



All Saints Parish Paper

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www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.co.uk

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£1.00



The Nativity of Christ, with Mary, Joseph, Shepherds and the Magi

from the All Saints' tile panelling (Photo: Andrew Prior)

Available as Christmas cards — £5 per pack of six, sold in aid of All Saints.

VICAR'S LETTER

“It’s Christmas!” an email from John Lewis informed me at the beginning of November. Out loud, I responded, in Pantomime mode, “Oh no, it isn’t. It’s not even Advent yet!” But it soon will be and we should be ready.

The spicy aroma of Christmas Cake baking has been pervading the Vicarage. This was something my mother used to do for us each year and she would carry a large cake down when she came for Christmas. Worshippers at Mass on Christmas Day were able to enjoy the results of her labours. Alas, at nearly 95, her cake-baking days are over. Last year’s bought cake was something of a disappointment, so Theresa has taken over the baking bowl from her mother-in-law and our rather dog-eared Be Ro* Baking Book,

to produce not one but two cakes. There should be enough to satisfy the crowds of Christmas Day worshippers. If Mary Berry should chance to turn up, we could ask her to give us her verdict.

Christmas cakes and puddings need to be made in advance; hence the custom of making the latter on “Stir-up Sunday” which takes its name from the Prayer Book Collect for the Sunday before Advent. In the new calendar, that Sunday is the Feast of Christ the King, but the collect survives as the Post-Communion prayer:

“Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people; that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may of thee be plenteously rewarded; through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

Our celebration of the birth of Christ also needs preparation and that becomes more true as the years go by. The Church's calendar and the commercial one only coincide for a brief space at this season. The chocolate-filled Advent Calendar has become the sacrament of the season of increasingly frenetic consumerism. As well as being an opportunity to sell us even more chocolate, it marks the countdown of shopping days till Christmas: a period which now begins with "Black Friday". This observance, imported from the United States, has nothing to do with the colour of vestments to be worn but the state of balance sheets in the retail trade. Given the decline of our high streets, the red we wear in the weeks before Advent might be a more apt colour. Oxford Street's Christmas ends almost as soon as ours begins. Decorations come down to make way for the "January" Sales; now anticipated by a week or more.

If we lived in a monastery or on a desert island, we might be able to insulate ourselves from the commercial Christmas, but here at All Saints that is not possible. One of the pastoral realities of our congregation is that most of us are not native Londoners and many return to their families for Christmas. It is also the case that almost all of those who work around us in the parish commute from elsewhere. So for years now we have mounted a short lunchtime carol service for local workers; now with the choir we have added to this a full Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols by candlelight and with our customary ceremonial and incense. Last year, this was the best-attended of our Christmas services with standing room only.

The readings and prayers of the last week of Advent, with the stories of the annunciations of John the Baptist and Jesus, do bring us to the very threshold of

Christmas. Indeed, I see from the rota that I will be preaching at High Mass on the last Sunday in Advent when the lectionary gives us Matthew's account of the birth of Jesus.

Preserving something of the Church's rhythm in which we prepare for a feast by fasting and prayer, rather than by feasting in anticipation, is no easy matter in the season of office parties but it is worth the effort. To concentrate our minds on Advent and its themes and keep at least the religious element of Christmas until the end, requires a single-minded perseverance. With the projection forward of Christmas, the celebration of Christ's first coming "**in great humility**", as the Advent Collect puts it, his second to "**judge the living and the dead**", can easily get squeezed out. The traditional Advent themes of death and judgement, heaven and hell, are, with the possible exception of heaven, not ones of which people much like being reminded. I wonder how many of those who attend traditional carol services take in what is being said in the collect often said before the blessing:

"O God, who makest us glad with the yearly remembrance of the birth of thy only Son Jesus Christ:

Grant that as we joyfully receive him for our Redeemer, so we may with sure confidence behold him when he shall come to be our judge."

Our society and the Church can often be judgemental about some things and most of us can be so about other people. We are less given to placing ourselves under judgement, but as Christians we believe that is what we are. The truth we need to remember for ourselves and share with others is that this is because we are made in the image and likeness of God. It is a sign of our dignity as God's children. Christ was born and shared our humanity in life and death, in order that

we might become what we are made to be. That is the Good News of Christmas which we go on celebrating and seek to share with those who join us for worship.

In the meantime, “It’s Advent”, so let’s make the most of it by watching and praying. A good way of starting would be to join in the Quiet Advent Afternoon led by Canon Michael Gudgeon on Saturday 8 December.

Yours in Christ,

Alan Moses.

** Bell’s Royal baking powder and flours — this cook book was first published in 1923 in Newcastle upon Tyne. Thomas Bell had founded a **grocery** and **tea** company in Longhorsley north of Newcastle in 1875, which expanded its interests into baking ingredients and then published the recipe book to match.*

ADVENT QUIET AFTERNOON

Saturday 8 December

Commencing with 11.30am Rosary and Walsingham Devotions, followed at 12 noon by Mass of Our Lady of Walsingham. A sandwich lunch, tea and coffee will be provided — £5/head.

Canon Michael Gudgeon will lead us with reflections on the Canticles in St Luke’s Gospel: the Benedictus, Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis.

ADVENT AND CHRISTMAS

READING

A Good Advent by the Bishop of London. This booklet is published by SPCK. To download the app, please visit www.agoodadvent.co.uk

And for Christmas: *Follow the Star: A Journey through the 12 Days of Christmas.*

Written by the Archbishop of Canterbury’s Chaplain, Dr Isabelle Hanley, each day has a **theme**, a **picture**, a very short **passage from the Bible** about the birth and early life of Jesus, a **reflection** on the day’s theme, a **challenge** to consider how you might act or live differently and a simple **prayer** you might learn to make your own.

Copies will be available in church and further information can be found at www.churchofengland.org/Christmas.

PEOPLE

Griselda Mary Powell James
(14 May 1928 — 16 October 2018) RIP

Canon David Hutt reflects on a friendship:

Gelda was born in Oxford — the daughter of N.P. “Nippy” Williams, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity and Canon of Christ Church — a leading Anglo-Catholic theologian in his day.

Growing up in a city of dreaming spires may have informed her choice — as a place of worship — of the dreaming spire of Margaret Street. Gelda, as she preferred to be known, rather than Griselda, was for many years a regular member of the congregation at All Saints. She was one of a number described by Dr Harry Bramma as “the progressive tendency”, those educated and informed women, who together with educated and informed men, contributed in no small measure to a spirit of tolerance and enquiry. Roy Strong preached at the High Mass on Sunday 19 December, 1993. Gelda enjoys a cameo rôle in Roy’s *Scenes and Apparitions — The Diaries 1998 – 2003* (page 107).

“The lunch afterwards was fun... there were eight of us, a mixed lot including Charles Williams’s sister Griselda, a doctor

from Gloucester; whose memories stretched back to Father Kenneth Ross, and two ordinands, both of whom had a quality, especially the one in jeans and black leather; with an ear-ring, a pigtail and Doc Martens. They both seemed to bode well for the future."

