

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

2018



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EDITORIAL

Des Moines is the capital city of the state of Iowa in the United States. Bill Bryson, the Anglo-American travel writer, begins his book on America, "I come from Des Moines. Somebody had to!" His comments on his home town can only be described as less than enthusiastic and he left as soon as possible. He has lived most of his adult life in the UK.

You may be wondering why we should be talking about such a place in the context of this publication. Those of you who spend some time each day reading the newspapers in the College common room may have noted a column on the front page of *The Times* on 14th June headed "Churchgoers get six more years before the afterlife" written, not by the religious affairs correspondent but the science one. He starts by pointing out that the Book of Proverbs says, "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life". He goes on:

"That is not too far from the empirical truth, according to a study that suggests religiously observant people tend to live up to six years longer than atheists or agnostics."

The findings were based on an analysis of more than 1,600 American newspaper obituaries and confirm other evidence that religion may bring its consolations in this world as well as in the next. They used obituaries because previous studies in the US have found that people tend to exaggerate their church attendance by a factor of two. Experts think that a similar effect on life expectancy is likely to hold good in Britain. However, there is a problem with this assumption in that the British are much more likely to deny church attendance than to exaggerate it!

The American researchers decided to overcome the problem by using initially 505 articles that appeared in *The Des Moines Register* over two months in 2012. There they found that those who had religious affiliation typically lived six and a half years longer than the others.

The conclusion for the residents of the College of St Barnabas is that we can take heart that the high average age here of 87 may be the result of the time we spend in Chapel, as well as of the care given by the staff and Friends of the College.

Mrs Yvonne A Gough

This edition of the Chronicle was edited jointly by the Rev'd Frank and Mrs Yvonne Gough.

New bugs in the College

Kevin Scully

I don't know if any of you recall starting at a new school. I had to do it twice and there was always a mixture of excitement and trepidation at what might come my way. There was so much to learn – names, routines, layout, customs – and you wanted to get it right as quickly as you could.

It was my privilege to be asked to be the Warden at the College in December 2017 and, because of parish commitments, I could not take up the post until 1 May this year. I can say at the time of writing – about a month after having been licensed by the Bishop of Southwark – I still feel very much the 'new boy in school'.

Part of that is, of course, understandable. I last moved house and to a new post 17 years ago. The move to semi-rural Surrey south completes almost 25 years in parochial ministry in inner London. The relocation to the context of a residential Christian community, certainly fulfils the description of 'something different' – a comment we have heard a lot.



In my first notes to the residents I wrote of an overwhelming sense of thankfulness – to the staff, residents, supporters and others who have sought to make the move as smooth as possible. It has, in part, been a rocky ride, but the response of all to try and get things right has been deeply

appreciated by my wife, Adey Grummet, and me.

There is, of course, much to learn about this special place with its customs and idiosyncrasies. It has been, and remains, a sharp learning curve.

Repeatedly I have been told that the Warden somehow 'sets the tone' of the College. I am deeply aware of the distinguished service of those who have gone before me, especially my immediate predecessor, Fr Howard Such. I hope the trust shown in me by the Council in this appointment will be rewarded.

For those who would like to know something of my background. I was brought up in Australia where I worked as a journalist, actor and writer before moving with Adey – we have been married for 33 years – to the United Kingdom. Adey is a musician who mixes a career of performing, arts education and part-time history officer at a London church.

It was in Britain, working as an actor and journalist, that I felt called to test my vocation. I trained for the priesthood in Oxford, and served in the Stepney Area of the Diocese of London in Stoke Newington, Stepney and Bethnal Green. I have also filled a number of posts on behalf of the bishop, particularly in the selection and training of ordained and lay ministers.

Like most parish priests, I have also had to combine the pastoral with the practical and I hope this experience may serve the College, its residents and all who work here well. Of course, none of this is done alone, and I would respectfully ask that you pray for Adey and me as we continue to be the new kids in school!

A Tribute to the Warden, Canon Howard Such,

based on an address by Canon Michael Moore

The Chinese have 8 as a lucky number. When I was told it was my privilege, as the only surviving twentieth century Resident of our College, to make these remarks of farewell to our Warden, I found that my ideas fairly rapidly grouped themselves under eight headings. In the time available there can of course not be much detail. So what follows is little more than an enumeration of accomplishment.

I start with computers. Computer literacy means not only knowing how to switch a computer on (and off again), but knowing what to do with a screen when you have got it. The College now has a website, so that people all around the world can read about us and be inspired to support us and even join us. It has an instantly recognisable logo – S & B embracing the pastoral cross. And it has Patrons and Presidents, who take an interest in us and support us by prayer and by writing letters which bring in encouraging donations.

From a computer it is a short jump to a laptop. Howard is a doctor of laptops. If yours won't do what you want it to, he will come with a merry smile and spend a happy half-hour bringing to your screen images you did not know were there and making it obey you again – until you again do something it doesn't approve of.

Even a laptop pales into insignificance beside the instrument we have above us: the organ. It takes a real organist to realise that the pedal board and keyboard of an old instrument are misaligned, and then also to have the vision and energy to get a new one; and not just one organ either, but five organs in one. We can only hope that we can find a series, a fellowship, of other organists able to do justice, as Howard can, to this fine acquisition.

Come down into the Chapel and immediately you notice the hand of a former cathedral precentor in the drawing up of orders of service and in their exemplary calm and dignified conduct, with a voice that others can only dream after. And the services can now be broadcast too to rooms around the nursing wing, so that those who cannot get to the Chapel themselves can join the worshipping fellowship. Furthermore, we down here in the Common Room can see through a lowered screen what is going on in the Chapel upstairs. We can enjoy film shows and illustrated talks as well, and other entertainment.

Go out of the Common room onto the forecourt and you will often find a yellow submarine, well, a yellow minibus. Is it now a requirement of a Warden that he can drive one? Howard has taken us skilfully to such targets as Songs of Praise on a railway platform, numerous pantomimes in East Grinstead, and special occasions for the generous hospitality of Friends of the College.

Transport has also involved Howard, and Lynn too, in the immense physical exertion of mounting stands for the College at stagings of the Christian Resources Exhibition, venues that have to be driven to and then have stands put up, and taken down afterwards and exhibits packed away. This has meant nights 'on the road', sometimes in indifferent accommodation, with airliners more or less taking off in their bedroom. By day they have stood by the College's show and talked to literally hundreds of visitors, telling them about us and our doings here. Howard has had similar exhaustive conversations

during chaplaincy duties in Westminster Abbey and Southwark Cathedral, and has represented the College too in innumerable sermons and addresses.

And this is outreach – to get the College better known. What about 'inreach'? Sixty-four years ago, joined the navy for what was then National Service. I take a couple of navy metaphors. This is a happy ship. The various departments mesh together; staff and residents get on well, with mutual respect, regard, patience, and (dare I say) affection. This is in no small way due to the measured and firm efficiency of the captain on the bridge.

If you have been counting, I have now covered seven of my headings. The eighth is perhaps the most important of all for us here. It is the ministry of pastor and priest. Howard has always had time and a listening ear for staff and residents with any kind of trouble or bother. He will climb into an ambulance with you as you go off to hospital, to say a prayer and give you a blessing, and will then visit you assiduously while you are there. But it is the hidden ministry that the work of a priest is to be found: on going up day or night to your room for final words and prayer or silent watching, to help you on your way to heaven as we might say.

Well, we are not doing that for Howard and Lynn today. But I observe that Herne Bay and Heaven are quite close to each other in the alphabet; and so as we thank you both for all you have done for us here, we wish you God-speed as you move, and a long and happy retirement in heavenly Herne Bay.

The 2018 Patronal Festival Sermon

I bring greetings from Father Howard Such, who is now in our care in the diocese of Canterbury and comes from time to time to sing the office for us. He has been ever present since I went to Canterbury 17 years ago because two of his sons became our Virgers and then one of them married a Virger there, Sally, so we have a whole Virger family of Such's with three little boys growing up and helping out and I think we shall never be without that encouragement and influence.

