words from the Bishop and doctors, we travelled to the latest of the Sue Ryder Homes, a fine Georgian mansion, Stagenhoe Park, Hertfordshire.

There we had a very informal interview with Sue Ryder and her husband, Group Capt. Leonard Cheshire VC, OM, DSO, DFC. She took us around the 54 roomed building with a brief visit to the grounds.

She told us that she would be arranging groups of Polish concentration camp survivors from World War II to come to Stagenhoe for holidays. Those coming to stay with us would have spent over two years in a camp. How they survived is almost beyond understanding, after what they had suffered through man's inhumanity to man.

We accepted the challenge with no doubts; we believed we would be given the strength to carry out this work. How God moves in mysterious ways!

There we were, leaving Devon and its opulent living to work under a woman for £3 per week (each) plus our keep.

We moved in July 1970, taking few possessions with us. Even our much loved dog had to be given away, because Sue Ryder had said so many survivors were still terrified of dogs after their experiences in the camps.

With very little help, we were soon to receive our first group of survivors, men and women so easily recognised by their camp number tattooed on their forearm. Over the years we had some 1,500 walking miracles from Auschwitz,

Ravensbrook, Dachau and Mulhausen. Many had been medically experimented on in most brutal ways.

Between groups, who stayed with us for about four weeks, or longer in the winter, I was expected to read their case histories, which brought to life the horrors of those atrocities.

The gaps varied, but they gave me more time for fund raising – we always had a long “wants list”. I soon learnt that people and groups prefer to raise money for specific articles.

The most lucrative fund raising came through letting out the house and grounds to film companies.

Some Christian conferences were held, one was particularly interesting. The fourteen members of the Liturgical Commission stayed several times as they formulated the ASB. I asked their Chairman, Canon Jasper, to plant a tree by the drive – it now stands over 20 feet high and is doing well.

I had now come to a crossroads again in my life; I felt that God was calling me into a different role. There was a gentle sense of excitement, of challenge, of something new. More and more, prayer convinced me I should look to the Church.

I made an appointment to see the Archdeacon of St. Albans. He listened to me as I emptied my soul. After long searching talks and prayer, he said he thought I should consider training for the ministry.

I explained to him that I could not afford to go to college, he then told me about a scheme they were soon to announce in the Diocese which seemed to be just right for me.

After a number of interviews, I was accepted for the three year St. Albans Ministerial Training Scheme and was later ordained in St. Albans Abbey by Bishop Robert Runcie.

The unique experiences I had amongst those brave and remarkable Polish survivors taught me so much about true forgiveness.

It was such a great privilege to be amongst so many who often openly cried but were still able to laugh. They would never forget their horrific suffering, but looked outward, giving their loving friendship to us all at Stagenhoe.

In the busy life that was to follow, I tried to be a better listener, with more sensitivity to the needs and feelings of others. I was always looking for the leading and guidance of the Holy Spirit within the Grace and Love of our Heavenly Father, through His Son our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

David Mumford

FEAR
"Perfect Love Casts Out Fear"

Fear seeps into life,
And changes warmth to chill;
Fear makes a hopeful life
Turn slowly to despair.

Fear causes tears to fall
And trembling to begin –
Makes thoughts to stumble
And confusion reign.

Fear makes us think the worst
And fails to see there's hope,
As darkness creeps through mind
And vision is left dim.

Yet, words we're given
Can but give us hope –
"Fear not", we're told
"A newborn King has come".

Through love and faith
And willingness to give,
A life was born
To chase our fears away.

When babe grew into man,
A teacher He became.
His words and healing touch
Transformed their crippled lives.

