



All Saints Parish Paper

7, MARGARET STREET, LONDON W1W 8JG

www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.co.uk

JUNE 2018

£1.00



*All Saints' Corpus Christi outdoor procession, 2017 (See p16 for the 2018 information)
(Photo: Andrew Prior)*

VICAR'S LETTER

When a photograph of me standing outside the west door of St Paul's Cathedral with Bishop Sarah before her installation service went the rounds on social media, my brother made one comment and asked one question. First, the comment, on my prebendal cope: "My brother, never knowingly under-dressed!". I will come back to that in a moment.

Second, the question: "Why was I the only priest with the Bishop outside the cathedral?" Others have asked me this, so

let me explain. I am the Chair of the House of Clergy in the Diocesan Synod and with my lay opposite number, James Normand from Holy Trinity, Brompton, was charged with accompanying the new Bishop to the west door and presenting her to the Dean and Chapter for her installation.

So, while processions of dignitaries and clergy were being marshalled with clockwork precision upstairs, we waited and prayed with Bishop Sarah in a secluded part of the undercroft. When our verger escort heard by radio that all was ready above, she led us to our places

outside the west door. After much filming and photography, and another radio message, the Bishop gave the traditional three knocks on the door with her pastoral staff, the great doors swung open and we escorted Bishop Sarah into her cathedral and handed her into the care of the Dean. After five minutes of fame, our rôle was completed and we processed to our places.

To return to my brother's comment about the "never-knowingly underdressed:" I was, of course, wearing one of the matching set of red copes which are the "dress uniform" of the prebendaries of St Paul's.

Some of you will have seen articles about the New York Metropolitan Museum's exhibition called: "Heavenly Bodies: Fashion and the Catholic Imagination," which has delighted some and upset the religious sensibilities of others. The exhibition includes a black evening dress by Dolce and Gabbana which my daughter thought resembled my prebendary's cassock with its red buttons and piping but probably cost a great deal more.

All Saints parish is not the centre of the fashion industry it was in former years but we still have the London Fashion Centre and the London College of Fashion in the neighbouring parish (not one where liturgical *haute couture* is much in favour), so it is appropriate for us to pay some attention to these matters.

The "Catholic Imagination" springs from the doctrines of Creation and Incarnation: that the created world reflects the glory of God and that the incarnation is not only the entry of the divine into the creation but the transfiguration of that creation. The Church's use of creativity in art and architecture, of music and vesture

all reflect the divine creativity and glory. In All Saints, we have an example of a building and its worship which set out to reflect something of the worship of heaven. These things are "sacramental" in that they represent and communicate something of that which they signify.

For that, we have no need to apologize. Nor do we need to capitulate to the current enthusiasm for abandoning robes in favour of a 'dress-down' approach to worship. This is believed to make the Church and the Gospel more accessible to those unfamiliar with them. I do not question the sincerity of those who adopt this line: they are often more committed to mission than many of us, but it is one I cannot accept.

It is also proposed as an antidote to clericalism; the domination of the Church by the clergy. However, experience demonstrates that those who dress down can be far more autocratic than any robed prelate. Horror stories often happen in those churches which think themselves untrammelled by old-fashioned rules and customs.

A quotation from C.S. Lewis which I was sent recently seems to hit the target:

"The modern habit of doing ceremonial things unceremoniously is no proof of humility; rather it proves the offender's inability to forget himself in the rite, and readiness to spoil for everyone else the proper pleasure of ritual."

That said, we need to remember that we do not believe in salvation by liturgical *haute couture* or aesthetic taste. Pope Francis's strictures on the more extravagant forms of clerical attire affected by some of his critics, is as on target as Lewis was. Just as some people can become obsessed by presenting what the Italians call "*una*

bella figura”, we can find ourselves more concerned with what Church and worship look or sound like rather than how we act.

Clergy need to remind themselves that clerical dress is about “dressing down” and not “dressing up”. One of the reasons we wear vestments is to show others, and to remind ourselves, that all we do we do as Christ’s ministers; not because we are clever or sophisticated or special. Ordinary clerical day dress is black and that should remind us and others of the evangelical simplicity which befits the servants of Jesus Christ.

In these days of abuse scandals, clerical dress can attract some unpleasant comments, although I find, perhaps surprisingly, that the response of many people I encounter as I go about my business, in the streets or shops or on public transport, is still friendly and well-disposed towards the clergy.

Yours in Christ,

Alan Moses

PEOPLE

PAT PHILLIPS

A number of members of All Saints were present on 23 April at a party to mark Pat Phillips’ retirement after 45 years of service at SPCK.

David Craig writes:

“Since 1972, Pat Phillips has been a pillar, some would say a sustaining force, at SPCK, the country’s oldest charity. Starting as an editorial secretary in the days of carbon copies, manual typewriters, strips of galley proofs and endless hours of dictation and shorthand, she saw publishing as a stepping stone. However an invitation to become PA to the then General Secretary, Patrick

Gilbert, changed everything.

“Under Patrick, SPCK was being transformed from an old fashioned organisation run on good will and scholarly clergymen with a chain of bookshops, into a modern charity ready to exploit the challenges and opportunities of twentieth century competitiveness and commerce. A controversial networker, Patrick’s tenure ensured the future of the Society, launched new imprints and revived the book trade — all developments which gave Pat opportunities for professional advancement as well as wider engagement in the Society’s activities.

“In the days when advisory boards, committees and Governing bodies were more numerous and more formal, Pat had much opportunity to hone her skills writing Minutes. Future historians will find her impeccable Minutes essential to researching the history and development of the Society over the past forty years! Coming to terms with — and mastering electronic media and technologies, Pat always believed shorthand was the best way of recording accurately debate and decision in a meeting. Such skill many Chairmen and General Secretaries have come to value!

“Working in turn for successive General Secretaries, Paul Chandler, Graeme King, Simon Kingston and currently Sam Richardson, Pat’s responsibilities were expanded to cover responsibility for Human Resources, a legal jungle of contemporary legislation. However, Pat developed another aspect of human resource. In spite of all the changes in publishing practices, marketing and charity profile, SPCK never lost sight that it was a Christian charity and cared for its retired staff accordingly. Pat has developed a network of pensioners

who keep in touch as a result of her regular mailings full of news of former staff, prayer lists and updates on the society. Each a personal friend for whom Pat was far more than a name at the end of a mailing.

