



All Saints Parish Paper

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JULY 2017

£1.00

VICAR'S LETTER

If you have been watching Jimmy McGovern's "*Broken*", you might think that the life of a priest is a relentlessly grim one. There are times when it can be for all priests and for some it can be for much of the time. When I was ordained clergy were often thought of as relics of a past age: often amiable but rather ineffectual and increasingly irrelevant in the modern world. Years of declining church attendance have lowered morale for many and revelations of abuse mean that now we all have to live with suspicion and occasional hostility.

But that is far from being the whole story and an occasion like the fortieth anniversary of my ordination was one for counting some of the many blessings which still accompany priestly ministry.

As I was away in Rome until shortly before it took place, my involvement in much of the preparation for the celebration was at a distance. So, I am grateful to all those who made it such a memorable occasion: to Fr Michael and Dee, to Theresa and Joanna, Chris Self and the catering team, Tim and the choir, and the servers, and Andrew who took the photos many of you will have already seen on social media. I am thankful, too, for the presence of my successor as Rector of Old St Paul's in Edinburgh where I was ordained 40 years ago. His splendid sermon appears on page 15. That and the presence of so many at



Fr Alan Moses on his Ruby Anniversary of Ordination, 9 June 2017

(Photo: Andrew Prior)

the service and messages from those who could not be, are all reminders that priests do not exist in a spiritual vacuum but in communities of people whose pastoral care and spiritual sanctification is what we are for and from whose prayers and companionship we also draw strength.

In my short speech after the Mass I referred to the hymns I had chosen for the occasion. They were an attempt to reflect something of the blessings I had received in the various places I had ministered. *Ye watchers and ye holy ones* speaks not only

of the Communion of Saints to which this church is dedicated, but to that personal litany of saints which any priest gathers over the years: those ministered to, and those who minister. There are those, family and friends, fellow-priests and parishioners, who have encouraged, inspired, counseled, guided, comforted, and even on occasion said, “Don’t be so daft” over the years. I was blessed to be ordained to serve in a parish where there were lots of people who had high expectations of the clergy and so was challenged to rise to them.

Another of the hymns, *Pour out thy Spirit from on high*, is an ordination hymn, and another, *O Thou who camest from above*, is often sung at them. Clergy are often said to be loan wolves, but I have always enjoyed the fellowship of the priesthood and hope that I have been able to support my fellow-priests as many of them have supported me. I hope and pray that they will be as encouraged as I am in their ministry of preaching and teaching, pastoral care and spiritual guidance, sacrament and prayer.

The words of George Herbert’s poem *Love*, which the choir sang, hangs in my study; a gift from my wife, and a reminder both of the rôle of the priest as the one whose task is to welcome God’s people to the table of word and sacrament, and of the priest’s need for that sacramental grace and life.

I have become more and more convinced over the years that one of the greatest gifts a priest can give to people is in the devout and prayerful celebration of word and sacrament. If we neglect that for some form of ‘busyness’, then we are neglecting our people and depriving them of something irreplaceable.

Another hymn, *Father of mercy, God*

of consolation, was written by someone I knew. The late Fr James Quinn SJ and I were members of the Scottish Churches Council together. He was known as “Father No”, as his job was to say “No” to anything the Roman Catholic bishops might disapprove of. But, for all that, he was a good hymn writer and this hymn’s reference of ministry to the sick and the troubled reflects the thousands of times I have taken communion and administered the sacrament of healing to the sick and housebound — not least in St Luke’s Hospital for the Clergy when I was its chaplain, and the number of confessions I have heard as a minister of “*Jesus, friend of sinners*”. These are aspects of ministry perhaps overshadowed these days by talk of management and leadership, but they are, I believe, what gives our ministry credibility.

The final hymn was that grand old mission hymn, “*God is working his purpose out*”. St Columba, on whose feast I was ordained, was a missionary who left his home in Ireland to establish a new monastery on Iona, which became his base to spread the Gospel in Scotland. I found myself called to share in the Church’s mission around the world through the Episcopal Church’s links and then through USPG. I treasure memories of inspiring people I met through this work. Many of them had dedicated their lives to working in more challenging situations than I have known. That is not to say that our situation here in central London in the 21st century is not challenging. It is, but we can be inspired rather than dispirited by the example of those who have gone before us, and we can encourage rather than discourage each other.

*Yours in Christ,
Alan Moses*

PEOPLE

Jeff Ezell RIP

Jeff's friends at All Saints were shocked to hear the news of his sudden death at home in the United States on 20th May. Jeff and Alex lived in London some years ago, were servers here at All Saints, and have been regular visitors since returning home to the US. Jeff's funeral Mass was celebrated in their local Episcopal church. Alex hopes to travel to London as soon as possible and we will celebrate a requiem for Jeff here then.

REPORT FROM ROME

At the centre of my weeks of study leave at the Anglican Centre in Rome was a course "Looking towards a Church Fully Reconciled". This included both intensive study of the documents of the Second Anglican Roman Catholic International Commission and visits to significant events and places.

But before that, I had some time for private study and prayer, as well as opportunity to see something of the city and meet up with friends. Fr Jonathan Boardman, the Chaplain of All Saints, the Anglican Church in Rome, entertained Fr Philip Chester of St Matthew's, Westminster, and Canon Jeremy Davies (who just happened to be in Rome) to lunch one day and we returned his hospitality after Sunday Mass at All Saints. An old friend of Frs Beachamp and Orford, Fr Lister Tonge, the Dean of St Woolos Cathedral in Newport, also turned up for coffee one morning and lunch and supper followed.

Another unexpected treat was to be

invited to sit in on a recording session by the Sistine Chapel Choir in the chapel itself. This was thanks to the good offices of Mark Spyropoulos who is the only English member of the choir. After arriving at the Santa Anna Gate to meet Mark, we were escorted past Swiss Guards and Papal Gendarmes who snapped to attention and saluted at the sight of Archbishop David's purple. Before the recording session began, we were shown the Pope's private chapel (not used so much these days as Pope Francis usually celebrates Mass in the chapel of the hostel of St Martha where he lives), the papal vestry and the ceremonial rooms where the Pope receives visiting monarchs and heads of state.

By this time the men and boys of the choir had all arrived and it was time to begin the recording session under the direction of the choirmaster Mgr Massimo Palombella. The music being recorded was all written for the papal choir during the Renaissance period. There is a huge archive of this music which is now being explored. The first piece was a setting by Allegri of a Christmas poem by Pope Urban VIII and had not been sung for 400 years. Breaks between live recording allowed us to move from one position on the benches around the sides of the chapel to another in order to see another aspect of Michaelangelo's work. Anyone who has visited the Sistine Chapel as a tourist will know the five minutes or so with several hundred people does not allow much real appreciation; so to have three hours and more in the chapel almost to ourselves was an extraordinary privilege. During a break in the recording, we were taken into the *Sala Lachrymae*, the "Room of Tears" to which newly-elected popes are

taken. It seems to be used as a bit of a store room in between papal elections and on that evening the recording engineers had their monitors there. Next door to it is the room where new popes are fitted with their white cassocks and there is an array of copes and other vestments. We were also shown the famous stove in which the ballot papers are burned together with chemicals to produce either black or white smoke. High on the south wall of the chapel is a gallery from which the choir sings. Choristers the world over have much in common, so the names of generations of singers had been scratched on the walls, including some, like Josquin de Prez, whose fame endures.