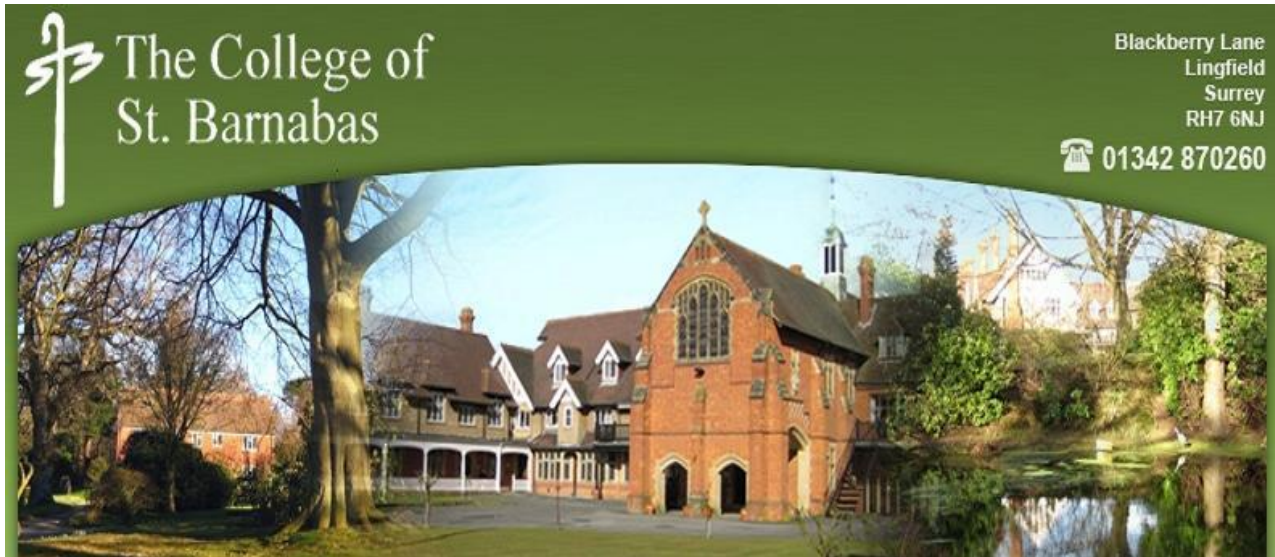
No more did fear bring pain
And illness too,
For peace and trust took over
Where once were tears for you.

His perfect love can melt
Dark fears away,
For what was deepest night
Turns now to brightest day!

We need to use it well
This gift of life – Now,
No more are we left to fight alone
He's clearly to be seen,
This antidote for fear –
"Be not afraid" he says
"For I am here".

Jenny Tingle

The College Website



The banner across the top of the pages of the College website at www.st-barnabas.org.uk

The website was launched in May 2008 in time for the Christian Resources Exhibition and now has over forty pages of information about the College.

Among the illustrated pages you can find a brief history of the College, an introduction to our life and facilities, news of events, both recent and longer ago, and details of opportunities to work at the College.

It is also possible for visitors to leave requests for the prayers of the community. These are offered at the morning Eucharist as soon as possible after they are received.

The Christian Resources Exhibition

For the last two years the College has exhibited at this national gathering of Christian organisations and suppliers.



The Warden and his wife Lynn at CRE

During the week, many thousands of people come to the exhibition centre at Sandown Park to learn more about the resources available for today's Church. Hundreds of them have come to our stand each year to find out about the College and the care we offer.

We shall be there again on **Stand T14, 11 – 14 May 2010**. If you would like to visit the exhibition, please contact the Warden to request complimentary tickets.

