

All Saints Parish Paper

7, MARGARET STREET, LONDON W1W 8JG

www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.co.uk

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VICAR'S LETTER

“The Vicar is off sunning himself in Spain”, someone was overheard saying outside church one Saturday evening, as if I was lying on a beach in Benidorm rather than walking up to 30 kms a day in temperatures of 38 degrees in the shade, when shade there was none.

Alas, like the England football team, I had to return early from my European venture; although I think I can claim to have achieved rather more at considerably less cost than our lacklustre footballers! My progress was brought to a halt by inflamed ligaments in my left knee, rather than by the Iceland football team.

My doctor tells me that if I am sensible my knee should recover in about 6 weeks but that another 300 kilometres of walking, and that over joint-crunching mountainous terrain, would have been a bad idea.

While it was frustrating not to be able to complete the journey as I had planned, I am not a masochist. My purpose was to raise money for persecuted Christians in the Middle East, not to endure suffering for its own sake. I am very pleased that, at the time of writing, my efforts have produced £12,915 (including applicable Gift Aid) with further offers of sponsorship still coming in. I hope at some future date to return to Spain and finish what I started. I am grateful to all those who have supported



**Fr Jeremy Tayler (then a Deacon)
bearing Our Lady of Walsingham in
All Saints' procession for the Feast
of the Assumption of the BVM, 2015**

(Photo: Andrew Prior)

me in this and all who have expressed their concern for my health.

I did make it to Santiago, although by bus and train, joined the queue to visit the shrine of the apostle in the cathedral and attended the Pilgrims' Mass there. The same sister, who had been acting as cantor and rehearsing a polyglot congregation in the music when I was last there, was

still doing the same job. Her enthusiastic efforts met with limited success: in the north transept I seemed to be the only one who knew the latin texts and the chant for the ordinary of the Mass. I did get to see the famous *botofumeiro* in action. This is a huge thurible suspended from the ceiling above the nave altar. A squad of vergers is required to set it in motion by hauling on ropes until it is swinging in rather alarming fashion, if you are sitting underneath it, from left to right across the transepts trailing clouds of incense.

The pilgrimage season was in full swing, and there were groups and individuals from many lands; as far away as the Philippines. Spanish school groups in matching tee-shirts lowered the average age. The best turned-out group I saw was a troop of scouts, boys and girls, in old-fashioned Baden-Powell hats and uniforms.

In one of those “small world” experiences, I popped into a church I could not remember having visited before. It was immediately obvious that it was the Jesuit parish. In fact, the elderly but powerful-voiced priest who was celebrating Mass told the congregation that it was the 64th anniversary of his profession. At the end of the service, the organist who had been playing during it launched into a voluntary on “Praise my soul the king of heaven”, which seemed unusual in a Spanish Church. When I went to investigate, I discovered that it was someone I knew slightly, a Glaswegian. After a pilgrimage ten years ago, he and a friend had decided to give up their jobs and move to Santiago, where John is now the organist at the Jesuit church and runs the programme to welcome English-speaking pilgrims.

So, the next day I was taken to lunch after church in the restaurant whose

owners had fed Pope Benedict on his visit to Santiago. If my experience was a reliable guide, he dined very well. Among those at the table was a retired Irish priest, Fr Joe from Cork, who is chaplain to English-speaking pilgrims, an American Franciscan priest from Sacramento in California who was going to spend three months in one of the village churches on the Camino Frances which has no resident priest and a retired American couple who had arrived to act as volunteers welcoming English-speaking pilgrims. At the English Mass in the cathedral the next day, Fr Joe told the congregation that if they are ever in London they must visit All Saints, Margaret Street!

As I have to preach at St James’s, Merton, in Southwark Diocese for the parish’s patronal festival and at home on the eve of St James’s day, I had better save some of my reflections on the pilgrimage for those occasions.

Yours in Christ,

Alan Moses

ORDINATIONS

Jeremy Tayler was ordained to the priesthood on Saturday 25 June and celebrated his first Mass at St John’s Wood Church on Sunday 26 June. All Saints was well-represented at both services.

Sarah Lenton, a long-time friend of All Saints, was ordained deacon in St Paul’s Cathedral on Saturday 2 July. She is serving at St Michael’s, Bedford Park, and St Peter’s, Acton Green.

If he had been at home, Fr Alan would have been on duty as a prebendary in St Paul’s at the ordination of deacons. As he could not be there in the flesh, he spent the time of the service praying in the Blessed

Sacrament Chapel in Santiago Cathedral, so was there in the Spirit.

Hugo Deadman, Head of Group Editorial and Speechwriter, Aviva plc, was prompted to write to the Vicar after reading an earlier Parish Paper and offers the following piece about ordination:

“I was for a number of years what I believe is known as a twicer — I attended the Eucharist at my parish church in Hackney on Sunday mornings, then later in the day gravitated to All Saints for evensong, as well as trying to attend evening prayer once a week. This represented the best of all liturgical worlds for me; I could hear God in the earthquake of Hackney and in the silence, stillness and beauty of All Saints.

“Those days are now long gone since I moved down to the wilds of Hampshire and started working in the City. But I miss All Saints and try to keep in touch with what’s going on through the newsletters and parish magazine.

“And I was interested to read Fr Michael Bowie’s reflection on the need for more people to put themselves forward for ordination, especially from the more catholic end of the C of E. Well, I would describe myself as extremely liberal and pretty catholic and I have just come to the end of a camino of my own, a nine month journey towards a BAP — a 3-day Bishop’s Advisory Panel. As a result I have been recommended for training for stipendiary ministry, starting part-time on the Portsmouth Pathway, a new venture linked to Ripon College, Cuddesdon, in September. It is terribly exciting and excitingly terrifying in equal measure.