A particular memory of Gelda is of a rich sense of humour which bubbled away just under the surface of a sometimes daunting façade. Her laughter was infectious.

She had a distinctive patrician voice — some might describe it as 'cut glass'. I once met her in the courtyard — clearly rather exasperated by some kind of political contretemps: "They always think, just because you've got a bit of an accent, that you're a blinking Tory." It was not quite the expression she used.

May she rest in peace and rise in glory.

TO PASTURES NEW

Fr Christopher Woods, the Vicar of St Anne's, Hoxton, has been a member of the Friends of All Saints for a good many years. He has been appointed Vicar of St Barnabas, Jericho, in Oxford. He begins his ministry there on 28 February 2019 and we wish him and his family every blessing in their new home.

GOING HOME

For a number of years we have been looking after a magnificent Monstrance by Arthur Ramsden and a processional cross which belong to St Mary Magdalene's, Paddington, where there was nowhere to store them safely. The monstrance has been used at Benediction at All Saints on major feasts. The Parish of St Mary Magdalene's, Paddington, was a church plant from All Saints in the mid-19th century and its building was designed by G.E. Street who

was a Churchwarden here. It has been undergoing restoration work, which was completed in time for All Souls' Day and has now acquired a safe large enough to hold these items, so they are going home.

PARISH DINNER

A successful second Parish Dinner was held at local restaurant *Conchiglia* on Friday 19 October. It coincided happily with and allowed some celebration of Fr Michael's birthday. If you have not been to one of these convivial dinners yet, watch out for the announcement of the next one.

BUTTERFIELD NORTH OF THE BORDER

The Vicar missed the parish dinner because he had travelled north to attend the consecration of Canon Ian Paton, his successor as Rector of Old St Paul's in Edinburgh as Bishop of St Andrews. This took place in St Ninian's Cathedral in Perth. The cathedral was designed by William Butterfield and has later additions by Ninian Comper; just like All Saints, so Fr Alan felt quite at home. A restoration programme was completed just in time for the consecration, which included a new heating system: a blessing in a church which he remembers from his days in the diocese as being cold even in summer.

FESTIVAL 2018

Beginning with All Saints Eve on Wednesday, our Festival celebrations continued, with only a brief pause for breath on the Saturday, through to a conclusion with Sunday evening's Benediction. We are grateful to our preachers who were much appreciated. All their sermons appear in this edition of the Parish Paper. One parishioner was so impressed by our All Souls High

Mass with the Fauré Requiem that he said he wanted his funeral to be just like that!

As well as our five sermons, we had a Festival Sunday Lecture. This was given by our former Archdeacon Dr Bill Jacob, who is also a church historian of some note. One of his retirement projects is a book on the Church in Victorian London. His subject (which will form part of the book when published) was Anglo-Catholic Church-planting in the period and he focused on St Mary Magdalene's, Paddington, and St Cyprian's, Clarence Gate, which were both begun by former curates of All Saints.

Three members of the congregation celebrated their birthdays on All Saints Day. Two of them, Dan Collins in the choir and Quentin Williams, one of our servers, were in their places in choir and sanctuary for High Mass. The other, Ros Tagoe, is now too frail to come to church but Fr Alan took the Sacrament to her in her Care home, and after the short service the celebration continued with tea and chocolate cake.

Fr Alan's birthday on 3 November was marked after High Mass on Festival Sunday.

Our **FESTIVAL 2018 APPEAL** for our Mission activities: the Church Army Marylebone Project; the UMOJA HIV Project with USPG in Zimbabwe and the Soup Kitchen in Tottenham Court Road has raised £4,500 including applicable Gift Aid. If you have not quite got round to making

your contribution, there is yet time. **If you want to donate by cheque, please make payable to: All Saints PCC (Festival Appeal). BACS payments to: All Saints PCC Sort: 60-09-15 A/c: 04559452 ref. Appeal** and your surname.

*If you are **not** a regular All Saints donor, please let the Parish Office know your full name and address for Gift Aid reclaim.*

THE CELL of OUR LADY of WALSINGHAM EVENTS DECEMBER/JANUARY

Saturday 8 December 2018

Conception of Our Lady

Regional Festival at Coventry Cathedral

12 noon **Solemn Eucharist**

Celebrant: *The Rt Revd Philip North,
Bishop of Burnley and Master of
the Guardians of the Shrine;*

Preacher: *The Rt Revd Christopher
Cocksworth, Bishop of Coventry*

3 pm Sprinkling and Liturgy of
Healing and Reconciliation.

*Saturday 12 January 2019 — All Saints,
Margaret Street*

11.30 am Rosary and
Walsingham Devotions

12 noon Low Mass of
Our Lady of Walsingham

*These events are organised by Cell members
for all to join in as they wish.*

SERMON preached by FR ANDREW WALKER, VICAR of ST MARY'S, BOURNE STREET, at EVENSONG and BENEDICTION — EVE of ALL SAINTS, 2018

Readings: Ecclesiasticus 44: 1 – 15;

Revelation 19: 6 – 10

One of the challenges of the Book of Revelation (and there are many!), and particularly of the chapter from which our

second reading is taken, is the notion of a differentiated Resurrection. On a literal reading, we hear of the beheaded martyrs raised to reign with Christ — martyrs being of course at the vanguard of all the saints for

the persecuted Church of the day. The rest of the dead following once the thousand year reign of Christ came to an end. Some of these then raised are raised for judgement, others to find themselves in the book of life. There is however here an analogy perhaps with Paul's thought elsewhere of an anticipated resurrection as well as a bodily one: All the baptised whose current life is based on the event of Jesus' life, death and resurrection — and whose bodies will be raised in the future — are already, in a sense, raised with the Messiah, living the resurrected life in the here and now. And our resurrection life, both anticipated and actualized, finds its confirmation each day of course in the regular celebration of the Mass at the altar.

Once the cult of the martyrs gave way to a more general cult of saints — and once the receding persecution of Christians allowed for a more public celebration and acknowledgement of Christian holiness — so the burial sites of those judged by the community to be of especial holiness became a place for the celebration of the Lord's Supper. What was different here though from pagan belief was the understanding that the Christian saint did not leave the earth for heaven; rather, the grave site, the *loca sanctorum*, became a cultic place where the power of Jesus Christ through the saint was made manifest in the here and now by the power of the resurrection. The saint, in other words, was not on a journey from earth to heaven — rather the saint was the further means of bringing heaven to earth even after death.

Holiness is therefore (if this is not too much of a jump) an extension of Christ's incarnation. The Divine Word made flesh — Christ's incarnation and ascension — brought about the reunion of heaven and earth, of spirit and matter, of human

and divine. This now eternal verity lies at the heart of the resurrected life: firstly the actual bodily resurrection that lies in the future for those of us yet alive; secondly, the actual resurrection that is already true and has already taken place for those who have gone before us to that place beyond and out of time; and thirdly the anticipated resurrection we in the Church are called to live out, yesterday, today and tomorrow, a life fully rooted in and modelled on the person of Jesus Christ.