Recent Refurbishments



The Common Room
with chairs given by the Friends of the College



The Refectory

Lord Carey at the 2009 Patronal Festival



Preaching at Evensong



At Cocktails before the Festival Dinner

A Farewell

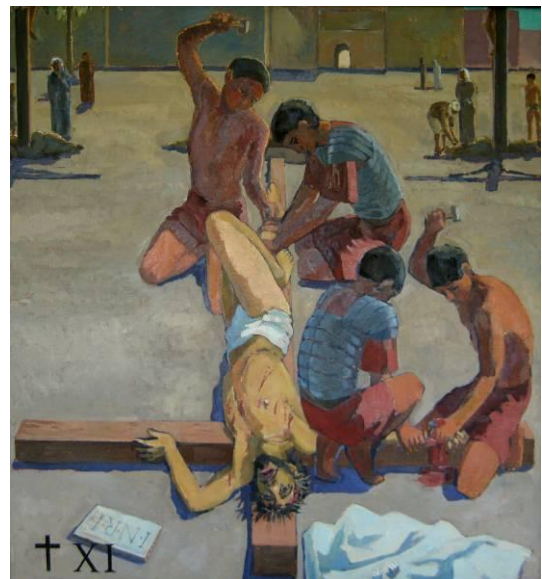


Graham Burt (3rd from left)
at his farewell reception on leaving the College after 42 years' service.
With him (*l to r*) are Barry Fry (*Head Gardener*),
Graham Marden (*Estate Manager*) and Paul Wilkin (*Bursar*)

The Stations of the Cross (see page 20)



Jesus meets his Mother



Jesus is nailed to the Cross

EUCCHARISTIC SACRIFICE — IN REFORMED PERSPECTIVE

In my reading recently I came across an intriguing quotation from a quite unexpected source which forms, as it were, the motto text for what follows here. It runs, "It is necessary that each of us should offer Christ to the Father. For although He only, and that but once, has offered Himself, still a daily offering of Him which is effected by faith and prayers, is enjoined to us."

'Which famous theologian do you think said that?' I asked some of those who sit near me in the College dining room. The favourite and very understandable suggestion was Thomas Aquinas, because the quotation sounds as if it came from the centre of the Catholic tradition with its conviction that near the heart of what we are doing in the Eucharist is precisely offering Christ crucified to the Father.

Imagine their surprise, echoing my own, to be told that, according to Christopher Cocksworth, the new Bishop of Coventry, the author was none other than John Calvin in his commentary on Leviticus 19 where these very words can be found.

That set me asking; if Calvin as the Reformed theologian *par excellence* could be as positive as that about Eucharistic sacrifice, what did he mean and what would I, in my own little way a theologian in the same Reformed tradition, say on the same subject?

We should perhaps notice that this offering of Christ to the Father of which Calvin speaks is to be effected 'by faith and prayers' and not explicitly by Holy Communion. We can understand the function of the faith and the prayers when we see that the Christ whom we are to offer in this way is the one who has already offered himself on our behalf to the Father, as Calvin here reminds us.

What reconciles us to God is not in the first place our offering of him but rather his one offering of himself on the cross. In the faith and the prayers in which we offer him to the Father, we align ourselves with what he has already done for us; our prayer is our Amen to his offering; our sacrifice is a pleading of his sacrifice. In the presence of the Father we remember Christ crucified as the one in whom we have placed all our trust for pardon and for new life.

Although what Calvin says here may not be explicitly eucharistic, it has clear implications for our understanding of what is happening in the Eucharist in which God's giving to us and our giving to him, which are the source of all our Christian living, are expressed and enacted with the greatest concentration and intensity.

The first thing to say here, especially but not only in a Reformed context, is that before we can offer Christ, we must first receive Christ. The primary

movement in the Eucharist is not our offering Christ to God, but God's offering of Christ to us; reception of grace is the prior condition of the making of sacrifice. In Holy Communion Christ offers to us himself, his body and his blood, and we come there first and foremost as humble, needy recipients of his gift of himself to us rather than as sacrificing priests. He comes to us with bread and wine in his full hands and says, 'This is me for you' and ordained or lay, we are to hold out empty hands to accept what is there offered.

Secondly, however, this movement of self-giving from God to us initiates an answering movement of self-giving from us to God. His offering for and to us in atoning sacrifice is the basis of our offering ourselves to him in a responsive sacrifice. As the Prayer After Communion puts it, 'Through him we offer you our souls and bodies to be a living sacrifice.' The connection between his sacrifice and ours is not just that his example of self-giving moves us to imitation, or even that his grace elicits our gratitude. It is rather that in the Eucharist we receive and are thus incorporated into the sacrifice of Christ so that, receiving him, we become what he is and do what he has done, namely offer ourselves as our own living sacrifice.

