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The

CHRONICLE

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The College of ST BARNABAS

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Cover illustration: The Quadrangle from the South East.

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

EDITOR'S FOREWORD : REMEMBER WHITSUN?

On my wall hangs a photograph of an open-air Eucharist (*see left*) at which the bishop, flanked by diocesan staff, is leading half a hundred priests. Most have brought parishioners in loaded coaches. The date is: 'Whit Monday 1964' – for it is a sunny Bank Holiday. But no longer: for this national observance was abolished by the Banking and Financial Services Act of 1971, and replaced by the current Spring holiday.

For centuries Whitsun had been the favoured time in northern European countries (it was warmer than Easter) for baptisms, and candidates would be wearing skimpy white dresses (hence "White Sunday"). 'Whitsun' retains a toe-hold, just, in churches because the lectionary accords it a mention but manifestly prefers the biblical and patristic 'Pentecost' – fifty days after Easter – which is by now familiar to most regular church congregations; though the many 'friends of Christianity' thronging our cathedrals in May might have had memories jogged of its significance had the English 'Whitsun' been advertised. This is more more than a difference of words: it is about whether the Church welcomes inclusively, or erects fences (as e.g. for baptisms). Unlike the Whitsun we formerly celebrated, the modern Pentecost – by tradition, the second major festival of the year – is not even accorded an Octave (unlike 1662/1928 BCP Days in Whitsun week with liturgical red throughout).

It ought not to be, given the preparation by the New Testament readings since Easter. They have been dominated by the Fourth Gospel's exposition of – John's favourite word – the 'Paraclete', variously translated as Comforter, Counsellor, Advocate, the Spirit of Truth (xiv 17) who would replace the human companionship and guidance for Jesus' 'friends' (xv 15). For a year, maybe two years, the disciples had listened, shared meals with him, and had begun to understand that the heavenly Son of Man was the Messiah, fulfilling in every respect the eschatological expectation of the Jews. The Fourth Gospel does not simply repeat the synoptists' story of Jesus, but rather is a commentary for the author's own Christian community of their story. Its theme is that their and his Jesus is a unique revelation of the authentic life of God, and that, under the Spirit, this life is to be embodied in the Church.

St John records Jesus' gift of the Spirit (xx 22), and it is perhaps his gentle commentary on Luke's earlier dramatic narrative (Acts ii) of *glossolalia* (speaking in tongues) which has emerged at other times of intense experience

in the Church (as when the Huguenots were persecuted in France and bystanders recognised other languages). But the gift of tongues is risky, as well as having possibilities for good, and it is hard to control, as St Paul warned (1 Cor. xiv 19). It would seem that Jesus' gifts of the Spirit which St John had in mind were rather wisdom and acts of faith and love and building a community. Whitsun as John has it includes signs and his working in the Body; and certainly they could be recalled in experience or in their preaching by every member of our college. I, for example, was grateful to read Prof. David Ford's account of a professorial colleague's care for her disabled son; for 40 years she has changed his nappy and attended to his needs – 'a fitting image of being in the Spirit in a very messy world'.

St John's gospel is of the heavenly Son of Man who comes to earth, suffers, dies and is raised again, and through the Paraclete is now at work in the world (xiv 16-17 and xv 26) especially in selfless acts of love (xv 12-14). For example, there is, within a mile of my former home in Oxford, a once dilapidated farm-house which was bought and restored by a Mirfield-trained priest. Over the years and with the help of his wife, who is a trained nurse, he has created a therapeutic community for young people suffering from severe mental illness. They undertake jobs in the kitchen and with the farm animals. They are accepted, and, though damage is done to the home, furniture destroyed and people assaulted, still nothing is allowed to sever relationships and eventual restoration to a wider society. Its work has been described by Anthony Harvey, a former Canon of Westminster, and an admirer of this place, in Pauline terms – as a kind of death (2 Cor iv 11), followed by a newness and unity with the risen Christ. Surely a modern work of the Paraclete through whom salvation is realised in a present event?

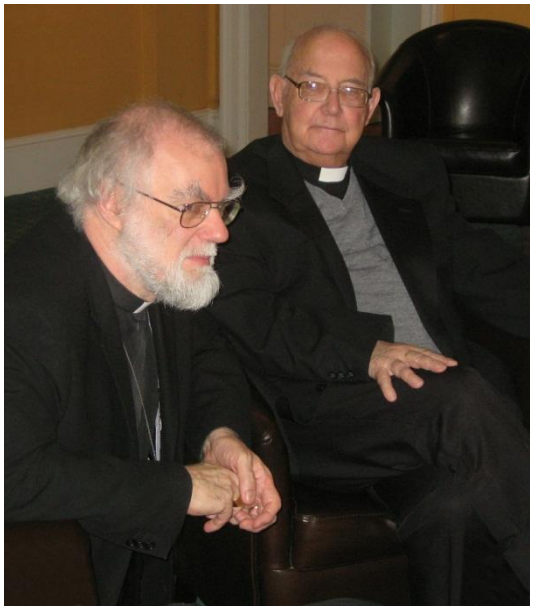
For priesthood is validly exercised sometimes far beyond the altar – as memorably demonstrated in 1930s Somers Town by the slum-clearing Basil Jellicoe; or by John Strong in the 1960s, as much when he was checking meters on the assembly line in Luton (even when an unsympathetic bishop revoked his licence) as when later Rector of the Baldons. Was not this the Whitsun message honed and purified during the great years of the seminary for worker-priests at Pontigny?

A quite different example of a Whitsun sign seems to me to be the revival and appreciation of the poetry and writings of John Betjeman (who was the genius behind the restoration of St Pancras' station). His poetry, with its doubts and devotion and advocacy of all things Anglican from bells to Comper, is sheer joy and an antidote to any feelings of gloom about the Church of England.

And there is so much Johannine in Betjeman! For the Fourth Gospel insists that a later generation of believers is not worse off than Jesus' own contemporaries. Where faith is concerned, physical vision is even a handicap. Vision is not faith. And when Thomas tried also to <u>touch</u>, he was rebuked (xv 27).

THE VISIT OF ARCHBISHOP ROWAN WILLIAMS

As our principal Patron, Archbishop Rowan had long wanted to visit the College. To everyone's delight, he was finally able to do so on 18th March, when, having been delayed, he snatched a hurried lunch so that he could spend as much time with members of the College as possible.



ADDRESS GIVEN BY THE ARCHBISHOP AT EVENSONG ON MOTHERING SUNDAY, 18th MARCH 2012

Exodus 6.2-13; Romans 5.1-11

Perhaps the most poignant moment in the Old Testament lesson we heard this afternoon is the point where we are told that the Israelites could not hear what Moses was saying. Their spirits were so oppressed, they were so cast down by their slavery. It is possible to be so totally consumed by, totally oppressed by, your lack of freedom that you cannot even hear the promise of liberation. That is why in the Old Testament lesson we begin to see the first stirrings of God's movement, not simply to speak of the misery of the slavery of his people, but to act – the action that St. Paul describes in terms of God who sends his son

not to die for the righteous, but for his enemies.

Slavery is something that enters into the very depths of our being. We internalise the sense of being alienated from God. We live on the assumption that God is far away and no words seem to penetrate into that isolation of that darkness.

