



**All Saints Parish Paper**  
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## VICAR'S LETTER

### Talking Jesus

In November the General Synod will hear a presentation on “**Public Perceptions of Jesus**”. This will be based on research undertaken on behalf of the Church, the Evangelical Alliance and an organization called Hope. 1,500 Christians and 2,500 “normal people” were surveyed. The results and their interpretation have already been the subject of some lively comment in the press and the Church.

So when my copy arrived in the bundle of synod papers, I opened it with interest. I persevered past an introduction with evangelical catch phrases like “we shared our heart for mission” and “our collective longing to see God move in this nation”.

The survey revealed that:

- 40% of the general population believe the Bible is God’s word
- 60% think Jesus really existed, (so 40% think he didn’t)
- 25% of under-35s think he is a fictional character
- 21% think he was divine, the majority believe Jesus was a spiritual leader/normal human being
- Just over 40% think he was raised from the dead.

The survey looked, too, at how Christians were regarded by non-Christians. Most



*Final focusing of the new Church lighting for Christ the King*

*Photo: Andrew Prior*

think we are caring, good-humoured and friendly, which is reassuring when one thinks of the extreme comments, usually about sex, from some Christian bodies, which appear in the media.

The researchers questioned Christians about their attitude to speaking to non-Christians about Jesus, and non-Christians how they responded to this. The Christians

seemed surprisingly confident about talking about Jesus and its results. The claims of confidence and frequency in speaking about Jesus to non-Christians has been questioned by some.

However positive the Christians felt, the answers of the non-Christians told a rather different story. One in five non-Christians say that, after such a conversation, they felt open to an experience or encounter with Jesus. But six in 10 didn't want to know more about Jesus (59%). In other words: evangelism had put them off.

It was almost at the end that I discovered something interesting. In an analysis of the factors which had led people to become Christians:

- 28% put "attending a church service(s) other than a wedding or funeral".
- Another 1% said it was the result of attending a Christian wedding or funeral.
- 4% said visiting or praying in open churches (outside services).

Even more interesting was the fact that this last figure was only 1% less than those who put attending an introduction to Christianity course like Alpha or Christianity Explored. So the effort that parishes like ours expend on keeping our churches open and in putting on services seems to reap a similar harvest to those more publicized and explicit forms of evangelism. We seem to be doing something right.

Those who commissioned the research seem determined to "look on the bright side of life": accentuating the positive statistics and glossing over the others; our inability to share our faith in a helpful way with the 60% who are put off Christianity by people speaking about it. Should we not be asking

ourselves some hard questions about why? It is not enough to conclude, as they do, that we should be talking more about Jesus not less, unless we find ways of having what the report itself calls "more sensitive, positive, culturally relevant conversations about Jesus that could be deeply effective in evangelism". Alas, it does not explore what sensitivity and cultural relevance might look like. Nor does it explore why Christians are generally perceived in a positive light and what this might offer in the way of clues for more effective mission.

When reading the Parish Paper for November 1915, I was amused to see that when the Bishop of London visited All Saints at the Festival, he had described Marylebone as one of the "**most frigid and difficult bits of the diocese**". So, it is perhaps surprising that we are still here.

The survey echoes earlier ones in saying that most people come to faith through family or friends. That presents us with something of a problem here, because many who live and work around us are migrants far from home and family. This is almost as true of those from Yorkshire or Wales as it is of those from Australia or Ghana.

There is also increasing evidence that many young people who come to work in London experience considerable isolation and loneliness. This is by no means limited to the young. There is a real sense in which a church community can be the only real community to which people can belong.

What can we learn from all this? First of all, we should be grateful for the information, even if conclusions drawn from it need more work. It is better to know what we are facing.

We can, I think, take heart from the positive comments about services, including the “occasional offices” — baptisms, weddings and funerals — and about churches open for prayer. These continue to be a priority for us; one to which we devote considerable time, effort and money.

One of the three “Cs” of “Capital Vision 2020” in the Diocese of London is being “Creative” in our proclamation of the Gospel. In recent years, we have increased the number of services of music and readings which attract a good many who would not normally come to High Mass or Evensong. We now have an Advent Sequence of Music and Readings; a weekday evening Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols with the choir, a shorter lunchtime carol service (which this year will have a choir rather than just a soloist and where we will work even harder than ever to encourage the attendance of local business workers), an Epiphany Carol Service and a Passiontide Sequence. In all of these, we seek to give people an experience of the distinctive elements of our worship, ceremony and music. These are good occasions to which we might invite friends and colleagues.

When I was in Rome recently, I saw a *son et lumiere* presentation in the Jesuit Church of the Gesu, which told the story of St Ignatius Loyola, using a combination of music, words and lighting of different parts of the church. Now that we have a new lighting system, I would like to explore how we might use our building to present the story of faith in a way which avoids the crassness of “megaphone evangelism”.

Our Tractarian forebears taught

the principle of “Reserve” in the communication of religious knowledge: based on our Lord’s words in the Gospel about not casting pearls before swine. By this they meant, not speaking of the deepest mysteries of the Christian faith in trivial, sentimental or simplistic ways to people who were unprepared to hear them. Surveys of how people come to faith often reveal that for most it is a gradual process in which the indirect rather than “in-your-face” one is more effective.

If we are to find more appropriate and sensitive ways of talking about Jesus to non-Christians, I think we need to take a step back: to begin talking about Jesus and our faith more to each other.

We are coming to Advent, which speaks to us not just of Christ’s coming to us in the incarnation we celebrate at Christmas, and at the end of time to judge the world, but of his coming to us in the meantime in word and sacrament, in the life of the Church and in the “sacrament” of those in need. In our worship, we believe that the risen Jesus speaks to us through the Gospel. How attentively do we listen and respond, both as a community and as individuals? In speaking to each other about Jesus and the Gospel, about what our faith means to us, we might discover what rings true and what does not. If it sounds hollow and inauthentic, it is not likely to convince sceptical shoppers on Oxford Street. There is nothing of the trivial and superficial in the Gospel. Its very depth and seriousness is the source of joy if we give it our full attention.

Yours in Christ,

*Alan Moses*

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## POSTSCRIPT TO A SERMON

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In his sermon on Ascension Day our preacher, Fr Sean Mullens, the Rector of St Mark's, Philadelphia, spoke about a homeless man called Phil Schultz who spent much of his time in and around that church. He had been one of the first people to turn up when St Mark's opened a soup kitchen twelve years ago and he had been there ever since. He refused shelter and rarely spoke. Regular worshippers at St Mark's used biblical names to describe Phil, who was tall, bearded, and gaunt. Sometimes he was Moses, sometimes John the Baptist.

On the morning of October 14, a woman found him dead, sitting upright on a bench in nearby Rittenhouse Square. A parishioner who recognized him by his distinctive bushy white beard, summoned Fr Sean. He and two people from St Mark's hurried there to pray.

Five months before Phil died, Fr Mullen had given him the last rites. He had been spending more nights in the St Mark's garden, under the two large tulip magnolia trees. One morning in May, a roofer working at the church heard Phil moan. He called 911. The doctors told Fr Mullen that Phil's blood pressure, body temperature, and haemoglobin levels were "incompatible with life".

*"I laid my hands on him, anointed him, and commended him to God's care,"* Mullen said in his sermon. *"And I stood there and cried at his bedside out of sheer confusion and helplessness, and a profound sense of failure."*

Doctors found that Phil had hardened arteries, heart disease and hookworm. But he lived. Once released from hospital, he refused a place in a shelter; returning instead

to the warmth of the soup kitchen and the Mass, where he received daily Communion for the next six months.

He found refuge in the 167 year-old church and there his funeral Mass was celebrated. Among the worshippers were his mother and brother who had lost touch with him when mental illness had led to him dropping out of home and family.

