



All Saints Parish Paper

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VICAR'S LETTER

As I write this, Team GB has risen to 2nd in the medals table at the Olympic Games in Brazil. A contrast has been drawn with the British performance at the Atlanta Games in 1996 when Britain could manage only a single gold medal. This turnaround in fortunes has been attributed to a massive increase in Lottery funding for sports. The mere infusion of large amounts of cash is not always a guarantee of success, as the lack-lustre performance of the England football team in Europe this summer demonstrated.

At the same time, an article in the *Observer* newspaper looked at the Church of England's attempts to reverse the decline in church attendance and membership. From our own diocese, the Bishop of Islington, whose remit is the encouragement and support of church plants and other new ventures in mission, spoke of the way in which the Church is trying to direct funds towards growth rather than subsidizing decline. He highlighted that rural dioceses have a higher proportion of clergy for their population than urban ones, despite the fact that 83% of the population live in urban areas. Recent research has demonstrated the link between clergy numbers and church attendance. Those in rural areas will protest that even though populations are smaller, distances to be covered by priests who have to care for up to a dozen parishes



**Flower bedecked OLW before
processing around the parish
of All Saints,
Feast of the Assumption 2016**

(Photo: Andrew Prior)

are greater. There is something in this, but it still needs looking at. Bishop Philip North pointed out to the General Synod earlier this year that the disparity in staffing and resources between urban and rural is even starker for council estates.

Here at All Saints, we have long had a practice of investing in excellence. A major part of our funding, time and energy goes into maintaining high standards in worship and music. The restoration of our building, not simply as an architectural gem, but as a living centre of worship and prayer, has been a priority over the last twenty years.

The area staff of the Archdeaconry of London, which covers the cities of London and Westminster, spent a morning with Bishop Thorpe recently to engage in a mapping exercise in which we looked at the various communities, working and leisure as well as residential, in central London. The aim was to identify what is already being done and opportunities for new work with groups we are not reaching in an area of fascinating yet sometimes bewildering complexity and fluidity. The only thing that remains the same is that very little remains the same for long.

A century ago, Fr Mackay was looking forward, rather anxiously, to the national mission which was being prepared for. He was worried that the people of All Saints, and its wider circle of supporters, did not really have mission to London at heart. Oh, there was no doubting their love of All Saints and their appreciation of what it did and stood for, but when it came to the city in which their church was set, he was not so sure.

That question is just as relevant today as it was then. Do we see ourselves as part of a community with a mission here, or do we just come here because we like it and it meets our needs? I know that is to put the issue rather starkly and perhaps unfairly, but it does no harm to examine our individual and collective conscience in this area from time to time. Are there

other areas of work we should be investing resources and effort in? If there are, where are those resources to come from?

On Saturday Oct 1, we are having a parish consultation on how we should go forward now that the Church of England has consecrated women to the episcopate. This is not just a matter of ecclesiastical politics. It is important that we consider this issue in the wider context of our future mission in this city.

Alan Moses

ASSUMPTION HIGH MASS AND PROCESSION

Last year we had our first outdoor procession for the feast of the Assumption at noon on a Saturday. A leap year meant that this year the feast fell on a Monday. Would an outdoor procession work on a Monday evening in the middle of August when so many folk are away on holiday? What would the weather be like? Well, we need not have doubted: the sun shone and people came.

Fr Julian, taking as his text, **“the woman clothed with sun, with twelve stars around her head and the moon under her feet,”** made astronomy a branch of theology, by quoting television’s Professor Brian Cox on astronomy helping us to dream.

We have got better at doing outdoor processions. The congregation is marshalled out of church efficiently. Tim Byram-Wigfield positioned band and choir to best effect in aiding singing on the move and around corners. Cedric Stephens’ squad of stewards kept us together and guided us safely around the route. Stalwart souls carried the statue of Our Lady of Walsingham (on loan from St Magnus the Martyr in the City and decorated with

flowers by Jean Castledine). Sociable ones handed out leaflets to curious shoppers and tourists, explaining who we are and what we were doing. Andrew Prior risked life and limb taking photographs. Our procession images must also be on hundreds of mobile phones too, judging by the reaction of many observers to record this unexpected sight on Oxford Street. Some people even joined the procession as we went along. After we had returned to church, the catering committee provided refreshments to restore us after all that walking and singing. Mass and procession had taken just two hours, so there was plenty of time for a convivial party in the courtyard on a warm summer evening. At one point, the Vicar had to break off to show a curious Muslim family from Qatar around the church.

Mounting an event like this is a labour-intensive business, with much of it behind the scenes beforehand, so a vote of thanks to everyone who helped in any way.

It was all worth it, so, “Same time, same place next year!” — **Tuesday 15 August 2017, 6.30pm High Mass and Outdoor procession on the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.**

THE ALL SAINTS DIASPORA

Christine Auton — on Sunday 14 August, Christine Auton was able to be back with us thanks to her friend Brenda who drove her here from Staffordshire. Christine’s eye problems mean that she can no longer drive. Christine brought with her a stock of home-made marmalade and jam which sold out in the Parish Shop in no time.

Myrtle Hughes — Christine Auton reports — continues in fine spirits since she came out of hospital and returned home. She attends her local church, but is also

sadly no longer able to travel to be with us at All Saints, where she and Christine were the lynch-pins of the Parish Shop operation for so many years.

Ray Oram — is making progress after a hernia operation and hopes to make it back to All Saints on a weekday as soon as possible.

Fr David Paton — Judith Mather brought news of Fr David after visiting him at his retirement home in the south of France. On his last visit to us, Fr David fell in the sanctuary and fractured his shoulder. When he got home to France, he had another fall which damaged a knee which had already been replaced once. After more surgery and a long spell of intensive physiotherapy, he is doing much better and hopes to be with us in October for the Festival.

THE ALL SAINTS SISTERS OF THE POOR

The Vicar travelled to Oxford on 3 August to celebrate and preach for the All Saints Sisters on the anniversary of their foundress Mother Harriet Brownlow Byron. Mother Harriet began the community with William Upton Richards, the first Vicar of All Saints.

