



All Saints Parish Paper

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VICAR'S LETTER

**This month's letter is adapted from a sermon the Vicar preached at Evensong before he left for study leave in Rome.*

An American writer called **Rod Dreher** has sparked a discussion in this area with his idea of “**The Benedict Option**”. He believes that western society is now so hostile to Christianity, that the only option is a quasi-monastic withdrawal from it into separate “moral exclaves”. Only thus can Christian identity be preserved for some future date when a re-Christianization of society might be launched. This is not so much a total withdrawal as a strategic retreat in order to regroup.

The starting point for his idea lies in the work of the philosopher Alasdair MacIntyre. He saw western civilization in danger of descending into a new Dark Ages of unreason — as much anti-scientific as anti-religious. Well in an age of “alternative facts”; and contempt for “experts”, (that is people who know something about anything — rather than just having strongly-held prejudices reinforced by ignorance), we might feel that we are already on the brink of such an age. Just as much of classical learning had been preserved after the collapse of the Roman Empire in the West by the monasteries; so the hope for the preservation of scientific knowledge and culture until better times lay in the establishment of the equivalent of Benedictine communities.



Deacon Philip Sanneh ordained to the priesthood at All Saints, Sunday 21 May

(Photo: Andrew Prior)

Dreher's understanding of Benedictine monasticism is rather one-sided. True, there was separation and withdrawal; and this was renewed from time to time by reform movements like the Cistercians when the monasteries became too worldly and wealthy, as they were prone to do. But separation was never absolute. As well as their ministry of hospitality and the education provided in monastic schools, monks were the principal missionary force in Western and Northern Europe. Gregory the Great sent Augustine to this country from his monastery in Rome. In their turn,

monks like Boniface went from this country to northern Europe. And monks went not only as missionaries. Alcuin of York was recruited by Charlemagne to implement his educational policies. Even the austere and silent Cistercians transformed their wilderness refuges by their agricultural practices.

The case for Christians to withdraw into “moral exclaves” is often based on the text: **“Therefore come out from them, and be separate from them, says the Lord”** (2 Corinthians 6: 17), but there are other texts which take a different line. God’s people are to be the city built on a hill which cannot be hidden, the light of the world and the salt of the earth (Matthew 5: 13 – 16). More broadly, “In the world but not of it,” was clearly the way of Jesus Christ, the incarnate Word.

Dreher left the Roman Catholic Church of his upbringing for the Orthodox. Most Orthodox Churches have lived for centuries under the dominance of either Islam or Communism. They have been forced to “keep,” that is both to practice and preserve their faith, in separation and secrecy from the mainstream of society. That is not where we are or what we are called to be. Just as much as monastic communities were called to mission, so are we.

He may not have given the right answer for the Church in Western society, but Dreher does raise an important question: How does the Church, especially those churches which have a historic, incarnational commitment to the common good of society, maintain its distinctive identity?

If separation from that society is not the answer — because it deprives us of any real possibility on creative influence — then what degree of distinctiveness is necessary

for such an influence to be possible? How is the salt of the earth to keep its savour? How do we preserve our distinctive Christian character so that we are not simply assimilated into the surrounding culture and take on its assumptions and character? What boundaries do we need, for we certainly need some?

If the dividing wall has been broken down, then building another one, even a spiritual one, is not the answer. It is too defensive, too negative, for the missionary purpose of the Church. Pope Francis has said that the Church is in the business of building bridges not walls; of going out to where people are rather than expecting them to come to us.

Perhaps it is more helpful to think of the Church having blurred, porous edges but a definite core. At that centre, as we hear in Luke’s description of the early Church in Acts, is being actively **“faithful to the apostles’ teaching and fellowship, to the breaking of the bread and the prayers”** (Acts 2: 42). These are vital activities to be practiced by us, not just things we wish to see preserved. The more porous the boundaries of the Church, the more we must commit ourselves to those practices which maintain its apostolic character.

This is about more than writing letters to the BBC defending the broadcasting of Choral Evensong on Radio 3. It is about coming to Evensong in church — and not just to experience a cultural artifact, a spiritual concert — and it is about praying the Daily Office of the Church — not just on Sundays but from Monday to Saturday as well — and not just leaving the clergy to do it for you. They will be here, in this church, doing it day-in-day-out but where will you be, what will you be doing?

It is about more than protesting against

the privatization of “Songs of Praise”, it is about **“singing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs together”** (Colossians 3: 16) in the worship of the church.

It is about more than defending “Thought for the Day” on the Today programme: it is about thinking seriously together about Christian faith and what it says to our life in the world; the lifestyle which is appropriate for Christians.

It is not just thinking we need the holy scriptures to understand so much of English and European culture: Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton, Donne and Herbert, and poets nearer our time like Auden and Eliot: and all that religious painting and sculpture in art galleries and museums. It is the experience of hearing and reading scripture, meditating on it, so that it becomes the means by which Jesus encounters us, speaks to us, where he becomes part of our selves: **“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly”** (Colossians 3: 16).

It is certainly not just purring contentedly that All Saints has preserved choral Evensong and High Mass, daily Mass and Offices and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, but of coming to them; of attending Mass here or elsewhere — of not just coming to Benediction but of spending time in silent prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. These are all things of which the adage, **“Use it or lose it”** applies. If we don’t do them, they will disappear.

How can we preserve a Christian culture and tradition, its art and architecture, its music and its literature, its ascetic and spiritual practices, without becoming merely antiquarian and eccentric: without being a curious sub-culture; an escapism, no more significant than a historic reenactment

society? How are we to be what scripture calls a **“peculiar people”** without being just plain “peculiar”? Or worse still, how are we to avoid an English Defence League version of Christian Civilization — defined by what it is not and what it is against, rather than what it is and what it is for; what it hates rather than what it loves? There is a clue in Ephesians: **“In him the whole structure is joined together and grows into a holy temple in the Lord in whom you also are built together spiritually into a dwelling place for God”** (Ephesians 2: 21).