Eighteen months ago I found myself in Calcutta visiting Mother Teresa's first home, and in the days and weeks that followed I read some of her journals, the journals in which she spells out with frightening intensity the experience of the many years that she spent in darkness, unable to hear the promise of God which had once been crystal clear to her. Once, she had been absolutely certain that God had spoken to her, and called her and equipped her to found a new religious order in Calcutta. And year after year in her later life she felt no stirring of devotion, no touch of God in her soul. All she knew was that a promise had been made and that she herself, in her own flesh and blood, was now that promise. Even if she couldn't hear it, she had to embody it.

Only an *embodied* promise changes things. The Israelites could not hear God's promise any longer because of their slavery. That promise had to be embodied in the events of the Exodus, of the Covenant. But even that is only a foretaste of the promise made in our flesh when Christ comes amongst us to be born and to live, to die and to rise for the unrighteous; to enter into the heart of our slavery and turn it round into freedom –an 'embodied promise', a promise-, a covenant-made-flesh, and that surely is what we are invited to undertake in our lives and our ministries.

The spiritual life of each and every one of us is a very uneven business at best: good days and bad days; good sermons and bad sermons; rewarding meditations and staring at brick walls. There are no guarantees about how it is going to feel, and yet, baptised, confirmed, for most of us in this chapel ordained, we ask God's strength and grace to be an embodiment of promise, whether we feel like it or not, whether our meditations are going well or badly, or whether our sermons are gripping or alienating. What God asks of us is that we be a place where he can speak and act. Where *he* can speak and act - not ourselves but our Lord. That is why in our prayer daily, we seek not so much to wind ourselves up into a state of profound and effective fervour, though that would be nice; we seek simply to be that place where God can come to rest and where God can come to act.

Words of promise are not enough. So radical, so all-embracing is the promise of the Covenant of God, that it constantly throughout history seeks to be made flesh and finally succeeds when Mary gives her 'Yes' to the angel's challenge. Once that has happened, once God has come alive in our human flesh, then it is possible for us, the members of Christ's body, the servants of God's people, for us, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, similarly to become an embodiment of promise in our own way as best we can.

On this Mothering Sunday we think, not only of our own families, but of the family of the Church and of the Mother of the Lord. We think of that long and

mysterious process by which human beings come to birth in the world. We think of how in the birth of a human being, it is as if a covenant becomes flesh; God's covenant to each soul he creates, the human covenant between parents, and it takes time. The first stirrings are significant and sometimes in pregnancy there is a great deal of activity within. I still have the vivid memory, as I am sure some of you do, of feeling an unborn child moving and kicking under the hand whilst still in the womb. It moves, it lives, it is on the way to embodiment in the world. And the Church as it mothers us into life, the Church as it mothers Christ himself into life in us, the Church is like that. It takes time. There are periods of quiet, there are periods of stirring and kicking within, but it is life that is on the way. On Mothering Sunday, then, we rightly give thanks to God that he has planted his holy name within our hearts. As the ancient prayer of the *Didache* says, the seed is there growing. We thank God that his promise is not a matter of words but a matter of the flesh and blood of our Lord. We thank God for Mary, Mother of God, who said her 'Yes' to the Covenant and herself brought the promise to birth in her flesh.

And now we pray for ourselves. We pray that we may continue, to our life's end, to be promise-made-flesh, to be an embodied word from God. Our baptised discipleship, our ordained priesthood, are alike marked by God's promise, not by our success, our degree of commitment, but God's unbreakable faithfulness. We pray that by being embodied promise, we may in our ministry to one another and the world around, constantly get beyond the scepticism, the tiredness, the slavery, that is unable to hear mere words, and show, just by being there, that God is faithful.

I have a favourite episode from one modern novel which brings this clearly into focus – a novel by Walker Percy, the American Catholic writer, who describes the poignant deathbed of a very young man. Against his own will, his friends have sent for a priest. The young man is at first very resistant to having a priest around, to listening or speaking to a priest. And when the priest has offered some counsel and some insight, the young man says, "Why on earth should I believe anything you say?" The priest scratches his head and then says, "Well, I guess, simply because I am here."

It is a good and a deeply priestly reply. "Simply because I am here" is a sign of God's fidelity, God's faithfulness to each one of us, God's faithfulness to his Church across the centuries – a faithfulness which, because it is embodied, gets beyond that resistance for which words alone are inadequate.

God be thanked, then, for his faithfulness. God be thanked for his calling to us to be embodied signs of the Covenant. God grant that that generous faithfulness may be at work in all we say and do, in the whole life of the Church as it struggles again and again to bring Christ fully alive in all the baptised. God grant to the world the willingness to hear and receive gratefully the word of Covenant, the Word-made-flesh, the Word born of Mary, raised in glory, alive in our hearts by the gift of the Holy Spirit.

DOESN'T IT GET BORING?

So asked the young enquirer when they were told about the pattern of the daily Offices offered by a religious community. "All those psalms …"

And in truth it can be demanding, both spiritually and practically. The challenges are different, depending on whether you are praying the Offices privately or with others. A further challenge is to respond to the differences between the two ways of praying.

Offering prayer "alone" (and I put it in quotes because, of course, we are never alone when we pray) is all about inward meditation on the text and, in the better moments, taking the opportunity to follow threads of meditation wherever they lead. Since no one else is present to affect the pace of the prayer, it subconsciously adapts to the mind of the individual, allowing one to dwell on the things that attract the attention, and, if we are honest, going more quickly over the familiar bits when they don't. We are, however, responsible for all that happens: nothing takes place without us. The traditional practice of *Lectio Divina* can flow naturally, on a good day at least.

Praying the Offices, and especially the psalms, in community is different. The myriads of other worshippers with whom we are always united in prayer are more apparent, even if only a few of them are visible. This makes it necessary to be aware of the people around us, listening to them and adapting the pace of our prayer to theirs, so that we are praying *together*, not just in the same place. I well remember my college Principal saying that if you cannot hear the person next to you, you are too loud! That is a challenge at the best of times; it becomes a greater one when combined with loss of hearing. I have never forgotten what a struggle it was when I contracted an ear infection and couldn't hear properly. Attention to others then makes an even greater demand.

There are two comments about praying the psalms that have helped me with the challenges of doing so in community. The first was the reminder that, when we are praying in company, we don't so much *say* the Psalms as *listen* to them. When it is our turn to read a verse, we do so for the others present to listen to it; when they are speaking, we listen to them. This places on us the responsibility to present the words clearly (not loudly!) and with meaning, keeping carefully together so that those listening can find meaning in what we say. Likewise, when others are speaking we attend and consider, looking for the meaning in the words which we are freed from speaking ourselves.

The other comment was from a wise Sister while I was in Retreat at her convent. I confessed that I found that the Office book they used was something of a handful, as it required passages to be taken from five different places in the book. I was not, I confessed, able to keep up and pray everything. To my surprise, this didn't concern her. "Do you think we do?" she smiled. "The point is that *between us* everything gets done. Within it we are each free to follow our meditation where it leads." Praying together frees us from having to do everything.

This is where the different ways of praying "alone" and in company come together. *Lectio Divina* is possible in corporate prayer as well. We serve each other in our presentation of the words and are set free by one another to follow where the Lord leads our prayers.

It is certainly challenging, yes; but how can that be boring?

