

The
Chronicle 2019
of the
College of
St Barnabas



The Chronicle of the College of St Barnabas 2019

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Foreword



They say a year is a long time in politics. Watching the machinations at Westminster and elsewhere it seems painfully true – bogged down in Brexit; unedifying exchanges of personal comments; leaders unsure of their positions.

My wife Adey Grummet and I clocked up a year at the College on May 1.

This year was also the 25th anniversary of my ordination to the priesthood. I am, compared to Fr Keith Gibson, who celebrated 70 years in December, and the late Fr Roger Bould and his 60 years in September 2018. Each of these events were splendid – full of faith and celebration, and fun. I was deeply touched to share these events and to be presented with gifts and good wishes. (page 26) Thanks to all concerned.

Of course, as you will read in these pages, we have had other matters to attend to; a baptism, residents' funerals, and sport. The comings and goings of Residents are chronicled on page 46.

Unreported are the daily duties and pleasures that keep The College going - the work of domestic, estate and office staff. Our thanks go out to them. Visitors often remark on the unique quality of the College. This year we changed our strapline to '*A Community of Retired Anglicans Uniting in Faith and Care*'.

Next year we celebrate the 125th anniversary of the foundation of the College by The Revd William Cooper (1835-1909). As you will read, we have not been able to find an image of him. Any help in this would be greatly appreciated. My profound thanks for those who support us in prayer and finance. We could not operate without you.

Kevin Scully
Warden

Editorial

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.



It is exactly a century ago in 1919 that W.B Yeats, composed this opening verse for his poem '*The Second Coming*'. Written amidst the internecine events of Ireland, experiencing the gyre, or vortex of not just the acts of violence, but the words of violence, and the noise of war not just against the British, but between the Irish themselves, in the years before and after 1919. We have endured the noise and violence of words in 2019; words from the mouths of politicians, and even religious people on a range of controversial issues. The '*still small voice*' often seems drowned by prejudice, anger and fear. Noise, as C S Lewis' devil Screwtape famously said, is the '*music of hell*'.

As a more recent resident to the College, I welcome the opportunities for silence. Here in the College; the silent times before services; the hour of silent prayer on Saturday mornings; and I am spared, the interminable chatter before, and notices that conclude much of today's public worship.

So it may be heartening to pray daily the last verse of the poem composed by Edmund Sears, a Unitarian pastor in Massachusetts, which is better known as the carol "*It Came Upon a Midnight Clear*",

*And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.*

Canon Paul Jenkins.

Patronal Festival Evensong

Sermon by the Bishop of Southwark

11 June 2019



President Trump has gone home, the Earth is still rotating around the Sun and today is the glorious Feast of Saint Barnabas. I am glad that the President of the United States of America was received respectfully in this country on the occasion of the 75th anniversary of the D-Day Landings when our fate as a nation hung in the balance and without massive support from our cousins across the Atlantic we would have remained in peril. I am also glad that he was able to learn at first-hand lessons in dignified statecraft from Her Majesty the Queen who has rather better form and longer experience than her esteemed visitor.

It is a very great pleasure to be with you to keep the Feast of your admirable Patron. I am grateful to you for your welcome, and to your Warden for inviting me - I have had the pleasure of knowing Fr Kevin for a long time, since we served together in Stepney.

We are here in pretty much the Ultima Thule of the Diocese of Southwark – or whatever the Southern equivalent of Ultima Thule is. South of here lies a region which we know only from myth and unreliable travellers' tales, which I gather is called the Diocese of Chichester!

At the Parochial level this remote fastness is committed, as you know, to the care of the Revd Kathryn Percival, Vicar of the United Benefice of Lingfield and Dormansland, and Area Dean of Tandridge. I am very glad Kathryn is present this afternoon – having foregone the DAC in order to be here – the better part of valour. I know that Kathryn has an active and sincere care for the College, as indeed for all those here in the southern marches of the Diocese.

It is in such extreme outposts of civilisation, just as in the desert monasteries of Egypt, that great wisdom is treasured up, and peace is sought and found. Thus, it is always good to be here, but particularly so on this festival day. Today is the day on which Church tradition teaches us that St Barnabas met his death. He first appears in Acts 4: *Joseph, a Levite from Cyprus, whom the apostles called Barnabas (which means 'son of encouragement'), sold a field he owned and brought the money and put it at the apostles' feet.* (Acts 4: 36-7) and we can take it that this is the same Barnabas who then

Patronal Festival Evensong

reappears in Chapter 9, as the Sub-Warden has read. Thus we know that “*Son of Encouragement*” was not a name conferred on him by optimistic parents - but when nicknamed by his friends, we can be confident he was a truly encouraging companion - and this is borne out in the role he goes on to play.

Barnabas has the courage to befriend St Paul when the other disciples are afraid of their former persecutor. In Galatians, Paul refers to Barnabas as his companion on first coming to Jerusalem (Gal: 2.1), though later he writes that even Barnabas was led astray (Gal 2:13) which may say as much about Paul as about Barnabas. When refugees from persecution settle in Antioch and the Church there grows, it is Barnabas who is first sent from Jerusalem to encourage the new believers. He makes the journey to Tarsus and brings Paul to Antioch. Then in the famous dramatic scene in the Church at Antioch the Holy Spirit sets the two of them apart for missionary work.



They take aid from Antioch to Jerusalem. They travel widely testifying in synagogues and elsewhere In Lystra they are taken for gods and they reply *We too are only human, like you. We are bringing you good news...* – but it is noticeable that the people who want to deify them call Paul, Hermes because he is the chief speaker (Acts 14:12-15). It is Paul and Barnabas who carry the letter of the Jerusalem Council to Antioch.

At length, they fall out, because Barnabas wants to keep Mark with them, but Paul cannot forgive Mark's weakness in deserting him during an earlier missionary journey. In Hollywood terms St Barnabas is a strong nominee for Best Supporting Actor. And what do we often notice about those who do win the less prestigious Oscar than the Best Actor award? My observation is that they are often the better actors. In 2015, the Best Actor award went to Leonardo DiCaprio, who is very much the 21st century equivalent of a matinee idol. The Best Supporting Actor award went to a man with a strong Southwark connection, Mark Rylance, the celebrated Shakespearean actor and first Artistic Director of Shakespeare's Globe. Let us celebrate the solid, servant hearted virtues of St Barnabas, faithful companion, happy to play a supporting role, serving where he is called, not

Patronal Festival Evensong

sparing himself, looking always for the good of others. These virtues call for great skill and courage. And they are vital to cultivate in this year of grace 2019. They are the antidote to the culture of celebrity. They are also virtues which can secure those who possess them from anxiety and stress. Pre-eminently they are virtues one hopes to see in Anglican Clergy. Of course, the Church of England is not immune to infection by the culture of the wider world in which we are set, and rightly so, for if we are to speak in a language 'understanded' of the people', we must be thoroughly incarnational. As we live up to this calling, we have much to offer; but we must be alert to the dangers too.

The Parish is the glory of the Church of England precisely because it is not glorious in any worldly sense. Parish Ministry is a true outworking of the fundamental virtue of love which, as St Paul assures us, *does not envy... does not boast, ...is not proud* (1 Cor: 1.4) All else must depend upon this. Everything that goes on in Bishops' Houses, or Diocesan Offices or for that matter in the National Church Institutions, every report that is written, every presentation that is made, needs to work to the flourishing of Parishes, or Ecclesial Communities such as this one. The Parish is and I pray will remain the beating heart of the Church. It is in the Parish that the Church of England lives. It is in the Parish that we fight the good fight, in the Parish that we are who we are. For a Parish you need two things: a Cure of Souls, and a Curate - I extend this to include Chaplains of Colleges, Hospitals, Prisons and Schools. As well as being Chief Shepherd and Leader in Mission, as Chief Pastor, my primary concern is the well-being of Clergy and the flourishing of all God's people.