“A major part of Pat’s job was the induction of, and care for, new Chairmen, and over the period of 45 years she oversaw the induction and briefing of seven who read like a list of the great and good of Anglicanism! Clerics including Bishops Ken Woolcombe, David Young, Michael Perham and John Pritchard and no less distinguished laymen, Lionel Scott, Bernard Brook Partridge, Hugh Beech and our own Clive Wright. Each came to value Pat’s skills and knowledge of the Society.

“SPCK has a huge network of Trusts and charitable foundations, has been involved with international Anglican initiatives and of course a lively educational programme. Pat served on the Nikaeian Trust, with the Anglican Centre in Rome and serviced the Buxton Trust amongst others.

“Apart from her consummate professional skills and unquestioned loyalty to SPCK, Pat is a rare creature in Church circles — for her, confidentiality is almost a sacrament, never one to gossip, even when in possession of the most exciting, even salacious, information, her integrity is absolute, a trait which many a staff member, author and cleric has welcomed.

“At a personal level, Pat was my secretary when, as an untried commissioning editor I joined SPCK; she nursed me through the early days, concealed my errors and provided the most wonderful support an editor could have. We have remained friends throughout the years and it was as a result of her probing that I returned, forty

years later, to run SPCK’s International division. We wish her a thoroughly well-deserved retirement!”

BISHOP ALLEN SHIN and Clara returned to All Saints to stay at the Vicarage when they were in London representing the Diocese of New York, one of our link dioceses, at the Installation of Bishop Sarah in St Paul’s on Saturday 12 May. Bishop Allen preached for us at High Mass the next day (*see p13 for the Sermon*). He also spoke to two groups of diocesan clergy whose parishes have links with New York.

JONAH BROOKE WESTCOTT was baptized that same morning. He is a descendant of the famous Brooke Fosse Westcott, a renowned biblical scholar and Bishop of Durham; where he was known as the “Miners’ Bishop”. Jonah’s mother Ceri hails from the next village to Theresa Moses’ home and she and Mile had their wedding reception in the village hall where Theresa and Fr Alan had theirs. That was 47 years ago, and it’s been given a facelift since then.

MORE AMERICAN VISITORS

At High Mass on the feast of Pentecost, we welcomed a large group of staff and students from Wheaton College, Illinois. Wheaton, which is what is known in America as a liberal arts college, was founded in the 19th century and was a stronghold of the northern evangelical campaign against slavery. More recently, its most famous graduate was the evangelist Billy Graham. As well as a music conservatoire, the college has an impressive library which houses the archives of a number of significant British Christian writers, including C.S. Lewis, G.K. Chesterton, J.R.R. Tolkien, George MacDonald, and Charles Williams.

It also has a collection of memorabilia which includes a wardrobe from Lewis's childhood home in Belfast (the inspiration

for Narnia?) and the desk on which Tolkien worked on *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*.

た。ここに私たちの祈りの印としてキャンドルを灯すことができます。

オルガン
オルガンチェンバーは教会堂内陣の左側に位置します。1910年ターラムの Harrison and Harrison社によって建てられ、オルガンは65のストップの付いた素晴らしい4段の手鍵盤からなり、当時のオルガン奏者であったウォルター・ペイル博士の仕様に合わせて作られました。今でも現在のHarrison社によって整備されており、2010年にはパイプが塗り直されました。

祭壇と教会堂聖壇
「私の記念としてこれを拝見下さい。」
祭壇のゲート、そして側面にあるついでにはPewer of South Mather Streetによる鉄の装飾です。鉄製のついでと南側通路にある聖歌隊のゲートは2007年に取り付けられました。このついでの後方にはオコーナーによる窓があります。

低い大理石の祭壇の壁の向こう側には聖歌隊とサンクチュアリがあります。教会の命の聖体の重要性は、主祭壇、そしてそこに注意を集めるためのサンクチュアリの装飾によって強調されます。今日見られている祭壇画はオリジナルではなく、1909年にコンパーによって作られたかなり正確な写しです。中心のパネルはキリストの降誕と洗礼、側面に使徒たちが描かれています。万物の支配者であるキリストを賛いに、天国とともに崇拝されます。1914年にはコンパーによって南と北の壁にさらなるパネルが加えられました。下段は東方と西方の教会の司祭たちである上位の平型人々と殉教者たちが描かれています。

「いつもあなたとともにいます。
私がおののパンです。」

祭壇の上には、病気の人たちの聖餐式のために備えられ、そして祈りを捧げるための祝福を受けた素晴らしい歌の聖書(せいてん)の家、サクラメントハウスがあります。これもまた、この教会の建築家であるバターフィールドの跡を継いだコンパーによるものです。第一次世界大戦で亡くなった少年聖歌隊の人たちの記念碑です。サンクチュアリの前にはエルサレムにある聖墳墓教会から獲っています。

すべての国々のための祈りの家
本日はAll Saintsへの訪問を楽しみましたでしょうか。お祈りになる前に、ここを訪れ、ここに仕え、またここで祈りを捧げる人たちのために、平和のうちに立ち止まりお祈り下さい。All Saintsの創設以来、私たちは日々数度の礼拝を守っています。どうぞご参加ください。入口の扉のそばに詳細を記したものがありますのでお取りください。またはこちらのサイトをご覧ください。

www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk

最後に、All Saintsを去られる際、素晴らしい祈りの実を見上げて下さい。高さ約99mあり、ウエストミンスター大聖堂の西塔よりも61cm超えています。プリムローズヒル(リージェンツパークの北側)からもはっきりと見ることができます。1850年代に比べて現在もっと立って込んでいるロンドンのスカイラインの中でも頑張って立ち続けています。

All Saints, Margaret Street,
7 Margaret Street, London W1W 8JG
Tel: 020 7 636 1788 Email: astmrgst@aol.com

ALL SAINTS
MARGARET STREET



**手引きガイド
2018**

「この場所は、なんとおそれおおいことだろう。こここそ神の家にほかならない。ここは天の門だ。」
新世紀8章17節より

オープン: 月～金、日 : 7am - 7pm
土 : 11am - 7pm

JAPANESE BIBLE STUDY GROUP AND JAPANESE BRIEF GUIDE TO ALL SAINTS

With thanks to Father Alan and with the kind and generous support of All Saints, Margaret Street, Michi Shimura and Megumi Takahashi have organised a Japanese Bible study group in the Parish Room since October 2017. The study sessions are held on the first and third Tuesday of every month from 6pm and finish at around 8.30pm (but are occasionally held in the daytime). Since first meeting regularly, the group has had a guided tour of All Saints given by Father Neil Bunker and they were impressed by many of the details about the church that he shared with them.