SUMMER MIGRANTS

Many parishes find the summer holiday weeks very quiet. While it is a relief to the clergy when the round of ecclesiastical meetings comes to a halt, here at All Saints, life continues as normal. Gaps in our ranks are filled by visitors from around Britain and from beyond. This is one of the reasons we maintain our full choral services on Sundays and major feasts throughout the summer.

“...IN QUIRES AND PLAYCES WHERE THEY SING...”

Three joyful items of Choir news: **John Cuthbert**, one of our Choir ‘staff’ tenors, was married to **Jade Brightwell** in Derby Cathedral on Saturday 20th August.

Jennifer Clerk one of our ‘staff’ sopranos, is engaged to **James Savage-Handford**, a tenor who regularly deputises for us at Evensong.

And last, but certainly not least, **Laurence Long** has accepted the invitation to stay with us as Organ Scholar for the academic year 2016 - 17, in conjunction with his studies at the Royal College of Music.

Tim Byram-Wigfield, Director of Music

“RESTORING THE CALM”

This was the name of the programme which our former Vicar Canon David Hutt superintended at Westminster Abbey to cope with the increasing pressure of visitors. We have been engaged in a small-scale version here at All Saints. As Fr Michael wrote recently, we have introduced some measures to control the impact on services and prayer of the numbers of homeless people sleeping in the church during the day. These seem to have been working reasonably well. The summer has also brought an influx of Chinese students to St George’s language school across the street from the church. They migrate across the street to the courtyard at lunchtime just as we are celebrating the 1.10pm Mass. Few if any of them have much acquaintance with churches and their ways, so we are having to tactfully inform them about the need for quiet rather than unrestrained “playtime” exuberance.

READING GROUPS: ADVANCE NOTICE

The next series of reading groups will be Friday mornings in Advent (2, 9, & 16* December). 11am at the Vicarage. We will be using *Meeting God in Paul* by Rowan Williams. It is published by SPCK in paperback and is also available as an e-book.

The book is based on one of the series of Holy Week lectures Archbishop Rowan gave at Canterbury Cathedral.

**Please Note: Friday 16 December 12.30pm is the Lunchtime Carol Service with a quartet from the All Saints Choir, so Advent Reading Group attenders may like to plan on coming to that service to complete their morning at All Saints.*

SPCK has also published another series of his talks with the title *Being Disciples: Essentials of the Christian Life*. It has 6 chapters, which makes it perfect for a Lent book. There will be a Friday morning group and, if there is demand for one, a mid-week evening group.

OUTBACK AND BACK AGAIN

Fr Michael Bowie delivers the last instalment of his Australian travelogue:

Be not afraid, this is the final instalment of the Antipodean Odyssey. The last leg of it (more of a perverse whole-body contortion than a single limb) involved flying to Adelaide, driving into the red heart of the country to investigate the opal fields of Coober Pedy (a friend’s Good Idea), then to Melbourne to see more distant Family in the nearby Western District of Victoria,

and, finally, to Sydney, including a Sunday pulpit gig and Candlemas at CCSL. If you try to follow the logic of this on a map you will swiftly discover the men in the white coats to be your dearest friends. So I need quickly to explain that direct flights from Sydney to remote places like Coober Pedy exceed the cost of flights between capital cities by a factor of about five: it made some sort of sense, if going to CP, to journey in this tortuous fashion and take in a few other things on the way.

Like the Acts of the Apostles this narrative will now veer between single and plural narration, as the friend whose Good Idea took me to Coober Pedy (one of the French family mentioned in last year's endless travelogue) will be a silent presence for part of it. And so we came to Adelaide. Where it did seem tremendously difficult to find anywhere to eat. After a bit of disconsolate wandering along the famous (in Adelaide) Rundle Mall, we came upon a packed Italian restaurant down a side street. Everyone else in Adelaide knew about it, and most of them were already there. After a surprisingly short hiatus, a table was produced for us and a much needed local beer (Cooper's Ale, since you ask) placed on it, soon followed by some very fine pasta, tiramisu, and coffee. If you ever find yourself starving in the South Australian Metropolis, go to the Amalfi (29 Frome St, since you keep asking: it will be a short walk from wherever you're staying, because everywhere in Adelaide is).

Duly refreshed by sleep in comfortable and quiet hotel rooms (the Ibis, on Grenfell Street — you are nosey, aren't you) we picked up a car and set off through the cheerful suburbs, then the bush and vineyards to the north of the city, and finally entered The Outback. Coober Pedy is a feasible one-day drive from Adelaide, but it

would be a long day (and we were hovering, meteorologically, around the 38 degree mark). Cousin Barbara (who used to be a tour guide) had advised a more Scenic route through some old country towns *en route* to the one possible stopover, Port Augusta (known to Family as Porta Gutter, because of its cultural sophistication and beauty).

These towns are indeed highly picturesque, in a slightly wild-west idiom. In order, they are Auburn, Clare, Gladstone, Laura, Wirrabara, Melrose (with the delightfully-named Mount Remarkable on the left), Wilmington and Quorn. Quorn has everything a superior Australian country town should have, including an Emporium. So much more than a general store wherever found, this example has raised the genre to gloriously eccentric heights. It is really, now, a cafe/museum, with the quirk that many of the exhibits are for sale, as I suppose befits... An Emporium (though not the items in the startling recreation of a vintage hospital bed and doctor's surgery in the cellar). Having paused here for coffee (and after several other pauses to photograph picturesque ruins on the way) we arrived in PA and found the PA Eco-Motel which TripAdvisor had Advised.