Thus, very good work is going forward, under the care of the Archdeacon of Croydon, to ensure that our Clergy are enabled to live the good lives that God demands. Institutions such as this one, with their reassuring promise of rest and care when the responsibilities of Parish Ministry are over. My ambition is no less and no more than that every Clerk in Holy Orders from the Thames to the further reaches of Lingfield and Dormansland would be, as St Paul says, *filled with all joy and peace* as we trust in God, so that we may overflow with hope by the power of the Holy Spirit. Thus, may we be free, inspired by the memory of the Patron of this College, true daughters and sons of encouragement, pursuing all that makes for peace and builds up our common life, the Lord being our helper.

Bishop of Southwark

A Tribute to Olive Hitchcock 1921-2018

In 1921 Olive was born, 2 years after her sister Mary. The word 'remarkable' is vastly overused about people's lives but over the last few weeks since Olive's death reading her diaries, papers, poetry, and reflections from others who knew her, there simply isn't another adjective. Perhaps all lives are remarkable and one-offs. Yet the circumstances and time of Olive's life is certainly not easily repeated.



At the age of 5, when living in Acton, she developed a tubercular hip. Her experience of the years which followed had resonances with the last few years of her life. Confined to bed, restricted in movement, delving deep into her inner resources to sustain her - and there finding her Lord.

Olive's leg was straightened by brute force and, after catching chicken pox at Great Ormond Street hospital, she was sent home immobilised in plaster and later transferred to Treloar's Hospital for Crippled Children in Alton and Hayling Island. She was there for 4 years, flat on her back, splintered and in traction. No personal possessions were allowed, everything had to be shared on the ward and letters home were censored to prevent any complaints. Her parents could visit for 2 hours on a Saturday or Sunday twice a month except in the winter. In bed she was taught to read, write, maths and to sew.

Olive speaks of returning home joyfully at 9 years old, on crutches. She went to a local school and then attended North London Collegiate in Camden Town, travelling by train each day. She had 2 further major operations on her hip which removed her splint although she says she was still disabled. It was during one of these stints in hospital, lonely and bitterly disappointed when the first operation was unsuccessful, that Olive turned to the love of God in Christ and put herself in his hands for life.

Tribute to Olive Hitchcock

The Second World War interrupted Olive's education. She took a secretarial course and became a temporary civil servant at the Ministry of Home Security in Whitehall. She worked during the blitz, sleeping in Government office shelters while bombs crashed overhead, her mother and Mary having been evacuated when their home suffered serious land mine damage.

In 1941 Olive decided to go to St Andrew's University to study Geography, half expecting to become a teacher as this was acceptable war service. As a result of the influence of Crusader classes in London, and the InterVarsity Fellowship at St Andrew's she hoped to be a missionary teacher and prayed for clarity of guidance. This came in the form of a call up on Graduation, to the wartime civil service – again. In June 1945 she was part of the Economic Intelligence Unit attached to Lord Mountbatten's South East Asia Command in Kandy, Ceylon and later to Singapore, on the surrender of Japan.



This life changing experience is recorded in a beautifully illustrated diary - with photos, sketches and water colours based on letters she sent home. A lifelong love of Ceylon, later to become Sri Lanka, began. It was here Olive made her first links with Ladies College.

Through the pages of this diary Olive's love of the land and interest in the people are woven through, as her faith grows. She has a skill for friendship and a love for life. There are endless references to picnics, walks, journeys – on warships and various aircraft, and encounters with every conceivable area of the Armed Services.

As soon as the Foreign Office declared she was at liberty to leave in 1946, Olive flew back to Colombo and introduced herself to Ladies College where she was offered a job teaching Geography, scripture, Latin and French. She was an innovative teacher and regarded as rather progressive. However, after a couple of terms she was seconded to a school in Gambola, Kandy for a year to give a longstanding missionary a break. At

Tribute to Olive Hitchcock



Initially taken on by CMS on '*special agreement*' because of her disability, after several years she was regarded as a missionary. For 20 years she devoted herself to Ladies College running it together with the principal, Australian Mabel Simon, and in 1964 becoming its Principal. She clearly got a grip on the school administratively and educationally and was always forward thinking. She navigated a path through difficult times due to a Buddhist revival. She was the only Anglican Non-Ceylonese in charge of a school.

The girls evidently regarded her as rather scary, but to the staff she was lively, warm hearted and friendly. She maintained constant contact with Ladies College ever since, and a Christmas card from the college was in her room when she died.

In 1968, after 20 years' service, Olive left to take up a post at the Church Mission Society HQ, 157 Waterloo Road as Assistant Asia Secretary and later Regional Secretary for Egypt, Israel, Jordan, Lebanon, the Gulf, Pakistan, Central Asia and Sri Lanka. This involved travelling and visiting, which she loved and her few photos which remain reflect that. Here her practical administrative skills were combined with a capacity for deep thinking on life's many aspects with the Christian faith bearing upon them.

From her personal experience of suffering she drew a sensitive understanding of the suffering of others. She entered deeply into the Beirut and Iranian crisis, at great personal cost and from her own spiritual depths strengthened the church leaders and missionaries in such crisis situations.

She always felt a special bond with Bishop Hassan and Margaret Dehquani -Tufti and in recent years delighted in his daughter Guli's ordination, and Consecration as bishop of Loughborough.

Tribute to Olive Hitchcock

This was clearly her lived experience as she also mentions this in her letter to CMS staff on her retirement in 1980.



She always had a photo of **Bishop Lakshman Wickremesinghe** (inset) on her desk within her sight line. He remained to the end her great love. The last few years took her back to her bed and with limited movement. Her room became a liminal space. This service reflects the determined, authentic, living faith which she clung on to through the waters of death as she did, to her little olive holding cross as she waited to hear her name, and be called home.

Farnham was to be her home with her sister Mary for the next few years and latterly together they moved to Terry's Cross House and finally Olive moved to the College of St Barnabas where she received the most faithful care. On Christmas Eve 2018, Olive died, aged 97

The Revd Sarah Hutton and John Clark



Ladies' College

HAEC VICTORIA NOSTRA FIDES 1900



Roger Bould's 60th Anniversary

Roger's and my ministries both go back to the Diocese of Lichfield – for Roger the only diocese and of course Wolverhampton the centre of the universe. The timing of this service will allow you to watch the Wolves versus Manchester United match this afternoon. (It was a draw 1 all!) Some 60 years ago when Roger was ordained by Bishop Stretton (Rhino) Reeve in Lichfield Cathedral, I had just been confirmed (by Bishop Richard Clitherow, Bishop of Stafford (1909–1984) and was beginning to wonder about a priestly vocation. I was later to become Bishop of Stafford myself. Roger and I both began our priestly ministry in the Black Country, Roger my senior in ordination by 12 years. We often met in the Federation of Catholic Priests and at Black Country Corpus Christi festivals! Fr Bould was affectionately known as Goldilocks on account of his hair – which he still has, and I don't! Much later Roger was to become my Pastoral Assistant when I was Bishop of Stafford and we both served in North Staffordshire, not least the beautiful Staffordshire Moorlands. However, Roger has wisely instructed the bishop that he wants a sermon about the priesthood. Just as well, as Jubilee sermons otherwise can sound like a panegyric or an anecdotal series of funny stories or a cocktail of both! And we are all more than pleased that you are now out of hospital!

So, what of priesthood in the Church of England today and 60 years on? While the Catholic-Protestant disagreements are still around, though less shrilly expressed, the dominant tone of the Church of England is more evangelical, charismatic and managerial than catholic. And those traditions do not sit easily with priesthood. Meanwhile in the 'real' world priesthood is ambivalent. In television we have moved away from the Trollopian *All Gas and Gaiters* to *Father Ted*, *The Vicar of Dibley* and *Rev* and more recently *A Vicar's Life* about clergy in my neighbouring diocese of Hereford. All relatively benign figures, humorously struggling with their own humanity as well as their priesthood. The novel is darker, especially in relation to the institutional church, for example Philip Pullman's so-called children's stories *His Dark Materials*. Yet there is also *Sydney Chambers*, an intellectual humanity and priesthood (based on Archbishop Robert Runcie) in the

Roger Bould's 60th Anniversary

Granchester Mysteries. In the theatre, this diocese of Southwark produced the real story behind *Racing Demons* and the Diocese of London saw the occupation of St Paul's explored in *Temple*: an ambitious priest versus a conflicted priest. Not to speak of a diocesan bishop in search of a definitive solution. I speak of the *play* only you understand! I can sympathise with all three characters, though not in equal measure. Yet in the real world, priesthood is deeply tarnished because of abuse. This is where we are today.

