



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

At the beginning of December I was a guest at the British Academy's 2015 Lecture in Religious Studies which was given by the former Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Rowan Williams, now Master of Magdalene College, Oxford. This Academy is housed in what used to be the home of the 19th century Prime Minister William Gladstone in Carlton House Terrace.



*Christ in Majesty — one of the new set of postcards (see p 7)*  
Photo: Andrew Prior

One of my fellow guests at the dinner afterwards was Melanie McDonough of the *Evening Standard*. She failed to get Bishop Rowan to say anything embarrassing about his successor but seems to have persuaded him to write an article in the wake of the ban on a cinema advertisement featuring the Lord's Prayer.

I had mentioned in conversation that God rarely gets noticed by the *Standard*: reading it, you would never guess that London is now probably the most religious part of the United Kingdom. Its annual list of influential Londoners rarely, if ever, includes any religious leader. We had been discussing the level of ignorance about

religion across great stretches of our society. Can we wonder at this when large sections of the media have abandoned much in the way of intelligent reporting or comment on it? And this at a time when religiously-inspired violence makes headline news. (The Bishop of London was asked to write a piece for the paper after the terrorist attacks in Paris.)

In his article, Bishop Rowan argues that an advertisement with people saying the Lord's Prayer, is not **“intruding dangerous propaganda into a neutral and benign space”**. Cinema-goers are bombarded with advertising which is anything but neutral. That space is filled with **“advertises actively**

and aggressively promoting a set of values and myths... myths about the happiness that comes from acquiring various consumer goods, values illustrated in sophisticated (and eye-wateringly expensive) bits of film that nurse some of our most childish fantasies about power and success.”

He reminds us that the Lord’s Prayer includes the hope that there will be food and well-being for all, that we learn to think not what is owed to us but of how we might release others from debt and guilt: **“forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors”**.

In fact, this prayer of prayers expresses a philosophy of life shaped by the conviction that we are most human when least obsessed with defending and promoting our self-interest and when recognising our shared human needs. This is a philosophy which many still find understandable and wish to live by.

Many in our society would be surprised to learn that this is not the product of rationalism or scientific research. It is rooted in the story that begins at the first Christmas, **“the story of a human life in which unlimited generosity and mercy were at work”**. We have this perspective on human life, this vision of how it might be lived, because of this story and this life. It did not come out of nowhere. We learn it from this history. We are taught it by this tradition.

Bishop Rowan counters the widely held assumption that religion is the principal cause of violence in our world. He does not deny that religion has **“fostered cruelty, obsession with power, inhuman repression, exploitation, dishonesty and misery”**. But **“We tend to forget that much the same is true of politics,**

**capitalism, socialism, science, alcohol, sex and football”**. We might think only of the stench of corruption around international football and athletics. None of these is to be banned from the public media, because we know that, for all their failings, they have **“fostered joy, intellectual or imaginative excitement, and a sense that the world could be better and fuller. Just like religion in fact.”**

Those of us who believe that story and try to live our lives by it have to find ways of telling it in scripture and song and worship, in ways which both make it accessible but also reveal something of its depth and richness and mystery. This is a risky business but the birth of Christ did not take place in a safe space — but in a precarious and risky one. We need to take risks in our efforts to share this story with those outside our comfort zone. To communicate the wonder of the incarnation means that we have to allow it to take flesh in our lives.

One of the ways in which we do this is through the carol services we offer. In these there is no hard sell, no in-your-face evangelism. We simply seek to allow the story to tell itself, to work its own magic, through some of the wealth of words and music, art and ceremony, it has inspired down the ages. Those words are often far from the *“I’m dreaming of a white Christmas”* sentimentality heard in Oxford Street. The shadow of the cross falls on the crib.

I was reminded of this as I listened to the choir singing Peter Warlock’s setting of Bruce Blunt’s *“Bethlehem Down”*.

**“When he is King they will clothe him  
in grave-sheets,  
Myrrh for embalming and wood for a  
crown,**

**He that lies now in the white arms of  
Mary,  
Sleeping so sweetly on Bethlehem  
Down.”**

The child's parents have journeyed at the command of imperial overlords. His life is threatened and innocents are massacred by a paranoid and ruthless ruler. His parents must flee with him to find safety, just as so many are having to do in today's Middle East. The "old, old story" has a starkly contemporary feel to it.

May we all have a Christmas which inspires us to share Christ's life more fully and generously, and may those who so desperately need it find peace in the New Year.

Yours in Christ,

*Alan Moses*

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## **MAY THEY REST IN PEACE AND RISE IN GLORY**

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**John Bernard Gaskell, priest 1928 —  
2015**

The Funeral Mass of Prebendary John Gaskell was celebrated on 20 November in the chapel of Morden College in Blackheath, his home since leaving Margaret Street. The sermon preached by Fr Malcolm Johnson is printed in this issue.

A High Mass of Requiem was celebrated at All Saints on Friday 27 November. There was a large attendance of friends and former parishioners and those for whom he had been a spiritual guide and confessor. The organ voluntary which closed the service was, appropriately for a dedicated Wagnerian, the *Funeral March from Siegfried*. A reception was held in church after the service, which many have told us was a fitting tribute to a great priest and a

good and faithful friend. Fr Victor Stock's sermon at that service also appears below.

**Robin Fletcher**

Robin died on 4 December in the care home in Worcestershire where he had been living for some years. He had made a quiet but significant contribution to the life of All Saints as Administrator of the All Saints Foundation. There was a small family funeral in Worcestershire. Here at All Saints, there will be a Requiem Mass for Robin on Thursday 28 January at 11am. The preacher will be Canon David Hutt.

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## **KEATS ANCIENT & MODERN — Afternoon of Entertainment, Sunday 15 November 2015**

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*Mary Rowe writes:*

This was a varied approach to the life and name of our local poet, the great John Keats. Before he died at 25 he had written much memorable poetry, as well as qualifying as a surgeon-apothecary. In his last years he lived on Hampstead Heath, and a film gave us some beautiful views of the kind of countryside which he would have seen there. Christine Levy, of the All Saints' congregation, acted the part of Fanny Brawne, the woman he loved and Aaron Levy was Keats. *Schubert's Serenade* formed a lovely background to their idyllic walks on the Heath.

Corinna Marlowe read poems by Keats, including the haunting *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, and Michael Danvers-Walker gave us the playful *To Mrs Reynolds' Cat*. He also read most effectively his own story *Cold Pastoral*, in which a woman sees a mysterious stranger, who turns out to be Keats, in her shop when it has been locked up for the night.

We moved on to more recent times when Martin Revis interviewed Dr John Keet, who explained that his name was really the same as Keats. It has been spelt in different ways — another possibility is Ket — and may have come from Saxony. Dr Keet as a young child was with his family in a Japanese internment camp. His father had been an English intelligence officer, and his mother was three-quarters Chinese. The family managed to survive, and we were shown the insignia which they used afterwards, a flower in a mushroom cloud. The atomic bomb had brought them release. Afterwards they moved to Australia, where his father had a farm, and Dr Keet then trained as a doctor in South Africa.