City-centre churches which are open provide a refuge for such people. They are often difficult to help in the conventional sense of being able to do something for them which will make a radical change in their lives. Many of them suffer from psychiatric problems and the ministry of Fr Neil Bunker in helping churches deal with these people in this situation with compassion and understanding has been very valuable. Fr Sean's frustration is understandable: often all we can do is be here to provide an open place for them.

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## CHURCH LIGHTING and ELECTRICS

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As the Parish Paper goes to print, a "cherry picker" is parked in the courtyard and a ramp is being constructed so that it can be moved into church through the porch and then on up into the Sanctuary for the final adjustments to be made to the lighting system. We have had to wait until the dark evenings for this 'finale' to a complicated project that had its inception and planning a number of years ago and for which we began the formal fundraising appeal two years ago at the All Saints Festival 2013. The latest figure for fundraising for the Lighting and Electrical Renewal project is £414, 577, including the £455 raised by the Keats Ancient and Modern afternoon of entertainment on 15 November. Thank

you to all those who organized that event, performed or bought tickets. We have now been able to adjust the focusing and arrange the lighting settings as originally intended, to get the full benefit and flexibility from our investment.

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## PARISH NOTES

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**NEW BABY** — the latest youthful addition to the Choir family is a baby son born to **Richard** and **Nicola Semple-Smith** on 2 November and weighing in at 8lb 14oz for the oldies amongst us and 4.03kg in new money!

**SICK CLERGY** — **Fr Gerald Reddington** suffered a stroke at his home in the Isle of Wight on Wednesday 11 November. He was taken to the Stroke Unit at St Mary's Hospital in Newport. Fr Alan was setting out to visit him there on the day the Parish Paper went to print.

Another member of our clerical "Old Guard," **Canon Geoffrey White**, who usually celebrates the lunchtime Mass on Wednesday, has had a chest infection and been ordered to rest by his doctor, so will not be with us for a while. We wish him a speedy recovery.

**Prebendary David Paton**, who had a fall in church on his last visit to the UK, has now returned to his home in France and is receiving physio-therapy for his broken shoulder, but we heard from him in hospital in France as we went to print. He has now sadly had a fall down a spiral stair and had to have his knee operated on once again, so we won't be seeing him celebrate over Christmastide.

## THE DEPARTED

The Requiem Mass for **Lady Jacqueline Killearn (Jacky)**, whose home was in

Harley Street, was celebrated at All Saints on 27 October. Jacqueline died at the age of over 105, with some thirty grandchildren (another was born during the planning of the service). During the Second World War, she was the wife of the British Ambassador in Cairo. At the same time, her father who was Italian and a doctor, had returned to Italy to work for Mussolini. 150 mourners attended and Jacky's daughter Jacquetta St Germans sent a photograph to the Parish Office of all the grandchildren after the Mass all beaming and giving thumbs up with the text THANKS and Jacquetta said of the Funeral Mass *'everyone loved it. A super send off for Mama. Thank You. Absolutely Beautiful.'*

On 29 October, the **Memorial Service for Ruth Rendell**, Baroness Rendell of Babergh, who wrote both under her own name and as Barbara Vine, was held at All Saints. Tributes were paid to her as a writer, by her publisher Baroness Gail Rebusk DBE, fellow-crime-writer Val MacDermid, as an active member of the House of Lords by Baroness Valerie Amos of Brondesbury, PC, and to her support of charities by Campbell Robb, Chief Executive of Shelter. Christopher Ravenscroft, DI Burden in The Ruth Rendell Mysteries read from Rendell's posthumous publication *The Keys to the Street*. 250 guests attended the Memorial Service. Susan Sandon, MD of Penguin Random House wrote afterwards:

*'It was quite simply marvellous. A respectful yet tender tribute to someone who meant so much to all of us and truly a celebration of Ruth's diverse passions, commitments and skills. The speeches and readings were perfectly judged and felt wonderfully warm and intimate. The music was just extraordinary and I know that anyone who came on to the reception will have heard everyone's praise and awe. The organising*

*committee was expert in its guidance and support and all at All Saints, Margaret Street, made us feel very welcome and very special.'*

The Vicar and Fr Beauchamp attended the memorial service at St Margaret's, Westminster, for **Councillor Audrey Lewis** (formerly Lord Mayor of Westminster in the previous year before she died) who had represented the Bryanston Square-Dorset Square Ward. As well as a devoted public servant, and advocate for Marylebone, Audrey was a good friend of the Church and other faith communities in the area. She worked hard to encourage cohesion in our very diverse community.

On Saturday 14 November, the day after the terrorist attacks in Paris, Fr Alan attended the Saturday evening vigil Mass at **Notre Dame de France in Leicester Street, the French Catholic Church in London**. (The Walsingham Cell is visiting Notre Dame de France on **Wednesday 9 December, 7pm** to Evensong with a Talk on the history of the Church by Fr Kevin Mowbray followed by drinks.) A fine modern ecclesiastical space with renowned Lady Chapel by Jean Cocteau and other historic and contemporary works of art, including a painting of Joan of Arc and a sculpture representing Our Lady of Mercy above the entrance welcoming visitors as they walk in from the street — Leicester Place. The sculptor was a famous French artist Georges-Laurent Saupique (1889-1961) who was head of the restoration work of Reims cathedral. The visit is open to all — please join in.

### **PREBENDARY JOHN GASKELL**

Fr John Gaskell came to All Saints to be Fr Ross's curate in 1964. From here he moved to the Grosvenor Chapel in Mayfair where

he was Priest-in-Charge and Warden of Liddon House. He was then appointed Vicar of St Alban's, Holborn, and, while there, a Prebendary of St Paul's Cathedral.

In retirement, he returned to live at All Saints in one of the flats at No 8 Margaret Street. We were greatly blessed by his ministry at the altar, in the pulpit and the confessional and simply by his presence among us.

Increasing frailty led him to the decision to move to Morden College in Blackheath. His funeral Mass took place there on 20 November. A High Mass of Requiem was celebrated at All Saints on 27 November. In 2005, Fr John was awarded the Cross of St Augustine by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Archbishop Rowan's citation read:

*"Victor Stock, Dean of Guildford, remembers as a young theological student hearing John Gaskell preach at All Saints, Margaret Street, and saying to him afterwards, "That was the worst sermon I've ever heard". He realizes that it showed how arrogant and stupid students can be for Sir John Betjeman, who heard him preach week after week, said he was the best preacher in the Church of England! In a foreword to a book about the Grosvenor Chapel, Mayfair, John Betjeman said: "The preaching tradition is fine. The best preacher I know is John Gaskell. I am very glad to say that I am a sermon taster, and I have never heard better sermons than his. He has the natural melody of language in his words. He is obviously a poet." This is praise indeed from one of our greatest 20<sup>th</sup> century poets. Today we are thanking John for his distinguished service as a priest of the Church of England. While many of us know his preaching, his influence in the confessional and as a spiritual director, especially among the clergy, has been*

more hidden. In retirement, Fr Gaskell is often asked to speak about the Ministry of Reconciliation, and through his experience, humour and humanity, a neglected sacramental grace is being rediscovered. This ministry continues to bring fresh discernment, healing and hope to many within the confidentiality and silence of the confessional, and many lives have been changed through his work as a spiritual director. The fruits of his ministry have been shared even more widely through his short book, **Making a Rule of Life**, which has sold extremely well.