Our rooms had been comfortably crafted from natural materials and, most importantly, included (ecologically sound) AIR CONDITIONING. This, the newest accommodation in PA, appeared to have been built on a former car sales yard, so there were acres of parking. There was also an especially genial host, more like a long-lost uncle, who inevitably turned out to know my cousin Margy rather well. He offered advice about the few local eateries and offered to lend us a DVD to watch if needed. Those of you who've been inside number 6 Margaret Street will know that most previously empty

corners of it are filled with DVDs. I am an inveterate watcher of films, often more than once (thanks to Messrs Amazon & Co.). So the opportunity to browse someone else's film library could not be missed. But first the culinary choices: these were, our host informed us, Indian (this seemed not to be the ideal place in the world to risk that option), pizza (too hot) and a sort of pub brasserie. This last was clearly the best bet, proving, like the Amalfi in Adelaide, to be so full of locals that it was at first difficult to understand how one achieved a table, let alone food. But having eventually negotiated these mysteries (while incurring much scorn from locals to whom they were not at all mysterious), a decent meal was presented and consumed, accompanied by some excellent South Australian red wine.

Refreshed by ecologically-sound sleep, we settled on a little cafe for breakfast, for the excellent reason that it appeared to be the only one open. Like everywhere else in PA a local code of behaviour applied: one simply had to know. The town has a large number of indigenous Australians gathered, slightly uncomfortably, in all public spaces. The record of successive Australian governments to their situation is famously bumpy. In my lifetime there has been a marked improvement in relationships between Australian communities, but the history of white settlement and indigenous displacement has left behind a complex legacy of misunderstanding on all sides. When one meets a group of aboriginal people in a place such as PA it is not easy to communicate. There is no hostility, but much (no doubt well-deserved) wariness; I always feel both sadness and inadequacy when faced with this conundrum. As the poet Virgil remarks, *lacrimae rerum* (let me know if you need a translation).

Coober Pedy is approached from PA by a long straight road, a five-hour drive. We chose to pause at the second of only two roadhouses on this route, which appeared to be run by Scandinavian gap-year students (how did that happen?) and took the burger-option (as probably the safest). I may have already mentioned that the road is long and straight. It is also a highway, not a motorway: one lane in each direction. In South Australia this means a 60 mph speed limit, which is very difficult to observe when nothing lies ahead, including any noticeable bends in the road. We soon came to several extraordinary expanses of salt lake which begged to be photographed. After the third or fourth stop to wonder at these, the inevitable happened. A bright red unmarked car travelling in the opposite direction suddenly spun round behind me and became a study in flashing blue lights.

Every time I drive in South Australia I get a speeding ticket. The roads being long, empty and straight (did I say that?) it is difficult to restrain a well-appointed V8 petrol engine to 110 kph (60 mph). The scary and overweight policeman smiled with obvious and humourless pleasure from behind his reflector sunglasses and asked if there was any reason why I was travelling at 132 kph (82 mph: wouldn't raise an eyebrow on the M1, would it?). I couldn't think of much to say except 'no': backchat might not, I surmised, help this conversation along. After a short pause, cunningly performed to encourage false hope, he wrote me a ticket for an eye-watering number of dollars. It was small comfort to learn, when we reached Coober Pedy, that every single inhabitant of our underground hotel had received a speeding ticket on this road. South Australia has no need of income tax or VAT. Just a few police in unmarked

cars on the road to Coober Pedy keep the state solvent.

Spookily, in this corner of *Terra Australis*, one does not pay a fine; one ‘expiates’. When I got back to London I tried to expiate quickly, but the government website would not allow me to do so. Perhaps I was not worthy? I ’phoned the relevant state government department. I was told that (six weeks after the event) it was quite likely that the offence had not yet been logged on the system as ‘there were a lot to process’. Uttering what I believe is known as a hollow laugh I opined that this appeared to be a revenue-raising exercise. This elicited a cheerful but non-committal response from the pleasant civil servant. When the final reckoning arrived, having taken out a small second mortgage, I duly *expiated*. It was a consolation of sorts that I was not merely paying a fine but enacting the actual expiation of guilt. A Catholic reckoning indeed.

Arriving in Coober Pedy should have been an anti-climax after so much excitement, but even ‘out of season’ as this was (the Heat) it is an extraordinary little town. Hotels and many of the houses are ‘dugouts’ under the hills where mother earth keeps one at a reliable 24 degrees. There are over forty nationalities represented in the town and the best of the two restaurants, Tom and Mary’s, turned out to be Greek. We didn’t venture into the Italian Miner’s Club (featured in that fine documentary *Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*), but contented ourselves with exploring a working opal mine and the three underground churches (no, you didn’t misread that). The Anglican cave, furnished in ‘mining-vernacular’, is more agreeable than the rather unimaginative RC effort, but the Syrian Orthodox Church, complete with bas-relief icons carved in the stone walls

and an iconostasis to match, is stunning. An obviously self-appointed Syrian was bossing visitors around, but since we’d been told it was open all night we returned after dinner to marvel at and photograph this madly extravagant ecclesial space without the benefit of his interpretative zeal.

During the next day we visited the working opal mine, a convincingly hard-hat sort of experience which included opportunities to drill and hack at bits of rock where opals might be found. We were also able to see two seasoned miners (two more nationalities, I forget which) operating a mechanical mole, drilling into a rockface where seams of valuable opals *had* been found. I understand that in the colder months (when the above-ground temperature drops below 25 degrees) Coober Pedy can become properly rowdy, as an outback mining town should be. No such experience was forthcoming in January. In the evening we had been directed by cousin Barbara to the sunset over the Breakaways. The word breath-taking may have been coined by someone who’d just seen the Breakaways. They are a remarkable group of flat-topped hills close to the Stuart Ranges. Once covered by an inland sea, the region is now all stone and sand, but also home to almost 60 native flora species (and Red Kangaroos). These are the dramatic rock and desert landscapes seen in *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert* and *Mad Max 3 — Beyond Thunderdome* (not quite Fellini — but he would have enjoyed both).