We are talking here about an ongoing relationship with Jesus Christ the cornerstone, a continuing engagement with the witness of the apostles and prophets; a long-term process. That is what “tradition” really means; not a finished article that we possess, something we keep in a safe deposit box — a guarantee that other benighted souls don’t have. It is not something of “days of yore,” to be enjoyed like a bank holiday visit to a National Trust property. It is something we need to love and live and grow in. We need to dig down to its depths, to put down roots so that we might be nourished and fed and **“grow together spiritually into the dwelling place of God,”** so that the vision in Ephesians of humanity united in the universal Church might become a reality rather than a wistful memory.

Yours in Christ,
Alan Moses

PRIESTLY ORDINATION

All Saints was the location of a rare service [last seen there 94 years ago] at 3pm on Sunday 21 May. Deacon **Philip Sanneh, trained at St Mellitus College, was ordained to the priesthood by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese of the Gambia, James Allen Yaw Odico.** Bishop James was

formerly the Dean of St Mary's Cathedral, Banjul, the capital city of Gambia. He was himself only consecrated and enthroned on 24 January 2016. Philip's friends and family were well represented on what was the Sunday of the Parish Retreat, with Frances O'Neil — who has particularly assisted Philip's preparations over the last year — returning from the Retreat especially to be there. She was not alone in this commitment, the Vicar also returning from study leave in Rome to support Philip on such an important occasion and shortly before his own 40th Anniversary of ordination. *Churchwarden John Forde advised that this was the first ordination at All Saints for 94 years.*

Back then, on St James' Day, Wednesday, 25 July 1923, the Bishop of Nassau, by permission of the Bishop of the diocese, held an Ordination at All Saints.

We wish Fr Philip every good wish for his future ministry.

2017 LENT APPEAL FINAL TOTAL

We are pleased to report that this achieved a final collection (including applicable Gift Aid) of **£6,490**. Thank you very much for the generosity of the 70 individual donors and those who gave cash to the collection plate on Good Friday. We have now sent £1,622.50 to each of our four nominated charities:

- 1. THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S LENT APPEAL: *Sowing Seeds for Tomorrow*** — education and training projects with **ALMA, the Diocesan Partnership with Angola and Mozambique.**
- 2. Our Parish Mission Projects: USPG** — support and training for those experiencing HIV and Aids-related stigma in Zimbabwe.

- 3. THE MARYLEBONE PROJECT** — the Church Army's emergency refuge/rehoming service for homeless women in London NW1.
- 4. THE SOUP KITCHEN** — tackling food poverty with the American International Church on Tottenham Court Road, feeding up to 70 vulnerable people a day.

HOLY WEEK 2017 SERMONS BOOKLET

The sermons preached by our Holy Week guest preacher **Fr Jim Walters, Chaplain LSE** have been gathered together into a booklet, now available for sale in Church, priced £2. *If you would like a copy mailed to you, please get in touch with Dee in the Parish Office on: 0207 636 1788.*

VIERNE, VERDI AND VEUVE CLICQUOT

As I wrote in the parish email recently, this year we are having a Summer of Priesthood at All Saints. Not quite the 1967 Summer of Love in San Francisco, for which Timothy Leary coined the phrase 'turn on, tune in, drop out' (of which, tellingly, only the 'dropping out' really caught on), but our own local celebration of ordination and ordination anniversaries — all celebrations of NOT dropping out, but rather of seeking the grace of perseverance.

Our friend from Gambia, Fr Philip, who's been studying in London and serving at our altar as both server and deacon, has recently been priested in All Saints by his Bishop.

Soon the Vicar will be celebrating 40 years in priestly orders, the Scottish Episcopal Church apparently preferring the Feast of a local boy (S Columba) for

ordinations to the current fad in the Church of England, which favours the Solemnity of Ss Peter and Paul. Fr Alan is celebrating his 40th anniversary with a High Mass on Friday 9 June, and his successor at Old St Paul's, Edinburgh, Fr Ian Paton, will be the preacher.

I was a Petertide priest, ordained in Rochester Cathedral 25 years ago and I've just been there for a silver jubilee visit. It is a venerable site of early English Christianity, the second oldest See in England after Canterbury, the original building dating from the 7th century and the present one begun well before the Conquest. It is a small, beautiful and unpretentious building, somewhat overlooked because of its proximity to its grander elder sister in Canterbury. For someone who grew up regarding 19th century churches as ancient, this deep history was a moving bonus at my ordination. And I was delighted to return there last month, on my way to retreat at Aylesford Priory, and also delighted that I don't feel too nostalgic about it. The altar has been moved, again, and the stone platform just west of the screen on which we stood behind the Bishop after he had ordained us is now bare. 25 years is not quite half my life, but it is by far the most significant part of it, and I don't want everything to be the same — that would be death.

I was actually ordained on 30 June, though we kept it as the Solemnity of Ss Peter and Paul, and my first Mass was that evening in 1992. This year that day is a Friday and I have decided to mark the celebration, eccentrically, some will think, with a jazz concert. Traditional jazz has always been my favourite music and is little known (possibly little loved)

at All Saints. Unconcerned by this I have booked Mr Digby Fairweather and his Half Dozen to play for me in what is also the year of their farewell tour. They are consummate musicians, who played for my 50th birthday in Berkhamsted and made a few converts from the classical music aficionados there. I have no such expectations at All Saints, as several people have already gone out of their way to tell me they don't like jazz. Forbearing to question the existence of their souls, I merely answer that I have arranged for this august group to play for ME. You are all invited, and if you care to make a donation to the All Saints Foundation that will be the best present you can give me. You can even make a donation to AVOID attendance if that is your wish. Meanwhile I will be quietly looking forward to the look on your face when the last trump sounds and the trumpeter proceeds to SWING.

I must, of course, celebrate the anniversary with a Mass: I've chosen to do that with the All Saints community on the following Sunday, 2 July. My friend Fr Robin Ward, the principal of S Stephens House where we were seminarians together, and who was married in All Saints 20 years ago, will be the preacher. There will be Vienne and Verdi, with Veuve Clicquot to follow (among other friends from Reims).

As some of you know I have little family. I may have a cousin or two with me for these events but I see them as family celebrations for All Saints: as a priest, you are my family. In common with many family celebrations this may involve attendance at something you're not sure you'll like. Humour me!