*“Fr John helped many of his tradition “to exchange rigidity and exclusiveness for an honest engagement with the demand of an open and exploring catholic faith. John has been a great exemplar of the best traditional catholic values in their fully, all-embracing sense, without aggression or narrow ‘sectarianism’.”*

*“On a lighter note, John is also a great friend to many and is known as a generous host, and appreciates his reputation as a bon viveur. His interests extend beyond the church; he is particularly knowledgeable on the subject of Wagner and maintains a regular progress around the art galleries of London.*

*“I have great pleasure in awarding John the Cross of St Augustine for, as one of his friends puts it, ‘representing the finest and best of rounded Anglicanism’.”*

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## **PRIESTS IN THE PRESS**

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Fr Gerald and Fr Alan also featured in a Finnish newspaper article about religion in England after a journalist spent a day at Hampden Gurney School and attended the school Mass at which Fr Alan was preaching.

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## **FESTIVAL RETROSPECTIVE**

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This year, All Saints Day fell on a Sunday, and the following Sunday was Remembrance Sunday. This meant that it was not possible to have “Festival Sunday” on that day. So our festival celebrations took place over an extended weekend — beginning with Evensong on Saturday and finishing with High Mass on All Souls’ Day. As Frances O’Neil pointed out, many of us had spent most of our waking hours in church that weekend. As well as our guest preachers, Fr Kevin Morris, Vicar of St Michael’s, Bedford Park, Canon Chris Chivers, Principal of Westcott House, The Venerable Jonathan Smith, Archdeacon of St Alban’s, and the Bishop of Chelmsford, who all served us very well, and a variety of friends, it was a joy to have with us two particular old friends: Myrtle Hughes and Frank Williams. Frank came to hear Canon Chivers who was until his appointment to Westcott House, Vicar of John Keble, Mill Hill, where he worships. And it was Myrtle’s first time back at All Saints after being too unwell to travel.

All Saints must be unique among the parishes of the Church of England in keeping its patronal festival in such style. I know the “old guard”, some of whom were too young to have been there and only heard of it second hand, will remind us that we used to have 8 days of celebrations with High Mass and Evensong, complete with visiting preachers each day. As most of the High Masses were on weekday mornings at 11am, I assume that only the retired and those whose incomes allowed them not to work could come.

On the musical front, the Festival is an occasion in which we combine something old and something new: “For all the saints,”

Henschel's Tantum ergo with a new setting of the Mass or evening canticles. Some things will work and others will not, but that is the only way we will keep our musical tradition alive and fresh. If we look back over the years, we see that things which were sung then, and were even popular then, have subsequently disappeared. They did not stand the test of time.

The weather was kind to us — although we had some of that now rare phenomenon — London fog — it was mild for November and dry, so convivial socialising in the courtyard was able to go on long after services had finished.

**The Festival Appeal this year was for two important causes:**

- 1. The Marylebone Project (run by the Church Army) and**
- 2. The Foundation for Relief and Reconciliation in the Middle East.**

Festival attenders were very generous and the grand total collected at All Saints for mission activities in 2015 was **£9,298.87** gathered during the All Saints Festival Appeal and (earlier in the year) the Lent Appeal. This was 44% up on 2014's collections — although allowing for a one-off contribution of £1,000, the total was still almost 30% up on 2014, which was itself significantly up on the sums collected in 2013.

£4,649.43 was given to the local Marylebone Project, £3,430.58 to provide support to refugees through the Foundation for Relief and Reconciliation in the Middle East, £609.43 to the Bishop's Lent Appeal and £609.43 to Us (formerly USPG). *Thank you to everyone who contributed to this great achievement.*

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## MODERN COMMUNICATIONS

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Fr Alan wrote to the Friends of All Saints before the Festival, inviting them to receive future communications by e-mail where possible, on grounds of immediacy and cost-effectiveness. Quite a few of them have taken up that option, and also signed up to receive our weekly e-newsletter. We will maintain the traditional mailed letter for those not on e-mail. One recipient responded as follows:

*Dear Fr Alan,*

*Thank you for your letter to the Friends. I'm very happy to be contacted electronically rather than by post. I also very much enjoy the weekly e-newsletter as I feel it keeps me in touch with the All Saints family.*

*Earlier this month I was able, late one afternoon, to bring three friends into the church mid-week. None of them had ever been in before nor had even noticed the spire. We were fortunate that the cleaner was there and hence all of the lights were on. I thought the place looked magnificent after the restoration and they were all bowled over by it. It is such a holy place, a shrine, and it speaks to so many people about God without saying a word! Thank you and to all of your helpers who manage to keep the church open so much.*

*With best wishes, Brian.*

## ALL SAINTS' FACEBOOK

In recent months, we have been working to increase All Saints' profile on this form of social media. We can report that we now have 1,129 followers on Facebook around the world — 574 in the UK, 308 in the US, with Australia third at 57 then Canada, Denmark, Ireland, Italy, India, France



and finally the Netherlands. We think the Australian quotient might improve now that Fr Michael has 'liked' the page! This means that we have an average of 1,129 Facebook people potentially reading the weekly e-newsletter which is automatically linked from the website to All Saints on Facebook. There was a sudden spike to over 8,000 viewers though when we posted Andrew Prior's most recent dramatic interior shots of the Church taken under supervision from Colin Kerr, consulting architect, to accompany an article he is writing. So we need to keep up a flow of new images and information about services, events and other activities and keep extending our reach beyond Margaret Street.

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## **CHRISTMAS POETRY TEA, Sunday 6 December 3pm, at Pamela's**

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All welcome. Please bring Poetry or Prose on the subject of 'Home'. To accept, or to request Pamela's address, please speak to Pamela or Sandra in the courtyard or ring Sandra on 020 7637 8456 leaving your name and 'phone number.

*Cost of tickets: £6 in aid of the  
All Saints Restoration Appeal.*

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## **RELIGIOUS TOURISM Part II**

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*Fr Bowie writes:*

If you're still awake after last month's travelogue, this is part 2; you can always flip over to '100 years ago' if this isn't your bag. I left off after having reached Vezelay. Now, fortified by an interlude with my friends in Limousin, I resumed my 'Not the Canterbury Tales' in Paray-Le-Monial, in south west Burgundy. I have been fascinated by the cult of the Sacred Heart ever since, as a child, embarrassing my Evangelically-formed priest father by loudly requiring him

to explain this devotion while standing in a modern Roman Catholic Church dedicated to it. We had a devotional picture of the Sacred Heart at Christ Church S Laurence before which (a small number of) candles could be lit (no *statues* in Sydney diocese!) and, to my parents' alarm, I acquired a Sacred Heart statue at an early age (subsequently sacrificed to an Easter Garden in... Christ Church S Laurence at a later date). But it was only in the chapel of Magdalen College Oxford that I had experienced the Feast being celebrated liturgically, and the then Dean of Magdalen, Fr Jeffrey John, preaching eloquently about S Margaret Mary Alacoque, whose visions of the love of Jesus, visualised as his Heart burning with love for humankind, popularised the devotion (there is a local link to Magdalen, where there is evidence of the devotion in the 17<sup>th</sup> century).

S Margaret Mary entered the religious life in a Convent of the Visitation in Paray-Le-Monial and it was here that she received her visions. The Church is rightly cautious about validating visionary experiences but, with the help of her confessor, Fr (now St) Claude Colombiere SJ, the visions, which she experienced between 1673 and 1675, were received as genuine and the devotion and Feast began to be observed in the Convent and then more widely, eventually being extended to the universal Church by Pope Pius IX. Leo XIII (he who was bullied into condemning Anglican orders on undoubtedly specious grounds by a group of English ex-Anglicans — *plus ça change*) consecrated the whole human race (presumably including Anglicans) to the Sacred Heart in 1899.

