

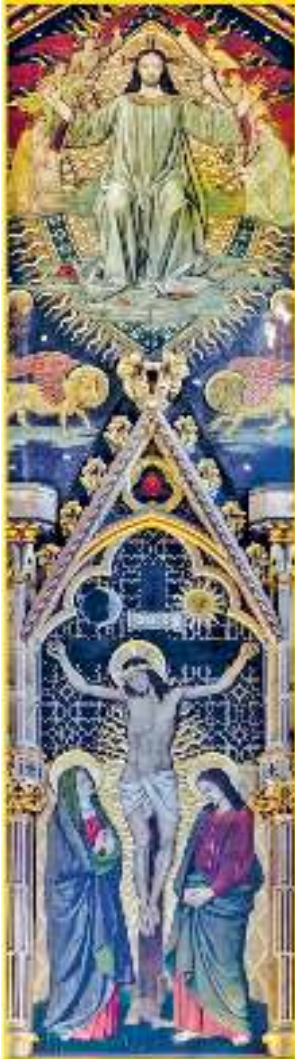
All Saints Parish Paper

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All Saints' reredos

March 2018

(Photo: Andrew Prior)

VICAR'S LETTER

Easter Day this year is the first day of April; a date more usually associated with practical jokes than celebration. Easter sermons are by tradition meant to include some humour, to reflect the joyful mood of the “Queen of feasts” after the rigours of Lent; but it ought not to be fun at the expense of others.

The name Easter seems to come from the Old English *east*, the direction of sunrise. This name is limited to the Germanic languages and English. In others, it is called “Pascha,” from the Greek for Passover; hence the term “*paschal*”.

The Easter Season lasts for fifty days, culminating with the feast of Pentecost (Whit Sunday, to give its old English name). The Sundays in it are now called *Sundays of Easter* rather than the *after Easter* of the Prayer Book, to emphasize that it is a continuing celebration of the Resurrection and all that flows from it.

Easter Week is known in the Eastern churches by the lovely name *Bright Week*, which is certainly more cheerful than the popular Western name for the Second Sunday of Easter: *Low Sunday*. Contrary to the widely held view that this name reflects a *low* spirit, or reduced attendance after the climax of Easter Day, scholars tell us that it probably comes from the opening word of the Latin Sequence hymn for the day, *Laudes Salvatori*.

The readings during Easter Week and the two following Sundays present us with the various appearances of the risen Lord. On the Second Sunday, the Gospel is always the story from John’s Gospel of the appearance to Thomas. In the Roman Catholic Church, since Pope John Paul II, this Sunday has come to be known as *Divine Mercy Sunday*. This springs from the visions and writings of St Faustina,

a 20th century Polish nun. While I have no quarrel with celebrating the mercy of God, I think we are right to stick with Thomas; and not just because the Divine Mercy devotion has produced one of the most kitsch icons to have emerged in recent years.

The Fourth Sunday of Easter does have another name: *Good Shepherd Sunday*, but this derives from the reading as the Gospel over three years of the discourse on the Good Shepherd from John Chapter 10. This has become a day of prayer for vocations to the pastoral ministry of the Church. One of the Church of England's priorities is an increase in the number of candidates for ordination.

With the Fifth Sunday of Easter, the attention of the Church begins to shift to the Ascension and the deeper communion between Christ and his people after the end of his resurrection appearances. The Sixth Sunday of Easter (in May this year, I know, but I've started so I'll finish), looks ahead to the coming of the Holy Spirit. This Sunday is also called *Rogation Sunday* as it is followed by three Rogation Days. These take their name from the Latin word *to ask*. They began as days of fasting, processions and litanies after earthquakes and failed harvests in 6th century France. The practice spread and they became days of prayer for a fruitful harvest. This has expanded over the years to include the harvest of the sea, industry and commerce and the care of the environment. Some country parishes still *beat the bounds* of the parish with their Rogation procession.

The Ascension of our Lord was originally celebrated on Easter Day, following the chronology of John's Gospel, in which the Resurrection, Ascension and the sending of the Holy Spirit are a single event. By the late 4th century, the Ascension began to be

celebrated according to Luke's chronology forty days after Easter Day. Ascension Day did more than mark the taking up of Jesus into heaven. It celebrated the exaltation of Christ as Lord of heaven and earth and his coronation as King of the universe. It also speaks of the promise that where Christ is, his followers will be also.

At All Saints, this is one of the feasts we keep on its *proper* day, rather than transferring it to the nearest Sunday.

It used to be the custom to dramatize the ascension by extinguishing the Paschal Candle at the end of the Gospel on Ascension Day, but now to mark the fifty days of Easter, it remains alight until after Evensong on Pentecost.

Ascension Day also prepares us for the coming of the Holy Spirit and it is not completed until Pentecost. The Church, one with Mary and the Apostles, during the nine days between the Ascension and Pentecost, waits for the outpouring of the Spirit. This is the origin of *novenas* or nine days of prayer. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York have breathed new life into this practice by encouraging Anglicans and other Christians to join in prayer for the mission of the church during this time under the title "*Your Kingdom Come*".

Our keeping of Ascension Day on the 40th day, rather than transferring it to the following Sunday, means that the Seventh Sunday after Easter is not dropped. With its Gospel readings from the 17th chapter of John, often called the *high priestly prayer*, or the *prayer of consecration*, this Sunday focuses on Christ the eternal High Priest and Intercessor on our behalf, praying to the Father for the welfare and unity of the Church.

Pentecost, the culmination of our Easter celebration, takes its name from the Greek for fifty days. Its alternative name of Whitsunday probably comes from the white robes worn by those newly baptized on that day. In northern Europe, baptisms were often postponed from Easter because of the climate. An alternative explanation comes from the Anglo-Saxon word *wit* meaning wisdom, since the Spirit, the Counsellor, teaches the Church and leads into all truth.

Happy Easter to you all.

Alan Moses

CAROLINE FARRER RIP

Caroline was a familiar figure at All Saints on special occasions like the Festival and had been a member of the Friends of All Saints for many years. After living with the All Saints Sisters in Oxford, and working in their embroidery team (she had been trained by the Sisters of St Margaret at East Grinstead) she was cared for in St John's Home.

Her funeral Mass was celebrated at her Oxford church, St Mary Magdalene's. The Vicar, Cedric Stephens and Jean Castledine were able to be there, in spite of the snowy weather. The Mass was celebrated, at Caroline's request, by Sr Margaret Anne. The epistle was read by Canon Professor Sarah Foot of Christ Church (where Caroline had also deployed her needlework skills), the sermon was preached by the Vicar of St Mary Magdalene's Canon Peter Groves and the intercessions were led by Fr Alan (representing her connection with Margaret Street).

One of our clergy's delightful memories of Caroline is of her sitting in the front row at Evening Prayer on All Souls Day. As

some of you know, the second reading at Evening Prayer is usually taken from one of the Fathers of the Church or another suitable non-scriptural text. One of the options in the collection we use is part of a sermon by Austin Farrer (Caroline's father) which was preached in the chapel of All Souls College on All Souls Day. Caroline would beam at this and applaud silently. Canon Groves' sermon is published in this issue (see page 14).