Encouragement is what we are about today. The old translation that we used in the hymn for St Barnabas, 'The Son of Consolation,' is more normally nowadays translated 'The Son of Encouragement' and both words are of great comfort. Encouragement is one of St Benedict's most wonderful words that he used in his Rule to help and to make people realise that in community encouragement is one of the best gifts that we have to offer each other. We come this afternoon in our music to encourage each other. I am encouraged by seeing so many clerical brothers and sisters around us and also to see a Doctor of Civil Law of the University of Kent sitting in front of me this afternoon. Thank you for being encouraging in the front row.



When we, as children, used to come home from church on a Sunday evening in the summer, our parents would say 'Let's take the long way home.' This was in south Gloucestershire, and the long way home meant

climbing a large, but very attractive hill and at this time of year it was covered in white moon daisies and the flowers of the meadow, but the hill was steep. And when we finally got to the top, there was standing there an object that I was reminded of in the news about a month or two ago, when a significant anniversary was reached. We generally call them in England 'trig points' and there they are, set up by the Ordnance Survey back in 1938 I think, on each of the high points throughout England. Recently they celebrated an anniversary but at the time it was thought that England needed to be better mapped, more accurately mapped and therefore in England and right across the United Kingdom the trig points were set up. You can still, if you are so-minded, google the photographs associated with the anniversary from a couple of months ago. It showed people at different trig points. It showed one of the people having made it actually standing on a mountain top with snow around, with his little tin mug of hot water shaving on the trig point, looking out on to the landscape. But they were there for accuracy's sake. For us, when we climbed the hill on Sunday evening and supper seemed still a little way off, they were signs of encouragement. When I looked up trig points I found the correct word was triangulation and it was a point that didn't simply stand for encouragement all by itself, but actually took accuracy from the triangulation with other trig points around. I say that this afternoon because holy places like our two communities, Canterbury Cathedral and the College of St Barnabas, are actually trig points for the church. One can go from village to village, to the churches that are lovingly kept there. One can go from Cathedral to Cathedral, very often like Lincoln standing on a high place or like Salisbury standing in the vale but with its magnificent spire pointing to the heavens and giving you the sense not just of accuracy of location but a sense of triangulation with things spiritual as well as accuracy. One can go right across the world doing it, as I as Dean of the Mother Church of the Anglican Communion often do. You can go to a great Cathedral like Washington National Cathedral, modelled on Canterbury and standing high, or you can go to the great granite Cathedral in Harare, or you can go to what is now the ruin of Christ Church Cathedral in New Zealand and know with what love that building is held and with what care what will happen to it in the future is being planned. Right across the world are trig points. But also, right across our Christian calendar from saint to saint, men and women grace the calendar as trig points and from them, I've already mentioned St Benedict and St Barnabas, from them we can take a triangulation. We can think of the gifts that each saint represents when one reaches his or her day and this whole season of St Barnabas, which you will keep as a patronal festival and the rest of the church will keep around you when we come to St Barnabas's Day, St Barnabas becomes that 'Son of Encouragement' who is very much a point of reference in our human behaviour and also in the way in which we realise effectively the love of God in the life of the church. Barnabas makes us feel glad because he is the one at the beginning who lays his money from the sale of the land at the feet of the Apostles. He is the one who, when everyone else is being a bit scared of St Paul, steps forward and gives him his hand and introduces him to the rest. There is a trig point for you in Barnabas, because people

would say 'We know he is accurate. We must be right in this. If he takes Paul's hand we're in the right place.' And they begin to welcome Paul, or Saul as he has been called until then. Despite his past Barnabas was ready to be encouraging. But more than that, one can go on into the story of John Mark, his nephew. Now here you can do a little bit of triangulation of your own in the Greek gospels and testaments because you can then find and make assumptions, some of them guesswork, about how Barnabas fitted in to families which knew Jesus and were in Jerusalem for it was to John Mark's mother, Mary, her house that Peter went when the angel released him from prison and it was John Mark that Barnabas chose to go with him and Paul on the missionary journey. And John Mark's heart failed and halfway through he didn't feel himself brave enough to go on. 'The Christian life doesn't let you down,' says one of those lovely postcards that say 'Fail once, fail again, fail better' and here we are at the point when St Paul says, they're going on their third mission 'Let's go again' and Barnabas says 'Let's give John Mark another chance' and St Paul says 'No.' Barnabas wants to take John Mark, St Paul says 'We can't have anyone with us who lets us down.' So, in a kindly way, Barnabas sets off on a journey with John Mark all by himself. And sails out of the Acts of the Apostles. But we can triangulate and see exactly how that story goes on and today I think we're glad of that sense of forgiving encouragement which Barnabas gives as we read about him in the Acts of the Apostles.

Trig points, however many of us are sitting or standing here today then there is that many trig points in this room for people, particularly when we are wearing the uniform of the Church of Christ, and also when we proclaim ourselves to be Christians, people look round at us, not necessarily those who are following the way themselves. They look round at us and see exactly how we are governing our lives. How we ourselves can be role models of encouragement. We have come to a Patronal Festival to do more than simply sing hymns and to sing canticles and to hear wonderful psalms of creation's encouragement which our Psalm gave us this afternoon. We have come to re-dedicate ourselves and also to take reference, not only from this holy place, but from one another. We have come to a particular point and from there we shall go on and Barnabas is one of those who is important to us. But so, too, is the person that you can almost touch on each side of you as a point of reference and then we have to embrace the fact that we're that to them. How we behave, how we worship, how we relate in our own communities and then how we study and how we, in our minds and our hearts, triangulate what we have been told, so that accurately we go forward with God's will for us? All of that becomes crucial at a Patronal Festival because it is a time of re-dedication.

Soon we shall take refreshments together but first we have an opportunity to say our prayers in thanksgiving for God's gift of encouragement, in thanksgiving for this holy place that gives refuge and also a chance to think and reflect and triangulate ourselves with past experience in mind. All of that we've come to do but chief of all we've come to give thanks to God for the gift of our Lord, Jesus Christ, who came to bring us forgiveness and heaven's encouragement every step of our human way.

Patronal Festival Open Afternoon

Saturday 9th June 2018



Mrs Bernadette Jenkins and friends singing



Mrs Sue Alfrey at her stall



Riding on the model railway



In the refreshment tent

The marquee ready for the Friday evening dinner

8th June 2018



A Marriage Celebration to Remember

Canon Michael Moore

Inevitably, there are more funerals in the College Chapel than any other 'occasional' services. Nevertheless some of us can remember the late Fr Julian Rudd, when a resident, baptising his three infant granddaughters, and another resident, Bishop Allan Chesters, confirming one of our young helpers, Danielle, after she had been duly prepared for confirmation. In the more distant past, a resident left the College with one of his carers whom he had married; but the wedding was not in the Chapel. And so it was a novelty and a welcome diversion when we learned that a marriage was at last to be celebrated in the Chapel and College.

Richard and Melissa Burman had actually been married the day before at a civil ceremony, but they wished to come to the College to reaffirm their promises in the presence of God and our congregation in the Chapel. They did so on Saturday 21st April 2018 in a service of celebration felicitously crafted for the occasion and based on texts from *Common Worship*. The service was firmly and courageously conducted by Richard's father, Fr William Burman, a resident in his nineties, assisted by fellow resident, Robert Raikes who gave the address, and Fr Barry Thorley, who read St John's account of the marriage in Cana of Galilee and also the prayers.

When the congregation had assembled, Richard and Melissa came solemnly but smilingly into the Chapel hand in hand. Fr Burman introduced the service as Celebrant, welcoming everyone and thanking the College for its hospitality. He addressed Richard and Melissa, "You stand in the presence of God as man and wife to dedicate it him your life together . . ." All present joined in responses to prayers of penitence before Richard and Melissa reaffirmed their vows: to be faithful to each other "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till parted by death." And the congregation and family and friends resolved with one voice to support them in these undertakings "now and in the years to come."

After these solemnities the congregation were quite glad to sit down and listen to the address by Fr Raikes. , He began with questions about the marriage in Cana: why, for example, is it emphasised that it was the "best wine" that was saved till last. , The best wine was the culmination of a "sign" performed by Jesus, as today's ceremony in the Chapel was the culmination of the celebration of Richard and Melissa's coming together, and all present were invited to enjoy it with them.