“It has been a quite extraordinary process, and, even if I had not been recommended, I would have been grateful for the way in which the process deepened and enriched my faith. It was tough but rewarding.

“And I am certainly grateful to All Saints, which always looms large in my imagination and on which I reflected several times during the interviews at my BAP. The liturgy and the music always meant a lot to me, but so too

did the care the church provides to some of those who are down on their luck and look for somewhere during the day. For me, All Saints combined a very public ministry, with a no less important quiet ministry of kindness.

“As part of the process of discernment, I was asked where I saw my vocation leading. My answer was unequivocal: urban ministry. That was in part inspired by my childhood at a church on a huge estate outside Portsmouth, in large part by 20 years in Hackney — and certainly also by All Saints. You might not know me, but I am very grateful to you.”

ALL SAINTS SISTERS OF THE POOR

On August 3 we commemorate Harriet Brownlow Byron, Mother-Foundress of the All Saints Sisters of the Poor. The first Vicar of All Saints, William Upton Richards, was co-founder of the community. This year the Vicar will be preaching at the convent in Oxford on that day.

THE MARYLEBONE PROJECT

Last month, Fr Michael wrote about how we are trying to deal with the increased numbers of homeless people using the church as a “day shelter”. Homelessness in central London has long been a concern in which our parish has tried to render practical help by supporting local church agencies like the Church Army and the West London Day Centre which work with homeless people.

The Church Army’s Marylebone Project, which is one of our Mission Projects, works with homeless women, who are particularly vulnerable. The project’s latest report highlights this and the importance of maintaining services which are specifically

directed to the needs of homeless women.

“The number of homeless people in the UK is fast increasing, as part of what is now being dubbed the homeless crisis by the media. This means that more than ever, services like the Marylebone Project are paramount to the wellbeing of the female homeless community.

“But as you may know, our sector is under threat of further funding cuts. For women, this means the loss of female only hostels and day centres. Gender specific services are being questioned for their efficiency, and in response are being amalgamated to cater for men and women under one roof.

“For our service users, this poses a real threat to their well-being and rehabilitation into independent living. Many have

experienced domestic violence from a male partner, or family member; and as a result suffer from Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, anxiety and depression.

“The sanctity of a safe, male-free environment gives those women space to heal, and time to process the traumas they have gone through. They are free to express themselves, and to fully realize who they are as individuals, away from the complexity of an abusive relationship. It takes a strong and courageous woman to leave those circumstances, and we at the Marylebone Project believe that they deserve a safe, women-only environment. We are so thankful that you are supporting us and our women, through these challenging times of change.”

TO ALL THE PEOPLE OF GOD IN THE DIOCESE OF LONDON

19th July 2016

Dear Friends,

It has been a privilege and a delight to serve in the Diocese of London as priest and bishop for well over thirty years. I have seen confidence return and church life revive. The recently circulated progress report on Capital Vision 2020 is an eloquent testimony to a renewed confidence in the Gospel, more strenuous compassion and more extensive service of our neighbours in the most diverse city on earth, together with burgeoning creativity. At the same time the annual accounts reveal that we have ended the financial year in balance for the tenth year in succession.

No bishop could wish for more inspiring partners in the Gospel, both among the clergy and laity of the Diocese. Regular visits to St Mellitus College are also a huge encouragement. There are more than 200 talented candidates for the priesthood training in the London centre of the college, with flourishing work on Merseyside and other places in England and even overseas. Work begins on a hub in Kuala Lumpur this September.

It has been a blessing to serve with a diocesan team of bishops, archdeacons and those who work at Causton Street, whose gifts are so diverse but who are united in their zeal for generous orthodoxy.

For my part, I have tried to follow the example of St Augustine who said, “For you I am a bishop but with you I am a Christian”, and in this spirit I hope you will forgive my many shortcomings in office.

After consultation with the Archbishop I am writing to let you know about the timetable for my retirement. It is business as usual until Christmas, after which I shall hope to clear my desk of more than twenty years' worth of accumulated debris. The intention is that my last public engagement as Bishop of London will be in the Cathedral at Candlemas, February 2nd 2017, the day when Simeon was granted a vision of Christ in the Temple and prayed "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace". My formal resignation will be dated from the end of the month on Shrove Tuesday.

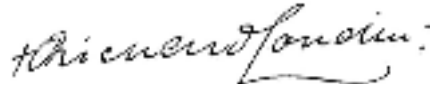
Her Majesty the Queen has graciously indicated that I should remain as Dean of HM Chapels Royal until the appointment of the 133rd Bishop of London.

I have received so many signs in prayer and in the life of the Diocese that my period as Bishop of London is drawing to a close. I have every confidence in the Diocesan Team, and in the leadership of our Archbishop in the challenge of renewing and reforming the Church as a servant of reconciliation in these turbulent times.

I look forward to continuing to serve in other rôles but it is right that someone who began as a primary school ink monitor should give way to a new Bishop of London more at home in the digital world, and with sufficient time to be able to play a constructive part in the Lambeth Conference planned for 2020.

The important things, however, do not change and I shall be praying for you as you seek to navigate into God's future under new leadership.

In the meantime I continue to give thanks for our partnership in the Gospel.