Those early burial places of the saints, with their altars raised above, were adorned with vigil lights; but again there was a difference of understanding for the Church from contemporary pagan usage. For the pagan, these lights represented the stepping stones from this life to the next, from earth to heaven. For the Church, these lights spoke of glory, like the halos which entered Christian iconography about the same time: the glory of God shining in and through the graced individual — not as a reward for a well-lived life in Gospel terms but as a sign that the well-lived life is as a channel, a mediator, by which this grace can be communicated to others and to the world around. Glory and light are, therefore, parts of our new responsibility within the new creation; signs of the whole renewed cosmos.

Now I mentioned earlier the rôle of the community, lay and ordained, in identifying saints for the early Church. By the end of the 6th century this rôle was reserved to the local bishop — and it will come as no surprise that it was only a matter of some hundreds of years before the papacy removed all power of formal sanctification and reserved it to the See of Rome in the 12th century. As a result, and I hope it's not too controversial to point out, there is in the Calendar still

a notable preponderance of white, male, European, celibate saints of aristocratic or at least good family, and funnily who achieved ecclesial rank. We could however add that the Holy Spirit, much more democratically, has asked that we all, everyone here this night, and every Christian, live a resurrection life — one modelled on the person of Jesus, informed by the pattern of his incarnation, death and resurrection — that the power of God’s love may be made

manifest in and through us to our world and society today, that we may shine like lights in the darkness, pledges of the glory that has been and will be revealed. This solemnity, this feast, this festival honours all who have gone before and commits us again to what we must become, God’s holy people, men and women of the Gospel, of the good news of Jesus Christ who lives and reigns, now and for ever. Amen.

SERMON preached by FR PETER GROVES
of ST MARY MAGDALEN’S, OXFORD
on ALL SAINTS DAY 2018

*Give thanks to the Father who has
enabled you to share in the
inheritance of the saints in light.*

For me, it’s that time of year again. Not the fuss over Halloween, nor the end of British Summer Time, nor the autumn chill, nor the impending transformation of every retail outlet in the country into a hideous riot of tinsel and tacky decorations. For me, it’s the time of year in Oxford when we begin the process we call “Admissions”. There is a lot of unnecessary mystique about this phenomenon, encouraged not least by the media, but while less enigmatic than the *Daily Mail* would have you think, it is also more complicated, involving — quite rightly — enormous amounts of preparation and analysis by those involved in selection, analysis underwritten by very extensive data and evidence and algorithms provided by UCAS, the Universities and Colleges Admissions Service, and by the university’s large and dedicated team.

One of the joys, or occasionally sorrows, comes in reading applicants’ personal statements, the section of their UCAS form

where they describe what they want to study, why they want to study it, and why we ought to admit them. Fortunately, rigorous data protection rules prevent me sharing these details, otherwise we could enjoy a very peculiar form of theological bingo, gaining points for the number of mentions of the problem of evil, or Martin Luther, or sexual behaviour, or Richard Dawkins or any combination of the above. Indeed, some temptingly bizarre combinations do present themselves.

One common allusion among hopeful sixth formers is to Plato’s allegory of the Cave, one of the most famous tales in the Western canon. A dialogue between Socrates and Glaucon in Book VII of the Republic, it compares the world of knowledge and learning to the visual field of prisoners in an underground cave. Facing the wall, with their backs to the entrance, they are chained and unable to move even their heads. Behind them, though they do not know it, is the world of light. At the entrance to the cave is a fire. All they can see are the dancing shadows on the wall

ahead of them. When sounds echo from that wall, they not unreasonably suppose them to be the voices of the shadows.

Suppose they are released from their chains, able to turn round, approach the light, and leave the cave. What will they see? At first, they will see almost nothing. Their eyes will be dazzled with the glare, and the pain that it causes will make them shut those eyes, and turn back to the comfort of the darkness they knew, where at least they can see the moving shadows. If at this point somebody suggests that they can see better looking towards the light they are likely to dismiss the notion. Gradually, of course, they will be able to see. If asked to give an order to the things they can see most clearly, they will begin with the shadows, move on to the reflections and only then proceed to the lights of moon, stars and sun.

Our first reading, from Revelation, told of the heavenly city, coming out of heaven from God. The epistle to the Hebrews, contrasts the mountain of the law, its fire blazing amidst the darkness, with that heavenly Jerusalem which is Mount Zion, not Mount Sinai. When Colossians exhorts us to give thanks to “the Father who has enabled you to share in the inheritance of the saints in light”, we naturally think of that heavenly city, depicted so strikingly in the magnificent interior of this church. It is perfectly natural to think of light, in scripture, as an unequivocal good. The first thing which God creates, the image both of Christ and of his Church, the source of discipleship as we are drawn more closely to the truth by following after the light of the world. But of course light, in our experience, has many contexts and takes many forms. If I sit in a darkened room for any length of time, and you then come in and switch on a powerful overhead light, I

will not find the initial experience a pleasant one. I will need to protect my eyes, which have become too accustomed to the gloom.

Those who feel their way out of Plato’s cave are protecting and adjusting their vision. The light is a gift to their quest for truth, but a gift which must be enjoyed in the knowledge that their vision is limited, it needs looking after, it needs to be managed. Sometimes the ignorance which darkness provides can seem like a blessing. If the dark room in which I am sitting is filthy with dirt, then the darkness is protecting me from discovering something I might not wish to know. The light, when it comes, might seem to make things worse: before illumination, I didn’t realise quite how grim was my situation. Shining a light into the darkness entails my recognizing just how bad things are. Now, in the longer term of course, that recognition is a positive thing, the first step in the process of improvement. Once I realise that the room is filthy I can get on with cleaning it up. What at first seems to be negative, is the basis for genuine progress. Readers of St Paul might recognize this line of argument as echoing the seventh chapter of the Letter to the Romans.

But light does not illuminate for its own sake. It illuminates something. There is a situation, a circumstance, on which light is being shed. And the details which light reveals are then, themselves, testimony to the light. The gradual visual progress made by those who come out of the cave is brought home to them not by staring at the source of the light itself — since that would blind them — but by delineating, by making out the particular objects of their vision — the first shadows, then objects, then heavenly bodies and so on.

Hence the saints and their heavenly city. The saints are in light not because of what they see or have seen, but because of what we see when we look at them. The light in which they are bathed enables us to identify and recognize them, to see in them what it means to be redeemed, what it means to live as one who is focused on following Christ. The vision with which they present us has a double purpose: it exemplifies discipleship, illuminating for us what holiness looks like, what the love of God entails when fully embraced by a human being; but it also points us beyond itself, reminding us that we can see the saints because of the light which is given both to us and to them, they reflect the greater light which is the love of God himself, the unapproachable light of the creator.

