



All Saints Parish Paper

7, MARGARET STREET, LONDON W1W 8JG
www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.co.uk

JULY 2016

£1.00

ASSISTANT PRIEST'S LETTER

Seven years ago — a good biblical opening — Fr Alan was on the Road to Santiago. This was one ‘Road to’ movie Bing Crosby and Bob Hope didn’t make (a pity: Bing Crosby in a *soutane* singing plainchant Vespers while Bob Hope wrestled with the *Botafumeiro* would have ticked a few boxes for me). Now, after this properly sabbatical interval, he’s at it again from the opposite direction. We all applaud his dedication as we pity his feet. As one who enjoys walking in a non-masochistic sort of way I am in awe of the whole enterprise. Many thanks to those who have sponsored him to raise funds for the Bishop of London’s Appeal in aid of persecuted Christians and refugees from the conflicts in Iraq and Syria; keep those sponsorships coming (see note on page 5 for how to do it). There is an update from him below.

Looking at Fr Gerald’s letter to you in the October 2009 *Parish Paper* during the Vicar’s last pilgrimage, I notice that Fr Alan records encountering ‘Olympic level snoring’: I am tempted to remark that he needn’t have gone so far to experience that. Our increasing band of regular sleepers in ASMS is giving us plenty of experience of it. We all know that the number of rough sleepers in London is increasing rapidly. Naturally, whenever the weather



*Blessed with a rare fine evening,
All Saints processed around the Parish
for Corpus Christi 2016*

(Photo: Andrew Prior)

gets colder and wetter more people take refuge in church. It is also natural for us to be uncertain how to engage with this challenge, but it seemed to me time to attempt something less *ad hoc*. There have been some mornings, and indeed whole days, in the last few months when there's been an uneasy lack of communication between these regular visitors and ourselves and also some (reasonable)

frustration from priests and congregants about noise and other disruptions to the building. Yet everyone I've spoken to is also clear that we would be wrong to eject people who are seeking refuge in our church building, however connected with, or disconnected from, Christianity they may be.

The aim was to find a way of gently managing their presence so that no one need be upset, while also finding out more about these (mostly) men. So, after some conversations with churchwardens and with Martin Woolley, who opens the courtyard every morning and helps to keep everything looking neat, we've begun by slightly altering our morning routine. One problem was that the courtyard (which was open before the church) had become a noisy and messy gathering place before the morning's sleeping in church began. Martin and I agreed that we would open the gates and the church simultaneously at 7am. I would then sit outside and greet each of the men as they arrived and, at least, ask them to sit up in the chairs until after Mass, not to sleep in the confessional on the north wall, and also to confine their sleeping after 8.30am to the western end of the nave. This has been working well so far. Each encounter I've had has been courteously received by the men and they have all done as they were asked without argument. It is clear that they are grateful to be allowed to sleep in church; from the limited conversations I've had it seems that some at least are employed on night-shifts and have, for various reasons become homeless. The Mission Committee and I have also agreed that a couple of us will visit the Jesus Army fairly soon to share information and establish exactly what is offered to them across the street.

We are also trying to wake them up during the 13.10 Mass, so that they are properly aware of how their presence impacts on our use of the building and we can avoid 'Olympic snoring' during that half hour. In the evenings I am asking them to get up and leave before Evening Prayer for similar reasons (at the end of the day it also feels safer for me and Kate, our Sacristan, if we do this in an unhurried and gentle way when there are other people around). A couple of people have suggested to me that their presence is off-putting to our many visitors, but the contrary seems to be the case: both Martin and I have observed visitors comfortably sharing the space with them and some comments in the visitors book indicate that people are pleased that we allow them to sleep in church.

I know this situation is confronting for some of us, and it may be good to have a PCC conversation about it after our new approach has been tried for a few weeks. But so far this feels like progress. We have no means of policing any more radical intervention and I believe we wouldn't want to be tougher than this in any case. But do let me know if you view the matter differently or have other suggestions about how to engage with it. Touchingly, on the day I write, one of the men moved slowly forward during the 8am Mass and took communion, later asking if he could talk to a priest soon. I hope we might build some relationships with these visitors as well as honestly acknowledging and addressing any problems that arise.

Yours in Christ,

Michael Bowie

ANNOUNCEMENTS and NEWS of ALL SAINTS' PEOPLE

RIP

Yvonne Harland's Funeral Requiem is at All Saints on Thursday 30 June at 6.30pm.

Sir Nicholas John Harington (1942 – 2016), 14th Baronet of the Harington Baronetcy of Ridlington in the county of Rutland — a title in the Baronetage of England created in 1611 — and former Sidesman at All Saints, died after a short illness on 30 May. His Funeral took place at the Harington family's parish church of St John the Baptist, Whitbourne, on Monday 13 June at 11.30am.

FORMER ALL SAINTS MUSICIANS' NEWS

Henry (former All Saints' Associate Director of Music) and **Rachael Parkes** (former soprano deputy), who left London after their marriage for Henry's new job at Yale University in the USA, are thrilled to introduce



GEORGE BARTHOLOMEW PARKES who was born at 11am, Monday 30 May, weighing 8lb 12oz. Mum (mom) and baby are happy and healthy, and thank you for your kind wishes and support. They look forward to introducing him to you!

Amy Moore, All Saints soprano for many years, married husband Ari Weisz-Koves at All Saints in the summer of 2014. She recently made a return visit to the UK, meeting up with former fellow choir members for lunch. Amy and Ari have

settled well in Sydney (Ari being from Australia) where he has just begun a new IT-based job. We wish them well in their new life there.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PICNIC LUNCH

Thank you to everyone who contributed to the success of the All Saints Jubilee chicken and trifle lunch on Sunday 12 June in honour of the Queen's official 90th Birthday. The redoubtable Entertainments Committee overcame the somewhat damp weather to deliver a bunting decked courtyard and a festive picnic lunch spread between tables in both a cosily crowded bar and dining room. An appreciative email arrived in the Parish Office:

Dear Dee, I very much enjoyed the 'picnic' lunch on Sunday to celebrate the Queen's birthday. Very many thanks to everyone involved and please pass on my thanks to Chris for the organisation and to the 'Chef' who provided not only a tasty but plentiful Jubilee Chicken dish — also to all the helpers.