The Rt Revd and Rt Hon Richard Chartres KCVO DD FSA

HOME AND YET AWAY

If you were with me last month (*Editor: when Fr Michael wrote of his travels in a column entitled Progress without Pilgrimage*) you'll know that having avoided all celebrations of the alleged New Year and enjoyed the delights of Perth in high summer, including the Sybaris that is *Flutes* Restaurant on the Margaret River, I was making my way to Family in Adelaide. None of my Family originates there, but one of my aunts married a proud South Australian and others gravitated, as oenophiles to a vineyard (of which there are a few up the road, thanks to swarms

— I believe that is now the *mot juste* — of German Lutheran free settlers).

If Perth is 'a big country town' to all outside its city limits, Adelaide is known by its own as a 'free settlement' (no *convicts*). Inhabitants will impart this information to you unprompted more than once in the shortest conversational exchange. While this was a predictable boast of the would-be Anglican Establishment of fifty years ago, the rest of Australia is now much more interested in the convicts (and the original inhabitants) than in them. Boasting descent from those who travelled around the world to displace and exploit (not to say murder)

the aboriginal inhabitants for economic reasons is not such a good sell in 2016. The original Adelaidians (Adelaiders? Ads?) were, let's be honest, what we would call 'economic migrants'. Coincidentally (or not) Adelaide is now the only capital city in Australia with a declining population. You may draw your own conclusions.

Adelaide is also known as 'the city of churches', most of them, at this date, sadly empty. But churchmen and scions of free settlement are much in evidence in the place I've usually stayed, The Adelaide Club. This is an astonishingly unreconstructed colonial club in the centre of the city, still inhabiting its original premises, a good-sized 19th century stone building opposite Government House. It boasts, in the high-Victorian style, various stuffed and mounted animal trophies and two suits of armour in the hall. Two of my great uncles, Ron and Tom Austin, were famously ejected from it in memorable circumstances. After having dined well, they poured themselves into these suits of armour and attempted to use the hall for a joust. They were not, as their sister (my scary grandmother) would say, 'asked again'. I do not allude to this piece of family history when visiting; a veil is drawn. And it is a most amusing place to stay, complete with a proper verandah at the back for the smoking of cigars. But the club committee, with no regard for my comfort, had chosen this January to close for *refurbishment*, so I had to look elsewhere.

My remaining Adelaide Aunt frequently quotes a Family maxim that guests are like fish — they go off after three days. Since I planned to stay for the inside of a week, I had decided to avoid fulfilling the prophecy and found a central hotel, the snappily named Adina Apartment Hotel Adelaide

Treasury (a mouthful, I know, but as I told you in my Perth ruminations, all former colonial government buildings in Australia seem to have been reinvented as hotels, and very spacious and relaxing environments they are). I hope the Adelaide Club has not *refurbished* too enthusiastically. There is a unique pleasure, for me, in dining under the glassy eye of a lion, having just nodded good evening to a suit of armour while walking over a tigerskin.

My reason for visiting Adelaide, I've already admitted, was Family. Most of all it was to see a favourite Aunt who I hadn't seen for twelve years and who had just turned ninety. She was not especially chuffed to reach this milestone. Her sole response to all natal congrats was 'I don't want to be ninety'. When I made my birthday 'phone call to her the previous June, she firmly articulated this sentiment and then moved on to my proposed visit, volunteering the opinion that my other aunt and my Adelaide cousins seemed unreasonably pleased that I was coming, cheerfully remarking that 'they're all going a bit over the top about it in my opinion'. It was the last conversation I was to have with her. Her oft-repeated wish not to be ninety was granted all too soon and she died a couple of months later. Aunts, having no other necessary function as far as nieces and nephews are concerned than to spoil them (and leave before they have to take responsibility for the consequences), are in my experience a Good Thing. My experience of this one had always been sunny. So I was very sorry not to be seeing her again.

But when I arrived in Adelaide I discovered that I would be able to assist in discharging some family pieties in her direction. She had left firm instructions

(most instructions in my family could be characterised as firm — had you guessed?) that there was to be no funeral service of any kind, merely an unattended cremation. But my surviving Aunt (Sue, since you ask) and cousins (one of whom was flying over from Sydney to see me *en famille*) had been left rather at a loss by the lack of any ceremonial farewell. Enter, of course, the Family Clergyman.

Some of you have one of these (some of you are one of these). In a family not much given to church attendance, but nonetheless united by ties of friendship and respect as well as blood, the Family Clergyman remains a useful connection to older generations, especially at the point of death. Decreasingly called upon for weddings and baptisms, one can be pretty confident of making a contribution to obsequies. It happened that I had been in Australia when Sue's husband died in 2003, so I had been called upon then to provide a liturgy for his cremation. Now, Family wondered, could I devise something to mark this present loss, to be delivered in the house of the departed aunt (Marg, since you ask again) and with her ashes present, but not yet to be buried (more of that later)?

As always in these circumstances, it took some very careful conversation to understand expectations. Once I'd got the plot, I retired to my room in the aforementioned AAHAT and there I applied myself to creating a suitable memorial service for people of whom I am fond and who avoid church wherever possible: this is not unlike many crematorium funerals, but with the added element of knowing everyone too well to get away with anything. I could then abandon myself to Family Hospitality, which in this case

involves excellent cooking, passed down from mother to daughters, and a very acute palate for first class local wine. So not too challenging. They're also pleasant and interesting people (though *firm*, decidedly *firm*).

The next day, it being time to re-inhabit the Fr Forse school of church-crawling, I wandered over the River Torrens to St Peter's Cathedral (decent Victorian gothic prettily set on the edge of a park). Soon tiring of the surfeit of respectability to be found there I went in search of extreme religion, incarnated in St Mary Magdalen's Church, Moore Street. Having Anticipated the Epiphany on the previous Sunday evening in Perth (see last month) I did hope for a Mass on the day, as at ASMS. Everyone else, including our Roman friends, having also Anticipated, I was delighted to discover that this little late nineteenth-century backstreet mission church was sticking to its liturgical guns. Since I would be (not-) burying my aunt's ashes later that day I also wanted to go to Mass.