After my brief return home for Fr Philip Sanneh's ordination to the priesthood, I flew back to Rome on an early flight just in time for the beginning of the course. After an introductory session on Monday led by Archbishop Moxon and Dr Charles Sherlock, both just back from a meeting of the Anglican Roman Catholic International Commission in Germany, Tuesday, took us to the Centro Pro Unione run by the Friars of the Atonement. Their founder, Fr Paul Watson, who had been an American Episcopalian priest, began the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity. The Centre has the most comprehensive library of ecumenical documents in the world. We were given the use of an older and more magnificent library, in which the Anglican and Protestant observers at the 2nd Vatican Council had met. As well as its magnificent internal decoration, it looks down on the Piazza Navone with its great Fountain of the Four Rivers and array of tourist cafés and restaurants.

On Wednesday, when we were to study the document on the "Gift of Authority,"

we set off early to the Vatican for the Pope's General Audience. Seats had been reserved for us near the dais from which the Pope speaks. Security is strict and even with reserved seats it's a good idea to get there early to negotiate both it and the crowds. This was also the day on which President Trump was visiting Pope Francis and we found our progress halted while his 38 vehicle motorcade swept by us, accompanied by a chorus of Italian police whistles.

Our group was mentioned by name, first among the groups of English-speaking pilgrims. After Pope Francis had spoken about the Emmaus story in Luke, and we had prayed the Lord's Prayer and received his blessing, our leader Archbishop David Moxon, the Archbishop of Canterbury's Representative to the Holy See, introduced his successor Archbishop Bernard Ntahoturi to the Holy Father. Archbishop Bernard is taking part in the course as part of his orientation before taking up his new post.

On Ascension Day we were at All Saints, the Anglican Church in Rome, for a morning of work with Dr Donna Orsuto, a Roman Catholic lay theologian and founder of a centre for the study of ecumenism here in Rome. She discussed with us the document "**Mary: Grace and Hope in Christ**".

All Saints now houses an icon of Christ the Saviour of the World, which was blessed earlier this year by Pope Francis. He was making the first ever visit by a Pope to an Anglican parish, on the occasion of its bicentenary. (All Saints shares more than a dedication with us: it was designed by George Edmund Street who was a Churchwarden at Margaret

Street.) At Fr Jonathan Boardman's invitation, I preached at the Ascension Day Eucharist: the first time I've had two archbishops in the congregation. After lunch, we resumed the Marian theme by walking to the Immaculate Conception column in the Piazza di Spagna, where we encountered a small group of singers and guitarists, one of whom turned out to be an Anglican from Colombia. We too sang a hymn; in competition with opera music blasting out from a nearby restaurant and to the surprise of passing tourists.

In the evening we went to the church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, believed to be the site of the first public Christian worship in Rome, and now the centre of the lay Community of Sant Egidio. After joining a congregation of several hundred for Vespers, which happens at 8.30 every weekday evening, and being given a tour of the church, we ate in the community's *Trattori degli Amici*, the "Restaurant of Friends". This is partly staffed by people with learning disabilities.

The next morning, on the feast of St Augustine of Canterbury, we were off early again; this time to the Monastery of San Gregorio in Celio, from which St Gregory the Great sent Augustine to Canterbury. The monastery now houses a community of Camaldolese Benedictines whose rule combines the communal and hermit lives. After an address by the Prior, we spent the morning in the cool of a side chapel in the monastery church studying the document "Life in Christ" which looks at agreements and differences on moral issues. We stopped for refreshments in a garden which had recently been brought to life by an ecumenical group of gardeners drawn from churches in Rome.

On the Saturday morning the course

rounded off with a walking tour. First, we visited the site close to the Anglican Centre which is believed to be the place where St Paul was held under house arrest. Archeological excavations which are still in progress have uncovered ancient Christian artefacts which demonstrate that this was a building of some significance to the Christian community in Rome from an early stage. Then we walked through the old Jewish Ghetto, which is still the centre of Jewish life in Rome with the Great Synagogue and an array of kosher shops and restaurants. Families were arriving for the Sabbath morning service and children were playing in the sunshine outside the synagogue. The synagogue has a museum which is well worth a visit if you are in Rome. Close by is a chapel where, in earlier times, the Jewish community had to listen to sermons intended to convert them to Christianity! If you keep your eyes open, you can spot small brass memorials in the pavements to Jewish families deported to Auschwitz by the Nazis.

Our walk then took us over a bridge to an island in the River Tiber and to the Church of San Bartolomeo on the Tiber Island which is now the "Church of the Modern Martyrs". The church which had been effectively redundant after a community of Franciscans left, was given to the Community of Sant Egidio by the Pope and it had been brought back to life to commemorate modern martyrs of all Christian traditions. A former Cistercian convent next door is also used by the community as the base for its ministry among the homeless of Rome. Side chapels in the church commemorate those who have died in different regions of the world. The members of the Anglican Melanesian Brothers who were martyred on Guadalcanal some years ago are

commemorated at an altar for the Pacific region. Archbishop Janani Luwum of Uganda is included in the icon behind the main altar. We then made our way back to the Anglican Centre for our closing Eucharist in the Chapel of St Augustine. I gave each member of the course one of our cards of the statue of Our Lady of Margaret Street as a memento and they have now travelled as far as Australia, New Zealand, India, Canada, Burundi and Sierra Leone.

As I was staying on for a few more days, on Sunday morning I accompanied Archbishops David and Bernard to the nearby Oratory of St Francis Xavier in Caravita. This is a Jesuit chapel where Mass is celebrated in English. The Caravita, as it is known, has an ecumenical covenant with the Anglican Centre and some years ago I preached there for the renewal of that covenant. On this occasion, Archbishop David was preaching at the Mass. In his welcome, Fr Keith Pecklers SJ, who was the celebrant, introduced both Anglican Archbishops, the Bishop of Thetford and his wife, and All Saints, Margaret Street, also got a mention.

This morning, Tuesday, I put on my pilgrimage walking shoes and set out early on a church and ancient history walk before the sun became too hot and the tourists too many. After the Colosseum I set off for St John Lateran, the cathedral church of Rome. And on the way came across San Clemente, a lovely, simple 12th century church. You can have too much Roman baroque; it's like eating too much chocolate cake. On the site there was a 4th century church and a temple of Mithras, before that; both now being excavated. A 12th century spiraling cosmati work

paschal candlestick makes ours look quite modest. An industrial looking set of steps with not a hint of cosmati work stands next to it to allow the candle to be lit.

St John Lateran and the Lateran Palace beside it make up a massive and imposing complex; even though the Bishop of Rome's cathedral is rather overshadowed in the popular imagination by St Peter's and the Vatican. After passing the armed soldiers and through the sadly inevitable airport-style security, the interior was cool and peaceful so early in the morning. However, it was clear that things were not likely to stay that way for long as the cathedral was hosting a huge gathering to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Catholic Charismatic Movement in the days leading up to Pentecost.

Delegates were beginning to arrive as I left for the next stop on my pilgrimage: Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. St Helena built this near her palace to house relics of the True Cross from Jerusalem, and it is one of Rome's traditional pilgrimage churches. It was reached through a small park which kept the Babel which is a Roman rush hour (much operatic use of the car horn) at bay. I was reminded of Margaret Street by the numbers of migrants who use the park as a place to sleep.