As this new beginning was to lead them to set up home together in France. Fr Raikes concluded that it was a nice thought that the final hymn would be a translation from the French, "Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son." The prayers came first, however: for the coming of the Holy Spirit, for the gift of children to the couple, and for their families. Fr Burman had pronounced a blessing on his son and daughter-in-law already, and to bring the service to a happy ending he gave a final blessing addressed to everyone. Richard and



Melissa then led the way out of the Chapel, enfolded in the almost tangible embrace of the love and good will of family and friends.

Afterwards, Richard and Melissa left for a reception, where they were joined by friends and family to continue their festivities in time-honoured fashion. Meanwhile, thanks to their generosity, residents at the College were able to drink their health over lunch. A marriage celebration to remember indeed!

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

Compiled by the Editors

Daily worship in the College chapels continued to be the centre of College life but there has been much else to interest and occupy residents.

Theology Group

The Theology Group continued its monthly meetings under the chairmanship of Canon Michael Shields. Among the topics and speakers were Bishop Stephen Cottrell (September); Canon Michael Bordeaux, who spoke on his involvement in the work of the Keston Institute which he founded in 1969 (October); the Rev'd. Kathryn Percival, Vicar of Lingfield and member of the College Council on the life and work of Ludwig Wittgenstein (November); Canon Michael Shields on Buddhism (January); the Rev'd Robin McDowall, Deputy Warden, on the Road to Mandalay (April); Professor Nigel Biggar, Regius Professor of Moral & Pastoral Theology at Oxford, on the concept of 'Empire'; Bishop Godfrey Ashby on the Gospel in Africa (June); the Rev'd Andrew Lenox-Conyngham on Ambrose, Augustine and Richard Dawkins (July).

Bible Studies on alternate Thursday mornings

In March, we started to look at the middle section of the book of Isaiah. These chapters lie at the heart of several generations of writing by the school of prophets over the years as they passed on the message to their successors and added inspiration from each era.

We found the absolute certainty that the God known to the Hebrews is the creator of all things and loves his creation. He would rescue his people and entrust Israel with the task of returning to their homeland. Just as the Persian monarch had liberated them, so they were to become God's servant in a wider rescue operation by being the sacrifice offered to reconcile all people to their creator.

No wonder that, centuries afterwards, the deacon Philip sat in the chariot of the Ethiopian eunuch and explained to him that Jesus was that suffering servant, the sacrifice for all of creation and humanity.

Bishop Godfrey Ashby

The St Barnabas' Art Group

The art group is a 'Creative Space' for college members to come together each week to express and explore their creativity through various artistic techniques, themes and media. The creative task always focusses on being inclusive and accessible for all its members of varying abilities. Some members, despite living with chronic conditions, embrace tasks with courage and enthusiasm, demonstrating a strength of character that is inspirational to

all. If God may be perceived as the ultimate centre of creativity, then one may consider 'Creativity' as a divine source that flows through and within one, providing the soul with nutrient via colour and form, thus having a spiritual quality that may be experienced in the artistic process and outcome. The 'creative space' not only provides a space for the spiritual, but also a social aspect for its members where they may share their biographical story through art and conversation. Projects encourage members to not only express their individuality, but allows for members to contribute their richness and respect for living in community via their creative collaborations, which may be seen in the corridors of the college. No previous artistic experience is required to share in the creative space. Anyone is welcome and invited to attend the group with an open heart and mind to the gifts of a creative social forum.

Mrs Michelle Redgrave-Moore

Poetry Group

The Poetry Reading Group continued to meet monthly, sharing choices that arise from a given theme. The results could be surprising, allowing us to savour old favourites and be introduced to unfamiliar poetry. The following poem from R.S.Thomas' collection, 'Laboratories of the Spirit', indicates possibilities of diversity within the unofficial College Anthology:

TASTE

I had preferred Chaucer
but for the slop in his saucer;
or grave Edmund Spencer
moving formally as a dancer.
But Shakespeare's cut and thrust,
I allow you, was a must
on my bookshelves; and after,
Donne's thin, cerebral laughter.
Dryden I could not abide,
Nor the mincing fraticide
of Pope, Jonathan Swift,
though courageous, had no uplift.
But Wordsworth, looking in the lake
of his mind, him I could take;
and Percy Shelley at times;
Byron, too, but only for his rhymes.

Tennyson? Browning? If I mention
them, it is but from convention,
despite the vowel technique
of the one, the other's moral cheek.
Then Hardy, for many a major
poet is for me just an old-upstager,
shuffling about a bogus heath
cobwebbed with his Victorian breath.
And coming to my own century
with its critic's compulsive hurry
to place a poet, I must smile
at the congestion at the turnstile
of fame, the faceless, formless amoeba
with the secretion of its *vers libre*.

Mrs Anne Burden

What a year!

We have made and auctioned a patchwork quilt to try and spearhead the 'Woodland Pathway Project'. The quilt was made with the help of Mrs Beth Gough and Mrs Yvonne Gough. It was very beautiful. Thank you to everyone who bought tickets. The draw for it was made by Sir Paul at the Open Day 2017 and was won by Sister Meg. We are hoping to make another one to be raffled at the Autumn Fair 2018.

During August last year an outing was organised for Nursing Wing residents to take a boat trip down the River Wey from Guildford. We had a wonderful day. The weather was lovely, and the boatmen were very knowledgeable about the

fauna and flora of the area. A lovely picnic was made by Taff and with afternoon tea on the boat. A good time was had by all!

We have made cards for sale in College, and crafts for sale at the Autumn Fair, along with Christmas decorations to adorn doors on the nursing wing, and along the corridors. It all looked very festive. We have had quite a few afternoon teas in the Common Room with some very interesting speakers, along with homemade cakes and copious amounts of tea! In March, some of us from the Nursing Wing went up to the Devils Dyke Pub for Fish and Chips. It started out as a slightly dull and windy day, but soon brightened up and we could see right across to the coast which would have been Brighton and Shoreham. The fish and chips were worth the effort to go. We then drove back through Poynings for a trip down memory lane for Fr Spray who occasionally played the organ in Holy Trinity Church. We were back in time for supper and Evensong! So far this year, we have had a 'Tribute to Dickens' put together by Fr Van Carrapiett. This saw a few of us taking parts and acting. It was great fun, and gave those aspiring thespians amongst us the opportunity to take the stage!, A big THANK YOU to Fr Timothy as it took a lot of hard work to bring it all together.

Once again this July, with the help of Mrs Pat Dobson, an arrangement of flowers was displayed at St John's Church, Dormansland, for the annual flower festival. This year the theme was 'Flowers from around the World' and we submitted a display called 'The Spread of Christianity around the world' using flowers for many of the continents that had a religious meaning. It was very well received and lots of comments were made about it. We have had some interesting guest speakers for afternoon tea, including the owner of the Bookshop in East Grinstead, John Pye. His years of being a bookshop owner brought many different characters through his door and listening to him recount some of his experiences was very amusing. We still have lots on the agenda to come up through the rest of the year, including trying to get a Gardening Club off the ground.

Mrs Sue Alfrey, Pastimes Co-ordinator

Other regular activities included the monthly **Film Night** [Canon Michael Shields], at which we watched, *inter alia*, Gaudy Night, one on the Dalai Lama, Blithe Spirit, Money Pit, Becket and Brassed Off, **Music for the Ears** [Preb Paul Rose], a fortnightly **New Testament Greek Class** [Canon John Laird], the fortnightly **Extend Class** (keep fit in a chair), the fortnightly **Model Railway Club** [continued by Mrs Sue Alfrey after Roger Hawkins' move to Ramsay Hall, Worthing], the weekly **Handbell Ringing** [Mrs Joyce Cooper], which again played before two of the major services in College Chapel, and, during the winter months, and the weekly **Snooker Club** [Fr Derek Goodrich & Fr George Ridding].