St MM is a truly modest brick building, the sort of mission church long abandoned to community projects and 'antique' markets in England. It sits on a narrow lane between Angas and Carrington streets, and was quietly baking in the January sun. Inside, every possible Anglo-Catholic box (including, of course, Confessional) has been ticked. Stations of the Cross and statues vie with sanctuary lamps, pricket stands and holy water stoups to scream 'full catholic privileges' to a mostly uncomprehending outside world.

This being a weekday in high summer we congregants were very few and bidden to occupy the sanctuary itself. It did not deter us that we were only seven. There followed

a complete sung Mass from the English Missal (*Missa de Angelis*, naturally). After having been thus nourished I realised that one of my fellow communicants was Fr Graeme Kaines, Assistant Priest at Christ Church St Laurence when I was a young teenager. Church world is truly a small place. We conversed with surprising familiarity after the lapse of 35 years. I hope to see him again.

One of my cousins soon picked me up and took me to the house of my deceased aunt (as the French would say), where a vast amount of food had been prepared for the small gathering. I embarked as soon as I decently could on a short liturgy based around the commendation rite and said some things I knew to be true about Marg. Telling the truth at funerals is always important, though often not easy; it is even harder at a family funeral where the truth one knows may be at variance with the emotional truth known by a sibling or other relative. But no recrimination or food-throwing followed so I guessed it had been OK. Eventually we repaired to a generic pub-eatery for yet more food on the way back to Town.

There were more family meals and pleasant company to follow, but, like the Lord with Jerusalem in his sights, I had now set my face towards Sydney. Hoping, of course, not to provoke crucifixion when I got there.

Arriving in Sydney on a Saturday afternoon meant a busy airport but an empty Club — empty to the point where it took some time to rouse a porter to let me into my room. The Union Club (which now has a much longer name, having devoured a couple of other institutions since I last lived in Sydney) is as old as most London clubs, having been formed

in the 1850s with the sensible intention of conviviality in the absence of politics (it separated itself from the one older club in Australia to get away from the latter). Not unduly disturbing the tomb-like premises I decanted myself into my room and then walked down to the Opera House. Sydney Harbour is stunning and I never tire of it. London is full of people from Melbourne who will tell you how much you'd prefer Melbourne. Do not believe them. Melbourne is a perfectly decent place with all the amenities of Manchester or Glasgow. But if you like London or Edinburgh, Sydney is the only antipodean city.

The next day offered my first Christ Church St Laurence High Mass for 15 years, and it was a delight to see everything there in such good shape. Bizarrely the Rector was at All Saints, Margaret Street, that day — a sort of symmetry I suppose. Lots of catching up was done and friendships renewed. There have been various additions to the fabric, including striking icon-style paintings by my old friend Earle Backen which now cover the dour Catalogue-Catholic Stations of the Cross except in Lent. Opinion is divided as to their merit, but they add a brightness to the building which is consonant with the Australian light and, as the Rector later pointed out to me, they are so stuffed full of saints that he never lacks an obvious Station in the regular festal processions that are still maintained there.

The one thing all Anglicans know about Sydney is that its border with the neighbouring diocese of Newcastle is Check-Point Chasuble. Priests have to swear an oath not to wear, or allow to be worn The Vestment. But, since this is a primarily symbolic ban, all

other vestments (though they are also canonically proscribed) are tolerated. So High Mass proceeds in cope, dalmatic and tunicle, with mandatory birettas. I grew up with this, so it was somehow comforting to be returned to it. The week passed with various nostalgia and social events (not mutually exclusive), including a late night concert in Hyde Park (yes, we have one too) by the engaging and unique cabaret performer Meow Meow, which occurred in something called a Spiegeltent.

Overwhelmed by kindness and hospitality I moved out of the club and into the delightful mid-nineteenth century house of my friends Peter Crawshaw (my sometime Rector's Warden) and Robert Hannon. They had turned up at ASMS a year earlier and pressed me to stay; they were now kindly insisting and so I discovered myself in pleasantly independent accommodation in their exquisite house which is full of things bought while sitting up late at night in virtual attendance at Sotheby's auctions. Not being expert in antiques or paintings I could nonetheless sense that all these items were, in Bertie Wooster's immortal phrase, the Cat's Whatsit. It is a very charming antipodean Sir John Soane's house.

The next weekend I was contracted to a double reunion in Newcastle, which is a hundred miles north of Sydney (as well as a couple of hundred miles north east of ASMS, if you see what I mean). There I was to stay with, in succession, both the former and the current Dean and preach in the Cathedral, a magnificent local brick gothic confection by Horbury Hunt. Hunt worked with Edmund Blacket who was responsible for most of Christ Church St Laurence, and then branched out on his own. Butterfield it isn't, but still very good

indeed. It has the added advantage of being historically the Other Place (than Sydney) in churchmanship terms, from the days of first Bishop Tyrrell (whose diocese covered 125,000 square miles, most of which he visited on horseback, with only 14 priests to help him). It now has the advantage of being deaned by Fr Stephen Williams, one of my oldest friends, who was Assistant Priest at — you've guessed — Christ Church St Laurence, after Fr Kaines (see above).

By the time you read this some of you will have met Fr Stephen and Sue, who, as I write, are staying with me in number 6, partly by way of return match and partly accompanying Newcastle Cathedral choir on a UK tour; he's to preach for us on 24th July.