The Warden

NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCES

by Michael Marsh

Critical review of NDE language reveals its bizarreness and banality. The outright silliness of the "world" visited is expressed in extremely anthropomorphic, geo-centred terms. Thus, a subject meets his deceased father " … dressed just like he used to be in grey trousers and a cardigan. He hadn't changed a bit. We chatted quite naturally and he joked … ". Or, a woman agonises: "I'm not staying here – [my husband] can't cope and I've left a pile of shirts to be ironed and he doesn't know how to do them."

Exemplary descriptions of Jesus fare no better: "He was tall – had a white robe on – his face was beautiful - his skin was glowing and absolutely flawless", and, "There was Christ with a robe – he had jet black hair – very short black beard – teeth extremely white – eyes blue, very blue".

Is this kind of material meant to be serious, to portray sensibly a supposed life beyond earth's domain – wherever? We learn nothing new whatsoever, and yet my key authors seem to enthuse over these accounts as revelatory of things to come. But we are served mere trivialities, worldly memories – from Hollywood or Sunday school – uninteresting, day-to-day stuff that is boringly uninformative. Do we really think such tedious material would convince a disinterested, sceptical public?

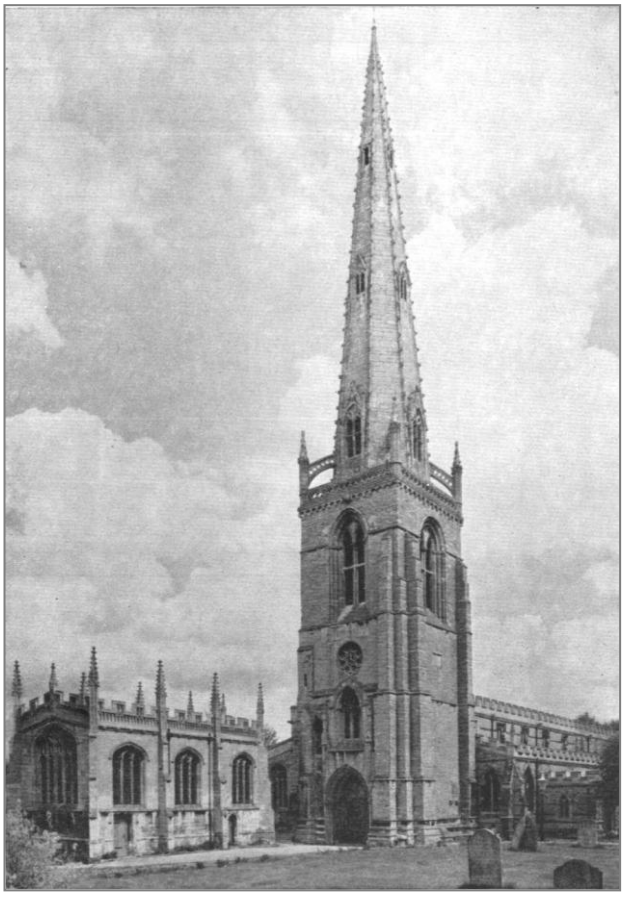
Do near-death experiences throw light on the numinous, otherworldly domain, offer proof of divinity, or even underpin the human-divine link? My critical responses indicate that NDE represent anomalous phenomenology, engineered as subjects' brains recover from immediately preceding insults. They are ephemeral, personally idiosyncratic and culturally-determined, their semantic content merely offering this-worldly bizarreness and banality. Hence they resemble vivid hypnopompic dream-awakenings, but accentuated because the brain is regaining normal working from an antecedent position of severe physiological stress.

Professor M.N. Marsh D.M., D.Sc. is now a member of the Oxford University Faculty of Theology

THE PARISH CHURCH

By Roger Davison

After the official recognition of the Christian faith in 313, Christians could assemble in public and very soon required their own buildings – sacred spaces localised in a particular area as an assembly point for the *ecclesia*, the people of God, which is not just a gathering of the like-minded, supporters of an idea, a holy club with a mutual interest (as is a hobby). Rather the church was, and is, a building for housing a group of people bound together by a common relationship of obedience to God. Whether the building is old or new, stone or concrete and glass is beside the point. Our faith is not subject to the dictates of a particular architectural style – although it's true that the 19th century architect Pugin insisted that the only Christian style of building is gothic. I suppose that notion is still underlying popular taste today, with its inevitable streak of nostalgia for the good old days.



The Parish Church of St Mary the Virgin, Higham Ferrers, where Fr Davison was Vicar, 1965 – 1988.

John Betjeman, so quintessentially English in his poems and prose, declared on entering Ninian Comper's 20th century St Mary's church at Wellingborough that it would bring an atheist to his knees – its style is not traditional gothic but an amalgam of gothic and classical details and proportions. The poet laureate Philip Larkin in his poem entitled "Church going" admits that a typical country church is a place where prayer is valid.

As it was in the beginning, a progress from the 4th century start, the parish church of all shapes and sizes is a place set apart for worship, that is, giving God his worth, his due. Our Lord promised, "When two or three are gathered in my house, there am I in your midst." The modern hymn "Be still for the presence of the Lord, the Holy One is here" says it all. Across the centuries we have the assurance of Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and for ever – for us to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. The parish church is truly a sacrament as defined in the Prayer Book catechism, an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace conveyed to us, involving an all-embracing, complete response of sight, sound and smell.

Canon R.W. Davison is an Honorary Canon of Manchester Cathedral and Guardian Emeritus of the Shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham

ST FRANCIS AND THE THIRD ORDER

by Martin Henig

The Order of Friars Minor, the First Order of St Francis, was founded in Assisi by the saint himself in 1209, after he had renounced a life of wealth in favour of being at one with the poor of the earth. From the beginning, the Order was dedicated to a life of poverty, chastity and obedience in imitation of Christ. A few years later St Clare established the poor Clares, the Second Order of enclosed women.

However, by the end of the 13th century there were so many penitents wishing to follow the Franciscan rule that a Third Order was founded for lay men and women. Although Anglican Franciscanism is, in a literal sense, a mere century old, we regard ourselves as mainstream heirs to the Franciscan heritage.

Before training at St Stephen's House, I was enormously attracted to the Franciscans when I spent two weeks in Canterbury at the Lambeth Conference, helping at the stall of *Inclusive Church*. Tensions were high and the atmosphere sometimes explosive. However I found deep calm going to Mass either at the (Roman Catholic) Franciscan Centre at the University, where the chapel was loaned each morning to the Anglicans, or especially down in the city on the site of the very first Franciscan Friary in England (1224) where the Anglican Third Order kept up a praying presence throughout the Conference. The ancient chapel above a stream, situated in a flower-rich meadow, was a haven of beauty, peace and prayerfulness. This taught me how important it is to lay our differences at the foot of the Cross.

Another attractive aspect of the Franciscan approach to life is its joyousness, lack of dogmatism and willingness to put love first, love of our Trinitarian God and love of *all* he has made. For me, as a believer in the goodness and sanctity of Creation, St Francis' refreshing love of and compassion for animals was a key strand in my Franciscan journey.

Thenceforth, with the aid of a spiritual director (not novice guardian), I began, concurrently with my theological training, to explore the implications of the Third Order for my lifestyle. I was assigned membership of a group which meets approximately once a month to explore the faith from a typically Franciscan point of view.