That atoning sacrifice which, offered first on the cross on our behalf and by him alone without any co-operation from us, becomes in the Eucharist the centre of our own life in Christ, so that we do what he does and offer him and ourselves in our identification with him.

The ultra-Protestant impulse to insist on an absolute distinction between Christ's sacrifice and ours is fundamentally mistaken. As the Prayer Book reminds us, we are of ourselves unworthy to offer any sacrifice. Our offering is acceptable only when it is covered, purified and sanctified by its relation to his perfect offering. "*Through him, we offer you our souls and bodies.*"

Not only do we offer Christ to the Father as we remember and plead his cross as the one basis of our salvation, but also Christ offers us to the Father as he covers our sins by his holiness, our rebellions by his obedience, our breaking of the commandments by his perfect keeping of them.

These two senses in which the Reformed tradition can express its specific understanding are summed up in two quotations, one from Richard Baxter from within the tradition and one from Martin Luther in a tradition close to it. First Baxter: "For he ordained that ... by faith and prayer they might as it were, *offer him to God*, that is, might show the Father that sacrifice, once made for sin, in which they trust, and for which it is that they expect all acceptance of their persons with God."

Then Luther: '*I also offer Christ* in that I desire and believe he accepts me and my prayer and presents it to God in his own person.'

Tom Smail
March 2009

THE NECESSITY OF BOOKS

It has been said that you could tell when a priest was ordained by looking at his bookshelf and seeing the last date of theological reading. Our clergy do not have the reputation, generally, of being avid readers and that despite all the advice they were given before they left theological college. "After breakfast and morning devotions give some time to reading," we were told. As a result there are two problems; sermons suffer and also we fail to keep in step with all the considerable theological developments which have taken place in the last forty or fifty years. There is a certain arrogance in thinking we can satisfy our congregations' needs out of our own limited wisdom. The result can be empty and banal sermons, a common complaint by the laity today.

Since the 1960s for example, New Testament scholarship has been liberal and often destructive, reaching its nadir in the 1970s with Nineham's *St. Mark*, Maurice Wiles, John Hicks and *The Myth of God Incarnate*. Reliability in the historicity of the gospels was undermined to such an extent that when books like *The Da Vinci Code* were published many could not cope with such bombshells and fiction became authentic. Yet there had always been another more balanced scholarship which steadily made the liberal writers "yesterday's men", to quote my old friend Charlie Moule's words. His book *The Phenomenon of the New Testament* showed the gospels as a simple record of Jesus' ministry when he came on earth. That was written in the 1960s, yet I have found few who have read it.

Since then, there has been a procession of books which restored the gospels to their true position in history. I must admit that my teaching suffered at first because I hesitated to be definite. It was only when I left the classroom, that I read John Robinson's *Redating the New Testament* and *Priority of John* that confidence returned, and Eric Mascall's *Theology and the Gospel of Christ* further showed how we had been misled by those earlier liberal scholars. Yet I have found in the parishes that few clergy have updated their reading.

A further list of new books has given exciting encouragement for those seeking to recommend the gospels to our congregations. Karsten Thiede's *Kindling the Flame*, more recently Bauckham's *Jesus and His Witnesses* and James Dunn's *Jesus Remembered* have silenced any doubters, but I wonder if I would find these books on the bookshelf of a modern parish priest.

My experience of taking many pilgrimages to the Holy Land and of giving courses round the country has left me almost heartbroken at general ignorance of the Church's most basic books. Yet St. Jerome could say, "He who knows not the gospel does not know Christ."