Opal shopping and the other delights of the town having been exhausted, the drive back to Adelaide was happily without incident. The stopover in PA furnished a Saturday evening Mass in the depressingly 1970s’ RC church, no Anglican service being available at a feasible time. This Mass was

most remarkable for the complete lack of engagement on the part of the congregation, who had a robustly old-style fulfil-the-obligation-and-meet-your-neighbours attitude to it. But the Offering was made and I was thankful to be there. On the way out of town we also visited the Australian Arid Lands Botanic Garden, which does what it says on the tin very well, and is in marked contrast to similar offerings in Chelsea and Oxford.

I now flew to Melbourne, thence to visit the sheep farm (known in the local lexicon as a Property) where my aunt's ashes will be buried next year. Melbourne was as unwelcoming to me as always. The Melbourne Club, the Athenaeum, the Australian Club and even the Alexandra Club (originally a women's club, frequented by my scary grandmother and the recently-deceased aunt, and always referred to by them as The Snake Pit), were all fully booked. Apparently Tennis was happening. Thoughtless of it.

So I found The Larwill Studio which is something called an Art Series Hotel, in Parkville (the suburb where the Melbourne Jesuits live); this is an art-fuelled experience in, oddly, the same modern building which houses the Children's Hospital. This seemed somehow Wrong, but it was an excellent place to stay. On Flemington Road, it is an easy tram-ride to the CBD, if you need to know.

The next day I hired a car and drove to Lake Bolac. The Western District is about 140 miles from Melbourne, settled in the early nineteenth century by sheep-farmers and still home to more sheep than people. My father and his sisters had spent all their holidays at this Property (*Eilyer*) and in the great days of the wool trade the Family had

built a house in Melbourne with the same name. My scary grandmother never quite accustomed herself to the passing of this age, and my late aunt had lived there in memory for the rest of her long life. I was therefore very pleased to have the opportunity finally to visit a place of Family legend.

Having arrived roughly at lunchtime, I was met with a complete family gathering for — naturally — roast lamb, from the farm. My cousin Kaye's sons are proper Australian country men: I am of reasonable stature, but they tower mightily above me. Kaye and her husband Blackers (surname Blackburn) have evidently reinvented what remains of the once vast ovine empire with great imagination and resourcefulness. After a perfect lunch and a tour of the house, Blackers showed me several hundred of the 13,000 acres they now farm (not only our woolly friends these days) and some massive and fearsome-looking farm equipment, plus a couple more houses. Blackers' favourite relaxation, a little perversely, is skiing, so trips to Europe are regularly called for. Overwhelmed by all this country hospitality I made my way gently back to Melbourne, pausing in the famous local 'city' of Ballarat, a former Gold Rush town which retains a certain swagger from those long-gone days.

My stay in Melbourne included an opportunity delightfully to lunch with Bishop Lindsay Urwin, formerly Administrator of the Walsingham shrine, now happily inserted into the most unlikely Anglican church in Melbourne, Christ Church, Brunswick. Think of Holy Redeemer, Clerkenwell. Then exaggerate a bit. It is a complete Italianate and *campanile*'d Victorian fantasy, matched by a massive Italianate Rectory. It seemed an odd thing for an Anglican congregation to have built in what was then an Italian

suburb, especially as there is an obviously Italian Roman Catholic church across the High Street. Still, it has Character. As, of course, does Bishop Lindsay. I wish him well.

Of course a visitor to Melbourne from ASMS must also visit Butterfield's largest church, St Paul's Cathedral. This I did on Australia Day (26th of January — don't pretend you knew that), participating in a shambolic Mass conducted by a well-meaning clergyman in cassock-alb and stole, at which the propers seemed dangerously fluid: at one point it became a Mass of Our Lady. No complaint from me, but Fr Forse would have recorded that, so I must. The Cathedral could only be Butterfield, so I don't need to describe it to readers of the ASMS Parish Paper. There's a website if you're really curious.

Back to Sydney for the rest of my stay. By now my hosts, warned of my relentless reappearance, had gone to India. So I

had their beautiful house to myself for a delightful final week, which included re-inhabiting a favourite pulpit (yes, CCSL) on 31st January and completing the liturgical pilgrimage with Candlemas. This now feels odd to me, in midsummer, the evening sun blazing through the West door of the church: the Nunc Dimittis struggles to make its point in such overwhelming light. But I never noticed that lack of fit until I lived in the northern hemisphere, so I suppose it matters little, if at all, to locals. I do remember, as a teenager, being taken aback at singing '*In the bleak midwinter*' on a blazing Christmas morning.

I have detained you more than long enough. Since I began this saga, kindly people in the courtyard have felt they need to tell me that they 'must' see Australia (or that they love Sydney: the latter is obviously a proper sentiment). Don't feel you have to; it is a Long Way. But if you do, give it my love; some of it is really rather wonderful. Toodle pip. **MB**

ST CYPRIAN'S FESTIVAL WEEKEND

St Cyprian's Church, Glentworth Street, NW1 6AX

Thursday 15 September, 7.30pm HIGH MASS

Preacher: Ven Luke Miller, Archdeacon of London

Friday 16 September, 6.30pm PURCELL'S DIDO & AENEAS

performed by Francis Holland School

Saturday 17 September, 7pm QUIZ NIGHT

Form a team of 6 people or join a team on the night.

Price: £10 per person, to include light refreshments.

Contact Chris Self: chris_self@btinternet.com or 020 7723 2938
for more details or to register your team.

Sunday 18 September, 10.30am PARISH MASS

SERMON PREACHED AT HIGH MASS, TRINITY 9

BY FR STEPHEN WILLIAMS, DEAN OF NEWCASTLE, NEW SOUTH WALES

It is a wonderful thing to be at All Saints' Margaret Street, rumours of which fired my teenage Anglo Catholic imagination in faraway New Zealand. In my present ministry I am also indebted to the story and example of Cyril Golding Bird* who was the 3rd Dean of Newcastle and, later, Bishop of Kalgoorlie in Western Australia. Bishop Golding Bird served his curacy here at All Saints' Margaret Street, and helped ensure that our Cathedral is equipped with the Catholic essentials.