And because their example is one of discipleship, of learning, of following, the vision they present is far from static. Our Gospel reading presented the Beatitudes, and we misunderstand those blessings if we think that they offer a timeless picture of precisely what action to perform. Rather, they present a pattern of life being lived, a process of conversion of turning ever more closely towards the vision of God himself. The divine light towards which the saints are turning is the light we see in them, so

that the example to which all the blessed aspire is nothing other than the example of complete self-emptying, of utter humiliation and degradation in the passion of Jesus Christ.

The fullness of Christian light and life is found in the imitation of the one who incarnates the creative love of God, and that fullness means, paradoxically, an emptying of all we thought we knew. To be holy, to be a saint, to be Christ-like, is to mourn, to be merciful, to hunger and thirst for righteousness, to seek and strive for peace, to suffer and rejoice in persecution. That is what it means to be happy, to be blessed, to be following in the footsteps of the one who leads us to the fullest glory of heaven by not filling himself with worldly success but by emptying himself of his divine life.

There is no more powerful vision, there is no stronger, more dazzling source of light. Small wonder we struggle with our calling to be Christ-like, small wonder that we are bewildered and blundering in our attempts to love. The saints are there to help us, by their prayers, by their example, by the hope they set before us. The saints dwell forever in light, so that that light — given and poured out for you and for me — can guide our eyes and our steps to itself.

SERMON preached on ALL SAINTS SUNDAY 2018
by FR ALAN EVERETT of ST CLEMENT'S, NOTTING DALE

If any festival directs our attention to the fundamental unity of the kingdom of God, it is the feast of All Saints. Today we stake our faith on the claim that dead whom we remember in our prayers are living, and are with us here in our worship. The saints pray in communion with us, strengthening us with their presence.

This concept of a community that transcends space and time can at times seem rather theoretical, but was very real to me on the night of the Grenfell Tower fire. When I opened St Clement's church, near to Grenfell Tower, at 3 am on 14 June 2017, I felt as if I were in the presence of all those who had worked and worshipped in

the church for the past 150 years. I felt them there with me. In that bleak and horrifying moment, I was not alone.

And that sense of community, of the supporting prayer we cannot see, continued in a different way through the many emails, letters and postcards I received in the following weeks. And then in May this year, I met an old friend at St Paul's Cathedral, at the Bishop of London's installation. He said to me, 'You won't know this. But every time I see you on television I pray for you.' Of course I didn't know this, but yet in another sense I did, because throughout that appalling first year we were all very conscious of the support and love we received in prayer.

This sense of transcendent connection is at the very heart of the feast of All Saints, when we are reminded that there are things in heaven and on earth we cannot see, but only intuit. The dead we love and honour are not dead, but living, and they long for us to recognise the light that surrounds and awaits us. Equally, by extension, we know that we are also one with those who live on earth in our own time. The communion of saints is a concept that principally reaches back into a history, but it also reaches out across the globe.

The images we heard this morning in our readings are attempts to picture eternity. In *2 Esdras*: of a great multitude praising the Lord with songs, and among them a young man, who places a crown on each of their heads, who receive palms, who have put off mortal clothing and have put on the immortal. And in *Hebrews*: of the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, of saints and angels in festal gathering. Images such as these may be speculative and they may fall short in many ways, but at their best they have the capacity to feed

us, when life seems dull and routine and predictable. Or alternatively, when it feels deeply conflicted, painful and stressful. But then the feast of All Saints speaks to that experience as well.

Three weeks ago, Pope Francis canonized Oscar Romero. Romero was a priest in El Salvador, who rose through the ranks to become Archbishop of San Salvador in 1977, in a period of brutal state repression. At the time he was seen as a conservative figure. Many social activists were disappointed by his appointment. But all that changed. He began to speak up about human rights violations. In the days before social media, his radio broadcasts were a powerful reminder of the many acts of torture and murder being committed by the state. On 23 March 1980, he urged soldiers and police to stop following their orders, saying, *'I beg you, I beseech you, I order you in the name of God: stop the repression!'* The next day he was shot dead, while celebrating Mass.

Oscar Romero is an inspiring example of a man who grew into his rôle. In the course of three short years as archbishop, his faith led him down an unexpected path to martyrdom. He is now formally recognized by the Catholic Church as a saint. He could never have expected any of this to have happened when he was first made Archbishop of San Salvador. In a way, it is just as well he could not.

A person like Romero makes the concept of martyrdom seem very real. His witness jolts us out of the groove into which we can all too easily settle. His example reminds us that our faith can all too easily become routine. His courageous public call to repentance challenges our tendency to think of faith in purely private and individualistic terms. In a modern martyr such as Romero, we sense a direct connection with the faith

of the first Christians.

Christian faith of this kind is edgy and daring, and witnesses to truth and justice. It is never narcissistic and self-regarding, but infused with an outward looking humility. But like many saints, Romero's journey was a slow one. He only reached the point of becoming the person we remember today towards the end of his life. Circumstances — providence perhaps — led him to the cross he eventually embraced.

One key aspect of Romero's story was that although he was such a cautious and conservative figure, he spent most of his life resourcing himself for what turned out to be his final challenge. His prayer life was deep and embedded. And so, when the time came to take up his cross, he had the strength to carry it. And so alongside the call to *community*, the feast of All Saints contains a call to *formation*, to a long and slow process of interior development. No one becomes a saint by accident, or overnight. A deep, mature faith is the work of a lifetime.

One of the reasons I am so honoured and delighted to be with you this morning is that All Saints, Margaret Street, has been a hugely important part of my own journey. I first came here in 1979. Although I had been baptized, my family were not churchgoers, and so it would be something of an understatement to say that I was a little surprised by what I discovered on my first visit here. I was standing by the front pew at the right, and as a result when the entry procession began I was overwhelmed by a truly astonishing quantity of incense. And I loved it. I loved every aspect of the worship. It was deeply formative, and I am still nourished by those experiences from forty years ago.

Community, formation... and a third

element that we remember on the feast of All Saints: memory. We think of time as being purely linear. Night follows day, and day follows night. But some moments in time, some places, are so vivid that when we re-encounter them we are taken right back across the intervening years. Whenever I enter this church, I am drawn to an unexpected place: to the chancel wall, down there, because I would look at it in quiet moments before and during Mass. Given what we see around us, this may sound prosaic — even bizarre — but that wall is for me not a wall at all but a *door*: into an earlier point in time, which is as real for me now as it was then.

The feast of All Saints helps us to remember that our experience of time is fluid. In speaking of an intersection of eternity with the time we experience here and now on earth, this festival encourages us to look beyond what we see and hear around us. It helps us to resist a narrowing down to the merely parochial, or diocesan or even national. It expands our sense of community beyond the conventional boundaries of time and — also — space.