The event was the brainchild of Pamela Botsford, who knew the film and wanted more people to see it. She worked tirelessly to achieve this, and was helped by Sandra Wheen, Chris Self and others. Father Michael Bowie arranged to buy a projector (a screen already being available), which will be useful for the Church, and used them efficiently for this occasion. It was an enjoyable, unusual afternoon, and we are grateful to all who organised it.

***Keats Ancient & Modern raised £455 for the All Saints' Restoration Appeal. Thank you to all who bought tickets.***

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## **POETRY TEA AT PAMELA'S — Sunday 6 December 2015**

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*Mary Rowe writes:*

The theme for this gathering was 'Home', a suitable one for the season, but poems with other subjects were also read. There were less people than usual, but perhaps there was a more intimate, homely atmosphere as a result.

William Joseph read sensitive, observant poems by Edwin Arlington Robinson. In *Mr Flood's Party* an old man climbs to his forsaken upland hermitage, all he now knows of home, drinks from his jug, and sings. Pamela Botsford gave us Ella Wheeler Wilcox's loving memories of her childhood home. *The House was Quiet* by Walter Stevens, with its simple repetitions, was read by George Brown. Mary Rowe read *The Cotter's Saturday Night* by Robert Burns, about a tired farm worker returning home on a dark evening to be welcomed by his loving wife and family in their little cottage. Interestingly, Barbie Miller pointed out that the language was Anglicized, like so much Burns' poetry we read, and was much more effective in the original Scots. Sandra Wheen read Robert Louis Stevenson's *Christmas at Sea*, where a man sails past his childhood home at Christmas time, sadly without visiting it. John Cragg brought his own writing about his father and Keats' lovely *Bright Star* sonnet. This, as usual, is a selection of the contributions.

We again appreciated Pamela's hospitality and the welcome tea after our hard work in reading the poems.

One pleasant result of these poetry teas is that they encourage us to think more about poetry in our busy modern lives. Beforehand, we ponder on which poem to bring, and afterwards we may muse, in the quiet of home, on those we have heard. Edward Arlington Robinson was new to me, and I have enjoyed reading more of his work, with its distinctive, thoughtful tone.

***The Poetry Tea raised £65.75 (including Gift Aid) for the All Saints Restoration Appeal. Thank you to all attendees!***

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## WALSINGHAM CELL VISIT to NOTRE DAME DE FRANCE

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*Fr Bowie writes:*

On Wednesday 9 December the Cell of OLW repeated last year's experiment of visiting a neighbouring Roman Catholic parish to mark the Feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception.

Fr Kevin Mowbray welcomed a good number of us to sing Evensong in the striking circular post-war interior of Notre Dame de France, the Marist church on the edge of Leicester Square. After we had sung the office and Quentin Williams had raised the roof with a resounding French voluntary on the surprisingly powerful organ, Fr Kevin gave us an eloquent and informative talk about the building's unusual history and the fascinating artworks in it, including the stunning chapel by Jean Cocteau which apparently features in Dan Brown's *The DaVinci Code*, which of course no one would admit to having read (actually I have, and Fr Gerald admits to it as well, but neither of us could remember much about it).

We also heard a little about the complex ministry at NDF, offered to the whole Francophone community of London (there are around 400,000 French people and many more for whom French is their first language). Added to this there is the challenging environment of Leicester Square and the work of the associated Refugee Centre next door. Fr Kevin made the point that NDF has always existed to serve communities made up entirely of refugees and immigrants; this provides the theme of the most recent artwork in the church, depicting the Flight into Egypt.

There followed expansive French hospitality in the Presbytery upstairs, kindly hosted by Fr Pascal, the Rector, and a couple of others from the NDF community. The food was so good and the conversation so animated that it was hard to leave at 9pm, having promised an 8.30pm finish. I hope we may welcome Fr Kevin and others from NDF to All Saints one day soon.

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## CAROL SERVICES for NEW AUDIENCES

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On 9 December we held the first of these, hosting for **Freuds Communications**. Their Chairman Matthew Freud wrote afterwards:

*Dear Father Alan,*

*A huge thank you to you and your team for the flawless Freuds' inaugural Service of Lessons and Carols. I have always been a massive fan of the beauty and majesty of the All Saints' liturgy and I am so pleased that Wednesday's service introduced several hundred of a younger generation to the All Saints way of doing things and you did not disappoint. As I am sure you witnessed, the staff were transfixed throughout the service and this stillness was replaced afterwards by exuberant praise and wonderment at what everyone had experienced.*

*Once again, many thanks and a very happy Christmas, Matthew*

On 15 December **Worldwide Cancer Research** profiled their crucial work in a Christmas Carol Concert featuring mezzo-soprano and charity ambassador Deborah Humble, attracting some 125 people, most of whom had never visited All Saints before.

A team of volunteers including Andrew Lane, Frances O'Neil and Janet Drake kindly delivered 2015's new postcard, featuring our own Lunchtime Carol Service and Nine Lessons and Carols, to all addresses in the Parish and it proved a useful means for Church Watchers of entering into conversations with visitors.

## VISITORS

While All Saints is not in the same league as Westminster Abbey or St Paul's, it does attract both individual visitors and groups who have heard about its architecture. We are always happy to welcome groups of visitors and to respond to requests for one of the clergy to speak about the building, its history and architecture, its restoration and the life of the parish. We have done this recently with groups from the Friends and Patrons of the Royal Academy; and the lunch club at the Jesus Army across the road. A group of anthropology students from the LSE came with their professor and Fr Jim Walters the Chaplain, to discuss religion in contemporary society, which proved a fascinating morning for the Vicar. Future group bookings include members of The Art Fund; some retired students and a Mothers' Union party.

## VISITING PREACHERS

Our preacher at High Mass on the Feast of the Epiphany will be **Bishop Martin Seeley** of St Edmundsbury and Ipswich. **Bishop Martin** was Principal of Westcott House Theological College before his appointment last year. Prior to that he had been Vicar of Christ Church in the Isle of Dogs.

On Sunday 17 January we welcome, from further afield, **Fr Daniel Dries**, the Rector of Christ Church St Laurence in

Sydney, Australia. Fr Daniel has kindly agreed to preach while he and his family are on holiday in London. (Fr Michael Bowie is preaching at Christ Church St Laurence on 31 January).

On the feast of The Presentation of Christ in the Temple (Candlemas), our preacher at High Mass will be the new Archdeacon of Hampstead, **The Venerable John Hawkins**.

Going in the other direction, Fr Alan preached at St Paul's Cathedral on St Andrew's Day, at St Mary's, Bourne Street, on Advent 2 and at St Cyprian's on Advent 4. He will also be preaching at Evensong at St Paul's on 1 January at 5pm for the Feast of the Naming and Circumcision of Jesus. Mass will be celebrated at All Saints at 12 noon on that day.

## DIOCESAN SYNOD

Fr Alan has been re-elected as Chair of the House of Clergy in the Diocesan Synod for the next three years. However, his term as an acting Archdeacon came to an end at midnight on 31 December 2015.

He also serves as a trustee of the **John Slater Memorial Trust** which gives travel grants to clergy on study leave. This meets annually, usually now here at All Saints.

## SHARED CONVERSATIONS

Any idea that peace might suddenly break out in the Church of England after the long process which led to the ordination of women to the episcopate is an illusion. The "hot button" issue for the General Synod over the next five years is likely to be "Human Sexuality," which a recent preacher at All Saints reminded us was Church-speak for homosexuality.