Whilst travelling in recent weeks I've been amused to watch people taking selfies with their mobile telephones. There are times when I wonder if people have really looked at the places they visit, or whether these are just backdrops to their own portraits. There is maybe some reassurance that we really exist when we and our friends see us with a Renaissance building in the background.

Elsa Godart — a French psychoanalyst and philosopher, has written a book entitled 'I selfie therefore I am'. She reflects in her book on the million or so selfies taken every day around the world and claims that obsessive selfie taking is a symptom of a society "stuck in a state of adolescent crisis", that the need to constantly capture one's own image is a sign of its insecurity and unhealthy self-absorption. Whether she's right or not, there's certainly something unnerving about the need by some people for so many selfies.

In May at Newcastle Cathedral we welcomed Hugh Mackay. Mackay is a

sociologist and popular author who spoke at the Cathedral about his latest book. In it he refers to what he and others call the 'me' culture — an insecure but self-obsessed culture that has been trained by consumerist advertising that 'it's all about me'. Related to the 'me' culture is the notion that I have a right to be happy, a notion reinforced relentlessly by books, blogs, broadcasts, conferences, TED talks and YouTube clips. Happiness is a matter of entitlement. Never mind that our folk-law has always said that 'we grow through pain', or that we learn more from failure than success, or that sadness is as authentic and valuable an emotion as happiness and actually has more to teach us. No, the new message is that happiness makes the world go round. So that's the 'me' culture.

Some of us, of course, know that faith in something larger than the self is essential for a sense of meaning in life, and there are numbers of academic studies that support this. Despite the cultural propaganda of our times, it is clear that trying to fill up an empty self is a poor substitute for the web of meaning provided by deep and enduring personal, social and spiritual commitments, and that the most worthwhile commitments are costly.

The Lord's Prayer takes us a million miles from the 'me' culture into a space where we are centred not on self but on the hallowing of God's name and a desire for God's will to be done here, today and every day. It invites us to recognise worship, the honouring of God's name, as the appropriate human priority. It's not about

me, but about the glory of God. It's not about my happiness, but about fulfilling the will of God. And it's no wonder that our culture doesn't even have the words for the things the Lord's Prayer is calling us to, or the informed imagination to commit one's life to a mystery so intangible and so demanding. If the insights of the Lord's prayer did not arise out of the crucible that shaped Jesus, that led him to the cross and the empty tomb, we would have no need to contemplate it. It is the vindication of his life that confronts us with the need to pray this prayer, his prayer, for ourselves. The Lord's prayer encapsulates the culture that you take with you from this place and you may well look about you at those who belong to other more popular cultures and feel challenged. Yet it is a prayer we pray together with the Church on earth and in glory, and together with Jesus. The 'our' in 'Our Abba Father' invites us into the same intimate space where Jesus is at prayer with the Father. A life centred on the hallowing of God's name and the doing of his will is changed by that. The bread we need for today is all we ask for, although it would be reassuring to have tomorrow's bread on hand as well. For the best parables about this we look at the miraculous feeding miracles, but also at the story of Israel in the wilderness. God provided manna from heaven each day. Those who hoarded it for tomorrow found that yesterday's manna was poisonous and they died. The challenge to only ask for our daily bread brings with it a challenge to be content with that. This is a seriously counter-cultural teaching!

This prayer also challenges our resentment at the unfairness of life and the hurt done to us by others. So enamoured

are we by resentment that we have even reshaped the image of God into one who hates humanity and has to be bought off and placated and sacrificed to. But the mirror image of the God Jesus reveals is our willingness to know ourselves forgiven and to offer that grace to others. Imagine how free the human family would be if only we could grow beyond economies of resentful envy and fear, beyond hostility and suspicion and the whole resentful truckload!

To be called by Jesus into this prayer, the Lord's Prayer, is to be called into a space that is utterly alien to any space in which our popular culture would situate us. But that's how the kingdom of God comes isn't it! Seeds growing secretly in people like you who live as well as say the Lord's Prayer.

**Cyril Henry Golding-Bird (18 September 1876 – 9 April 1955) was an Anglican bishop in the early decades of the 20th century. He was born on 18 September 1876 and educated at Merchant Taylors' and Lincoln College, Oxford. Ordained in 1897 he was initially a curate at All Saint's Margaret Street, and then a missionary priest in South Africa. After time as vicar of St Barnabas', Dover; he began a long period of service overseas: first as dean of the Falkland Islands; then a similar post in Newcastle, New South Wales (1909 - 1914) following which he was ordained to the episcopate as Bishop of Kalgoorlie. Translated to Mauritius in 1919, he returned to England eleven years later to become an assistant bishop in the Diocese of Guildford and as Archdeacon of Dorking, then of Surrey, until his final resignation in 1949, before his death on 9 April 1955.*

SERMON PREACHED BY THE VICAR AT HIGH MASS, TRINITY 12, 2016

**Readings: Jeremiah 23: 23 - 29; Psalm 82;
Hebrews 11: 29 - 12: 2;
Luke 12: 49 - 56**

“Let us run with perseverance the race that is set before us, looking to Jesus the pioneer and perfecter of our faith.”

If All Saints had a branch of the evangelical group **“Christians in Sport”**, and was the kind of parish which puts on evenings for hearty chaps to watch rugby matches on the telly, and then hear a message about Jesus as our team captain, you might think that we had chosen that passage from Hebrews to coincide with the Olympic Games. In fact, it is just one of the passages which the Church tells us to read on this Sunday. But, while we are thinking of Mo Farah and Jessica Ennis-Hill and the rest of Team GB, it is providential as well as coincidental to find the Christian life likened to an athletics contest, and a long distance one at that.

Athletes, swimmers, divers, gymnasts, riders and the rest do not just turn up at the Olympic Games saying that they fancy a go at one event or another. Competing in them is the climax of years of preparation, of daily training and self-discipline. It demands both a relentless workload and the deliberate renunciation of many of the pleasures of life. Their whole lives are dominated by their quest; the goal they have set themselves.

