



# All Saints Parish Paper

7, MARGARET STREET, LONDON W1W 8JG

[www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.co.uk](http://www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.co.uk)

MAY 2018

£1.00



*Mika Mochizuki, Kiril Dashkovskiy, Francesca Baldry, Isabel Waters, Alice Dickerson and Richard Blurton confirmed by Bishop Stephen Platten at Easter 2018*

*(Photo: Andrew Prior)*

---

## VICAR'S LETTER — THY KINGDOM COME

---

In the Acts of the Apostles we read that in the days between the Ascension and Pentecost, the apostles **“were constantly devoting themselves to prayer, together with certain women, including Mary the mother of Jesus, as well as his brothers”**.

*(Acts 1: 13 – 14)*

This period of prayer has inspired the practice of keeping novenas — nine days — of prayer for various intentions. A century

ago, Fr Mackay was writing about one at a time of crisis in the world war in which the country was engaged.

Three years ago, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York called people to a time of prayer for mission in this period under the title **“Thy Kingdom Come”**. What began as a call to people of the Church of England has spread around the world and across Christian traditions.

This year, we will be sharing in this at All Saints in these ways:

- The church will remain open after the evening Mass on each weekday during the Novena for an hour of prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. While much of this will be in silence, there will be short readings and prayers each 15 minutes. The office of Compline will be said at 8pm.
- In the prayers at the daily Mass and offices.
- Resources for prayer are available in church for people to use there or take home. Further information and resources are available on the website: ***www.ThyKingdomCome.global***.

The relevance of such a time of prayer for mission has been highlighted by a report on “Europe’s Young Adults and Religion”, published by Stephen Bullivant, professor of theology and the sociology of religion at St Mary’s University in Twickenham. His report examines religious belief and practice among young people (16 – 29-year-olds) in a dozen European countries. This reveals that growing numbers, in many cases a majority, of those in this age group claim no religious affiliation. In the case of the United Kingdom, the figure is 70%.

This will come as no surprise to many clergy. If I think back to my school days, the majority of my fellow-pupils had no active church connection. The difference between then and now is that then they would probably have put C of E down on official forms which asked for their religion; now, their latter-day equivalents would enter “None”. There is growing evidence from the other side of the Atlantic, too, of a rise in the numbers of “Nones” among the younger population. There are those in the

United States who have stopped using the term “evangelical” because it has become so politicized and narrowly defined. The fear is that the term “Christian” is in similar peril. However, on a more positive note, a recent survey carried out in this country revealed that a majority of young “Nones” still hope to marry and to have a church wedding.

Professor Bullivant, who is a convert from atheism to Roman Catholicism, expects churches of the future in Europe to be smaller yet made up of the more committed. In this, he reflects views associated, not entirely fairly, with Pope Benedict. Pope Francis seems to have a more open attitude to the boundaries of the Church.

There is a tension here which affects all Christian communities. On the one hand, there is the responsibility to maintain the fullness of the faith: scripture and sacrament, liturgy and music, prayer and disciplines. On the other, there is the imperative to be open to others. As is so often the case in the life of the Church, this is not a matter of “either-or” but “both-and”. We have to find ways in which we maintain that core of belief and practice without becoming so hard-edged that most people are excluded. I read recently Rebecca Stott’s “In the Days of Rain” in which she tells of her upbringing in the Exclusive Brethren: it made me feel thankful to have been brought up in the more generous bosom of the Church of England.

At the same time, openness must not mean that we become a debating society with hymns and nothing much to say that will be of any use to those seeking to explore the meaning and purpose of life as Christians understand it. We must remain sufficiently open to providing a space for such enquirers to explore the mystery of the Christian faith. In this we are wise to remember that this

is a mystery in which all of us are still beginners in our exploration. We need to remember, too, that we are now often dealing with people who have little or no knowledge of Christian faith and practice beyond attendance at an occasional wedding, funeral or carol service.

When talking to people after the funeral of Joy Wright last month, I was reminded that many people whose experience of funerals has been limited to 20 minutes in a crematorium chapel, and of weddings to much the same in a registry office, are surprised and impressed by the care which parish staff and volunteers at All Saints devote to conducting such ceremonies and making them both memorable and spiritually meaningful. They find themselves welcomed and supported by a community of people who believe firmly in what they are saying and doing but are also gracious and sensitive towards those who may not share that belief or be familiar with our practices. That graciousness and sensitivity is a gift of the Spirit. The exercise of that gift among ourselves, for which parish life provides plenty of opportunities, is a good training ground for our encounters with others. Like Elisha asking for a double portion of Elijah's spirit before his master was taken up to heaven, we can pray for that gift in the same measure in those days leading up to Pentecost.