A long stretch then brought me to Santa Maria Maggiore. This involved a number of "life-in-hands" moments at crossings. Italian drivers are getting better at stopping for pedestrians but they do tend to leave braking until they see the whites of your eyes. Santa Maria Maggiore is another vast edifice: a papal basilica and a pilgrimage church. By this time things were getting busier and there was something of a pentecostal feel with pilgrim groups of

different nationalities: Chinese in one chapel with their young priest referring to sermon notes on his smart phone; a group in another praying the rosary; and yet another in the next chapel praying silently before the Blessed Sacrament. Then a French group assembled in a chapel on the other side of the nave and began to sing unaccompanied. Experience has taught me not to expect too much from French congregational singing, but these people knew what they were doing and their mixture of plainchant and more contemporary music was a joyful noise to which a number of us were content to just sit and listen.

Then it was back, via the Roman Forum to the Anglican Centre for the lunchtime Eucharist. The celebrant was Fr Andrew Morton-Mumby, the Rector of St Peter's, Walworth, and the congregation included an archbishop from Burundi, a bishop from Nigeria now working at Lambeth Palace, young people from Pakistan, Americans, Australians, New Zealanders, an organist from Chicago (who told me he had worshipped at All Saints in the late 90s) and a large pilgrimage group from Holy Trinity, Eltham in Southwark Diocese, reinforced by a contingent from All Saints, Clifton in Bristol, who remembered me preaching there.

So, all in all, I had had a day which was something of a reflection of that list of pilgrims in Jerusalem for the feast of Pentecost in the Acts of the Apostles who each heard the apostles **“speaking about God’s deeds of power”**.

Then it was time for a little last minute shopping, packing and saying farewells before returning home.

AM

LENT APPEAL FUNDS AND MISSION PROJECTS

We have received warm thanks from all three of the subjects of our Lent Appeal 2017:

Firstly a letter from **USPG** thanking us for *‘our very generous gift of £1,622.50 towards our community engagement and health work (UMOJA) with the Church of Zimbabwe’*.

Secondly a letter of thanks from the **Soup Kitchen** on Tottenham Court Road, which also received £1,622.50, and saying: *‘At the Soup Kitchen, we feed and clothe approximately 80 people each day. Your donation will go directly to our guests and we really, genuinely appreciate it. It means a lot for us.’*

Thirdly a letter from the Bishop of Edmonton on behalf of the Diocese of London’s ALMA Partners for our *‘generous support’* and *‘the massive encouragement your donation will be’* to the **Bishop’s Lent Appeal 2017** — £1,622.50 to help extend church schools in Angola; help to build a new Seminary in Lebombo and a regional training hub with accommodation in Nampula. Bishop Robert goes on to invite members of our congregation to the ALMA Sunday Afternoon Tea at St Vedast before the ALMA Sunday Eucharist in St Paul’s Cathedral on Sunday 9 July at 6pm when Bishop Carlos Matsinhe, Bishop of Lebombo (the Southern Mozambican Diocese) will preach. This will be his first visit to the UK as Bishop of Lebombo. If you would like to know more about the Diocesan Link with Angola and Mozambique and would like to receive the bi-monthly email circular, please contact almacoordinator@london.anglican.org or look at the ALMA website www.almalink.org.

POETRY TEA at PAMELA'S Saturday 20 May 2017

Summer came with unsure step this year, but in the realm of poetry the seasons usually keep their steady place. For this gathering we brought poems about summer, or verse or prose of our own choice.

Pamela Botsford read Shakespeare's sonnet *Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?* where the poet speaks of his lady's 'eternal summer'. Mary Rowe brought sonnets by John Clare, including *Mowers' Dinner Hour*, showing the satisfaction of work closely related to the earth — Jean Fairweather chose evening time, *A Summer Twilight* by Charles Tennyson-Turner.

The game of cricket is usually linked in our minds with perfect summer weather. Stephen Green read Sir Henry Newbolt's *Vitā Lampada* in which the stirring refrain *Play up! Play up and play the game!* moves from the quiet cricket ground to the chaos of desert battle. Norman Nicholson's *St Luke's Summer* which may happen in October, was an interesting choice by Philip Green. The tired plants are unpromising, and the soul's creative power seems dried up, but soul and earth will come to life again, and *Never-predicted poetry is sown*.

Glyn Alban Roberts was drawn to another season, and gave us *Holy Spring* by Dylan Thomas, showering us with images like April rain. Annie Edwards read *The Burial of the Dead* from T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, where April is the cruellest month and there is fear and uncertainty, though perhaps also hope in *the heart of light, the silence*.

Sandra When chose *The Seafarer*, an old English poem describing the miseries and yet the attraction of life at sea in more primitive times than ours. And she gave much pleasure with her own *Children Playing in the Russell Square Fountains* impressing us with her sensitive observation.

As usual, this is only a selection of the varied poems that were brought.

As with the ideal seasons of poetry, we are always assured of a friendly welcome in Pamela Botsford's home. Her hospitality provides a most congenial setting for our poems and discussion, and we remain very grateful for it.

Funds raised by ticket sales for the Poetry Tea, for the All Saints' Restoration Appeal (including applicable Gift Aid) were **£116.25**.

Mary Rowe

Fr Michael Bowie's 2017 Travelogue Part 3 BISHOPS, DEANS AND VINEYARDS

As we begin this last gasp of overblown Austral reminiscence, I must first reassure you, lest you anxiously await news of whether Renovating vandals and goths, or even ISIS, have destroyed the cultural monument that is the Adelaide Club.

Arriving there on a Sunday evening at

8.30pm I enquired nervously of the porter about the Renovations and my heart sank as we walked past the erstwhile verandah, now enclosed by a glass roof: the previously utilitarian courtyard below has become that Australian Ubiquity, the Brasserie. But my tremulous enquiries about the loss of cigar-facilities were swiftly allayed: the

Members had purpose-built a cigar deck on the second floor. The armour in the entrance hall (memorably donned, long ago, by Uncles Ron and Tom — see last year's interminable chronicle) was reassuringly still there, but the quizzical glare of the stuffed lion in his glass case has been side-lined and the fine tiger-skin rug now *tastefully* adorns a wall. Altogether I sensed rather a surfeit of Taste, but the additional comforts in evidence made up for the loss of shabby charm which lives on in memory (and a number of surreptitious photographs taken on my last visit in 1999). Renovation had been good for my suite: it now had a sitting room which had once been a small meeting room, equipped with that delightful object, a television concealed in a grand bookcase. The air-conditioning had been cranked up in advance and every comfort anticipated. Sleep was Deep and Dreamless.

Following the D&DS, and a day's re-acquaintance with Adelaide (sufficient, believe me), the evenings were to be devoted to consobrial society. Also, by happy coincidence, Huw Pryce, one of our loyal serving team at ASMS, was in Adelaide visiting his sister, who is spending a year of her UK degree at the local University. So Huw and I had agreed to lunch and I had discovered that the above-mentioned Brasserie would admit guests *without jackets and ties*; given the 40 degrees outside (104 degrees in old money), this seemed to both of us a Good Plan. This type of entertaining, where I walk downstairs and kind people produce wonderful food and drink for me and a guest when requested, is my idea of The Feline's Nightwear. It was good to see Huw. Last year, I remember telling you that, on the Feast of the Epiphany, at the eccentric

and charming St Mary Magdalen's, Moore Street, I'd found myself seated next to a former CCSL assistant priest from my youth, Fr Graeme Kaines. He too was to call on me during this afternoon, so, pausing at the door to introduce him to Huw, I returned with him to the rejuvenating refreshment of my sitting room for more coffee and chat. You may recall that the 'rest eternal' we pray for the departed is sometimes augmented by 'refreshment, light and peace'. This 'refreshment' translates the Latin *refrigerium*, reflecting, no doubt, a climate similar to that of Adelaide. That evening the cigar deck was put to excellent use.