A sermon should however at least begin with the Word of God as well as its dialogue with culture. So where do we start with priesthood?

In Exodus we hear the defining story. Israel is called out of Egypt, out of all the nations, called through a Covenant to be a 'kingdom of priests and a holy nation'. Yet in Genesis we already see that this is not a self-centred or exclusivist election because Abraham's call is in order that 'all peoples on earth will be blessed through' him. In Stuckey Coles' famous Anglo-Catholic hymn, *Ye who own the faith of Jesus* we see God's call to a people, to a land, narrowing to a young woman, to the Incarnate Christ himself and then widening out again in universal prayer and praise. At the narrow neck of this hourglass is Jesus our Mediator and One High Priest. The Letter to the Hebrews explores this priesthood but not in the way that the Tractarians quite thought. Michael Ramsey was never sure whether Hebrews was a very 'high church' epistle or a rather 'low church' epistle. Whatever it is, it centres on the language of priesthood, prayer, offering, sacrifice and praise. And to the High Priesthood of Christ in Hebrews we properly add the language of I Timothy, of Revelation and especially I Peter about the Church sharing in Christ's priesthood: *A chosen people, a royal priesthood, a holy nation; God's special possession, that you might declare the praises of him who called you out of darkness into his marvellous light*.

While we know the New Testament does not use the word priest other than of Christ or the whole People of God, by the time of Clement, Tertullian and Cyprian it began to be so used – primarily of the bishop who was the 'normal' minister of both Word and Sacraments. Later as these ministries

Roger Bould's 60th Anniversary

were more and more delegated to the presbyters; the word priest was also applied to them. But the priestly reference remained pastoral, read Gregory's *Pastoral Care*. And the clergy remained laity, the last! All were part of a single, Holy, Common, People of God – the plebs *sancta dei* of the ancient western Eucharistic Prayer: the 'holy, common, People of God' (in Dix's translation).

With the Gregorian Reforms of the 11th century however came not only the stress on the inherent authority of the Church – of Popes, Bishops, Priests as over against powerful lay Patrons who subverted the property of the Church for their own economic interest, but also compulsory celibacy, and – and this is little remembered – the insistence that only Freemen could be ordained. So, began, at least in the West, the turning of the ministry into a caste.

Luther's protest was that baptism was the qualification for all ministry: yet all the Reformers still stood for the Priesthood of Christ and the Priesthood of the Church. Luther was, of course, less egalitarian when it came to the Peasants' Revolt. Only with pietism and modern individualism came that 19th century Protestant thing, the (individualistic) Priesthood of All Believers, which is neither Scriptural, nor Patristic, nor Reformed. Scripture speaks of the common priesthood of the whole People of God rather than the individualised priesthood of all believers.

When we ask how the Church is to be priestly, then we see where a properly priestly ordained ministry fits into things. What are the marks of a priestly church and how is it served by such of us as are ordained deacons, priests, bishops – and has been so served by Roger for 60 years?

Our Gospel is about the labourers and the harvest. It is the BCP Gospel for the ordination of priests. So first, evangelisation – this is not to be commandeered by Evangelicals alone. It is not accidental that Pope Francis' first Apostolic Exhortation was *Evangellii gaudium*. Look again at Romans 15; Paul claims to be 'a minister' (the Greek word here is a liturgist not servant) – Paul claims to be a 'worshipping minister' of Christ

Roger Bould's 60th Anniversary

Jesus in the priestly service of the Gospel of God, so that the offering (that's a sacrificial offering in the Greek) of the Gentiles may be acceptable, sanctified by the Holy Spirit. All very priestly language applied by Paul to himself. Next there is the role of the ordained in service of the mediating role of the Church – the Church as minister of human reconciliation.

The Church is the sign of God's forgiveness in Christ and the ordained priest gives this voice and effect, especially in the Ministry of Reconciliation, this ministry especially emphasised in the 1662 Ordinal. Equally, the role of the Church in the offering of creation – the cereal offering was the most common sacrifice offered by priest and people under the Old Covenant. Hebrews uses the language of perfecting the sacrifice of Christ. Humans is the 'priest' of creation, and in a full Christian eschatology (e.g. Irenaeus) Christ in the fullness of humanity represents the renewed, perfected, re-created cosmos to the Father. Ordained priests deal with the things of this creation: Bread and Wine – the fruit of the earth, the work of human hands; water, oil. And they are for transformation. We preach and teach the stewardship of God's creation which is the ministry of the whole of humanity. But the Church and its priests are again the sign and articulation of God's purpose for creation – or should be. What is the voice of the church and her leaders in terms of the environment? It is not accidental that the Ecumenical Patriarch Bartholomew has made the environment a major part of his ministry and teaching.

There is still further the role of the Church in intercession in Christ. And intercession is also protest, protest injustice, whether political, institutional, judicial or economic. This explicitly priestly role of the Church is articulated and voiced by the priestly ministry of the ordained – again it is the whole church which is priestly but the priestly ministry of the ordained enables and articulates this in its' focussing of the prophetic Word and communitarian Sacrament.

Which brings me finally to worship and blessing. The Church, articulated through its ministry, voices the silent praise of the created universe – with 'angels and archangels and all the company of heaven'; the heavenly Sanctus: heaven and earth are full of your glory. That is 'upward'. Equally, God's love for all humanity and all creation is seen in the kenotic 'emptying'

Roger Bould's 60th Anniversary

priesthood articulates this in worship and Blessing. We are back to Abraham *'in you all the families of the earth shall be blessed'*.

Evangelization, Mediation, Reconciliation and Forgiveness, the Offering of creation and Creational Stewardship, Intercession, Worship, Blessing. All these are the marks of the Priesthood of Christ, the Priesthood of the Church and your and my ministerial priesthood. And these are all focussed and articulated ultimately in the eucharistic ministry of the priest. Roger, I have avoided a recitation of your Crockford's entry, and this is certainly not your obituary. But you have served the One Priesthood of Christ and his Church as a priestly minister of Christ's Church for a decade more than half a century. You have blessed Church and people in your parishes and chaplaincies. And you are an instrument of God's blessing on us your friends in this service today. We thank God for Christ's High Priesthood, for the Priesthood of the Church and for your priestly ministry for 60 years.

Bishop Christopher Hill



Four ancestors of Jesus

Lord, I find the genealogy of my Saviour strangely chequered with four remarkable changes in four generations. Rehoboam begat Abia: a bad father begat a bad son. Abia begat Asa: a bad father and a good son. Asa begat Jehoshaphat: a good father and a good son. Jehoshaphat begat Jorum: a good father and a bad son.

"I see, Lord, from hence that my father's piety cannot be entailed: that is bad news for me. But I see also that actual impiety is not hereditary: that is good news for my son."

Thomas Fuller's comments on four of the kings mentioned in our Lord's genealogy in Matthew, chapter 1 comes from his *Gnomologia*. Fuller went up to Queens' College, Cambridge, in 1621 aged 13. He graduated in 1625, took a BD in 1635 and was awarded a DD immediately after the Restoration of the monarchy in 1660, having been in hiding for much of the Commonwealth. His last appointment was Chaplain in Extraordinary to Charles II. A Chaplain in Extraordinary was a chaplain appointed to the Household of the monarch. The term was used under the Stuarts after the Restoration in the 17th century but lasted with decreasing importance into the 18th and 19th centuries. Fuller was primarily a historian, but he became a popular preacher and a prolific writer, reputed to be one of the first authors to make an income from his pen. His most famous work was *Worthies of England*, published in 1662 after his death. He is famous for his aphorisms, many of which are still used, including *A friend in need is a friend indeed* and *When the cat is away, the mice may play*.