But I stayed first with his predecessor but one, Fr Graeme Lawrence (a fairly regular visitor to ASMS), where I fear I was a somewhat dozy guest, having already spent an inordinate amount of time eating and drinking in my first week in Sydney, as one must. More or less awake by Sunday morning the Cathedral was duly subjected to me and, after yet more hospitality, I headed back to the small and perfectly formed domestic art gallery in Glebe that I was to inhabit for most of the rest of my stay.

There followed a further episode of travel to Melbourne (yawn! — see above), the Western Districts of Victoria (where the ashes of my aunt are to be buried next year), and Coober Pedy (the Opal Capital of the world, best known as the backdrop of *Priscilla Queen of the Desert's* grittier outdoor scenes). And, of course, more of sybaritic Sydney. If you can stand it (and I am still standing) that may appear next month.

MB

PHOTOGRAPHY AT ALL SAINTS

Andrew Prior writes about the privilege of having photographed the Church and key services at All Saints in recent years:

“I have greatly enjoyed photographing various services over the past three years at All Saints at the request of the Vicar, as well as taking photographs of Butterfield’s masterpiece itself throughout the changing liturgical seasons. It seems that there is always something new, and of course the building work in Wells Street has afforded a rare opportunity to photograph the eastern external wall. One particular highlight was working with Colin Kerr, our Church Architect, in photographing the new lighting system, during which Colin gave me the most informed talk about the building.

“I’m glad, too, that my humble efforts are turned into postcards and sold in aid of church funds.

“I was particularly moved by one of our overseas visitors, who, after purchasing a full set of the new postcards, told me that the cards and our presence on Facebook, as well as the photographs on the website enable those who are not regular visitors to keep in touch, and to feel part of the All Saints family. My recent series of photographs for the Corpus Christi procession along Oxford Street (not an easy task as one dodges buses and tourists along the way!) reached nearly 6,000 people and helped to swell the numbers of people visiting the All Saints’ Facebook page generally.

“A particular challenge is to be as ‘invisible’ and respectful of the worshippers as possible during services — it’s not easy genuflecting whilst holding a tripod

(necessary due to the low light) and two cameras as one paces softly about, and it is gratifying that few notice my presence.

“If there is a particular photograph of any aspect that readers would like, they need only ask. Above all, I love a challenge, and am so grateful to All Saints for all that I have learnt and continue to learn about my hobby in this special setting.”

STEWARDSHIP RENEWAL

Thank you to all who responded to my letter in May about giving to support the work of All Saints.

I have returned home to discover that the response has been sufficient not only to balance the books in 2016 (where the Treasurer had predicted a deficit of £8,800) but to exceed the level of new giving which was suggested might be possible in the campaign leaflet as an aspirational £13,410. The figures pledged to date provide an annual uplift of £14,165 (the full effect of which won’t be felt until 2017) with an additional £1,500 from two especially generous one-off gifts — all including applicable Gift Aid, so a total response value of £15,665.

Unlike the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the government, our treasurer and PCC cannot simply decide to put off dealing with a deficit until some indefinite future. To do this would be to endanger the future of the parish.

We make every effort to run the parish as efficiently and economically as possible but there is a limit to how much “austerity” we can practice before we begin cutting into our core activities: worship, pastoral care, teaching and music.

The generous response to my stewardship letter reflects our experience over the last

twenty years. Our people have demonstrated a real and growing financial commitment to supporting the life and mission of our Church; both in regular giving and in support of our restoration appeal and mission projects. This reveals not just an increased realism about what running a church like ours costs, although we should not despise that as somehow unspiritual. It springs, I believe, from something for which

we can all be thankful: a deepening spiritual commitment to the mission of Jesus Christ in our city. That is something for which we can all be thankful, even as we pray for its further increase among us.

Thank you to those who have responded so generously. If you haven't quite got round to doing so yet, it is not too late!

AM

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY HIGH MASS with OUTDOOR PROCESSION



Monday 15 August 2015, 6.30pm

Preacher: Father Julian Browning

Missa Brevis in D, K194 — Mozart

Ave Maria — Parsons

For the second time at All Saints, with a circular outdoor procession (with choir, brass and drum) of the statue of Our Lady of Walsingham from Church along Oxford Street in the evening and back to Church.

The Feast of the Assumption is our major annual celebration of Mary, the Mother of Jesus. On this day, we thank God for Mary, the first Christian, and ask her prayers for all persecuted Christians.

SERMON PREACHED BY FR MICHAEL BOWIE, TRINITY 7 EVENSONG & BENEDICTION

The second lesson this evening (Mark 7: 1 - 23) confronts ritual taboos in Judaism. We have heard some of this recently, in Sunday Mass Gospels about Jesus' healing miracles and indeed today in the parable of the Good Samaritan. I don't need to rehearse the argument for you: the gist, as you know, is that the Pharisees (bad) are shown to elevate man-made traditions at the expense of the true commandments of God (good, obviously). The killer phrase in this evening's reading is 'thus he declared all foods clean'. Mark is writing after the arguments which Paul and others won at the Council of Jerusalem, arguments which determined that kosher food and circumcision were not required of Christians: Mark links that position to a saying from Jesus himself.

This was a radical and cutting edge element in the breakaway religion which we have somewhat buried in our post-Constantine establishment Church history. But the radical behaviour did not end there. We often forget that our faith was built on the rejection of such taboos as those condemned by Jesus, condemned by him as man-made devices of religious control by a cultic elite. This new direction is evident not only in Christian theology but also in Christian devotional practice.