Back to the journey. Having failed to accustom myself to the desert that is the post-prandial hour in provincial France,

I arrived in Paray-Le-Monial ravenously hungry. After a cursory nod to S Margaret Mary's chapel and a silent promise to return, I went looking for food. There were signs of life at just one café in the town square, signs which I subsequently realised were the *Patronne* entertaining all her friends to post-prandial coffee. Since I didn't understand it, I ignored the notice which said they weren't serving food at the moment and approached a man every element of whose demeanour and clothing shouted 'waiter'; by happy chance I asked for the one thing that he could prepare himself — an *assiette* of local cured meats. He relayed my request to the *Patronne*'s husband (I'm pretty sure I've got that relationship the right way round; anyway, he was seated in dignified silence over his coffee inside the café, at a safe distance from Madame and her friends), who gave the requisite Gallic shrug, articulated a weary 'ouff' and, muttering something which certainly included the word '*Anglais*', signified assent.

I've forgotten to mention a detail integral to this narrative. Paray-Le-Monial was deluged with loudly Australian pilgrims, so I was doing my best impression of a deaf-mute while waiting for lunch. Sadly my success in *achieving* lunch seriously undermined these attempts at anonymity: various Antipodeans had just been turned away and sent to the bakery opposite by both waiter and *Madame*, with much pointing at the signage ignored by me, so the plate of food that appeared before me caused questions to be asked. Pressed by the Austral hordes Madame simply repeated '*assiette*', and 'café?' and "ouff" until they went away. But not for long. Having trouped to the bakery they returned with sandwiches to demand coffee. I was soon surrounded. The saintly Irish priest accompanying them was not to be deterred

by my silence or my concentration on the excellent meats. Trying me in each of the best-known European languages he eventually forced me to announce that I was from Sydney. As I feared, the conversation turned immediately to the Rugby World Cup (Roman priests in Australia have, in my experience, little conversation beyond various genres of football and the golden years in the seminary). I made a poor fist of feigning interest before making my escape to the Basilica, which was knee-deep in preparations for a Floral Extravaganza (with wedding attached).

So I returned to St Margaret Mary's little chapel. It is not exactly beautiful, but it is redolent with devotion and peace. I hadn't realised, in my hunger-fuelled first visit, that St MM is herself on view there on her own altar to the south of the sanctuary. But my attempt to spend time quietly there was soon truncated by the approaching dulcet tones of my compatriots echoing in the post-prandially silent *Rue*. Escaping via the shop I made a further visit to the newer chapel and shrine of St Claude Colombiere. He's also visible in person, this time to the north of the sanctuary in the forest of polychromatic brick columns (which would do credit to Butterfield) that they've built as a chapel for his cult.

By now it was time to get back on the road to Flavigny-sur-Ozerain, via Semur-en-Auxois (everything in this part of France is *sur*). The latter was a necessary diversion for accommodation which was sparse in Flavigny. I inspected my spacious but many-raftered attic room in the excellent hotel opposite the mediæval town gate, hit my head several times on the various pieces of roof-support between bed and door, and set off for Flavigny in time for Masspers at the Benedictine Abbey.

Flavigny is a hill-town with mediæval towers, the historic centre for the production of Anise (which I dislike) and also, it seems, of traditional Catholicism (more agreeable). The *Abbaye* was for a time occupied by the Lefrebvristis but has now returned to some traditionally-minded Benedictines in communion with the Holy Roman Church, leaving the ‘continuing’ Roman Catholics (I suppose that is a good shorthand for them) in a seminary down the hill. Having walked the length of the town (10 minutes) I negotiated entry to the beautiful Benedictine chapel by execrable French uttered into an entry-phone. Sitting down behind a grille at the west end of the barrel-vaulted chapel I worked my way through the Mass book and *Liber Usualis*. Soon joined by a pious young man in a suit who looked approvingly upon my navigation of the books, I watched and waited as flowers mysteriously appeared by the altar, the lights imperceptibly rose to reading level, various bells sounded around the monastery and the monks and celebrant in, finally, *a chasuble*, moved soundlessly into the choir. Glorious plainsong from the *schola* followed and we made our way through the psalms of Latin Vespers and the *novus ordo* Latin Mass. The grille was opened and communion brought to my fellow-congregant, preceded by a monk with a candle. After this seemingly and beautiful Mass (and a mutually incomprehensible exchange of greeting with the priest, who came to the door like any Anglican Vicar), I headed back to Semur.

Semur has for centuries enjoyed a reputation for warm hospitality (inside the gate you can read the comment of a sixteenth-century visitor: ‘*Les Semurois se Plaisent Fort en l’Acointance des Etrangers*’ you get the gist, which is actually easier for an English-speaker; my French friends

later struggled at length with ‘acointance’) and so I found them. Having made a few more dents in my head by visiting my room to consult TripAdvisor (we need an equivalent of this excellent resource to replace the guide that used to rate Anglican churches according to ‘Catholic Privileges’) I settled on a restaurant tantalisingly named ‘(la parenthese)’. Fantastic *boeuf tartare* (actually from Limousin) was followed by *magret de canard* and a memorable *parfait glacé a la fine de Marc de Bourgogne*. And what Bertie Wooster would have called a little half-bot of something. A walk through the picturesque streets (and a few more dents in the cranium) were the prelude to sleep.

On Saturday morning a good breakfast and a walk around Semur offset the cranial damage inflicted by my otherwise excellent room and I drove back to Flavigny in glorious technicolor sunshine. It is a rewarding village and I now discovered why it seemed vaguely familiar. If you’ve seen the film *Chocolat*, an entertaining if not exactly pro-church film starring the ubiquitous Juliette Binoche (surprisingly Gerard Depardieu isn’t in it — he must have had flu that summer) then you’ve seen a lot of Flavigny. I skirted around the pungent Anise museum and concentrated on the galleried parish church with its stunning misericords (including one of a monk holding his nose, presumably against tincture of anise). Very close by is the shop-front of the *Chocolaterie* in the film, complete with the local equivalent of a *plaque bleu*. Eventually some not very distinguished food became possible and I drove on to nearby Fontenay Abbey, a striking early Cistercian foundation which, having become a paper-mill in one of the more secular moments of the French nineteenth-century, is now a private house (still inhabited, I think, by the scions of the

paper-business family) but also extensively open to the public. The water-mill which powered the factory still turns and the empty church (and several of the monastery buildings, including a vast upstairs dormitory) stand, possibly mourning past glories, but in decent repair. Thence back to Flavigny for more Benedictine Masspers. This time at the entry phone my attempt at asking to attend Mass produced a lengthy response, a weary ‘ouff’ and an open door — no doubt I had asked for something embarrassing by mistake.

My young fellow-congregant of the previous evening was back. I think he may have been the Benedictine equivalent of an intern, as he emerged from within the monastery as I got through the door. He nodded approvingly at me and we were then joined by a small congregation of those devout older ladies which French villages seem to have cloned. More glorious plainsong and sufficient incense to satisfy an ASMS thurifer accompanied the liturgical offering and Sunday had begun.