The Rev'd Thomas Fuller (1608-1661)



Baptism - Charlotte Hilda Bischoff

Charlotte Hilda Bischoff was baptised in the College Chapel on Friday afternoon 5 September 2018. She is the great-granddaughter of General Sir Hugh Beach, a College Resident. Charlotte's parents, Marcus and Chloe, and her elder brother, Miles, live in Hong Kong and are frequently on the move. They looked for a settled location for her Christening and their eyes lighted on the Chapel of St Barnabas. 'A stable place sufficed.'

As Fr Kevin said in his welcome, we have plenty of practice at funerals - maybe half a dozen a year, but not much call for ceremonies at the other end of the age range. I could myself remember three other Christenings: a former Resident, Fr Julian Rudd, baptized his three granddaughters: one singly, and the others were twins. Memories of those were not very clear, except that they took place at the entrance to the sanctuary (Fr Rudd was chair bound) and followed the Book of Common Prayer.

Charlotte's Baptism on the other hand was peripatetic, Fr Kevin walking briskly around the Chapel with Charlotte's family and supporters following in his wake, and kept to the texts of Common Worship, which were given greater meaning by being spoken in different places. The Paschal candle was lit at the start near the Chapel's entrance door. Baptism is the way-in to the Church, the living community of the Light of the world. A Reading followed: the baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch by Philip recounted in the Acts of the Apostles. I recalled a sermon I heard preached in Cornwall in 1955: Philip 'ran' to the eunuch, so eager was he to fulfil the angel's command; and the eunuch's urgent question, supposedly echoed by Charlotte, though not in words: *'Here is water: what is to prevent me from being baptized?'*

The water was to be poured into the font a little later, the font being a seemingly glass basin with painted fish enthusiastically baptised by three -year-old Miles (inset), who was hoping for some action. First though, the Liturgy of the Baptism: the congregation welcomed Charlotte into Christian fellowship, and her parents and godparents

Charlotte Hilda Bischoff

promised to pray for her, care for her, and walk with her on her Christian way through life. Symbolically they now walked with her to the gate of the sanctuary, turning to Christ, renouncing evil, and repenting of her putative sins.

Fr Kevin gave her badge of membership, signing her with the sign of the cross, 'Christ claims you for his own,' the sign which can never be seen but can never be taken away.

Charlotte was brought back to the Paschal candle. Water was poured into the a font and blessed. Then, as Philip told the eunuch he could be baptized if he believed, and the eunuch gave one of the earliest recorded professions of the Christian faith - 'I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God' - so Charlotte made her profession, all who had gathered as her witnesses speaking on her behalf. and so, to the actual Baptism:



Charlotte, left
brother Miles right

'Charlotte Hilda, (inset) I baptize you....'Not as the Orthodox, though: with them the baby is stripped and the baby is dipped, sometimes perilously. Once, the priest was short, the font was high, and the baby was big. On being submerged he thought 'bath time' and struck out for a 'swim.' His godparents leapt forward to prevent an actual drowning. But Charlotte was safe. Dressed demurely in a Bischoff family Christening robe, she let out only subdued cries of objection ('the devil coming out of her') before being given back to somebody she knew. It always seems to me a little

discourteous to the baby that she should be handed around like a parcel to be passed.

Charlotte having been baptised and anointed with the oil of chrism, she was welcomed by everyone into the fellowship of Christian believers with a general exchange of signs of peace and with prayers of thanksgiving and blessing. Finally, she was given a lighted candle, the light of Christ, and told - with all of us - to '*walk in this light all the days of your life*' and to '*shine as a light in the world to the glory of God the Father.*'

Our Homeland

For us, our homeland is in heaven. And from heaven comes the Saviour we are waiting for, the Lord Jesus Christ, and he will transfigure these wretched bodies of ours into copies of his glorious body. He will do that by the same power by which he can subdue the whole universe.

You will have noted, no doubt, that the text I have quoted is not from any of the appointed readings we have just heard read. Nor is it from the Authorised Version, but the Jerusalem Bible. Philippians, chapter 3, in case anyone is worried.

The Church of England, in its wisdom, has designated today as one on which a Dedication Festival may be held. In the diverse market of the Church – Common Worship in which things should, rather than must, happen; ‘The President may say’. In the Book of Common Prayer 1662 with fewer variations, unless we have the odd VAT – Vicar’s added titbit - like the Collect and readings for today - or there are even other rites that can be absorbed, incorporated or ignored at will. Some of them are even forms of service that authorised or allowed by canon.

The College of St Barnabas has a similar round of circumstances, a mixture of tradition, cultural practice, expediency and whim. That is not surprising because in those gathered in this chapel at any time is a wealth of knowledge, talent and experience. Those who have served in parishes will know that combination of ideas and practice. My wife, Adey, used to say that at St Matthew’s, Bethnal Green, if we did something once, it was a tradition. And of course, as I expect those priests among us have all heard when called on to officiate at a church not under our usual care we will be informed that is ‘just the usual’ or ‘normal’. If only!

One of the St Barnabas’ practices, traditions or whims is when preaching happens. There are special occasions when someone is called in – most often for funerals – but there are occasions when the Warden is variously encouraged, permitted or tolerated to preach. Or ‘suffered’, to use an old term. Perhaps in both senses.

Our Homeland

Today is one of them. As I prepared for today, it occurred to me how much of our preach-able common life in College is the celebration of birthdays. Christmas – the birth of Jesus; Whitsun – the birth of the church; the Dedication – birth of the College. The other two are the Resurrection and the Patronal festival; the former could be considered vital for the new birth of a Christian – *‘Had Christ, that once was slain, ne’er burst his three-day prison, our faith had been in vain; but Jesus Christ is risen’*. And St Barnabas encourages, consoles us. He gives birth to hope, to resilience.

And so, to today. What are we celebrating? In short, that we were founded, and that through all the all the changing scenes of life, we are still here. In a way, we are dedicated from that. I know the art group has been quite keen to find an image of our founder, the priest, the missionary, the mover and shaker, the freemason, Fr William Henry Cooper. He wanted to help some clergy. The theme of history suggests that these were – if they were not scooped up the pool of privilege that attends an established church – left out to hang and dry in retirement. So in healthcare, he founded St Luke’s Hospital for Clergy; and, for those without other provision in retirement, this place.

There are some things that move on and some that stay the same. The wise and the wonderful of our world are mixed in that. Sometimes the things that remain should not have; sometimes we cast our pearls away when we should have kept them. How many times have we heard the cry of selling of the literal or metaphorical family silver?

We can’t always get it right. None of us is infallible. And if we claim we do or are, we are heading for disaster. The appalling events repeatedly being exposed in the ICSA hearings tell us the obvious: The Church is as flawed as all else in the world because, like all else in the world, it is made up of people. Refusing to acknowledge faults, blame, sin is arrogance. And it is not the way of our faith. We must acknowledge and confess our shortcomings and failures that come with our very nature.

Our Homeland

So that means more than acknowledgement but doing something about it. In that way, the church is, rather than says it is, a signpost to one who has put all things right, even Jesus Christ our Lord.

Which is a long way to getting to the point. To celebrate the dedication of a Christian foundation should not glory in the institution or the founder except the founder, Jesus. Dedication is not so much as from, as to. Yes, we remember and give thanks. But always looking beyond. This College, like so many buildings, foundations and locales in the world is full of plaques in obvious and not so obvious places which note the contribution, either financial or personal of individuals and groups and charities. These are arguably the triumph of human need and vanity over effort or achievement. But still we give thanks to and for them, as we should.

And yet, as members of our art group will tell you we don't know what our founder even looked like. Not yet. The Dean of Ballarat, who was with us recently and will preside at this altar on Tuesday, has said he will ask the Archdiocese of Melbourne, where Cooper served as a missionary, if it can help us. And perhaps we should be trying in Canada too.

Tracing our roots is pivotal. Old churches get travellers again and again, often naively enthusiastic, somehow believing that their unique idea to find out where their ancestors came from has never occurred before. So they set out on a quest to visit the churches they may have been baptised, married in or even buried from, And yet it is that combination of individuality and commonalty that is celebrated in the Christian faith. Yes, your faith, your baptism, your journey matters, but it is also part of a wider, even universal pattern.