YVONNE CRAIG

After falling and breaking her hip last year, Yvonne has been absent from her usual place at Meditation, Morning Prayer and the early Mass for some time. However, we are delighted that she is once more back with us after some restorative Florida sunshine. Yvonne writes:

SANCTUARIES — the island bird sanctuary adjacent to my daughter's new retirement home near Florida's Everglades reminded me of our church during my convalescence there. As I rested on the lawn, ibis, herons, ducks and geese gathered while the black-coated cormorants presided like the clergy, from their perches on the island's trees. Despite the family of iguanas who visited, and the alligators in nearby pools, the birds were peaceful in their nesting season, and the flocks of egrets which flew off at dawn returned safely at dusk to their sanctuary home. There was intermittent squawking and fly feathers, of course, but the sanctuary was a place for diverse species living together amicably.

All Saints has always provided a sanctuary for the lonely, the seekers, and recently for the homeless and dispossessed; even though our sleepers may snore rather than squawk.

However, Lent encourages us to be grateful for the divine sanctuary within the heart of Jesus, where we can find rest and restoration amidst the suffering of the world, blest by renewal through the risen Christ at Easter. Perhaps also we may learn to open our own inner sanctuaries of spiritual space to share prayerfulness and loving kindness with others, like so many who have generously helped to heal me.

Thank you, Yvonne

PARISH NOTES

Lent Late Opening for Prayer and Compline

On Thursdays during Lent we have been keeping the church open after evening Mass with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. The evening has ended with the singing of Compline at 8.30pm. We have had fourteen singers on average, not always the same people each week and confidence and competence in plainsong has grown under the direction of Tim Byram-Wigfield.

Stations of the Cross

Our Friday night Lenten devotion has again been the Way of the Cross. We are grateful to Quentin Williams for accompanying us on the organ, to Cedric Stephens and other servers who have been responsible for putting the stations out and taking them back down again. It was good to have Fr Gerald Beauchamp leading our meditations in the third week of Lent, as he was the guiding force behind the commissioning of the pictures.

Bishop Allen Shin

Bishop Allen (and Clara) will be with us in May, to represent the Diocese of New York (one of our diocesan companion links) at the Installation of the new Bishop of London.

Bishop Allen has kindly agreed to preach at High Mass on Sunday 13 May. We will be a bit short-handed that Sunday as Fr Michael and Fr Gerald will be in Italy with the Pilgrimage to Assisi and Fr Pip Bevan will be in Ely with the Parish Retreat.

Other Korean Guests

As well as its Welsh-speaking congregation, the Welsh Baptist Chapel in Eastcastle Street is also home to a Korean congregation. The latest part of the Chapel's restoration programme is the rebuilding of the organ. This has meant that there have been three Sundays recently when the Koreans have not been able to have their afternoon service in the chapel; so we have provided them with a temporary home. Their style of music is rather different and very loud: no Sunday afternoon siesta for the Vicar on those Sundays.

Visiting Group

A party of 28 people from the Stevenage and Knebworth Arts Group came for a visit to All Saints. After a talk from the Vicar, they had time for a good look round before enjoying tea in the Parish Room served by Chris Self and with home-made savoury scones baked by Kate Hodgetts.

Someone else happened to turn up at the same time, sat at the back of church and wrote as follows in the Visitor Book:

Dear Alan (if I may)

My wife and I visited yesterday afternoon and very much enjoyed your talk — piggy backing from the back! Just to say thank you, it is the most magnificent building and well done for the support you give the homeless. Honestly, we were rather shocked to find the position as it was, but thankful you are able to help.

With very best wishes,

Arthur Byng Nelson

BUILDING WORKS

There is hardly a week goes by without something on the estate needing to be mended or renewed at All Saints. As I write our redoubtable builder/plumbing team are with us once more to clear a drain and fix a tap that sprang a leak after the recent snow. Last week they were in thawing out the water pipes that supply Fr Michael Bowie's house at 6 Margaret Street and which prevented him having water to his kitchen taps and bathroom shower.

The South Choir Aisle

One small area of the church which remained to be restored, after the installation of new lighting and wiring, was in the south choir aisle. The removal of the old lighting panel and fuse boxes revealed an unsightly scene of devastation with tiles removed or broken. New tiles were made and installed, damaged stonework has been replaced and Butterfield's decorative paintwork restored. As this is being written the restorers from DBR are putting the final touches to the work so that all will be complete in time for Easter.

The Courtyard Gates

The recent spell of snow caused by the icy Siberian winds which the media dubbed the *Beast from the East*, seems to have resulted in further deterioration in the fixing of the hinges of the gates. We are taking action to achieve at least a temporary repair before a fuller restoration can be undertaken.

Organ Blowers

One of the three blowers, whose function is described by their name, which are down in the church undercroft, has started making peculiar noises due to the failure of some important small parts. As all three blowers are some 68 years old, the necessary

replacement work will be carried out on all three, rather than have one fail after another at greater uncertainty and expense overall. Fortunately, we can do this work before Easter.

ALL SAINTS PARISH RETREAT 2018 ELY RETREAT HOUSE

Fr Philip Bevan will conduct this year's retreat and he writes about it as follows:

In our Parish Retreat this year we will explore the meaning of spirituality, and look at how we can mature in our spiritual life.

In mediæval England there was a great devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus. We will take some time thinking about where this came from, and how this devotion can change the way we live.

St Paul encourages us to "pray continually", and we will look at how this can happen by studying and praying "The Jesus Prayer".

We will also take a look at "time", and how the Church sanctifies it, and what this could mean for us in our own lives.

As your Retreat Conductor for this year I thought that it might be nice for you to know a bit of my history, and therefore what I am bringing to this Retreat.

My name is Fr Philip Bevan, I was born in Coventry in the blitz of 1941. I served an apprenticeship and HNC in Electrical Engineering, and then when I was 22 years of age went to Brasted Place College, and Chichester Theological College. Deaconed and Priested for the Diocese of Liverpool, I served my curacy for three years in St Mary's, Walton, Liverpool.

I spent the next seven years serving as a

parish priest, and chaplain to the psychiatric hospital and the prison in Nassau, Bahamas. I had felt the need to explore a possible vocation to the contemplative life, and so I became a novice at the Monastery of Mount St Bernard, where I remained in Simple Vows until just before Solemn Profession. I had learned a tremendous amount about the life of prayer. In the end I felt that God was calling me to the contemplative life, but not necessarily calling me to an enclosed life.

I left the Monastery and began work in London, endeavouring to bring what I had learned in the contemplative life into my daily living. First running therapeutic communities for the Richmond Fellowship, for the recovering mentally ill, I studied Gestalt Therapy, Group Dynamics, and Mental Health for my work. I moved then into work with homeless people with a range of complex needs, working as a coordinator for Patchwork Community Housing Association. I went to work with street homeless people in the centre of London, with St Mungo's for seven years, managing their Resettlement Team. Finally, I moved to Homeless Link to write the "Resettlement Handbook" and to be the national coordinator for homeless people who have Multiple and Complex Needs.

I held the Bishop of Southwark's Diocesan Licence to Officiate as a Priest. I served the Parish of Richmond and the Diocese as much as I could, whilst continuing to work full-time with the homeless. Then I became Chaplain to the Royal Star and Garter Home on Richmond Hill for disabled ex services men and women, and latterly Chaplain to the Convent of The Sisters of the Church.