Fr Michael

Fr Michael Bowie's 2017 Travelogue Part 2 — ASHES TO ASHES

When I left you, last month, I was subsiding into an Oyster and Chardonnay-induced haze as the sun declined over the Harbour Bridge. Satiety led to sleep, which abruptly departed about 5am on Sunday. The Essential Cappuccino would not be provided before 07.00, so I wandered across Macquarie Street to the Botanical Gardens. Like Taronga Zoo opposite, these gardens must be the most delightfully situated in the world. A walk around the harbour foreshore, dodging the already blazing sunshine under a succession of shady and Botanically Organised trees, with the Harbour, Opera House and Bridge in prospect, makes a fine start to a quiet Sunday. Following Silent Breakfast and having enjoyed the Essential C, High Mass beckoned. Christ Church S Laurence Choir holidays in January, but our friend and frequent ASMS visitor Peter Jewkes was safely installed at the organ console and two loyal female choristers with perfect strong voices sang some Lotti. High Mass was, as always, a nourishing and joyful liturgy with nothing left out, from the Asperges to the Angelus, and congregational singing which elevated the wooden roof. After Mass a large group crosses George Street to the venerable Great Southern Hotel (for many years the dormitory for Passion watchers on Maundy Thursday night) where a decent lunch is shared. This Sunday was Fr Daniel's fourth anniversary in post, so he and his wife and daughters joined us; we also farewelled one Natasha from the choir: she has since appeared in the ASMS Evensong congregation. Jewkes, with characteristic modesty, had neglected to tell anyone that this was his *twentieth* anniversary at the console: having appointed him, I at least should have remembered this.

The next day was Moving Day, from the Club to my friends' Soane-like dwelling in Glebe. A volubly anti-immigrant Russian-born taxi driver accepted my cascade of baggage and conveyed me to Glebe, his passionate pro-Brexit diatribe causing him to miss the correct turn-off and drive across the Anzac Bridge. No matter. In Sydney all roads lead to Glebe, and once he'd realised his mistake he turned the meter off. My next appointment was an expansive birthday dinner for a friend in Balmoral. I know, the geography is confusing. If you are in Sydney, Balmoral is a *beach*, across the harbour from the city and down the hill from Mosman. Because it is a beach it has a bathers' pavilion, a particularly fine 1920's example of the changing-room trope, which has become The Bathers Pavilion, one of the finest of Sydney's million or so spiffing restaurants and cafés. The deal is sealed by the location, looking out over the harbour just above a quiet suburban beach. If one times the visit to include sunset it is hard to beat.

The BP Experience began, as it should, with a ferry trip from Circular Quay to Mosman. The seven-course tasting menu was accompanied by an astonishing local Shiraz, once we'd persuaded the French *Sommelier* that French wines were unwanted. They are Wrong in that setting. They are also Unnecessary, given the quality of the local product. Various culinary works of art having been sampled, vinous rapture was completed with a heavenly dessert wine of treacle-like viscosity up in which a spoon would cheerfully have stood. The finishing touch was a natal greeting on my friend's dessert-plate written in what was described as the 'Valrhona blond chocolate turmeric

and lemon sauce', a gloss which didn't enlighten me even slightly as to the content. But lemons were certainly in evidence and it was easy on the palate. And the sentiment so much more pleasantly conveyed than by a candle-stuffed cake and a waiter desperately leading a chorus of 'Happy Birthday to You'.

The next day brought a semi-ecclesiastical engagement. Peter Jewkes (he of the twinkling fingers and toes in the organ loft at CCSL) is a long-time friend and frequent visitor to ASMS. He knew that I was soon to bury the ashes of my much-loved aunt Marg in rural Victoria. He also had a pressing need to inter ashes, both his parents having recently died. Although Peter and I first consciously knew one another in the professional capacity I've mentioned, our lives are strangely linked, as one not infrequently discovers in Church-World. He grew up, as did my mother, in Mosman; his father and grandfather were the proprietors of a well-known pharmacy frequented by my grandparents. His mother and mine were at school together, and knew each other. My father was curate of St Clement's, Mosman, where my mother was in the youth group (Peter's parents were staunch Presbyterians, but Scots Kirk in Mosman is not far from St Clement's, in several senses). My father once took his mother out. Fast forward to our mutual teenage years and Peter was around CCSL at the same time as I was. He is not only an organist but also organ builder; indeed mechanical music runs in his family. His cousin was the proprietor of what was, I think, the last mechanical pianola roll factory in the world (*Mastertouch*, since you ask), whence I purchased hundreds of piano rolls from my teenage years onwards. Like me he has a gramophone and many 78s, and his musical tastes coincide spookily with mine. He lives two minutes' walk from the

house my grandparents inhabited for their entire adult lives. I am almost, therefore, the Family Clergyman. He had obtained the necessary permissions from the Elders of Scots' K for the ashes to be buried in the garden near the church door. And dinner would be in — *Balmoral*.

The day was tipped to exceed 38 degrees. Having hired an air-conditioned car and always keen to reconnoitre in advance the setting of any professional engagement, I arrived an hour ahead of time. Satisfying myself that it would be an uncomplicated event, I leapt purposefully from air-conditioned car to air-conditioned bookshop. In the fifteen minutes during which I browsed, a famous Sydney weather event occurred: the Southerly Buster. A mighty wind swept north across the harbour, pushing great stacks of rain-laden clouds before it. All of these it dumped on Mosman, helping to ready the ground nicely for a burial. It also provided an exhilarating sensation: having walked into an air-conditioned shop from a humid 38 degrees, I walked out of it 15 minutes later into a refreshing 23.

Peter was by now waiting with his family in the church porch, umbrellas poised. The rain obligingly withdrew and we shared our small liturgy of blessing, commendation and committal as the sun insistently returned. Champagne and family chat followed *chez* Jewkes; Peter and I then set off to eat. I was getting blasé about Balmoral. But lest I should become jaded by over-acquaintance with the Pavilion, Peter had kindly booked the Public Dining Room which is, wonderfully, yet another former changing room for bathers, adjacent to the same beach. Who knows where 'they' now change; perhaps 'they' now leap fully-clothed into the wine-dark sea, as the poet

Homer might remark. The PDR by no means exhausts the dining opportunities on this small but perfectly formed Esplanade and it is a fine complement to the BP. Oysters again and more fine seafood abounded.