We are not Christians alone, but members of the Church. We are not solo sacred sites in a wilderness of evil, but dwellers in time and space for which God in Jesus acted to redeem not just us, but all the world. What a church, what a college, what an individual Christian should be dedicated to is the faith revealed by God in Jesus. And that means engaging with the world in which we are placed.

Our Homeland

The Christian faith is not a private affair, but a public engagement. That we have chapels here in a relatively private setting does not stop us in this worldly work. We are inevitably called to witness to our faith, to preach the gospel. And acknowledge that at any time we should be ready to spread that faith. As St Francis of Assisi, whose feast was last Thursday, said, *'Preach Jesus. If necessary, use words.'*

Preaching the faith. Living the faith. Being built on the faith of God revealed in Jesus and sustained by the Holy Spirit. That is what we celebrate today. That is what we have been, what we were dedicated from, what we are and should continue to be dedicated to.

Happy Birthday. Of sorts, anyway.

Warden Fr Kevin Scully



Jude the Apostle
Also known as Judas Thaddaeus,
one of the Twelve Apostles of Jesus

The Art Class

*Every human is an artist. And this is the main art that we have:
the creation of our story. Don Miguel Ruiz (1952 -)*

It is these stories brought by the St Barnabas Art Group that create an eclectic Creative Space where the focus is on exploring a variety of media and themes. And not forgetting the all-important and mostly well-deserved cuppa that often gets mistaken for the paint water jar.

The members' rich biographies, mixed abilities and different areas of expertise create a unique collaborative story which give this group the essence that keeps members coming back for more cake, oh and the art-making the facilitator, Michelle, brings each week.



The years church wheel



Artistic hands





The Art Class

In youth from rock to rock I went,
 From hill to hill in discontent
 Of pleasure high and turbulent,
 Most pleased when most uneasy;
 But now my own delights I make,



The Daisy

Fr Kevin's 25th Anniversary of Priesthood

There is a day that comes for every Ordinand nearing the end of her theological training, when her training incumbent has been selected, and comes for a visit to the college. At Westcott House we referred to this as "Pets and Owners Day". The soon to be deacons and training incumbents sit around in a circle, glancing around at where their peers have wound up, and with whom. What ARE they wearing!?



There is some discussion about working together well, expectations, priestly formation, prayer. On this day, incumbents are asked first what they think the key roles of an incumbent are.

Fr Kevin, your beloved warden, on this day, raised his hand and barked: 'To shield them from all the crap!' My friends, it was a good thing I'd already spent a couple months volunteering with Kevin, or I'm sure this would have rather taken me aback. Kevin was good to his word, too; as far as he was able. Any staff members who can hear me will know how fair and reliable a colleague he is.

None of the priests here will be strangers to how tough ministry can be, how much of the proverbial cow's manure it can feel like you are wading through, and how little of this, perhaps, you can ever be aware of at the time of your ordination.

The passage from Wisdom, like so much of the Wisdom Literature of the Bible, especially the book of Ecclesiastes (vanity, vanity, all is vanity...) sounds either incredibly patient and healthfully detached from the strain and stress of life...or completely depressed and despairing, depending on the state you're in when you read them. Whether or not you're there in the manure, or feel you've got people shielding you from it. This is the great paradox, really, of the Wisdom writings: The Psalms especially are full of contradictions: the psalm-writers breathe trust one moment, anger the next, unbridled joy followed immediately by retributive fury. Their honesty, and honest confusion, at what God might be up to, is why they continue to be read and prayed by Christians around the world.

Fr Kevin's 25th Anniversary of Priesthood

Because, if we're being honest, whoever seems to know what the Holy Spirit is up to? Our parishioners might make the mistake of thinking that the dog collar equals a direct line to heaven, but anyone who's been a priest for more than 5 seconds, anyone with a dash of humility, knows and admits that this isn't true. That God's Spirit keeps us on our toes. But that doesn't mean we are left comfortless.

In our passage from 1 Corinthians we get a list of gifts of this Spirit: wisdom, prophecy, knowledge, faith, healing, miracles, discerning spirits, tongues, interpretation... We're told the Spirit chooses and activates these gifts in the lives of people. As you heard that list I wonder whether you felt any twinges of recognition — Yes, I think the Spirit has given me that — or envy — gosh, I wish I'd been given that — or a sigh — welp, I've been given that but actually I could really do without it!

Coming to terms with the sheer unpredictability of spiritual gifts in a church or any Christian community is, I'm sure Kevin would agree, something priests must do repeatedly over their time. Whether in city or country, churches are both gorgeous and utterly frustrating for how they must make do with who shows up. We're insisting that a gathering of Christians is not an accident, but that we are given to one another, for a time, for a purpose, with all the spiritual gifts we have, and probably some surprise ones hidden up various sleeves. Not only are gifts given to us, but we are given to one another; even especially those we find it difficult to love. Kevin once ended a sermon on the difficulty of love with the words: 'God loves you, even when I can't.' I've always thought this was a shocking, vital way of saying something very mundane: serving a parish takes it out of you — 'it' being, sometimes, our readily ability to be loving, our sense of humour. But that doesn't — it mustn't — keep the priest from confessing the love of God; channelling the love and forgiveness of God towards all who need it; administering the sacraments with and for all who would draw near God.

Priests are called out by this same Spirit, who activates within them the gift of standing, holding the torn-in-two temple curtains in their outstretched hands in and insisting, mass after mass after mass, that God is near; God is near; God is near.

Fr Kevin's 25th Anniversary of Priesthood

This insistence is both a gift of the Spirit to priests and, therefore, a gift of that Spirit to the whole word. But I want to end with is a point not about gifting but a point about maturity. A priest is given gifts so that the whole body of Christ might be sustained in and grow into maturity in faith.

At a recent parish Bible study, we were discussing what, exactly, this maturity of faith meant. Various answers were offered, and then out of the blue came this: maturity is letting God be God.

God, not just as the answerer of our asks, the acceptor of our worship, the creator, redeemer and sustainer of humankind ...though of course all those things God is. But God, lest we forget, is beyond those things, and that's why God, and God's Spirit, cannot be caged or predicted or conjured. The Spirit provides where there is need, gives spiritual gifts, calls priests, ekes out maturity, renews creation, guides the dying, emboldens the faithful, works in ways we never will know to bring about God's Kingdom.

God is ever stranger than we can know; and being willing to sit with this unknowingness, this dazzling darkness to borrow a phrase from Rachel Mann, is the crucial and mature role of the priest, in prayer, in sacramental and pastoral ministry.

I have been blessed to see Kevin sit with this unknowingness, for just a couple years of his 25 years as a priest. It's been my honour to be his colleague, and it's my prayer that God blesses him richly, alongside those whom he loves and serves, in the years to come. Amen.

The Revd Erin Clark



Fr Kevin's 25th Anniversary of Priesthood

13 July 2019 - pictures

Chapel



Presentation - Four engraved Dartington wine glasses



Funeral Mass for Fr Michael Shields



It's obvious, isn't it, why that Gospel passage was chosen for Fr Michael's funeral. Like those disciples at Emmaus, Michael loved and recognised the Lord Jesus in the breaking of the bread. Like them, he was keen to celebrate the resurrection joy in the company of the apostles in the Church. And in fact, like the risen Lord himself on the Emmaus road, Michael accompanied so many disciples in their journey of faith, explaining the Scriptures and encouraging them. No doubt many of you will be thinking of times when perhaps it

even seemed as if your heart was burning within you as he gave inspiration on your road of discipleship. He built up the Church spiritually through his wise counsel, as well as quite literally at 'St Matthias' Colindale.'

The first time I ever met Michael Shields, it wasn't just bread that was being broken. It was the beautiful crystal trifle dish of Fr Timothy Lipscomb. I was on placement with Fr Lipscomb at 'St Bartholomew's Armley' and after Mass I was invited to Sunday lunch because Fr Shields had come to stay. In honour of this visit Fr Lipscomb had made, among other things, a sumptuous trifle and after Fr Shields had dished himself a portion, he slid the dish along the table towards me. The table was polished to perfection and, like a giant ice hockey puck, the trifle dish instantly and alarmingly picked up speed. Before we knew what was happening it had shot off the end of the table and crashed dramatically onto the floor, great shards of custardy-creamy crystal everywhere.