As this issue of the Parish Paper is a substantial one, with the second instalment of Fr Michael's latest "Traveller's Tales from Down Under" and two sermons, as well as the usual items, I will end with that invitation to prayer.

Yours in Christ,  
*Alan Moses*

---

## JOY WRIGHT

---

Joy died, after a long illness, on the evening of Sunday 18 March. Her funeral was held at All Saints on Tuesday 10 April. The Vicar's sermon at the service appears on page 5.

Clive writes:

*The Wright family wishes to express their sincere gratitude and thanks to so many friends at All Saints for their prayers and loving support on the death of our beloved Joy. The funeral itself was a wonderful tribute to our beloved Joy; the presence of so many friends was witness to the love she inspired. The community of All Saints were generous and kind in their support.*

---

## ALL SAINTS AND HOMELESSNESS IN THE NEWS

---

I'm always slightly nervous when journalists get in touch: are they looking for an unguarded controversial remark or in pursuit of scandal? But two recent requests from the *Sunday Times* and the *BBC* were about our response over the last few years to the rise in numbers of homeless people sleeping in church during the day.

The Easter edition of the *Sunday Times* included a sympathetic article by Dinesh Gadhur, illustrated with a photo of sleepers taken from the Baptistery and another of the Vicar, whom he had interviewed.

*BBC London's* Greg Mackenzie came and did a similar piece featuring All Saints and St James's, Piccadilly, which made the *London News Breakfast* programme and the evening broadcast on 17 April. This time Canon Lucy Winkett of St James's got to do the talking; saying much the same as Fr Alan had in the *Sunday Times* coverage.

---

## LENT, HOLY WEEK AND EASTER

---

As well as our regular Lenten devotion of Stations of the Cross on Friday evenings, this year we had Late Opening on Thursdays for people to pray rather than shop. After Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, we then gathered in the choir to sing Compline under the guidance of Tim Byram-Wigfield.

Canon Hugh Wybrew's sermons throughout Holy Week and on Easter Day were much appreciated and we are grateful that he agreed we should reproduce them in a booklet available from Church or the Parish Office £2.

All the major services during Holy Week and on Easter Day had larger congregations than in recent years. It was good to have Bishop Stephen Platten with us to preside, baptize and confirm at the Easter Vigil. Bishop Stephen spent the rest of Holy Week and Easter Day at St Mark's, Hamilton Terrace. Not too far from there, Fr Julian Browning was the Holy Week preacher at St Augustine's, Kilburn.

We are, as ever, indebted to many people — Churchwardens, Sacristan, Sidespersons, Servers, choir and organists, the catering team, flower arrangers and the Parish Office — for making the services of Holy Week and Easter such a special occasion.

---

### MAY'S GREAT FEASTS

We have two major weekday feasts this month:

#### **ASCENSION DAY 10 May — 6.30pm Procession and High Mass.**

Our preacher will be:

**Fr Andrew Moughtin-Mumby,**  
Rector of St Peter's, Walworth.

#### **CORPUS CHRISTI, 31 May — 6.30pm High Mass and Outdoor Procession of the Blessed Sacrament.**

This is one of our major public acts of witness to the faith in our parish and we hope that as many members and friends of All Saints will come and take part. As in past years, we will be drawing attention to the plight of Christians suffering persecution in the Middle East and elsewhere.

For those who are unable to join in the procession through the bustle of Oxford Circus on Thursday late night shopping night, Fr Philip Bevan will lead the rosary in church until the procession returns.

*There will be a party in the courtyard afterwards.*

---

#### **THE VISIT OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY TO ELIZABETH**

Experts on the Church's calendar will have spotted that this year the feast clashes with Corpus Christi, and so is transferred to the following day; Friday 1 June.

As well as developing congregational singing of Compline, we are also introducing the singing of a congregational setting of the Mass at the evening celebration on a number of feasts when we do not have the choir but which should be marked by greater festivity.

The Visitation is too close to Corpus Christi to be celebrated in this way in 2018, but we hope to offer a Sung Mass on:

- Friday 29 June,  
**the Feast of St Peter and St Paul;**
- Monday 6 August,  
**The Transfiguration**
- Friday 14 September,  
**Holy Cross Day**
- Saturday 29 September,  
**St Michael and All Angels (at 12 noon)**

---

## SERMON PREACHED BY THE VICAR AT THE FUNERAL OF JOY WRIGHT

---

Joy and Clive first worshipped together here at All Saints in the summer of 1956. They were a young couple in love, soon to become engaged and then married. They sat down at the back in what was known as “Mixed bathing” — the section where in those benighted days men and women were allowed to sit together. Now, all these years later, we have brought her to this church in which she worshipped, for her funeral service. Today she has the place of honour at the front.