I had just returned from three week's holiday in the US and it was very pleasant to be able to catch up with the All Saints' news and to hear more about Father Alan's intrepid journey to Santiago de Compostela, over a leisurely lunch.

With best wishes, Rosamond Clayton

Joy Blacklock was another welcome occasional visitor this particular Sunday, having donated the flowers in Church in memory of her husband Barry [for whom there is a memorial bench in the church courtyard] on his birthday. And a number of other visitors were able to join in the picnic with a goodly number of regular members of the congregation including servers, choir

and sidespeople.

The raffle during the Picnic lunch raised £335 for the relief of persecuted Christians in Iraq and Syria via the Diocesan Lent Appeal. ***And there are three bottles of wine remaining to be collected from the Parish Office, if you are the holder of raffle ticket numbers: 41, 50 or 182.***

ALL SAINTS IN LONELY PLANET GREAT BRITAIN GUIDE

We were contacted this week to verify our seven day, 7am - 7pm opening times and approve the draft entry as follows:

All Saints, 7 Margaret St, W1
www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk

From 1849 - 1895, architect William Butterfield fashioned one of the country's most supreme examples of High Victorian Gothic architecture, enclosing an interior of lavish ornamentation, extraordinary nave tiling and sumptuous stained glass. The breathtakingly beautiful church was selected by the head of English Heritage in 2014 as one of the top 10 buildings in the UK that have changed the face of the nation.

Let's see how many more visitors that will bring in!

PROCESSIONS AND PILGRIMAGES

The imagery of procession and pilgrimage has become a cliché in describing the Christian life: everything, if we're not careful, seems to be described as a 'journey'. I get sick of saying it, so you must certainly be sick of hearing it. But sometimes things become over-familiar for good reasons.

This particular iconography of our lives

in Christ is an unsurprising response to the lack of fit most of us feel with literalist, fundamentalist or overly simplistic propositional religion. It allows us to understand our life of faith as exactly that, a life: also, therefore, a life's endeavour. There is ample support for this in the Gospels and in the Incarnation itself, which was a life lived and given, rather than a set of rules imparted. But this is certainly a more demanding version of faith than the sharp lines and neat boxes of belief (using that word for the moment in the sense of intellectual assent to propositions, in contradistinction to *faith*).

The importance of processional and pilgrim travelling seems to me twofold. It signals growth: we change, even if only imperceptibly, as we move. And, in small ways it can also bear witness to what must never be a purely private belief (again, in contradistinction to *faith*, which only comes to life in community).

Large pilgrim journeys such as Father Alan is undertaking have a long pedigree in Christian history (and that of other faiths): intentionally 'Christianising' a journey (perhaps most famously documented in English by Chaucer) is intended also to Christianise our whole lives. On this pilgrimage, Fr Alan is in frequent touch with us by email even as he walks an ancient pilgrim route, which helps us to relate it to the life of this community.

Small pilgrim journeys, the smallest of which is the entrance procession at High Mass, remind us that we embark upon worship in the same intentional way, with a sense of destination and engagement in what we are doing. We don't begin Mass by all sitting down together for a while before the priest starts to speak. We walk ceremonially to greet Christ at the Altar and do other

things that indicate the particular liturgical character of this activity of worship.

There is an element of witness even in these small journeys, but there is a more obvious one in our Palm Sunday Procession, Corpus Christi Procession and, soon, our Assumption procession. We may also go on pilgrimage using other means of transport, as some of us will before Assumption, to Walsingham (the annual Parish Pilgrimage to the Shrine of our Lady of Walsingham takes place from Friday 15 – Monday 18 July). The fact of the journey, and what we do when we get there, still replicates the elements of more ancient walking pilgrimages.

This is a reminder that so much of what we do in church recalls for us (and in a sense transports us into) the events of another time and place. These processions and pilgrimages make explicit that we are connected across time and geography with all those who have been baptized into the death and resurrection of Christ, that we are ‘strangers and pilgrims’ with no earthly homeland, seeking always the kingdom of God. There is a proper restlessness as well as a proper peace to be experienced in Christian life, of which our worship is rightly emblematic.

This year’s Palm Sunday and Corpus Christi processions both, in very different ways, affirmed this truth and bore witness to others of why we gather at ASMS. On both occasions a few people even joined in the worship of those days as a result of the procession. On the Feast of the Assumption (15 August) we shall, for only the second time, take a statue of Our Lady in procession on the same route that we walk for Corpus Christi. Last year this happened on a Saturday at lunchtime. This year it will be a Monday evening: possibly a less busy

time of the week than Corpus Christi, which always falls on a Thursday.

That makes it all the more important that we make an effort to be part of the procession this year, and invite our friends to join us. It is as enjoyable as all such group activities can be, but it is also a vital witness in a very commercial environment that deeper and, to some, surprising values compel us to join together in worship.

Please put Monday 15 August 2016 at 6.30pm in your diary and bring friends to join us in the procession and High Mass to honour Our Lady and bear witness to our faith. **MB**

PILGRIM’S PROGRESS...

Fr Alan is undertaking a fundraising walking pilgrimage of 1000km in 40 days on behalf of Christians in Iraq and Syria. All money raised will go to Aid the Church in Need and Open Doors who are working to meet the desperate needs of people in this part of the world. (This is part of the Diocese of London Lent Appeal 2016 set up to support our persecuted brothers and sisters.)