One challenge to established Jewish taboos was especially significant to the development of Catholic Christianity. Following the Lord's example, Christians did not avoid associating themselves with the dead. The catacombs (where Mass was celebrated on tombs), the veneration of the martyrs, and indeed the whole developed cult of the saints, were a cutting-

edge rejection of taboo. To put that more positively, Christianity promoted an understanding that faith in the resurrection demanded reverence for the dead, as much as did an understanding of God as creator of all life.

I am thinking of something very particular here. Tomorrow is St Benedict's day. He is the Patron of Europe, but perhaps I won't pursue that thought just now. He is of course most significant in the formation of Christian monasticism. But I am remembering that it was a relic of St Benedict that was the first relic I was ever invited to venerate, 27 years ago tomorrow.

Just recently I met some of you at a simple Gospel service in St Magnus the Martyr, where we venerated a fragment of St Thomas Becket's elbow. Not so long ago there was a highly successful UK tour of the relics of St Therese of Liseux (including a very popular overnight stay in York Minster) and next year it will be the turn of St Anthony of Padua. The most popular annual pilgrimage in England now is that to St Alban's Abbey, where a relic of St Alban is venerated. A lot of people, it seems, are instinctively drawn to relics. I suppose this may have something to do with modern celebrity cults — for we now use even that word 'cult' of celebrity — but I think there's more to it.

Without context, for a modern person, venerating the relic of a saint is a slightly odd thing to do. It might even be thought to be precisely the sort of man-made tradition that Jesus is lambasting in our second lesson. But when you recall that it is part of the same complex of Catholic truths as

prayer for the dead and requiem Masses, which we fought so hard to restore to the Church of England, it is not so strange.

The cult of relics was an early casualty of the Reformation because it had been abused; there was a good case, then, for claiming that it promoted superstition rather than faith. It was being used as magic rather than sacramental devotion. Yet there is a direct line between the Lord's rejection of traditional taboos and this practice which, for me, makes it deeply significant and moving. We don't *need* to venerate the relics of saints to be good Christians, but there is something earthed and human about it, like praying for the dead, asking the prayers of the saints and indeed, the other evening, honouring the body of our friend Yvonne Harland with incense and holy water. Our cautious Anglican collects often wordily pray that we may be inspired by the *example* of dead Christians, but we would all much rather know their *presence* and their *prayers* as saints of God. The central act of Christian worship, the Mass, has presence at its heart; we celebrate that again most particularly in Benediction here this evening. The Catholic doctrine of the Church is essentially one of the *relationship* — across time and space — of real people. And to me there is something even more deeply moving about seeing the mummified body of St Lucy (martyred in 304) over the altar of that church by the railway station in Venice than there is about visiting her much more ancient church in Syracuse, which is a Greek temple with the space between pillars filled in to make the walls.

The relics of the saints say something very important to us as embodied persons. If the single greatest thing God could do for us was to be incarnate, to inhabit our flesh and blood, and if, more than that, he could take

that human incarnation through death and raise it to life at Easter, then bodies matter. The resurrection requires our commitment to the significance of our embodiment. If that is so, and if we honour the bodies of our dead, it follows that relics of those we know to be saints are vital points of connection for us, not to a theoretical, slightly bloodless, idea of holiness but to the truth that we are all capable of sanctity in the human bodies we inhabit.

The contribution St Benedict's monastic revolution made to Christianity cannot be overstated. But it is the fact that he was a human person like you and me that makes his sanctity relevant to you and me. It brings us just a little closer to the resurrection of the incarnate word of God. This may be about the heart rather than the head, but in that case, long live the heart!

100 YEARS AGO

The recent commemoration of the Centenary of the Battle of the Somme — the worst day in the history of the British Army, found an echo in the Parish Paper of a century ago.

“In Memoriam

On Friday, July 7th, the news reached All Saints that two of our best lads had laid down their lives for their country. On July 1st Harold Colville was wounded in three places, but he went back into the battle on Sunday 2nd, when he received the wound which fractured the base of his skull. He was carried down to Rouen, and on Monday he traced a postcard feebly to his people; but the injury was irreparable and he died. He was buried in the churchyard of a little chapel outside the town with military honours and with music. Many were present and the owners of the chapel in which his body was placed for the service laid a

wreath upon him, with the words “from his loved ones”. Those who had nursed him laid another wreath.

“Harold Williamson was killed in action on the Sunday. It is thought that he was killed instantaneously by a shell. So far nothing more is known beyond that he died most gallantly attacking the foe. His C.O. wrote of him that he had quickly got to love him, he was the most charming boy possible, and a splendid soldier.

“I append the words I spoke about our two boys on the Sunday after the news reached us:

“This has been a tearful week for us, I say tearful rather than sad deliberately, because some tears are not altogether sad. We have had to give two of our best and dearest lads into the hands of God.

“Harold Colville died of wounds sustained in the great attack last Thursday, and last Sunday Harold Williamson was killed in action.

“I found both boys in the choir school when I came here, and both have been most closely united with us ever since. Harold Colville, after his school days at the King's School, Taunton, and a short period in office work, became assistant master of the choir school. Harold Williamson was a sort of adopted son of us all, and spent part of all his holidays and leaves in the Clergy House. Both were preparing for the priesthood, both were devoted and faithful Catholic Christians, both of them were true Knights of the Holy Grail. They were as different as two boys could possibly be.

“Harold Williamson was brimming over with spirits and fun; his face was made for laughter; he was full of physical courage. He had had his clothes torn to bits by shrapnel when he was a private, but he hated his life here in an officers' training corps, when he

had come back for his commission, and he went back with joy to the trenches, ‘I don't mind being killed one little bit, Vicar, not one little bit; but I do hope I shall not be maimed for life’. Harold's spirit is summed up in those words of his to me...