The final resolution of the issue of women in the episcopate was in part a result of shared conversations, assisted by trained facilitators, in which people of all shades of opinion were able to express them. The quasi-parliamentary style of Synod does not really encourage this.

The same method is now being applied to this next thorny topic, in the news even as we go to press. The Bishop has asked Fr Alan to take part. Given that this is a matter of direct personal interest to a number of our parishioners, and of general concern, it would seem sensible for him to participate, even though the talks are spread over the space of three days in January.

### **ALL SAINTS' PUBLICITY**

A year ago when we were still in the midst of the Restoration Appeal and Lighting and Electrical Renewal Project, we said that we hoped to progress new photographs of the Church in its refurbished and relit state. We have made good headway with that initiative and were able to use a striking image of the High Altar on a postcard to promote our Christmas services. We have now produced and started to sell before Christmas new postcards of the

fresh images — including the High Altar, Christ in Majesty, the West window and the Chancel ceiling. These are on sale in the Parish Shop on Sundays and from the Parish Office (Mon – Fri 10 – 5) and from Church Watchers during the week in Church. Price: 30p each or a special deal of 4 for £1. Further postcard images we hope to follow in 2016 will include: Our Lady and the Lady Altar and then we can think about new stocks of Christmas cards.

The revised free brochure *Brief Guide to All Saints* — reflecting all the improvements to its appearance achieved by sensitive cleaning and renewal — has been in use now for fifteen months. In early 2016 we will introduce the new translations into French, German, Italian and Chinese. Then we can move on to replacing the glossy full colour guide.

### **THIS IS OUR FAITH — Preparation for Adult baptism and/ or Confirmation/Reception into the Church of England**

We plan to run a course for those who wish to be prepared for these in the New Year. If you are interested, please contact one of the clergy.

### **FOR YOUR DIARIES: ORGAN RECITALS 2016**

*These all take place on Sunday at 7.15pm following Benediction:*

24 January — **Charles Andrews**

20 March, Palm Sunday — **Laurence Long**

22 May, Trinity Sunday — **David Graham**, *Organist and Director of Music at The Jesuit Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, Mayfair*

3 July — **Timothy Byram-Wigfield**

18 September — **Charles Andrews**

20 November, Christ the King — **Charles Andrews**

*Entry is free, but we invite you to make a retiring donation (recommended £5) to support the Choir and Music at All Saints. The Licensed Club/Bar is open after each recital.*

**ANNUAL SMALL CHOIRS FESTIVAL 2016**  
**Saturday 6 February, 2 — 6pm at All Saints**

Afternoon rehearsal at 2pm, will be followed by a Festival Service, 5 – 6pm (with Fr John Pritchard presiding), when the festival pieces will be sung within a framework of well-known hymns and readings.

***The Small Choirs Festivals are ecumenical in nature and, in previous years, church choirs from all the major denominations have been represented.***

One of the special features of the festivals is that participation is not restricted to small choirs only.

Anyone who supports the ideals of the organisation is welcome to join in, whether from a large choir themselves or as a member of the All Saints' congregation.

*So, if anyone from All Saints would like to be part of the festival, just access the website ([www.small-choirs.org.uk/feb2016](http://www.small-choirs.org.uk/feb2016)), see what is being sung, and fill in the online form.*

*Alternatively, ring Philip Norman, on 020 8519 6491 or mob: 07939 064 247 or e-mail: [pkn@pnms.co.uk](mailto:pkn@pnms.co.uk).*

**Even if you are not available to sing,  
do support the concluding festival from 5 — 6pm.**

## **RELIGIOUS TOURISM Part III**

*Fr Bowie writes:*

In a saga that has come to rival Wagner's Ring Cycle (my *homage* to Fr Gaskell, who was still alive when I began writing) I left you at the end of last month's instalment with the slightly sour experience of Lefebvrist Sunday Mass in Flavigny-sur-Ozerain and the promise of a final chapter from Ars-sur-Formans, home of the famed Curé. This proved an entirely sunnier experience.

After a couple of hours' drive on excellent and agreeably under-populated French roads, I parked easily in the little town of Ars, a short walk from the Basilica. This church is more Walsingham-scale than Lourdes. There is also a vast underground church, too brutalist for my taste, probably seating a thousand or

more: it was not open that day and the only sign of life around it was a diligent group of what appeared (by their woggles) to be Catholic Girl Scouts, painstakingly cleaning the entwined spiral staircases by which it is reached. On the earth's surface, however, all was busy devotion. The Basilica is a slightly fantastic building, weirdly extruded from the small parish church which S John Vianney served so diligently. His original church now merges into the new building just past the pulpit; in the side-chapels you may wonder at massive and scary devotional objects from his period (though they are a bit too *shiny* to have appealed to him; it feels as though a certain amount of over-restoration may have occurred). The new bit is over-blown 19<sup>th</sup>-century which, especially on the outside, eccentrically dwarfs the village church and its brick tower. Other sites to visit are the chapel of the *Providence*,



S John Vianney's charitable foundation for poor girls (this was first a school and then an orphanage, but is now a retreat-centre that any Anglican diocese might have constructed; within it you may see a 'miraculous kneading trough' where the dough never ran out under his Elijah-like patronage). There is also the Chapel of the Heart, built in 1930 to house a reliquary containing what it says on the label, extracted from his body (which is prominently displayed in the Basilica) and placed here when Pius XI proclaimed St JV the Patron of all Parish Priests. The heart was on tour (separating the cordial relic from the saintly rib-cage has the additional benefit that it is easier to make a roadshow with a heart-sized reliquary), but I was coming back the following day, so wasn't ultimately disappointed of the opportunity to venerate it. There is also a further focus of devotion (and historical interest): the parochial house, just across an alleyway from the south door of the church, partly preserved as it was when S John lived there and partly housing displays of his various possessions.

Since there was to be Vespers and Benediction at 3.30, I made a 'first visit' to the house (Walsingham phrase) while the coast was clear. One has read of S John's life of mortification and self-denial, which seems to us nearly pathological in some of its detail. Allowing for hagiography, while he was undoubtedly at the (to most of us) irritatingly humble end of sanctity, his behaviour would not have seemed quite so *outré* in his day, at least among priests who took their vocation seriously. If you know any of his biography, S John was neither very well educated, nor very good at anything. But having persevered in the struggle to be ordained, he was from the start a diligent and devoted parish priest

in a place which he barely left, and where, by the end of his life, he was spending most of every day (up to eighteen hours, if the stories are to be believed) in the confessional. He even had a door cut into the south west corner of the church so that penitents could approach the Confessional more easily and discreetly. Although Pope Benedict recently commended him as a model for the clergy in the Year of Priests, many of those who look to him for patronage take a somewhat rose-spectacled view of his rigorous life of self-mortification, which is, if we're honest, not practised by anyone in holy orders in 2015 (which many would think a good thing). But what a powerful effect he had, not just on that previously rather godless little village, but also on thousands, maybe millions, of lives. Whatever his own psychopathology, it is cheering (in the 'there's hope for us all' department) to know that he was of such remarkable use to God.