At the Area Meeting at the Poor Clares convent at Freeland in February, I took the second step of taking vows as a novice. As time goes on I will be asked to work out for myself a personal rule of life. Like all Third Order Franciscans this will include avoidance of excess and living as lightly as possible on the earth. Franciscans are by no means necessarily vegetarians but for me, and quite a number of others, to avoid causing suffering to animals is a major aspect of expressing Christ's all-embracing love.

Father Martin Henig was born into a Jewish family in London; he was baptised, confirmed and ordained recently in Oxford.

THEOLOGY GROUP MEETINGS DURING 2012

January	**Re-Imagining Ministry** Fr Steven Ferns (Senior Selection Secretary, Church House)
February	**Reinhold Niebuhr: Prophet for Today** The Rt Revd Stephen Platten, Bishop of Wakefield
March	Five addresses on saints of the Lenten lectionary: **George Herbert** (Fr Robert Raikes), **Edward King** (The Very Revd Derek Goodrich), **Thomas Cranmer** (Canon Wilfrid Browning), **St Patrick** (Canon Michael Moore) **The Annunciation** (The Warden)
April	**The Cult of Thomas Becket** Fr John Gayford (St Mary's, East Grinstead)
May	**The Moral Status of the Embryo** Professor Michael Marsh (Wolfson College, Oxford)
June	**The Necessity of Poetry** Fr John V Schofield (Former Chaplain of St Paul's Girls' School, Barnes)
July	**Animals and Us** Fr Trevor Thorpe
August	**Can an Established Church Survive?** The Rt Revd Michael Turnbull (formerly Bishop of Durham)
September	**Experiences in Zimbabwe** Mr Richard Baty
October	**Policy and Prospects of the Church Times** Miss Rachel Boulding (Deputy Editor of the Church Times)
November	**The Work of the Bible Society** Miss Brenda Piper
December	**Franciscans in the Tudor Courts** Fr David Swain

The convenor of the monthly theology group is Fr Bill Turnbull.
He acted as Warden of the College in 2000.

The road from Morley House in heavy snow

SNOW

by Jenny Tingle

Do you know, we've got some snow?
It floats as light as a feather;
We watch with awe the icy weather
That brings us to a halt.
No traffic much, the roads are bare,
Few buses, bikes or cars,
They slip and slide and swish and swirl
But only, sadly, for a while.
They fall into a rut, or crash
Into a waiting hedge –
Their wheels go spinning round and round
But nowhere do they go!
Their drivers try to push and pull
So journeys can be made –
They stop and start, and turn around –
It's terrible on the icy ground!
Then comes help in the shape of men
Who push and pull and try to move
The motor that's buried in the hedge –
But little moves – it's really stuck.
Where is the shovel, grit and rope?
We need all three so we can cope.
At last comes help - we've got all three:
Someone has listened to the BBC!
They took a shovel, rope and salt
For fear of coming to a halt!
So all of us worked hard to free
the car – so we could drive
and end the bumpy humpy ride
tired, but still alive!

Mrs Jenny Tingle is convenor of the college poetry group

EDWARD KING 1829 - 1910

by Derek Goodrich

Bishop Edward King was born in 1829 into a clerical family. He was the 2nd son of the Rector of Stone, Kent and Archdeacon of Rochester, a grandson of a Bishop of Rochester. Being physically frail in his early years, he was educated at home, but at the age of 19 he went to Oriel College, Oxford. There he was influenced by the Oxford Movement. In 1852 he spent 4 months in the Holy Land, which made a great impression on him.

He was ordained in 1854 and served as Curate of Wheatley near Oxford, where he proved to be an effective pastor and counsellor. Wheatley was described as a 'rough and lawless place'. There was a virulent form of typhus and King insisted on visiting the most serious cases. He showed a special concern for young people and maintained contact with them. Later he was to remember his days at Wheatley as "a great happiness and blessing to me".

In 1858 King was appointed chaplain of Cuddesdon Theological College, which had been opened a mile away 4 years earlier, and in 1863 was appointed Principal for the next 10 years. In that period he made the college a 'worshipping community' (hopefully also a good description of our life here). He emphasised the need for a disciplined spiritual life with time for meditation and the saying of the daily Offices. He fulfilled the Catholic principles of fasting and abstinence. Evidently he had not used the Sacrament of Confession at this stage but when asked to hear the confession of a student he said 'I must make my confession first' and went to his good friend Dr Pusey.

With students he showed his gift of personal influence, linked with sanctified common sense – plus a sense of gaiety and humour. One rather tiresome student who was fasting to excess in Lent got a note from the Principal: "Dearest man, do eat some breakfast and come down to the level of your affectionate Edward King."

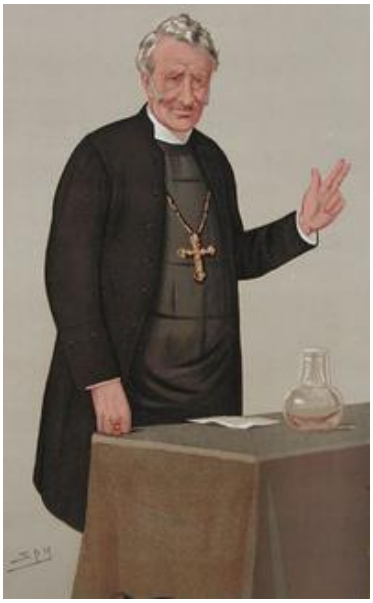
He taught his students to read the writings of Ambrose, Basil and Gregory the Great – and the sermons of Chrysostom, Augustine and Bernard. He insisted that preaching could never be effective unless it was rooted in a life of prayer and love for parishioners. A Priest must pray for each member of his Parish, individually and by name and should call on each every 2 months.

In 1873, Edward King was appointed Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford and Canon of Christ Church. There were some critics of the appointment. One wrote of him: "A High Churchman of the Old School, a man of no University distinction … who had exhorted his hearers not to shrink from

the discipline the Church offers in Confession and Absolution. What will Pastoral Theology become in his hands?"

It is during this period in 1876 that St. Stephen's House was founded by members of the Tractarian Movement. The Principal among them was Edward King who influenced the early life of the House.

In 1885 E.K. was appointed as the 60th Bishop of Lincoln. Many letters of congratulation were received: among them from Radcliffe Infirmary in Oxford, Wandsworth Prison, Messrs. Carters Nurseries of Crystal Palace and a miner from the "bowels of the earth"!



Sadly his episcopate is best known for his prosecution before the Archbishop of Canterbury, Edward Benson and the subsequent appeal before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. This arose out of a complaint by a Church Warden from Cleethorpes, who witnessed the Bishop celebrating the Eucharist at St Peter's, Lincoln. The complaints were: Lighting two candles on the Altar; facing eastwards with his back to the congregation ; mixing water with wine, the symbol of our human nature being incorporated with the divine nature ; using the *Agnus Dei*; making the sign of the cross at the Blessing and cleansing the communion vessels as part of the service. Today they would not be regarded as contentious, but were signs of the bitter divisions of the day. The ruling of the Archbishop, confirmed by the Privy Council was to forbid the mixing of the chalice, the sign of the cross at Absolution and Blessing and required that the manual acts at the Consecration should be visible. The other points were found in Bishop King's favour. He loyally obeyed the ruling of the Archbishop.