“Harold Colville was a silent, grave, almost sombre lad who hated the war, and gave himself out of a stern sense of duty. He was perfectly sure he was going to be killed. He made all his arrangements quietly, and the last time he was back he said farewell to his people and went back to die. His last words to his sister were, ‘Be sure to tell the Vicar the very moment the end comes’. This did not appear at all in his life with the regiment, in which he was very popular; but it greatly enhances the value of his sacrifice, and I think of him as the Knight in Watts' wonderful picture who lays his sword with such calm deliberation on the altar of death.

“As in thought I lay the shattered bodies of our two dear boys at the foot of our great crucifix and look up from them to the holy face, no difficulty about divine justice or the divine love crosses my brain. I see God himself lifting his young creatures into union with the divine adventure of the Sacred Heart. I see them entering eternal life through the gate of Calvary, and I know that all eternity is the richer for their deeds.”

“A Solemn Requiem was sung for them on Tuesday, July 11th and was attended by a large congregation. Nothing could exceed the beauty and tenderness of the music for the two loyal choirboys, who loved us all and whom we all loved. After the absolutions we sang our All Saints Festival Hymn, ‘In our Day of Thanksgiving’. We sang it at the suggestion of our present boys, it was their ‘*Vale atque Ave*’ to their old friends.

An extract from the Bishop of London's Sermon at the vigil to commemorate the Battle of the Somme in Westminster Abbey:

‘As we keep our vigil by the graveside of the Unknown Warrior who represents all those who perished in the Great War, it is for us to remember the fearful beginning of the battle of the Somme and to salute the courage and sacrifice of those who went over the top. Among the hundreds of thousands of killed and wounded from so many parts of the world were men from both parts of Ireland, north and south. One of those killed on the Somme was the poet and patriot Tom Kettle. He died among his fellow Dubliners and left these words about his own homeland “Used with the wisdom that is sown in tears and blood, this tragedy of Europe may be and must be the prologue to the two reconciliations of which all statesmen have dreamed; the reconciliation of Protestant Ulster with Ireland and the reconciliation of Ireland with Great Britain”. Our prayer must be that with the wisdom sown in blood and tears we may be agents of the reconciliation which is God’s will, reconciliation wherever we live or from wherever we come, rejecting those who would stir up hatred and division and instead working for reconciliation that will ensure that our children will never have to endure what the men of the Somme so bravely endured.’”

SUNDAYS AND SOLEMNITIES

MUSIC AND READINGS

● SUNDAY 7 AUGUST TRINITY 11

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance hymn: 148 The God of Abraham praise

Entrance chant: Respice, Domine

Setting: Missa Brevis — Berkeley

Psalm: 33: 12 - end

Readings: Genesis 15: 1 - 6
Hebrews 11: 1 - 3, 8 - 16

Gradual hymn: 16 Wake, O wake!
With tidings thrilling

Gospel: Luke 12: 32 - 40

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Creed: Credo IV

Offertory Motet: Ave verum corpus
— Elgar

Hymns: 294 Just as I am, without
one plea

313 Wherefore, O Father,
we thy humble servants

443 Rejoice, the Lord is King

Voluntary: Tuba tune — Lang

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 108

Lessons: Isaiah 11: 10 - 12: end
2 Corinthians 1: 1 - 22

Office hymn: 150 (S)

Canticles: Wood in E flat No 1

Anthem: Te lucis ante terminum
— Tyler

Preacher: Fr Barry Orford

Hymn: 373 How shall I sing that
majesty

O Salutaris: Schumann

Hymn: 400 Light of the minds that
know him

Tantum ergo: Schubert

Voluntary: Berceuse (sur les paroles
classiques), from Pièces en
style libre, Op 31 — Vierne

● SUNDAY 14 AUGUST TRINITY 12

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance hymn: 134 The head that once
was crowned with thorns

Entrance chant: Protector noster, aspice

Setting: Orgelsolomesse, K 259
— Mozart

Psalms: 82

Readings: Jeremiah 23: 23 - 29
Hebrews 11: 29 - 12: 2

Gradual hymn: 357 Father, hear the prayer
we offer

Gospel: Luke 12: 49 - 56

Preacher: Fr Barry Orford

Creed: Mozart

Offertory Motet: Hymn to the Cherubim
— Rachmaninov

Hymns: 279 Come, risen Lord,
and deign to be our guest
278 Christ be with me,
Christ within me
427 O praise ye the Lord!
Praise him in the height

Voluntary: Toccata — Jongen

EVE OF THE ASSUMPTION

SOLEMN EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 72

Lessons: Proverbs 8: 22 - 31
John 19: 23 - 27

Office hymn: 180 Hail, O Star that pointest

Canticles: Stanford in A

Anthem: Ave maris stella
— Monteverdi

Preacher: The Vicar,
Prebendary Alan Moses

Hymn: 188 (omit *) Ye who own
the faith of Jesus

O Salutaris: Henschel

Hymn: 187 Virgin born,
we bow before thee

Tantum ergo: Henschel

Voluntary: Prière à Notre-Dame
— Böellmann

MONDAY 15 AUGUST THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BVM

HIGH MASS and PROCESSION at 6.30 p.m.