They also attended the Maundy Thursday service this year. Michi and Meg hope that as the group deepens and expands its members' religious understanding they will

share this with other people. They would be delighted if you could let any Japanese friends of yours know about their activities. The contact email: fumblebible@gmail.com.

A splendid by-product of the Bible Study Group has been to have All Saints' Brief Guide to the Church translated into Japanese. Megumi (known as Meg) Takahashi is a translator/interpreter for Japanese and English. As a Christian with a keen interest in historic buildings, she was happy to have the opportunity to translate the guide into Japanese for the benefit of Japanese visitors. She's been living in London for two decades and is also an artist printmaker and currently working on her own illustrated children's book. See www.megumitakahashi.yolasite.com.

ALL SAINTS MARGARET STREET RETREAT 2018

Fr Pip led eighteen people from All Saints, on the annual retreat to Ely and writes about the focus of their devotions:

In our Parish Retreat this year we explored the meaning of spirituality, and looked at how we can mature in our spiritual life. In mediæval England there was a great devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus.

We took 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 looked at how this



can happen by studying and praying “The Jesus Prayer”. We also looked at “time”, and how the Church sanctifies it, and what this could mean for us in our own lives.

Note: The Parish Retreat in 2019 is from 15 – 17 March.

2018 LENT APPEAL — FINAL TOTAL

Thank you very much for the generosity of the 50 individual cheque/online payment and collection box donors and those who gave cash to the collection plates at the Tenebræ and Good Friday services. We achieved a splendid final total of £5,688 (after some last-minute gifts and uplifted by Gift Aid added) and have now sent £1,422 to each of our four nominated charities:

- 1. THE BISHOP OF LONDON’S LENT APPEAL:** *Tackling Homelessness Together* — 12 small grass-roots church homeless projects.
- 2. Our Parish Mission Projects: USPG** — support and training for those experiencing HIV and Aids-related stigma in Zimbabwe.
- 3. THE MARYLEBONE PROJECT** — The Church Army’s emergency refuge/rehoming service for homeless women in London NW1.
- 4. THE SOUP KITCHEN** — tackling food poverty with the American International Church on Tottenham Court Road, feeding up to 80 vulnerable people a day.

ANTIPODES: THE LAST GASP

Certain Proustian tendencies having got out of hand, my third and final instalment (*Deo gratias*, you sigh) is perforce *allusive*.

Having settled into the splendour that is Glebe, the first evening promised a musical play, *Darlinghurst Nights*, about my new favourite period and place, using the texts of Kenneth Slessor's poems, principal among them *Five Bells*, a haunting poem about a friend who drowned in the harbour, falling overboard from a ferry after having dined a little too well. During the interval, I suddenly heard the disconcerting sentence, 'It is Fr Michael, isn't it?' followed by 'We've just heard you preach twice'. 'We' were Robert and Raymond, former regulars at ASMS until they moved to Deal in Kent, who also own a flat in Zetland in Sydney which they inhabit from October to March, whence they frequent CCSL. Deal is apparently madly social. 'DFL' (Down from London) is the motto. Charming people, who I trust we'll see soon when they are UFK.

But I must push on. Discipline shall be my watchword this month. No more superfluous sentences, like this one.

The next evening a number of old friends had gathered in Glebe for dinner. This was the first occasion on which someone uttered the sentence, 'You're preaching for Candlemas, aren't you', more a statement than a question. Having not been asked to do so, I opined not.

The next day a drive to Berrima (see 2016 and 2017) continued in an easterly direction to Kiama, on the coast, where my maternal grandfather was born. K is home to the famous Blowhole. Not named after the President of United States (predating

him by millennia, *bigly*) this is a rock formation which, during energetic tides, produces a spectacular plume of salt water every few minutes. In M. Proust's *temps perdu* one just walked around it, enjoying the phenomenon; apart from a predictable soaking (of which the enormous plume of salt water provides a pretty useful early warning system), no harm was suffered. Now, enormous signs proclaim RISK WARNING, enumerating the various things that can happen to a person who climbs rocks next to the sea (who knew?): SERIOUS INJURY OR DEATH! is the welcome-message; then, in case this was unclear, in vermilion capitals, YOU GO BEYOND THIS POINT ENTIRELY AT YOUR OWN RISK. The risks as detailed having been taken, a certain amount of salt water transferred itself to my jacket. As you see, I live to bore you with the information.

The next day I drove west to the Blue Mountains where we used to holiday when I was a child. The only time I'd ever seen snow before moving to the UK in 1985 was when my parents decided to drive on to Orange where Mount Canobolas, an extinct volcano of 4,500 feet, is just high enough to guarantee some snow cover. There is a photo of my teenage self clutching a convincing snowball to prove this. But now, *diffugere nives*, as the poet Horace remarks (Odes 4: 7). I stopped in Windsor, which boasts St Matthew's, another of the rare Georgian churches in Australia (also by Francis Greenway; cf. St James King St, last month). Thence, by the old Bell's Line of Road, to Mount Tomah (Botanical Gardens), a short detour to apple-growing Bilpin where we used to stay and Mount Wilson, with its quaint weatherboard gothic church surrounded by palm trees and rhododendrons; finally to Mount Victoria, once a popular holiday destination, before

Sydney-siders discovered Bali. There I tried and failed to find the rock where my father carved his name in about 1945. A photo of this also exists. Wonderfully, in that more innocent *temps* he had carved ‘R.W. Bowie’ and the date: this would now presumably attract a night in the cells. A pleasant drive home ‘by another road’, in the manner of the recently-celebrated *Magi*, was rewarded in Glebe with a wonderful barbecue of beef sausages, rare in England and therefore the only sort I want to eat in Sydney. Also present were Dan and Christy, neighbours of my hosts. Dan, being from Essex, has exactly opposing views, *in re* sausages, to mine: for him the, locally rare, porcine iteration had been obtained. We kept to opposite ends of the barbecue.