These games have been overshadowed by the revelation that for many athletes, even whole national teams, perseverance has not been enough and other means have been resorted to in order to boost individual performance and national pride. Sport has

been corrupted by money and co-opted by politics.

The book traditionally called the Letter to the Hebrews is not so much a letter as a sermon, or series of sermons. It was addressed to a Jewish Christian community, probably in Rome, whose loyalty is beginning to buckle under the pressure of persecution. They are thinking of reverting to their original faith — not least because as an officially recognized religion it would be safer. But also because they were beginning to doubt the promises of the Gospel. Hebrews was intended to stiffen their resolve.

Our passage comes at the end of a long litany of Old Testament figures who had trusted in God, set out into the unknown, overcome persecution, fortified **“by faith,”** that faith which Hebrews calls the **“assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen”**.

The climax of this litany, and of its argument, is found in Jesus; who **“for the sake of the joy that was set before him endured the cross, disregarding the shame, and has taken his seat at the right hand of the throne of God”**. If their Lord himself had suffered, Christians should not be surprised if they had to as well.

So, Hebrews proposes a spirituality for the long haul; for difficult times. This is a particularly difficult message for people formed in a culture like ours to hear. We have been formed, tutored, conditioned, to expect instant results, immediate gratification, the quick fix. We know what we want and we want it now. Like drug-taking athletes, we

look for a short cut. We are easily persuaded by novelties and a huge industry sets out to persuade us. A new outfit will improve the way we think about ourselves. The latest diet will help us lose weight without having to exercise or give up beer or chocolate or chips. The latest gadget will allow us to stay ahead of the technological game. The latest gear from Sports Direct or Nike will make us fleet of foot.

Not long after I had begun my recent walking pilgrimage in Spain a German lady said to me that I was dressed as pilgrims had been 10 years ago. I replied that this was because I was wearing pretty much the same outfit as I had the last time I did it seven years before. I had clearly fallen behind in the realm of “Camino Chic” — I wasn’t wearing enough lycra.

Tomorrow evening, on the Feast of the Assumption, our procession after Mass will take us along part of Oxford Street. We will still be in our parish but we will also be invading the territory of another religion: “Consumerism”. We will be walking its processional way, its pilgrimage route, which takes its devotees from one shrine to another: Primark to M&S, John Lewis to Selfridges and back to Primark again — the temples of this religion.

The followers of this faith can be seen every day, even Sunday, making their way along the processional route from one shrine to another, from cathedral to boutique chapel; in search of the latest must-have devotional object or the new habit which will transfigure them. In these temples, we are sold a dream by false prophets: at the touch of a credit card we can be more beautiful or fulfilled. This is an idolatry which both distorts our desires and fails to satisfy them, leaving us constantly hungry

for something new.

Now none of us who live in London can be self-sufficient: we cannot weave our own clothes or grow our own fruit and veg. We have to buy our clothes and food somewhere and someone has to supply them. But there is a line somewhere between the provision of necessities and the marketing of a lifestyle which promises human fulfilment through the acquisition and accumulation of things.

Studies of the decline of religious practice in this country and western Europe have tended in the past to focus on intellectual developments which have undermined it. You know the kind of thing:

- ◆ “Science has explained the universe, we don’t need God to do that anymore;”
- ◆ “Religion is the source of all the world’s ills.”

These are the arguments of Richard Dawkins and Co.

Clergy of my generation were brought up to try to deal with these intellectual and moral challenges. What we were not trained to deal with, because it had sneaked up on us by stealth, was the effect on faith and the practice of religion of the growth of a consumer society in which “**I think, therefore I am,**” let alone “**I believe, therefore I am,**” cannot compete with “**I shop, therefore I am**”.

The academy as much as the Church has been left standing by the shopping mall. Indeed, both have been infiltrated by it. Churches fall over themselves to offer choice and novelty — “fresh expressions” we call them in the Church of England — to tempt in the reluctant worshipper. If people like shopping malls and coffee shops, then church must be made as much like them as possible. There are no sofas in the side

aisles of this church; no people lounging in them sipping cappuccinos and smoothies as I saw at an ordination last year, while the bishop and clergy processed in. Schools and universities have to demonstrate the economic usefulness of their teaching. No room there for the formation of rounded human beings, persons of wisdom and integrity.

This development is just as great a threat to a rational, a reasonable society, as it is to a religious one. Indeed, anyone who bothers to study the history of Christianity will discover that, in spite of lapses into intolerant fundamentalism in some quarters, something just as true of secular ideologies, and usually with vastly more lethal effect, it has been the friend rather than the enemy of reason and science. This was something of which Pope Benedict and Archbishop Rowan, and the former Chief Rabbi, Lord Jonathan Sacks have reminded us.

And when people feel that they have missed out on the benefits of this consumerist religion, when they realise that they have been conned, they look for someone to blame. Then anger and resentment all too easily drown out tolerance and charity. Demagogues, for whom the truth is whatever suits their cause, will play on the forces of unreason.

As we know all too well, there are many places in our world where Christians face the real threat of persecution. That threat has reached out to claim the life of a priest in France, but it has also claimed the lives of rationalists and Muslims.

We in the Church here do have a responsibility to work and speak on behalf of our persecuted brothers and sisters, and we in this parish have played a small part in that in our diocese. This autumn, Westminster

Abbey and Westminster Cathedral are going to be illuminated in red to draw attention to their plight. So if you are on a Number 88 bus and somebody asks why the Abbey is all red, you can tell them.

But at the same time, we need to be aware of the more subtle forces working to undermine faith in our own society. These are at least as much to do with practice and lifestyle as they are with ideas. So, if we are to combat their effect on the Church, on ourselves, let alone on other people, we need to change our lifestyles. We need to develop disciplines, practices, habits, which encourage and support perseverance in the faith. These are the disciplines of prayer and worship, scripture and sacrament, self-examination and confession, the ordering of our lives in godly and charitable ways.

Just as for the Olympic athlete, these cannot be Sunday only things, a weekend leisure activity. We have to get up and say our prayers every day, read and meditate on the scriptures, examine the conduct of our lives, seek the grace of the sacraments, day after day.