At the time of writing, pledges amount to approximately £10,000 towards the target of £20,000 (including applicable Gift Aid). Sponsorship information is available in church or online at: <https://my.give.net/alanspilgrimage>.

Thank you for your support.

Fr Alan emails us from the Camino Pilgrim trail:

I am writing this at about one third of the way. By the time you read it, I should have only one third of the way to go.

I’m staying overnight in Caceres, a historic city surrounded by a modern one.

There have been a few of these but mostly we have been staying in small towns and villages. In Andalusia and Extramadura, these are often far apart, so food and water has to be carried.

Pilgrimage and tourism, I find, do not mix well: one is too tiring for the other. It is possible to appreciate the beauties of nature and changing landscapes as we pass along; to appreciate buildings (although churches are mostly locked); and to enjoy both along with local life sitting in village squares for an evening meal. One treat was walking alongside a round-up of cattle and horses in the hills: all accompanied by the constant music of the bells many wear. A more spiritual one was coming across a village Corpus Christi Procession on a Sunday evening.

There is also the companionship of other pilgrims: many fewer than on the Camino Frances in the north. Most of us are older rather than younger. Javier, a swimming instructor from Vigo, is the baby of the group at 39. The cyclists we see only briefly as they speed past us; walkers we pass and repass and meet up with again at the same Pilgrim Albergues in which we stay. Many of these are quite comfortable. My most important piece of equipment is the set of wax earplugs which Theresa gave me: snoring is the curse of the Camino.

A walking pilgrimage is hard work, especially in the heat of Spain. A cooling breeze or some shade to rest in is always welcome.

There is a routine on arriving at an Albergue: booking in, having ones Pilgrim Passport stamped with a Sello, finding a bed (preferably not a top bunk), having a shower, doing the laundry, having a siesta.

I have been very grateful for the kindness of strangers who have helped me with feet beset by blisters. Their aid has been vital in helping me carry on.



The Blisters' Statue, Merida

Fr Sean who I am walking with is concerned to lose a lot of pounds in weight. I, on the other hand, am hoping to raise lots of pounds for the Diocese of London's work for persecuted Christians in the Middle East. So it is cheering to receive notification of Give.Net payments and messages from family and friends.

Modern communications mean that even in remote places, we are in touch with the wider world and with friends.

Some news is good and others bad. To mark the Queen's birthday celebrations, I proposed a toast at our evening meal. Football violence in France and the horrific massacre to the gay club in Orlando (a place most of us associate with Disneyworld) cast a pall.

Unique among the places we stayed was a religious house in Alcuéscar. The Servants of Mary and the Poor run a residential care home for people with

physical and mental disabilities. Some of us went to the Vigil Mass in the home's chapel on Saturday evening. At the end of Mass, the priest gave a special blessing to the pilgrims present, linking our journey with Abraham's to the Promised Land. There we were able to set off the next morning with people whose lives are circumscribed by the confines of that place. Yet we are all God's children seeking a home. *AM*

PROGRESS without PILGRIMAGE

Some of you will know that I abhor the celebration of the alleged New Year. My former Assistant Priest (who is apposite to what follows) used to refer to it as a 'random numerical change' and I concur. Moreover, is not the true New Year celebrated on Advent Sunday? Or failing that, Lady Day ('give us our eleven days' I hear you cry, with various Old Calendrists from March/April 1752)? The Chancellor and the tax man still think so, if no-one else remembers.

So it was that I determined, after an unusually long absence, to set off on a different sort of pilgrimage from that with which I wearied you last year, a journey 'home', on New Year's Eve, on the basis that I'd be 35,000 feet above India at the crucial moment and the people around me would all be asleep. Unlike most plans in life, this one worked well.

I began my journey like David dancing before the Lord, leaping over the two homeless people sleeping in my porch (well, actually, hauling my three pieces of luggage over their loudly snoring forms). This achieved, I boarded trusty Addison Lee for Paddington to take the Heathrow Express. I cannot Travel Light (stop me if I've told you this before), so having

calculated the variously-inconsistent baggage allowances for the different flights I was taking within and without the Great South Land, I had three largish pieces, which proved a bit challenging for one pair of priestly arms. Still, once you've got from Heathrow Express to Bag-Drop most of that is behind you. There remains only the joy of Waiting...

This time The Waiting was ameliorated by a charming lounge, provided by Messrs Etihad of Abu Dhabi. My problem with these lounges is that I can never restrain myself from using them. There is always an embarrassment of better-than-decent food and drink; I always forget that this will all be offered again the instant that the plane has reached sufficient altitude and a more or less horizontal path. By noon I had thoroughly over-eaten and was ready to sample the first of the five or six films one can get through on a journey to Australia. There was to be a change of plane in Abu Dhabi and I had managed to shorten my initial flight by five hours by going first to Perth which is, as you can instantly work out, A Long Way From Sydney (and indeed most other places you've heard of). So I reckoned that, allowing for occasional drowsiness, five films would do it. That would still only account for about ten hours of New Year's Eve avoidance, but there are only so many films even I can watch.

New Year duly disappeared without remark and, the changeover in Abu Dhabi having allowed 90 minutes of vital leg-stretching and duty-free cigar-purchasing, I landed in Perth at 2pm on New Year's Day. Another advantage of flying to Perth, if you're ever tempted to undertake this journey, is that it is generally agreed by all Australians to be 'a large country town'. This verdict, endlessly repeated

by everyone outside Perth, is probably not welcome commentary to most locals, but is sufficiently true to ensure that the excellent and recently refurbished airport is a quiet and easy place to arrive. I was in a car speeding from the airport less than 20 minutes after stepping off the Airbus A380.