Walking through his sparsely furnished parochial house certainly adds colour to the famous stories of his diet of mouldy potatoes (when he remembered to eat) and the regular assaults of the devil against his favourite holy picture, which hangs halfway up the stairs. The interior suggests a religious squat. Upstairs the bedroom is cheered, if not quite brightened, by a remarkably large library. Next to that is a staircase leading to an attic where he apparently fled from time to time to escape the 'comforts' of the first floor. Then you come to a museum room, where glass cases display his missal, his cassock, his hat, and, inevitably, some instruments of discipline. Next to that in the guest bedroom (imagine the joy of a spending your holidays with him!) you can see his original coffin — long superseded of

course by the ornate display-case in which he now resides in the basilica. There is certainly some lack of fit between his aspirations of self-abnegation and hidden service for the saving of souls and what is to be found in modern Ars. But the religion, when I got to it, dispelled any lingering doubts.

This was more Walsingham than Margaret Street, but none the worse for that. Above all it was *noisy*. The church was crowded with pilgrims. Even I could understand the many signs urging those who wanted to light votive candles (€5 & €10 — so those boxes really were being emptied daily!) to do so in the chapel of the Heart (to ‘preserve the church interior’). These signs were being ignored with fine Gallic insouciance and there was stiff competition to get one’s candle into the votive stands in the north-side apse directly opposite the mortal remains of the saint. To the west, a brisk trade in confessions occupied the nave of the original church. The rest of us, corralled by smiling nuns, found our way to seats. Most of us had immediately to get up again, having realised we would probably need one of the home-made and unmarked books sitting in boxes and shelves nearby. The liturgy was to be E&B (well, strictly, V&B), not Mass. As a result many people picked up the wrong books and got up a second time to search for the right ones. This, of course, continued to happen throughout the subsequent liturgy. Keith Postance’s team would have sorted it out in a few seconds but our RC friends don’t do sidespersons. So I was soon in the odd situation of attempting to assist exclusively Francophone fellow-congregants (who were clearly unfamiliar with V, let alone B), to find the psalms and canticles. The inevitable singing nun appeared (and a

very good singer she was). Meanwhile, increasingly puzzled pilgrims continued to flock. We were now crowded to point of very unAnglican intimacy, so some knelt behind the front block of chairs. This made subsequent transit hazardous, given the age and mobility of many fellow-pilgrims. Clearly a risk assessment was needed. It did not occur. Quite soon one of the devout French-village-lady clones took a spectacular tumble over the feet of another. Much recrimination followed, eventually subsiding. The requisite imported priest took up his position as figurehead officiant, while the real leader of the service, the singing nun, began to lead us in Gelineau (or perhaps it was son of Gelineau) psalms and canticles.

The crowd in church was by now so great that it was becoming a challenge even to stand. Saint JV lay impassively to the south, a steady stream of pilgrims filing past him and pausing to pray while V proceeded. The characteristically pure and clear French of the songbird-sister soared about the mini-basilica and God was duly glorified. The African priest finally got his big chance when we reached B, and the congregation looked on, mostly in further puzzlement, it seemed to me, as he gave us the Lord’s blessing with the monstrance. Since many of them will be lucky to get a Mass in their village church once a month, I imagine Benediction is a widely-forgotten devotional luxury. We should never forget to be grateful for what we have!

Having completed this part of my own pilgrimage to Ars I made my way to the nearby city of Villefranche-sur-Saône for what I expected to be a deserted Sunday evening. The TripAdvisor community (how the lingo creeps up on one) had

warned me to expect little to eat there on Sunday, and most restaurants were indeed closed. The town, however, was still buzzing with a mile-long market of unsaleable-looking items and fatty food, all of which were being devoured by the locals who, judging by the closed restaurants I later stumbled across, were predominantly Portuguese and Middle Eastern. Having settled myself in a bland but blissfully quiet (and hazard-free) hotel-room, I walked the length of the high street market and spent some time in the beautiful but empty 15<sup>th</sup> century parish church. The contrast with the street outside was distressing, but then no actual worship was on offer, in contrast to the superfluity of worldly distractions outside the church door (there was, though, a disconcerting see-through tabernacle providing Perpetual Exposition by default). Then came the search for dinner, the least successful of my journey.

TripAdvisor was right: Villefranche, despite its size, was a dead loss on a Sunday evening if you aspired to eating. Two exceptions had attracted reasonable reviews and I unerringly chose the wrong one (later comforting myself with the fantasy that the alternative could have been even worse: it looked like a representative of that unique culinary genre, 'French food for foreigners' so I grandly discounted it, having recently been the repeat guest of a native family). Foolishly I fixed on a Thai option, forgetting that (being a native of Sydney, a resident of London and the son of missionary parents who'd worked in China and Hong Kong) I have been spoiled by much previous experience of excellent Asian cooking. My suspicions should have been aroused by the advertised 'Thai / Vietnamese' hybrid on offer. It

turned out to be (spectacularly and vilely) unlike either and to reveal more than a passing acquaintance with a generic Asian wholesale freezer. I extricated myself as quickly as possible and went in search of whisky, and a venue where I could marry cigar and book. This seemed momentarily more promising until, again, I hit the French lack-of-Scotch phenomenon. I eventually settled for the last measure in Villefranche of something alleged to be from the land of (most of my) fathers, under a label unfamiliar to me. In fact it was slightly more than the last as there was a bit more than one measure left in the only Scottish bottle and so, uff!, that was added to my glass. After book, cigar and drink had worked their magic I settled into the most blissfully quiet hotel room in France. The next morning's breakfast in a generic Mercure dining room indicated that I had doubly misjudged the dinner-question: it would probably have been excellent in the hotel.

I'd determined to make a return visit to Ars before going back to my friends in Creuse, with a double purpose. I wanted to go to Mass in Ars, and I wanted to investigate the ecclesiastical emporium of Slabbinck. The Slabbinck chaps are from Bruges, they are very much not-Watts, and they operate in England only through an intermediary, so this was an opportunity to sample them neat. Their only French outlet is now in Ars and (important detail) they were advertising a *sale*.

Having made an initial recce in Slabbinck after parking the car and having been given a gold star by the manager for knowing the time of Mass at the Basilica, I walked there for more excellent modern French worship. It was very like a concelebrated shrine Mass at

Walsingham, even to the French version of ✕Lindsay Urwin, if such a person can be imagined, though his engaging homily differed notably from ✕L in being only ten minutes long. Like ✕L, and despite being in French, it was so simply and clearly delivered that even I could understand it (the Gospel was Luke 9: 46–50— ‘anyone who welcomes a little child like this in my name welcomes me’ and ‘anyone who is not against you is for you’). A little input from the singing nun and much obvious devotion made this as great a highlight as Benedictine Masspers in Flavigny.

Thence back to the Slabbinck treasure-trove to investigate the non-Watts wonders on offer. We live, at ASMS, in a little Watts-approved bubble. It is undoubtedly true that David Gazeley, who incarnates Mr Watts and his Co for the 21<sup>st</sup> century, has an impeccable grasp of fabrics and colour. So much so, and in comparison with the ecclesiastical outfitter-desert that surrounds him, that we are lulled, some days, into believing that this is the sole and narrow gate through which liturgical heaven may be entered. It isn’t (*Signor Barbiconi di Roma can*

provide just one counter-proof) but I am sufficiently browbeaten by the mountain of tasteful fabrics in our sacristy and sanctuary that I judged even a remarkably beautiful rose chasuble at half price to be not a good investment. I am not after an argument: the poet Horace had the right of it — *de gustibus* and all that: but he hadn’t met any Anglo-Catholics. It seems to me that *gustus* is/are (you’ll remember that the singular and plural in the fourth declension are not distinct) precisely where our arguments all too often lead to nuclear fallout.