Now to Adelaide to see my aunt and cousins. There were visits to wineries (Adelaide Hills and Barossa Valley). There were visits to my aunt, still unpacking in her new retirement village flat. There were lunches and dinners. But three events stand out and will have to suffice in this overstuffed chronicle. The David Roche Foundation Museum, The Family Dinner in the Adelaide Club and The Solemn Mass at St Mary Magdalene’s, Moore St. They will be addressed in order.

Roche *Père* had bought and parcelled out land in 1920s, in both Adelaide and Perth (he was The Adelaide Development Company). Anyone involved in this simple wheeze bequeathed a goldmine to their heirs and successors: land in cities, even Adelaide, being now rather valuable. Roche *Fils* was schooled at Geelong Grammar, where he shared a classroom with another Quite Famous Old Boy, one R. Murdoch; no doubt much jolly wealth-based competitiveness ensued in the form room. Mr Murdoch has done rather well subsequently, I believe. Mr Roche was

content to bask in the fruits of others’ success and to pursue his twin loves, the breeding of Afghan Hounds and Fox Terriers (of which he became an international judge, the first non-Englishman to judge at Crufts) and the collection of antiques, covering two centuries of European design from the early Rococo of France to Fabergé in Russia, in particular anything owned by Napoleon (gold model of Trajan’s column, modestly replacing the Roman Emperor’s victories with his own) and Catherine the Great (chairs on which she routinely sat in her younger, slimmer period). David died in 2013 leaving his estate to a Trust, to convert his house into a museum for his vast collection, which opened last year. There is so much stuff that the kennels next door had to be rebuilt as a second museum so that people could get into the house. One joins a small group tour, welcomed by Martyn Cook, the Director, who was among those sent around the world to buy things for Mr Roche. After two hours we had only just got out of the house and entered the museum building, where one is greeted, spookily, by the Roche ashes in a specially-constructed malachite urn. Malachite (both *vrai* and *faux* — I have never elsewhere seen faux-malachite skirting boards) was a favourite material, though not quite so beloved as gold. One of the little Roche idiosyncrasies was to add gold leaf, or sometimes a small gilded dog-statue, to *everything* — e.g. an 18th century clock he’d just bought. When challenged by horrified purists he invariably replied, ‘the golden rule is: he who has the gold makes the rules’. The effect is Tasteful Liberace, if that image conjures anything for you. He had much in common with that understated pianist, none of which, including Roman Catholicism, greatly endeared him to the stifling Adelaide establishment, which tends to Anglicanism

rather than Rococo. Most of those in the city who have heard of him are the dog-lover equivalents of train-spotters. Any of you who know Adelaide will have a sense of how surreal this collection appears in context. Imagine stumbling on a miniature Versailles in Carlisle or Aberdeen and you have a flavour of the enterprise. Perhaps unsurprisingly they'd had far more visitors from interstate and overseas than locals.

A certain visual indigestion was now compounded by a growing weariness with the other three members of the tour. These were a local lady, Mimi, and her puzzled American guests who were wealthy visitors with limited knowledge of what they were looking at. Mimi, however, was An Expert. More tiresomely she was A Roche Expert. She 'knew' David; it soon became evident that her main purpose in subjecting her guests to this experience was to claim ownership of the whole project. The Director and the guide, who certainly *did* know him, did not appear to have met her before. I made my escape from this suffocatingly rich but rather wonderful environment for a consobrial trip to the Barossa Valley.

As we are pressed for time, I must pass on swiftly to the Family Dinner. Having been generously fed by my Adelaide cousins on past visits, I'd suggested that they dine with me at the Adelaide Club. As I remarked last year when Huw Pryce and I lunched there, this is the easiest of hospitality: wonderful food and drink just happens, in good order, and the bill doesn't come for a month. Although we are all descended from members of similar institutions in Sydney and Melbourne, my Aunt and cousins are Modern Australians (a state to which I don't aspire) and rigorously distrust such harmless institutions. I knew this might be a slightly

edgy evening (in other words a typical family gathering, in my limited experience of FGs) but I also knew I could rely on the AC to produce the goods. I assumed that by dining in the Brasserie, the newly-built informal space in the old courtyard, we could relax. To me it looks like any modern dining space; it didn't occur to me that there is nothing else like it in Adelaide. 'Very Sydney', one of them remarked, as she observed, not entirely approvingly, the 'garden wall' on one side of the airy room, and observed the little puffs of moisture that unseen machinery was injecting into the atmosphere every few seconds to keep it and us alive. Once we'd begun to work our way through the extensive wine-list, things began to look up. Then one of those little inter-connectednesses that feature in my life threatened to impluviate the sunny evening. Our table was in the middle of the room. Only one other was set, at the base of that garden wall. I had my back to the door. Suddenly a cloud passed over my male cousin's face. He whispered to my aunt that a relative from her husband's family had just arrived. Like Bertie Wooster receiving the news of his Aunt Agatha's approach, her first thought was flight. Slightly too loudly, she said 'Oh no!', or possibly something a little fruitier. Cousin Bill, realising that soothing balm must be applied to this situation, went over to break the ice, with a man whose first name ought to be a surname, possibly Denton. Let's call him Denton. He is married to my aunt's husband's niece, if you follow me. It was his sixtieth birthday, so we were in for the long familial haul. He and his wife, as surprised to find their more bohemian relatives in this sanctuary of Adelaide respectability as my own nearest and dearest were to be there, made a quick recovery. They enquired politely about me. Staying at the Club. Tick! Anglican

clergyman in central London. Tick! But then Denton ('of course I'm on the Bench now') quizzed me about Cricket. No tick! Long-suffering readers know that I am a Cricket-free zone. Denton refused to countenance this. He enthused warmly about a 'one-day match' on Thursday; he would be 'on the Bench'; not being thus seated, would I perhaps be able to attend? Sadly I would by then be in Cricket-free Sydney. How disappointing for me. I tried to convey that I really couldn't care less (I may even have uttered that precise sentence, to the amusement of Bill's partner), but Denton remained undeterred. Later in the evening he was still telling others how disappointed I was, and might surely try to delay my departure. You have the gist or flavour of the event. Recovering, Family graciously admitted that the food, drink and general environment were agreeable: now they wanted to see my suite. As I have remarked in previous years, this has a sitting room with dining table, arm chairs and a TV in a cabinet, in addition to the facilities necessary for sleeping and ablution. The sitting room looks out over North Terrace at Government House and is enthusiastically air-conditioned. All welcomed the interlude of refrigeration, but I could tell that my beloved aunt was getting restive in this environment of which, in her heart, she thoroughly disapproves. So, pausing to admire the cuirasses and weaponry that Uncles Ron and Tom had once doffed in order to stage a mock-joust in the Hall before being ejected onto North Terrace by an outraged porter, they departed into the oven-like evening. Job done, I felt. A Family Dinner with Edge, in the course of which nobody died, or attacked anyone else with a bread roll.