The important business of the evening meal in Semur had now to be undertaken. When you’re travelling alone (well, when I’m travelling alone) a restaurant needs to fulfil an additional but essential criterion: it must be conducive to *reading*. I was working my way through Paul Murphy’s *The Mark and the Void* (a good read if you’re looking for one) and was now hooked. I decided, having again consulted TripAdvisor about the alternatives (which looked decidedly ordinary, as we say in Australia), that I should return to the previous evening’s venue, with a careful choice of table. Fearing, correctly, that Saturday evening would be well-booked and assuming, again correctly, that eating unfashionably early might secure me a

table, I duly bagged the last one they had at opening time, 7pm. Making good use of my ignorance of French I sat down at a well-lit table they’d intended for someone else. The owner had warmed to me a bit (return trade does that with *restaurateurs*, I find), so the half bot to which he guided me this time was especially good and the food spectacular. It’s at 12 Place Notre Dame, should you find yourself in the area, which reminds me to mention the very beautiful but eccentrically furnished parish church of ND there. It too appeared to have hosted a flower extravaganza (with possible nuptials attached) that afternoon. A hotch-potch of devotional decoration and a lighting system which spookily illuminated things just after you’d walked past them could not detract from another stunning 15<sup>th</sup>-century landmark. But I have digressed from dinner: this time it was local speciality *œufs meurettes* (another favourite of mine at Le Beaujolais in Soho — 25 Litchfield Street; get a member to take you), *mignon de porc* with another sauce involving *Marc de Bourgogne* followed by the above-mentioned *Parfait*, which was far too good not to repeat. This was not quite the end of the evening, however. Having scouted the terrain on my last visit I realised that I might be able to conclude the meal with my habitual evening cigar, so with much disastrous French I persuaded the *Patron* to let me take coffee and *un whisky* at a table outside in the square. This provoked much *Anglais*-based amusement from my fellow-diners (it was not an especially warm evening) and a good deal more pointing and ouffing from bypassers, but gave me a happy hour ploughing on through my book in adequate light. It also led me to discover how hard it is to get decent Scotch in France — a wine merchant in Limoges later explained to me that most French

people only drink whisky as an aperitif, usually mixed and often originating in (gulp) the USA. So, restraining my disquiet at the various unknown items on the whisky list at '(la parenthese)', I pointed at and enunciated 'Highland Park', a pleasant 12 year-old malt from Orkney, if you know it (I'd been to the distillery in July). The *Patron* duly corrected me with a stern 'Ah, eeland parc', provided the ambrosia and left me to my own devices, obviously trusting me not to abscond. It felt like an evening well-spent.

The next day, Sunday (ND de Semure only offering an afternoon Mass), I'd determined to return to Flavigny. While I was very happy to worship with the Benedictines once more, especially if it might be Solemn Mass rather than Masspers, I remained curious about the Lefebvrist seminary and its church, of which I'd been advised. The day before I'd tried, in Fr Forse mode (see last month), to find my way into the seminary church but, true to type (paranoid secret society), not only was there no notice on the seminary church (nor anything to be found online) but it was actually unclear where entry could be gained, except via the front door of the seminary house itself, where there was occasionally someone on duty who simply ignored the doorbell, though in plain sight. But since I had arrived in Flavigny too early for the Benedictines I thought I'd take one last walk down there and suddenly an open gate appeared. Inside, well hidden from anyone except those who already knew, was a notice in self-consciously retro type-written script, announcing, for the 18th Sunday after Pentecost, *Messe Basse* at 8 and *Messe Solonelle* at 10.15. It was 9.45 so I gingerly entered the chapel. There gradually gathered around me a small congregation of mantilla'd women and scary-looking

men. There were also a couple of families, dressed in a French approximation of the Von Trapps before Maria cut up the curtains (my maternal grandmother was a Sound of Music obsessive: you can find the scene on *You Tube* if you aren't). The seminarians and priest-faculty of the seminary gathered in choir dress and I saw before me a group worthy of the extras in a Mel Brooks film (that is, if he'd ever made one called *Young Tridentine* — I wish he had).

Mass began with a ragged performance from the seminary *schola* (no worse, I suppose, than much of our singing at St Stephen's House); the little procession entered, at the end of which walked a Mel Brooksworthy priest who (and you could have knocked me over with spade-ended maniple at this moment) *wore no biretta!* I fear that Lefebvrist standards have slipped. At least, being (in fact) a *missa cantata*, the Tridentine Rite chugged along at a reasonable pace, much of it covered by the caterwauling *schola*, though we did sit (as did the preacher) through a lengthy homily on The Little Flower, as St Therese of Liseux is still sometimes known (well, in Tridentine seminaries, anyway). We got to the end of it, as we used to say of liturgies in Wales, and the stonkingly joyless performance was concluded with the suddenly full-throated performance of a nationalist song which would have gone down well in any Music Hall, urging Our Lady to pray for France and, I expect, bring about the return of the Bourbons *tout-de-suite*. I made my escape from the baleful and suspicious gaze of the various twitching acolytes and scowling fellow-congregants and took the road to my final pilgrimage 'station stop': Ars-sur-Formans.

Of which more next month, if anyone has the patience.

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**SERMON PREACHED BY THE REVD KEVIN MORRIS,  
VICAR OF ST MICHAEL'S, BEDFORD PARK,  
ON THE EVE OF ALL SAINTS, 31 OCTOBER 2015**

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*'Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb... Worship God!'* (Revelation 10: 9, 10b)

A fortnight ago today I was saying Mass outdoors in the Turkish City of Izmir. A demonstration for peace was being made through the streets, and there were armed police outside the church grounds with water canons. Our Mass was held amongst the noise and dirt of the city: a group of thirty British pilgrims furtively gathered in the back garden of the church celebrating the 'supper of the Lamb' as St John in the Book of Revelation calls it. In this charged atmosphere of potential danger we were retelling the story of the martyrdom of St Polycarp, (a disciple of St John, 'the beloved disciple') who had died nearby. We had come to hear the Gospel and to receive Holy Communion, the very same things Christians have done throughout the ages.

It was a poignant way to end our pilgrimage to this Land of Saints: It was to the church in this place that St John wrote the Revelation; here in Ephesus he lived with Our Lady; here in this land the apostles Peter, Paul, Philip and Barnabas preached and formed churches; here ministered Saints Timothy and Silas, Epaphras, Thecla, Polycarp and Ignatius of Antioch. It is a story of the emerging Church whose missionary enterprise saw the growth of small church communities all around Anatolia and the Mediterranean. It is the story of the difficulties they faced — you can read it in the Acts and the Epistles

— both the intellectual, theological and practical struggles they were dealing with within their communities and the persecution and harassment they faced all around. For us pilgrims, right from the start, past and present became strangely woven together and what we learned of those early Christian days seemed to be movingly relevant to our situation today.

We began our journey in Ankara, and read the First Epistle of St Peter, delivered there by St Silas. In that letter St Peter speaks to Christians undergoing severe persecution and addresses the question of how a Christian should behave when surrounded by a hostile world that doesn't understand who we are or why we do what we do: in times of trouble we are to love one another, practice hospitality and be of service to others. Two days later a suicide bomber killed over a hundred people and injured hundreds of others who were making a peaceful march in the middle of the city, folk dancing as the bomb went off.

A few days later in the vibrant, University City of Konya, Biblical Iconium, where Paul and Barnabas preached with considerable success, we pilgrims were given hospitality by the only church left there now. There is no priest, just two Italian Roman Catholic nuns and one Christian family. 'We are here' said one of the sisters to us, 'because this is where Christ would have us be.' The shining holiness and faithfulness of those sisters under the pressure of very difficult circumstances was one of the most impressive moments of our pilgrimage and

I remember those ‘saints’ at the altar this evening. As St Peter wrote, ‘set your hope on the grace that Jesus Christ will bring you... And be holy.’ (1 Peter 1: 13, 15)

After a long day travel as evening was setting, we stopped our coach at Colossae. There is nothing left now but a tel (a large archaeological mound) set in the beautiful Lycus valley and the letter Paul wrote there to the ‘saints and faithful in Christ’. It was a reminder that in the first century all those in Christ are called ‘saints’ and we know some of the names of the faithful of that early, small congregation: Tychichus, Onesimus, Ntmpha (who has a church meeting in her house) Demas and Aristarchus. We know little about them apart from their names, but they were people like us. For saints seldom choose where they live out their Christian calling, or the difficulties they will face. We are placed where we are and our vocation is to live out the Gospel as best we can in whatever situation we find ourselves: looking after sick parents, living with debilitating illness, in our relationships, in the workplace and (sometimes the most difficult of all) in our church life. In these ways God is calling us to serve Him. In this respect nothing has changed for the people of God.