Some of you will remember Archbishop Roger Herft of Perth, who preached memorably for us at ASMS on Holy Cross Day 2014. I've known him since he was Bishop of Newcastle, NSW, and he had kindly offered me the use of his guest flat. Even kinder is his PA, the excellent Susan Harvey, who came to pick me up and ferry me there on New Year's Day (Archbishop Roger had already set off on long service leave, possibly prompted by my threatened visit). The Etihad chaps had erroneously informed us on landing that the ground temperature was 21 degrees. This seemed unlikely for *New Year's Day* in Perth, but I put on the jacket I was carrying in readiness. I quickly took it off again. It was in fact 38 degrees, at least for the two minute walk through the blissfully empty car park to the air-conditioned interior of Susan's car.

We soon arrived at Archbishop's House, a fine colonial building on the poshest street in Perth (no smart remarks please) and Susan's equally excellent English husband (most people in Anglican Perth seem to be English) was waiting to initiate me into the mysteries of — The Air-conditioning. Showered and more lightly clothed I made my way to the centre of the city and was pleased that by 5pm (when the shops shut) I had acquired a hat and an Australian sim card for my iPhone, as well as establishing that I could access my Australian bank account. Having been fed to within an inch of my life, and discovering that the flat had also been stuffed to bursting with nourishment, I

retired thence and attempted to stay up long enough to get a feasible night's sleep. I find the knack with jetlag is to attempt a pattern of sleeping and waking that approximates to the local passage of the sun. I suppose that should actually be the passage of the earth around the sun: I haven't quite caught up with Galileo on that one.

Saturday was spent getting my bearings. I woke irretrievably at 4am and discovered that at the top of my street (up a nearly vertical incline) there was, spectacularly, Kings Park, full of our weird local flora, with a glorious view over the city. Better still, thirty seconds *down* the street was an excellent cafe with Italian-quality coffee and an inventive breakfast menu which opened at 7am, so life was looking pretty rosy. I walked, found an execrable local newspaper, and settled down to a reviving intravenous drip of the black medicine.

Having internalised this Jeeves-like tonic it was time to re-inhabit Fr Forse (see earlier travelogue, *passim*; incidentally, my copy of his masterly *Ceremonial Curiosities and Queer Sights in Foreign Churches* has reappeared in my library. Thanks to all who expressed concern at its apparent loss). First on the visiting list had to be our own St George's Cathedral.

On the way to St George's, spookily, one walks past the first Bishop. Let me explain. The City Fathers of Perth are devoted to life-size bronze statuary in naturalistic poses scattered around their broad and under-used city footpaths. If Perth has a main street it is St George's Terrace, so St George's Cathedral is not difficult to find. On the way to it you pass a house with a man standing outside who turns out to be the first bishop, Matthew Hale (later Archbishop of Brisbane), the man who bought for the diocese a substantial property

on what is now one of the more valuable real estate corridors in Western Australia, for the foundation of a school. The excellent result in 2016 is a well-endowed diocesan schools board, which continues to open new Anglican schools and is also rescuing less well-supported similar institutions in other states.

To make sure we know that he is a bishop of the Establishment he is dressed in a frock coat and gaiters (statuary of Roman prelates, of which there's also a bit about in Australia to keep the Irish majority happy, inevitably features a biretta and *cappa magna*, such as would warm the heart of the Principal of S Stephen's House). Bishop Hale stands with hand raised. I fear this is not in episcopal blessing: with one foot on the step to an apparent front door, his arm is uplifted in hale-fellow-well-met greeting to the passer-by. I never quite got used to him during my visit to Perth, repeatedly almost bumping into him.

Not far down St George's Terrace the Cathedral, a decent brick gothic building, appears. It is now set in a newly-created square next to the old Treasury Building (which, like all former colonial government buildings in Australia, has become a self-described 'six star' hotel). St George's is probably about twice the size of All Saints, has a better-than-average choir and a good liturgical tradition, which at this date was still being ably overseen by my former Assistant Priest at Christ Church S Laurence, Fr Graeme Napier (see above, sound views on New Year), who was more recently Minor Canon and Precentor at Westminster Abbey. I was to dine with Fr Graeme that evening together with some Sydney friends.

Fearing that they might be a bit short on clerics for the following day (this being the first Sunday of January, the equivalent of

deepest August in the northern hemisphere), Fr Graeme had asked if I would assist at the Sung Eucharist the next morning, in a cooling cope. Having made my visit to the cathedral (where I noticed at once the lack of anything that looked to me like a *Cathedra* — more of that later), I recalled that, although I had packed a clerical shirt, a lightweight cassock and black shoes and socks, I had neither black trousers nor black belt. Unable to bear the thought of possible Facebook coverage of me in other than black trousers with said clerical shirt, I was immediately diverted to the respectable and pleasantly air-conditioned halls of a familiar department store, David Jones. 'The most beautiful store in the world' was one of this august emporium's familiar advertising jingles in Sydney. That might have been over-egging it a bit in the Perth incarnation (or indeed the Sydney one), but it was both cool and well-stocked with the necessary items in a pleasing and clerical *noir*. Since it was January there were also sales, so the transaction was concluded at minimal expense, and it was time to seek out the Roman Catholic Cathedral.

This is a startling building, at first sight bomb-damaged Victorian gothic. Bombs have never, so far as I know, disturbed the waters of the Swan River, so a closer inspection was called for. Once you get to the west door the architectural *mélange* (is that the word?) is seen to be deliberate, an undistinguished (and probably unfinished) Victorian building having been cannibalised and modernised a few years ago, principally by demolishing the nave walls and interposing exploding glass sides (while leaving the joints exposed in a not-very-successful architect's attempt at archaeological verisimilitude). The inside is already surprisingly dated-looking, and most notable to me (in Fr Forse mode) for

the presence of *two* Paschal Candlesticks occupied by working candles (odd enough in Eastertide, but in January?), one by the font and another by the ambo (as our RC friends now term their combination pulpit and lectern). This wonder is next door to the principal hospital of the city, so there must be plenty of captive pew-fodder (not to mention funerals — which of course I won't).