The theology of the Orthodox Church, in all its many forms, has from an early age been a special interest to me. In my teens I joined the Society of St Alban and St

Sergius, and ten years ago studied for two years at the Institute for Orthodox Christian Studies in Cambridge, where my main tutor was Metropolitan Kallistos of the Diocese of Diokleia, who is also a recipient of the The Lambeth Cross for Ecumenism from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In retirement, I pray the daily round of Offices and Mass. After receiving a Licence from the Diocese of London helping out at the daily Masses at ASMS when needed, and continuing as a Chaplain to the Community of the Sisters of the Church.

This year the Parish Retreat will be from 11 – 13 May at Bishop Woodford House in Ely. If you want to come, or would like further information, please contact Martin Woolley on 07976 275383 or at m.g.woolley@btinternet.com.

LENT APPEAL 2018

All donations to us by the end of April 2018, please!

The proceeds of our Lenten Collections will be shared equally between our three regular Mission Projects (**the Marylebone Project, the Soup Kitchen at the American Church, Tottenham Court Road and USPG – UMOJA – HIV Project**) and the **Bishop's Lent Appeal Tackling Homelessness Together** (for a dozen small grass-roots church homeless projects).

The collections gathered at the services of Tenebrae and Good Friday along with the contents of individual Lent boxes (now available in the Baptistery) will be shared equally between the four charities.

If you can't get to All Saints but would like to contribute to these very worthy causes, please donate by BACS to All Saints Nat West Account: 04559452, Sort Code

60-09-15, with *APPEAL* and your surname as the reference or **make out a cheque to Parochial Church All Saints** and send it to the Parish Office, 7 Margaret Street, London W1W 8JG in an envelope marked LENT APPEAL.

If you are a UK tax payer and would like us to claim Gift Aid on your donation, please include a note to say that, supplying your full name, address and post code. *Thank you.*

NEW DATA PROTECTION REGULATIONS and KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH ALL SAINTS after 1 May 2018

At the end of May, new Data Protection Regulations (General Data Protection Regulations or GDPR 2018) will come into force and All Saints, like all UK organisations, will have to comply with this new legislation. The new rules will give individuals more rights and protection in how personal data is used compared with the current Data Protection Act (1998). Fundamentally it will require you to give us consent to communicate with you using various means of communication e.g. letter, emails, phone calls, text message. **Your privacy is important to us but we would also like to continue to communicate with you about the Church and its activities.** So that we can do that within the law, by April we will be sending what is called a *personal data consent form* to anyone who has visited, donated, received our e-newsletters or otherwise shown an interest in All Saints in the past and for whom we hold personal data on our databases.

So that you can continue to hear from

us in future about our services, events and appeals, we need your consent to hold your data on secure Church databases. You can also make choices about the different means of communication now available to us, so we ask that you fill in your contact information and confirm your consent to our using these by completing the form we will send you. *If we do not hear back from you by 1 May 2018, we will be forced by the new legislation to cease communicating with you about All Saints.*

When we write to you, we will be sending you a link to a Privacy Notice on our website which explains in a lot of detail more about how we use your personal data. *If you have any questions about this process, please contact Dee Prior, Parish Administrator — telephone 020 7 636 1788 or astsmgtst@aol.com.*

ONCE MORE INTO THE ANTIPODES

Fr Michael Bowie writes about this year's travels:

As long-suffering readers know, I habitually flee the winter on or about New Year. Beginning the year, as is my custom, by sleeping through the whimsical numerical change to the calendar, I said our New Year's Day Mass and applied myself to Packing. I was determined to Forget Nothing. A List was written and items were Ticked Off. So I was well-prepared when the driver arrived, at 5.45am on the feast of Ss Basil the Great and Gregory Nazianzen.

As I reported last year, driving to Heathrow at this hour is positively dreamy. After a mere thirty minutes I was decanted into Heathrow Terminal 4, with about 60

kilos of luggage; so swift was the journey that the life-affirming amenities of the Lounge were not yet open. A quick survey of the various boutiques on the other side of Security (such a comforting concept), led to the inevitable conclusion that I already had sufficient luggage. The Lounge now graciously admitted me and breakfast — the first breakfast — beckoned. Messrs Etihad do like their clients fattened up; the goose who gives its all for *foie gras* has nothing on an Etihad Lounge Lizard.

For once I succeeded in moderating my conviction that I must eat everything offered to me. This is the result, I maintain, of a psychologically-scarring encounter between my four-year-old self and my Scary Grandmother, Catherine Bowie. After I had foolishly refused some now-forgotten vegetable she fixed me with a piercing grand-maternal look and spoke the only words I can remember her saying to me: ‘your cousin Cath always eats everything that is put in front of her’ (I frequently remind my elder cousin of this irritating goody-two-shoes reputation, the first thing I ever knew about her). But I am wandering more than usually from the point. Was there a point? Ah yes: in the matter of international travel my mantra is not so much ‘beware the Ides of March’ as ‘beware the Second Breakfast’. Soon after becoming airborne one is urged to eat a meal, often called ‘breakfast’ if it happens before noon: it could be anything at all, given that everyone in the ’plane is somewhere on a spectrum of time-zone denial.

So (yes, that was the point) a restrained Eggs Benedict and a mediocre espresso prepared me for boarding. Champagne, always difficult to refuse but nonetheless unwise at 8.30am before a tedious journey,

was proffered. Virtuously accepting only sparkling water, I settled in for the first seven hours of sitting down. A volume of the inimitable PGW, some iPlayer downloads (*Wolf Hall*) and the entertainment system of the ’plane invited my attention. In their company, after Second Breakfast and many further food-opportunities, we came to Abu Dhabi.

I know little about AD except that it is the domicile of Messrs Etihad. It is apparently also the Capital of Somewhere. My interest in the city had been piqued by reports of a new and extraordinary outpost of the Louvre that has just opened there. On another trip I hope to visit it. But for now the principal attraction of AD was duty free cigars and whisky. Since the latter turned out to be more expensive than in my local Waitrose, I confined myself to the three cigars that Australia’s draconian customs regulations allow, reacquainted myself with the AD Lounge, and, while resisting Third Breakfast, weakened sufficiently to accept a very large Campari Soda. When I order this in the ASMS Bar they look at me pityingly; it is apparently not a Sophisticated Anglo-Catholic Drink. But for me nothing says summer (to which, you understand, I was enthusiastically heading) like a CS. It conjures *Italian* summer, which can never be a bad thing.

Now followed the thirteen-hour stretch. I am a poor sleeper (I may have mentioned this before) so while others around me were eagerly and peacefully embracing Lethe in the darkened cabin, I alternated Hilary Mantel, Bertie Wooster and series 2 of *Victoria*: a certain symmetry here, as I had watched the first series of *V* on my return to London last year. Having read the Queen Empress’ diaries when still a child (why? I hear you cry; sadly, I can’t

remember) I had a lingering affection for her, which has sadly now been irreparably dented by Jenna Coleman's improbably rounded vowels and Tom Hughes' endless smouldering looks as the long-suffering Prince Consort. Exhausted by all this relentless entertainment I eventually snatched an hour or two's sleep and stumbled into the Sydney Sunset, and about 30 degrees.