Now before this becomes an hortatory version of that purgatorial experience, the viewing of the holiday snaps, I just want to reflect with you on some of the things that made a lasting impression on me.

Within a couple of hundred years those small groups of persecuted Christians had become the dominant force in the land as Constantine moved his capital to Constantinople, the new Rome. It was a time of intellectual fervour and passionate

argument about the core beliefs of the Christian faith as expressed in the first Four Ecumenical Councils. An influential part of this were the Cappadocian Fathers, St Basil the Great, his brother St Gregory of Nyssa, their friend, St Gregory Nazianzen, who helped us understand the place of the Holy Spirit within the life of the Trinity. But the characteristics of the Christian life as they understood it, of the pursuance of holiness or saintliness if you like, was similar to those of their early forebears and similar to those contemporary saints I met in Turkey recently.

1. It involved a deep prayer life, which valued contemplation and a stretching out of the soul in pursuance of knowing God as he has showed Himself in Jesus Christ. They did this by reflecting on the life of those saints who had gone before, in the studying Scripture and in receiving Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.
2. They struggled in believing and in expressing what they believed of the truth of God as shown in Christ to their contemporaries. They endeavoured to use the language of their time and place to convey the deep mysteries of the Gospel.
3. They believed in serving their fellow human beings — in teaching, caring for the sick and the poor and the needy — for St Basil the poor was at the heart of his ministry.

So these characteristics: Solitude (drawing apart for Prayer and worship), theological struggle to communicate the truth of God, and a life of service. These provided the heartbeat of their ministry and provide the contact points between all these saintly forebears and with ourselves.

I guess having been so much at the centre of things in this country, the Church of England needs to learn again from the Church on the margins. In the 20<sup>th</sup> century Attaturk tried to solve the problems for a new, modern Turkish State by making it a secular state. Significant religious sites became museums not holy places. Currently, there is a backlash against such a system as we see the rise of Islamisation in Turkey. It has become the modern cure all — get rid of religion in the public space and you will have peace. Religious people are problems, they increase difficulties in society, are violent and abusive — in all sorts of ways. Secularisation and atheism is the answer to peaceful co-existence.

Of course it doesn't work. We live in a world where religion hasn't died away as many were predicting but is on the rise and so peaceful co-existence between people of different faiths is even more important. What we really need is a greater religious literacy in our society. Miroslav Volf, wrote: 'The answer to religious violence is not less religion, but in a carefully qualified sense, more religion... in the sense of a stronger and more intelligent commitment to faith as faith.'

One of the fundamental questions that I often ask at a Patronal Festival is: would it make any difference if your church was dedicated under another patronage? In traditional language I suppose I am asking what is your 'charism' — the special characteristics of your mission — as a result of being called the church of 'All Saints'?

Today I think about those two nuns in Konya, living out their Christian lives because God had called them to do that quietly, resolutely, faithfully, lovingly.

'Worship God' — said St John in the Book of Revelation. God, "the reality which gives meaning, shape and purpose to everything we do, everything we are". We look to this community of All Saints as a holy place of worship which draws us closer to the glory of God and helps us on our way to holiness. We look to all Saints for that struggle which helps us to understand the person and message of Jesus in our lives and to express what that means so that others may come to faith in Him. We look to All Saints in your service to others, the poor, the needy, the marginalised. Solitude, struggle and service.

Perhaps I can put it another way briefly.

All Saints was a much-loved spiritual home of Fr John Gaskell. He was a curate here at the beginning of his priestly life and towards the end. He died on the Feast of St Simon and Jude last week. I was his curate at St Alban's, Holborn, where he taught me a great deal. He was a huge personality: eccentric, brave, honest, prayerful, loving, fun. One of the great preachers of his day — John Betjeman certainly thought so — and a renowned confessor; he had such a wonderful capacity to listen and to understand. His pastoral ministry during the AIDS crisis of the 80s and 90s was remarkable. He led the way for many in their acceptance of women priests and also lost a lot of friends as a result, which caused him much pain. A profound thinker, with the gift of language which could transform one's understanding of a situation, he gave sound advice. My life and my priesthood has been made immeasurably richer for knowing him. I used to think there was something so fresh and contemporary about his old fashioned devotions. He would not have approved of any eulogising of him because the point



of Mass and the point of sermons, and the point of a priest, was to bring people closer to God. But I do remember the phrase by which he lived his life, connecting the spiritual and the workaday, one flowing

into the other, and which might be a good text for this Feast Day of All Saints:

‘Confession, Communion and Carry on...’

*May he rest in peace.*

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**SERMON PREACHED BY THE VENERABLE JONATHAN SMITH,  
ARCHDEACON OF ST ALBAN’S, AT FESTAL EVENSONG,  
TE DEUM AND BENEDICTION, ON ALL SAINTS DAY 2015**

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**‘Therefore since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses’**

*Hebrews 12: 1*

It is a very tiresome and exasperating aspect of human behaviour to visit someone in their beautiful home and rather than express appreciation of the lovely surroundings, instead bang on about the latest piece of work carried out on one’s own dwelling. If people start to avail me with stories of their latest kitchen make-over “tiles specially imported from Italian quarries”, that sort of thing, then I’m afraid my eyes very quickly become as glazed as the wretched tiles. On this, your Patronal Festival week-end, you have given me the honour and joy to worship with you in this holy and numinous house of prayer, a place where I first worshipped forty years ago this year, and in case anyone is wondering, no, they didn’t have Toddlers Services in those days. I was a student in my first year at University. So I hope you won’t find it ungracious of me to say that back home, in St Alban’s Cathedral, we are still caught up in the joy and marvel of our newly dedicated, by your own Bishop Richard, nave statues filling hitherto empty niches in the Nave Screen. The first polychrome stone statues introduced in an English Cathedral since the Reformation. Seven, reflecting our own history, with Alban, this land’s Christian protomartyr,

Amphibalus the priest he sheltered; two from the Reformation period, Alban Roe and George Tankerfield representing the Catholic and Reformed traditions and three 20<sup>th</sup> century inspirational figures, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Elizabeth Romanova and Oscar Romero. What unites all seven is that their sanctity led them to a particular and specific form of Christian service. They were all martyred because they allowed themselves to be put in danger by openly adhering to the Christian faith. The word martyr, as you will know, means witness and today when we think of the great cloud of witnesses surrounding us, I simply want us to consider this question, How far will my witness to the faith of Christ take me?

We live, thank God, in a society which by and large cherishes religious freedom, but for a moment, let us imagine a time when that is not so. When practising the Christian faith will bring discrimination or oppression or persecution. There are plenty of our brothers and sisters in Christ throughout the world where this is an everyday occurrence, here and now. When it all begins to cost, where shall I be found? When it all gets too uncomfortable and then rather dangerous, would my Christian faith find itself being displaced from being an open commitment into a form of secret virtue? The cloud of witnesses referenced

to in Hebrews 12: 1 are commended for their devotion to God in the Old Covenant, but for us for whom Jesus Christ is the pioneer and perfecter of our faith, God has provided something better, something precious, something beyond measure, the grace of salvation. What we have to gain and to lose is Christ. I ask myself again, an open commitment or a secret virtue and our Blessed Lord is recorded in the Gospels saying some pretty uncompromising things about those who were ashamed of publicly owning his name when things start to cost. Let us look to the saints, both those whom posterity has marked and whom the church celebrates in its yearly calendar, and also those quiet, faithful souls whose Christian faith has illuminated and blessed all those who have come within its orbit.