On the Wrong Foot

Failure to keep up one's reading has proved for some church people equally disastrous when after the last war the aggiornamento of the Church was being discussed. Even before the war there was the growing concern that her teaching and worship was not meeting the needs of a modern generation. Then in the middle of the war Gregory Dix's momentous book *The Shape of the Liturgy* appeared and was acclaimed by many (although not all read it

from cover to cover). This was followed a few years later by another even more complete work on the liturgy by Karl Jungmann, *The Mass of the Roman Rite*, which showed how far the Church had strayed from the early Church model, but certainly was not generally read. If it had been, more would have understood the reforms of Vatican II and incidentally the changes also in our Book of Common Prayer. Injured worshippers in both Roman and Anglican Churches protested that reform had advanced too far, but in fact the Church at large had gone back to the more simple liturgy of the first three Christian centuries not forward to an iconic modernity. Both Roman and Anglican priests and congregations were caught up in something they could not understand but that could be only helpful. Years later a Benedictine abbot said sorrowfully to me, "our priests know *how* to say Mass now, but not *why*!" A course in reading the right books (of which there were many) would have prevented much misunderstanding.

More than worship and liturgy was having a make-over. The whole teaching programme of the Church, from being focussed only on the Passion and death of Jesus, looked more to his resurrection and the joy that followed. Christians were taught to be Easter People and to live an Eastereveryday Christianity, thereby bringing joy again to a very dark world. This theme can be found today in many books if only people will read them.

Having written all this about the need for people to read the right books, I must say that I find much modern writing disorganised and not easy to follow. I find the cause for this in a lack of classical learning. Whatever people may think about learning Latin and Greek, it produces a certain discipline in writing. After all, it was Aristotle in his *Ars Poetica* who said that prose should have a beginning, middle and end. This is reasonable, but it seems to me that much writing today starts in the middle or even end and lacks the discipline of words which can be found in Latin authors.

Ivan Clutterbuck

OUR NEW STATIONS OF THE CROSS

A note from the Warden:

On Good Friday 2008 the community prayed the Stations of the Cross around the College Cloisters. This proved so moving that we resolved to make this our normal practice on this day in future, weather permitting. However we had no good pictures for the purpose. Some time later, without any prompting, I received a phone call from friends who knew of a set of oil paintings which had been made for the now closed church of St Matthias, Edgware. After some consultation, they were generously offered to the College, along with a new fifteenth Station of the Resurrection. The pictures now hang in the Upper Corridor of the College when they are not in place in the Cloisters. The following are notes by the artist about the conception and execution of these important and inspiring paintings.

The history of my paintings of the Stations goes back a number of years and work on these probably stretched over more than fifteen years.

I produced fourteen full scale charcoal drawings. The compositions depicted in the cartoons consist of just the figures; at this stage nothing of the background or setting was incorporated into the designs. I wanted to depict what might be a consistent road to Calvary. As I have not visited Jerusalem, I had no knowledge of what the actual appearance of *The Way* might have been. However, I *did* have first hand experience of the claustrophobic alleyways and stone buildings of Moroccan medinas.

The drawings were not made in consecutive order, but as the ideas or conceptions became clear: so "Veronica's Veil" and "The Women of Jerusalem" were among the first, as were "Christ falls a Second Time" and "Simon of Cyrene". Some I had difficulty with from the outset, such as the first Station, "Christ is condemned to death". Other ideas for subsequent Stations occurred haphazardly. It is difficult to say how a particular idea evolves, or how an image is born. The idea of an inverted Christ in "Jesus is nailed to the Cross" came to me while busily engaged in painting one of the other Stations, so I immediately put down my brushes, found a piece of fresh paper, took up some charcoal and drew what was in my mind. As far as I know, this is the only 'upside down' composition of this subject.

The drawing of the figures was done out of my head. I had no use of models, nor did I at any stage feel a need for them. I was never in any doubt that the Roman soldiers should be treated literally in period costume, and following a reference book I included the Indian Red colour of the tunics – blood colour.

I took up the painting of the Stations periodically, slowly and with deliberation. Sometimes I liked to think of this as a devotional exercise during Lent. Some of the compositions I painted under the bright southern sky on the roof of my house in Morocco; by contrast the fourth Station, "Christ is met by his Mother", was painted in my church in Bath.