The College has continued to meet informally for drinks before Sunday lunch, other than during Lent and Advent. More formally, the College Clergy Chapter met twice, as did the Residents' Meeting, and the Library Committee met four times.

The Friends of St Barnabas

The AGM was held on 12th February with thirty members present, including the retired warden of the College, the Rev'd Patrick Campbell and Mrs

Susan Campbell. The election of officers and the committee was conducted by the Very Rev'd Derek Goodrich.

The Chairman, Mrs Cynthia Taylor, explained that more volunteers were needed to join the existing 177 members. The Friends donated £4000 towards the visual and sound augmentation project and the same sum was given for new carpets in the library. The woodland walk is on the agenda.

There was an outing to Canterbury Cathedral in April enjoyed by 18 residents plus helpers. In May, the Director of the International School of Story Telling entertained us with his stories whilst the plant stall was a success at the Open Day and the Friends won at the Croquet and Putting afternoon. We were again honoured to have Hiromi Okado play for us in July.



Ashley Ramsden (Story Teller) talking to residents at a Friends' tea



Friends' plant and raffle stalls at the Patronal Festival Open Day



Croquet match in play - Friends v College



Putting competition for the Loomes Cup, Friends v College

Forthcoming events include an outing to Sheffield Park Gardens with lunch out. The fund-raising event, the Autumn Fair is on the morning of Saturday 17th November in the College. All support is welcome.



They arrived together and left together!

In January 2002 a new Estate Manager, Graham Marden, and a new Head Gardener, Barry Fry, arrived at the College. On 15th March 2018 they both retired on the day Barry turned 65; Graham was a few years older. Over there 16 years they both contributed much to the College, the hanging basket around the Cloisters will be a long-term memory of Barry. The Bursar was often heard to say 'The Head Gardener is our most important employee'.

Barry did not disappoint. There were vegetables and flowers produced, lawns with putting green and croquet to provide and lots of leaves to clear and roses to prune.

Graham had many a small projects to manage, dealing with every flat as they had their bath replaced with a shower, building book cases for the Fiction and Reference Libraries, overseeing the refurbishment of flats or nursing rooms as each one was vacated and, of course, William to walk.

They both wanted a very quiet retirement so we had no gathering or speeches, just a handshake from the Bursar, Paul Wilkin, who gave then a card with a retirement gift.



A Hermitage in Africa

The Rev'd Barry Thorley

In 2006, at the age of sixty, I took early retirement – after more than thirty years as an Anglican priest in six parishes – to live in Zanzibar. Between my last exploratory visit and going to settle there, the local 'protective' Bishop had died and I was left to the mercy of the Diocesan machine. As a mixed race African/American-English Brit, self-identified as black, I had expected to be received as a long lost brother. Not a bit of it. I was identified as a cash machine and within four months I had been milked of a £10,000 retirement grant from the Church of England and much of my Church Commissioners' pension. To add insult to injury, I came back from a trip across the island to find an anonymous note accusing me of sexual impropriety, which I should ignore if I thought the accusations were false.

I had had enough. I took the local shuttle to Dar es Salaam International and sat in the middle of the concourse, stumped. I had burned my UK boats. What was I to do? Since the middle 1990s, however, I had been drawn to the Solesmes Congregation's monastery on the Isle of Wight, Quarr Abbey, where I am now an Oblate. Over the years, I had also made several visits to the Congregation's African house at Keur Moussa in Senegal. I flew the width of Africa to Dakkar and threw myself at the mercy of Ange-Marie Niouky, the Abbot. He welcomed me with open arms.

I stayed there a year, probably one of the happiest years of my life. Being welcomed all the way into the choir and to receive communion, I sang their wonderful fusion of Benedictine Plainchant and local Wolof and Mandinka village music, whose modal structures were a miraculous match. We sang to the accompaniment of balafon, tam tam and kora, a stringed harp-like instrument. But my French was not improving – I have no ear for languages – and I am not a Roman Catholic. Healed by the experience, it was time to think again.

Back in the UK, briefly, I was advised to ring the Bishop of Kumasi in Ghana, Daniel Yinka Sarfo. I wanted to hold on to what I had learned at Quarr and Keur Moussa in an African context, so I asked if I might build a hermitage in the Diocese. The bishop, now doubly Archbishop Daniel (West Africa and the Internal Province of Ghana), suggested his Diocesan Retreat Centre. He sent me to live in Nkawie, birth place of Elizabeth Welbeck, mother of the incomparable Danny Welbeck of Manchester United, Arsenal and England fame. A site was chosen, funds raised, co-ordinated by my good friend Jeddiah Enoch

Onchere, from my last job as Rector of Thamesmead, and a builder was appointed. We designed an octagon, each side being twelve feet long, a substantial structure. It echoed the traditional African round house, but functioned as a New York style 'loft', each side housing a particular function: dining table, desk, altar, oratory, kitchen, sitting-room, library, and so on. It had a tiled floor and a beautiful mahogany ceiling, donated by Mrs Comfort Brorby, a relative of the then President Kuffor. A small rondavel for my caretaker and (eventually) a small guest-room, were set in a walled garden, the monastic 'enclosure.' We wrapped a new plantation of over thirty orange trees around the outside of the enclosure, where there were also mangoes and bananas growing prolifically. We had a dog, Sam Gamgee.

While the building work was in progress, I had to walk down from the town to the site through the local Zongo, the Muslim Quarter. I had spied Ishaw, but thought it right to approach the elders, saying what I needed and what I might offer, leaving the decision to them. They chose Ishaw to be my caretaker, a handsome, dark skinned Kotokoli. I could not have been more pleased or more relieved when a deep and uncomplicated relationship developed. A devout Muslim, serious about the Ramadan fast, serious about his daily prayers, but with an uncompromising predilection for pretty girls.

Within short order, it became apparent that the Ghana Christian hierarchy were no better than their Zanibar co-religionists in their avarice. 'No need to thank you. It's your duty to give,' declaimed one young priest, destined for preferment. Another, an Archdeacon no less, declared, 'It's all very well, but it's not enough,' in response to repeated help with his son's school fees at a top Boarding School. He wanted a reliable car and help with his dying wife's medical bills. When I explained to the Bishop's wife that I was giving away two-thirds of my pensions (I now drew OAP) and couldn't contribute to a particular appeal, she knew the coffers would soon be replenished.

I was attached to a daughter church of the local parish church, St Justin's, Nkawie. It was one of the very first churches built in the Ashante region, St Paul's, Nkawie Pannin. We put in a new floor and I loved the Sunday worship with much drumming and dancing, two weekly chances to make a complete fool of myself, but nobody seemed to mind. I also made frequent trips to Lake Bosomtwe, a meteor lake, where the souls of the Ashante touch base before moving on into their after-life, a magical place, in every sense. But the heart of my life was at the hermitage, where I tried to be faithful to a discipline of prayer learned at Quarr and Keur Moussa. I lived mainly in silence, meeting with Ishaw at the beginning and end of each day to discuss the work in the garden or his latest entanglement with another dusky beauty, or Sam Gamgee's depredation of the local chicken population, which ultimately got him poisoned. Swathes of the classic Rule of St Benedict are devoted to which psalms are sung when on a weekly cycle. I said Vigils, Lauds & Mass, Terce, Sext and None together, Vespers and Compline, not always, but on a good day. It was a nod in the right direction, to prefer nothing to 'the work of God.' It tenderises the soul. But my devotion to the Benedictine way comes from a deep admiration for what he did in his cave at Subiaco, where he lived as a hermit for three years. I believe he did battle with the darkness within himself, confronting much of the late Roman decadence in his zeitgeist. He emerged triumphant, shining with the Lord's light. He drew a dozen small communities around himself, before transferring to Monte Cassino, where the Rule was

written. It is designed to help those who seek God to listen to how they might begin, in silence, in obedience, in humility, without 'murmuring' of any kind. Esther de Waal explains it much better than me in any number of books she has written on the subject. I was also fortunate enough to happen upon Fr Mike Targatt. Mike is a member of the Roman Catholic Missionaries to Africa (the White Fathers) founded by Cardinal Lavigerie on the Mediterranean littoral in the nineteenth century, who eventually penetrated the Sahara to evangelise the northern reaches of 'black' Africa. He runs the Catholic diocesan retreat centre in Kumasi. Over the years I was there, Mike led me into a personal relationship with the Lord, who we called *You Know Who* until I was ready to own it. It is a diversion, but the 'Friend and Brother' I learned to love at Mike's feet has also become the 'Lord and God' I discovered, Johnny come lately, on a recent retreat in the Himalaya. When the High Priest asks his direct question – are you the Christ, the Son of the Blessed One? – Jesus replies, simply, 'I am,' echoing the great Old Testament I AM statement from his Father. So, my friend and brother, my Lord and God.