Much more important was the way Bishop King devoted himself unsparingly to the work of the Diocese, where he won the respect and affection of all sections of the community by the saintliness of his character.

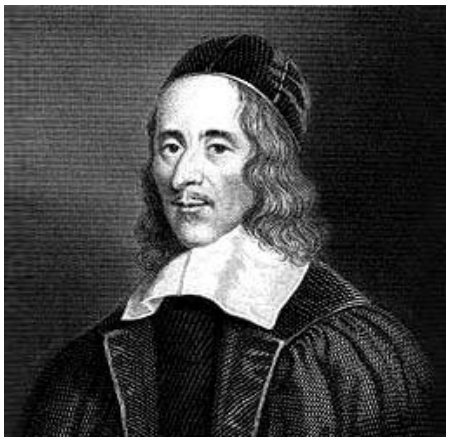
In 2010, Archbishop Rowan Williams spent 4 days in the Diocese of Lincoln, the centenary year of the death of Edward King. He said of him: "He re-invented pastoral theology – the whole science of training clergy who were competent pastorally and humanly, clergy who had professionalism and care." When asked whether Bishop King was still relevant he responded, "There is still a need of clergy trained in prayer, in thinking and in the discipline of caring for people."

In the words of Edward King himself: "I am sure the best evidence we can give for the Church is a Christ-like clergy and a Christ-like people." What a challenge to us.

Fr Goodrich's ministry was in Guyana where he was dean of the cathedral from 1984-93.

GEORGE HERBERT

by Robert Raikes



George Herbert's poems: "Teach me my God and King", "Let all the world in every corner sing", "King of Glory, King of peace", must be some of our most well-known and well-loved hymns. George Herbert's life and his poems still exemplify the ideal parish priest. By way of example, it is interesting to see his reasons for supporting local customs with country people in the practice of Rogationtide processions. These included: first, a blessing of God for the fruits of the field; secondly, justice in the preservation of bounds; and thirdly, charity in loving walking and neighbourly accompanying one another, with reconciling of differences at that time, if there be any; and lastly, mercy in relieving the poor by liberal distribution and largesse. And he says of those who do not take part, "… he mislikes and reproves as uncharitable and unneighbourly."

When George Herbert lay dying in Bemerton Rectory in 1633, he handed a friend the manuscript of his poems (there were over 160) and asked him to take them to Nicholas Ferrar at Little Gidding, who was to burn them if he did not find them worthy to keep. Ferrar recognised them as a Christian master-piece and Herbert's collected poems, with the title "*The Temple*" - from Psalm 29: '*In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour*' – was published within weeks of Herbert's death on March 1st 1633.

There were other writings, notably those included in a small book with the joint title "*A Priest in the Temple or The Country Parson*". Although small, it has 37 chapters, some of them hardly more than long paragraphs, but all of them pithy with a kind of commanding advice. All except two, begin with "The Country Parson …" Then follows not a polite request or a hope, but a requirement. The parson will do this, he will do that. As the Lord's representative in the parish he has no leeway.

Herbert had given up so many things to which his aristocratic background entitled him. He was highly gifted. By the time he was 23 he was elected to a major Fellowship at Cambridge. At 25 he was appointed Reader in Rhetoric and 2 years later he was elected Public Orator and then MP for Montgomery. From all this, on ordination he asked for the living of Bemerton, close to Salisbury.

Had he not died from consumption after less than three years in the parish and just before his 40th birthday, Herbert's "*The Country Parson*" would have been his clarion call to the rural Church of England to re-order itself and become worthy of its Lord.

By his persistent use of the word 'Parson', Herbert reminds each priest that he is the Person in each little community – the one man to whom all have access for their needs, spiritual and practical, altar and hearth, body and soul.

But his severe requirements for the clergy still hold up an ideal. They have to do as Christ did. They must aspire to his teachings, to his actions, nothing less. He tells a priest who senses the trivial nature of much which he is called to do, "Nothing is little in Christ's service". He has to be full of charity. His giving is in effect his sermon.

In one poem, love is the Master of Ceremonies and will not take our refusal for an answer:

> Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
> Guilty of dust and sin …
>
> You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:
> So I did sit and eat.

And the response is Gratitude. But, how can I become a grateful person? George Herbert knows that gratitude is gift of God, and in his delightful way he corners God with this ultimatum:

> Thou that hast given so much to me,
> Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
> See how thy beggar works on thee … by art.
> Not thankful, when it pleaseth me;
> As if thy blessings had spare days:
> But such a heart, whose pulse may be … thy praise.

George Herbert's image of people confident in God: flourishing in banquet prayer with "a heart whose pulse may be thy praise". Amen.

Fr Raikes has himself been a country parson
in the dioceses of Oxford and Salisbury.

THOMAS CRANMER – A RESPONSE

by George Ridding

In a Lenten meditation we heard of Thomas Cranmer as a consummate politician – true! As a consummate poet, composer of the book of Common Prayer – true! He was also a consummate fanatic, a fanatic for the destruction of the Catholic faith in all English parishes; a zealot with archiepiscopal power to enforce his will – as he did with great success by decrees through itinerant commissioners, as the evidence shows; the Mass abolished Latin replaced by English language; 90% of church art and furnishings destroyed (only the

crumbs were left for Oliver Cromwell). With the dissolution of religious houses went buildings and libraries, shrines and pilgrimages, saints and martyrs.

All this, of course, is not suitable for Lenten meditation, nor for the faith of the Catholic Church, rooted in tradition and encompassing the whole life of the parish community, a life regulated by the calendar of natural seasons and holy saints, with festivals in which the whole parish took part, fasting and feasting, both inside the church and around the parish.

Cranmer's reforms dismantled parish life and pillaged its assets. The Rosary, the base to lay piety, was abolished; all statues and shrines and stained glass windows were to be destroyed (as most were). Brass vessels were sold for scrap; village socials banned.

When the Book of Common Prayer was imposed on all parishes, country folk in the West rose in armed rebellion. Many young men, equipped by parishes to fight against Cranmer's reforms, went to fight at Exeter and never returned.

Consummate politician, consummate poet, consummate fanatic.

Fr George Ridding was a headmaster in Devon and in India and later beneficed in the diocese of Exeter.

A WAR MEMOIR

by Edwin Bennett

In 1944 I was a 21 year old soldier manning an anti-aircraft gun on one of General Douglas McArthur's ships in a convoy of 20 in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, sailing from Hollandia in Dutch New Guinea to the Philippines. It was a beautiful clear, sunny late afternoon when suddenly the tranquillity was shattered by nine Japanese aircraft roaring in from the east. They were kamikaze pilots on a mission to destroy the convoy – one had a direct hit on the ship in front of us, which immediately burst into flames and I could see the crew leaping into the sea. Another plane flew into the ship behind us, whilst the remaining seven plunged into the Pacific. Our ship was instructed to rescue the survivors in the water whilst the rest of the convoy steamed off towards the Philippines leaving us alone and vulnerable to more attacks.

As a young Christian man, I started to pray but I didn't know if I should pray for darkness to arrive quickly, as it does at the Equator, or for daylight to stay so that we could pick up the soldiers from the shark-infested waters, as ordered.

Anyway, I must have got it right because I'm 88 now and lived to tell the tale!