The next few days promised Family Reunion and More Food. My cousin Peter Minnett introduced me to a new Chinese restaurant opposite the dour south wall of St Andrew's Anglican Cathedral. Early as usual, I steeled myself to walk around the aggressively protestant church where my father was ordained, pleased to see that the diminutive 'Holy Table' is now once more a permanent feature of the 'Sanctuary'. The previous Dean, the then Archbishop's brother, in every way a joyless Trollopian echo, had disposed of the old faux-Jacobean Table and replaced it with a wooden tea-trolley, which was only wheeled out on the odd occasion when he remembered he was a vestigial Anglican and stood near it during what he called 'the Lord's Supper Meeting'. This tasteful item ('tasteful' being the most damning adjective one can apply to any ecclesiastical object) is now permanently fixed in something like its proper place, though incongruous in both size and colour. But I digress. You should not allow me to Start on the Diocese of Sydney or we shall never Finish. Go to the *Chef's Kitchen* on Bathurst Street instead; watch the noodle-makers at their noodling and ingest the results. It is more of a liturgy than what happens in St Andrew's.

After surviving Australia Day without incident (the commemoration has become Contentious, but the argument is too complicated for even this prolix essay), it was time to visit the splendid Fr Eric Hampson, a very active 92-year-old former Vicar of St Augustine's, Kilburn, who has been a long time in Australia and has had

much to do with CCSL. Catching up with this youthful-minded and energetic priest was an excellent preparation for my first attempt to recover my ATM card (see last month).

This involved driving north to Chatswood, to the branch where the bank had promised to send the new card. Chatswood, also home of the very first Westfield Shopping Centre (c 1970), has become a seething sub-metropolis; it is barely possible to park a car there. So I was more than disappointed, when I finally shimmied into the bank, to find that my PIN number had arrived but my card had not. Extricating myself from the overpopulated labyrinth where I'd parked the car, I decided to cheer myself up by pausing at a newly-opened second-hand bookshop, *Love Vintage*, in the neighbouring suburb of Willoughby, near where my mother last lived. There I met a truly Vintage bookseller: i.e. one who knew her books. I heard her giving thoughtful and gentle assistance to members of the public who touchingly believed that the old book they'd found in their deceased aunt's garage was going to pay off their mortgage. When in Australia I seek Australian literature and I was especially seeking novels by Kylie Tennant, whose husband L.C. Rodd had been churchwarden of CCSL and biographer of the mighty Fr John Hope (whose churchwarden he had also been). As I presented one of these novels for purchase, the bookseller revealed that she had once been an English teacher, recalling what she called the 'Year of the Kylies', when the sudden popularity of a certain pint-sized K. Minogue had informed the nomenclature of the female population at large. In that year she rejoiced to remember one girl-child proudly announcing to her that *she* had been named for Kylie *Tennant*. Good to know some people still read her: I think she's

splendid. *Ride on Stranger* is the book to start with, if you're interested. If you aren't, you can of course stop reading this and move on to the monthly Music List.

The next day offered yet more Family and Food: my cousin Ian Minnett (brother of Peter and a semi-regular pop-up communicant at ASMS; also an organist), his wife Kay and their daughters (one of whom I baptized and who is now about to be married, thus providing me with a jolting intimation of mortality) and my uncle John and aunt Helen, gathered to welcome and feed me in Ian's mercifully air-conditioned house. Reminiscence and satiety were achieved and a further Sunday was in prospect. This week, Sunday at CCSL was to be completed by an E&B abbreviated by the removal of the sermon. It was the eve of Charles K&M, a feast not commonly observed in the Antipodes, but this year a guest lecturer, Professor David Flint, the leading Monarchist, had been engaged by someone to speak afterwards. Having heard him before I remembered a subsequent engagement.

Candlemas, this year's CCSL preachment for me, was swiftly approaching. If you remember last year's eternal travelogue you may also remember that there was an Issue around my lack of sacerdotal trousers in Perth. This time I had carefully packed the very pair that David Jones in Perth had sold me in 2016. But by Candlemas these chaps had hidden themselves so well in my surfeit of luggage that I was forced to spend the morning chasing yet more black leg-coverings around the menswear vendors of the CBD (a brief visit to the Union Club to ask whether housekeeping had detected any such items languishing in the wake of my departure had proved fruitless, though my question seemed to make the Porter's day;

glad I could brighten it for him). So it was that I spent two humid hours acquiring more of them. On the *third* of February, needless to say, the Perth Trousers mockingly revealed themselves under a jacket. Still, as Fr Ted might remark, a priest can't have too many pairs of black trousers. Fr Daniel had invited me to deacon as well as preach the High Mass, so, after rehearsing the moves, we celebrated the last day of Christmas in some style, and with the return of the CCSL choir in full and splendid voice; I was told afterwards that Joseph Waugh, the local John Forde (i.e. Repository of All Knowledge), opined that this was the first occasion in a century when they'd had two Rectors at the altar simultaneously. I hope the Bishop of London's farewell that evening was half as good. Allow me to doubt it.

Now we come to the second burial of ashes: this time those of the aunt for whose obsequies I'd crossed the equator. After an early flight I picked up a car at Melbourne airport. I have remarked before on the deficiencies of Melbourne. Its greatest advantage is that the airport is so distant from the city that one can ignore the *urbs* completely if driving to anywhere else. I was and did. Pausing in stately Ballarat for an iced coffee and a quick visit to the respectable RC Cathedral, where devout visitors were taking advantage of Exposition (this was a First Friday), I also espied the diminutive liturgical domicile of the Anglican Bishop. This is a small parish church, the Money having Run Out before completion of an original megalomaniac project, conceived during the gold rush. I fear a committee may have been involved. It took so long to start building works that the gold rush had declined into a gentle and unremunerative stroll; only the foundations and what would have been the crypt were built. This was eventually sold, becoming

The Crypt, a local night club. Probably The Local Nightclub. Another 90 minutes' drive found me at Eilyer, the original sheep property of my Austin forebears' lanate empire.