The next day was Sunday and I eagerly sought out the advertised Solemn Eucharist

at St Mary Magdalene's, Moore Street. We were a select (and mercifully air-conditioned) congregation: four in the sanctuary, four in the choir and eight in the nave. The cheerful ruddy-faced old priest was being walked through the choreography by the MC beforehand: this always makes me anxious, but he turned out to be rather wonderful. After he had completely soaked us during the *asperges* and performed the Gospel as if it were an Australian Bush Yarn, the approaching possibilities of the sermon intrigued.

This started with Jonah. Opening remarks about how this grumpy prophet needed to be spewed out of the 'comfort' of the whale in order to do God's work were not an angle familiar to me from Sunday School, but I let that pass. Then came a personal story. He had been on mission with a Pentecostal church in the Philippines. Unable to sleep on a very hot night he took a 2.00am walk to a local cafe in search of a cool drink. As he sat, a large number of girls came in. They chattered and dispersed; he'd picked up that one of them was celebrating her birthday the next day. So he asked the owner if they came in every night; 'yes', was the reply, 'they're local prostitutes at the end of their shift'. Asking the owner to get him a cake for the next night, he spent a couple of hours next evening decorating the cafe, surprising the girl and her friends with an impromptu switching-on of lights and rendition of 'happy birthday' before cake-delivery. As they celebrated together, he told them he was from a local church. The birthday girl, bemused, asked him which one. He answered, 'The church that gives parties for prostitutes', to general approbation. Recalling that when he was married in St Mary Magdalene's, 49 years previously, it had been packed every Sunday, he encouraged us to look for

opportunities to share the beauty we knew and found in our worship, parties being his theme. Jonah he suggested, while a miserable git, was still an effective prophet to Nineveh, by the grace of God. Even on our bad days we can be obedient servants of God, and he can and will use what we offer him, however inadequate and grudging we may be; but it's surely much easier and pleasanter to offer a party. The Mass, he suggested ought to convey that, reminding us that it doesn't depend on us, or how we feel; the church belongs to God. And he offers the party to everyone. Despite the tiny congregation, this remains one of the most joyful and inspiring Sunday Masses I've ever attended. We would benefit from his joyful enthusiasm, though we might find some of his turns of phrase disconcerting (there was a byway about 'orgasmic religion'). His name? Fr *Priest*. Yes, really; possibly the Platonic Sacerdotal Ideal.

We must move on. Specifically on to the plane to Sydney. There I was seated next to the ebullient Sue who wanted to Talk. A gloriously unvarnished local with boundless energy, she'd grown up on a farm; her way out of that precarious existence had been nursing. She was heading to Sydney to be reunited with Anthony, who had proposed to her 29 years earlier and whom she'd refused then because her father had just died and her mother needed her. By the time she went looking for him a few years later, he was married with children, so she built her life around a business, owning and running nursing homes and looking after her mother. I'd say that the inhabitants must have been fortunate in her love and care for them. Now she had bumped into Anthony again, divorced and hoping to see her. He was still living near Bondi, where they'd shared a flat all those years ago. Her childlike excitement in this journey (which

she'd brought forward by 24 hours because she couldn't wait to see him) was infectious and affecting. She was even delighted to make the journey with a priest and asked for a prayer. I hope things have turned out as she wished.

Like the writer of Hebrews, time will now fail me to tell of Meow Meow's Cabaret, *Pandemonium*, at the Opera House (where we were seated directly behind Mr Barry Humphries, who long ago addressed the 84 Club at ASMS and was subject to a health warning from Fr Ross): if you've never heard *Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini* sung in German as a Weimar cabaret song, or in Mandarin, or as an *avantgarde* piece with a splendid cacophony, Miss MM is for you). Also of David Williamson's new play, *Sorting Out Rachel* at the Ensemble Theatre in Kirribilli, starring the real John Howard (rather than his diminutive Prime Ministerial eponym, the originator of the dog-whistle politics about immigration which now bedevils the national psyche); of Australia Day contentiously coming and going, of oysters eaten and Shiraz enjoyed, in dinners now blurring in memory.

So many people having now offhandedly suggested to me that I was preaching at Candlemas, a feast imminently approaching, I had begun to doubt that I wasn't. So I spent the quieter moments of Australia Day writing and, once I had it in the sermon-bag, emailed the Rector (just back from holiday). He confirmed that this collective delusion was not of his or my making, but having three HM sermons to write in the next two days he would be grateful to be relieved of one of them. Thus Rumour, as the poet Vergil reminds us, *malum qua non aliud velocius ullum* (Aeneid 4: 174), changes the course of

history and turns the feet of itinerant clergy once more into airless and overheated pulpits. It was another glorious HM.

At the risk of inducing mass coma I will add just one more anecdote. On Saturday the 28th of January I went in search of the house where I was born. I had three pieces of information, the suburb (Croydon Park), the visual memory of a church from an old photo, and ‘Daisy Street’, which used to be mentioned, with other floral street names, as the route of my perambulator. I knew that the church, at which my father was then serving and where I was baptised (taking its dedication, St Nicholas, as my second name, in late November 1959), had been closed. After finding the wrong church in another floral-themed street I discovered my destination was in Daisy Street itself. The little church appeared in suspiciously good order for a redundant place of worship. I soon saw why. The sign read ‘*Iglesia Ni Cristo*’: this is, as you know, Tagalog, for ‘Church of Christ’. One of the elders, Erwin, approaching me gingerly, as if I might be spying for a rival organisation, explained that this was indeed a Filipino church which hopes to increase its reach among local people. I assumed it was an Asian planting of the Churches of Christ (the mostly American congregationalist denomination of the 19th century which still flourishes in its land of origin). But the literature which Erwin pressed on me (and subsequent research) indicated that it is slightly more off-centre, a prosperity-based and non-Trinitarian fundamentalist group. Spookily, like all those Kims in North Korea, its leaders have all shared a surname, and are in one male line. But the welcome was warm; I was encouraged to photograph the immaculately-kept location of my baptism, which I did; to return for some traditional Filipino hospitality that

evening, which I politely declined to do; and directed to the former Rectory, my first, unremembered, home, in adjacent *Wattle Street*.