I did, however, succumb to one sale item, one which would cause my contemporaries at SSH (where we were all scourges of the cassock alb), to run laughing from the sacristy. Having been, by now, to a dozen or so Masses celebrated by priests in that distinctive floppy French alb which I’ve already mentioned, I had to have one, especially at half price and made by Mr Slabbinck whose tailoring I know to be precise and durable. And so it was that a happy pilgrim made his way back to his friends in Creuse sated with food, wine and religion, for now...

**CONFESSIONS AT THE BEGINNING OF LENT  
and ASH WEDNESDAY SERVICES**

Monday 8 February      12 – 1pm and 5 – 6pm  
Tuesday 9 February      12 – 1pm and 5 – 6pm

**ASH WEDNESDAY — 10 February 2016**

Low Mass with Ashing      at 8am  
Confessions                      12 – 1pm  
Low Mass with Ashing      at 1.10pm  
Confessions                      5 – 5.45pm

**HIGH MASS and Imposition of Ashes 6.30pm**

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**SERMON PREACHED BY DR MALCOLM JOHNSON at the  
MORDEN COLLEGE CHAPEL on Friday 20 November for  
THE FUNERAL OF PREBENDARY JOHN GASKELL**

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John Bernard Gaskell was a pattern priest; by which I mean that if young people today are considering ordination they would do well to look at John's priesthood as a pattern for them.

In many ways he resembled one of his famous predecessors at St Alban, Holborn. Fr Mackonochie possessed integrity, steadfastness of faith, pastoral diligence, courage and holiness of life but in Mackonochie's case they were expressed in a way which made him admirable rather than likeable; not much warmth and a degree of sheer bloody mindedness. John, however had warmth and gentleness and was certainly not bloody minded.

John Betjeman considered him the best preacher in the Church of England, saying *'I have never heard better sermons than his. He has the natural melody of language in his words. He is obviously a poet'*. The Archbishop of Canterbury invested him with the Cross of St Augustine and the Bishop of London gave him a prebendal stall.

When I first saw John in 1965 he looked terrifying — taking Evensong at All Saints, Margaret Street, with those well-drilled choirboys. How wrong I was. He became a very close friend of Robert and me and I soon realised that he was a new breed of Anglo Catholic who with Rowan Williams, David Hutt, Victor Stock and Jeffrey John became a leading light in Affirming Catholicism; supporting the ordination of women to the priesthood

and a liberal view on homosexual relationships.

I claim some credit in getting him to St Alban, Holborn, because I went to see Canon Douglas Webster, the patron, and told him that John had all the necessary gifts. And so it turned out because he visited everyone living on the Bourne Estate, took a great interest in the school, opened the Centre and, with Michael Fleming, extended the musical tradition. He became a trainer of curates and a wise incisive and compassionate confessor and spiritual director.

John went to Haberdasher's Aske School where his father said he could be confirmed if he read *On the Origin of Species*. After Jesus College, Oxford, he worked for the Royal Insurance then went to Chichester Theological College where the Principal was the acerbic Cheslyn Jones. John began a sermon *'In a few days we shall be in Lent'* to which Cheslyn replied *'In a few minutes we shall be asleep'*.

The first curacy at St James, Elmers End, (the vicar said that he was the best priest in the deanery) was followed by a curacy at All Saints, Margaret Street, then time at the Grosvenor Chapel with its dukes and dustmen. The move to Holborn came in 1979.

He loved Wagner — hence the music of this service. There is a delicious story of a works outing of Desmond Tillyer and

John from the Grosvenor Chapel to the Coliseum. They were shown into a box which had no chairs and when they leaned over to look at the stage the singers looked horrified. Then the door burst open and the Chorus trooped in to sing.

For seven years John was chaplain to the nuns of St Saviour's Priory and (his words) hugely enjoyed it (mainly because of the meals they gave him). Sister Helen told him that he was *'a breath of fresh air, opening the door to so many new ideas, freedom of thought and expression'*. *'You gave us'*, she said, *'permission to enter the twentieth century — only 75 years late.'*

John gave me strict instructions not to talk about him in this sermon. Sorry John I shall disobey you because your life was a sermon. The more observant of you will have noticed that the coffin came in head first. John is still preaching to us and, as David Hutt said, keeping an eye on the collection.

John, you believed in the person of Jesus as your Lord and Saviour, and you accepted his promise that there is

another life for those who want it. *'I am the Resurrection and the Life, he says, Those who believe in me even though they die will live, and everyone who lives and believes in me will never die'*.

His last few months were painful and difficult, particularly as he had always till then been a fit man — he always had a personal trainer. He described himself to me as like the Matterhorn — difficult but not impossible. I came here to say goodbye but couldn't get much sense out of the hospital staff, although one nurse said *'Don't worry; his wife is with him'*. An interesting development, I thought.

Goodbye, dear John, you were a pattern priest.

Thank you Lord for all the goodness, wisdom and courage which have passed from the life of this your servant into the lives of others. The world is a fairer place because of him. A life's task has been faithfully discharged and we thank you for his compassion, graciousness and generosity.

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**SERMON PREACHED BY FR VICTOR STOCK AT THE  
REQUIEM MASS FOR PREBENDARY JOHN GASKELL  
at ALL SAINTS on Friday 27 November 2015**

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Words from the 19<sup>th</sup> Chapter of St John's Gospel verse 29 *"A jar full of sour wine was standing there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth. When Jesus had received the wine, he said: 'It is finished'."*

life those of us who were in the Infirmary or the Hospital asked if a nurse would moisten John's lips for he couldn't drink any more. The last time I saw him there was a bowl of pieces of sponge on sticks nearby. It was the kind of detail as a noted preacher he would have noticed.

In the last weeks of Father Gaskell's

On the 26<sup>th</sup> May 1994 preaching in the

City, John said:

*“As a young and earnest curate I preached a sermon one day at All Saints’, Margaret Street, and went out into the courtyard afterwards to be nice to the laity. A young man came up to me and said “What a perfectly awful sermon, Father! What were you thinking you were saying?”* Having started so badly, the friendship could only improve! In fact it wasn’t long before we were in a friend’s car on holiday in France, where John drove into a wall — his French was much better than his driving — and then reversed into another wall — things could only improve.

That KCL student is honoured to speak now from this pulpit from which Fr Gaskell so often preached — a preaching ministry begun at St James’, Elmers End — influenced here at Margaret Street by the great Father Kenneth Ross, continuing at the Grosvenor Chapel, where Sir John Betjeman said Fr Gaskell was the best preacher in the Church of England, and reaching its full flowering in the years at St Alban’s, Holborn, (at the Grosvenor Chapel Princess Margaret asked for less incense — John took no notice). But he was sought for also in Australia and America and at ordinations and festivals and retreats wherever intelligent preaching was required.