I had said that I would stay at the hermitage for the rest of my life. But it had been designed to convert to a small chapel for the Anglican retreat centre were I ever to leave. Privately, I had decided to think again when I was seventy. I had had a lot of malaria, downing amoxicillin like Smarties. The climate was also challenging as I got older, especially the harmattan, a cruel dust-laden wind coming off the alarmingly encroaching Sahara in January and February. My son came out and we decided that I should sadly relocate to central Bosnia, the Dinaric Alps, where he now lives. I could set up my 'hermit' life around the mountain from him in the village of Bulici. I bought a plot of land and built a house for Ishaw; arranged for Shadrach from Inkawie Pannin to move into the guest-room as hermitage caretaker, and invited Archbishop Sarfo to lead a farewell service, where the Zongo provided most of the congregation, a great honour.

Pax vobiscum



Botswana

Sr Meg Evening [Botswana from 1986-1989]

As I read the note from the Rev'd Mother, it felt like an electric shock going through me. Plans had been made for me to spend two years on the pastoral staff of Lee Abbey. However the little group of CSMV Sisters in Botswana had apparently been crying out for someone to join them so I went to a country, about the size of France, two thirds of which is desert, and already in its seventh year of drought. We were based in Oxford when the bombshell fell, and knowing she and her husband had visited Botswana, I told our rector's wife the news. She asked 'Will you be living in Gaborone?' When I nodded, she said, 'Oh you poor thing! It's just a glorified dustbowl'. Later, I told her husband, the rector, and his face lit up and he responded, 'How wonderful! Life there will be full of marvellous opportunities!' On arrival, I felt the wife had given a fair description of this capital of Botswana. It is close to the south-eastern border of the country and my overriding impression was of unmitigated brown – not a green blade to be seen anywhere. There is surely a Biblical ring of truth to that. Most of the population of Botswana lies along the

eastern border of the country on the edge of the Kalahari desert. The one railroad travelled from South Africa to Zimbabwe (at not much more than walking speed for much of the journey). It took all day. The one tarmac road followed alongside it, until at Francistown in the north, where the two diverged into rougher roads. Scattered, and widely separated, were villages and small towns with their few shops. The road passes by the great salt pans - vast empty plains during the dry season. As Gaborone grew it has encroached further into the desert, but it was still a dry and thirsty land where no water was. It was a dire situation for many of the villages in the desert, where water was so scarce and firewood for cooking, even more so, that the people and animals of whole villages died. The Gaborone dam supplied most of the city dwellers with running water and there was electricity, but in the township areas surrounding the centre, people collected their water from stand pipes by the roadside and relied on candles or oil lamps for lighting. But it was a great deal more difficult in the interior of the desert. A gift from friends in England, enabled us to have some strip lighting in our Chapel, where local children came at night to do their homework though we had to interrupt their silence when we used it to say Compline. For the rest of the house we used paraffin lamps. After just three weeks I was sent into the desert with two priests and Anna, the MU Diocesan Worker. Each day brought many fascinating sights as we drove to some of the far off out-stations of the Cathedral, right to the Namibian border. The desert is not without its hazards. Just beyond Gaborone, it is covered in thorn bushes with large sinister looking thorns. We ran into a plague of locusts and had to stop for they blotted out our windscreen. It was a time of drought which had dire effects on Botswana's financial resources. Beef was the greatest export, but the drought took a terrible toll on the cattle, birds and sheep. Then the rains came, and overnight Botswana was transformed. Trees and bushes started to grow around the edge of the dam, so that it resembled a Scottish loch. One night of rain and what had been dormant for years, sprang to life. Whether the beef market has been restored, I don't know but the tourist trade has flourished. Most visitors start in Gaborone - often enticed by Alexander McCall Smith's series of authentic books entitled 'The Number 1 Ladies' Detective Agency'. It was true, and I believe still is, that Botswana was the most economically and politically stable country in the continent of Africa. This stability is due, first of all, to the Tswana temperament. They are a peace loving people, very forbearing and uncomplaining, despite their very hard lot at times. In 1986 when I arrived, they had only recently formed an army. They had not needed one before. Secondly, the people of Botswana, including the young people have, or certainly had, a beautiful courtesy. It shows in some of the conversations between people in McCall Smith's books. Thirdly, and most importantly, the country owes its stability and its flourishing very largely to one man - Sir Seretse Khama. It was he who led the country to its Independence. Formerly, Bechuanaland it had been a British protectorate. At Independence, it became Botswana and Sir Seretse its first President. By his sane and fair leadership led the country forward to become a nation that valued justice, honour, kindness and generosity. He himself had suffered greatly because of his marriage to Ruth - bringing down on them the wrath of the British government and of his own tribe. At times the pain must have been unspeakable, but he bore no bitterness, and it was one of the qualities that I so admired in the Batswana - the willingness to forgive and not to harbour grudges. We were there for the

10th anniversary of Independence and attended a great celebration in the stadium in Gaborone. It was manifestly clear how the people honoured his memory.

We lived on the edge of a village of destitute people where children had been known to die of starvation. We helped as best we could, distributing small quantities of food to the most needy. With Anna's transport, I was able to attend Mothers' Union annual conferences up and down the country and truly loved their exuberant worship that seemed to come right from their 'depths'. Each time, I was asked to talk on prayer and spirituality but truly I don't know who was teaching whom, for I found myself amongst deeply prayerful people. Amongst the most moving of all the experiences I treasure, was celebrating the Eucharist in the desert. We would do so everywhere we went. For the villagers, it was a great highlight, since their priest might only be able to visit once a year. One such occasion is typical of many others. People flocked to the one-roomed house where the service was held. Anna and I were offered chairs; everyone else sat on the floor and the service began with lighting coming from just two stumps of candles on the 'altar'. No hymn, sheets or books were provided, - none were needed. While one of the priests preached, I looked at the faces of the worshippers - glistening in the candlelight - all of them hanging on his words, so intent were they to receive every scrap of spiritual nourishment. As they received the bread and wine there was a great hush until someone would begin to sing very softly and slowly with everyone joining in deep, rich harmony. I wonder if it is when the Eucharist can only be celebrated so infrequently that there is such intensity of joy? In that little room, packed as it was with devout worshippers, an old Crawford's biscuit tin served as a lectern, the cruet consisted of two glass bottles in shocking pink and lime green that had once contained bath salts, and a tin bearing the name Planters' Cocktail Peanuts acted as a ciborium. The cross was two twigs bound together and the candles stood on two saucers. Nothing, not even the finest vessels and plate from Westminster Abbey, could have had more holy a purpose. We were very blessed in our Bishop, Khotso Makhulu. Trained by the Mirfield Fathers, he understood our calling as Sisters and gave us great support. He was also Archbishop of Central Africa as well as one of the Presidents of the World Council of Churches, all involving a constant round of travelling. One of the highlights of his week and ours was the day when, early in the morning, he celebrated the Eucharist for us.

Botswana - land of huge contrasts and the irresistible power to steal the heart - I am still homesick for it, but full of thanksgiving for all the marvellous opportunities and gifts the rector so rightly predicted it would bring.