One of the unique joys of landing in Sydney is the Last Chance Duty Free. I don't know another airport where there is a well-stocked duty free shop just *before* you get to passport control (and are therefore still Abroad): it presumably says something about my compatriots' priorities. In the LCDF I snatched up a competitively priced litre of *Talisker*. Passing through passport control and heading purposefully for baggage reclaim, I realised I had in fact Over-Packed in one significant detail. Completing the Landing Card, as officious a piece of text as only an Australian Bureaucrat could compose, I suddenly remembered that not only had I purchased the permitted three cigars in Abu Dhabi, but had also carelessly packed a travelling humidor with six or seven cigars *inside it* in one of my bags. The Landing Card resembled a Passionist Missionist in the severity of its warnings about such attempts at tobacco smuggling. Metaphorically waving its finger at me, it promised that duty would be applied not only to the excess cigars but also to the ones I'd just bought. Since the latter were of a superior quality to those in the carelessly-stocked humidor I resolved to record 'nothing to declare' and eject the interlopers from my luggage before going through customs.

I had failed to reckon with the friendly

efficiency of the customs staff. While we waited by the Sisyphean deferral of happiness that is an airport luggage carousel, a loudly cheerful female customs officer moved among us, inspecting our declarations, to 'save time' before we ran joyously through the gates admitting us to Antipodean Paradise. When she reached me I explained my dilemma and indicated my intention of extracting the offending items and throwing them away before entering the hallowed portals. 'Why would you do that?' she said, rather more loudly than I might have liked. I explained a second time that I had forgotten the strictness of the limit and that there were more cigars in my luggage than the rules allowed. By now a small group of bored local fellow luggage-awaiters was listening to this conversation with obvious enjoyment. 'Well how many of these "cigars" would there be in your luggage?' she asked, with audible inverted commas. 'Six or seven', I opined. 'Oh well,' she enunciated deliberately, 'that *should be all right*'. This wonderfully non-committal turn of phrase is *echt Australien*: she had already stamped my landing card; it certainly *was* going to be 'all right', but we had to acknowledge a comradely generosity in the transaction. Giving thanks to the patron saint of duty-free travel, I pushed my small Everest of luggage into the Elysium that is Arrivals.

At first it seemed that I had been abandoned there, but then there appeared a man with my name on his iPad screen (Max, from Thailand, who'd notched up 24 years in Sydney and seemed delighted with this exchange of humid climates). He was covering for my allotted driver, Lee, who'd been caught out by the early arrival of my flight and luggage. Max loaded my luggage into his car and then, after a brief and

incomprehensible 'phone call, unloaded it again. Lee, it seemed, was 'a minute' away, 'in a much nicer car'. After 24 hours' travel the 'niceness' of a car pales somewhat: my only requirement of a car at this moment is that it be *present*; I may have expressed some impatience after the first 5 minutes. Still, after only 10 minutes, Lee did arrive in the 'nicer' car, an enormous Audi, and we set off.

Lee had settled in Sydney almost by accident 25 years ago. Having worked in Saudi Arabia for a couple of years in his twenties he'd gone home to Manchester. The mistake he made was doing this in January. Three days spent shivering in front of a gas fire decided him to take a cheap and immediate flight to Brisbane. Near the end of his journey, flying into Sydney on a sunny summer morning, the flight path taking him over the harbour, he told me that 'he never knew there were such beautiful places in the world', and decided not to bother with Brisbane. Clearly a sane individual. Six months later he met and married a local girl, Kelly. He intimated that he'd made and lost 'a million' on a restaurant, had some other businesses and was now driving his own limousine. His sons had gone to Kings, the oldest Public School in Australia which rivals Eton in the eccentricity of its uniform (in this case early-nineteenth-century military rather than funny collars and top hats), and possibly in other ways. The elder boy had just graduated in the top percentile of the state and was about to read for a Law degree at the Australian National University. The younger was not academically inclined and was struggling with the culture of the school. I forebore to comment that this did not surprise me, given what I remembered of Kings and its old boys. Then the

conversation darkened: he began a rant, with no apparent sense of irony, about there being too many immigrants in Australia. I forebore to comment again and turned the conversation to where I was staying, hoping it would soon appear. It did. Dragging my Cheops' Pyramid of luggage up the steps of the Union Club I found the wonderful Nasr at the porter's desk and embarked on my second successful negotiation of the evening. Having requested a 'View' in my initial booking email, I had been allocated a room which looked out at the wall of a hotel next door. This is, I suppose, a 'view', but not what I consider a 'View'. However, A Suite With A View on the sixth floor had been allocated to a guest arriving the next day. Nasr opined that since I was there first he would swap our rooms, as long as I would back him up if anyone complained. Pointing out that I had made my request 6 months previously and that I was a staying a week, whereas the interloper was only there for the night, I triumphed and was rewarded with the same hoped-for magnificent eastern outlook over the Mitchell Library on Macquarrie St that I had previously enjoyed.

After minimal unPacking I took a brief walk in the steamy evening, sedulously avoiding ATMs (see last year) and settled into a blissful rest. Jetlag always produces unusual hours of waking, but on this occasion it was my neighbours, noisily showering at 5am, who woke me. No matter, I thought: a refreshing walk before the breakfast hour of 7am would do me good. 'Soft refreshing rain' was the order of the day; scorning it I made a circuit of the CBD and Hyde Park and approached St Mary's Cathedral (the largest neo-Gothic building in the Southern Hemisphere — as we always have to remember to

say); there I noticed Mass advertised at 0645. Inside I found a largely Philippino congregation and a delightful Italian priest, in whose chasuble I recognised the hand of *Signor Barbiconi di Roma*, and whose 3-minute homily was perfectly judged. Thus fortified, I was ready for breakfast and breakfast was ready for me. It proved, to be honest, indifferent. Moreover the bar, where B usually happens, was closed for some essential work (presaging other disruptions, of which more later) so we were seated at low tables in what was, in happier days, the Smoking Room. The erstwhile SR still sports a magnificent Ram's head snuff box, and the original ribbon which was cut (twice) to open the Harbour Bridge. Fellow Australians will know the story. Jack Lang, the fierce Labor (sic) Premier of NSW in the early 1930's was causing a stir by promising to nationalise the banks. In response others, looking longingly at the achievements of Signor Mussolini in Italy (and possibly Sir O. Mosley in England), were forming a private army of fascist sympathisers, the New Guard. One of the latter, Captain Francis de Groot, infiltrated the cavalry presence at the opening ceremony and pipped Lang to the ribbon, theatrically cutting it with a sabre "in the name of the decent and respectable people of New South Wales", before being dragged from his horse and briefly committed to a mental facility. The ribbon was spliced together and Lang cut it again. Both thus achieved a celebrity which members of the Union Club can now contemplate over a drink, or on the 4th of January 2018, Breakfast.

The *petit dej* was graced by a member of the Philadelphia Club and his wife, who were determined to Converse. He began by quizzing me about my provenance and then asking about London clubs; this led

him to an in-depth analysis of where to get the best Martini in London (Duke's Hotel, apparently, should you be interested). They were about to embark on a 27-day cruise around the continent, including a stop off in Cairns, which they charmingly pronounced *Cannes*. Later that day I saw their multi-storey mega-liner leaving the quay and anonymously waved them off. They apparently spent most of the year relentlessly circling the globe. Good for them.