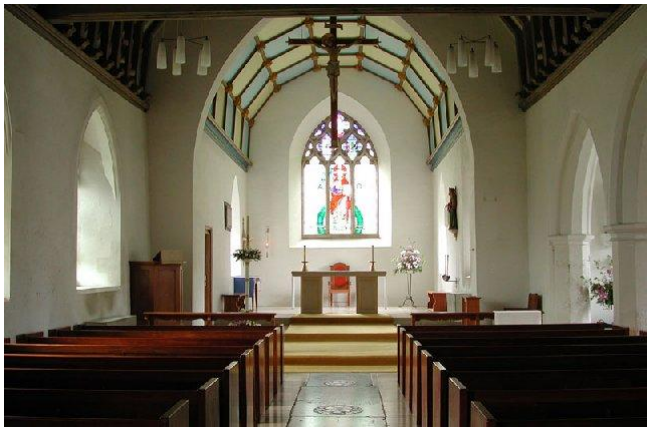
Fr Bennett served in the Australian army before ordination in Adelaide in 1947. In England from 1974, he also served in the Channel Islands, but came to the College in 2012 where he celebrated the Eucharist on ANZAC Day.

A UNIQUELY LONG MINISTRY

by Trevor Thorpe

I started theological studies in 1939, but they were disrupted by the War. Conscripted into the Army in 1942, I went to Sandhurst as an officer cadet. In 1944, British tanks stormed through Northern France and Belgium into Germany and their crews saw the devastation of Hannover and many other German cities; some attended the pre-trial hearings of the Butcher of Belsen.

I received an early release from the army as a prospective ordinand and went up to Emmanuel College Cambridge to read History. I graduated only two years later due to the War and then studied Theology at Ridley Hall. My first curacy was at the parish Church of Farnborough in Hampshire, where I met and married Nancy Ewins. A second curacy was in London's West Ham.



The restored east end of St Andrew's Church

In 1956 our elder daughter Mary was born and, in February 1957, we moved to North Weald where I became Vicar of the Parish. Clare, our youngest daughter, was born in 1960. In 1965, through an unknown fault, St. Andrew's Church caught fire and was significantly damaged. Over the next two years, the church was substantially rebuilt and we worked closely with the well-known architect Lawrence King to create a church which was elegant, accessible, and suited to modern worship. Returning the altar to a mid-position in the chancel enabled the priest to face the congregation, together with a new east window and a rood hanging from the Chancel Arch. The Medieval Rood Screen, after much discussion, was re-sited at a parish in Norfolk, and the church interior which we see today is very much the work of Lawrence King.

Gradually the Parish was consolidated and two churches at Thornwood and Hastingwood were closed down. Considerable effort was also put into raising money for the church via various stewardship campaigns. I served as chaplain to the RAF, then stationed in North Weald and subsequently became chaplain to the army regiment, the Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment after they took over from the RAF in the 1960s.

Over the course of the long incumbency, I worked on the construction and refurbishment of various other buildings, notably in the 1970s the refurbishment of Thorowgood House, the church hall, the retaining of Church Cottage, which was designated to be demolished, and, at the end of the 1960s, the construction of a new Vicarage, after a long battle to gain planning permission. As you look at the church and its surrounding buildings, most appear as they do today as a consequence of these plans. After a protracted

legal battle we managed to keep the integrity of the surrounding churchyard, despite the local authority's strong desire to extend the churchyard to the burial ground next door.

The exterior of St Andrew's Church, North Weald

For many years I served as Chairman of the Governors of St Andrew's Primary School in North Weald and taught in the school weekly up to retirement.

Outside the Parish, though initially on the evangelical wing of the Church of England, I moved towards the Anglo-Catholics and, since its inception, a strong supporter and active member of the Forward in Faith movement.

For many years I have also been a keen promoter of welfare for animals and worked closely with Pamela Townsend at The Willowtree Animal Sanctuary.

I left the Parish after 54 and a half years. At the time of my retirement I was the longest serving incumbent in a living in the country, one of only 28 Church of England clergymen left who held the freehold of their livings and one of the oldest, if not the *oldest*, at 90 on 5 October last.

Fr Thorpe became a resident of the College in October 2011.
The photographs of St Andrew's Church, North Weald Bassett, are reproduced by kind permission of Mr John Salmon.

WHILE ON PILGRIMAGE

Members of the College pilgrimage to Walsingham in May enjoyed a private tour of East Barsham Manor conducted by Lady Valerie Guinness.

THE FEAST OF ST BARNABAS

Extracts from the Patronal Festival address by the Bishop of Gloucester

It is a day of giving thanks. Thanks for St Barnabas, the Son of Encouragement. Thanks for the College of St Barnabas. To which I would want to add thanks for the Christian ministry that those who live here have offered over the years and which through your prayers you continue to offer.

There are two words I'd like you to think about in relation to good Saint Barnabas. The second is the one from which he gets his name, but, first, generosity.

Of all the New Testament saints, none is more generous than Barnabas. Barnabas is generous about material things. He is a well-to-do man, and he gives the lot to the Christian cause. We talk about generosity in every way except the most obvious – hard cash. If we are to try to imitate his example, we should remember that it begins in practical generosity of a whole-hearted sort.

This leads on to Barnabas's generosity of judgement. It is he who befriends the newly converted Saul, when everyone else was deeply suspicious. Just think of the implications of that bit of generosity! What kind of Christianity would have emerged if Saul had been left out in the cold? Barnabas is generous in his judgement, trusting, forgiving, full of faith, and so embraces Saul, and out of their friendship emerges Paul the apostle of the gentiles.

Of course it is that same generosity that causes Barnabas to part company with Paul. John Mark, their young missionary companion, had let them down. He had not survived the course. But Barnabas insists on another chance. Barnabas trusts John Mark, forgives him and puts the past failure behind. Barnabas has faith that God has it all under control. And, generous as he may be, he's tough too, and stands up to Paul, parts company with him and takes John Mark off to Cyprus. Generosity of judgement even when it means a painful break with a much-loved friend. It was not a permanent quarrel, for in Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians, which describes a later situation, Paul speaks of him in an affectionate way. Scripture does not tell us who made the first move to patch up their relationship. But I think you might guess!

There's a clear Christian message for the Feast of St Barnabas. What might it mean in the College? It might mean a generosity about the innovators, the people who are leading the Church in new directions. It is sometimes quite difficult to stand back and see things we have done, and a Church we have loved, changed. Generosity of judgement is something we need to pray for when we think the vicar after us (or in some cases the third vicar after us) is taking the parish off in a direction very different from the way we thought things ought to go.

But the need for generosity may be nearer home. Generosity can be about making allowances. Certainly it was for Barnabas in relation to both John Mark and Paul. You are all growing older here (well, I'm growing older too - there's no escaping it; we all do!) and I guess sometimes you are not as alert as you used to be, you are slower than you used to be, sometimes your neighbour,

who probably talks too loudly because he's a bit deaf, gets on your nerves. Just occasionally you probably recognise you get on his nerves because you won't speak up! May be you sometimes pontificate about things a bit - it does sometimes come with the wisdom of mature years! It also comes to bishops! Here in your common life together in the College of St Barnabas, be a company of Barnabases, always generous in dealings with one another.

And now that other word. "Barnabas" means "Son of Consolation", "Son of Exhortation", "Son of Encouragement". Barnabas made people feel valuable.