Book Review

Laughter and Tears through ninety-five years

The Rev'd George Wood, a member of the College of St Barnabas, spent much of his ministry in Zululand but, before he moved to South Africa after the war, he was a fighter pilot with the RAF during World War II. Talking to Canon Howard Such, our former Warden, just before he retired, Laurens van der Post's quotation was mentioned, "If you have no story to tell, you have no life to live." As a result, George set to and with the help of a friend who did the typing and editing for him, he wrote down some of his wartime experiences,

and then added something of his time in Africa where he and his wife ministered to all, regardless of their colour. In 2015, George, aged 93, with other British veterans, was awarded the *Legion d' Honneur*. The presentation was made by General Groasbriand at the maritime museum in Carantec, where, after his plane had been shot down in September 1943, George evaded capture and was protected by the French resistance. They helped him to return to England where he went on to fly a further 60 missions.



Copies of his booklet can be obtained from the author by writing to him at the College enclosing £6-50 (including postage and packing).



LENTEN ADDRESSES 2018

God of Relationships

The Lent Quiet Day 2018 was taken by the Rev'd Eve Wiseman, who started with a quotation:

"Newman counted the discovery of the sacramental in Keble's 'Christian Year' as a turning point coming to see experience rather than reason as author and custodian of faith."

In her first address, she went on to explain that though she had only arrived in the College in September 2017, she had visited frequently before and found a group of people with a common background. She was ordained in the Church of Canada in 1984.

Her opening text was "You have not because you ask not". She felt there were cultural reasons which inhibited us from asking despite the fact that Jesus told us to do so and the point comes up in the psalms. This idea presupposes a relationship with God, the Trinity being a relationship itself. Eve had found *The Divine Dance* by Richard Rohr had stimulated her thinking on the relationship within the Trinity.



She gave us a fascinating account of how she put her trust in Jesus and eventually came to value the Eucharist with its Passover background where a fifth cup is filled for Elijah. If he does not come, it is not drunk but poured out. Is this the cup Jesus took at the end of the meal to inaugurate the new covenant and to underline the relationship he has with those who obey him?

In her second address, Eve told of a retreat where the leader suggested that our Christian pilgrimage could be represented by a cross, with the "I" in the centre of our lives crossed out. She did not feel that this was helpful and saw our Christian journey as being more like the pair of yoked oxen she had encountered in rural Canada. One had been young and strong, the other old and wizened but they had worked in harmony. So we are not only in relationship with God but with one another in community.

May we live this fact out in St Barnabas!

Daffodils Don't Dance!

Bishop Godfrey Ashby gave the Lent talks for 2018 on Wednesdays in the College chapel and immediately took us to the joys of spring in the Lake District, not with a view to promoting its beauties but to point out that daffodils were not doing a foxtrot or a waltz. The clue to why he commenced this way is revealed in the title of his talks - "Scripture, Poetry and Story".

For four weeks, he opened up to us the fact that the Bible is not a handbook of geology and palaeontology or history but rather it is poetry, story and communication. It is a very old library that began as oral tradition which was passed on from generation to generation and was written down between the tenth century BC and the first century AD. We do a dishonour to the poetry and story of the Old Testament if we treat it as a set of proofs of ancient events. It is



mostly Hebrew poetry (which is very different from modern poetry) alongside storytelling. Ancient people, like Africans today, loved being told stories. Some of the biblical themes include myth (for example the stories of creation), which does not mean they are "fairy stories" or "legends" but that they convey faith and truth centred on the One Creator God. We have to remember that science and religion are just different ways of telling the same story!

Over and over again the prophets spoke out against the worship of idols that surrounded the Israelites and which lured them away from the worship of the one true God. The horror of this temptation had to be expressed in ways the people were used to and could take on board. Hence, the poetry and myth but also in the sacrifices which were the oldest form of worship. The recipe for sacrifice is fourfold: firstly, take something precious that belongs to you; appoint an officer, such as a headman or priest; offer the life of the victim by blood; remember that you are communicating with the unseen. This communication involves saying "thanks", asking for help, forgiveness and healing. Above all, the suppliants express their love for the god they are worshipping. In this light, we can see why idols were the bane of the prophets of Israel for how could things made with human hands be worshipped in such a manner? Only the one true God could satisfy all the peoples' needs. The story of the sacrifice of Isaac by his father Abraham underlines the differences between the human sacrifice to heathen idols and that given to God. This was a new view of sacrifice - a ram was to be the precious gift not a human child and the victim was provided by God. The Bishop pointed out that idols still exist in the twenty-first century and they are as much man-made as were the graven idols of the Old Testament. The Israelites were given the law, based on the ten commandments, to build a society that represented the love of God.

What are the lessons we should learn? The Bible is for us and we should learn to enjoy its imagery. We must take its message to heart and not bury it like Qumran! We must communicate it in ways that apply to the present and not chain it up. We must not worry about understanding the Bible a lot of the time. It is a universal tool. Archbishop Tutu said, "If you think the Bible and politics don't mix, you've got a different Bible from mine". The myths, poetry and stories of the Old Testament found their fulfilment in the death and

resurrection of Jesus. The final working-out of God's promises to Abraham came through the horrific sacrifice of Jesus but his suffering was part of the triumph that was the resurrection.

Mrs Yvonne A Gough



A Tribute given at the funeral of the Rev'd Michael Burden

David Brunskill

I first became aware of Michael around 1944-5 when we were choirboys at St George's Church, Stockport. Michael was not large in stature but his ebullient personality ensured that he was not overlooked. He possessed a good treble voice, and enjoyed the whole Church environment, including the Sunday School.

Outside the Church he was as lively. At Bailey's fish & chip shop, he once hailed Dolly in a loud voice – she was the owner's wife who served at the counter – but when it was his turn, Michael confessed that he had no money. Dolly called him a right cheeky little beggar and gave him some fish bits. Years later when he told Dolly that he had passed his exams, Dolly called out to Grandma who always sat in the corner, 'D'yer hear that Grandma – he's off t' Universal!'

With some 60 or 70 other youngsters, we belonged to the Youth Fellowship. During one YF holiday on the Isle of Wight, well away from home, he expressed his views. He would proclaim loudly that he loved God and knew God wanted him to be ordained. He was aware, also, that he loved many of the temptations of the world – he loved money and the idea of being rich, he loved food and had a healthy appetite, he loved a beer and grew to enjoy wine (though not to excess), he wanted to be old enough to try smoking, and he loved the girls in the YF. These struggles were overcome with the help of friends, family and local clergy. Near the end of our schooldays we cycled one summer to Haute-Savoie in France, where Michael had a pen-friend. We stayed for two weeks at Youth Hostels or camping, then enjoyed a week of French hospitality with Gabrielle's family. The era of cheap car 'bangers' arrived and Michael bought a 1930's Austin 7 and painted it pink and purple. He took his driving test in it much to the alarm of the Examiner, but passed. We both went on a week-end course for potential Ordinands to Chester Cathedral. This confirmed Michael's calling to the Ministry, but cured me of any such ambition. We went our separate ways to university.

Bob Whitaker notes 'I was at Selwyn in 1957 with Mike and we became good friends. I was a medical student and he was reading theology. We organised a camping holiday for young deprived youngsters from the local Cambridge communities. We took them to Devon in a bus and set up camp in a field – strictly separating the boys and the girls but we spent much of our time keeping them apart.

After Cambridge Michael was ordained, serving a Curacy in Sale in Cheshire, then happily married to Ann. They had two children, Jonathan and Charlotte.

Michael was at Walkington near Beverley from 1974 to 1977. My wife, Sylvia, and I next had contact with Michael and Ann when Michael was Vicar of Berwick-on-Tweed, and they invited us to stay with them on Holy Island. Michael was very happy with his family life and his work; he loved living on the island, and embraced local crafts. We went to his church in Berwick, where he conducted a fine Matins in full robes, followed by an informal 'fresh expression' service in cassock to an equally large congregation. His faith and the joy of his work fairly shone in his face.

We were saddened to hear of the onset of Michael's illness, which gradually dimmed the jollity and passion of his sometimes outrageous personality, but his final move to this College offered him a perfect solution to his difficulties, and he threw himself into this community with his usual forthright approach. I was always stimulated by his questioning mind combined with his roars of laughter and horror, and found him a happy companion.

Michael used to quote Shakespeare in self-mockery - I prefer to quote the last verse of a great hymn:

"This is my Friend, my Friend indeed,
in whose sweet praise I all my days could gladly spend".