She lies here now surrounded by her family and friends as we

- give thanks for her life,
- as we pray in the hope of the resurrection which we celebrate in this Easter season for her, commending her into God’s merciful and loving care,
- as we comfort one another in our sense of loss.

When Joy married she changed her surname to “Wright”: which is an old Germanic and English word for a “maker of things”. It was a providentially apt combination with her Christian name, because, for those who have known and loved her, she was a maker of joy for others.

In St John’s Gospel, at the Last Supper, Jesus says to his disciples — and so to us who are his disciples now: **“As the Father has loved me, so have I loved you; abide in my love. If you keep my commandments, you will abide in my love, just as I have kept my Father’s commandments and abide in his love. These things I have spoken to you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full.”**

The love of which he speaks, which bears fruit in true joy and happiness, is not the product of spontaneous emotion but of abiding commitment and the giving of self to others; in the words of the marriage service — **“for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part,”** which Joy and Clive said to each other nearly 60 years ago in St Ann’s, Wandsworth.

In Joy’s case that joy-producing love would be lived out most especially in her devotion to her family and her friends, in the **“daily round, the common task,”** of family life, and in her first vocation of teaching to which she was able to return and share with others the beauty of the art she loved. Today we each bring memories of the gracious, graceful and grace-filled lady and we thank God for the gift of knowing her and sharing something of her life and she ours.

All of us who knew Joy, shared in some degree the distress felt by her and by Clive and their family, as in these last years, dementia took its toll of the memory and personality, the gifts and talents of the person we knew. It is something many of us have experienced in our own families. It brings with it a sense of bereavement and loss even before death. Our bodies can outlive our minds and medical science is unable as yet to find a way of synchronizing the two. So, as well as the tears which are token of a deep sense of aching loss, the absence of one we love but see no longer, there is an understandable sense of thankfulness that this ordeal for her and those who loved her has drawn to a merciful close.

Memory, remembrance, keeping in mind, is important for Christians. In the Church we do not forget our dead; we hold them in our remembrance and in our prayers. We are those who believe in **“the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection to eternal life”**.

### **We believe in the communion of saints.**

Our Gospel reading today, the Beatitudes from the Sermon on the Mount, is the Gospel for All Saints Day. The mystery to which this church is dedicated, which its imagery and art and music speaks of, is not just a group of the extraordinarily holy, people quite unlike us. It speaks of the unbroken bond which exists between all believers, not just across the breadth of this world, but across the expanse of the ages; the whole company of heaven, all those who have gone before us in faith; among whom Joy has now taken her place. We express and live out that unity in worship and prayer. We remember anniversaries at Mass, we light candles and we say prayers.

There will, too, be all sorts of reminders of Joy for her family — of her voice and her smile, reminiscences and stories of joys shared and of sorrows borne, favourite pieces of music, a photograph or a letter. Sometimes they will bring a tear to the eye and sometimes a smile; and sometimes both. We should treasure them all.

The priest who trained me as a pastor, Richard Holloway, who is now in his eighties, has just written a book of reflections in life and death, called “Waiting for the Last Bus”. In one passage he speaks of sitting in the beloved old Edinburgh church, in which we both spent years leading services like this one and where he worships again in retirement:

**“Nowadays, sitting in church, I am often more aware of the presence of the dead than of the living. I remember where they sat, a hymn they loved — sung again this morning — (“Lord of the Dance” in Joy’s case) — and maybe the bitterness of their passing. But it is a fortifying not a depressing experience, a reminder that this is how it goes, and that I must be reconciled to it, one day my seat will be empty, and my name will be written among the dead. Going to church is one of the ways I gather the past round me as I prepare to go up to Jerusalem out of Galilee.”**

Joy has caught the last bus and her seat is empty. One day, ours will be too.

### **We believe in the forgiveness of sins.**

If Joy were able to speak, she would probably by now have told us we had said more than enough about her. While it is right that we should give thanks for her, and for the gifts of grace we knew in her, she would not want us to pretend that she was not like all of us a sinner in need of the mercy of God. We come trusting in that mercy for one of our own, one like ourselves, as we hope that in our turn she and others will pray for us.

### **We believe in the resurrection to eternal life.**

We celebrate this funeral service in Eastertide and in the faith which was Joy’s. We have sung of Christ’s victory over sin and death, of his risen presence with us, and of his promise of eternal life; that life in which all that was good and loving, beautiful and true, in the life of Joy will be gathered up and brought to perfection in the presence of God, so that **“nothing may be lost”**.