Resuming work on the Stations after a lapse of time, I felt that they were not sufficiently expressive. This made me think again about what were the most appropriate attitudes and gestures. For instance: in the fourth Station, should Our Lady be standing to reach out to her humiliated Son, or should she be kneeling in veneration, compassion and distress? After a long period of reflection, I felt the latter to be more poignant, and importantly would not then anticipate her pose in the thirteenth Station, the Deposition.

The other aspect in the sequence which was difficult to express was to show, in the progress to the Crucifixion, increasing degrees of Christ's degradation: most notably the three falls being first a stumble, then on his knees and finally prostrate. But I have also tried to express this increasing suffering by the expression on Christ's face, but always with an awareness of the need to guard against the conventional which can lead to sentimental cliché.

In this context one cannot help thinking about those artists one would like to emulate, but admiration for works of the great masters is something separate: an artist can only be true to himself, to paint what *he* sees and feels, and to paint how *he* paints – imitation in any form does not come into it.

James Lynch

A CRY FOR HELP!

(Sung to the tune of ... well ... you know)

Chorus:

*Onward Christian soldiers
moving as before.
Don't impede the right-of-way
by standing in the door.*

Crowns and thrones may perish;
Empires wax and wane.
But the purpose of the doorway
constant does remain.
It is to ease the access
as folk go to and fro.
So do not stand and chatter there
and make it a "No-Go".

Chorus

A conversazione
for many it will please,
especially with sarnies,
cakes and Earl Grey teas.
But tattling in the doorway
with gossip false and true
will make us get quite crotchety
because we can't get through.

Chorus

Even if great-grandson has
just cut his first tooth,
or a wayward meteorite
has crashed through brother's roof,
to some this is exciting,
to others just a bore,
so please impart your gossip
NOT STANDING IN THE DOOR!

Chorus

*Gregory Linden
2008*

This was probably the last poem of Fr. Gregory, written as he pondered on conversations held by a main door to the College – just outside his flat!

A LETTER TO FRIENDS

A letter written by Bishop Mark Green for Christmas 2008

Amid all the uncertainties of life one certainty for most people is old age.

When does it begin? (How long is a piece of string?) The psalmist (Ps. 90) gives us 70 years, but he says that some are strong enough to push it to 80. I would say you are into it at the latest by 75, though many start earlier.

Here at the College of St Barnabas, a Church of England retirement and nursing home run for but not by the Church (because we date back to a charity founded around 1900), we have a great variety of people with experience of many kinds of ministry. Between us (and the "us" includes clergy wives, widows, and lay workers) our ministry has spanned the world, including some of the toughest places of strife, disease and hunger. At home we must have covered almost every Church of England diocese, including specialist chaplaincies of many kinds: teaching, nursing, hospitals, prisons, armed forces in war; we span all churchmanship from a Guardian of Walsingham to the almost life-long incumbency of All Souls, Langham Place by Dr John Stott.

Now it feels as though all this experience is draining away.

"Time, like an ever rolling stream, bears all her sons away"
as we sing almost too lustily once a year on Remembrance Sunday. So, as for all whose active lives are past, life seems to become.

A NARROWING STREAM

Some do very well. Many others have to cope with loneliness, disability, signs of dementia, detachment from the Church, pain from a crippling disease, for example.

It was at this point that I was enthralled by reading words from Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln till he died in 1908 but still remembered. He was giving one of his periodical charges to a huge gathering of his clergy, and was exhorting them to be faithful in saying the daily offices of Mattins and Evensong. He asked them to ring the church bell at least once a day. It might bring someone on their death bed who had not given thought to God to do so, to pray and be forgiven. But it was King's next words that struck home to me personally:

"There may be others not so near the end
but still confined to the house by age or sickness,
and liable to that despondency and depression
which continued weakness and inability to take part
in the business of life so often bring,
and the sound of a bell may recall them
to a sense of what life really is –
the school, nay the infant school,
for the true life beyond".