The other ministry begun and almost ended here (some of us still as A.N. Wilson said made the Hajj to Morden) was in the Confessional. Over 50 years this student, university chaplain, incumbent and Dean went to Fr Gaskell and never got up from his knees discouraged. *“Be kind to them”* said Kenneth Ross — and

John was more than kind. He listened — he got things into proportion — he thought theologically — he knew what didn’t matter — he knew what did matter. He taught us not to take ourselves so seriously — he made God real.

In many ways John was a conventional man. Stanmore — father a dentist — both parents unbelievers, disappointed that he left the City for the Church (I buried them both), Haberdashers School, Oxford, Rowing, Army, Insurance then the family disappointment — Chichester Theological College under Cheslyn Jones and Ordination. His hinterland was Proust and Wagner and the Gym. He approached human sexuality (that’s Episcopal speak for being Gay) and the divisions over the ordination of women with an honest and sometimes costly realism. He lost friends in the lace gin and backbiting presbyteries of the C of E. He was never bitter enough. He laughed too much. Oh that there were time to tell of having him to stay at Guildford for Christmas and going to Dinner with Dame Penelope Keith or the years of friendship with Michael Ramsey or failing to get him to hang his pictures at Morden College.

A lot of a priests’ life is near the cry of dereliction in St Mark’s Passion Narrative “My God, my God why have you forsaken me?” But our faith is that behind and beyond the terrible realism lies the astonishing triumph of St John — “it is finished” — accomplished — or as Professor Hinchciffe at Balliol translated it: “The Goal is scored”. So many memories tonight from a conversation long ago in Florence where John explained Wagner to me and his surprised

pleasure that I came to see the Wounded Hero in Parsifal as the wounded surgeon who alone can bring us healing because it costs so much. John was a good and in some ways a great priest and it is finished — the goal is scored. If you listen carefully I think you can hear cheering on the other side as this old priest gets to the finishing post. Or as John's hero Michael Ramsey put it of St John — "Good Friday is not a failure that needs Easter to reverse it — but rather a Victory so signal that it comes quickly to seal it".

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## 100 YEARS AGO

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*Last month we heard about the festival collection for Russian prisoners of war. This month, Mr Ian Malcolm MP, one of the Churchwardens, wrote a letter from Russia which he was visiting on behalf of the Red Cross.*

*He sailed from Newcastle to Bergen on October 6<sup>th</sup>, then by stages to Stockholm. After a 24 hour rest in the royal palace, an arduous and roundabout route by train and ferry, to avoid mined sea lanes, brought him to Petrograd at midnight on 13<sup>th</sup>.*

*I have chosen extracts from a long account of his visit he sent from there.*

"Petrograd, like London, does not give the impression of a capital at war. Indeed, the only outward sign is the presence of large masses of recruits drilling... in every square and street... But at night the streets are splendidly lighted; the opera and the ballet and the theatres go on as usual, and are well-patronized. On the other side of the picture, however, is the fact that there

are 600 hospitals here with 40,000 beds for the wounded; the Red Cross flag seems to be flying everywhere.

"Many of these hospitals, large and small, I have visited since I arrived, and the stores, depots and hospital trains, and various departments of administration. Lady Sybil Grey (*a cousin of the foreign secretary Sir Edward Grey. Not content with turning her own home, Howick Hall in Northumberland, into a hospital, she was in Petrograd to transform the Dmitri Palace into one too*) and I, the only foreigner present, attended the opening of the Czar's hospital in the Winter Palace, a brilliant ceremony in which both the Empresses took part. I have also seen the departure of German crippled prisoners for home — very well and happy they looked, and they said they were well content with their treatment in Russia — and the arrival of a trainload of Russian cripples from Germany, a pathetic and stirring sight that I shall never forget."

*Mr Malcolm then embarked on a tour of Russia to see other Red Cross activities. "...that I might achieve my purpose with the maximum of ease, I was allowed to wear the uniform and insignia of a Prokovnik (...a sort of Brigadier-General).*

"The first striking thing was the welter of humanity striving and struggling to come or to go, in the immense entrance hall of the Nicolaevsky Station: ... soldiers and sailors and merchants, pilgrims and refugees, Sisters of Mercy, old men and women and toddling infants, all pushing about in the half-gloom of that enormous vestibule, at either end of which stood, brilliantly lighted, a golden



ikon before which burned candles and tapers innumerable, whilst crowds were gathered in front of each, saying prayers of thanksgiving for a safe return or of intercession for a prosperous journey. Imagine such a scene at Paddington or Waterloo!”

*A long journey, via Moscow, to Kiev, was made longer by a five hour delay to allow a group of troop trains through and one of two hours for the Imperial train. Malcolm spent five days visiting Red Cross hospitals and then extended his stay when he was invited to attend the funeral of the Metropolitan of Kiev.*

“This... permitted me to assist at one of the most wonderful Church functions that I have ever seen. It took place in the Monastery of St Anthony, which on account of its very ancient foundation and extreme sanctity, is given the more-venerated title of ‘Lavra’. The monastery is surrounded by a high white wall, enclosing perhaps 300 acres of land, and containing three large churches, lodging for a thousand monks, quadrangles, and refectories for pilgrims, a hospital, a school, and some famous catacombs. It is built on a hill overlooking the Dnieper, and is a small town in itself. The funeral was in the central church, a large dark basilica entirely covered with frescos of scriptural scenes and figures. In this sombre setting I saw, as I passed in through the western door, a sight of surpassing beauty. The church was lighted entirely by candles; in the centre of the nave stood a big catafalque of silver cloth, upon which lay the body of the deceased prelate covered with a golden pall and his own purple robe of office. Upon his breast lay his jeweled insignia and orders, and standing close to the bier,

on either side, were long-haired and dark-bearded deacons, in white vestments, and children for acolytes. Then, in a sweeping semi-circle outside these stood a crescent of some twenty archbishops and bishops from all parts of Russia, wearing long robes of cloth of silver with jewelled scarves and stoles, and upon their heads domed mitres of silver, studded with priceless miniatures and precious stones. Across this sea of dazzling silver one’s eye was drawn to the high golden iconostasis — blazing with candle-light, and, through its open central doors, to the tiny altar gleaming like a diamond in the distance. By the courtesy of the Archbishop, I was allowed to stand by the Governor-General, and there one saw the marvellous processions and heard the unrivaled singing to perfection.”

*After a visit to the Black Sea port of Odessa to see hospital ships, he travelled north to a wintry Moscow, which he had last visited twenty years earlier when he was attached to the British Embassy for the coronation of the Czar.*

“And what a contrast between those days and these! Then it was brilliant summer weather, and now it was the depth of winter; then all was wealth and pageantry and joy; now anxiety and pain.”

*Five long days were spent visiting hospitals and other Red Cross institutions.*

“Wherever I went, I saw and heard of the incalculable benefit wrought among the people by the suppression of the sale of vodka — a crude sort of brandy, and hitherto the bane of Russia. Homes were happier, men and women more thrifty, and there were already evidences of improved health throughout the country.”