Entrance hymn: 185 Sing we of the
blessèd Mother

Entrance chant: Signum magnum

Setting: Missa Brevis in D, K194
— Mozart

Psalms: 132: 6 - 15

Readings: Revelation 11: 19 - 12: 6, 10
Galatians 4: 4 - 7

Gradual hymn: 180 Hail, O Star that
pointest

Gospel: Luke 1: 46 - 55

Preacher: Fr Julian Browning

Creed: Credo III

Offertory Motet: Ave Maria — Parsons

Hymns: 182 Her Virgin eyes saw
God incarnate born
187 Virgin-born we bow
before thee

Motet before the procession:
Ave Maria — Elgar

Voluntary: Magnificat (Sonata no 4)
— Rheinberger

• SUNDAY 21 AUGUST TRINITY 13

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance hymn: 332 All hail the power of
Jesu's name

Entrance chant: Inclina, Domine,
aurem tuam

Setting: Missa Brevior — Sherwood

Psalms: 103: 1 - 8

Readings: Isaiah 58: 9b - end
Hebrews 12: 18 - end

Gradual hymn: 337 As pants the hart
for cooling streams
Gospel: Luke 13: 10 - 17
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Creed: Merbecke
Offertory Motet: O mes très chers frères,
(St Francis of Assisi), (1949)
— Poulenc
Hymns: 302 O thou, who at thy
Eucharist didst pray
309 Victim Divine, thy grace
we claim
463 Thine for ever!
God of love
Voluntary: Toccata, BWV 564 — Bach

EVENSONG AND

BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 119: 49 - 72
Lessons: Isaiah 30: 8 - 21
2 Corinthians 9
Office hymn: 150 (R)
Canticles: Sumsion in G
Anthem: I will lift up mine eyes
— Walker
Preacher: Fr Victor Stock
Hymn: 244 Glory to thee, my God,
this night
O Salutaris: Elgar, ed Arnold
Hymn: 445 Rock of ages,
cleft for me
Tantum ergo: Elgar, ed Arnold
Voluntary: Ich ruf zu dir, BWV 639
— Bach

● SUNDAY 28 AUGUST TRINITY 14

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance hymn: 362 Glorious things of
these are spoken
Entrance chant: Miserere mihi, Domine
Setting: Missa Brevis — Britten

Psalm: 112
Readings: Ecclesiasticus 10: 12 - 18
Hebrews 13: 1 - 8, 15 - 16
Gradual hymn: 137 Come down,
O Love divine
Gospel: Luke 14: 1, 7 - 14
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Creed: Credo II
Offertory Motet: Ave Maria —
Byram-Wigfield
Hymns: 292 Jesu, thou joy of
loving hearts
335 All praise to thee,
for thou, O King divine
408 Love Divine,
all loves excelling
Voluntary: Processional — Bridge

EVENSONG AND

BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 119: 81 - 96
Lessons: Isaiah 33: 13 - 22
John 3: 22 - 36
Office hymn: 150 (S)
Canticles: Byram-Wigfield in E
Anthem: Tota pulchra es, Maria
(4 motets, Op 9) — Duruflé
Preacher: Fr Julian Browning
Hymn: 431 O Thou who camest
from above
O Salutaris: Caplin for upper voices
Hymn: 307 Sweet Sacrament divine
Tantum ergo: Caplin
Voluntary: Melodia, Op 59 No 4
— Reger

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

– **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.

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.

Mission Projects Committee Chairman is Janet Drake

All Saints year-round fundraising efforts go to support:

The Church Army hostels and programmes for homeless women in Marylebone;

The work of US (formerly USPG) with the Church in Zimbabwe among people living with the stigma and effects of HIV-AIDS and

The West London Day Centre for the homeless.

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.

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.

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

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 AUGUST 2016

- | | | |
|----|--|---|
| 1 | | Those on holiday |
| 2 | | Refugees |
| 3 | <i>Harriet Brownlow Byron, Foundress of the</i> | <i>All Saints Sisters</i> |
| | | The All Saints Sisters of the Poor |
| 4 | <i>John Baptiste Vianney, priest and spiritual guide, 1859</i> | Unity |
| 5 | Oswald, King of Northumbria, Martyr, 605 | Persecuted Christians |
| 6 | The Transfiguration of our Lord | Thanksgiving for God's glory revealed in Jesus Christ |
| 7 | ✠ TRINITY 11 | Our Parish and People |
| 8 | Dominic, Founder of the Order of Preachers, 1221 | Preachers |
| 9 | Mary Sumner, Founder of the Mothers' Union, 1921 | The Mothers' Union |
| 10 | Laurence, Deacon at Rome, Martyr, 258 | Friends of All Saints |
| 11 | Clare of Assisi, Founder of the Poor Clares, 1253 | Unity |
| 12 | | Those in need |
| 13 | Jeremy Taylor, Bishop and Teacher, 1667 | Theologians |
| 14 | ✠ TRINITY 12 | Our Parish and People |
| 15 | THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY | Thanksgiving for Our Lady |
| 16 | | Local businesses |
| 17 | | The Homeless |
| 18 | | Unity |
| 19 | | Those in need |
| 20 | Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, Teacher, 1153 | Monastic communities |
| 21 | ✠ TRINITY 13 | Our Parish and People |
| 22 | | Local government |
| 23 | | The Church Army |
| 24 | Bartholomew the Apostle | Bishops |
| 25 | | Unity |
| 26 | | Those in need |
| 27 | Monica, Mother of Augustine of Hippo, 387 | Mothers |
| 28 | ✠ TRINITY 14 | Our Parish and People |
| 29 | The Beheading of John the Baptist | Prisoners of Conscience |
| 30 | John Bunyan, Spiritual Writer, 1688 | Pilgrims |
| 31 | Aidan, Bishop of Lindisfarne, Missionary, 651 | The spread of the Gospel |