When we affirm our belief in the communion of saints, that affirmation demands from us an act of historical imagination, so that we feel a sense of real connection with those who have gone before us, who are so important in our tradition. But it also pushes us out in an act of identification with Christians throughout the world, who belong with us today in one community. The witness of Asia Bibi and other Christians in Pakistan, or the Copts in Egypt who show such extraordinary fortitude in the face of terrorist attacks, reminds that there is a community of saints alive here and now on earth. Their witness humbles us, and teaches us, and inspires

us — as much as the example of saints who have gone before us.

Formation, memory, community: key themes in the Eucharist, where all is gathered together in Christ, and key themes for the onward journey of the pilgrim people of God. And so we gather here now, together, in community, in communion with one another, with the saints, with Christ, knowing that

before too long we will disperse. We will go out into the world to do what we can to build the kingdom of God, to help to bring into being the justice, mercy and peace proclaimed in our Gospel reading — along with Oscar Romero and all the saints living and departed whom we honour and venerate today. As one people, a resurrection people, bound together in Christ.

**SERMON PREACHED at SOLEMN EVENSONG
on ALL SAINTS SUNDAY 2018 by
the VENERABLE MARTYN GOUGH, Chaplain to the Navy.**

Thank you for the invitation to be with you this evening as you come to the end of your Festival. I am the Chaplain of the Fleet and the Archdeacon for the Royal Navy and to that end I am responsible for providing Chaplaincy to the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines and in doing so, manage close to 90 chaplains.

Being a chaplain in the Royal Navy and in the Royal Marines is predominantly about caring for the men and women of the Naval Service, of deploying with them. Our calling is priestly, pastoral and it is prophetic. Our rôle is priestly — saying Mass, celebrating the sacraments, praying with them and leading them to faith. A lot of the daily task of the Chaplain is pastoral. Because we deploy without people, because we share all their lives, we sleep, we eat and work so close to them, they know us as the “friend and advisor to all on-board”. They know that the Naval Chaplain who comes with no rank, is there for them, is non-judgemental, and will listen in confidence to their issues. And finally, the rôle of the Naval chaplain is to be prophetic — to offer serious counsel, advice and support to Command.

Offering counsel and offering leadership,

as I have the privilege to do to Command, means that the world that I live in is a risky world; there are significant and there are serious threats to our nation’s prosperity. This homily for All Saints is not and must not become an apologetic for the military. But living in a risky world, knowing what the threats are out there, knowing that the security, stability and prosperity of our nation may be under attack means that we need leaders who know how to lead, how to listen, how to respond, but ultimately, how to lead. But to lead well, there must be the ability to make good choices, moral decisions that will not only lead to a successful outcome but will ensure that the victory is not a pyrrhic one.

So, for me, good leadership is sound ethical leadership based on principles that are enduring. If we look at the leadership given by Paul to the Church in Colossae, as see in our second lesson this evening; we see Paul address a Church that is a mature one and one that is Spirit led, but Paul encourages them to be better, to seek more. He asks them to walk a worthy walk, one that is fitting to the Lord; to engage with society in such a way that the nature and power of

God is evident to those whom they meet, but to walk in a manner that is consistent with and conforms to what God has done for us in Christ. The apostle describes four directions a worthy walk that pleases the Lord will take. Certainly, there are other Christ-like qualities every Christian should manifest, but these four illustrate the kind of character that should be found in a Spirit filled, Word filled Christian, one who desires to be a Saint.

We are therefore commanded to walk in a way and in a manner worthy of the Lord to please Him in all respects. We are asked to walk in a way that will bear fruit in all that we do. We live wholesome lives in the light of the Saints and not in the shadows as commercial Halloween.

We are asked to continually grow in the knowledge and in the love of God — this is a relationship and not an academic exercise. Giving thanks to the Father and that is why we are here to offer worship and not simply seek holy entertainment. It was the author Paul Coelho who said this of those who seek to lead and those who seek to become holy. *“Those who are truly enlightened, those whose souls are illuminated by love, have been able to overcome all the inhibitions and preconceptions of their era. They have been able to sing, to laugh, and to pray out loud; they have danced and shared what Saint Paul called ‘the madness of saintliness’. They have been joyful — because those who love conquer the world and have no fear of loss. True love is an act of total surrender.”*

In our journey we must do all that is pleasing to God and that as we know can tie us up into difficulty if we do not sing the proper narrative. Recently Archbishop Justin Welby on a visit to Nigeria, challenged the Anglican Church there to speak truth to power to those who lead and

to do so in private; but, he challenged them to speak out in public if they failed to take heed. Thank God, we know that here in the West, Churches in the catholic tradition have always spoken truth unto power. It may be a shame that the same cannot be said when political allegiances affects your ability to call out what is wrong because one is afraid or unwilling to challenge that which had been previously supported. Next Paul calls upon the Church to thus be fruitful in all that it is called to be. Within this octave of All Saints we know that we almost use this as a catch all for those saints whom we know little about but within the Reformed tradition, all Christians are referred to as Saints and so we are all called to lead lives that are more than centred upon ourselves. I often remind officers and ratings that they have chosen to join an Armed Service — armed because they will, if asked, cause harm to the Queen’s enemies but also service — they put themselves on the frontline — they serve in difficult and dangerous places — and when you stand in the parade square in Camp Bastion as I did, and as you bid farewell to the body of a young lad from Leeds, two weeks into his tour and killed by a sniper or the Warrant Officer and father of 4 who was killed by a landmine whilst checking that young Afghan girls could get to school — you have to remind them of that calling — that they have been fruitful — they have tried to make a difference.

Finally, Paul calls upon them to increase in the knowledge and love of God. We all know that the more we look the less we know and the less we see. I was fortunate in spending the last year as a member of the Royal College of Defence Studies here in London, a time that I could catch up with Fr Michael. Here we looked at what are the principle challenges facing the world today. We were a truly international course and

what amazed me was how active so many of these Admirals, Generals and Diplomats were in their faith. We looked at issues such as climate change, drugs policy, poverty, violence against women — and what became clear is that so often poverty is what causes ignorance and how ignorance leads to conflict and despair — increase in the knowledge and in the love of God.

Within the life of the Church, the liturgical cycle plays a significant rôle as it enables us to hang the life of our Lord within a calendar. I have another ceremonial calendar to follow with significant feasts, many of which will, for the Sailor, rival Easter and Pentecost. Soon we will commemorate Armistice Day and this year the centenary of the end of WWI. We too lay great store in commemorating our principal feast — The Battle of Trafalgar — alongside the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 and the more recent Battle of Taranto in 1940 — these give a sense of pride as we celebrate Nelson and Collingwood, Drake and Cunningham

from the Italian Taranto campaign. These leaders may not have been outstanding Christians but for the likes of Nelson there can be no doubt of his deep and convicted faith and the care and concern that he had for the spiritual wellbeing of all his sailors. He strived for a worthy walk, he sought through his actions to be pleasing to God. And he continually gave thanks to God the Father as seen in the prayer he wrote on the eve of the Battle in October 1805:

May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country And for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and Glorious victory: and may no misconduct, in any one, Tarnish it: and may humanity after victory be the predominant Feature in the British Fleet. For myself individually, I commit my life to Him who made me And may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my Country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend Amen. Amen. Amen

**SERMON PREACHED BY FR JULIAN BROWNING on
REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY, 11 NOVEMBER 2018,
THE CENTENARY of ARMISTICE DAY 1918**

On this day, Armistice Day, in 1918, the vicar of this parish, Father Mackay stopped writing letters in his study at noon and went out into the streets to join the rejoicing crowds as they welcomed peace after four years of war. The church bells were ringing. The bells are going to ring again today throughout the country in thanksgiving for the blessings of peace in our time. Our bell will ring at 12.30 today, and I hope you will be able to stay on and witness this, one hundred years on.