A Tribute given at the funeral of Dr Marion Bartlett

Timothy Fox

I have known Marion since 1961, my wife Edith even longer who worked with Marion as a nurse. We visited her and David in Heptonstall and North Walsham – and then later at the College of St Barnabas. Marion enjoyed walking through the grounds and gardens here.

Marion was above all a person of faith, with a strong sense of duty and patient commitment to her various tasks – and to her Lord and Saviour. From an early age she felt a calling to serve in the mission field, in particular to medical work - no doubt influenced by her parents who were missionaries in China. She committed herself in her medical training - and it was wartime - to qualify as a surgeon. She was the first woman junior doctor at the Norfolk and Norwich hospital. Her application to do medical work overseas was at first resisted, but then the Lord took matters in hand with a telegram from the Bishop of Zanzibar to the General Secretary of UMCA: "ACCEPT PHILLIPS SURGEON ZANZIBAR". She went out to Tanganyika in 1949 and gave 41 years of her life to medicine and the Church.

The life of faith, regular prayer, and observance of the church festivals was central to the hospital work. Daily prayer in chapel, frequent Communion and prayers in hospital wards were all part of the routine – reflecting the ministry of Jesus. It was not an easy, automatic faith. Sometimes it was sorely tested as when there were cases involving witchcraft, affecting even Christian staff nurses.

Marion and David lived through not just times of shortages of medicines and essential medical equipment – but at least one period of famine. Marion was a real survivor, having heart bypass operations and carpal tunnel syndrome. For a surgeon that could have been just cause for early retirement. But not

Marion! A person of faith and, as she described herself, a “Jack of All Trades”. Certainly a versatile surgeon as well as a physician. Although not a vet, on one occasion she performed a hysterectomy on the pet monkey that belonged to the local District Commissioner. On another occasion, she was called out at night to perform an autopsy on someone who had died, possibly murdered, in the forest – supervised by a policeman carrying a gun! Marion was also involved with nurses’ training, and the setting up of a system of Rural Medical Aides; with administration of the hospital; and with, frequently, building projects, including the design of a completely new hospital at Muheza. And then she was wife to David... that was a happy marriage with their sharing the ups and downs of mission life. They made a good team. David was the parish priest when they were at Muheza but also had the practical skills to keep Marion’s motorcycle going. After they retired to North Walsham, we were all surprised when Marion and David agreed to go back to Tanzania - to spend some time in Zanzibar. This was at the request of Bishop John Ramadhani, whom Marion had known since she first arrived in Tanzania. Marion was pleased when Bishop John included the College of St Barnabas on a visit to the UK. She is also remembered by people in Masasi Diocese, especially Dr Lawi Issa who sent a message and informed people of Marion’s passing.

Marion expected the best – and the most – from those she worked with. This was what my wife found when nursing under Marion’s supervision. Edith said the Tanzanian nurses were slightly in awe of Marion, but this was because Marion herself gave of her best. As well as the links with religious orders in Tanzania, Anglican Franciscans, CSP sisters who worked in hospital with Marion, now based in Shoreham-by-Sea, the Tanzania women’s order, CMM, the Community of St Mary, Marion was an associate of English Benedictines, now with a house in Salisbury. The prior kindly wrote to me saying they would remember Marion, as a former oblate, each year.



The address given at the funeral of the Rev’d Jeremy Cooper

Canon Howard Such

Everyone who knew Fr Jeremy will know that a tribute or eulogy about him is the last thing he would have wanted. He chose the hymns, readings and prayers for this service to indicate what he wanted said, and that should be enough. The choice of Psalm 90 for the first reading makes clear both the awesome majesty and the life-giving nature of God. I Corinthians 15 points to the new life of the resurrection into which we are baptised and which gives us the hope of an even better life beyond the grave. The hymns, too, speak of trust in God, forgiveness and our eventual reward.

However, Jeremy also specified that this service, unlike the Requiem offered for him earlier, should include an address. Clearly, the point of this is to proclaim the resurrection. But it is also important to do this in the light of the tragic circumstances which led to us gathering here to pray for him now.

Jeremy had a profound faith in the resurrection, tempered with the knowledge that with it will come judgement. The middle verses of Psalm 90 make this clear.

"Thou hast set our misdeed before thee and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. . . . Who regardeth the power of thy wrath? For even thereafter as a man feareth, so is thy displeasure."

Perhaps this, together with the pressure that he constantly lived with to ensure that everything was as perfect as possible, explains also his own ministry of prayer for the dead and his valuing of the healing ministry of the Church

Sadly, life teaches us that, despite the miraculous advances in medical science, there are still illnesses that are beyond the reach of human cure. It is not always that lives end simply due to old age and fullness of years. Many people live with the pain of seeing a loved one slip away from them because their body suffers from a condition that cannot yet be fixed. However awful this is, we can, on the whole, deal with it because in our depths we know that a fault in the works of anything will not always be repairable and that eventually it will break. It may feel cruel or unjust, but we know that we are none of us indestructible.

It is much more difficult to come to terms with incurable illness when it affects not the body but the mind. Perhaps because such illness can only be seen by its effects on someone, there is often a much greater feeling that we ourselves should have done something. This community did all that it could to support Fr Jeremy as he grappled with the torment that he confided was affecting him, despite the love and support of those closest to him. Physically he was energetic and driven, sometimes to the point of leaving others feeling exhausted just watching. Inwardly he was beset by another powerful drive that in the end could never have been stopped.

I say this not to reawaken the pain of his passing from us, but from the conviction that we need to know within ourselves that his dying was as much the result of an incurable illness as it would have been had he suffered from some dreadful physical condition. In the end there was nothing that could be done by anyone - apart, of course, from continuing to pray for him. The healing power of the Lord, both over illness and finally over death, is the hope to which Jeremy clung and into which we now entrust him.

St Paul's description of the contrast between our earthly life and the life of the resurrection makes this relief from the limitation of this world abundantly clear. Using Jesus' metaphor of death being like a grain of wheat being sown and springing up into greater life, he says:

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power."

As we commend Jeremy into the hands of the Lord whom he loved and served throughout his life, let us pray that he will find in death the healing for which he longed in life - freedom from anxiety and torment, no longer in weakness but in power and glory. In the words of St Ignatius, "Welcome him, Lord, into your calm and peaceful kingdom; give him the life that knows not age and the reward that passes not away."



Reflections on a Monk's life

A summary of an address at the Requiem of Fr. Peter Palmer SSJE

Some words from Psalm 116: "How shall I repay the Lord for all the benefits He has given me? I will fulfil my vows to the Lord in the presence of all His people."

It was only a few weeks ago that we met here to celebrate Fr Peter's 60 years in vows, and now that life has come to an end. Peter was the very last of SSJE's Canadian congregation, coming over here to England when they closed the House in Ontario, the other two joining the American congregation. Peter served in our Leicester House for a number of years and then lived in St Edward's House, Westminster until coming here to St Barnabas 16 years ago.

Peter was never one to set the world alight. It would not be unfair to say he would never have made "mensa" but the number of messages we have had from people remembering his genuinely warm welcome to guests in the monastery speaks volumes. His work had to be routine, but it was carried out with love and faithfulness. His life speaks of those hidden vows. He was not a preacher, or leader of retreats, but his life supporting those who were so called was of enormous help to the Order. He will always be remembered in SSJE lore (and when he realised, he laughed at himself as loudly as anyone) when, doing the shopping for Easter, he came back with a dozen chocolate eggs instead of hen's eggs Well, it was Easter, but believe me, they don't fry up well with bacon and sausage!

That simple faithfulness is so sadly lacking in the world today. Whether it is faithfulness to a job, to marriage vows, to a friend or whatever, our 21st century absorption in the self and "my rights" simply means that if anything better comes up, then off we go and pursue that instead. I have had people come and ask to be a monk for 2 years, one actually admitting that it was just while they found a better job. The idea of a life-long commitment sent them scurrying off. "I will pay my vows to the Lord", not to myself. 20 years ago, the number of men and women in the Church of England in life vows was over 400, now it is nearer 150, and the age profile is not encouraging. So why is this and what is being done to encourage people to look at a life in vows?