A pleasant dinner with friends was followed by a delightful Sunday Mass with Baptism, then lunch (oysters) in Fremantle, the old port, a short train journey away, and an evening High Mass which managed ingeniously to combine the Epiphany (2 days' hence) with S Edward the Confessor (a party of former pilgrims to Westminster Abbey having gathered) in what is described as 'the air-conditioned chancel' of the Cathedral. Air-conditioning is a bit of a theme in Perth, for obvious reasons: it didn't fall much below 35 degrees at any point during my visit. This alleged airconditioning is eccentric to say the least, cool air being pumped at one from kneeler-level in the choir stalls and swiftly dissipating into the stifling heat. Still, they tried.

More eccentric, as noted earlier, is the lack of any obvious *Cathedra*. Fr Graeme insisted that a *sedile* seat in the sanctuary was the technical *Cathedra*, though there was absolutely nothing to indicate this. He rightly observed that Bishops hardly ever sit in their *Cathedrae* in most cathedrals nowadays (I've certainly never seen +Richard London in his, though no doubt Fr Alan, being a Prebendary, has had that pleasure). Nonetheless I don't think I've ever before visited a cathedral which didn't obviously have one: even St Andrew's Cathedral in the Puritan Commonwealth (aka Diocese) of Sydney has one, if memory

serves. I'm sure the Archbishop of Sydney would never dream of actually inhabiting it, but it is comforting to know it's there. Like our daily 8am Mass at ASMS.

Monday was devoted to the sybaritic pleasures of the Margaret River. I have mentioned to you before the wonders of *Le Beaujolais* in Soho, where the *Patron*, Jean-Yves Darcel, is now a friend. An old chum of his from Brittany migrated to WA thirty years ago and has built a restaurant in the grounds of his vineyard on the Margaret River, two and a half hours' drive from Perth (a negligible journey for lunch in local terms). I was assured that the countryside on this route would be delightful but, as this is a true story, I must confess it looked to me much the same as every other bit of flat Australia I've ever seen. Fr Greg Seach, a Sydney friend who many of you will remember from ASMS Holy Week a few years ago, is now Warden of Wollaston Theological College in Perth. On his last visit to *Le B* before his journey to WA, Jean-Yves had regaled us with tales of his friend Marcel's Margaret River establishment, and so we had to seek it out.

The restaurant is a white wooden building with huge open windows, idyllically set on a lake on the edge of the vineyard. At first it seemed that Marcel would not be there (apparently he was taking an injured staff member to hospital), but as the meal progressed he suddenly appeared, proclaiming to the room that we'd come from London to eat with him, which was close enough to the truth. Meanwhile we had treated ourselves to a great deal of excellent seafood from his menu and wines from his vineyard. He returned at the end of the meal to request a photo to send to Jean-Yves: we obliged, and then, as we left — *voilà!* — no bill. A better-than-

wonderful day's self-indulgence. Marcel's restaurant is called *Flutes*, if you happen to be passing. Mention my name (well, mention Jean-Yves — that might get you further).

After all this over-indulgence, and with minimal jetlag as distant a memory as the most agreeable New Year celebration of my life, it was time to fly to Adelaide, where Family reside. If we're all spared there may be more of that next month.

MB

POETRY TEA at PAMELA'S **Saturday 5 June 2016**

Mary Rowe writes:

The theme for this poetry tea was the topical one of Europe. Although at first sight this was not an easy subject, interesting ways were found of presenting it. A general view might be taken or a historical event described. A poet from one country might intimate its distinctive character. Another might contrast a different country with his own.

William Joseph's *Ode to Europe*, written by himself in neatly turned rhyming couplets, included a lively survey of Europe's past. Pamela Botsford read Victor Hugo's rousing address to the Paris Conference of Peace in 1849. Mary Rowe brought a translation of Schiller's *Ode to Joy*, Beethoven's setting of this poem in his 9th Symphony is the European Union's theme song.

George Brown gave us Ogden Nash's entertaining poem about different kinds of Englishmen, all quite satisfied with themselves. Chris Self read Macaulay's dramatic story of how Horatius kept the bridge, and Robert Browning's *Home thoughts from Abroad*, in which he prefers buttercups to a gaudy melon flower. Gary Codd read several short poems from the

Underground Collection, including Lotte Kramer's poignant *Boy with an Orange* about Kosovo, and Maria Luisa Speziani's *The Aegean*, a little meditation on that sea. It was a pleasure to hear Barbie Miller's Scottish accent in her rendering of poems by Walter Elliot and Robert Buchanan. Sandra Wheen brought François Villon's *Ballade des dames du temps jadis* from the fifteenth century, a delicate French contribution.

Daphne Watts, who has sometimes kindly provided poems for those without them, was unable to come this time. We hope she will soon recover from her illness.

As usual, one regrets that it has not been possible to mention everyone who read. All the contributions added up to a satisfying treatment of the theme. Whatever is decided by the referendum, we must hope that Europe will always have a culture where poetry and its spiritual values are cherished.

Again our heartfelt thanks are due to Pamela Botsford for the happy atmosphere we find in her home, and the attractively presented tea.

The Poetry Tea raised £112.50 (including applicable Gift Aid) to support the All Saints' Restoration Appeal. Our thanks go to all those who attended, participated and contributed to this fundraising Tea.