This has been a sermon and a service liberally sprinkled with the “Joy” — both Joy the person and the Joy of the Easter faith — for which I make no apology. Let me end with one last text from scripture, from

the Parable of the Talents in St Matthew, which we can pray with confidence that our beloved Joy will hear Christ address to her: **“Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your Lord.”**

---

## YET MORE ANTIPODES — *Part 2 of* *Fr Michael Bowie’s Travelogue 2018*

---

I left you last month, long-suffering reader, in the grip of my obsession with police mugshots and preparations for Epiphany, which is now A Long Time Ago. Both Actually and Liturgically. Nevertheless I must ask you to cast your minds back, if not to Palestine in around 4BC (confusingly, the chaps who like dating things in the Bible are pretty much agreed that Our Lord was born ‘BC’. I’m sure this is both Theologically Unsound and Unnecessary, but let that pass), to Epiphany Eve, the 5<sup>th</sup> of January in the current year of Our Lord (which the previous parenthesis implies is really 2014, but I shan’t mention that as it is far too confusing).

I had previously deposited various necessary items of ecclesiastical vesture in the priests’ vestry at CCSL, next to some chasubles which, being illicit in the preposterous diocese of Sydney, we must assume are there to provide a spine-tingling ‘Proustian rush’. [Ed. The author is referring to Mr Woody Allen’s film *Stardust Memories*, 1980, in which the following exchange occurs:

*Dorrie [Charlotte Rampling]: That aftershave, it just made my whole childhood come back with a sudden Proustian rush.*

*Sandy [Woody Allen]: Yeah? That’s ‘cause I’m wearing Proustian Rush by Chanel. It’s reduced; I got a vat of it.]*

So I was able to take a nonchalant cab, unburdened by my customary surfeit of

luggage, to Railway Square. This was to be the first of two sermons (which later became three, as you will wearily learn) and the day was hot rather than hellish, so I selected a moderately cool cotta and survived the pulpit without too much loss of bodily fluids or the access of rotten tomatoes. Our mutual friend Peter Jewkes, and his and my mutual friend Owen Johnstone-Donnet (also sometimes known to appear in ASMS) had asked if I might join them for supper after HM and so, rejoicing in the suspicion of an evening breeze, we tripped lightly across Railway Square to Broadway and on to the newish concentration of eating opportunities in Kensington St. KS has been created in and near the old Tooth’s Brewery, which used to add a pleasing hoppy aroma to the air when I was an undergraduate at the University, which is at the other end of Broadway, just as one turns off into Glebe. My father was Rector of the church on Broadway, St Barnabas, just before I was born and I have photographs of several pieces of furniture that now adorn 6 Margaret St in the splendid old Parsonage in Arundel St, opposite the U of S. Known in the diocese, of course, as ‘Barney’s’ (or probably, by now, ‘Broadway Anglican’, as even the nicknames of saints are being obliterated by the Godly Commonwealth), the diocesan arsonist (see previous editions of these travelogues for his useful work on CCSL hall) incinerated its inoffensive ‘gothic-mission-church’ more than a decade ago: that has been replaced

with a suitably featureless modern box. Also gone is the signboard outside, on which my father's predecessor used to wage a good-natured war of slogans with the publican across the road. The man who taught me Greek, the splendidly named Professor Athanasius Treweek (Enoch Powell's assistant when the latter came to be Professor of Greek in Sydney, aged about 12) used to challenge one of his colleagues to translate the Barney's slogans into Greek hexameter by the time their tram reached the University gates. His favourite was 'if your knees knock kneel on them'. Sadly the hexameter has been lost.

But I digress; sadly for you I haven't finished digressing. Unlike T.S. Eliot on Margate Sands I can usually connect Something with Something or Other (he should probably have spent less time sitting on a damp beach in Kent and done more travelling in the Antipodes). Proustian rushes occasioned by surreptitious chasubles lead me back in memory to the old Tooth's Brewery (of which the aforementioned Publican was a tenant). You see the Tooth family, who were connected with CCSL in its early years, also boasted Fr Tooth of Hatcham, the only English ritualist imprisoned for *wearing a chasuble* (this is the sort of evangelism the Sydney Puritans would desperately love to revive). *Pace TSE*, many things are connected, at least in church world.

Which further reminds me, the parson who engaged in this war of slogans was Howard Guinness, a scion of the Irish brewing Guinnesses rather than the Alec Guinnesses, who were in any case called Something Else than Guinness, rather as my Eponym David was actually born Jones, a surname which he abandoned for mine to avoid confusion with a certain diminutive

member of a Jazz Music ensemble called, I believe, *The Monkees*. Whenever people tediously say to me, 'Oh, like the singer?' I usually reply, 'Not his real name. But it is my real name.' I find that such sparkling repartee lightens the day.