My Aunt Sue and Cousin Barbara were staying thirty minutes' drive away with another redoubtable ancient Aunt, Margaret Milllear, who was also the deceased Margaret Bowie's closest friend (and with whom she'd spent a blissful 1958 in South Kensington: when I moved to 6 Margaret Street she expressed bitter disappointment at how far East my profession had deposited me). Miss Milllear, together with a further iteration of the Aunt species, Gina Black, were joining us for the ashes-burial the next day. 'Aunts', the immortal PGW remarked 'aren't Gentlemen'; these two, however, are powerful survivors of my farming ancestors and not to be trifled with. Margaret Milllear had only recently leased the bulk of her land to a nephew to farm, while remaining in residence in the Milllear house. She had also recently acquired a walking frame, but her Presence was decidedly Undiminished. Gina Black, at 82, was still in charge of her family property. She'd just bought another farm to add to her acreage. She had also carelessly pulled the nearside door off her car the other day, but this did not prevent her from driving 30 miles for Marg's obsequies. I was terrified of both.

Family having Gathered in maximum local numbers, and Kaye's husband Blackers having dug a suitable hole in the rose garden, Kaye produced a new rose bush to plant there and we congregated (literally) in the sunshine. I blessed the ground and Kaye gently poured the ashes while Blackers hovered with a spade and settled the rose bush in place. Marg had lived and worked on this land for eight years in, I suppose,

the 1940s and had never been happier. She would have loved to stay there for ever, so we were all glad that something of her rests there now. An enormous lamb-themed lunch followed, with much reminiscence and putting of the world to rights. In the course of this I received a sacred commission to visit the MCC Museum at Lord's, in search of the scorebook from the first Ashes Test: Milllear *père* having somehow come by this priceless muniment (doubtless Handed Down from an ancestor who'd kept score at the Trojan War of Cricket) donated it to the Museum on condition that it should always remain open at the page recording the Australian victory; his daughter was convinced that perfidious Albion would not have honoured this promise and wanted Something to be Done. I have yet to follow that up. Gradually the company waned. Blackers produced lakes of whisky and Shiraz and the evening became hazier.

The next day was Sunday. No doubt warned of my impending visit, the local parish had closed the church at Lake Bolac a month earlier. So I chugged off twenty miles or so to Mortlake where a Eucharist was advertised at 9.30am. This was celebrated by Fr Geoffrey Humble, a good name for a clergyman, and unlike Churchill's target, he didn't need to be. The fifteen or so loyal Anglicans were warm in their welcome and I conversed at length with Fr H after Mass. A widower who'd embarked on his vocation, or had it thrust upon him, after retirement as a college lecturer, he'd been sent to the parish as a catechist, subsequently being deaconed and priested *in situ*. Supplied with an adequate Rectory and two halls, he'd enterprisingly developed one of the latter into what is locally known as an 'Op Shop' (an abbreviation for a euphemism: 'Opportunity Shop' is local vernacular for

‘charity shop’). It seemed that this initiative was the main source of his stipend. While commending his enterprise, I was a little shocked at how precarious the whole ecclesiastical structure had become. We should take note. And warning.

After a delightful final lunch at Eilyer I left Blackers rounding up sheep for the shearers who would arrive the next day and was waved off by my generous hostess, cousin

Kaye, driving back to Melbourne Airport to fly to Adelaide. This year the Adelaide Club had, with proper caution, accepted my booking and I was looking forward with trepidation to witnessing the outcome of the previous year’s Renovations...

Next month, in addition to resolving that cliff-hanger, we hear of *Bishops, Deans and Vineyards* and *The Hottest Pulpit in Christendom*.

THE ALBAN PILGRIMAGE 2017

Saturday 24 June at St Alban’s Abbey

Celebrate the first British martyr, whose tomb has been the site of unbroken Christian worship for at least 1700 years.

Please aim to arrive by 10.30am ready for the procession to set off at 11am prompt.

PROGRAMME FOR THE DAY

11am Pilgrimage Procession enacting Alban’s martyrdom, dramatized by huge puppets and supported by hundreds of costumed children. *The route begins at St Peter’s Church and continues through the historic streets to the West End of the Cathedral.*

c. 12noon Festival Eucharist (following the Procession)

*Preacher: The Rt Revd Rachel Treweek, Bishop of Gloucester
The service will be sung by the men of the Cathedral Choir and the Abbey Girls’ Choir.*

2pm Orthodox Service and Veneration of the Relic at the Shrine of Saint Alban
Organised by the Ecumenical Chaplaincy & the Fellowship of St Alban & St Sergius — all welcome.

3pm Anointing for Healing in the Lady Chapel.

4pm Festival Evensong and Procession to the Shrine
*Preacher: The Very Revd Prof Martyn Percy, Dean of Oxford
The service will be sung by the Cathedral Choir.*

The Abbot’s Kitchen will be open from 10am – 4.30pm serving breakfasts, lunches, afternoon teas, and a range of snacks and drinks. **The Cathedral Shop and Bookstall** opens from 10am – 4pm selling a range of pilgrimage merchandise, books, greeting cards, CDs, and much more.

For further information, see the website: www.stalbanscathedral.org.

SERMON PREACHED BY FR MICHAEL BOWIE, HIGH MASS EASTER 5

All the biblical signposts seem to point to Fr Philip Sanneh this morning.

In our first reading, from Acts 7, we were reminded of the stoning to death of Stephen, the first deacon. Probably a good moment for Fr Philip to move on to priesthood, as he does next week. In the Gospel we hear of Philip the Apostle, making his famous request for clarification from Jesus: ‘show us the Father’, which elicits the beginnings of Trinitarian doctrine. And then, in the second reading, from S Peter:

you are a chosen people, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, God’s special possession, that you may declare the praises of him who called you out of darkness into his wonderful light.

1 Peter 2: 9

This seems like a good day to reflect on our common priesthood as the people of God and the official ministerial priesthood to which some of us, somehow, are called. When addressing ordinands or preaching at ordinations I always begin by sharing my personal maxim about the priesthood: God calls those to priesthood whom he can save in no other way. We are in this together.