Having flown back to Sydney and re-settled myself in sybaritic Glebe, there were Calls to receive and Calls to make. My hosts produced tea and Argentinian pastries in and on 18th century porcelain for the splendid former CCSL Treasurer, Alan Hewson, and his equally wonderful wife Helen, who manages the little parish Sunday bookshop, Bell Tower Books, and has led CCSL into some local publishing as well. We could learn from her. Having passed a delightful morning with these old friends it was time to visit the Rector of CCSL again. Fr Daniel was keen to show off the newly refurbished parish office suite: offices for the Rector and AP, an administrator in a reception area, and a meeting-room which doubles as a weekday office for the churchwardens and a Sunday servers' common room. Again, we might profitably take note.

A delicious and companionable lunch with Fr Daniel disposed of the afternoon and I returned to Glebe to prepare for Travelling North, first to preach in Newcastle Cathedral and then for a nostalgic road trip

to northern NSW. Bushfires were looming (do they loom?) on the hottest weekend of the summer, with temperatures expected to nudge 45 degrees on Sunday. The sky was turning a familiarly ominous orange as I drove across the Hawkesbury River and found my way to the Deanery on The Hill. The Deanery is not blessed with air-conditioning, but it is blessed with good friends, Fr Stephen and Sue Williams. It is also next door to the Newcastle Club where Fr Stephen and Sue had booked a room for dinner (you have guessed correctly — *refrigerium* was on offer there as well as *lux et pax*). Having established that my first sermon was at 7am (a sensible hour for churchgoing in this climate, though an insensate hour for me) I snatched a few hours of the D&DS and leapt into my cassock at 0630. Sixty seconds later small pools of perspiration began forming in my shoes. Monsignor Ronnie Knox wrote a famous (well, in certain select circles) book, *The Mass in Slow Motion*: I decided he should be my personal life-coach for today's liturgies.

The 0700 Mass was in the little war-memorial chapel. Every door and window in the Cathedral was open, and since it is on The Hill, occasional breezes suggesting a mere 30 degrees wafted from the cooler sea below. The 0800 Mass was at the High Altar and my sermon was delivered from the lectern, with minimal loss of body fluids. But 0930, the Solemn Mass, brought a new challenge: the pulpit. As I climbed into it I began to understand climate change: the air warmed by a couple of degrees with each step. Some crazed verger appeared to have secreted an invisible fan heater in front of my face. Except that the air wasn't moving. At all. Horbury Hunt's master-stroke in designing this beautiful church

was to maximise preacher-discomfort, an incentive to concision. I dripped back to my stall (thoughtfully signed 'Preacher's Stall', presumably lest the visitor should get lost? I can't remember seeing that legend elsewhere, but by all means write in and correct me). I eschewed all movement until Mass finished.

Over lunch my hosts issued dire bushfire warnings about my route north. I was now to drive to Grafton, where my father had once been Dean and where I had lived and played happily by the mighty River Clarence. Downloading the appropriate bushfire app on my phone I set off on the five and a half hour drive. I'd planned to stop in Port Macquarie for an evening meal: Port M. is an old coastal town where we used to holiday in my childhood, with a venerable church, St Thomas's, the fifth-oldest in Australia, completed in Georgian style before Victoria was Queen, box pews and all. But fires were continuing to loom (I haven't yet found the correct verb, I'm sure) south and west of Port M. so, reflecting that it might be better to outrun the flames and get closer to my destination before pausing, I pushed on to Coffs Harbour, the largest town in Grafton Diocese, an hour short of my goal. There I found a Chinese restaurant of the type I remember from childhood, with a menu advertising 'Australian Meals' on the last page. I ordered and enjoyed a modest *Chinese* offering from an earlier page and pushed on.

Arriving in Grafton about 2100 I discovered that I had serendipitously booked a room in sight of the Cathedral (the teasingly inaccurate name, Abbey Motor Inn, should, I suppose, have alerted me). Setting the air-conditioner to 'stalagmite' (still 34 degrees outside) I wonderingly

circumnavigated the first church building I can properly remember (indeed the first church in which I served at the altar). Inevitably it looks a lot smaller than it did to my altar-boy self, but it is another small gem by Horbury Hunt. Perhaps twice the size of All Saints, in distinctive local brick gothic, it impresses in its context, especially lit up at night. I walked on to the riverbank, past the Deanery, a delightful colonial house of the 1830s' where as a child I rejoiced in the luxury of two bedrooms: one for winter and one for summer. I loved this house and its rambling garden, the only place we ever lived where there were climbable trees from which one could suspend a swing. Here I first read the chronicles of my contemporary, Paddington Bear, whose freshly published adventures formed the core of birthday and Christmas presents, and provided early vicarious experiences of places in London I now enjoy, Portobello Rd and Notting Hill; here by the riverbank I read *The Wind in the Willows* and played with friends inside the shady enclosures of our own weeping willow trees (now sadly absent); here I pretended to be Batman in a costume supplied by my long-suffering mother; here I learned to ride a bicycle and saw my first flood (the surveying skills of the founding clergy meant that although the city was underwater in 1967, we — Deanery, Bishops court and Cathedral — were not).

The next morning a friend was joining me for a day in Grafton and the drive back to Sydney via Armidale and the Hunter Valley wineries. After more D&DS I drove to the airport, (a small bungalow in the middle of a field) where my friend was due to arrive at 8. The plane landed on time. A remarkably long pause and a certain amount of laconic

speculation from the the ground staff (both of them) ensued. At last we learned that the steps on the plane would not unfold to let the passengers dis-emplane. Aussie ingenuity was not defeated. The small mobile tower with wheelchair-lift was unlocked (after some discussion about where Mick might have left the key) and the passengers descended majestically, as from the ark, two by two, over a period of about 30 minutes. 'Welcome to regional Australia' I greeted my friend. Breakfast and nostalgic (for me) Graftonian wanderings followed this wobbly arrival.

The interior of the Cathedral was as I remembered it and offered, pleasingly, a leaflet with a list of Deans including my father's name. The delights of Prince Street and a quick look at my old primary school (unrecognisable) were punctuated with excellent local iced coffee and sandwiches at *Toast* one of several better-than-adequate local cafés — a notable improvement on 60s' Grafton. One thing doesn't change: cafés open early (6.00 am) but also close early. Night Life is Unknown and restaurant possibilities are limited. Happily, a tantalising Indian offering proved satisfactory, augmented by its location in a gracious colonial building, formerly the Commercial Banking Company, where, spookily, my maternal great-grandfather, Charles Minnett, had once been the manager, and my mother's father could remember living as a child.

Excellent breakfast at *Toast* prepared us for the drive to Armidale on Tuesday. Down the coast to Raleigh and then inland to Bellingen, a delightful old town surrounded by lush hills and hippies. There a soaking rainstorm engulfed us;

more wonderful coffee was required. Thence to Dorrigo, a journey over some modest mountains. Suddenly we were out of blazing heat and in the clouds, the temperature equally suddenly in the low twenties. Dorrigo itself was cloud-free, a little hilltop town with quantities of mouth-watering locally-produced food on offer; then on, via picturesque Waterfall Way, with appropriate diversions to the unspoiled and dramatic water-features for which it is named, to Armidale.