*Vodka has once again become the bane of Russian life, causing huge numbers of premature deaths and reducing average life expectancy.*

“Another scene to close my letter. I crossed the ice-bound river, looking back upon the snow-clad Kremlin with its palaces and turrets and steeples rising above the historic walls; I have behind me the stately churches and their clusters of burnished domes and cupolas, gleaming golden beneath a pale blue winter sky. I drive towards the confines of the city and down a quiet street to the Convent of Martha and Mary. The Mother Superior is the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, sister of the reigning Empress of Russia, and widow of the assassinated Grand Duke Sergei. Within the white walls that encircle her community stand a school, a convent and a beautiful modern church. In this great House of Mercy reside a number of nuns whose duties are founded on the idea of the Little Sisters of the Poor... They work in the slum and guide and direct... the excellent philanthropic works over which the Grand Duchess presides. I am shown into the sitting room, decorated with bright chintzes and holy pictures innumerable hang upon the pure white walls. Quietly there enters a tall, sad figure in the habit of a nun... One could hear by the tone of her voice how deeply she loves her life, and how intensely she follows the fortunes of all the charities which she has founded. Statistics, figures, facts; she has them all by heart and talks most interestingly of the present and hopefully of the future. But what strikes more is the spirit of peace that pervades these precincts, emanating from the great heart of one whose life is consecrated to works of love and worship.

And, when I leave that rare atmosphere of self-sacrifice and devotion, I am not surprised to learn... that in spite of cruel suggestions and baseless insinuations founded upon the fact of her German birth (though her royal mother was a daughter of Queen Victoria), the perfect example and the beautiful works of the Grand Duchess have won her the heart and the devotion of the city of Moscow.”

*Princess Elizabeth of Hesse had been brought up as a devout Lutheran but joined the Orthodox Church after her marriage. She visited her husband's murderer in prison, forgave him and pleaded unsuccessfully with the Czar for his life. Earlier, she had warned her husband that his cruel expulsion of 20,000 Jews from Moscow with little notice was a cruel act which would have evil consequences.*

“I have now returned to Petrograd, have been granted farewell audiences by the Emperor and both Empresses, and propose leaving for England on Sunday next. I take this opportunity of wishing you one and all a Happy Christmas and a New Year that shall be freed from all the terrible anxieties for the future happiness of our country and of our brave defenders in all parts of the world by land and sea.”

*What Malcolm could not know was that the war would drag on for three more years. Its consequences would include the overthrow of the Czar. Russia and its Church would be plunged into the horrors of civil war and Stalin's Terror.*

*Among the countless victims, was the Grand Duchess who was arrested by the Bolsheviks in 1918. With other members*

of the Imperial family and one of her fellow-nuns, she was murdered by being thrown down an abandoned mine shaft. Her body was found by White Russian troops and taken to Jerusalem to be buried in the Russian church of St Mary Magdalene on the Mount of Olives. She was canonised by the Russian Orthodox Church outside Russia in 1982 and by the Moscow Patriarchate in 1992. After the end of communism, her body was returned to Russia. She is commemorated as one of the 20<sup>th</sup> century martyrs on the west front of Westminster abbey and in the new statues in St Alban's Abbey of which the Archdeacon of St Alban's spoke in his sermon at Evensong on All Saints' Day. She was born on All Saints' Day, 1864.

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## SUNDAYS AND SOLEMNITIES MUSIC AND READINGS

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### ● SUNDAY 3 JANUARY SECOND SUNDAY OF CHRISTMAS

#### HIGH MASS at 11am

*Entrance Hymn:* 33 (omit \*); v 7 Descant  
— Willcocks

*Introit:* *Dum medium silentium*  
*Setting:* Missa Aeterna Christi  
munera — Palestrina

*Psalm:* 147

*Lessons:* Jeremiah 31: 7 - 14  
Ephesians 1: 3 - 14

*Hymn:* 23 (This Endris nyght)

*Gospel:* John 1: 10 - 18

*Preacher:* The Vicar,  
Prebendary Alan Moses

*Creed:* Credo III

*Offertory Motet:* Gaudete! Christus est  
natus — anon

*Hymns:* 387, 295, 465

*Voluntary:* In Dir ist Freude, BWV 615  
— Bach

### CHORAL EVENSONG & BENEDICTION at 6pm

*Psalm:* 135: 1 - 14

*Lessons:* 1 Samuel 1: 20 - end  
1 John 4: 7 - 16

*Office Hymn:* 19 (Veni redemptor)

*Canticles:* Magnificat sexti toni  
— Victoria;  
Nunc Dimittis tertii toni  
— attrib Palestrina

*Anthem:* Regina cœli — Whyte

*Preacher:* Father Julian Browning

*Hymn:* 37

*O Salutaris:* Josquin des Prez

*Hymn:* 38

*Tantum ergo:* Bergamo

*Voluntary:* Christum wir sollen loben  
schon — Walther

### WEDNESDAY 6 JANUARY EPIPHANY

#### HIGH MASS at 6.30pm

*Entrance Hymn:* 50

*Introit:* *Ecce advenit*

*Setting:* Missa Brevis in B flat,  
K 275 — Mozart

*Psalm:* 72: 10 - 15

*Lessons:* Isaiah 60: 1 - 6  
Ephesians 3: 1 - 12

*Hymn:* 49 (ii)

*Gospel:* Matthew 2: 1 - 12

*Preacher:* The Rt Revd Martin Seeley,  
Bishop of St Edmundsbury  
and Ipswich

*Creed:* Marbeck

*Offertory Motet:* The Three Kings  
— Cornelius, arr Atkins  
*Hymns:* 48, 52, 47 (v 5 Descant  
— Willcocks)  
*Voluntary:* Dieu parmi nous  
— Messiaen

## ● SUNDAY 10 JANUARY

### THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST

First Sunday after Epiphany

#### HIGH MASS at 11am

*Entrance Hymn:* 55  
*Introit:* *In excelso throno*  
*Setting:* Missa Euge Bone — Tye  
Kyrie — Missa de Angelis  
*Psalm:* 29  
*Lessons:* Isaiah 43: 1 - 7  
Acts 8: 14 - 17  
*Hymn:* 58  
*Gospel:* Luke 3: 15 - 17, 21 - 22  
*Preacher:* The Vicar,  
Prebendary Alan Moses  
*Creed:* Tye  
*Offertory Motet:* Verbum caro factum est  
à 6 — Hassler  
*Hymns:* 57, 294, 56  
*Voluntary:* Echo Fantasia — Sweelinck

#### EPIPHANY CAROL

#### SERVICE at 6pm

*A service of Readings and Music  
byandleight for Epiphany with the  
Choir of All Saints*

## ● SUNDAY 17 JANUARY SECOND SUNDAY OF EPIPHANY

#### HIGH MASS at 11am

*Entrance Hymn:* 433 (v 6 Descant  
— Caplin)

*Introit:* *Omnis terra*  
*Setting:* Missa Brevis — Ives  
*Psalm:* 36  
*Lessons:* Isaiah 62: 1 - 5  
1 Corinthians 12: 1 - 11  
*Hymn:* 481 (Tunbridge)  
*Gospel:* John 2: 1 - 11  
*Preacher:* Fr Daniel Dries, Rector of  
Christ Church St Laurence,  
Sydney  
*Creed:* Credo II  
*Offertory Motet:* Tribus miraculis  
— Marenzio  
*Hymns:* 302, 431, 271  
*Voluntary:* Siciliano for a High  
Ceremony — Howells