This is what looking to Jesus as the pioneer and perfecter of our faith means. Jesus is not simply a distant example from the past of how to live the good life, but the risen Lord who has opened the way to the fulfilment of our human life in relationship with God, and who makes that relationship possible and real. He actively works to perfect our faith and one of his gifts to the saints is that perseverance of which Hebrews speaks.

Gifts have to be accepted and used. God, as the Collect for today says, is always more ready to hear than we are to pray, to give more than we either desire or deserve. The challenge which the Jesus of today's Gospel puts before us in uncompromising terms,

is to “read the signs of the times,” to understand the world we live in, the culture which forms us, in the light of the Gospel, to cast off its weight which clings so closely, and to live and work for the Kingdom of God.

That means that in our tradition we too

must examine ourselves and our desires and preoccupations, lest we turn out to be nothing more than a spiritual boutique off Oxford Street catering to a niche market of spiritual aesthetes, cut off from any possibility of mission to most of those around us.

All Saints Margaret Street
ORGAN RECITALS 2016 and DIARY DATES FOR 2017
Sunday evenings after Benediction, 7.15pm (45 minutes)

18 September 2016 — Charles Andrews, Associate Director of Music

Miserere (four parts) — Byrd (1543 - 1623)

Master Tallis's Testament — Howells (1892 - 1983)

An Wasserflüssen Babylon — Pachelbel (1653 - 1706)

Flourish for an Occasion; Prelude in E flat — Harris (1883 - 1973)

Präludium und Fuge über den Namen BACH — Liszt (1811 - 86)

20 November — Charles Andrews, Associate Director of Music

29 January — Charles Andrews, Associate Director of Music

12 March — Charles Andrews, Associate Director of Music

7 May — Timothy Byram-Wigfield, Director of Music

2 July — Laurence Long, Dr John Birch Organ Scholar

24 September — Charles Andrews, Associate Director of Music

26 November — Richard Moore, Organ Scholar St Paul's Cathedral and
George Thalben-Ball Memorial Organ Scholar, St Michael's Cornhill.

*Entry is free, with a retiring collection in aid of Choir & Music at All Saints
(recommended donation £5).*

The Licensed Club/Bar is open after each recital.

100 YEARS AGO

Fr Mackay addressed the Confraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of London which he had established in the parish. After speaking of the effects of the war, and suggesting topics for mediation which would renew the work of intercession, he then spoke of the coming National Mission.

‘As a member of the Diocesan Council of the National Mission I am looking with

confidence towards our confraternity, but I must admit that some anxiety is mingled with the confidence.

‘Indeed I have had a painful dream lately. In my dream the Mission is over, and two angels are discussing why it failed in the Diocese of London.

“It was owing,” said one of the angels, “to the confraternity for prayer for London.

The difficulty about the whole Mission," he continued, "always lay in the lack of prayer in the Church of England... The question always was, will the Evangelicals, who pray devoutly, and the English Catholics be able between them to produce sufficient prayer force to make the mission possible. Well, the Evangelicals did their part very well, but the Catholics failed. For example, take the confraternity of prayer, that looked like a hopeful movement, but when the test of the war came it was found that many people had joined the confraternity of prayer because they wanted a link with All Saints, Margaret Street, a particular church of which they were fond. Their will towards London was slack. They always wanted encouragement to go on. They were told at the start that they would get no encouragement, that the test of faithfulness was to be the steady half hour with nothing attached to it beyond an occasional address and a yearly Festival and Sermon. With the War these people began to flag and fail.

'Then the Mission came. But they made no great renewed effort. There was not enough prayer. The confraternity might have turned the scale. It failed... and so far as London is concerned the Mission was a fiasco.'

'Well, that is a very bad dream, God grant that it is not a prophecy. I do not think it is. You are going to be diligent in prayer then.

'And please give the next half hour not to London but to the confraternity itself. Pray for those who are not here. Pray for those whose will has grown slack. Pray for those who have silently dropped out. For those who think themselves too busy.'

SUNDAYS AND SOLEMNITIES MUSIC AND READINGS

● SUNDAY 4 SEPTEMBER TRINITY 15

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 360 Firmly I believe,
and truly

Entrance Chant: *Iustus es, Domine*

Setting: Missa Ego flos campi
— Padilla

Psalm: 1

Readings: Deuteronomy 30: 15 - end
Philemon 1 - 21

Gradual Hymn: 415 O for a thousand
tongues to sing

Gospel: Luke 14: 25 - 33

Preacher: Fr Julian Browning

Creed: Credo III

Offertory Motet: Praise our Lord, all ye
Gentiles — Byrd

Hymns: 280 Deck thyself, my soul,
with gladness
328 God be in my head
477 Ye that know the Lord
is gracious

Voluntary: Prelude and Fugue
in F minor — Bach

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 121

Lessons: Isaiah 43: 14 - 44: 5
John 5: 30 - end

Office Hymn: 150 (Roman)

Canticles: Magdalen Service
— Leighton

Anthem: Let all the world — Leighton

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Hymn: 376 I heard the voice
of Jesus say
O Salutaris: Bramma No 2
Hymn: 303 (Song 24) O Word
immortal of eternal God
Tantum ergo: Bramma No 2
Voluntary: Rosace (Esquisses
Byzantines) — Mulet

● SUNDAY 11 SEPTEMBER TRINITY 16

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 461 There's a wideness
in God's mercy
Entrance Chant: *Da pacem, Domine*
Setting: Missa O quam gloriosum
— Victoria

Psalm: 51: 1 - 11
Readings: Exodus 32: 7 - 14
1 Timothy 1: 12 - 17

Gradual Hymn: 393 Lead us, heavenly
Father

Gospel: Luke 15: 1 - 10
Preacher: The Vicar,
Prebendary Alan Moses

Creed: Victoria
Offertory Motet: Blessed be the Lord God
of Israel (Short Service)
— Gibbons