Part of the problem is that the founding charism of so many Orders no longer exists. The work of the great teaching and nursing Orders has been taken over by the state. The time of sending missionaries to "The Empire" has gone. How much missionary work is needed in this country now though! But we might offend people if we stood and preached on the street corners now, and we mustn't offend anyone. "Who will respond if we don't speak" to paraphrase St Paul, and I have been spat upon for simply walking down the street in my habit. So encouragement is needed, not least because there are still many people in the Church who don't know we have monks and nuns. So how?

Bishops often pay lip service to promoting the Life. If asked, they will say the Church would be much worse off without people committed to vows, but what is being done to challenge people thinking about a vocation? Some years ago, I was taking part in a diocesan conference for men and women considering ministry. There were licensed lay readers, licensed youth workers, a monk and a nun and a Church Army officer. We all spoke about these various ministries, yet the feeling promoted was that they were all very well as possible options if

you were not accepted in to parish ministry, not as a first option in their own right.

I firmly believe that God is still calling people into a life committed to poverty, chastity and obedience. Could anything be more counter-cultural to 21st century life, where self is promoted above everything, than those three vows? What we need are parish priests and diocesan officers who actively promote that possibility that it is to vows that the candidate is being called.

"How shall I repay the Lord? I shall fulfil my vows". Thank you, Peter, for faithfully and simply doing just that.



Canon Robin Osborne

One of the many aspects of being Warden of the College of St Barnabas is trying to ensure that the funeral arrangements left by a resident (in collaboration with those who have legal responsibilities) are carried out as far possible. We gather today to remember Canon Robin Orbell Osborne and to inter his ashes in the Garth to the east of the College buildings as requested by him. Other requests could not be carried out because he had moved from here. But he stipulated that there should be no eulogy and a homily at the discretion of the Warden. I am sure he expected Fr Howard Such to perform that task. It has fallen to me instead.

There are things that can be said with clarity. The theme in Robin's choice of hymns was the hope offered to us by the resurrection of our Lord and how we are nourished by Christ. For a priest who had served long and with distinction, it should not surprise us that the message of hope in eternity as offered by Christ's death and resurrection was foremost in his mind. That is the core of our faith. It was as a priest in the church that is commissioned to spread this faith that Robin served. He commends to us the powerful message, that we do not need to live in fear, but in the glorious liberty offered by Jesus who has changed the order of sin and death, and extends it to us here, now, and in eternity. So I feel like Mark Anthony - someone who is to bury Caesar, not to praise him. And yet a ministry of a long life of distinction, needs human praise. So to avoid the wrath of one who is not here, but whose ashes are, I will quote from an article by Bill Bowder, which begins:

'Like the old House of Lords there's an expert on anything somewhere in the backwoods here at the College of St Barnabas and they could jump up and tell you what you want to know,' the sub-warden of the College, Canon Robin Osborne said in August when expanding on the merits of the College he joined six years ago.'

Robin was a staunch advocate of the College that, in time, was unable to accommodate him as his condition put him beyond the capacity of St Barnabas'. That was painful to him, and to those around him, and those who live here. I have heard warm things said of him summed up simply by one resident: 'he was a good neighbour and a good friend.' Friendship is a vital part of faith. As Jesus says in John's gospel, 'I do not call you servants any longer. I call you friends.' Our faith ensures that we both serve and be friendly. That is what Jesus wanted of those who knew him, and those of us who know him now. On the day of his funeral in Macclesfield, the college community gathered here, as its custom, to offer a Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul. Today we use the reading and

hymns that he wanted at his funeral and the particular elements, the absolution of the dead, the sprinkling and the censuring that he stipulated. To do this, I have broken with tradition to conduct the service in this chapel, where we can gather and sing, before we process to the Garth and commit his ashes to the ground.

So what do we want to do today? There are two journeys for us, dust to dust, but also from our Maker to our Maker. Everything Robin selected for today was about the transformation of the past into now and eternity. That is what Christ did on the Cross, by his dying, and by his resurrection, by his triumphing over the grave. "Had Christ, that once was slain, Ne'er burst his three day prison, Our faith had been in vain; But now hath Christ arisen. Alleluia!" Christ is risen! He is risen indeed. Rest eternal grant unto him, O Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon him.

Fr Kevin Scully, Warden



Miss Pride, Miss Pride

A poem written by Canon Robin Osborne and read at his funeral
by Mrs Diana Waller

Miss Pride, Miss Pride,
encumbered with a name so memorable
and obviously unable to change it
because she was at first sight unmarriageable,
was further burthened and embattled
with an organ which would only start when rattled.

For years the system worked quite well.
Miss Pride rattled Great and Swell;
Tom Jones woke and seized the pump,
the thing-on-string gave jerk and jump
coping quite well with simple mood
but rather breathless with Buxtehude.

Until came Quinquagesima one Spring
when dampness caused congestion in the string
and rattling failed to raise the wind
- nothing she did could hide
the scarlet embarrassment of Miss Pride;
with face-aglow
she cried out "BLOV!"

For such interpolation into Evensong
the Vicar said "Never mind how long
you've been here, you will have to go
and we can just about afford
to bring in the Southern Vest Electric Board."
He rang for Cornwall's Organ-boy
yclipped quote 'Lance' by Mrs Foy.

No rattles now, a discreet push
brings all the wind that's wanted with a rush;
though human nature hating change,
Some said, "Ve liked it slower -
you know, when Tom Jones was blower";
and others "It is a warning to us all
when good Miss Pride can take a fall."

But God could not do aught but meddle:
Miss Pride and Tom so long apart,
kept separate by console, pipes
and balanced pedal,
rattling these in such a fashion
as communicated frustrated passion,
met at last behind the swell box:
Miss Pride tremulant, Tom humana-vox

Came wedding day and erstwhile player
lost maiden name to Love the slayer;
vows exchanged and ring encircled
now no longer called Miss Pride,
she turned to face the world outside.

But, before they reached the family pews
the organ blower blew a fuse
(of all the South Vest Electric Board's the lightest)

While Mendelssohn subsided with a hiss,
Mrs Jones proceeded *with pride* to marry bliss,
rattled not the slightest.



A view of the north-east corner of the College

The photograph on the front cover is an unusual view
of the rear of the East Cloisters

COMINGS AND GOINGS SINCE THE LAST ISSUE

New Residents

The Rev'd Eve Wiseman	13 th September 2017
Bishop Godfrey Ashby	28 th October 2017
Fr Martin Smith	6 th November 2017
Canon Allan Buik	9 th November 2017
Fr Peter and Dr Debbie Allsworth	16 th December 2017
Mrs Sheena Bryden	21 st January 2018
Fr Michael Hinton	5 th April 2018
Mrs Teresa Hickley	6 th April 2018
Mrs Pat Lepine	5 th May 2018
Mr Ian and Mrs Pat Dobson	13 th June 2018

Moved away

Sister Frances Cocker	4 th January 2018
The Rev'd Michael Burden	11 th January 2018 [died 16 th May 2018]
Mrs Jenny Tingle	9 th February 2018
Canon Robin Osborne	17 th February 2018 [died 14 th May 2018]
The Rev'd Roger Hawkins	10 th May 2018
Fr Peter and Dr Debbie Allsworth	10 th July 2018

Those who have died

Mrs Alma Gibson	12 th September 2017
Miss Myrtle Hall	7 th October 2017
Mrs Jean Colling	9 th October 2017
The Rev'd Ian Hunter	27 th October 2017
Fr David Wells	29 th October 2017
The Rev'd David Haggan	30 th October 2017
Fr Jeremy Cooper	14 th January 2018
Dr Marion Bartlett	10 th March 2018
Fr Peter Palmer SSJE	21 st June 2018
Mrs Pat Dobson	5 th August 2018

✠ May they rest in peace and rise in glory



Part of the Art Group with the pastel picture they produced jointly



After Kandinsky - an abstract painting produced jointly by the Art Group



The dormouse garden designed by Fr Robert Raikes at the south-west corner of the Cloisters

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