I think perhaps we underrate encouragement as a Christian virtue. What an enormous difference it made in the lives that Barnabas touched. What an enormous difference you could make in people's lives if you went out of your way to encourage, to affirm, to give value.

You know this, of course, from your ministry as priests or the spouses of priests. It's not so obvious how you do it in retirement. Of course there is the encouraging of one another here that is an extension of the generosity towards one another of which I've already spoken. Encouragement to one among you who has been bereaved, encouragement to one who is struggling with physical pain, relearning to walk after surgery perhaps, encouragement about a good sermon or some sensitive prayers.

But there is more encouraging you can do from here out into the life of the Church. Write letters to encourage people to whom you have ministered. Send emails to the preacher when you hear a good sermon. Write to the parish or the cathedral whose stunning service you hear on the radio. Keep sending encouraging postcards to the people for whom you pray. Be a Barnabas. It is a wonderful calling and it can continue when a great many other bits of ministry have had to stop. Wouldn't it be marvellous if we were all sons and daughters of encouragement?

But, again, don't get stuck on Barnabas. Just as his generosity pointed to the generosity of Jesus Christ, so this marvellous work of encouragement tells us, in the end, not something about Barnabas, but about the work of the Holy Spirit. Paraclete, Consoler, Comforter, Advocate, Encourager, Animator. Can you see that the words that were attached to Barnabas are essentially the words we use to describe the work of the Holy Spirit? In the end it is not Barnabas who by his generosity encourages into life, provides the consolation that affirms, but the Spirit of God, the Comforter Divine, the one who is the Life-giver.

From Barnabas you can learn something of the generosity of Christ and the encouragement of the Holy Spirit. Generosity and encouragement – two words to take to heart as we thank God for Saint Barnabas as we anticipate his feast day.

Bishop Michael Perham has been a President of the College since 2008.

A 'WHITSUN' PERSPECTIVE ON THE NATION'S YOUTH AND THE 2011 RIOTS

This is really two stories. The first began in 1942, when the War Department requisitioned 28,000 acres of Norfolk near Thetford as a major training area for D Day. The residents were given two weeks to leave and the four churches affected fell silent. One of them, St Mary's West Tofts was, and is, remarkable. It is one of the few Anglican churches restored by A.W.N. Pugin. The commission dated from 1865 and after his death four years later, the work was carried on by his son, E.W. Pugin into the 1880s.

Sitting in solitary splendour like a flint battleship, on a grassy sea down a quarter mile avenue of beeches in the great parkland of what was the Sutton estate, sits St Mary's. The Pugin restoration and sensitive enhancement of St Mary's was paid for by Sir Richard Sutton, a knowledgeable church antiquarian and a close friend of Pugin. The goal was to return it to its pre-Reformation glory. No expense was to be spared.

St Mary's Church, West Tofts

How much of this beneficence was due to Pugin is open to speculation, but he eagerly accepted the commission at a difficult time in his life, and by 1892 the result was a monument to the Sutton-Pugin stricture that God was meant to be worshipped in the beauty of holiness. And, despite its remoteness, over the years it became a bit of an Anglo-Catholic shrine.

Since its requisition in 1942, St Mary's has been only occasionally used and today it lies in dusty aspic in the curtilage of the Stanford Battle Training Area. Yet the ravages of time are held at bay by a small band of knowledgeable local devotees, including the military authorities, and together they can claim credit for securing grants from English Heritage to restore the drainage system and conserve vulnerable areas and painted decoration and to secure the return of the dazzling altar window by Hardman from the Ely Stained Glass Museum. The comfortable Ratee pews carved to Pugin's exacting specifications are there as are the unique Minton tiles. Yet much remains to be done, not least the restoration of the once-brilliant Powell and Earley wall and ceiling paintings. But it would be feasible to recapture Pugin's vision and with a programme of sensitive restoration, his skills could be freshly admired once again.

And so begins the second story. Earlier this summer, the Range officials mentioned to the visiting Officiating Chaplain then assigned to the Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment, that they had an unspoiled Pugin church and offered to show it to him on a day when the ranges were quiet.

"There is no electricity at West Tofts and so I was shown around in the gloom by the Regimental Sergeant Major" said the visiting padre, the Revd Dr William Beaver, OCM. "I fully expected Bella Lugosi or Lon Chaney to pop up, but here, there, everywhere winking out at us was one gem after another of Pugin's genius. For me it really was a Caernarvon moment. As it is, some items have been stolen or the fabric abused over the years, but the interior is mostly intact. I felt it would be wonderful to bring it back to life even for a moment and the authorities agreed."

Padre Beaver was then looking after the summer camp of some 300 cadets from Southwest London and so with the approval of their commandant and some tutelage in the sensitive cleaning of various surfaces, a fatigue party of 25 young people from Croydon set to work gently cleaning everything they could reach besides filling the chandeliers with more than a hundred candles, all in prelude to their annual Field Service and Act of Rededication.

"The cadets got into the project with gusto", adds Padre Beaver. "They enjoyed uncovering the past and for me it was a wonderful opportunity to help explain the mysteries, like: 'Please, Sir, what is an aumbry *for*' as they carefully swept, mopped, buffed and brasso-ed everything in sight." Back to camp for an all-ranks choir practice on Saturday evening. Then, on Sunday the entire corps of cadets (and not just the Christians) wanted to come along and marched to St Mary's behind the Corps of Drums of the Royal Regiment of fusiliers to rededicate themselves to making something of themselves. As they did this the week after the riots, the contrast was in everyone's mind.

Taking her place at the newly gleaming Pugin lectern, Cadet Tyler Fowler spoke out loud and clear: "My fellow cadets, will you commit yourselves to the ethos of the Cadet Movement, to be responsible citizens, faithful in serving others by growth of mind, body and spirit?" At this challenge, the candle-lit congregations resoundingly replied: "We pledge ourselves to selflessness, not selfishness; to nurture in our hearts, minds and action the wisdom, courage, hope, compassion and courtesy in the service of others."

All too soon the Act of Rededication was over; the cadets parted and the high gates were relocked. And once again silence and shadows enveloped this stunning church. But she had left her impression. As the cadets later told the chaplain, it had been a special service; not just because they had done their bit to preserve a marvellous heritage. Indeed, it is their hope that others will now ride to the rescue and allow Pugin's rural glory to shine once again to the greater glory of God.

Dr Bill Beaver, an American by birth, was formerly a banker in the City, from which he resigned, and then speech writer for the Lord Mayor. Ordained in 1982, he was for 5 years Director of Communications for the Church of England. He is a non-stipendiary Minister.

THE HARVEST SUPPER: A PARISH MEMOIR

Plans for our Harvest Supper always start several months in advance with the traditional discussion about whether we dare increase the price of tickets by 20p to £1.50. After endless wrangling we compromise on 15p, with someone announcing that this will sound the death knell of Harvest. The fact that every member of the committee will cheerfully go out to dinner and think nothing of shelling out £50 per head seems irrelevant.

Hot-pots are provided by the ladies of the parish for the evening. It is always interesting to speculate on who has made which; some are robust and meaty, others may have had a fleeting relationship with meat, but they long since went their own ways. Having sampled these confections over the past 30 years, I can now match each offering with the personalities of their creators.