Funeral Mass for Fr Michael Shields

And while with characteristic presence of mind Fr Lipscomb instantly rustled up some emergency flambé-ed bananas by way of a replacement pudding, Michael was in a dual state of consternation and delight: consternation because, as we all know, he was a deeply courteous man, horrified to have spoilt the pudding and smashed the dish; delight because it was so funny and, as we all know, Michael Shields was a man of laughter as well as genuine seriousness and wisdom. He loved remembering that lunch!

Looking round today, I guess most of us knew Fr Michael through SSC or CMP, maybe through parish connections in Sevenoaks or earlier, or through Bromley College or the College of St Barnabas, where he was cared for so beautifully in his last months of his 88-year life. That life began in Penton House in Penton Road at Penton Hook on the River Thames in 1930 but it wasn't long before the family moved to the Isle of Wight, where Michael's dad worked in one of the prisons. Michael remembered the war years, when as a boy he watched the bombing of Portsmouth and the docks at Southampton. He told me that it was during the war that he first started going to Church seriously. One Sunday evening when he was 12, he looked out of the window and saw a woman pushing her bicycle to Evensong and thought *I must go*. And the rest, as they say, is history!

His Vicar encouraged him to go to the Society of the Sacred Mission (SSC) for pre-theological training and so in September 1945, aged 15, he embarked on his first train journey on his own to Kelham. It was here that the young Michael had his first experience of monastic life, the attraction of which I don't think ever left him. And it is interesting to reflect that this only child, who (as far as I know) has no blood relatives. Michael found throughout his life that the household of faith provided a loving family for him, among the baptised to whom he ministered, and among his brother priests, in whose company he delighted. And though he had no children of his own, he was a father to so many. With his characteristic courtesy, laughter, seriousness and wisdom he modelled what it is to live a Christ-centred and priestly life.

Funeral Mass for Fr Michael Shields

Michael Shields was a Catholic Anglican to the core of his being. He served the Church not only as a Parish Priest, but as a pastor to priests, both as Master and Master General of SSC and as Warden of his beloved Company of Mission Priests. The Society and the Company meant a lot to this only child. 'We are family', he used to say to us at CMP Chapter. And in his will he wrote that in the event of his death the Master of the Society and the Warden of the Company should be informed. In his life he brought tremendous fatherly reassurance to both fraternities, even in the most uncertain or troubled of times.

If it is not too strange a thing to say, I think Fr Michael's seriously cultivated Christian joy is what equipped him, and many of us, to live through difficult times. It is as if he had truly assimilated the wisdom to be found in his very well-used Breviary:

After 1992, Michael guided the Company of Mission Priests into a joyful new chapter in its life, thanks to his dedicated nurturing of new friendships in the Vincentian Family, of which we are so delighted to be a part. Michael taught and exemplified the love of the priesthood, the concern for the poor and the Christian virtue of kindness, with which St Vincent de Paul is so rightly associated. Michael's was a prayerful kindness and even now his Breviaries are full of Mass cards, lists of names and even photographs of many of us here today, as well as those who have gone before us. He prayed for us all.

His kindness and his rootedness in the faith meant that there was nothing narrow-minded about Michael Shields. If his faith was Catholic with a capital C his interests were catholic too: science-fiction, Buddhism, astrology, 80's disco hits, the RAF, Papal encyclicals, anything tech-ie and vast numbers of cards and letters from friends – all this and much more were among the possessions we went through. In his last months he relished reading those cards and remembering kind things about those who had written to him. He was particularly proud of those whose vocations he had encouraged.

Funeral Mass for Fr Michael Shields

I mentioned earlier that Fr Michael modelled Christian living. I tell you that he also modelled Christian dying. We all know the theory about how Christians should face their death; Fr Michael lived out that theory in a very edifying way. Towards the end he spoke of being excited that he was going to be with the Lord. The old RAF man enjoyed the prospect of soaring through tracts unknown to be with the Rock of Ages. Having spent his life recognising the Lord Jesus in the breaking of the bread, he was as I mentioned earlier that Fr Michael modelled Christian living. breaking of the bread, he was extremely thankful that he was at the College of St Barnabas, where thanks to the ministry of the Warden, the staff and all his friends, he could receive the Blessed Sacrament every day and even in his bed listen to Morning and Evening Prayer broadcast from the Chapel.

The last time I saw him he said he thought it was time to make his confession. I truly believe he died in a state of grace. Goodness knows what any of us will be like in our final days. I'll be psycho-patient of the year, probably. But be that as it may, like St John Paul II, Michael Shields has taught me these last months about how to face death as a Christian. I am truly grateful to him for showing me that.

On Wednesday I went to the funeral home to say some prayers with Fr Michael. In his coffin he is vested as a priest, just as he wanted. He is holding his beloved rosary made of rope, which he had in his hands all the time in these last months. One of the psalms I found myself saying is one beloved of the religious, an appropriate psalm for Fr Michael, *How good and pleasant it is when brethren dwell together in unity*. The goodness and pleasantness of common life in the Church, common life with his friends, common life with his neighbours in the College of St Barnabas, in the Society of the Holy Cross, in the Vincentian Family and common life in the Company of Mission Priests: this was, I think, the locus of Christian joy for Fr Michael Shields. We praise God for that, because Michael also knew and strongly believed that these earthly joys are but a delightful foretaste of the true joy which constitutes the very hope of the Christian faith: beatitude in heaven with the risen Lord in the Communion of the Saints.

Funeral Mass for Fr Michael Shields

And so, as we delight at this Mass to meet the Lord Jesus in the breaking of the bread, let us offer the Holy Sacrifice for our brother Michael, as he would wish, and pray that this faith and hope in the risen Christ might be fulfilled in him now. Amen.

Fr Tim Pike 11th January 2019

Patronal Festival 2016 St John's Sevenoaks

Sunday 26th June

*Our Feast of Title Solemn Mass was celebrated by Fr Robin Jones and we welcomed **Canon Michael Shields**, a former Vicar of St John's, as our guest preacher.*



The Revd Prebendary Roger Bould (1932-2019)

The Revd Prebendary Roger Bould, who served his entire ministry in Lichfield Diocese, died on Friday 21 June aged 87.



Roger served in Wednesfield, Wellington, Stafford, and for 20 years as Rector of Cheadle before his retirement in 1999. He also was an Assistant to the Bishop of Wolverhampton and Pastoral Assistant to the Bishop of Lichfield, as well as a Prebendary at Lichfield Cathedral.

Roger's family requested that prayers be said ahead of Roger's funeral in the Chapel of the College of St Barnbas, Lingfield on Wednesday 3 July at 11am. .

Ann Bucknall said: "Roger and his wife Jane were hosts to the Rt Revd John Savarimuthu, Bishop of West Malaysia, when he first came to the Diocese of Lichfield in the 1980's to set up the link between the two dioceses. From that grew a friendship and interest in the region of S.E. Asia that included a visit there and then a membership of the committee of the 'Singapore and West Malaysian Diocesan Association' (SWMDA) that continued until it closed. Representing Lichfield Diocese, he took an active role on that committee and later became the vice-chairperson. His wise and thoughtful contributions were always much appreciated."

www.lichfield.anglican.org/news/2019/06/27/preb-roger-bould/

Tribute to Fr William Guest Burman

This tribute honouring the memory of Fr William Guest Burman is set out under four headings.

Family

William sometimes spoke to me about his childhood, and always described it as a happy time, especially with the love of his father John. John Burman was a fine officer and decorated war hero including the Somme and Ypres and though terribly wounded he survived WWI, Despite his injuries, he did everything he could to nurture and instruct William, and they were very close.

I met William at Oxford, when my family was young, and Richard and Lucy were knee high to a grasshopper. Our family used to go and stay with William and his family down in the south, and have wonderful walks, great meals, and always of course, interesting discussions about just everything.



William was so proud of both his children, and then later his grandchildren Chloe, Olivia and Eve. Those of you who were at William's 90th birthday celebrations will remember the card from Eve, in which she said, *Happy birthday grandpa, I can't believe that I won't be able to see your eyes sparkle like the lake any time soon.* William was anchored in his family, and they will miss him but will always remember him with love and gratitude.