Hymns: 288 God everlasting,
wonderful and holy
315 Word of the Father,
source of all things living
439 Praise to the holiest in
the height

Voluntary: Allegro assai vivace
(Sonata No 1) Op 65
— Mendelssohn

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 124, 125
Lessons: Isaiah 60
John 6: 51 - 69
Office Hymn: 150 (Sarum)
Canticles: Canticles in E flat (No 2)
— Wood
Anthem: Save us, O Lord — Bairstow
Preacher: Fr Julian Browning
Hymn: 295 Let all mortal flesh keep
silence

O Salutaris: Fischer
Hymn: 276 Bread of heaven, on thee
we feed

Tantum ergo: Palestrina
Voluntary: Pastoral A major (op 177)
— Gustav Merkel

● SUNDAY 18 SEPTEMBER TRINITY 17

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 436 Praise, my soul,
the King of heaven

Entrance Chant: *Salus populi ego sum*

Setting: Mass in G — Poulenc

Psalm: 113

Readings: Amos 8: 4 - 7
1 Timothy 2: 1 - 7

Gradual Hymn: 74 O for a heart to praise
my God

Gospel: Luke 16: 1 - 13

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Creed: Credo IV

Offertory Motet: Vater unser
— Rheinberger

Hymns: 385 Jesu, the very thought
of thee

456 Teach me, my God
and King

420 O Jesus, I have promised

Voluntary: Prelude in C minor — Bach

**EVENSONG AND
BENEDICTION at 6pm**

Psalm: 129
Lessons: Ezra 1
John 7: 14 - 36
Office Hymn: 150 (Roman)
Canticles: Dyson in D
Anthem: Totus tuus — Górecki
Preacher: The Vicar,
Prebendary Alan Moses
Hymn: 339 Be thou my vision
O Salutaris: Byrd
Hymn: 247 O gladsome light,
O grace
Tantum ergo: Byrd
Voluntary: Air (BWV 1068)
— J.S. Bach

● **SUNDAY 25 SEPTEMBER
TRINITY 18**

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 484 The Church's one
foundation
Entrance Chant: *Omnia,*
quae fecisti nobis
Setting: Missa Crux Fidelis
— Vivanço
Psalm: 146
Readings: Amos 6: 1a, 4 - 7
1 Timothy 6: 6 - 19
Gradual Hymn: 374 How sweet the name
of Jesus sounds
Gospel: Luke 16: 19 - end
Preacher: The Vicar,
Prebendary Alan Moses
Creed: Credo II
Offertory Motet: Holy is the true light
— Harris

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

Hymns: 306 Strengthen for service,
Lord, the hands
341 Blest are the pure in
heart
477 Ye that know the Lord is
gracious
Voluntary: Flourish for an Occasion
— Harris

**EVENSONG AND
BENEDICTION at 6pm**

Psalms: 134, 135
Lessons: Nehemiah 2
John 8: 31 - 38, 48 - end
Office Hymn: 150 (Sarum)
Canticles: Canticles in E — Watson
Anthem: Give us the wings of faith
— Bullock
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Hymn: 331 Abide with me;
fast falls the eventide
O Salutaris: Byrd
Hymn: 383 Jesu, lover of my soul
Tantum ergo: Byrd
Voluntary: Master Tallis's Testament
— Howells

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The Revd Julian Browning
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Dee Prior 020 7636 1788
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– **ALL SAINTS MARGARET STREET** –

(Registered Charity Number: 1132895)

Parish Legacy Policy

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

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

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

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

All Saints Foundation (Charity Number: 273390)

which assists the PCC in the care of our Grade 1 listed heritage buildings. The capital of the All Saints Foundation can be spent.

Non Designated Bequests

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

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

Remembering Donors

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

Mission Projects Committee Chairman is Janet Drake

All Saints year-round fundraising efforts go to support:

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

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

The West London Day Centre for the homeless.

Contacting Us about Bequests

If you would like to discuss making a bequest to All Saints, please contact:
The Vicar/Honorary Treasurer/The All Saints Choir and Music Trust Administrator/
The All Saints Foundation Administrator

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

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

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

CALENDAR AND INTENTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER 2016

1	<i>Giles of Provence, Hermit c710</i>	Unity
2	<i>The Martyrs of Papua New Guinea 1901 and 1942</i>	Those in need
3	Gregory the Great, Bishop of Rome and Teacher 604	Pope Francis
4	✠ TRINITY 15	Our Parish and People
5		Marylebone Deanery
6	<i>Allen Gardiner, Missionary, Founder SAMS</i>	The Church in Latin America
7		Weekday Mass congregations
8	The Birth of the Blessed Virgin Mary	Unity
9	<i>Charles Fuge Lowder, Priest, 1880</i>	Those in need
10		Shrine of OLW and Administrator
11	✠ TRINITY 16	Our Parish and People
12		London Assembly and Mayor
13	John Chrysostom, Bishop and Teacher, 407	Theological Colleges and Seminaries
14	Holy Cross Day	The Church in Jerusalem
15	Cyprian, Bishop and Martyr, 258	Unity
16	<i>Edward Bouverie Pusey, Priest, Tractarian, 1882</i>	Those in need
17	Hildegard, Abess and Visionary, 1179	Church Musicians
18	✠ TRINITY 17	Our Parish and People
19	<i>Theodore of Tarsus, Archbishop of Canterbury; 690</i>	Archbishop Justin Welby
20	John Coleridge Patteson, Bishop, and companions, Martyrs, 1871	The Church in the Pacific
21	Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist	Biblical translators and scholars
22		Unity
23		Those in need
24	of the BVM	Walsingham Cell
25	✠ TRINITY 18	Our Parish and People
26	<i>Wilson Carlyle, Founder of the Church Army, 1942</i>	Evangelists
27	Vincent de Paul, Founder of the Congregation of the Mission, 1660	Homeless and rough sleepers
28	Ember Day	Vocations
29	Michael and All Angels	Unity
30	Jerome, Translator and Teacher, 420; Ember Day	Those in need