I detect three strands of sanctity, three dispositions of holiness which make saints of God and lookers unto Jesus. The first is humility. Not the false meekness which we so often try to pass off as humility but true humility which does recognize that we are peoples of abilities and talents but always acknowledging that these are gifts from God and are to be used in the service of his Kingdom. Such a humility manifests itself in a complete dependence on the grace of God who makes us acceptable in his beloved Son. When we accept that all we are and have is given to us by God, then his gifts in us may be shared to achieve remarkable and often self-surprising outcomes.

A second strand of sanctity is forgiveness. This shouldn't surprise us because it occurs right at the heart of the prayer which our Lord taught to his disciples and has bestowed upon the Church. Thus the saints undertake that journey moving from the retributive justice of the Old Covenant to

the law of love which goes the second mile, gives the coat as well as the cloak, blesses those who curse 'Forgive our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us'. In the company of the saints, there is really only room for the forgiven who themselves forgive, following our Lord's pioneering words from the cross. My word it's hard for some of us. An eye for an eye fits in rather well with my natural ideal of justice until I realise that means I would by now, be completely blind. Nothing gets in the way of forgiveness like bitterness and rancour and the antidote of God's love is the only thing which can neutralize the bile of bitterness and the poison of rancour.

And so to the third strand of sanctity, stubbornness, all right call it steadfastness if you want but I prefer stubbornness. Here I stand, my choice is made and I will not be deflected from it. The little evangelical song I expect a lot of us learned at Sunday School:

'I have decided to follow Jesus  
No turning back  
Though I may wander  
I still will follow'.

Is it permissible to have heroes of the faith anymore? Whatever, I have, St Polycarp, who when faced with the choice of renouncing Christ to save his life simply said "For eighty-six years I have been his servant and he has never done me wrong, how can I blaspheme my King who saved me. I am a Christian, if you wish to study the Christian doctrine choose a day and you will hear it".

Humility, forgiveness, stubbornness; may the prayers of Polycarp and all the sainted witnesses cheer, urge and inspire us on our journey to the place of perfect love, light and glory which is our true home.

## **Christmas Services**

*All services with the  
Choir of All Saints*

**Friday 18 December  
12.30pm Carol Service**

*Followed by mince pies  
and mulled wine*

**Monday 21 December  
6pm Festival of Nine Lessons  
and Carols**

*Followed by mince pies  
and mulled wine*

**Thursday 24 December  
CHRISTMAS EVE**

**11pm Midnight Mass and  
Blessing of the Crib**

**Friday 25 December  
CHRISTMAS DAY**

**11am High Mass**

[www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk](http://www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk)

## **100 YEARS AGO**

### **Russian Prisoners' Relief Fund**

*The Festival Appeal in 1915 was for the relief of Russian prisoners of war being held in dreadful conditions by the Germans.*

“The following letter has been received from Countess Benckendorff (the wife of the Russian ambassador:

Sir,

In the name of the Committee for the Relief of Russian Prisoners of War,

I am anxious to express to the Vicar and Churchwardens of All Saints' Church, Oxford Street, my deep and warm gratitude for the most generous contribution of £2,092, 10s, 6d, sent by the congregation of your church.

I shall be very much obliged if they will kindly undertake to express to the congregation the committee's and my own gratitude for their extreme generosity and for the sympathy towards the prisoners of war in Germany.

The new proof of British friendship towards the Russian army cannot fail to arouse in Russia deep feelings of reciprocity and of lasting sympathy.

Believe me to be, Sir,

Faithfully and gratefully yours,

**SOPHIE BENKENDORFF**”

*With the letter from Countess Benckendorff came a letter from the Secretary, in which he says:*

“I wish I could put into words how extremely grateful Her Excellency Countess Benckendorff was when she received your kind letter this morning enclosing that magnificent cheque for £2,092. It really, as she said, touched her to the heart, and this especially when I told her that the gift came from all classes of people in large and small amounts.

“She already knew of the strong good feeling at All Saints, Margaret Street, towards the Russian Church, and thought that perhaps this had not a little to do with the generous response to your appeal. Her Excellency will see

that the Metropolitan of Petrograd is informed of this splendid gift, which is sure to give him great satisfaction.”

*In today's terms, the sum raised would be £155,245*

“The Penitential Procession round the parish was almost all I could wish it to have been. Between five and six hundred people took part in it, and they kept their distances and recited the devotions much better than last year. It is a curious fact that it is not at all difficult to say one's prayers with recollection while proceeding down Oxford Street. I know what we must do another year to make it still better. We must make and practice a congregational choir of reciters, which will be responsible for leading the devotions of the congregation... Fr Shedden's power of making himself heard above the roar of Oxford Street was as wonderful as ever. The police gave us kind and most efficient help. Once more the respect of the passers-by was marked and striking.

“The visit of his Lordship the Bishop on Sunday morning filled us all with delight. We kept the visit a secret, and the Bishop found us as we ordinarily are on that day. The Bishop celebrated the 8 o'clock and administered the general Communion...

“The Bishop afterwards breakfasted with the Confraternity of All Saints to celebrate its jubilee. His Lordship spoke with great kindness and pleasure of the scenes in the church and the parish house, and in his address to the confraternity laid stress on the importance of Christian social life in London and of its difficulties in Marylebone, one of the most frigid and difficult bits of the diocese.”

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## SUNDAYS AND SOLEMNITIES

### MUSIC AND READINGS

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#### ● SUNDAY 6 DECEMBER

#### SECOND SUNDAY

#### OF ADVENT

#### HIGH MASS at 11am

*Entrance Hymn:* 7

*Introit:* *Populus Sion*

*Setting:* Mass in four parts — Byrd

*Psalm:* 126

*Readings:* Baruch Ch. 5  
Philippians 1: 3 - 11

*Hymn:* 12

*Gospel:* Luke 3: 1 - 6

*Preacher:* Father Michael Bowie

*Creed:* Byrd

*Offertory Motet:* Hosanna to the Son of David — Gibbons

*Hymns:* 501, 18, 170

#### CHORAL EVENSONG

#### & BENEDICTION at 6pm

*Psalm:* 75

*Lessons:* Isaiah 40: 1 - 11  
Luke 1: 1 - 25

*Office Hymn:* 1

*Canticles:* Short Service — Weelkes

*Anthem:* Ecce virgo concipiet  
— Byrd

*Preacher:* Father Julian Browning

*Hymn:* 499

*O Salutaris:* English NEH 61  
(Christe qui lux es)

*Hymn:* 3 (ii)

*Tantum ergo:* English NEH 268

● **SUNDAY 13 DECEMBER**  
**THIRD SUNDAY**  
**OF ADVENT**

**HIGH MASS at 11am**

*Entrance Hymn:* 16

*Introit:* *Gaudete in Domino*

*Setting:* Orgelsolomesse — Mozart

*Psalm:* 146

*Readings:* Zephaniah 3: 14 - end

Philippians 4: 4 - 7

*Hymn:* 443

*Gospel:* Luke 3: 7 - 18

*Preacher:* The Vicar,  
 Prebendary Alan Moses

*Creed:* Mozart

*Offertory Motet:* A Hymn to the Virgin  
 — Britten

*Hymns:* 501, 456, 5

*Voluntary:* ‘Wachet auf!’ BWV 645  
 — J.S. Bach

**CHORAL EVENSONG**  
**& BENEDICTION at 6pm**

*Psalm:* 50: 1 - 6

*Lessons:* Isaiah Ch 35  
 Luke 1: 57 - 66

*Office Hymn:* 1

*Canticles:* Howells Gloucester Service

*Anthem:* It is high time — Brama

*Preacher:* Father Michael Bowie

*Hymn:* 415 (ii)