#### CHORAL EVENSONG & BENEDICTION at 6pm

*Psalm:* 96  
*Lessons:* 1 Samuel 3: 1 - 20  
Ephesians 4: 1 - 16  
*Office Hymn:* 46 (Veni Redemptor)  
*Canticles:* Service in B minor — Noble  
*Anthem:* Wie schön leuchtet der  
Morgenstern — Prætorius  
*Preacher:* Fr Barry Orford  
*Hymn:* 353  
*O Salutaris:* Washington  
*Hymn:* 51  
*Tantum ergo:* Andriessen  
*Voluntary:* Offertorium — Andriessen

● **SUNDAY 24 JANUARY**  
**THIRD SUNDAY**  
**OF EPIPHANY**

**HIGH MASS at 11am**

*Entrance Hymn:* 415 (ii)

*Introit:* *Scio cui credidi*

*Setting:* Missa ‘simile est regnum  
 cælorum’ — Guerrero

*Psalm:* 19

*Lessons:* Nehemiah 8: 1 - 3, 5 - 6, 8 - 10  
 1 Corinthians 12: 12 - 31a

*Hymn:* 407

*Gospel:* Luke 4: 14 - 21

*Preacher:* Fr Julian Browning

*Creed:* Credo IV

*Offertory Motet:* Lo, star-led chiefs  
 — Crotch

*Hymns:* 200, 513, 388 (i)

*Voluntary:* Prelude in C minor  
 — Mendelssohn

**CHORAL EVENSONG**  
**& BENEDICTION at 6pm**  
**First Evensong of the Conversion**  
**of St Paul**

*Psalm:* 149

*Lessons:* Isaiah 49: 1 - 3  
 Acts 22: 3 - 16

*Office Hymn:* 154 (Splendor cœlestis)

*Canticles:* St Paul’s Service — Howells

*Anthem:* How lovely are the messengers  
 (from ‘St Paul’)  
 — Mendelssohn

*Preacher:* The Vicar,  
 Prebendary Alan Moses

*Hymn:* 155

*O Salutaris:* Brama (No 1)

*Hymn:* 284

*Tantum ergo:* Brama (No 1)

*Voluntary:* Gott hat das Evangelium  
 — Moore

● **SUNDAY 31 JANUARY**  
**THE FOURTH SUNDAY**  
**OF EPIPHANY**

**HIGH MASS at 11am**

*Entrance Hymn:* 381

*Introit:* *Salvos nos fac, Domine*  
*Deus noster*

*Setting:* Missa Brevior — Sherwood

*Psalm:* 48

*Lessons:* Ezekiel 43: 27 - 44: 4  
 1 Corinthians 13

*Hymn:* 367

*Gospel:* Luke 2: 22 - 40

*Preacher:* Fr Barry Orford

*Creed:* Credo III

*Offertory Motet:* Dies sanctificatus  
 — Byrd

*Hymns:* 206, 410, 408

*Voluntary:* Les enfants de Dieu  
 — Messiaen

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

*Psalm:* 34

*Lessons:* 1 Chronicles 29: 6 - 19  
 Acts 7: 44 - 50

*Office Hymn:* 54

*Canticles:* Service in G (upper voices)  
 — Sumsion

*Anthem:* O viridissima virga  
 — Hildegard of Bingen

*Preacher:* Fr Julian Browning

*Hymn:* 336

*O Salutaris:* Liszt

*Hymn:* 292

*Tantum ergo:* Liszt

*Voluntary:* VIII (from ‘A Little Organ  
 Book in Memory of Sir  
 Hubert Parry’) — Darke

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

## ALL SAINTS FOUNDATION

The Foundation 's Purpose is to assist the parish in the maintenance and restoration of our Grade 1 listed building. The trustees are able to expend both capital and income to this end.

The Administrator of the Foundation is **Damon Brash**. He can be contacted through the Parish Office if you would like more information about making a donation or a bequest.

The Foundation 's Charity Number is: 273390.

## CHOIR AND MUSIC TRUST

The Trust 's purpose is to support the music of All Saints. It makes grants to the PCC to assist with the costs of the choir. At the moment, these meet just over half of the music budget each year.

The Trust 's capital cannot be spent, only the income.

The Administrator of the Trust is **Geoffrey Woodcock**. He can be contacted through the Parish Office if you would like further information about how to make a donation or bequest.

The Choir and Music Trust 's Charity Number is: 802994

## FRIENDS OF ALL SAINTS

The Friends of All Saints is a fellowship of people who have some connection with All Saints: former or occasional worshippers. It enables them to support our work through prayer and giving. The Friends are prayed for on a rota each day at Morning Prayer, and on the second Wednesday of the month the Friends ' Candle burns in church and they are prayed for at Mass.

Please contact **Dee Prior** in the Parish Office in relation to Friends ' matters.

## MISSION PROJECTS

We support:

The work of **US** (formerly USPG) with the Church in Zimbabwe among people affected by HIV-AIDS;

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

**The West London Day Centre** for the homeless.

**Janet Drake** chairs our Mission Committee and she can be contacted through the Parish Office.

## 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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The Revd Gerald Beauchamp

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The Revd Julian Browning

020 7286 6034

### **Parish Administrator:**

Dee Prior

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### **PCC Secretary:**

John McWhinney

asms.pccsecretary@outlook.com.

Phone messages to the Parish Office

### **Hon Treasurer:**

Patrick Hartley

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### **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 JANUARY 2016

1	<b>THE NAMING AND CIRCUMCISION OF JESUS</b>	Peace
2	Basil the Great and Gregory Nazianzus, Bps and Teachers, 379, 389	The Orthodox Churches
3	✠ <b>CHRISTMAS 2</b>	<b>Our parish and people</b>
4		Church Schools
5		Thanksgiving for the Incarnation
6	<b>THE EPIPHANY</b>	Thanksgiving for the Manifestation of Christ to the Nations
7		Unity
8		Those in need
9		Universities and Colleges
10	✠ <b>THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST Epiphany 1</b>	<b>Our parish and people</b>
11	<i>Mary Slessor, Missionary in West Africa, 1915</i>	Missionaries
12	Aelred of Hexham, Abbot of Rievaulx, 1167	Monastic Communities
13	Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, Teacher, 367	Friends of All Saints
14		Unity
15		Those in need
16		Hospitals
17	✠ <b>EPIPHANY 2</b>	<b>Our parish and people</b>
18	Week of Prayer for Christian Unity begins	Unity
19	Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, 1095	Unity
20		Churches Together in Westminster
21	Agnes, Child-martyr at Rome, 304	Persecuted Christians
22	<i>Vincent of Sarragossa, Deacon, First Martyr of Spain</i>	Those in need
23		Unity
24	✠ <b>EPIPHANY 3</b>	<b>Our parish and people</b>
25	<b>THE CONVERSION OF ST PAUL</b>	St Paul's Cathedral
26	Timothy and Titus, Companions of St Paul	Bishops
27		Prisons
28	Thomas Aquinas, Priest and Teacher, 1274	Theologians
29		Those in need
30	Charles, King & Martyr	The Queen and Parliament
31	✠ <b>EPIPHANY 4</b>	<b>Our parish and people</b>