I said earlier that my packing had been exemplary. But I now discovered a serious omission: no *rosary*. This called for a visit to the local iteration of the St Paul Book and Media Centre, run by the Sisters of St Paul, as in Kensington High St, (rather than the Brothers/Fathers, as by Westminster Cathedral). I searched the ground floor, the lower ground floor and the ground floor again. Not only could I see no rosaries, but there was not a statue, icon, poster, holy medal or prayer card to be found. Briefly wondering whether the Puritans of the local Anglican Diocese had somehow acquired this operation, as they have so many others, I asked a nun. She explained that they now keep rosaries behind the counter, just like cigars (my analogy, rather than hers you understand). Wondering at this unusual sales tactic (or were they afraid of rosary-lifters?) I purchased a suitable item and thought to make immediate use of it in St Andrew's Cathedral, where my father was ordained in 1946 and where not many a rosary has penetrated. I found the doors firmly locked and advertising, on this January morning, 'Christmas services', including 'Holy Communion with the Archbishop' at 8am on Christmas Day. A theologically dubious proposition, and unhappily suggestive, I thought, of 'an audience with Dame Edna'.

Still, I was glad that ++Glenn considers it important to share the Holy Mysteries with his cathedral flock, while less glad that his cathedral was closed against visitors on a busy summer's day. Perhaps someone had told him to beware visiting rosary-guerillas.

My first engagement at Christ Church S. Laurence would be to preach at the Epiphany High Mass, which they were celebrating on the Eve, the next evening. Having wandered downtown to deposit some priestly clobber in the priests' vestry, I began to feel that strange jet-laggy sense of dizzy alienation, when the body tells the brain that it should be the middle of the night and both should be recumbent.

Tottering back to the club for a restorative blast of air conditioning I wandered down the hill towards the Opera House for my now-traditional First Evening Dinner at the Sydney Cove Oyster Bar. As always they superciliously asked me if I'd booked and raised an eyebrow at my response, which was in the negative: I never bother, because they always seem, in fact, to have room for one. A dozen Sydney Rock Oysters and some excellent Barramundi magically appeared. There's nothing like an oyster or two to pep one up, I find. Now ready for a cigar on the club roof terrace, the second Packing Deficiency became apparent: no matches. The nearby 'Convenience' Store could supply only a *Bic* lighter, which would unacceptably flavour the smoke. So I worked my way stealthily through the dining and sitting rooms of the club in search of fire. I later realised this must have given the porter much innocent amusement: there is extensive CCTV coverage of all the public rooms. Fortunately unaware of this probable audience, I purloined a candle from the Red Room, and carried it,

the lighter, a glass and my bottle of duty-free whisky to the roof terrace, completing the evening rituals in contemplation of the last sunset-pink clouds and Renzo Piano's startling edifice across the street.

My UK body clock woke me again at 2.30am on Friday 5th January. My bathing-obsessed neighbours then kindly woke me again with two prolonged showers at 4.30am (I was relieved to observe them staggering out of the club with a pile of luggage rivalling my own later in the morning). In the city, cafés all open at 6 or 6.30 and close by 4pm (there being no *siesta* in Australia, café owners have evolved a distinctive local timetable). So Early Breakfast was possible: *Bahista*, 231 Elizabeth Street, just past the Great Synagogue and the scaffolded Presbyterian Church of Eastern Australia (improbable local Wee Frees), should you be in similar need while in Sydney. Perfect coffee, something called a 'Bondi' juice which included watermelon and banana, and a wonderful pancake with fruit and ice-cream were cheerfully produced.

On my way back I noticed that the respectably CofE St James, King St, was opening for the day, providing a convenient Morning Prayer stop. St James is one of a small number of Georgian church buildings in Australia. It is perfectly inoffensive, apart from the chapel bolted on the side in bicentennial year, 1988, replacing a more conventional chapel in which the aumbry was decently hidden (respectable, you see) from the nave. The walls of this excrescence are in shades of brown glass swirling about in patterns which doubtless signify something, but that something requires explanation (my definition of poor art). The Sacrament is there, but on this morning the light before it was out and there was

a profusion of aggressively dead flowers here and throughout the building. Brown glass walls in this climate will not lengthen the lifespan of cut flowers (or congregants, I suspect: it was already oven-like in there). Amusingly, at one end of this unfortunate space I noted a *prieu dieu* set up with texts for confession and located directly below a large fire blanket (and an even larger sign reading ‘fire blanket’). I fear I may have shared this image on Facebook with the legend ‘How long since YOU went to Fire Blanket?’. There ensued a satisfying flurry of fantastical suggestions and competitive Facebook posts about how many candles were lit on various Anglo-Catholic altars for specified liturgical extravaganzas. The ghost of Fr Forse (see 2016) was duly honoured.

Retiring to the nave I said MP and then wandered down to George Street, which is the Oxford Street of Sydney (as opposed to Sydney’s Oxford Street, which is more like High Holborn, if you see what I mean). George St has been a building site for two years: Trams are promised, but seem to be running very late. Heading towards Dymocks, the last big commercial bookshop in the city, I suddenly remembered that in the same building lies Church Stores, the traditional Anglican emporium weirdly situated in the only Australian diocese which hardly knows vestments or candles; I suppose it provides for the needs of all the other, less extraordinary, dioceses in the state of NSW where recognisable liturgical worship still occurs. One needs to know CS is there: it is on the second floor in a quaint range of shops built in the 1920s. I should have gone there the previous day, for it now bizarrely contradicts the Pauline sisters’ RC minimalism. I have never seen so many rosaries, statues, holy cards and general tat outside Rome or Lourdes. CS

used to be round the corner from CSSL, which may explain this. I’m guessing many RC parishes now buy from here, rather than having to ask a nun to produce a holy medal wrapped in brown paper from under the counter.

The Museum of Sydney then enticed me with an exhibition of police mugshots. You may think this an unlikely subject for an exhibition, but there is a local and unique development of the genre from Sydney’s colourful past. Everywhere else in the world the mugshot subjects are strictly posed, but, in a manner typical of Sydney’s not-too-grudging admiration for the corrupt and criminal (possibly a heritage from the origins of the city?), here the accused were allowed to dress and pose as they liked. Some tried to look other than themselves, gurning and grimacing at the camera, but a touching percentage took obvious pleasure and even preening pride in being so recorded. I was hoping to see a picture of the infamous Madam, Tilly Devine (a colourful import from Camberwell, London), but had to make do with her famous rival Kate Leigh, whose area of specialism was more in the sly-grog and razor gang department. Women gained an ascendancy in the criminal world of Sydney between the wars, because the laws were all framed with male pronouns. I will share more about Tilly and Kate another time, if we are all spared. But it was now time to cast aside my dubious interest in Sydney’s criminal classes, and head for the Epiphany High Mass and a nice hot pulpit.

We have now all suffered enough, at least for this edition of the Parish Paper. Next month: Liturgy, Lehar and Literature (well, “two out of three ain’t bad”, as the oddly-named Mr Meat Loaf sings; there will undoubtedly also be Lunch).

**SERMON PREACHED BY CANON PETER GROVES AT
ST MARY MAGDALEN, OXFORD, at the REQUIEM MASS
for CAROLINE FARRER, Wednesday 28 February 2018**

***“From his fullness we have all received,
grace upon grace” John 1: 16***

In the year 1194, this church was rebuilt, and consecrated by the then bishop of Lincoln, the man we call St Hugh. In the same year across the continent, a wealthy young woman was born to a family of Italian nobility. When she was of marriageable age, she was captivated not by a handsome prince, but by a very different local celebrity, known by his nickname, Francesco, Francis of Assisi. The young woman heard Francis preach, and never looked back, committing herself to a life of prayer and poverty in support of his remarkable ministry. We now call her St Clare. Among the many stories told of her life, perhaps the favourite is the tale of one Christmas Eve when she was sick and confined to bed, and hence unable to attend Mass. On uttering the simple prayer, “See, Lord, I am left alone here with you”, she received a vision on her cell wall of the Mass taking place elsewhere. For this reason, in 1958 Pius XII declared her the patron saint of television.