I seem to have outdone even the Writer to the Hebrews. If I don’t stop, the parish paper will have run to two volumes and the accounts will be in the red. So I must leave to your fevered imagination Newcastle, Adamstown, Bolwarra and Maitland, Elizabeth Bay House in Potts Point and Old Government House in Parramatta. Though not the church noticeboard at St Stephen’s Newtown:

10.45: ‘Church@10.45’ (so far so good)

4.30pm: ‘Cottage Church’ (a certain naivety about *double entendre* seems characteristic of these Evangelicals; this being, un-ironically, a children’s service).

6.30pm: ‘Church in the Graveyard’ (good to know they’ve rediscovered All Souls Day; not sure it should happen every week).

This chronicle is proof of my safe return. But I can’t leave you without my mandatory reference to Melbourne. In the nineties David Williamson (see above) wrote *Emerald City*, about a Melbourne family who move to Sydney to further the father’s screen-writing career. On my way to see Ms Meow Meow, captivated as always by the uniquely sublime view of the Bridge from the Opera House, I stepped on a plaque quoting from Williamson:

‘In Melbourne all views are equally depressing, so there’s no point in having one. No one in Sydney ever wastes time debating the meaning of life — it’s getting yourself a water frontage. People devote a lifetime to the quest.’

Acute observation. *Au*, as Mapp and Lucia would say, *Reservoir*.

SERMON PREACHED BY BISHOP ALLEN SHIN

for EASTER 7

Gospel Reading: John 17: 6 – 19

Today's Gospel reading is part of Jesus' final prayer for the disciples at the end of the Last Supper and just before going out to the garden of Gethsemane. Knowing that he is not going to be with them much longer, it is clear that Jesus is concerned with their wellbeing as he prays for their protection and their communion with the Father and with one another. There is a lot in this prayer. But, one sentence stood out for me. "Sanctify them in the truth; thy word is truth." Even though the context of this reading is the final moment before the Passion, this reading has been selected for today as it is the seventh Sunday of Easter and as we are looking toward the gift of the Holy Spirit, the spirit of truth, on Pentecost next Sunday. So, what does it mean to be sanctified in the truth?

To sanctify literally means to set aside or to separate out. The practice of setting aside is something all of us often do. We set aside certain things for special occasions and events. In the same way we set aside holy vessels for Communion for instance. We set aside certain times for special events with family or this hour for worship of God. So, sanctification is really an ordinary act we do all the time.

Sanctification is a gift of the Spirit of God. It is a unique gift bestowed upon all human beings in creation. St Paul says, the gift of the Spirit is also unique to each individual. We are each created in our individual uniqueness with a unique spiritual gift. So, in creation we are set apart in our individual uniqueness in a vast array of diversity. In his book *The Dignity of Difference*, Jonathan

Sacks suggests that the act of sanctification is an act of separating out or differentiating one from another. Therefore, it is an act of sanctifying difference itself. For instance, in creation, God separates light from darkness and sanctifies the difference between light and darkness. There is holiness in difference itself, and thus, Sacks suggests that we ought to respect the dignity of difference.

To be sanctified in the truth means to be liberated and set free by the truth and be radically transformed in our self-identity and our lives. Truth is our saving grace.

When we are sanctified in the truth of God, we enter into a deeper relationship of grace with God. God chose and set aside the descendants of Abraham as his holy people by making a covenant with them. The Israelites had to accept Yahweh as their one and only God who would deliver them from all evils in their life. The Israelites had to live according to the legal and moral standard of God's truth.

When Jesus Christ instituted the Last Supper, he offered a cup of wine and called it his blood of the New Covenant. In Baptism we Christians enter into a covenantal relationship with Jesus Christ. We are given a new life in Christ, and we enter into a new covenant with Christ our Lord. The baptismal moment is the moment of radical transformation, because we are born again into a new life in Jesus Christ and marked as Christ's own forever. In a moment we will be doing exactly that for little Jonah in his baptism. He will be sanctified in the truth and set aside as Christ's own forever.

Truth is something we value and find important. We like truth and try to live by

truth. Truth exonerates and it convicts, it disinfects and cleanses. Truth has always been and will always be our shield against corruption, our shield against greed and despair. Truth can also be difficult and painful to face and deal with. But, truth can liberate and heal us. Truth is at the heart of our relationships and without truth it would be difficult to maintain a relationship based on trust and love. So, to be set aside in the truth of God means to enter into a loving and trusting relationship with God. Jesus said, “I am the way, the truth and the life”. Jesus is the truth and is heart of our relationship with God.

To be sanctified in the truth, to be set apart in the truth, means to witness to the truth of God. When we are sanctified by God in His truth, the honour and privilege of such sanctification come with a cost. We take on a new identity, an identity that is true to God and true to self. Sanctification is a gift of the Holy Spirit which God has bestowed upon us in order that we may live a life of holiness.

The former Archbishop of Canterbury, Rowan Williams, once said, “Holiness in the New Testament is Jesus going right into the middle of the mess and the suffering of human nature. Being holy is being absolutely involved, not being absolutely separated.”

This means that holiness of life found in our engagement with the messiness of human conditions with all its pain and suffering. When we go out into the world and embrace the painful messiness of human conditions and proclaim and witness to the merciful and loving grace of Christ crucified, we see and experience holiness of life. Holiness cannot be manufactured or programmed. But, it has to do with going where it's most difficult in the name of

Jesus who went to the place where it was most difficult. There is no alternative truth to the Gospel truth, only the truth of the self-sacrificing love of Jesus Christ who gave his life for the salvation of the world.

So, Rowan Williams describes the Holy Church as “a Church that is taken over by the excitement of the extraordinariness of God, a Church that wants to talk about the beauty and splendour of God, and wants to show the self-giving, self-forgetting love of Christ by being at the heart of humanity, by being where people are most human, by being truly incarnate of God's love”.

Sanctification in the truth of God is a beginning and not an end of our journey toward God. In today's Gospel, right after Jesus asks the Holy Father to sanctify his disciples, he says “As thou didst send me into the world, so I have sent them into the world”. To be sanctified means to embark on a sacred pilgrimage in the truth of God into the kingdom of God. We take our journey to this altar to be sanctified and to receive the true bread and the blood of the New Covenant only to be sent out into the world to love and serve our Lord Jesus Christ.