Armidale was a Mistake. When I was a child, 50 years ago, Armidale looked down on Grafton as 'just a country town', basking in its self-appointed status as the principal northern city of NSW (I think Martin Woolley has lived there and will confirm this). It remains larger than Grafton, though not much. It boasts The University of New England and The Armidale School, a private boarding school to which, in my childhood, upwardly-mobile citizens of Grafton aspired. But it has fallen on hard times. The churches there were never of interest: this was the first neo-Prot outpost of the diocese of Sydney. But I expected better of the city. The motel was a sign of things to come, run by a passive-aggressive Fawltyesque couple who keep a small herd of deer in a minuscule enclosure at the back. This was to justify the motel's hubristic name: 'Deer Park Motor Inn'. 'Cruelly Tiny Deer Enclosure Motor Inn' would not, I suppose, look so good on TripAdvisor. On arrival, they asked about breakfast preferences, leaving no doubt that they would much rather we stuck to cereal and toast, otherwise one of them would have to go to the supermarket that evening; and they were having friends over for dinner...

Dinner now required our attention. Having settled on a Thai restaurant recommended by our Bates-Motel hosts, we quickly unsettled ourselves again after a chance view of the kitchen and my discovery of a cockroach-dropping on the table. Wandering disconsolately around the blighted city-centre, passing various boarded-up shops and underwhelming pubs, we found a promising Italian restaurant, inevitably fully-booked. Finally a Chinese restaurant hove into view. Its unprepossessing exterior revived more memories of 60s' less-than-fine dining. But it was family run, air-conditioned and utterly excellent. *Mun Hing*, 236 Beardy Street, should you be passing. A time-warp pleasure. Nothing else would keep a sane traveller in Armidale so, after a quiet night (there being no alternative) and the swift ingestion of as much cereal, toast and *instant* coffee (the final unforgivable insult in the land of the Essential Cappuccino) as we could stand, we made our escape.

We were now travelling towards Pokolbin in the Hunter Valley via two old roads, Thunderbolt's Way (named for a famous local bushranger, Captain Thunderbolt) which runs from Walcha to Gloucester, and Buckett's Way which takes you from Gloucester towards Newcastle, via, delightfully, Stratford-upon-Avon (a rivulet and small town having been wishfully named by nostalgic Bard-loving settlers).

But I am getting ahead of myself. We stopped first in Walcha. There an extraordinary 'antique' emporium beckoned, a warren filled with clothes, furniture, crockery, glassware, mirrors, games, statuary and BOOKS, rooms full

of them. The proprietors were a striking couple: she a warm and loudly friendly local, he an eccentrically dressed introvert. I found a couple of volumes of Australian fiction which he stutteringly sold me. Later, over dinner in Sydney, I learned that he had been the maths teacher of a fellow diner's ex-husband at ETON. Eton, *England*.

Strolling down the eerily empty main street and crossing the little river (the *Apsley* — those settlers enjoyed stretching their geographical references: Apsley is, so far as I know, near Berkhamsted, though I suppose there may be another somewhere near Gloucester? Answers on a postcard) we came upon what had once been an art-deco hotel. The erstwhile bar now housed an excellent café where we were able to erase the memory of breakfast. An American motorbike and automotive theme predominated; posters decried the newly lowered speed limits on local mountain roads; a disturbing amount of what appeared to be Nazi memorabilia was offered for sale.

Captain Thunderbolt's eponymous Way led us picturesquely to Gloucester where another motorbike-themed establishment offered lunch; clearly there is something other than hippiedom going on in the NSW countryside, but I have Lost Touch. On via Bucketts Way, from which in the heat of the afternoon we made a brief detour to Stroud, site of another beautiful little 'Georgian' church, St John's, built as the chapel of the Australian Agricultural Company. It remains essentially as it was constructed for the Agriculturalists in 1833, with original furniture of local red cedar. A matching Rectory and a former school house hover nearby. I remember driving here from Sydney in the 1970s for a parish

quiet day, when maximum excitement was derived from the Rector saying Mass in a *Chasuble* (indeed *The Chasuble* — the last one worn in CCSL, preserved as a holy relic and reproach to the witless diocese of Sydney).

So to Pokolbin where the accommodation, in the middle of Peppertree Vineyard, was splendidly church-themed: The Convent, a gracious Victorian-Gothic wooden complex of buildings transplanted from Dubbo when it ceased to house nuns, is now planted in mid-vineyard to house wine tourists.

The next day promised winery tours, a few of the many suggested by the splendid oenophile Rector's Warden of CCSL, Brenda Hunter. The best tour, at Tyrrells, began at 10: early for vinous imbibing, but it had to be done. More Church connection here: Bishop Tyrrell, who founded Newcastle diocese, had a wine-growing nephew who planted one of the first vineyards in Australia. Our magnificently erudite guide expounded, in colourful local vernacular, the Tyrrells' continuing use of old-world practices and reliance upon *terroir* rather than technology. The outstanding local offerings are reds (Shiraz) and astonishing dessert wines ('stickies' in local *argot*), most of them so good they never get out of the country. You'll just have to go there to sample them; if you do Tyrrells is The Place. Other vineyards were visited as we dodged the blinding sun, but none bettered T's. Splendid food and wine followed, with a toast to absent nuns; a cigar on the verandah was succeeded by a restful night and a perfect breakfast before the final drive.

As we crossed the Harbour Bridge a Sydney Storm broke. So violent were

the wind and rain that the road became worryingly invisible, but what a lightning show on the Harbour! Macquarie Street was a river. When this happens in Sydney umbrellas and rain-gear are scorned. One accepts an invigorating soaking — not unpleasant, given the temperature. Depositing my friend in Surry Hills (early settler with spelling issues) I paddled the car back to Glebe.

With only a week left of this year's odyssey there were more Family to see and, of course, CCSL. Sunday HM was a joy, as ever; then to Rozelle, where my cousin Cath (named after Scary Grandmother Bowie) abides. Splendid lunch forthcame in her lovely house, perched on a small cliff overlooking Darling Harbour with rooms downstairs dug out of the cooling rock. Back to CCSL for a last E&B at which I met my hosts. More thunder, lightning and pelting summer rain welcomed us to George Street, so we were glad to drive the short distance to their house, gathering up other sodden grateful Glebe residents from the congregation on the way.

Time makes a strange concertina-like move in the last few days of any trip, leading to a necessary doubling of Eatings-Out. So I *had* to eat out twice on my final Monday; once with Newcastle friends who'd been away when I visited their Oven-in-Cathedral-form on my way north, and again that evening, at *Monopole* in Potts Point, one of a new meme of Sydney restaurants serving multiple-course tapas-style menus, matched with a wine list longer than a General Synod agenda. Kangaroo Carpaccio stood out. It stood out rather too distinctively for my Italian-French dinner companion, allowing me the benefit of a splendid double portion. The

wine (red, naturally), its provenance now lost in Lethean mist, was Elysian.

Peter (The Music) Jewkes had been away on holiday in Vietnam, but was now restored to us and my hosts had invited him to dine on my penultimate evening. With another Sydney friend, Andrew Lee, recently returned to Sydney after many years in England, we enjoyed joining the various dots of our lives over the last several years, as the lights of Sydney winked at us across Blackwattle Bay.

You have been spared the detail of so many travels and encounters: as the writer to the Hebrews (I think that's the chap) remarks, 'time would fail me to tell' of Berrima, on the NSW southern highlands, where the Berkelouw Book Barn and a gemlike S. Francis Xavier's Church by Pugin can be found, as well as a perfectly preserved and eccentrically curated gaol. And the northern beaches of Sydney. And *Acme*, Italian Tapas in Rushcutters Bay. But, as another New Testament raconteur puts it, 'if every one of them were written down I suppose the world could not contain the books'. Another way of saying that Bowie has rambled enough.