ALL SAINTS contributes to the **REGER FEST in LONDON,** **23 – 31 July 2016**

This festival, commemorating the Max Reger Centenary (d 1916) is being organised by Philip Luke (Bloomsbury Central Baptist Church), Peter Yardley-Jones (The Swiss Church and Organist Review) and Philip Norman (Organists Online). There will be organ recitals, a

string quartet concert, a masterclass, a song recital and All Saints is contributing with a Festival Evensong on Sunday 31 July at 6pm when the Anthem (*Mitt Gottes Hilf (Schlactgesang) Op 138, No 7*) and Reger's

setting of the *Tantum Ergo* will be sung and his voluntary *Ave Maria* played. **For further information about all the events see: <http://www.organistsonline.org/reger>**

All Saints, Margaret Street W1

ORGAN RECITAL

Sunday 3 July at 7.15pm

After Evensong and Benediction

Timothy Byram-Wigfield, Director of Music

Programme

Praeludium über "Lobet den Herrn" Niels Gade (1817 - 90)

Pastorale, from Seven Sketches on the Psalms Percy Whitlock (1903 - 46)
(*Psalm 23: "The Lord is my shepherd"*)

Prelude and Fugue in B flat minor No 22,
BWV 867, from Book 1 of the '48' J.S. Bach, transcribed Max Reger (1870 - 1916)

Puck's Shadow Richard Popplewell (1935-2016)

Introduction, Passacaglia and Fugue Healey Willan (1880 - 1968)
(*First performed 31st July 1916*)

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

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

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

SERMON PREACHED BY FR KEVIN SCULLY, RECTOR ST MATTHEW'S, BETHNAL GREEN, AT HIGH MASS FOR CORPUS CHRISTI, Thursday 26 May 2016

Dear Ms or Sir,

The number of people in religious orders, especially those in the Church of England, is in decline. That means much of the highly commendable work of these communities is at risk of extinction.

Many orders produce (or have done so) wafers for the celebration of Holy Communion. I suggest a camera crew visits a number of religious houses to see the monks and nuns at

work where the ageing exponents use specialised equipment to turn out altar breads.

Each vignette could contain an interview with community members, as well as a tour of the holy houses and grounds, giving viewers an insight into the at-risk religious heritage of this country.

The programme I am proposing could therefore be fun, intriguing and attractive to your viewers. It could also shine a light on what successive Archbishops of Canterbury have described as a hidden treasure of the Church of England.

It would be entitled the *Great British Wafer Off*.

Yours sincerely,

Mister J. Pettigrew.

This admittedly fictional pitch to the producers of *Factuality*, or whatever it is at the BBC nowadays, should not come as a great surprise to a church from which some members were once involved in a blind tasting of altar wine on the Radio 4 Sunday programme. I think I was a student at theological college when that occurred, so it must be ancient history. The one aspect I recall from that segment was that every participant — man, woman, lay and ordained — correctly discerned, and condemned as undrinkable, the non-alcoholic wine used by Methodists.

One could do a similar taste test today. Among the breads to be used at Holy Communion — and I am only speaking of those I have personally encountered as a priest in the Church of England when filling in at various places of worship in London — have been white sliced (with and without crusts), sometimes impressed with lines for easy breaking; bread rolls — white, brown and organic; pitta bread; wafers of varying sizes, articulation and colour; and, perhaps most memorably a home made rock that made the fraction something of a test that could have got me on *I'm a Priest, Get Me Out of Here*. Yet these are all valid breads, whatever our personal preference, for the use in the consecration of the sacred

mysteries.

Today is a day when the stuff of the world — bread and wine — is celebrated for what it is, bread and wine, whatever its provenance but, more importantly, it is also celebrated for what it becomes by the power of the Holy Spirit in the presence of believers, the body and blood of Jesus. Corpus Christi is a festival where we look at the here and now, the mundane, the ordinary, and dare to see beyond it. Or, more particularly, to two elements of the here and now, bread and wine, and look through them to God.

Some of you may have encountered a catechism in your Christian formation. This, if you are looking for it, can still be found in the 1662 Book of Common Prayer. If this were part of your formation, I expect you will not have forgotten this:

‘What meanest thou by this word Sacrament? — I mean an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof.’

Those who have been prepared for Confirmation at the parish I serve, St Matthew’s, Bethnal Green, are drilled in part of that definition of sacrament — an

outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.

Sacraments are doors through which the divine is revealed. We open doors and step through the doorway to go from one place to another. We need the door for a purpose. A door is not an end in itself. The most holy sacrament, the blessed sacrament, the bread and wine that contains the body and blood of Jesus, is a wonderful door to heaven.

For some the reverence shown to the outward and visible form, the bread and wine of the Eucharist, can be puzzling. All Saints is, of course, a place where Benediction is celebrated. Indeed, it will form part of our worship here tonight. This meditative service venerating this awesome sacrament, is one that compels many of us onto our knees. But others can stumble at the doorway. They can't take to it. As an American friend once said, 'I love the Lord, but I don't get this cookie worship'.

Those who are formed in the catholic tradition should be prepared for, and have a response to, such confusion. In the same way as we pray to God through the saint portrayed in an icon or a statue, we see Jesus in what he has given us to eat and drink. In some ways too we look beyond what we receive.

This is not some kind of hippy throwback thought, but a fundamental working out of the Incarnation. In the same way as the Word became flesh, God became a human being in Jesus, we see him in the world around us. He comes to us in the form of bread and wine. We celebrate that and literally take him into us to allow us to go beyond the gathering of the Mass, to work with him in the world.

To go back to the BCP for a moment,

another catechism question asks what are the benefits to those who partake Holy Communion. The answer? 'The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the Body and Blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the Bread and Wine.'

This is food for our journey. It is, as we recall in the Lord's Prayer, our daily bread. It is the stuff of life. We must therefore make the link in our lives: our communion with God should extend to how we work, how we rest, and how we play. If the marvellous ritual we encounter here, or in whatever form the Eucharist is celebrated, if it does not enter into us and remind us of God, and compel us to take him outside of here, it is a hollow sham.

While we may have a preference for one kind of bread, wafer or host, or even a passion for a kind of altar wine, red, white or even rose, it should not be the preference that is celebrated. That would be a dead end. The road must lead beyond the altar. That is God's gift to us in the Blessed Sacrament. And that is why, dare I say, we will take the sacrament out into the streets in procession tonight.