When God consecrated the Israelites, when God chose and set apart the descendants of Abraham as his holy people, God did not twitch his nose and magically transfer the people to the land of milk and honey. They had to walk a treacherous and long journey through the wilderness to the land God had promised to them. To be consecrated in truth means to walk our journey through the wilderness of life into the truth of God, our journey into Christ.

The road to the sacred must lead through the secular. In today's Gospel, Jesus says, “I do not pray that you should take them out of the world”. To be made holy, to be set apart, does not mean an escape from this secular

world. We are set apart and sanctified in the midst of the secular not that we might be superior to others or that we might escape this world. Rather, our Christian vocation of a holy life in the Spirit of God leads us

into the midst of the messiness of human conditions to make witness to the Good News of Jesus Christ and take part in the work of the Holy Spirit in the secular world.

THE ALBAN PILGRIMAGE 2018

Saturday 23 June at St Alban's Abbey — Celebrate the first British martyr, whose tomb has been the site of unbroken Christian worship for at least 1700 years.

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

PROGRAMME FOR THE DAY

11am Pilgrimage Procession enacting Alban's martyrdom, dramatized by giant puppets – a stunning spectacle and profoundly moving experience.

Starts at St Peter's Church and continues through the historic streets to the West End of the Cathedral.

c. 12noon Festival Eucharist (following the Procession)

Preacher: The Very Reverend Andrew Nunn, Dean of Southwark Cathedral

2pm Orthodox Service and Veneration of the Relic at the Shrine of Saint Alban

Organised by the Ecumenical Chaplaincy and the Fellowship of St Alban and St Sergius — all welcome.

3pm Anointing for Healing in the Lady Chapel.

4pm Festival Evensong and Procession to the Shrine

Preacher: Stuart Burns, OSB of Mucknell Abbey

The Abbot's Kitchen will be open from 10.00am – 4.30pm serving breakfasts, lunches, afternoon teas, and a range of snacks and drinks. **The Cathedral Shop and Bookstall** opens from 10.00am – 5.00pm selling a range of pilgrimage merchandise, books, greeting cards, CDs, and much more.

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

100 YEARS AGO

The Vicar wrote of more of the effects of the war on the parish.

“The Chaplain General has given Father Garnier a Chaplaincy, and Fr Garnier must hold himself ready to be posted for duty after June 13th. Heavy as the temporary loss is to us, we must all be glad that the Army is to have Fr Garnier’s help, and we must all feel what a valuable experience this will be for him. Our own part in the matter is clear, we must keep all the work in which he was especially interested, going steadily, so that we can give it all back to him in good condition into his hands when he returns home. This, of course, does not apply to Fr Garnier’s Bible Class. That is too much his own for anyone else to be able to carry it on successfully. We will announce the date of Fr Garnier’s last sermon before he goes as soon as we know it, and the date of the Mass at which he will hope for the presence and prayers of all his friends. Fr Shedden becomes acting Chaplain of the Confraternity of All Saints.

“It is a great pleasure to announce that another former chorister of All Saints has been decorated for distinguished conduct in the field, Sergeant A.G. Meacham of the 12th London Rangers attached to the trench mortar battery. Sergeant Meacham has received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for carrying a wounded comrade for half a mile under heavy shell fire. He joined the Choir School in 1904, and left in 1907. We hope before long that we may have the opportunity of congratulating Sergeant Meacham in person.

“People must wonder whether we intend to decorate our spire permanently with ladders, or whether they are erected

for the exercise of the clergy deprived of their favourite holidays in the Alps. No, this is merely another illustration of work in war time. I believe the government is still pondering as to whether it can allow us enough copper for a new lightning conductor. I gather, however, that there is some prospect of the work on the ruined weathercock being ultimately brought to completion.”

SUNDAYS & SOLEMNITIES MUSIC & READINGS

THURSDAY 31 MAY CORPUS CHRISTI

HIGH MASS & OUTDOOR PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

at 6.30pm

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

Entrance Chant: *Cibavit eos ex adipe*

Setting: Orgelsolomesse K 259

— Mozart

Psalm: 116: 1, 10 – 17

Readings: Exodus 24: 3 – 8

Hebrews 9: 11 – 15

Gradual Hymn: 308 Thee we adore,

O hidden Saviour, thee

Gospel: Mark 14: 12 – 16, 22 – 26

Creed: Credo III

Offertory Motet: O sacrum convivium

— Messiaen

Hymns: 276 (ii) Bread of heaven, on

thee we feed

300 O Food of men wayfaring

Motet: Ave verum corpus — Mozart

Procession Hymns: NEP 664 pt 1 Laud,
 O Sion thy salvation
 271 Alleluya, sing to Jesus
 Onward Christian Pilgrims
 (T 435)
 NEP 614 Hail Redeemer,
 King divine
 Come, sing the praise of Jesus
 Lift high the Cross
 120 Thine be the glory, risen,
 conquering Son
 338 At the name of Jesus
 307 Sweet Sacrament divine
Tantum Ergo: T 268
Voluntary: Festal March — Elvey

✠ **SUNDAY 3 JUNE**
THE 1st SUNDAY
AFTER TRINITY

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 473 (ii) When morning
 gilds the skies (omit vs 4 & 5)
Entrance Chant: *Respice in me,*
et miserere mei
Setting: Missa Princeps Pacis
 — W. Lloyd Webber
Psalm: 81: 1 – 10
Readings: Deuteronomy 5: 12 – 15
 2 Corinthians 4: 5 – 12
Gradual Hymn: 256 On this day, the first
 of days
Gospel: Mark 2: 23 – 3: 6
Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses
Creed: Merbecke
Offertory Motet: Ave Maria — Saint-Saëns
Hymns: 257 This is the day the Lord
 has made
 370 (T 341) Help us, O Lord,
 to learn
 254 Come, let us with our
 Lord arise
 (T: Timothy Byram-Wigfield)

Voluntary: Final, Symphonie II, Op13
 — Widor

EVENSONG AND
BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 35
Lessons: Jeremiah 5: 1 – 19
 Romans 7: 7 – end
Office Hymn: 150 (R) O blest Creator of
 the light
Canticles: Setting in G minor
 — Francis Jackson
Anthem: Zadok the Priest — Handel
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Hymn: 492 O God of earth and altar
O Salutaris: Hartmann
Hymn: 383 (ii) Jesu, Lover of my soul
Tantum ergo: Vierne
Voluntary: A Song of Sunshine — Hollins