Intellect.

John Burman instilled a love of history in his son, and William went on to read history at St Catharine's College Cambridge. He was proud of his college and maintained a connection. William and I went together to the Founders and Benefactors dinner on occasion and attended some College dinners in London. After Cambridge, William made good use of his intelligence and charm and had a varied and interesting career. Journalist for the Economist, lived in Greece, parliamentary candidate, wine importer and bookseller. Finally a priest.

Tribute to Fr William Guest Burman

I saw William a week before he died. He never complained about physical infirmity. Though he looked frail his mind was sharp as ever, and somehow, we ended up discussing the political and social impact of troops returning to Germany after the First World War. I'm not sure that we ended in agreement, but that isn't the point. You could talk to William about almost anything, and with his varied experiences, and because he was so well read and intelligent, he could converse wonderfully on almost any subject.

Not however, on modern technology. He was astonished when on one occasion my Apple watch beeped as we were talking and told me that it was time for me to stand up. *Good Lord!* He exclaimed and mused that he totally failed to understand why anyone would want to have a watch which told them to stand up. I didn't dare explain that on occasions it also told me to breathe. I have to say that discussions with William were not always easy. I soon realised that it was sometimes better to retreat with honour rather than push a point. William wasn't always sure that he was right, but he was sure in most cases, and he didn't suffer fools gladly. In fact, he didn't suffer fools at all.

Friendship

William has been my best friend and my closest friend for nearly 40 years, and like many of you, I shall miss him very much. William had a great gift for friendship, although he sometimes didn't realise it. People instinctively liked William, and he had so many friends, of different backgrounds, abilities and ages. And he shared his friends; there are friends here today whom I met through William. When they were younger, quite several Richard's friends sought time with William and valued his advice and wisdom. At Oxford, almost everyone was William's friend, from the academic staff to the lowliest student. Sometimes I suspected that the staff relied as much on William's understanding and advice as some of us did.

Priesthood

There was apparently some scepticism in the family when the young William expressed an interest in the priesthood, There hadn't been a Burman priest since the Reformation, and, it was pointed out, the pay wasn't very good. But despite difficulties, and although it took a lot longer than he had anticipated, William was eventually ordained.

The Friends of the College of St Barnabas

The Friends of the College of St Barnabas continues to provide support for Residents by way of social activities, outings, visits, concerts. The table of events on page 39 shows the extent of our activities, in addition the Friends helped with transport to the Church of St Mary in Chiddingstone for the choral service of Evensong on 1st June

The Friends provide volunteers who regularly visit some of the less mobile Residents. The Friends organise one fund raising event (16 November 2019) for their considerable programme of events.

Membership of the Friends is an annual minimum contribution of £10. Friends are welcome to College events.

Mrs Cynthia Taylor

Tribute to Fr William Guest Burman *from page 37*

What a good priest he was. Humility is perhaps not a word that you would immediately associate with William, but he had great humility as a priest and that, combined with his understanding and acceptance of people, made him an effective and endearing pastor. I visited him often in Bath, where he was chaplain of the Magdalen chapel. This appointment suited him. He loved the people and the building and worked hard to improve and transform that ancient place of worship. In every sense. Spiritually, structurally, socially; he worked tirelessly and with great sensitivity. He was much loved there and sorely missed when he retired.

No doubt William has affected the lives of hundreds of people in so many ways. Through his kindness, his love for his family, his gift of friendship, his ministry as a priest, his intelligence and humour, his sparkling mind and even, for some, his sparkling eyes.

William! We will not forget you.

Dr James Thornhill

Friends of the College of St Barnabas

Programme of events 2019

Date	Event details
Sunday 05 May at 12 noon	Welcome: party. Compliments of The Friends of the College of St Barnabas
Friday 31 May	Trip to Wakehurst Ardingly, Haywards Heath, Sussex, RH17 6TN
Saturday 01 June at 3 pm	Songs with Adey Grummet and Jonathan Williams <i>piano & Residents participation</i>
Monday 01 July	Croquet & Putting Croquet at 2 pm, Putting at 3.30 pm
Sunday 28 July at 3 pm	Piano Recital - Hiromi Okada The "Goldberg" Variations (BWV 988)
Wednesday 31 July	Visit to Falconhurst Markbeech Edenbridge. <i>Unfortunately cancelled because of the weather</i>
Wednesday 21 August	Visit to Aylesford Carmelite Priory Aylesford ME20 7BX
Saturday 21 September	The College of St Barnabas – Heritage Open Day
Saturday 16 November	Autumn Fair Friends Fund Raising Event
Saturday 23 November	Gillian Lloyd , a talk 'A Closer Look at African Wildlife'
Saturday 07 December	The Saint Martin Singers – 'Noel Noel'
Sunday 15 December	Christmas Party by the 'Friends'
Saturday 21 December	Two harps: Heather and Fern Brooks
Monday 17 February 2020	Friends Annual General Meeting

THE PROVINCE OF THE WEST INDIES

The Province covers a vast area of the Caribbean. It comprises eight dioceses, of which two, Belize (formerly British Honduras) and Guyana (formerly British Guiana) are mainland dioceses in Central and South America. The other six are island dioceses, namely Barbados, Jamaica, Windward Isles, North East Caribbean and Aruba (formerly Antigua), Trinidad and Tobago and Nassau and the Bahamas. The Antigua diocese comprises thirteen islands and the Windward Isles include three independent nations.



Although Anglican work commenced in the area in the seventeenth century, no bishops were consecrated until 1824, when the Dioceses of Barbados and Jamaica were created, followed by Antigua and Guyana in 1842. The other dioceses followed and finally the Province of the West Indies was created in 1883 and the Bishop of Guinea was elected as the first Primate. Archbishop Piercey Austin was a formidable character. Described by Queen Victoria in his early days as My youngest and handsomest Bishop, his episcopacy lasted for fifty years, while many other expatriate clergy were dying of malaria or yellow fever within a few years. Communications within the Province were difficult until the nineteen-fifties and often it was easier for the Bishops to meet in London or New York than in the Caribbean.

Following the grant of independence to most of the territories in the nineteen-sixties and seventies, locally born bishops took over the leadership of the Church. Most were trained at the Provincial Theological College, Codrington College, in Barbados or St. Peter's in Jamaica. Most of the dioceses had a catholic tradition, Jamaica being the exception. Gradually the Province developed its own liturgy, then its own prayer book and, more recently its own hymn book.

THE PROVINCE OF THE WEST INDIES

The ethnic make-up of the Province is interesting. Many of its members are of African origin, their ancestors having been bought as slaves from West Africa. However, in Guyana and Trinidad there are large numbers of people of Indian origin as in these lands the freed slaves refused to continue working on the sugar plantations, so the plantocracy imported indentured labourers from India. Sadly, the indigenous people of the area were almost completely wiped out by fighting and disease, the exception being Guyana, where nine Amerindian tribes continue to flourish, largely due to the remoteness of the interior. There are also numbers of people of Chinese and Portuguese stock, with a tiny sprinkling of whites, again the greatest mixture being in Guyana which has been described as the 'Land of Six Nations'.



The Anglican Church has flourished in the Caribbean, in some nations being the largest Christian body. One of the greatest contributions has been in the field of education, both primary and secondary. In most dioceses, wherever a church was founded, a school was opened. Many South London churches demonstrate to-day the influence of the West Indian community. Unlike their African counterparts, English is the first language for the people of the Caribbean, although the local creole can be a little bewildering.

In my forty-three years in Guyana, I was privileged to visit all the dioceses of the Province and I can testify to the friendliness, hospitality and happiness of the Caribbean people. And to them, God is a reality.

Derek Goodrich.

Grace Abounding John Bunyan's spiritual autobiography

Born in 1628, John Bunyan was a close contemporary of John Milton and Samuel Pepys, and grew up at a time of rapidly developing popular culture. Although he is identified today as a puritan, this term has meant different things to different people. Originally it merely meant people who thought that the Reformation had not gone far enough. But by the time of Bunyan's birth the puritan had become a source of ridicule in some quarters, typified by the humourless Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*. However, puritanism arose at a time of social unrest – when England was getting richer, but the poor were getting poorer – and it was an expression of profound spiritual questioning.