I would like to assure you this is not new. So, might I suggest the Director of Factuality draw on the fifth century St Gaudentius of Brescia when he replies to Mister Pettigrew.

'It was Christ's will that his gifts should remain among us; it was his will that the souls which he had redeemed by his precious blood should continue to be sanctified by sharing the pattern of his own passion. For this reason he appointed his faithful disciples the first priests of his Church and enjoined them never to cease to perform the mysteries of eternal life. These mysteries must be celebrated by every priest in every church in the world until Christ comes again

from heaven, so that we priests, together with the congregation of the faithful, may have the example of Christ's passion daily before our eyes, to hold it in our hands, and even receive it in our mouths and our hearts, and so keep undimmed the memory of our redemption.

'Besides, since bread is made from many grains of wheat ground into flour, mixed with water and baked by fire, it is appropriate that we should receive the sacrament of Christ's body in the form of bread. For we know that Christ has become one body made up of the many members of the human race and brought to completion by the fire of the Holy Spirit.'

Now that does take the biscuit.

SUNDAYS AND SOLEMNITIES

MUSIC AND READINGS

● SUNDAY 3 JULY

S THOMAS

THE APOSTLE

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 173 (T 265) Blessed Thomas, doubt no longer

Entrance Chant: *Mihi autem*

Setting: Collegium Regale Howells

Psalm: 31: 1 - 6

Readings: Habakkuk 2: 1 - 4
Ephesians 2: 19 - end

Gradual Hymn: 455 (T 235) Strong Son of God, immortal Love

Gospel: John 20: 24 - 29

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Creed: Howells

Offertory Motet: Like as the hart desireth the waterbrooks — Howells

Hymns: 295 Let all mortal flesh keep silence
279 Come, risen Lord, and deign to be our guest
286 From glory to glory advancing, we praise thee,
O Lord

Voluntary: Pièce Heroïque — Franck

EVENSONG & BENEDICTION

at 6pm

Psalm: 139

Lessons: Job 42: 1 - 6

1 Peter 1: 3 - 12

Office Hymn: 213 The eternal gifts of Christ the King

Canticles: Sumsion in G

Anthem: Beati quorum via — Stanford

Preacher: Fr Julian Browning

Hymn: 216 (Old 104th) Disposer supreme, and judge of the earth

O Salutaris: Gounod

Hymn: 463 (ii) Thine for ever!
God of love

Tantum ergo: Duruflé

Voluntary: Folk tune — Whitlock

● SUNDAY 10 JULY

TRINITY 7

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 351 Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem

Entrance Chant: *Ego autem cum iustitia*

Setting: Missa octo vocum — Hassler

Psalm: 25: 1 - 10

Readings: Deuteronomy 30: 9 - 14
Colossians 1: 1 - 14

Gradual Hymn: 461 There's a wideness in God's mercy

Gospel: Luke 10: 25 - 37

Preacher: Fr Barry Orford

Creed: Credo III

Offertory Motet: Otche Nash (The Lord's Prayer) — Arensky

Hymns: 384 (Descant: Caplin) Jesu,
my Lord, my God, my All
481 Jesus, Lord, we look to
thee
494 Christ is the world's
true Light
Voluntary: Præludium in D — Buxtehude

EVENSONG & BENEDICTION

at 6pm

Psalm: 77
Lessons: Genesis 32: 9 - 30
Mark 7: 1 - 23
Office Hymn: 150 (S) O blest Creator
of the light
Canticles: Setting in G — Bairstow
Anthem: From a heart made whole
(Swinburne) — Harris
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Hymn: 251 Sun of my soul, thou
Saviour dear
O Salutaris: Howells
Hymn: 386 Jesu, King most
wonderful
Tantum ergo: Howells
Voluntary: Fuge über B-A-C-H — Reger

● SUNDAY 17 JULY TRINITY 8

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 410 My God, how
wonderful thou art
Entrance Chant: *Ecce Deus adiuvat me*
Setting: Spatzenmesse, K220
— Mozart
Psalm: 15
Readings: Genesis 18: 1 - 10a
Colossians 1: 15 - 28
Gradual Hymn: 52 O worship the Lord in
the beauty of holiness!
Gospel: Luke 10: 38 - end
Preacher: Fr Julian Browning
Creed: Credo II

Offertory Motet: Hosanna to the Son of
David — Gibbons
Hymns: 424 O Love divine,
how sweet thou art!
282 Faithful Shepherd, feed me
334 All people that on earth
do dwell
Voluntary: Præludium und Fuge über den
Namen BACH — Liszt

EVENSONG & BENEDICTION

at 6pm

Psalm: 81
Lessons: Genesis 41: 1 - 16, 25 - 37
1 Corinthians 4: 8 - 13
Office Hymn: 150 (R) O blest Creator of
the light
Canticles: Setting in G minor — Purcell
Anthem: I was glad when they said
unto me (Psalm 122)
— Purcell
Preacher: Fr Barry Orford
Hymn: 248 (ii) O Strength and Stay,
upholding all creation
O Salutaris: Bortnianski, arr Caplin
Hymn: 391 King of glory,
King of peace
Tantum ergo: Harwood, arr Caplin
Voluntary: Improvisation — Rheinberger

● SUNDAY 24 JULY TRINITY 9

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 338 At the name of Jesus
Entrance Chant: *Deus in loco sancto suo*
Setting: Missa Papæ Marcelli
— Palestrina
Psalm: 13
Readings: Genesis 18: 20 - 32
Colossians 2: 6 - 15
Gradual Hymn: 406 Lord, teach us how
to pray aright
Gospel: Luke 11: 1 - 13