In car and aeroplane the Etihad chaps did their thing, with *elan*, *eclat* and *panache* (though in Arabic) and after several more films and televisual offerings, the purchase of 50 duty-free cigars in Abu Dhabi, and some airborne sleep, a last kindly driver deposited me in Margaret Street on a not-too-freezing Thursday afternoon in February. The next evening promised the Deanery Chapter party. Lest *déjà vu* should set tediously in, 'Toodle', as I have previously remarked, 'pip'!

**SERMON PREACHED BY CANON IAN PATON,
RECTOR OF OLD ST PAUL'S, EDINBURGH,
FOR THE FEAST OF S COLUMBA OF IONA
AND 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ORDINATION
OF FR ALAN MOSES
AT ALL SAINTS, MARGARET STREET, 9 JUNE 2017**

Interesting Times

As the Chinese curse says, 'May you live in interesting times'. By that standard, it has been an 'interesting' week. 'Interesting times', challenging times, difficult times in which to be a person of faith, and to be a priest. Alan was ordained priest in Edinburgh in 1977, the year in which Elvis died (allegedly) and one era ended, and Star Wars hit the cinema screen for the first time and another era began. He was ordained in the midst of the Queen's Silver Jubilee, and I imagine the ordinands might have appreciated Edinburgh City Council putting up the bunting at least partly in their honour.

Priesthood has been changing since 1977 — a lot of it for the better: the ordination of women has deepened our experience and understanding of Catholic priesthood, and many of us are grateful for the years of courage and faith that lie behind that. But some of the change is for the worse: five hundred years after Martin Luther in his home town of Wittenberg, they have built a robot priest that delivers blessings in five languages and beams light from its hands. Like Luther's '95 Theses', the robot priest, named BlessU-2, is meant to stir up debate. I'm sure it will do that, but I doubt it will lead to any Reformation in our theology of ministry.

Having a good theology of ministry is important, but looking back to my own

ordination I wonder how much of the reality of priesthood I understood at the time. Very little, I think, and there were many things I didn't know I would need to know, especially church buildings, church money and church people. Now I know that buildings require skills like fundraising and project management, skills that aren't much taught in training for ministry. And I know now that money need not be a tool of mammon, but can be an instrument for good and that sometime it is not the love of money but the lack of it that is the source of much evil in people's lives. And I am still beginning to know that people are far more complex, subtle, vulnerable, unpredictable and beautiful than I ever imagined on my ordination day.

Complex and beautiful people like S Columba, who lived nearly 1,500 years ago, and died on this day in 597. Although he is a celebrated Saint, especially in Scotland, very little about Columba is certain. One certain thing, however, is that he too lived in 'interesting times'. His voyage from Ireland to Iona is one of the foundational journeys of faith, though it started with his being prosecuted for copyright.

The abbot returned from Rome with a rare edition of the Psalter. Columba borrowed it, and made a copy for himself. But the owner claimed his copyright, and this dispute led, in the way of those times, to a battle being fought between his clan and that of

Columba. 3,000 were slain, and Columba, accepting responsibility, chose to serve out a penance. He said, “Men lie dead through the pride of a man of peace, I will win for God as many men as have died.” In other words, his penance was mission. Some in the Church still act as though mission were a penance. But, even as a penance, mission can be an effective sharing of the Gospel, and Columba’s mission, together with others, planted Christianity in Scotland and beyond.

For a saint, Columba was clearly a complicated person — as complex, subtle, vulnerable, unpredictable and beautiful as all of us. But, as is often said, “A saint is a dead Christian whose life has been insufficiently researched”.

My favourite Columban legend is his meeting with the Loch Ness monster. Columba set out to cross the River Ness, where it flows out of the Loch. There was a burial going on of a man who, they told him, had been killed by a monster that had savagely torn him with its great teeth. Columba ordered one of his monks to swim across the loch, and the monster rose to the surface with a terrible roar to seize the poor monk, showing the horror of its long, sharp teeth. But Columba, raising his hand, commanded it, in the name of Christ, to leave that place in peace. The monster turned and fled.

Legends like this are the stuff of Celtic story-telling, but the people who listened to them understood the meaning behind all the colourful language — as Christ was in the Gospel storm in the boat with the disciples, he is with us to calm the storms and monsters of our ‘interesting times’. As Columba said, “God is everywhere in his immensity, and everywhere close at hand”.

Columba shows us that it is the very

complexity and beauty of our human nature that is being used by God in the mission of his love. That is true of every person of faith, as it is true of every priest. After many years, I realise that priesthood does lift you up above the world to some summit of spiritual being, but draws you down into the deep places of human life, into the mess of the world, the mess of your own and other people’s lives. The rôle of the priest is not to be indignant at other people’s failings, to be ashamed of one’s own, or to be angry at those of the Church. Priesthood is, in Stephen Cherry’s words, “to be alert to the reality of pain *and the possibility of healing*, to the reality of failure *and the possibility of forgiveness*... It is not about being high-minded, or having clean hands, knowing a lot of theology or about being right, talented, good or skillful. It is about being a means of grace.”

We can sense that grace in the description of Columba, written by his biographer and disciple, Adamnan: “Columba possessed a voice so loud and melodious it could be heard a mile off... He had the face of an angel, was polished in speech, holy in deed, great in counsel.” Not a bad job description for any priest to aspire to, especially, experience tells me, the part about the voice. I think that Fr Alan would deny that any of that description could apply to him, but many of us would say it is spot on. We would also say, however, that some of the credit for that must go to Theresa — a priest can work and pray to make others know they *are* loved, only because he or she knows what it is to *be* loved.

That is grace, and it is part of what Jesus means in the Gospel by “treasure in heaven”. For Jesus, heaven and the Kingdom of God are not some distant pie-in-the-sky promise. We are to live in the kingdom in which, by faith, forgiveness can triumph over revenge, hope over fear, justice over oppression, joy

over sorrow, generosity over meanness, love over apathy. These are the characteristics of the kingdom of God, and they are what Jesus means when he says, “Do not be afraid. ... For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”

Columba died on Iona on this day, June 9th, in the year 597. In the last few years of his life, as his health failed, he returned to the practice of copying the Psalms, which had been the cause of his departure in shame from Ireland so many years before. The story goes that on the day he died Columba was copying Psalm 34, surely a prayer of faith for ‘interesting times,’ in Columba’s time and our own:

*I will bless the Lord at all times;
his praise shall ever be in my mouth.
I sought the Lord and he answered me;
and delivered me out of all my terror.
Taste and see that the Lord is good;
happy are they who trust in him!*

Faithful Columba, pray for us. Blessed Columba, pray for us, holy Columba, pray for us.

100 YEARS AGO

“There was Silence in Heaven”

Extracts from a sermon preached by Fr Neville Figgis CR on the Feast of Corpus Christi, June 1917.

“This festival, it may be said, has no practical value. Every day we have the Eucharist, and we can kneel in adoration before the Sacrament always. True. God’s gifts, however, go beyond immediate practice, they give us joy. Some of our troubles would be less if more people could think of the Eucharist as a source of joy, and not merely of help. Let us fix our minds now on this joy. That joy is a fact.

Those who deride us or patronise as useful but unimportant a Sacramental Christianity do not seem to realise the great experience we have. It is possible even to believe in the real presence, and to make much personal use of the Communion, and yet to know little of its joy. To this end we need leisure and spaces set apart. Most people are in a hurry. Westerners always want to get something in their religion.