*O Salutaris:* Gounod

*Hymn:* 15

*Tantum ergo:* Fauré

*Voluntary:* Es ist ein Ros’ entsprungen’  
 Op 122, No 8 — Brahms

**FRIDAY 18 DECEMBER**  
**— CAROL SERVICE and**  
**BLESSING of the CHRISTMAS**  
**TREE at 12.30pm**

● **SUNDAY 20 DECEMBER**  
**FOURTH SUNDAY**  
**OF ADVENT**

**HIGH MASS at 11am**

*Entrance Hymn:* 166 (202 Regent Square)

*Introit:* *Rorate cæli desuper*

*Setting:* Missa Ave Maria  
 — Palestrina

*Psalm:* 80: 1 - 7, 16 - 18

*Readings:* Micah 5: 2 - 5a  
 Hebrews 10: 5 - 10

*Hymn:* 48

*Gospel:* Luke 1: 39 - 45

*Preacher:* Father Julian Browning

*Creed:* Crdeo III

*Offertory Motet:* The Rose of Bethlehem  
 — Murray

*Hymns:* 501, 17, 10

**CHORAL EVENSONG &**  
**BENEDICTION at 6pm**

*Psalms:* 123, 131

*Lessons:* Isaiah 10: 33 - 11: 10  
 Matthew 1: 18 - end

*Office Hymn:* 1

*Antiphon:* O Oriens

*Canticles:* Fauxbourdons — Tomkins

*Anthem:* Canite tuba in Sion  
 — Guerrero

*Preacher:* The Vicar,  
 Prebendary Alan Moses

*Hymn:* 11

*O Salutaris:* NEH 251 (Abends)

*Hymn:* 19 (omit\*)

*Tantum ergo:* NEH 173 (St Audrey)

**MONDAY 21 DECEMBER**  
**— FESTIVAL OF NINE**  
**LESSONS AND CAROLS**  
**at 6pm**

# THURSDAY 24 DECEMBER CHRISTMAS EVE

## MIDNIGHT MASS and BLESSING OF THE CRIB at 11pm

*Entrance Hymn:* 19 (Choir vs 1 & 2)

*Introit:* *Dominus dixit ad me*

*Setting:* Missa Sancti Nicolai  
— Haydn

*Psalm:* 96

*Readings:* Isaiah 9: 2 - 7  
Titus 2: 11 - 14

*Hymn:* 42

*Gospel:* Luke 2: 1 - 14

*Preacher:* The Vicar,  
Prebendary Alan Moses

*Creed:* Haydn

*Offertory Motet:* Tomorrow shall be my  
dancing day — anon,  
arr Willcocks

*Hymns:* 32, 35

*Carol before the Procession to the Crib:*  
I wonder as I wander  
— Appalachian, arr TBW

*At the Procession to the Crib:*  
30 vs 1 - 3 (omit vs 4 & 7)

*At the Blessing of the Crib*  
Away in a manger  
— Kirkpatrick, arr Sidwell

*Procession to the Vestry:* 30 vs 5 - 6

*Voluntary:* Toccata — Duruflé

## FRIDAY 25 DECEMBER CHRISTMAS DAY

### Low Mass 9am

### HIGH MASS at 11am

*Entrance Hymn:* 30 (omit v 4)  
v 7 descant — Fleming

*Introit:* *Puer natus est nobis*

*Setting:* Spatzenmesse — Mozart

*Psalm:* 98

*Readings:* Isaiah 52: 7 - 10  
Hebrews 1: 1 - 4

*Hymn:* 21

*Gospel:* John 1: 1 - 14

*Preacher:* Father Michael Bowie

*Creed:* Marbeck

*Offertory Motet:* In dulci jubilo — trad  
German, arr Pearsall

*Hymns:* 28, 31, 26 (omit \*)

*Voluntary:* Valse des fleurs  
— Tchaikovsky,  
transc Goss-Custard

## ● SUNDAY 27 DECEMBER ST JOHN, APOSTLE and EVANGELIST

### HIGH MASS at 11am

*Entrance Hymn:* 33 (omit \*)

*Introit:* *Mihi autem*

*Setting:* Mass in G minor  
— Rheinberger

*Psalm:* 92: 1 - 4, 11 - 14

*Readings:* Exodus 33: 7 - 11a  
1 John 1

*Hymn:* 202

*Gospel:* John 21: 19b - end

*Preacher:* Father Michael Bowie

*Creed:* Credo II

*Offertory Motet:* I sing of a maiden  
— Hadley

*Hymns:* 38, 295, NEP 604

*Voluntary:* Wir Christenleut' BWV 612  
— J.S. Bach

### NO CHORAL EVENSONG

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*Information correct at the time of going  
to press.*

## KEEPING IN TOUCH

As well as the monthly **Parish Paper**, you can keep in touch with life at All Saints through:

### **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.

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

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### **Vicar:**

Prebendary Alan Moses

020 7636 1788

Mobile: 07973 878040

Email: alanmoses111@gmail.com.

### **Assistant Priest:**

The Revd Dr Michael Bowie

020 3632 4309

Email: mnrbowie@gmail.com.

### **Honorary Assistant Priests:**

The Revd Gerald Beauchamp

020 7258 0724

The Revd Julian Browning

020 7286 6034

### **Parish Administrator:**

Dee Prior

020 7636 1788

Email: astsmgtst@aol.com

## **Parish Officials**

### **Churchwardens:**

John Forde 020 7592 9855

Chris Self 020 7723 2938

### **PCC Secretary:**

John McWhinney

asms.pccsecretary@outlook.com.

Phone messages to the Parish Office

### **Hon Treasurer:**

Patrick Hartley 020 7607 0060

### **Director of Music:**

Timothy Byram-Wigfield

c/o 020 7636 1788

### **Associate Director of Music:**

Charles Andrews c/o 020 7636 1788

### **Electoral Roll Officer:**

Catherine Burling c/o 020 7636 1788

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## **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:**

Morning Prayer at 7.30am

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**

## CALENDAR AND INTENTIONS FOR DECEMBER 2015

1	<i>Charles de Foucauld, 1916</i>	Church in Muslim countries
2		Parliament
3	Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies, 1552	World Mission
4	<i>John of Damascus, Monk and Teacher, 749, Nicholas Ferrar, Founder of Little Gidding Community</i>	Those in need
5		Local businesses and workers
6	✠ <b>SECOND SUNDAY OF ADVENT</b>	<b>Our parish and people</b>
7	Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, Teacher, 397	Bishops
8	<b>The Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary</b>	Thanksgiving for Our Lady
9	Ember Day	Vocations
10		Unity
11	Ember Day	Those in need
12	Ember Day	Theological Colleges and Courses
13	✠ <b>THIRD SUNDAY OF ADVENT</b>	<b>Our parish and people</b>
14	John of the Cross, Poet, Teacher of the Faith, 1591	Spiritual directors
15		The Samaritans
16		Refugees
17	<i>O Sapientia Eglantine Jebb, Social Reformer, 1928</i>	Children's charities
18		Those in need
19		Emergency services
20	✠ <b>FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT</b>	<b>Our parish and people</b>
21		Travellers
22		Hospitals
23		Overseas students
24	<b>Christmas Eve</b>	Preparation for Christmas
25	<b>CHRISTMAS DAY</b>	Thanksgiving for the Incarnation
26	<b>Stephen, Deacon, First Martyr</b>	Persecuted Christians
27	✠ <b>JOHN, APOSTLE AND EVANGELIST</b>	Thanksgiving for the Gospel
28	<b>The Holy Innocents</b>	Children who suffer
29	Thomas Becket, Abp of Canterbury and Martyr, 1170	Canterbury Cathedral
30		Thanksgiving for the Incarnation
31	<i>John Wyclif, Reformer, 1384</i>	Unity