INTO THE OCEAN OF GOD'S LOVE

Through Bishop King's words all those years ago God reminded me that the narrowing stream of life is not to be our final focus. The narrow stream flows into an ocean. One of our best loved evening hymns (Sun of my Soul, Thou Saviour dear) puts it thus:

"... Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above"
(John Keble)

Not just a broadening stream, but an ocean!

Because it is so big we need to key in at some definite point. For me it is the word.

COMMUNION

Communion is a precious word. A vital part of it is the Communication of Christ's Body and Blood at the altar, too often neglected, but it is more than that. Communion begins at your doorstep. Here it begins with the world around us; gorgeous colours, trees, flowers, shrubs, birds. Don't get trapped into thinking this is just nature worship. (The Psalms are crammed with references to the Glory of God shown in creation.) Nature is one of the doorways into the glory of God's kingdom, and the Communion of Saints, making us one with all who have loved God and are now at rest, as well as those like us who try to serve him now.

God surely wants to draw us into the unity of his kingdom, but you cannot enter into that unity, community or communion, without sharing the provision he makes for us in His Church. This is where so many fail, though in honesty one must recognise the failure of the Church. But don't hide behind that! Our part must be to see, with Archbishop Rowan Williams, the unity or communion God wants for us, and share his sorrow – and courage. Sharing that communion in the sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood, celebrating his death and resurrection for 78 years now, having been confirmed at 13, I know he always has something new to teach me about the meaning of life and death.

All this comes to a head at Christmas, summed up in a helpless infant. No wonder some find Christian faith too difficult. In a sense it is too simple! Reality at Christmas is found in a birth. That birth springs from love and leads to love. That love leads to death, and the death leads to a new life.

When King George VI died suddenly one night the Prime Minister (Winston Churchill) broadcasting the next day to the nation, said "death came to him as a friend". Perhaps we should ask God to help us to love death as a friend, a new beginning. May he fill you with thanks and praise for what has been, for what is, and what shall be.

Bishop Mark lived his last years in a joyful anticipation of what was to come. His visitors, like those who received his letters, found themselves blessed by the experience. I was grateful that he gave permission for his last Christmas letter to be reproduced in the Chronicle. He seemed to sense that he had written for more than those who received this with their Christmas card. HS

NEW RESIDENTS

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

Canon Tom and Mrs Truda Smail

Mrs Jean Sharpe

Mrs Margretta Hadfield

Canon John Bryan

Canon Pat Magee (d. 20 March 2008)

Canon Dennis Askew (until 5 May 2008)

Fr John Eddison

Fr Ian and Mrs Peggy Hunter

Fr Cecil Hargreaves (d. 4 June 2009)

Fr Courtley Stables

Fr Jeremy and Mrs Joyce Cooper

Mrs Maureen Walker

Canon Peter Keightley

Fr Michael and Mrs Jenny Tingle

Mr Timothy Lawford

Miss Sylvia Jessup

Fr David and Mrs Jean Mumford

Fr Michael and Mrs Ann Burden

Fr George and Mrs Elsie Ridding

Fr Douglas Bond

OBITUARIES

Fr Tony Wilton	21 November 2006 (correction)
Mrs Barbara Penman	24 July 2007
Fr Colin Hickling	5 November 2007
Fr Max Saint	29 November 2007
Mrs Marjorie Harnett	18 February 2008
Fr Pat Magee	20 March 2008
Mrs Catherine Gandon	29 March 2008
Mrs Lorna Hayes	12 April 2008
Mrs Pam Aubrey	31 May 2008
Fr Gordon Kirk	19 August 2008
Mrs Mary Collins	28 October 2008
Mrs Joan Auckland	12 December 2008
Fr James Naters, S.S.J.E	6 January 2009
Fr Gregory Linden	21 February 2009
Fr Cecil Hargreaves	4 June 2009
Mrs Jessie Bundock	10 July 2009
Bishop Mark Green	2 August 2009
Miss Maureen Duncan	25 August 2009

✠ May they rest in peace and rise in glory

OUR TRUSTEES

The twelve Trustees of the College give generously of their time and expertise. Here is a glimpse of their background.