Fr Alan is celebrating 40 years of priesthood this year. I, a sacerdotal babe by comparison, am clocking up my silver jubilee. I would like to start the rumour now that on Sunday 2 July, as well as a visiting preacher, there will be Champagne.

At my first Mass I received some excellent advice which I want to pass on to Fr Philip as we look forward with him to his ordination next Sunday. The preacher at my first Mass was Fr Christopher Colven, now our neighbouring parish priest at St James’s,

Spanish Place. He began his sermon, 25 years ago next month, with this quotation:

The priest must be in a good and true sense a happy man. A short time ago ...the mother of a priest was dying. She drank a glass of champagne with her son and then said: “Go home now and sleep well, and I shall sleep into eternity. Don’t be too sad about it. If priests look sad, nobody believes what they preach.”

Karl Rahner, Meditations on Priestly Life, p 162 [fn 107]

The quotation is from Karl Rahner and I suspect it is a personal story. That dying mother’s words to priest son, ‘if priests look sad, nobody believes what they preach’, express a deep truth. The priest is first and foremost a sign to the people of his own generation. And it matters what that sign looks like. It speaks well or badly to people of the Faith, and so of the common priestly characteristics of the whole people of God.

A priest is to be a sign of faith, and that the faith is good news. That is easier some days than others. And yet a priest *is* a sign of *faith*, just by the fact of giving his life to this quixotic, even slightly barmy, vocation. In order to be a *sign* of faith a priest must be present, and visibly a priest. We are called to be recognised as public Christians in a way that not many other people are these days. And, as that mother’s words to her son imply, because of our public vocation we are also called to be integrated and consistent people. ‘If priests look sad then nobody believes what they preach’: we have to refresh ourselves in our priestly ministry and learn to rejoice in it, above all by the celebration of this most Blessed Sacrament and in prayer and contemplation and study,

but also, importantly, in joyful conviviality within and beyond the Christian community. Champagne, which you'll notice appears at that mother's deathbed too, is an excellent metaphor for this, though Champagne may actually be many different things, depending on context — it may be football, music, films, travel, even work; anything we can share and enjoy and in which our humanity is enriched in relationship with others.

All this is true because we are *all* called to this joy. To put that another way, ordained ministerial priesthood doesn't let the rest of you off the hook. St Peter reminds us this morning that we are a priestly *people*, commissioned by our baptism and confirmation as representatives of Christ. The Diocese of London Capital 2020 Vision commissioning of ambassadors for Christ sometimes elicits a groan. The groaning should be only because that suggests that we aren't *all* called to be those ambassadors.

Next Sunday afternoon Fr Philip will spend some time lying prostrate, face down on the floor there, before he is ordained by his Bishop. Each time a priest comes away from the altar he has been back there on the floor and has got up again with the risen Christ. The story of the dying mother and her priest son speaks here as well. The Mass, which Fr Philip will soon be celebrating, contains within it the risen *life* of Christ, not just the death. S Stephen, the first deacon, died happy, with a vision of heaven before him, not with a sense of desolation and regret. Some Christians get hung up on the death of Christ to the point where Easter never seems to happen. But Easter happens every time we gather and receive communion and are given the new life which God offers us in this sacrament and that is the source of our joy.

At the heart of the sign-value of the priest

is a paradox: the Gospel is full of paradoxes. While a priest is a sign of faith and prayer, and a sign of the larger Church community, he remains a human being; all too human, many of us. If we get it right, our weakness signals the sort of weakness out of which God fashions his strength; we are then a sign of the possibilities for all, with God. Ours is not a calling to inhumanity, but to aspire to that transformed humanity to which we are *all* called: for

you are a chosen people, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, God's special possession, that you may declare the praises of him who called you out of darkness into his wonderful light. Once you were not a people, but now you are the people of God; once you had not received mercy, but now you have received mercy.

1 Peter 2: 9f.

We can all rejoice in that mercy of God which brings each of us, however mad, bad, or sad, into his loving embrace. As Pope Francis reminds us, the joy of the Gospel is most easily found in contemplating the mercy of God, and exercising it.

A priest is called to be a sign of that joy lived out as the whole of life and recalling his fellow Christians to it; what the world calls foolishness but we believe is yet the power of God and the wisdom of God. It isn't easy, and it isn't always *fun*; but it has within it a deep joy, the joy of the new life of Easter.

I have found that joy in this vocation as in no other part of life and I have tried to share it, doubtless often failing in the attempt. I know I've failed when, occasionally, someone from a congregation looks me in the eye and says, 'what are you smiling at?' It should be obvious.

Conscious of those personal failures I

have chosen to share joy with you through the medium of champagne on my silver jubilee Sunday in July; I think the sign-value of champagne may be clearer than anything I can say about the life of celebration to which we are all called.

I do not mean that to be flippant or trivial in saying that. I pray, fervently, that Fr Philip will find that joy and be nourished and renewed in it as he enters on this vocation, which he shares and exercises with us.

St Cyprian's Clarence Gate, Glentworth Street, NW1 6AX

Saturday 1 July 2017

**Celebration of the 90th Anniversary of
T.S. Eliot's Baptism (29 June 1927)**

with Bishop Rowan Williams and Bishop Richard Harries

T.S. Eliot was baptized at Finstock, Oxfordshire. At the time and from 1920—1932 he lived successively at flats 9, 98, 177 and 68 Clarence Gate Gardens. St Cyprian's was his parish church where he became a daily worshipper and where Viv, his first wife, continued to worship after the marriage had ended.

Programme for the Day

(Morning and Lunch ticketed/church open to public 2.40pm)

- 10.30am Arrivals & Coffee
- 11am Welcome & Introductions
- 11.10am Poems read by Pupils of the Francis Holland School, Regent's Park
- 11.40am ✕Rowan Williams: *The Fire and the Rose: Eliot and the Incarnation.*
- 12.20pm ✕Richard Harries: *T.S. Eliot's Conversion*
and in Conversation with ✕Rowan
- 1pm Cold Buffet Lebanese Lunch with Wine
- 3pm Evensong & Benediction with the Francis Holland School Choir
- 4pm Tea and Cake (**Donations are invited**).