After the meal, we then proceed to what parishioners optimistically call "The Entertainment". I settle myself on the back row, smile and applaud at the appropriate points while concentrating on the large gin waiting for me back at the Rectory. Only Colonel Hetherington imagines that the consumption of a bottle of claret over the meal improves his intonation as he gives his annual rendition of "The Lost Chord". I can only assume the lost chords he refers to are the vocal ones he once possessed.

Miss Singleton's jokes have been repeated so often that the audience enthusiastically joins in with every punch line. This year, though, the dear lady introduced a new one. I do not wish to speculate where she heard it, but it was of a depth of blue that would have made a sailor blush. The innocent soul had no idea of its true meaning, but the audience reaction was quite funny. You could sense many of the gentlemen making a mental note of it so it could be used in after-dinner speeches at the golf/rugby clubs. The less socially adept ladies looked deeply shocked; those with a little more social aplomb made it appear they were wholly innocent of the implications of the joke. The most sophisticated, however, made it quite clear that they understood every word but chose not to react.

The evening always ends with the Major's recitation of "The boy stood on the burning deck". Fortunately, before he started an un-requested encore, I managed to get to the stage, thank all the performers for their splendid contributions and wish everyone a safe journey home. The Major was left looking like a boy who had just had his lollipop stolen by the school bully. On reflection, that is quite an accurate analogy.

"What a great pity it is we don't have two Harvests each year", said one elderly matron as she left the church hall. I made a point of thanking God next day for having just one.

ANON: but redacted by Fr Michael Johnson
who was an observer of parish life as a non-stipendiary priest
for eighteen years in the diocese of Southwark.

FROM THE ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL EUCHARIST FOR DICK NORBURN

I bow my knees before the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth takes its name. (Ephesians 3).

Dick loved the concept of family. For him "family of God" was by far his favourite, I almost say his only, way of speaking of the Church. The Church as the family of God and every church community as a family.

The churches where he served were always for Dick families. Whether it was in Norbury, Addington or Gaborone, Dick and Bar set out to create family relationships, to draw people together. They were what churches ought to be: multi-generational communities. The young were important to Dick the educationalist; so were the old, as long as they were not stuck in their ways. Give thanks for those families he helped to create and in which he ministered.

In the final stage of his life, there was this family, the family of the College of St Barnabas. Not quite so multi-generational, but not without its own diversity. Dick loved it here, took a keen interest in all of you, talked about you, enjoyed your company, your conversation too on the days the hearing aid was working well. Thank you for being a family to Dick and Bar and thank you to the staff for their patience and care, even when a frustrated Dick got a little cross. Of course that is what you can do in families - let your feelings out.

Dick understood the whole human race to be God's family. That deeply Christian insight was not popular in the South Africa in which Dick grew up and in which he was ordained. Dick and Bar passionately believed in a world of apartheid that black and white are equally children of God. That's what brought them to England in 1963, because Dick, until then Director of Religious Education in the Diocese of Pretoria, could no longer bear to work within the constraints of the apartheid system. It was our gain in England.

Dick and Bar had little family in the usual sense, but friends galore and the most hospitable of homes, where there was always a welcome. If you can speak of a "family of friends", the Norburns had one.

Dick was born in 1921 and ordained deacon and married to Barbara Robertson in 1951. Priested a year later, he was Vice-Principal of the Diocesan Training College in Pretoria before taking on the Directorship of Education and with it the parish of Potgietersrus. Arriving in England in 1963, he served briefly as curate of St Saviour's Croydon before becoming vicar of St Philip's Norbury in 1965, where he had a fulfilling and fruitful ministry of ten years.

Dick and Bar moved to Addington in 1975, and I joined them as Curate a year later. They were happy years. Dick brought to a parish that was growing phenomenally a wonderful energy that meant that the church grew also, numerically and spiritually. Those of you who have only known Dick in the last few years probably cannot imagine the extraordinary vitality and energy that he brought to his parish ministry. And the vitality and the energy were infectious. For me, Dick was the best training incumbent in the world.

But then Africa, in the shape of Archbishop Khotso, called them back to

Botswana, to the Cathedral Church of the Holy Cross in the capital city of Gaborone. Another effective ministry: Dick as dean building up the Cathedral's life and engaged in training clergy from that base. Dick loved being a dean and loved the large congregations that worshipped in that beautiful liturgical space of Holy Cross Cathedral. It was good to be back in Africa.

In 1988 he retired and they returned to England, living first at Middleton in Suffolk and then in Canterbury, Dick active in retirement, still at the heart of a family of friends.

So where was Dick's heart as he looked back on a life of ninety years and an ordained ministry of sixty years?

A large part of his heart was in Africa. He had a deep love of his native South Africa, thrilled at its emergence into a diverse democracy, and an equal love for Botswana and for the church there.

A large part of his heart was in Canterbury. He was enormously proud of his honorary canonry in the metropolitical cathedral there and thrilled to live there in retirement. Bar was less keen to leave Middleton and her wonderful garden, but Canterbury was pretty near to heaven as far as Dick was concerned and the daily pilgrimage to the cathedral to worship a joy and delight.

A very large part of his heart was with Bar. You rarely spoke of one of them without including the other. You cannot help hoping this present separation is very temporary. Rarely apart, they did everything together. They were known to get cross with one another, but their love was never in doubt. Today, <u>our</u> hearts are with Bar, just a few yards away, and we grieve for her loss. The way they ended up in the last few months, sitting together in Bar's room, just keeping each other company, was very natural after all those years together.

Another very large part of Dick's heart was in this chapel. Dick was a man of the Eucharist and of the daily office. They were the heartbeat of his life. Day after day, Dick met Jesus, fed on Jesus, in the bread of the Eucharist. Throughout his ministry and in his retirement, daily prayer and Eucharist were a duty and a joy, even if it took half an hour and a Zimmer to get there. For his heart was in large part with God and at least sometimes in heaven.

Well, you will say, there has been a great deal of 'large heart' - Africa, Canterbury, Bar, Worship, God, Heaven. Yes indeed, for Dick was a large-hearted man, a large-hearted friend, a large-hearted priest.

He is, of course, deaf no more. He will no longer need to shout, so you will no longer hear his Amens each day in the chapel, but be sure he is still saying them. And Dick will hear, is hearing, of this I am sure, the words of Jesus, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of your Lord." And I hope perhaps he will hear <u>our</u> strong Amen to that.

+Michael Gloucestr:

Bar Norburn did indeed not have long to wait before joining her beloved husband. When she knew that Dick had died, she smiled gently and said, "I can go now." She died peacefully on 28 March, less than 8 weeks later. HS.

COMINGS AND GOINGS

NEW RESIDENTS

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

Fr Edwin Bennett	20 February
Fr David Swain	26 March
Mrs Freda Loader	5 May
Fr Piers Golding	9 May
Fr Peter Hearn	22 June
Fr Michael Paton	9 July

THOSE WHO HAVE DIED

Fr Ray Follis	10 January
The Very Revd Dick Norburn	3 February
Canon Tom Smail	15 February
Mrs Margretta Hadfield	3 March
Mrs Bar Norburn	28 March
Fr Vernon Scott	6 April
Mrs Freda Loader	22 May
Fr Courtley Stables	25 May
Fr Ted Wood	7 June

✠ May they rest in peace and rise in glory