✠ **SUNDAY 10 JUNE**
THE 2nd SUNDAY
AFTER TRINITY

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 332 All hail the power of
 Jesu's name (omit *)
Entrance Chant: *Dominus illuminatio mea*
Setting: Cantus Missæ, Op109
 — Rheinberger
Psalm: 130
Readings: Genesis 3: 8 – 15
 2 Corinthians 4: 13 – 5: 1
Gradual Hymn: 359 (T 322) Fight the good
 fight with all thy might
Gospel: Mark 3: 20 – end
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Creed: Rheinberger
Offertory Motet: O hearken thou — Elgar
Hymns: 272 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 480 (T 15) In Christ there is no
 East nor West

439 (T 346) Praise to the holiest
in the height
(Descant — Gray)

Voluntary: Intermezzo (Symphonie no 6)
— Widor

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 37: 1 – 17

Lessons: Jeremiah 6: 16 – 21
Romans 9: 1 – 13

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

Canticles: Setting in A flat — Harwood

Anthem: I saw the Lord — Stainer

Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses

Hymn: 422 O Lord of heaven, and
earth, and sea

O Salutaris: Stainer arr Paul Brough

Hymn: 386 (T385) O Jesu, King
most wonderful

Tantum ergo: Beethoven arr Stainer/Brough

Voluntary: ‘Christe, Redemptor omnium’
— Parry

✠ SUNDAY 17 JUNE THE 3rd SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 233 (T 244) Glory to thee,
who safe has kept

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

Setting: Missa Brevis — A. Gabrieli

Psalm: 92: 1 – 4, 11 – end

Readings: Ezekiel 17: 22 – end
2 Corinthians 5: 6 – 10, 14 – 17

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

Gospel: Mark 4: 26 – 34

Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses

Creed: Credo III

Offertory Motet: Exsultate Deo
— Palestrina

Hymns: 73 My God, I love thee; not
because

303 O Word immortal of
eternal God

391 King of glory, King
of peace

Voluntary: Toccata no.6 (Toccata sesta)
1627 — Frescobaldi

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 39

Lessons: Jeremiah 7: 1 – 16
Romans 9: 14 – 26

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

Canticles: Setting in G minor — Purcell

Anthem: I was glad — Purcell

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Hymn: 250 Saviour, again to thy dear
name we raise

O Salutaris: Anerio

Hymn: 481 (T462) Jesus, Lord,
we look to thee

Tantum ergo: Asola

Voluntary: Voluntary for double organ
— Purcell

✠ SUNDAY 24 JUNE BIRTH OF ST JOHN THE BAPTIST

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 169 Hail, harbinger
of morn

Entrance Chant: *Fuit homo missus a Deo*

Setting: Missa Brevis in F
(Jugendmesse) — Haydn

Psalm: 85: 8 – 13

Readings: Isaiah 40: 1 – 11
Galatians 3: 23 – end
Gradual Hymn: 12 On Jordan's bank the
Baptist's cry
Gospel: Luke 1: 57 – 66, 80
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Creed: Haydn
Offertory Motet: This is the record of John
— Gibbons
Hymns: 5 Hark! A herald voice is
calling
306 Strengthen for service,
Lord, the hands
228 (T 376) Jerusalem, thou
City blest
Voluntary: Præludium in G minor
— Lübeck

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 80, 82
Lessons: Malachi 4
Matthew 11: 2 – 19
Office Hymn: 168 (T 144) On this high feast
day honour we the Baptist
Canticles: The Jesus Service — Mathias
Anthem: Vox dicentis: clama — Naylor
Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses
Hymn: 170 (i) Lo, in the wilderness a
voice
O Salutaris: Gounod
Hymn: 308 Thee we adore, O hidden
Saviour, thee
Tantum ergo: Duruflé
Voluntary: Andante (Sonata No 1 Op 5)
— Harwood

ORGAN RECITAL AFTER BENEDICTION at 7.15pm on Sunday 8 July

TIMOTHY BYRAM-WIGFIELD, Director of Music, All Saints

Programme:

"Hallelujah! Welten singen Dank und Ehren"

(from the oratorio 'Mount of Olives') – Ludwig van Beethoven, transcr W.T. Best

6 variations on a theme of Corelli, Op. 56 – Johann Rinck

Angel-scene, from 'Hansel and Gretel' – Englebert Humperdinck,

transcr E.H. Lemare

Phantasie über den Choral "Halleluja! Gott zu loben" – Max Reger

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

*The All Saints Licensed Club/Bar below the Church will be open
after this recital (2018 membership subscription: £5).*

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

Information correct at the time of going to press

CALENDAR AND INTENTIONS FOR JUNE 2018

1	Justin, martyr, 165	Those in need and suffering of Our Lady
2		
3	✠ TRINITY 1	Our Parish and People
4	<i>Petroc, abbot, 6th century</i>	Diocese of Truro
5	Boniface, bishop and martyr, 754	Church in Europe
6	<i>Ini Kopuria, founder of Melanesian Brothers, 1945</i>	Melanesian Brotherhood
7		Unity
8	Thomas Ken, bishop, 1711	Those in need and suffering
9	Columba, abbot, missionary, 597	Iona
10	✠ TRINITY 2	Our Parish and People
11	Barnabas the Apostle	Marylebone Project
12		Schools
13		Friends of All Saints
14		Unity
15		Those in need and suffering
16	Richard of Chichester, bishop, 1253	Diocese of Chichester
17	✠ TRINITY 3	Our Parish and People
18	<i>Bernard Mizeki, martyr, 1896</i>	USPG
19	<i>Sundar Singh, evangelist, 1929 C</i>	Church in India
20		Local businesses
21		Unity
22	Alban, first martyr of Britain, 250	Persecuted Christians
23	<i>Etheldreda, abbess of Ely, 678</i>	Albantide Pilgrimage
24	✠ BIRTH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST	Our Parish and People
25		National Health Service
26		Local government
27	<i>Cyril, bishop, teacher of the faith, 444, Ember Day</i>	College of St Mellitus
28	Irenaeus, bishop, teacher of the faith, 200	Unity
29	PETER and PAUL, apostles, Ember Day	Bishops
30	Ember Day	Those being ordained