“The joy of the Eucharist, apart from the joy of common worship, is of more than one kind. There is the joy of *wonder*. Men may say what they like about needing a religion everywhere intelligible, and I do not deny the efforts, nowhere greater than in so grand an upholder of the Eucharist as St Thomas, to put the whole Catholic faith into a coherent system. Still there remains in the religious mind an irreducible sense of mystery. No religion without mystery will long hold the allegiance of men. They never have. ...The sense of the mystery of life, of ourselves, of any single fact is overwhelming. Science does not remove it, science describes but does not explain... *Omnia exeunt in mysterium* said the old adage, and the joy of the Eucharist is that it keeps very alive this sense of wonder... It gives us the outward and visible presentment, that sense of the depth and height and length of the Love of Jesus which passeth knowledge. As we revere that strange humility of God which permits us to adore Jesus in the Sacrament of the Altar we are more and not less able than before to see God in every hue and sound of nature, and feel this in every breath of air. This mystery does but focus and concentrate our wonder. It prevents the most precious gift from fading in the light of common day.

“Secondly, there is the joy of *rest*. We

have come home. As we kneel before the altar, knowing that here indeed we have *Emmanuel*, we have the sense that we are at rest. Rest does not come from inaction, and it is often contrary thereto. The sense of rest belongs to one who feels that he is in harmony with it. The storms of the world; and the anxieties of the mind; and the distracting irritations of sin; and the pressure of temptation, and the fever of thought; and the whirring machinery of this life both inward and outward may go on; but they are superficial. He is at peace, and his mind is stayed on God, and though the base of his life may rock, the life itself is secure.

“Lastly, we have the joy of *faith*. To many in this age of doubt and denial the Eucharist has that chief joy. The sense that here is the very centre of opposition makes them the more courageous to stand by it. The impugnors of the supernatural can never be brought to faith in sacramental religion, though with pious phrases some may honour it as a symbol of the sanctity of all things or as a venerable monument of historic faith, but we know that at bottom they deride us, and so like a soldier laughing at the foe, we cling with the *élan* of faith to the blessed fact... Only this joy needs control or we may merely use it in pride, and plume ourselves on our imagined superiority. We are right to have this joy, but we need it to deepen our own faith. If we use it merely to fling defiance at our foes, we are taking the means for the end, and are like to lose the very faith we so delight in. Faith must be deepened, and made more serene by the Eucharist. The faith which is partly the joy of battle is like the faith of the controversialist, who seems to think that the object of faith is not so much for life as for defence... All we who have to defend the faith, and which of us

has not, are liable to this snare.

“Let us then have our joy in the Blessed Sacrament, a joy of wonder, a joy of home-coming, a joy of courageous adventure, but let us above all keep the faith in the spirit of quiet. Not the music, not the incense, not the light, nor all the décor express so fully the joy that is ours, as the hush before the Blessed Sacrament. Only as we live in that spirit of silent awe can we have this joy about us always or take it into all our outside actions and keep it in our troubles...”

SUNDAYS AND SOLEMNITIES MUSIC AND READINGS

● SUNDAY 2 JULY 3RD AFTER TRINITY

Fr Michael Bowie's 25th Anniversary

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 311 We pray thee, heavenly
Father (T A&MR 401)

*Entrance Chant: Omnes gentes, plaudite
manibus*

Setting: Messe Solenelle — Vierne

Psalm: 89: 1 – 4, 15 – 18

Readings: Jeremiah 28: 5 – 9

Romans 6: 12 – 23

Gradual Hymn: 476 Ye servants of God,
your Master proclaim

Gospel: Matthew 10: 40 – 42

Preacher: Revd Canon Dr Robin Ward

Creed: Credo III

Offertory Motet: Va pensiero — Verdi

Hymns: 307 Sweet Sacrament divine

295 Let all mortal flesh keep
silence

381 Jerusalem the golden
(Caplin descant)

Voluntary: Grand Dialogue (3ième livre
d'orgue) — Marchand

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 50: 1 – 15
Lessons: 1 Samuel 28: 3 – 19
Luke 17: 20 – 37

Office Hymn: 150 O blest Creator of
the light

Canticles: Setting in G — Sumsion
Anthem: Sing joyfully — Byrd
Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses
Hymn: 333 All my hope on God
is founded (Caplin descant)

O Salutaris: Fauré
Hymn: 414 O for a closer walk with
God

Tantum ergo: Fauré
Voluntary: Introduction and Fugue in A
— Nares

● **SUNDAY 9 JULY 4TH AFTER TRINITY**

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 271 Alleluia, sing to Jesus
Entrance Chant: *Suscepimus Deus*

Setting: Mass in B flat — Rachmaninov
Psalm: 145: 8 – 14

Readings: Zechariah 9: 9 – 12
Romans 7: 15 – 25a

Gradual Hymn: 119 The strife is o'er,
the battle done

Gospel: Matthew 11: 16 – 19, 25 – 30

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Creed: Rachmaninov

Offertory Motet: Bogoroditsye Dyevo
(Ave Maria) — Rachmaninov

Hymns: 376 I heard the voice of Jesus say
323 (T 190 ii) Father of mercy,
God of consolation
235 Forth in thy name, O Lord,
I go

Voluntary: Intermezzo (Symphonie No 6,
Op 42, No 2) — Widor

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 56, 57
Lessons: 2 Samuel 2: 1 – 11, 3: 1
Luke 18: 31 – 19: 10

Office Hymn: 150 O blest Creator of
the light

Canticles: Setting in A flat — Harwood
Anthem: O pray for the peace
of Jerusalem — Howells

Preacher: Fr Julian Browning
Hymn: 378 Immortal love for ever full
O Salutaris: Howells

Hymn: 305 Soul of my Saviour.
Tantum ergo: Howells
Voluntary: Psalm Prelude, Set 1, No 1
— Howells

● **SUNDAY 16 JULY 5TH AFTER TRINITY**

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 498 Son of God,
eternal Saviour

Entrance Chant: *Ego autem cum iustitia*

Setting: Missa Sanctæ Margaretæ
— Gabriel Jackson

Psalm: 65: 9 – 13

Readings: Isaiah 55: 10 – 13
Romans 8: 1 – 11

Gradual Hymn: 407 Lord, thy word abideth

Gospel: Matthew 13: 1 – 9, 18 – 23

Preacher: The Revd Canon Grace Kaiso,
General Secretary of the
Council of Anglican Provinces
of Africa (CAPA)

Creed: Merbecke

Offertory Motet: O, by and by
— arr Tippett

Hymns: 284 Father, we thank thee who
has planted

358 (ii) Father of heaven,
whose love profound
321 (T 186) Go forth for God

Voluntary: An Occasional Trumpet
Voluntary — Gowers

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 60, 63
Lessons: 2 Samuel 7: 18 – 29
Luke 19: 41 – 20: 8

Office Hymn: 150 O blest Creator of
the light

Canticles: Wood in D
Anthem: Iustorum animæ — Stanford

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Hymn: 492 O God of earth and altar

O Salutaris: Nicholson
Hymn: 250 Saviour, again to thy dear
name we raise

Tantum ergo: Nicholson
Voluntary: A Fancy for two to play
— Tomkins

● SUNDAY 23 JULY 6TH AFTER TRINITY

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 310 We hail thy glorious
presence

Entrance Chant: *Ecce Deus adiuvat me*
Setting: Jugendmesse — Haydn

Psalm: 86: 11 – 17
Readings: Wisdom of Solomon
12: 13, 16 – 19
Romans 8: 12 – 25

Gradual Hymn: 140 Holy Spirit, come,
confirm us

Gospel: Matthew 13: 24 – 30, 36 – 43
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Creed: Haydn
Offertory Motet: Never weather-beaten sail
— Parry