More importantly for our purposes, Clare is also the patron saint of embroidery, having been celebrated in her own lifetime for the manner in which she channelled prayer and devotion through this decorative art for the benefit of others and of the whole Church of Christ. The work of God — the *opus dei* of the religious life — was not to be divided into compartments. All that she did was an offering to her Lord, and the simple beauty of her poverty and prayer was the

foundation of every thread and pull of the needle.

Like St Clare, Caroline was exemplary in her faith, in her prayer, in her capacity for love and in the extraordinary beauty of her work. From the age of eighteen she had trained under and lived with the sisters of the Society of St Margaret, at East Grinstead, before moving to be with the All Saints Sisters, first at London Colney and then in Oxford, where in 1989 she joined the cathedral embroidery centre at Christ Church, contributing to both workshops for very many years. Her output was remarkable, and can be seen in churches all over the country and on clergy who always fail to do it justice — this clergyman among them.

Caroline and Clare had more than embroidery in common. Both will forever be associated with a man of the Church, whom others still celebrate. Caroline was enormously proud of her parents and their writings, and was endlessly patient with tiresome clergy like me, who would introduce her to awe-struck students as the only child of the greatest Anglican theologian of the twentieth century. Caroline knew, as should we all, that the only true greatness in the Church is the greatness of God in Jesus Christ, and few things pleased her more than hearing a preacher or a scholar mention her father as someone who had helped Christian life and prayer and understanding. It was the truth of God and her faith in the Gospel which mattered.

“From his fullness, we have all received, grace upon grace.” Caroline shared with Clare the most important thing in both lives, the love of Jesus Christ. The simplicity of her faith undergirded a fierce commitment and devotion which was itself a gift to others. She would be the earliest to church on festival days, the first in the confessional queue in Holy Week, the head of the pilgrim line at Stations of the Cross, the first to sign up for the Walsingham journey. She was a legend of Catholic Anglicanism, vital to the sisters and to St John’s Home, vital to All Saints, Margaret Street, vital to Mary Mags over very many years. She supported everything and everyone, with her presence and her friendship, but above

all with her prayers, prayers in words and song and silence, prayers in fabric and in thread. Prayer was for her not something out of the ordinary, but the nuts and bolts of her life, the spiritual daily bread which sustained her in all that she did.

Caroline’s Christian example, of faith and hope and love, is her legacy to each of us. Her gifts from God, of love and faith and artistry and skill, were also her gifts to God, the offering of a Christian life in a manner we can only hope to emulate. She was and is and will be an inspiration to us all, and a beacon of our hope in the resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *“From his fullness we have all received, grace upon grace.”*

SERMON PREACHED BY FR JULIAN BROWNING at HIGH MASS on the THIRD SUNDAY of LENT

1 Corinthians 1: 22 We preach Christ crucified.

I would rather freeze than unpack the mystery of the extra boiler controls in my flat. I would rather starve than discover how to clean and operate a grill which is inside an oven. And I — and maybe you — would rather see Christianity as a great unknowable mystery, so we can’t get into it fully because we don’t understand it. But it won’t do; we preach Christ crucified. We preach, we live Christ crucified because there in that image is the clue to who we are and what we can become. Understanding has little to do with it; that would be the wisdom of the world of which Paul speaks, the pros and the cons, working it out, taking sides, never reaching a conclusion. No, we do not understand Christ crucified. We preach Christ crucified, we proclaim Christ crucified, because his life, death and

resurrection, are the way we have chosen, once and for all, to understand our lives, and to accept the joy and the sorrow, the death and the resurrection which life brings us. Christianity is not a mystery, it is reality, it is what we’ve discovered works for us.

We preach Christ crucified. This is a proclamation which only makes sense, as Paul saw, to those “who are being saved”, that is those who are committed as best they can to what the Cross means. In the Orthodox Church this Sunday, the third Sunday of Lent, is the Sunday of the Veneration of the Cross, or simply Holy Cross, to remind us that our salvation is not going to be a result of our Lenten efforts, but is already the consequence of Christ’s victory. Lent began on Ash Wednesday with ash on the forehead, a crazy sign in many ways, but there could be no clearer symbol imposed upon each of us, showing

that what we are about is a matter of life and death to us. But that ash had a form. It was the form of a cross which touched each forehead. So the ash was more than a sign of the reality of death. It was the sign of the crucified and risen Christ. It speaks to us of glory and victory. It is also the sign of the outcast, the one who does not really fit in, the one who will not give in to the compromises demanded by the world, like the Jesus who casts out the Temple traders in today's Gospel. We Christians are not superior to those who have no beliefs, we just don't play that game of who's best at all, because we know what we're like, and that our own attempts to save ourselves never work. So we preach Christ crucified. Why Christ crucified, why that offensive Cross, why keep coming back to that, why not the Christ of the Sermon on the Mount, Christ the Teacher? I think it is because we recognise in that crucified figure two emotions, two experiences, two facets of ourselves we know well: despair and love.

I choose to talk about this now, because we are, more or less, half way between two crosses; the dust cross of Ash Wednesday and the wooden cross of Good Friday. The one was our commitment to the other, and I would not like us to lose our way as we walk between the two. It is best to be prepared, for the second cross is the greater, more dangerous reality. We know that God was there, not because we understand it, but because we are drawn, against our better, more worldly judgement, into an experience of despair and love, from which we arise liberated at Easter. God's grace flows from the heart of darkness. God's weakness is stronger than human strength, writes St Paul, and he insists that the Cross stands alone in its power to save; he says he is not going to make use of eloquent

wisdom to explain it, although you and I might say that that first chapter of the first letter to the Corinthians is one of the greatest sermons ever written.

Where is this Lenten path taking us, or to put it more bluntly what does all this Christianity do to us? I think that if we stay the course mindfully we begin to see the form of Christ taking shape in our lives. Just as the ash took the form of a cross, and as the crucified One took the form of God, so you and I find our egoism dissolved and replaced by the power of God's life, a Christ life within each of us. We do not imitate Christ, that was not the New Testament message, and it would be impossible anyway. Yet what happened to Christ happens to each of us. Paul was able to claim, "*I have been crucified with Christ. I carry the marks of Jesus branded on my body.*" [Galatians 2: 20; 6: 17] How can this work for us? As I see it, just as God was shown to us in the despair and love of Christ on the Cross, and in the joy and new life of Resurrection, so in our own situations, however desperate, however hopeless, however uncomprehending, God enters our world and transforms the space we inhabit into a place of healing. This can start in Lent. Lent is not a time for making life hard for ourselves; it is a time for healing, for forgiveness. A new hope rises within us.

So we can be crushed yet not despair, we can be struck down yet not destroyed, because what we as Christians are called to do is to make the life of Jesus visible in the world, in our own way, whatever happens. There is a purpose to our lives after all, and that is God's gift, and that will be God's glory; we can preach Christ crucified.