The morning and lunch is by ticket only (limited to 150). Price: £40.

Available from Fr Gerald Beauchamp gerald.beauch@btconnect.com.

Tickets will be sent by post so please include your mailing address.

*Cheques to be made payable to 'St Cyprian's PCC' or payment by
BACS to 56-00-14/12138126. Ref 'T S Eliot'.*

**Profits from the day will be shared equally between St Cyprian's Church
and Christian Aid.**

***With regret the church has no sound system or loop
and neither are there toilets available for disabled people.***

100 YEARS AGO

In Memoriam MALCOLM HIGGINS

In June 1917, the Vicar wrote in the Parish Paper:

“Yet another of our former choristers has laid down his life for his country. The news reached All Saints recently that Malcolm Higgins had died of wounds received in action on the Western Front in August of last year.

“Malcolm was a most delightful boy, full of fun and mischief. He was mixed up in many stirring episodes of school-boy life while here. I remember him well during the four years he was in the Choir School, 1900 – 04, but latterly we had lost touch with him, as soon after leaving school he went out to Australia to join his brother wheat-farming. Very soon after the commencement of the war he enlisted in the 11th Batt of Australian Infantry, and sailed for Gallipoli, where he saw five months’ strenuous service before being invalided with enteric. He rejoined his battalion in Egypt, and in April, 1916, proceeded with it to France. He was then attached to the 11th Machine Gun Co. “I saw him just before he rejoined,” writes a friend; “he was a splendid looking fellow, a fine, typical Australian”.

“He went through the opening stages of the Somme offensive, but during an attack in the early morning of a day in August a German shell found his machine gun and Malcolm fell mortally wounded. He died a few hours after at Moquet Farm, and his body lies buried in a little cemetery at Warloy, near Albert. May he rest in peace.”

SUNDAYS AND SOLEMNITIES MUSIC AND READINGS

● SUNDAY 4 JUNE PENTECOST

HIGH MASS at 11am

Processional Hymn: Hail! Festal Day!

Entrance Chant: *Spiritus Domini*

Setting: Missa Brevis in F, K192

— Mozart

Psalm: 104: 24 – 36

Readings: Acts 2: 1 – 21

1 Corinthians 12: 3b – 13

Gradual Hymn: 139 (i) Come, thou

Holy Spirit, come

Gospel: John 20: 19 – 23

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Creed: Mozart

Offertory Motet: Veni Sancte Spiritus

— Rutter

Hymns: 140 Holy Spirit, come,

confirm us

367 (ii) Gracious Spirit,

Holy Ghost

141 (T 498) Holy Spirit,

ever dwelling

Voluntary: Te Deum, Op 59, no12

— Reger

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 67, 133

Lessons: Joel 2: 21 – 32

Acts 2: 14 – 21

Office Hymn: 136 Rejoice, the year upon

its way

Canticles: Canticles in G — Howells

Anthem: The Spirit of the Lord — Elgar

Preacher: Fr Barry Orford
Hymn: 137 Come down,
O Love divine

O Salutaris: Bortniansky arr Caplin

Te Deum: Solemn tone

Tantum ergo: Harwood, arr Caplin

Voluntary: Exultemus (1935) — Whitlock

FRIDAY 9 JUNE

St Columba of Iona

(Fr Alan Moses 40th anniversary)

HIGH MASS at 6.30pm

Entrance Hymn: 7 Hills of the north, rejoice

Entrance Chant: Pastores dabō vobis

Setting: Communion Service
(Collegium Regale) — Howells

Psalm: 34

Readings: Isaiah 61: 1 – 3

1 Thessalonians 2: 2 – 12

Gradual Hymn: 322 Pour out thy Spirit
from on high

Gospel: Luke 12: 32 – 37

Preacher: Canon Ian Paton,
Rector of Old St Paul's,
Edinburgh

Offertory Motet: Love bade me welcome
— Vaughan Williams

Hymns: 431 O thou who camest from
above

323 (T190ii) Father of mercy,
God of consolation

495 God is working his
purpose out

Voluntary: Con moto maestoso
(Sonata No 3 in A Major) Op 65
— Mendelssohn

● SUNDAY 11 JUNE TRINITY SUNDAY

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 159 I bind unto myself
today

Entrance Chant: Benedictus sit Deus Pater

Setting: Communion Service in F and
B flat — Stanford

Psalm: 8

Readings: Isaiah 40: 12 – 17, 27 – 31

2 Corinthians 13: 11 – 13

Gradual Hymn: 146 Holy, Holy, Holy!
Lord God Almighty!

Gospel: Matthew 28: 16 – 20

Preacher: The Vicar

Creed: Credo III

Offertory Motet: Hymn of the Cherubim
— Rachmaninov

Hymns: 145 All hail, adored Trinity

298 May the grace of Christ
our Saviour

466 Thou whose almighty

word

Voluntary: Prelude in E flat, BWV 552 (i)
— J.S. Bach

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 93, 150

Lessons: Isaiah 6: 1 – 8

John 16: 5 – 15

Office Hymn: 144 Father most holy,
merciful and loving

Canticles: Collegium Regale — Wood

Anthem: I Saw the Lord — Stainer

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Hymn: 343 Bright the vision that
delighted

O Salutaris: Paul Brough

Hymn: 147 Most ancient of all
mysteries

Tantum ergo: Paul Brough

Voluntary: Fugue in E flat, BWV 552 (ii)
— J.S. Bach

THURSDAY 15 JUNE CORPUS CHRISTI

HIGH MASS at 6.30pm

Entrance Hymn: 296 (i) Lord, enthroned
in heavenly splendour

Entrance Chant: *Cibavit eos ex adipe*
frumenti

Setting: Missa Brevis in G — Mozart

Psalm: 116: 10 – end

Readings: Genesis 14: 18 – 20
1 Corinthians 11: 23 – 26

Gradual Hymn: 272 All for Jesus

Gospel: John 6: 51 – 58

Preacher: Fr Aidan Platten, Vicar of
St Mark's, Hamilton Terrace

Creed: Merbecke

Offertory Motet: O sacrum convivium à 5
— A. Gabrieli

Hymns: 295 Let all mortal flesh keep
silence
305 Soul of my Saviour,
sanctify my breast