Yet I wonder what Father Mackay was thinking on Armistice Day. Like us, he must have found it very confusing, because we

know that peace was, and still is, bought at a terrible price of life, young lives. As the parish priest of a central London church Mackay had to confront all the raw grief, four years of it, erupting week by week as the casualties of war mounted. He knew many of those who died.

Harold Godwin Williamson, born 1896, was a chorister at the choir school we had then, and he sang up there with his friends. As Father Mackay said, Harold was more of an adopted son really, because he spent some of his holidays and leaves here at the church. Harold went on from here to public school,

to St Edward's, Oxford, a school in the High Anglican tradition, and he thrived there from 1910 to the Lent Term of 1914. I've seen a photograph of Harold in the 1913 Cricket Eleven. Harold was accepted for training to be a priest in the Church of England, and in June 1914 he went from St Edwards to be a student at the Society of the Sacred Mission at Kelham in Nottinghamshire, a theological college which trained for priesthood those who were not going forward for a university degree. At the outbreak of war that year, the College was closed and young Harold, aged 18, joined the Queen Victoria Rifles as a private soldier and endured a freezing winter in France. In 1915 Harold was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the North Staffordshire Regiment. On his leaves from the officer training course he used to come back here, in high spirits, much as many past worshippers turn up here today. On 1st July 1916, the first day of the Battle of the Somme, Harold Williamson was killed in action, blown up by an enemy shell. His body was never found, like 73,000 others in that long battle. Harold was twenty years old. You can find his name on the memorial plaque for former choristers in the floor of the sanctuary, to the left. We will remember him. He would have made a fine priest. One hundred years on, I find that little story devastating still.

Remembrance works when it's personal. The great achievement of the last four years of 1st World War commemorations has been to rescue, name by name, family by family, village by village, all those great uncles who never came back, to recognise their common humanity, and to acknowledge their sacrifice of life, and, maybe for the first time, to mourn their deaths. Later in this service we shall sing the hymn *O Valiant Hearts*. Every few years this hymn gets banned by clerical pundits, because it appears to suggest that

the sacrifice of the Son of God is on the same plane as the sacrifice of those killed in war, and thereby justifies warfare. These concerns need not detain us today. We can sing that hymn in remembrance, in solidarity with all those who mourn lives lost in conflicts right up to the present day, on whichever side they find themselves; those who, in the loneliness of their grief, today (not just in the First World War) are attempting to find some meaning, some connection with a God in the loss, in the courage, and in the sacrifice, in the good and in the evil of this world.

Remembrance is more than just remembering. Remembrance is the pulse of love, binding us to that past without which our lives have no meaning. Shared remembrance is stronger still. We cross the boundary of time. We can say, I was there, I saw it happen. The past becomes present, and it becomes present through love and forgiveness. A nation that forgets its war dead has lost the war. God cannot forget them, because God was with them as they lived and as they died.

At his Last Supper Jesus said: *This is My Body given for you. Do this in remembrance of me.* Do this out of love for me. Do this so I am part of you today, so that you can live with my life. We began today's service with two minutes' silence. Yet we enter this silence of remembrance every time we attend communion. We learn then, from the way God does things, through a body broken, through wine poured out, to make space in our lives for others, including those who are forever silent, and including our enemies then and now. The silence after the Last Post seems so final at the going down of the sun. Their sacrifice, young Harold's death at the Somme, seems so pointless, so heartbreaking. But in the morning, as the bells ring out for Peace today, we shall

remember them. The more we remember, the more we learn to love again, and so the greater their victory. For our Remembrance is nothing less than God's compassion, the first step to any reconciliation and forgiveness, so that, in the words of our first lesson, God may teach us his ways and we may walk in his paths.

A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY, INTERRUPTED

Fr Michael Bowie writes:

I left you in the Club sitting room, sharing a Talisker, I think it was, on a Friday in July. Logic tells me that Saturday must have followed, and memory confirms that, after 8am Mass, I tootled off to a wine-tasting in Redfern in the decidedly post-industrial *Carriageworks* (as its name suggests, formerly a place of R&R for tired rolling stock), which is a short walk from the old *alma mater*, The University of Sydney. Sadly I must abandon you there this month, deferring the promise of more Pooterish reminiscences until the New Year: such was the quality of our preachers at this year's Festival that most of their sermons are here for your edification, which is 'meet and right', as I believe Mr Cranmer might say. Imagine yourselves about to sample the delights of the Barossa Valley, a short stroll from a great seat of learning. Hold that thought and I'll be back to trouble you next month.

100 YEARS AGO

Fr Mackay Writes:

"On Sunday the 24th of November we made our Procession of Victory round the Parish. Father Heald arranged it, and it is really impossible to express our admiration for what he did. Not only did he arrange one of the most beautiful Religious

Processions seen in England since the days of St Augustine, but he arranged it so perfectly that we all took part in it as though it were the most ordinary and everyday thing to do. We sang our hymns with no more distraction than if we were in our places in church. A canopy had been erected beneath the cross in the courtyard, and here an altar was raised on a flight of steps, backed by a high dossal of purple and draped with a Union Jack. It was adorned with a large crucifix and six candle-sticks, and a rich carpet stretched down the steps to the stones of the courtyard.

"While the church was filling for the High Mass at a quarter to eleven a crowd was assembling before this altar, and when the church was full and the sounds of the introit of the High Mass were heard, Father Shedden, vested in a white chasuble, came out to the altar in the courtyard and celebrated a Low Mass of Thanksgiving. I am told that the devotion of the multitude, which stretched across the street, was very striking.