Preacher: Fr Stephen Williams,
Dean of Newcastle, NSW
Creed: Palestrina
Offertory Motet: Morgengesang: “Du
höchstes Licht, ewiger Schein”,
Op 138 No 2 — Reger
Hymns: 307 Sweet Sacrament divine
276 Bread of heaven, on thee
we feed
361 Forth in the peace of
Christ we go
Voluntary: Dankpsalm — Reger

Readings: Ecclesiastes 1: 2, 12 - 14;
2: 18 - 23
Colossians 3: 1 - 11
Gradual Hymn: 368 Guide me, O thou great
Redeemer
Gospel: Luke 12: 13 - 21
Preacher: The Vicar,
Prebendary Alan Moses
Creed: Merbecke
Offertory Motet: Ave maris stella — Grieg
Hymns: 309 (T 59) Victim Divine,
thy grace we claim
298 May the grace of Christ
our Saviour
364 (T408) God is love:
let heav’n adore him
Voluntary: Toccata duodecima — Muffat

FIRST EVENSONG OF S JAMES at 6pm

Psalm: 144
Lessons: Deuteronomy 30: 11 - end
Mark 5: 21 - end
Office hymn: 214 Let the round world
with songs rejoice
Canticles: On the 8th Tone, à 8
— Marenzio
Anthem: Jubilate Deo à 8 — Gabrieli
Preacher: The Vicar,
Prebendary Alan Moses
Hymn: 250 Saviour, again to thy dear
name we raise
O Salutaris: Palestrina
Hymn: 305 Soul of my Saviour,
sanctify my breast
Tantum ergo: Palestrina
Voluntary: Kommst du nun, esu, vom
Himmel herunter auf Erden,
BWV 650 — Bach

● SUNDAY 31 JULY TRINITY 10

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 381 (Descant: Caplin)
Jerusalem the golden
Entrance Chant: *Deus in adiutorium meum*
Setting: Missa Secundi Toni — Lassus
Psalm: 49: 1 - 12

EVENSONG & BENEDICTION at 6pm

**A Festival Evensong as part of the Max
Reger centenary commemorations
— RegerFest in London 23 – 31 July**

(More information:

<http://www.organistsonline.org/regger>)

Psalm: 107: 1 - 32
Lessons: Genesis 50: 4 - 26
1 Corinthians 14: 1 - 19
Office Hymn: 150 (S) O blest Creator of
the light
Canticles: Double Choir setting in G
— Wood
Anthem: *Mitt Gottes Hilf*
(*Schlachtgesang*), Op 138,
No 7 — Reger
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Hymn: 52 O worship the Lord in
the beauty of holiness
O Salutaris: After Brahms
Hymn: 308 Thee we adore,
O hidden Saviour, thee
Tantum ergo: Reger
Voluntary: Ave Maria — 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

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**, (which is also available to be read online at: <http://www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk/>) 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

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Honorary Assistant Priests:

The Revd Gerald Beauchamp

020 7258 0724

The Revd Julian Browning

020 7286 6034

Parish Administrator:

Dee Prior

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Parish Officials

Churchwardens:

John Forde

020 7592 9855

Chris Self

020 7723 2938

PCC Secretary:

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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 at 11am

EVENSONG 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 JULY 2016

- | | | |
|----|--|--|
| 1 | Henry, John and Henry Venn the younger, Priests,
Evangelical Divines 1797, 1813 and 1873 | Special Need |
| 2 | The Visit of the Blessed Virgin Mary to Elizabeth | Shrine OLW |
| 3 | ✕ TRINITY 6 | Our parish and people |
| 4 | | Recently ordained Deacons |
| 5 | | Recently ordained Priests |
| 6 | Thomas More, Scholar, and John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester,
Reformation Martyrs, 1535 | ARCIC |
| 7 | | Christian Unity |
| 8 | | Special Need |
| 9 | | Shrine OLW |
| 10 | ✕ TRINITY 7 | Our parish and people |
| 11 | Benedict of Nursia, Abbot of Monte Cassino,
Father of Western Monasticism, c 550 | Anglican and RC Benedictines |
| 12 | | Rough sleepers in our church |
| 13 | | Neighbouring office workers |
| 14 | John Keble, Priest, Tractarian, Poet, 1866 | Christian Unity |
| 15 | Swithun, Bishop of Winchester, c 862;
<i>Bonaventure, Friar, Bishop, Teacher of the Faith, 1274</i> | Special Need |
| 16 | <i>Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, 1099</i> | Salisbury Diocese |
| 17 | ✕ TRINITY 8 | Our parish and people |
| 18 | <i>Elizabeth Ferard, first Deaconess of the Church of England,
Founder of the Community of St Andrew, 1883</i> | Women's Ministry |
| 19 | Gregory, Bishop of Nyssa, and his sister Macrina, Deaconess,
Teachers of the Faith, c 394 and c 379 | Eastern Churches |
| 20 | <i>Margaret of Antioch, Martyr, 4th century; Barolomé de las Casas,
Apostle to the Indies, 1566</i> | Christians in Turkey and the West Indies |
| 21 | | Christian Unity |
| 22 | Mary Magdalene | Special Need |
| 23 | <i>Bridget of Sweden, Abbess of Vadstena, 1373</i> | Swedish Church |
| 24 | ✕ TRINITY 9 | Our parish and people |
| 25 | James the Apostle | Camino pilgrims |
| 26 | Anne and Joachim, Parents of the Blessed Virgin Mary | Grandparents |
| 27 | Brooke Foss Westcott, Bishop of Durham,
Teacher of the Faith, 1901 | Seminarians |
| 28 | | Christian Unity |
| 29 | Mary, Martha and Lazarus, Companions of our Lord | Special Need |
| 30 | William Wilberforce, Social Reformer, Olaudah Equiano and
Thomas Clarkson, Campaigners, 1833, 1797 and 1846 | Social workers |
| 31 | ✕ TRINITY 10 | Our parish and people |