Bunyan's book *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* reflects the considerable social, political and religious uncertainty of his time. He reveals very little information about his family, his experiences in the Parliamentary army, or of events that he considers irrelevant to his spiritual formation. In place of this, the main emphasis is on his interior life, making considerable use of scriptural references, with extensive use of the Old and New Testaments and of the Apocrypha. Few books before *Grace Abounding* make so much use of the first person singular – when you read his book, it's as if he is speaking directly to you.

This personal emphasis may sound egotistical, but really emerges from a desire to share his experiences in order to guide other people on their own spiritual journeys. The main subject matter of both *Grace Abounding* and *The Pilgrim's Progress* is the process of becoming a Christian – and Bunyan wants to help you with your journey. A striking feature of the narrative is the constant presence of the Devil at his elbow, trying to counter any progress, to introduce doubt about any new hopes or insights, and to divert him from the true path of discernment. Certainly, Bunyan seems to offer fertile material for the Devil, given his initial predilection for swearing that borders on Tourette's syndrome, followed by the obsessive fear that he has committed the unpardonable sin of blaspheming the Holy Spirit, and a recurring identification with Esau who sold his birthright. Despite all this,

Grace Abounding

Grace Abounding offers the reader hope that the struggle is worthwhile, and that all the trials that he faces (not least his imprisonment) are merely stages along the way which the Christian must endure. For my righteousness was Jesus Christ himself, the same yesterday, today and for ever, Hebrews 13. 8.

Grace Abounding was first published in 1666 and depicts Bunyan's spiritual life until around the time of the Act of Conformity in 1662. This was the time when religion in England moved from 'the Church' to 'the churches'. And Bunyan's exposure to a variety of political and religious groups is clearly in evidence in his book. Although he does not say so, his period in the Parliamentary army must have been a time of spiritual exploration. He makes specific reference to the Ranters as a group he disapproves of, not least because he was almost taken in by them. And his confrontation with George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, also reveals the urgent sense of emerging debate and discovery, enabled by the greater freedom of speech enjoyed until 1662.

Given the diversity of views that were given expression in this period, Bunyan may be read as one among many Christians pursuing their own spiritual explorations. It is perhaps no coincidence that the first edition of *Grace Abounding* was published only one year before Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Their conclusions are different, and the voices are very different, but the exploration is motivated by the same yearning for spiritual authenticity. The urgency of Bunyan's struggles is clearly enough to lead him along the path that led him to suffer twelve years in prison for the sake of his faith. As Bunyan wrote: God did not play in convincing of me, the Devil did not play in tempting of me, and neither did I play when I sunk as into a bottomless pit. The earnestness of his spirituality reflects the fresh endeavours of his time.

In Bunyan's conception of the way of salvation, each person must

Grace Abounding

The main crisis of Bunyan's life was the Act of Uniformity of 1662, when the many clergy who would not accept the Book of Common prayer or ordination by Bishops could no longer continue to minister in their parishes and were removed. Bunyan stands together with a considerable body of men whose conscience drove them to pursue a spiritual course, grounded in Biblical study and Calvinist teaching, away from the established church. And yet Bunyan's writings have survived to transcend denominational boundaries: the struggles depicted in *Grace Abounding* were to be metamorphosed in *The Pilgrim's Progress* into the allegorical journey of Christian in his search of the Celestial City, carrying the great burden on his back – an inspiration to any believer suffering the torments of guilt and doubt.

Ironically, Bunyan died in 1688, the year of the Glorious Revolution and a year before the Toleration Act, which gave relief to many dissenters and the opportunity to express a greater diversity of Christian worship – too late for Bunyan. His most bitter struggle arose not from clashes with authority, but from the idea that he had committed the one unforgiveable sin. These days, when I read Mark 3 - *whoever blasphemes against the Holy Spirit can never have forgiveness but is guilty of an eternal sin* – I find myself reading these words with Bunyan's eyes – and my heart goes out to him. Whenever the cares of the world loom too large, the thought of Bunyan's struggles remind me to reflect on matters of greater significance, and to take comfort from the companionship of this soul friend.

Fr David Ivorson, Chaplain of Whittington College



John Bunyan (1628 - 1688) celebrated English minister and preacher, author of The Pilgrim's Progress (1678)

William Holl

Croquet and Putting: At Home and Away

Croquet and putting fixtures were continued this year against the Friends of the College and Whittington College in Felbridge. Recruiting sufficient players to make a team has been a problem. At times during the season we were glad to have support from others connected with the College to supplement our teams. Our croquet date on 1 July with the Friends took its usual form. Canon Whittington's team led by Peter Cole's team included two ladies who, although not appearing very agile, drove each ball with great expertise to where it was required and won the match.

For the putting also on 1 July, Simon the estate manager and other associates of the College helped make up enough to represent the College but, even so, we were overwhelmingly defeated. A return croquet match in early August was held at Peter Cole's club near Pulborough where we were lavishly entertained. The Warden and his wife Adey, Roger Bould, Robert Raikes represented the College and we were introduced to golf croquet. We were glad to experience this form of the game but felt it didn't have the excitement or needed the skill required in the association game where players have the use of all the balls on the lawn. In the last few years building work at Whittington College has prevented play, so it was good to meet there again this year.

Whittington now has two croquet lawns and a putting green. What is more, since the absence of play in recent years, considerable interest and enthusiasm had been generated. We found that our opponents had been well trained and were skilled particularly in long shots across the lawn.

In the croquet, missing sadly, by the late Roger Bould, however, we were recued with a new player 'Chris Chataway Dean of Ballarat', a friend of our Warden. Chris had flown in that morning from Australia on his first visit to England. Soon after lunch he found himself on the Whittington croquet lawn having never met the game before. The College lost 1 and won 1. The level putting green at Whittington is simpler to get around compared with our undulating course. A few weeks later we held return matches at St Barnabas when we were able to entertain our Whittington guests and renew old friendships. We must encourage more of our residents to join in these exciting activities

Robert Raikes

The College of St Barnabas

Comings and goings since The Chronicle 2018

New Residents

Mrs Diana Tann	28 July 2018
Miss Brenda Page	10 August 2018
The Revd Jean Lorimer	26 September 2018
Mrs Liz Clark	13 October 2018
Fr Paul Jenkins	22 November 2018
Fr Oliver & Mrs Jean Forshaw	16 January 2019
Mrs Jean Joseph	28 February 2019
Mrs Greta Oliver	2 March 2019
The Revd Anne Bayley	2 May 2019
The Revd Brian and Mrs Whitehead	14 May 2019
Fr David John Baker	6 June 2019
Fr Allan Scott	19 July 2019

Moved away

Fr Allan Buik	27 May 2019
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Those who have died

Fr Timothy Lewis Lloyd	17 August 2018
Mrs Thelma Bartle	2 November 2018
Fr Michael Shields	16 December 2018
Miss Olive Hitchcock	24 December 2018
Fr William Burden	25 January 2019
Mrs Vima Webb	5 May 2019
Fr Roger Bould	21 June 2019
Canon Alan Spray	14th July 2019

✠ May they rest in peace and rise in glory

Amazing piano recital

Our friend for over nine years paid another of his welcome visits under the auspices of the 'Friends' on Sunday 28 July

Hiromi Okada professor at the Toho Gakuen School of Music gave the Residents, 'Friends' and visitors a magnificent rendering of J S Bach's wonderful 'Goldberg' variations BWV 988. The performance took 80 minutes and as they say *you could have heard a pin drop*. With the enthusiastic applause Hiromi and his wife were presented with gifts.

The Friends of the College maintained their happy and tradition of serving a sumptuous tea, sandwiches and cake.

Notice was given of a forthcoming piano recital by Hiromi in the Westminster Cathedral Hall on 29 September. Hiromi will play Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin and Akira. For more, browse/click <https://bachtrack.com/concert-listing/westminster-cathedral-hall/hiromi-okada-recital/>





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