"Father Blofeld celebrated the High Mass of Thanksgiving in church, assisted by Father Gurney and Mr Hardy. At about a quarter to twelve the Solemn Procession left the High Altar and passed out of the church. The Silver Band of the Salvation Army greeted it, and it made the circuit of the parish in the following order: — the Choir, preceded by thurifers, crucifer and acolytes, the banner of the Blessed Sacrament, the Churchwardens (Mr Wigglesworth representing Mr Malcolm absent in France), the Celebrant of the High Mass in a cope, with attendants, the Parochus (*the Vicar*) with deacons of honour, all vested in cloth of gold, the Community of All Saints headed by the Sister Sacristan bearing the crucifix,

the banner of Our Lady, a contingent of British soldiers bearing in their midst the statue of St George, Patron of England, and the Union Jack, the Silver Band of the Salvation Army, a contingent of fifty American Marines bearing the Stars and Stripes, the Men's Guild preceding and following the statue of Our Lady and followed by the Italian Flag, the men of the congregation, the Newport Market Band, the Confraternity of All Saints in white veils preceding and following the statue of the Blessed Joan of Arc and carrying the French Flag — carried by a girl in honour of the Blessed Joan — the banner of the Confraternity, the Banner of the Holy Family, the women of the congregation. The statues of the saints were surrounded by lights and preceded by thurifers. Priests vested in copes headed the various sections of the procession....

“During the circuit of the parish hymns were sung, interspersed with marches. On the return to All Saints the whole procession assembled before the altar in the courtyard and sang the Te Deum to the Roman Chant with a splendid volume of sound, all knelt while the Angelus rang, and then stood and closed with the Act of Thanksgiving and the National Anthem.

“I was very much struck by the reverence of the crowd and of the passers-by in the street who paused, the men uncovering and many bowing profoundly to the crucifix. The procession was so long that from where I saw it in turning up Wells Street from Oxford Street the end was lost in the haze of a grey day. It was estimated that a thousand people took part.

“Among the assistants in cassock and cotta was Mr H.W. Brooke, who was Senior Choirboy at the consecration of the church in 1859. Mr Bobbie Boston and Mr

Owen Butler, who headed the procession as acolytes, had seen much service in France, so had Mr Carl Stenholm, who, with Mr Leslie Stephens, supported the celebrant — both of them had suffered much through the War. The music of the procession was supervised by Father Shedden and was excellently rendered. It was a great pleasure to have the Newport Market lads with us, and a very pleasure, too, to have the assistance of the Silver Band of the Salvation Army, which is one of the finest bands in London. For the loan of objects needed in the procession we offer grateful thanks to St Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square; St Mary Magdalene's, Paddington; St Augustine's, Kilburn; St Alban's, Holborn, and St Peter's, London Docks.”

SUNDAYS & SOLEMNITIES MUSIC & READINGS

✠ SUNDAY 2 DECEMBER ADVENT 1

Litany in Procession and HIGH MASS at 11am

Litany: Tallis

Entrance Chant: *Ad te levavi*

Setting: Missa Brevis — Palestrina

Psalm: 25: 1 – 10

Readings: Jeremiah 33: 14 – 16
1 Thessalonians 3: 9 – 13

Gradual Hymn: 14 The advent of our God

Gospel: Luke 21: 25 – 36

Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses

Creed: Credo II

Offertory Motet: People, look East
— trad, arr Peter Backhouse

Hymns: 501 Drop down, ye heavens,
from above

THURSDAY 13 DECEMBER

Carol Service for Freud

Communications, 6.30pm start

Private ticketed event so no Evening Mass

FRIDAY 14 DECEMBER

LUNCHTIME CAROL

SERVICE at 1.10pm

Sung by an All Saints' choir of eight.

Collection for The Children's Society

Followed by mince pies and mulled wine.

Please bring a friend to visit this beautiful

Church before Christmas.

Before the service: Von Himmel hoch

BWV 700 — Bach

In dulci júbilo BuxWV 167

— Buxtehude

Hymn: 26 Hark! The herald angels
sing (v3 descant — Ledger; omit v4)

Reading: Luke 1: 26 – 38

Anthem: Sussex Carol — trad,
arr Willcocks

Hymn: 32 O little town of Bethlehem
(v3 choir (arr Ledger), omit v4,
v5 descant — Armstrong)

Reading: Luke 2: 1 – 7

Anthem: O Little One Sweet
— J.S. Bach

Hymn: 22 Away in a manger

Reading: Luke 2: 8 – 16

Anthem: Quem pastores laudavere
— trad, arr John Rutter

Hymn: 42 While shepherds watched
their flocks by night

Reading: Christmas — Betjeman

Anthem: Infant holy, infant lowly

Gospel: John 1: 1 – 14

Hymn: 30 O come, all ye faithful
(v 1, 2, 5, & 6)

Voluntary: 2017 Fantasia in G, BWV 572
— J.S. Bach

✠ SUNDAY 16 DECEMBER

ADVENT 3 (GAUDETE)

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 415 (T 346) O for a
thousand tongues to sing

Entrance Chant: *Gaudete in Domino*

Setting: Schubert in C

Psalms: Psalm 146: 4 – end

Readings: Zephaniah 3: 14 – end
Philippians 4: 4 – 7

Gradual Hymn: 12 On Jordan's bank
the Baptist's cry

Gospel: Luke 3: 7 – 18

Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses

Creed: Schubert

Offertory Motet: Rejoice in the Lord alway
— Purcell

Hymns: 501 Drop down, ye heavens,
from above

409 Love of the Father,

love of God the Son

443 Rejoice, the Lord is King

Voluntary: Prelude on the 'Old 100th'
— Iain Farrington

EVENSONG and

BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 50: 1 – 6, 62

Lessons: Isaiah 35
Luke 1: 57 – 66

Office Hymn: 1 Creator of the stars of night

Canticles: Service in G minor — Purcell

Anthem: Vox dicentis — Naylor

Preacher: Fr Simon Cuff

Hymn: 458 The Lord my pasture shall
prepare

O Salutaris: Brough

Hymn: 15 The Lord will come and
not be slow

Tantum ergo: Brough

Voluntary: 1st movement, Concerto in
A minor, BWV 593 — Bach,
after Vivaldi

MONDAY 17 DECEMBER

FESTIVAL of NINE LESSONS and CAROLS by Candlelight at 6pm

Followed by mince pies and mulled wine.

Organ: Wachet auf, ruft die Stimme
BWV 645 — Bach

Entrance Hymn: Once in royal David's city
(choir v 1 – 2; v 5 descant
— Willcocks)

Anthem: All my heart this night
rejoices — Ebeling

1st Lesson: Genesis 3: 8 – 14

Anthem: Adam lay ybounden — Ord

2nd Lesson: Genesis 22: 15 – 18

Anthem: E'en so, Lord Jesus, quickly
come — Manz

Hymn: O come, O come, Emmanuel

3rd Lesson: Isaiah 9: 2, 6 – 7

Hymn: God rest you merry, gentlemen
(choir vv 2, 4; v5 descant
— Willcocks)

4th Lesson: Isaiah 11: 1 – 9

Anthem: The blessed son of God
— Vaughan Williams

5th Lesson: Luke 1: 26 – 38

Anthem: Quelle est cette odeur agréable
— trad, arr Willcocks

6th Lesson: Matthew 1: 18 – 23

Anthem: Sans Day Carol
— trad, arr John Rutter

7th Lesson: Luke 2: 8 – 16

Anthem: In dulci jubilo, trad, arr Pearsall

8th Lesson: Matthew 2: 1 – 11

Hymn: A great and mighty wonder

9th Lesson: John 1: 1 – 14

Offertory hymn: O come, all ye faithful
(vv 1, 2, 3, 5, 6 Descant v6
— Willcocks)