Hymns: 287 Glory, love and praise and
honour
328 God be in my head
355 Eternal Ruler of the
ceaseless round

Voluntary: Scherzo (Symphony No 7)
— Beethoven, arr W.T. Best

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 67, 70
Lessons: 1 Kings 2: 1 – 12, 3: 16 – 28
Acts 4: 1 – 22

Office Hymn: 150 O blest Creator of
the light

Canticles: Bairstow in G
Anthem: Ave Maria — Mendelssohn

Preacher: Fr Julian Browning
Hymn: 339 Be thou my vision,
O Lord of my heart

O Salutaris: Victoria
Hymn: 390 Jesus, where'er thy people
meet

Tantum ergo: Victoria
Voluntary: Andantino — Alkan, arr Franck

● SUNDAY 30 JULY 7TH AFTER TRINITY

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 336 Angel voices
ever singing

Entrance Chant: *Deus in loco sancto suo*
Setting: Missa Brevis — Walton
Psalm: 119: 129 – 136

Readings: 1 Kings 3: 5 – 12
Romans 8: 26 – 39
Gradual Hymn: 482 Spread, O spread,
thou mighty word

Gospel: Matthew 13: 31 – 33, 44 – 52
Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses

Creed: Credo II
Offertory Motet: Set me as a seal — Walton

Hymns: 276 (ii) Bread of heaven,
on thee we feed
416 (ii) O God of Bethel,
by whose hand
338 At the name of Jesus
Voluntary: Siciliano for a High Ceremony
— Howells

Office Hymn: 150 O blest Creator of
the light
Canticles: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis
Octavi Toni — Tallis
Anthem: Bring us, O Lord God — Harris
Preacher: Fr Barry Orford
Hymn: 205 Christ is made the sure
foundation

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 75, 76
Lessons: 1 Kings 6: 11 – 14, 23 – 38
Acts 12: 1 – 17

O Salutaris: Bach
Hymn: 175 Lord, who shall sit beside
thee
Tantum ergo: Bach
Voluntary: Andante (Sonata No 4,
BWV 528) — J.S. Bach

— All Saints, Margaret Street W1 —

ORGAN RECITAL Sunday 2 July at 7.15pm (after Evensong and Benediction)

**LAURENCE LONG
All Saint's Dr John Birch Organ Scholar**

Programme

Trio Sonata No 4 in E minor, BWV 528 — J.S. Bach (1685 – 1750)

1. Adagio — Vivace
2. Andante
3. Un poco allegro

Deux danses à Agni Yavishta, AWW 61 — J. Alain (1911 – 1940)

Organ Sonata No 16 in G# minor, Op 175 J. — Rheinberger (1839 – 1901)

1. Allegro moderato
2. Skandinavisch
3. Introduction — Fuge

**Entry is free, but we invite you to make a retiring donation (recommended £5)
to support the Choir and Music at All Saints.**

The All Saints Licensed Club/Bar below the Church will be open after this recital.

Please find more organ recitals on www.organrecitals.com.

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The All Saints Website

www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk

The Weekly Parish E-mail

This gives weekly news of events, people to pray for, and a short letter from the Vicar or Assistant Priest. You can subscribe through the All Saints website — see News and Events/Weekly Newsletter for directions about signing up to receive regular up-dates.

The Weekly Notices included in the Sunday service booklet, which worshippers are encouraged to take away with them.

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Jeremiah Stephenson

Electoral Roll Officer:

Catherine Burling c/o 020 7636 1788

Service Times

Sundays:

Low Mass at 6.30pm (Sat)

8am and 5.15pm

Morning Prayer 10.20am

HIGH MASS and SERMON at 11am

CHORAL EVENSONG, SERMON and

BENEDICTION at 6pm.

Monday to Friday:

Morning Prayer at 7.30am

Low Mass at 8am, 1.10pm and 6.30pm

Confessions 12.30 - 1pm and 5.30pm

Evening Prayer at 6pm

(Except bank holidays — 12 noon Mass only)

Saturdays:

Low Mass at **12 noon** and 6.30pm*

(* First Mass of Sunday)

Confessions 5.30pm.

Evening Prayer 6pm.

On major weekday feasts, High Mass is sung at 6.30pm

– **ALL SAINTS MARGARET STREET** –

(Registered Charity Number: 1132895)

Parish Legacy Policy

At All Saints Church, we welcome all gifts in Wills, however large or small, and we promise to use your gift to make a difference in our parish.

Our PCC legacy policy is to encourage people to leave bequests specifically to one of our two related charities:

All Saints Choir & Music Trust (Charity Number: 802994)

which supports the choral tradition at All Saints. The capital of the Choir & Music Trust cannot be spent, only the income.

or

All Saints Foundation (Charity Number: 273390)

which assists the PCC in the care of our Grade 1 listed heritage buildings.

The capital of the All Saints Foundation can be spent.

Non Designated Bequests

When bequests which have not been designated for any specific purpose are received, the PCC's policy is to direct these to one or other of the two All Saints Trusts, or to some specific piece of restoration work or capital expenditure.

You can be confident that your gift will have a long-lasting effect rather than being used to pay day-to-day expenses.

Remembering Donors

The names of donors will be entered in our Chantry Book and they will be remembered in prayer each year on the anniversary of their death.

Contacting Us about Bequests

If you would like to discuss making a bequest to All Saints, please contact:

The Vicar/Honorary Treasurer/The All Saints Choir and Music Trust Administrator/

The All Saints Foundation Administrator

c/o The Vicarage, 7 Margaret Street, London W1W 8JG.

The Parish Administrator can put you in touch with these individuals by email.

Please email in confidence: astsmgtst@aol.com or telephone 020 7636 1788.

Mission Projects

All Saints year-round fundraising efforts support:

The Church Army hostels and programmes empowering homeless women into independent living in Marylebone

The USPG-led UMOJA, HIV Project in Zimbabwe,

enabling people living with HIV and Aids to live positive lives, and

The Soup Kitchen (American International Church, Tottenham Court Road) feeding up to 80 vulnerable people daily

CALENDAR AND INTENTIONS FOR JULY 2017

1	Ember Day	Those being Ordained
2	✠ TRINITY 3	Our Parish and People
3	Thomas the Apostle	Church in India
4		United States of America
5		The homeless
6	Thomas More and John Fisher, Reformation Martyrs	Unity
7		Those in Need
8		General Synod
9	✠ TRINITY 4	Our Parish and People
10		Westminster City Council
11	Benedict of Nursia, Abbot of Monte Cassino, 550	Monastic Communities
12		Friends of All Saints
13		Unity
14	John Keble, Priest, 1866	Those in need
15	Swithun, Bishop of Winchester, 862	Emergency services
16	✠ TRINITY 5	Our Parish and People
17		USPG
18	<i>Elizabeth Ferrard, Deaconess</i>	Deacons
19	Gregory of Nyssa, 394, and Macrina, 379	Teachers of the Faith
20		Theologians
21		Unity
22	Mary Magdalene	Those in need
23	✠ TRINITY 6	Parish Pilgrimage to Walsingham
24		Our Parish and People
25	James the Great, Apostle	SPCK
26	Anne and Joachim, Parents of the BVM	Pilgrims
27	<i>Brooke Foss Westcott, Bp, Teacher of the Faith, 1901</i>	Parents
28		Unity
29	Martha, Mary and Lazarus, Companions of Our Lord	Those in need
30	✠ TRINITY 7	Retreat Houses
31	Ignatius of Loyola, Founder of the Society of Jesus, 1556	Our Parish and People
		Immaculate Conception, Farm Street