Dr Dundas Moore M.B, B.S: Chairman; Medical Director; Trained at Guys; 1 year's leprosy work in Uganda; General Practice in Lingfield 1970 – 1998; Chairman of Leprosy Mission of England and Wales; Married to Sheila, living in Alfriston; Lay Chaplain at Guys and St Thomas' Hospitals.

Mrs Vivienne Hepworth: Vice-Chairman of Council; Was a journalist writing about Parliament as a Lobby Correspondent; Now D.K. Chairman of the Communications Consultancy Grayling and is a member of the Press Complaints Commission and a Trustee of the Prince's Foundation for the Environment; Founder and Hon. President of Nystagmus Network which supports those with the eye condition nystagmus and their families; married to Ian, has 2 sons; lives in Lingfield; worships at SS Peter and Paul.

Mr Alan Brooke Turner C.M.G: After RAF service, Alan Brooke Turner served from 1951 to 1986 as a diplomat, in Poland, Saudi Arabia, Brazil, Italy and Russia (seven years), finally becoming British Ambassador to Finland. From 1987 to 1995 he ran a Government-funded organisation helping former Communist countries to prepare themselves for European Union membership. He served on the Council of the Anglican Centre in Rome, was a member of the group reporting to the General Synod in 1987 on "Peacemaking in a Nuclear Age", and has served on the Southwark Diocesan Synod. Married to Hazel, with 2 sons, 2 daughters and 9 grandchildren.

Mr John Cope: Married to Ros, has 3 daughters; was schoolmaster of Ardingley College 1961-97; Archivist, Haberdashers' Company 1993-2007; worships at St Mary the Virgin, Hartfield; Treasurer since 2000; Governor of Hartfield Church Primary School.

The Venerable Daniel Kajumba: *ex-officio*; Ordained at St. Albans; worked in Uganda, his birthplace, 1987 – 1999; Archdeacon of Reigate since 2001.

Mr Peter Lusty F.C.A: Treasurer; was Senior Partner of Brooks and Co, Chartered Accountants; now Clerk to the Worshipful Company of Loriners, the 2nd oldest Livery Company in City of London; also runs charities for the Chartered Accountants Livery Company. Worships at St. John's Church, Dormansland; married to Yvonne with 3 sons, one of whom is a Priest.

Mrs Shiona Monfries: Mother of 2, grandmother of 4; married to John for 49 years, a former Trustee who died recently; trained and worked in Nursing, culminating with role of Deputy Chief Executive of National Board for Nursing, Midwifery and Health Visiting for Scotland; member of St John's Church, Dormansland.

Mr Tim Pool: Qualified as an Accountant in 1968 and worked in various commercial and professional organisations. Set up in practice in 1993; now retired. Married with 2 sons; living in Lingfield. Mother-in-law was one of first Clergy widows to live at the College.

The Revd Campbell Snow: Worked at the Bank of England before his Ordination in 1955; served in Parishes in Canterbury and Southwark Dioceses; ACF Padre; TA Padre; OCF 2nd Bn. Grenadier Guards, Caterham; J.P. 1975; retired 1999; married to Delia, 3 children, 5 grandchildren.

Mrs Cynthia Taylor: Nursing training at Westminster Hospital, then trained in midwifery; theatre sister for 10 years; part-time nursing at Queen Victoria Hospital since 1975; married to Tim, retired Doctor, with 3 sons and 5 grandchildren; moved to Lingfield area in 1966; worships and serves at St. John's Church, Dormansland, former Churchwarden; Chairman of the Friends of the College since 2004.

FUTURE EVENTS

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| * Saturday 24 October | Alec McCowan
in conversation with the Warden |
| * Saturday 14 November | Annual Fair |
| * Saturday 28 November | Concert by the family
of Mrs Shiona Monfries |
| * Saturday 12 December | Christmas Party |
| * Thursday 17 December | Concert of Carols
sung by <i>Sussex Cantorum</i> |

Advance notice:

26 – 29 April 2010	College Pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham
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* These events will be organised by the Friends

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