Hymn: Hark! The herald angels sing
(v3 descant — Ledger; omit v4)

Voluntary: Cantata 29 "Sinfonia"
— Bach, arr Dupré

☩ SUNDAY 23 DECEMBER ADVENT 4

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 166 (T 470) Now in holy
celebration

Entrance Chant: Rorate cæli desuper

Setting: Messa II — Monteverdi

Psalms: 80: 1 – 8

Readings: Micah 5: 2 – 5a
Hebrews 10: 5 – 10

Gradual Hymn: 57 The race that long in
darkness pined

Gospel: Luke 1: 39 – 55

Preacher: Fr Julian Browning

Creed: Credo II

Offertory Motet: Ave Maria — Parsons

Hymns: 501 Drop down, ye heavens,
from above

182 Her virgin eyes saw God
incarnate born

186 Tell out, my soul,
the greatness of the Lord

EVENSONG and BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 123, 131

Lessons: Isaiah 10: 33 – 11: 10
Matthew 1: 18 – end

Office Hymn: 1 Creator of the stars of night

Canticles: Fauxbourdons — Byrd

Antiphon: O Sapientia

Anthem: Remember, O thou man
— Ravenscroft

Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses

Hymn: 11 O come, O come,
Emmanuel!

O Salutaris: 238

Hymn: 41 (T 408 ii) Where is this
stupendous stranger?

Tantum ergo: 295

MONDAY 24 DECEMBER CHRISTMAS EVE

MIDNIGHT MASS at 11pm

Entrance Hymn: 33 (omit *) Of the Father's
heart begotten

Entrance Chant: *Gaudeamus omnes*

Setting: Missa Sancti Nicolai — Haydn

Psalm: 96

Readings: Isaiah 9: 2 – 7

Titus 2: 11 – 14

Gradual Hymn: 42 While shepherds
watched their flocks by night

Gospel: Luke 2: 1 – 14

Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses

Creed: Haydn

Offertory Motet: Hodie Christus natus est
— Poulenc

Hymns: 28 In the bleak midwinter
35 Silent night! Holy night

Processional Hymn: 30 O come,
all ye faithful

At the blessing of the crib: Infant holy,
Infant lowly — arr Willcocks

Voluntary: Paeon — Whitlock

TUESDAY 25 DECEMBER CHRISTMAS DAY

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 30 (omit v4) O come,
all ye faithful

Entrance Chant: *Puer natus est nobis*

Setting: Jugendmesse — Haydn

Psalm: 98

Readings: Isaiah 52: 7 – 10

Hebrews 1: 1 – 4

Gradual Hymn: 21 A great and mighty
wonder

Gospel: John 1: 1 – 14

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Creed: Haydn

Offertory Motet: I saw three ships – trad,
arr Willcocks

Hymns: 22 Away in a manger,
no crib for a bed

40 What child is this, who,
laid to rest

26 Hark! The herald angels
sing

Voluntary: Sinfonia from Cantata 29
— Bach transcr Dupré

☒ SUNDAY 30 DECEMBER CHRISTMAS 1

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 34 Once in royal David's
city

Entrance Chant: *Venerunt pastores*
festinantes

Setting: Rheinberger in G minor

Psalm: 148

Readings: 1 Samuel 2: 18 – 20, 26
Colossians 3: 12 – 17

Gradual Hymn: 45 (T 238) The growing
limbs of God the Son

Gospel: Luke 2: 41 – end

Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses

Creed: Merbecke

Offertory Motet: Balulalow — Britten

Hymns: 40 What child is this, who,
laid to rest

43 Child of the stable's secret
birth

258 A Christ the same through
all our story's pages

Voluntary: Les enfants de Dieu, from
La Nativité du Seigneur
— Messiaen

NO EVENING SERVICE

***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 by sending the Parish Administrator an email titled News and Events/Weekly Newsletter to: office@allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk.

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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The Revd Gerald Beauchamp

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The Revd Julian Browning

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Parish Administrator:

Dee Prior 020 7636 1788

Email: office@allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk



Best wishes for
Christmas
and
the
New Year
in 2019
from the
Clergy,
Churchwardens
and PCC
of All Saints

The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses
Fr Michael Bowie
Fr Gerald Beauchamp
Fr Julian Browning
Fr Barry Orford
John Forde
Chris Self

CALENDAR AND INTENTIONS FOR DECEMBER 2018

1	<i>Charles de Foucauld, hermit, 1916</i>	Religious Communities
2	✠ ADVENT 1	Our Parish and People
3	Francis Xavier, missionary, 1552	USPG
4	<i>John of Damascus, 749, Nicholas Ferrar, 1637</i>	Christians in the Middle East
5		The homeless
6	Nicholas of Myra, bishop, 326	Unity
7	Ambrose, bishop, teacher of the faith, 397	Those in need
8	The Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary	Thanksgiving for Our Lady
9	✠ ADVENT 2	Our Parish and People
10		Shop workers
11		Schools
12	Ember Day	Friends of All Saints
13	Lucy, martyr, 304	The Swedish Church in London
14	John of the Cross, teacher of the faith, 1591, Ember Day	Those in need
15	Ember Day	Directors of Ordinands
16	✠ ADVENT 3	Our Parish and People
17	<i>Eglantine Jebb, social reformer, 1928</i>	Save the Children Fund
18		The Police
19		The lonely
20		Unity
21		Those in need
22		Of Our Lady
23	✠ ADVENT 4	Our Parish and People
24	Christmas Eve	Our Christmas worship
25	✠ CHRISTMAS DAY	Thanksgiving for the birth of Christ
26	Stephen, deacon, first martyr	Persecuted Christians
27	John, Apostle & Evangelist	Thanksgiving for the Gospel
28	The Holy Innocents	Children at risk
29	Thomas Becket, archbishop, martyr, 1170	Canterbury Cathedral
30	✠ CHRISTMAS 1	Our Parish and People
31	<i>John Wyclif, reformer, 1384</i>	Translators of the Scriptures



CHRISTMAS SERVICES 2018

Friday 14 December

1.10pm **LUNCHTIME CAROL SERVICE**
Collection for The Children's Society

Monday 17 December

6pm **NINE LESSONS & CAROLS by CANDLELIGHT**

Both followed by mince pies & mulled wine.



Monday 24 December

11pm **MIDNIGHT MASS and BLESSING of the CRIB**
Haydn – *Missa Sancti Nicolai*

Tuesday 25 December

11am **CHRISTMAS DAY HIGH MASS**
Haydn – *Jugendmesse*

Sunday 6 January

11am **EPIPHANY HIGH MASS**
Mozart – *Missa brevis in B flat, KV275*

6pm **EPIPHANY CAROL SERVICE**

*Celebrate with us and bring your friends
to this beautiful Church!*