Motet: Ave Verum Corpus — Mozart

Voluntary: Sortie in E flat
— Lefébure-Wély

● SUNDAY 18 JUNE 1st AFTER TRINITY

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 334 All people that on
earth do dwell

Entrance Chant: *Exaudi, Dominus... adiutor*

Setting: Missa Ecce nunc benedicite
— Lassus

Psalm: 100

Readings: Exodus 19: 2 – 8a
Romans 5: 1 – 8

Gradual Hymn: 225 (i) Give me the
wings of faith to rise

Gospel: Matthew 9: 35 – 10: 8

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Creed: Hassler

Offertory Motet: Laudate Dominum
— Sweelinck

Hymns: 258 O Christ the same,
through all our story's pages
410 My God, how wonderful
thou art
486 We have a Gospel to
proclaim

Voluntary: Intermezzo (Symphonie 6)
— Widor

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 42, 43

Lessons: 1 Samuel 21
Luke 11: 14 – 28

Office Hymn: 150 O blest Creator of the
light (R)

Canticles: Canticles in E flat, No 2
— Wood

Anthem: Verlieh uns frieden
— Mendelssohn

Preacher: The Vicar

Hymn: 467 Through all the changing
scenes of life

O Salutaris: Stainer

Hymn: 384 Jesu, my Lord, my God,
my All

Tantum ergo: Stainer

Voluntary: Introduction and Fugue in A
— Nares

● SUNDAY 25 JUNE 2ND AFTER TRINITY

HIGH MASS at 11am

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

Entrance Chant: *Dominus fortitude plebis*
tuæ

Setting: Missa L'homme armé
— Morales
Psalm: 69: 7 – 10, 16 – 18
Readings: Jeremiah 20: 7 – 13
Romans 6: 1b – 11
Gradual Hymn: 317 With Christ we share
a mystic grave
Gospel: Matthew 10: 24 – 39
Preacher: The Vicar
Creed: Credo II
Offertory Motet: If ye love me — Tallis
Hymns: 273 (T 302) And now, O
Father, mindful of the love
277 Bread of the world in
mercy broken
361 Forth in the peace of
Christ we go
Voluntary: 'Ite missa est' — Lemmens

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 46, 48
Lessons: 1 Samuel 24: 1 – 17
Luke 14: 12 – 24
Office Hymn: 150 O blest Creator of the
light (S)
Canticles: Setting in G for lower voices
— Sumsion
Anthem: Great Lord of Lords — Wood
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Hymn: 485 Thy hand, O God, has
guided
O Salutaris: Händl
Hymn: 280 Deck thyself, my soul,
with gladness
Tantum ergo: Anon, arr Di Marco
Voluntary: Variations sur un theme de
Clément Jannequin — Alain

— All Saints, Margaret Street W1 —

Sunday 2 July at 7.15pm

Four-manual Harrison & Harrison (1910)

Organ Recital

(following Benediction)

Laurence Long,

Dr John Birch Organ Scholar

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

Future All Saints' Organ Recital Dates:

24 September

Jeremiah Stephenson,

Assistant Director of Music

26 November

Richard Moore,

Sub-Organsist, Guildford Cathedral

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

KEEPING IN TOUCH

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

The All Saints Website

www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk

The Weekly Parish E-mail

This gives weekly news of events, people to pray for, and a short letter from the Vicar or Assistant Priest. You can subscribe through the All Saints website — see News and Events/Weekly Newsletter for directions about signing up to receive regular up-dates.

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

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Prebendary Alan Moses

020 7636 1788

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Assistant Priest:

The Revd Dr Michael Bowie

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The Revd Gerald Beauchamp

020 7258 0724

The Revd Julian Browning

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Parish Administrator:

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Timothy Byram-Wigfield

c/o 020 7636 1788

Assistant Director of Music:

Jeremiah Stephenson

Electoral Roll Officer:

Catherine Burling c/o 020 7636 1788

Service Times

Sundays:

Low Mass at 6.30pm (Sat)

8am and 5.15pm

Morning Prayer 10.20am

HIGH MASS and SERMON at 11am

CHORAL EVENSONG, SERMON and BENECTION 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:

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 JUNE 2017

1	Justin, martyr, c 175	Unity in witness
2		Those in need
3	<i>Martyrs of Uganda</i>	Persecuted Christians
4	✕ PENTECOST <i>Whit Sunday</i>	Our Parish and People
5	Boniface, bishop and martyr, 754	Diocese of Europe
6	<i>Ini Kopuria, founder of Melanesian Brotherhood</i>	Brothers and Sisters of Melanesia
7		The General Election
8	Thomas Ken, bishop, 1711	Unity
9	Columba, abbot, missionary, 597	Vicar's 40 th Anniversary
10		Of Our Lady
11	✕ TRINITY SUNDAY	Our Parish and People
12	Barnabas the Apostle	Bishops
13		The homeless
14	<i>Richard Baxter, puritan divine, 1691</i>	Friends of All Saints
15	CORPUS CHRISTI	Thanksgiving for the Institution of the Holy Eucharist
16	Richard of Chichester, bishop, 1253	Those in need
17		Of Our Lady
18	✕ TRINITY 1	Our Parish and People
19	<i>Sundar Singh, evangelist, 1929</i>	Church in India
20		Church schools
21		Local Hospitals
22	Alban, first martyr of Britain, c 250	Albantide Pilgrimage
23	Etheldreda, abbess, 678	Those in need
24	Birth of St John the Baptist	Witness to the truth
25	✕ TRINITY 2	Our Parish and People
26		Local businesses
27	<i>Cyril of Jerusalem, bishop, teacher of the faith, 444</i>	The Holy Land
28	Irenaeus, bishop, teacher of the faith, 200, Ember Day	Vocations
29	Peter and Paul, Apostles	Unity
30	Ember Day	Those to be ordained