Sunday 22 April 2018, 12.45pm MEETING OF PARISHIONERS and ANNUAL PAROCHIAL CHURCH MEETING

A Meeting of Parishioners will be held in Church, at which **Churchwardens for the year 2018 – 2019 will be appointed.**

All persons whose names are entered on the church electoral roll of the parish and all persons resident in the parish whose names are entered on a register of local government electors by reason of such residence are eligible to attend. Any person wishing to be considered for the Post of Churchwarden must be (a) 21 years of age or over, (b) on the Electoral Roll and (c) an actual communicant member of the Church of England. Nominations must be proposed and seconded, and candidates must indicate their willingness to stand. In addition, candidates are asked to submit a short typed or clearly written statement giving the reasons for their wishing to stand, and the benefits they could bring to the post if appointed. Nominations for the post of Churchwarden MAY NOT be made at the meeting.

Prebendary L. A. Moses, Vicar, 06/03/18

The Annual Parochial Church Meeting (APCM) will follow immediately.

Only persons whose names are entered on the church electoral roll are eligible to attend.

At the meeting **FIVE members of the laity will be elected to serve on the Parochial Church Council for the years 2018 – 2021.**

Retiring members of the Council are:

**Patrick Hartley,
Elaine Norman (2 years from 2016),
Huw Pryce, Christopher Swift and**

Colin Symes (1 year from 2017).

Of these, all are eligible for re-election except Patrick Hartley who has completed two consecutive three-year terms. Candidates for election must be (a) on the Electoral Roll, (b) at least 16 years of age, and (c) actual communicant members of the Church of England. All nominations must be proposed and seconded by persons on the Electoral Roll and all candidates must indicate a willingness to stand. In addition, candidates are asked to submit a short typed or clearly handwritten statement giving their reasons for standing for election. Nomination forms may be obtained from the Parish Administrator. Although nominations may be made at the meeting, it would be helpful if completed nomination forms, together with statements, are returned to the Parish Administrator at the Parish Office **by Tuesday 10 April** to enable the papers to be available one week before the Annual Meeting. The Sidesmen and Independent Auditor for the year 2018 – 2019 will be appointed at the meeting.

*John McWhinney,
Honorary PCC Secretary, 06/03/18*

100 YEARS AGO

NOTES FROM THE VICAR

“I am hoping that Summer Time may restore the Sunday Evening congregation. I understand and sympathise with the difficulty of coming out to church in the evenings of the six winter months. The dark streets, the fear of the enemy, the absence of conveyances, more than excuse

the emptiness of the nave. But it needs an effort to resume a good practice which has been dropt, and now that all excuse for absence from Evensong disappears I am hoping for something like a return to the former and better state of things.

“Year after year we resolve that in Paschaltide we will keep up the level of Lent, and many of us have felt depressed when we have surveyed the great Fifty Days at Whitsuntide. It has been very difficult — the country visit in the springtime, the rush of engagements, the abandonment of the Lent rule, the cessation of the Lent preaching — all these things have conspired to make it difficult to keep up the level of prayer. I wonder how we shall get on this year; there will be no rush of engagements, no light-hearted holiday and no return to unrestricted fare. On the contrary, a curfew is to send us all to bed rather hungry at 10.20. It ought to be easier to keep up the level of prayer this year, indeed it ought to be possible to make Paschaltide an improvement on the Lent which is over. I hope that more may be moved to join themselves to the devout and faithful company at the daily Eucharist; that more may be found to join in the continuous intercession before the Lady Altar, and that great numbers will resolve to resume the practice of Sunday Evensong and hear the whole of Fr Heald’s course of Paschaltide sermons.

“I suggest that each one of us in the Act of Easter Communion makes this resolution: *‘I enrol myself, with God’s help, in the Paschal Perseverance.’*

“We have learnt to look forward with happy anticipation to the Feast of St George, Patron of England. On the 23rd of April I hope that the church may be full to overflowing, and that as many as possible

will wear the roses of England. As usual, the best places will be kept for the men who have been wounded in the service of the Empire. This year Gounod’s Messe Solennelle (St Cecilia) will be sing with orchestral accompaniment, and we shall hear once more, the great roll of the drums in the hymn *‘For all the Saints’*. After the Mass the National Anthem will be sung. The Marches will be those of English composers. The sermon will be preached by the Revd Arthur Mountford, Vicar of the Church of the Ascension, Lavender Hill, and the alms will be given to the Naval Ports Fund which helps towards providing means for the ministration of the Church in our Naval Ports.”

CELL of OUR LADY of WALSINGHAM EVENTS

Monday 9 April

Annunciation of Our Lord

6.30pm Low Mass with Hymns

Saturday 14 April

11.30am Rosary and Walsingham
Devotions

12 noon Low Mass of Our Lady
of Walsingham

Saturday 12 May

11.30am Rosary and Walsingham
Devotions

12 noon Low Mass of Our Lady
of Walsingham

Monday 28 May

THE NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE

A day excursion by coach from All Saints to Walsingham for the National Pilgrimage. Please contact Ross Buchanan (Telephone 020 7221 1312) if you would like to know more or to reserve a place on the coach.

SUNDAYS & SOLEMNITIES MUSIC & READINGS

✠ SUNDAY 1 APRIL EASTER DAY

PROCESSION AND HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: Hail! Festal Day!

Entrance Chant: Resurrexi

Setting: Krönungsmesse, K 317
— Mozart

Psalms: 118: 1 – 2, 14 – 24

Readings: Acts 10: 34 – 43
1 Corinthians 15: 1 – 11

Gradual Hymn: 110 Jesus Christ is risen
today. Alleluya! (v3 Descant
— Benson)

Gospel: John 20: 1 – 18

Preacher: Canon Hugh Wybrew

Renewal of Baptismal Vows: Litany of the
Resurrection (arr John Kitchen)

Offertory Motet: Easter Hymn
— Mascagni

Hymns: 115 Now the green blade riseth
from the buried grain

123 Walking in a garden

120 Thine be the glory, risen,
conquering Son

Voluntary: Dankpsalm, Op 145, No 2
— Reger

EVENSONG, TE DEUM & BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 114, 117

Lessons: Ezekiel 37: 1 – 14
Luke 24: 13 – 35

Office Hymn: 101 The Lamb's high
banquet we await

Canticles: Magnificat — St John's
Service — Tippett

Nunc Dimittis — Tone V

Anthem: Dum transisset sabbatum
— Taverner

Preacher: Fr Julian Browning

Hymn: 117 The day of Resurrection!

O Salutaris: Henschel

Te Deum: Setting in G — Sumsion

Tantum ergo: Henschel

Voluntary: Victimæ Paschali
— Tournemire

✠ SUNDAY 8 APRIL THE 2nd SUNDAY OF EASTER

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 103 Alleluya! Alleluya!
(Caplin descant)

Entrance Chant: Quasimodo geniti infantes

Setting: Communion Service in F
and B flat — Stanford

Psalms: 133

Readings: Acts 4: 32 – 35
1 John 1: 1 – 2: 2

Gradual Hymn: 125 (omit *) Ye sons and
daughters of the King

Gospel: John 20: 19 – end

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Creed: Credo III

Offertory Motet: This have I done for my
true love — Holst

Hymns: 113 Love's redeeming work
is done

481 (T 462) Jesus, Lord,
we look to thee

173 (T 265) Blessed Thomas,
doubt no longer

Voluntary: Pæan — Howells

**EVENSONG AND
BENEDICTION (First of the
Annunciation) at 6pm**

Psalm: 85
Lessons: Wisdom 9: 1 – 12
Galatians 4: 1 – 5
Office Hymn: 180 Hail, O star that pointest
Canticles: Collegium Regale — Tavener
Anthem: Ave Maria — Mendelssohn
Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses
Hymn: 161 (T385) For Mary,
mother of the Lord
O Salutaris: Schumann
Hymn: 187 Virgin born, we bow
before thee
Tantum ergo: Bruckner
Voluntary: Herzlich tut mich verlangen,
BWV 727 — Bach

**✠ SUNDAY 15 APRIL
THE 3rd SUNDAY
OF EASTER**

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 351 Come, ye faithful,
raise the anthem
Entrance Chant: *Iubilate Deo, omnis terra*
Setting: Mass in G — Schubert
Psalm: 4
Readings: Acts 3: 12 – 19
1 John 3: 1 – 7
Gradual Hymn: 112 Jesus lives! thy terrors
now
Gospel: Luke 24: 36b – 48
Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses
Creed: Schubert
Offertory Motet: Ecce vicit Leo — Philips
Hymns: 102 A brighter dawn is breaking
118 The Lord is risen indeed!
338 (omit *) At the name of
Jesus
Voluntary: Jubilate — Mathias

**EVENSONG AND
BENEDICTION at 6pm
To mark the 50th Anniversary of the
closure of All Saints Choir School**

Psalm: 142
Lessons: Deuteronomy 7: 7 – 13
Revelation 2: 1 – 11
Office Hymn: 101 The Lamb's high banquet
we await (omit *)
Canticles: Dyson in D
Anthem: Blessed be the God and Father
— S.S. Wesley
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Hymn: 430 O thou not made with hands
O Salutaris: Vale
Hymn: 483 The Church of God
a kingdom is
Tantum ergo: Vale
Voluntary: Benedictus
— W. Lloyd Webber

**✠ SUNDAY 22 APRIL
THE 4th SUNDAY
OF EASTER**

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 104 At the Lamb's high
feast we sing
Entrance Chant: *Misericordia Domini*
Setting: Messe Solennelle — Vierne
Psalm: 23
Readings: Acts 4: 5 – 12
1 John 3: 16 – end
Gradual Hymn: 105 Christ the Lord is
risen again!
Gospel: John 10: 11 – 18
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Creed: Credo II
Offertory Motet: Alleluia! I heard a voice
— Weelkes

Hymns: 282 Faithful Shepherd, feed me
322 Pour out thy Spirit from on
high
470 To the name that brings
salvation

Voluntary: Moto Ostinato — Eben

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 81

Lessons: Exodus 16: 4 – 15
Revelation 2: 12 – 17

Office Hymn: 101 The Lamb's high banquet
we await (omit *)

Canticles: Murrill in E

Anthem: Haec Dies à 6 — Wood

Preacher: Fr Julian Browning

Hymn: 362 Glorious things of thee are
spoken

O Salutaris: Gounod

Hymn: 276 (ii) Bread of heaven,
on thee we feed

Tantum ergo: Saint-Saëns

Voluntary: Méditation — Duruflé

✠ SUNDAY 29 APRIL THE 5th SUNDAY OF EASTER

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 106 Come ye faithful,
raise the strain

Entrance Chant: *Cantate Domino*
canticum novum

Setting: Missa Sanctæ Margaretæ
— Gabriel Jackson

Psalm: 22: 24 – end

Readings: Acts 8: 26 – end
1 John 4: 7 – end

Gradual Hymn: 425 O Love, how deep,
how broad, how high!

Gospel: John 15: 1 – 8

Preacher: Fr Julian Browning

Creed: Merbecke

Offertory Motet: Easter
— Vaughan Williams

Hymns: 300 O Food of men wayfaring
469 To Mercy, Pity, Peace,
and Love
310 We hail thy presence
glorious

Voluntary: Fiat lux — Dubois

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 96

Lessons: Isaiah 60: 1 – 14
Revelation 3: 1 – 13

Office Hymn: 101 The Lamb's high banquet
we await (omit *)

Canticles: Canticles in C — Stanford

Anthem: Most glorious Lord of Lyfe
— W. Lloyd Webber

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Hymn: 381 Jerusalem the golden
(Caplin descant)

O Salutaris: James Sherwood

Hymn: 308 Thee we adore,
O hidden Saviour, thee

Tantum ergo: James Sherwood

Voluntary: Nun ruhen alle Wälder
— Oortmerssen

*Information correct at the time of
going to press*

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 — available as a small booklet to pick up from the Church table and which worshippers are encouraged to take away with them.

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020 7636 1788

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020 7258 0724

The Revd Julian Browning

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Parish Administrator:

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Chris Self 020 7723 2938

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John McWhinney

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Patrick Hartley 020 7607 0060

Director of Music:

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:

Church open 7am

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:

Church open 11am

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

– **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.

or

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.

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.

Mission Projects

All Saints year-round fundraising efforts support:

The Church Army hostels and programmes empowering homeless women into independent living in Marylebone

The USPG-led UMOJA, HIV Project in Zimbabwe,

enabling people living with HIV and Aids to live positive lives, and

The Soup Kitchen (American International Church, Tottenham Court Road) feeding up to 80 vulnerable people daily

CALENDAR AND INTENTIONS FOR APRIL 2018

1	✕ EASTER DAY	Thanksgiving for the Resurrection
2	Easter Monday	Thanksgiving for the Resurrection
3	Easter Tuesday	Thanksgiving for the Resurrection
4	Easter Wednesday	Thanksgiving for the Resurrection
5	Easter Thursday	Unity
6	Easter Friday	Those in need and suffering
7	Easter Saturday	Thanksgiving for the Resurrection
8	✕ 2ND SUNDAY OF EASTER	Thanksgiving for the Resurrection
9	ANNUNCIATION OF OUR LORD TO THE BVM	Thanksgiving for the Incarnation
10	William Law, priest, spiritual writer, 1761	London Spirituality Centre
11	George Selwyn, bishop, 1878	Friends of All Saints
12		Unity
13		Those in need and suffering
14		of the BVM
15	✕ 3RD SUNDAY OF EASTER	Our Parish and People
16	<i>Isabella Gilmore, deaconess, 1923</i>	Deacons
17		Church Army Marylebone Project
18		USPG
19	Alphege, archbishop, martyr, 1012	Unity
20		Those in need and suffering
21	Anselm, archbishop, teacher of the faith, 1109	Archbishop of Canterbury
22	✕ 4TH SUNDAY OF EASTER	Vocations Sunday
23	George, martyr, patron of England, 304	England
24	<i>Mellitus, bishop, 624, Seven Martyrs of the</i>	<i>Melanesian Brotherhood, 2003</i>
25	Mark the Evangelist	Diocese of London
26		Thanksgiving for the Gospel
27	<i>Christina Rossetti, poet, 1894</i>	Unity
28	<i>Peter Chanel, missionary, martyr, 1841</i>	Those in need and suffering
		Notre Dame de France, Leicester Square
29	✕ 5TH SUNDAY OF EASTER	Our Parish and People
30	<i>Pandita Mary Ramabai, translator, 1922</i>	The Indian YMCA



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