Where was I? Ah yes, in Kensington St. After a splendid and companionable dinner at *Olio* I embussed and was back at the club in time for a late evening cigar on the roof terrace (for which I was now fully equipped; see last month). The next morning, Saturday 6th, was Actual Epiphany and dawned with predictably dire warnings about Sunday's temperatures, when I was to mount the pulpit again in honour of Our Lord's Baptism. Having dispatched another indifferent club breakfast I decided that my location in the CBD must lead to a little light shopping in the Sales: David Jones (shirts), T.M. Lewin (jacket); JB HiFi (DVD series about Sydney's underworld: the mugshots had me hooked).

It was now time to sample the delights of *Fratelli Paradiso* in Potts Point (the Mayfair side of Kings Cross, the latter being the Soho of Sydney). As I emerged from the train, there was OJ-D, my dinner companion of the previous evening, who lives down the hill in Elizabeth Bay, setting off for suitably leisurely Saturday shopping. Being, as usual, early, I enjoyed the opportunity to hear more about this slightly raffish area from someone who's lived there for many years. It used to be Bohemia, but it is now succumbing to the same gentrification which is hollowing out our own Soho and Fitzrovia at such an alarming rate.

Reaching FP I lunched convincingly on Calamari Sant' Andrea; scampi-themed spaghetti and tiramisu. We were *al fresco* as I believe the Italians do *not* say: '*fuori*' is the *verbo giusto*, as in *San Paulo fuori le Mura*,

but now I'm in the wrong city completely and must concentrate on my narrative. Speaking of narrative, I was greatly pained to learn that an eminent reader of these meanderings doubts their complete veracity. Well! I mean to say. And so on. I know Pooh Bah might feel the need to add corroborative detail to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative (*The Mikado*, Act 2) but I assure you, dear reader, at the risk of invoking the spirit of not only W.S. Gilbert but also Mr Pooter, no one could make this stuff up.

My lunch companion welcomed me back to Sydney with a delightful gift, a folio of Max Beerbohm lithographs of the original cast of *Private Lives*, including one of Mr Coward himself. This had been sourced just across the road at *The Cross Art* bookshop in Roslyn Street, a splendid survival of the eccentric second hand bookshops with which Sydney abounded in my youth, most memorably Higgs, on lower George St near CCSL, where a wig on the counter used very occasionally to move and reveal itself to be an ancient dog. Mr & Mrs Higgs, who charmingly referred to each other as 'Higgs' and 'Mrs Higgs' in public (I think they were devotees of Dickens) were the source, in 1980, of my set of Pliny's *Natural Histories*, at the bargain price of \$100 for the 10 volumes. Alas, even the building in which their delightful shop gently mouldered has long since surrendered to Progress. I seem to have wandered off again: that chap Proust is certainly on to something with those *recherches* of his. Not that I've read them of course.

Now, I was *fuori* at *Fratelli Paradiso*, was I not? Also *fuori* was Nancy, a Kings Cross Character, possibly the only remaining indigenous beggar in the Cross. She toothlessly works the footpath, and my luncheon companion, who sees her often,

produced a cigarette for her which elicited a beatific smile and a pause in begging. We left her to it, revisiting *The Cross Art* after the perfect espresso which concluded the meal. Like all such businesses these days the husband and wife who own it operate mostly online; in fact I think the only reason a shop survives there is that it occupies, in higgledy-piggledy splendour, the ground floor of their beautiful Victorian terrace house, at the top of the street which leads down to Elizabeth Bay. They are opposite an exclusive Older Persons' Facility, Lulworth House (formerly the Sydney domicile of Patrick White's family) where the rich and famous go to 'wait for the last bus', as +Richard Holloway has it. In the recent past Lulworth was inhabited simultaneously by Gough Whitlam, the controversial Labor (sic) PM who was sacked in 1975 by the Governor General he'd appointed, Sir John Kerr (Her Majesty must surely sometimes wish she could still exercise this right at home) and Malcolm Fraser, who took over as PM and whom, at the time, Whitlam called 'Kerr's Cur'. Here, in old age, they became great friends, 'all passion spent', as Miss Sackville-West (who was also of course Mrs Harold Nicholson as well, in a way, as Mrs Virginia Woolf), puts it.

Are you still with me? Good. In *The Cross Art* I found a volume of Lloyd Rees paintings which I knew would please my soon-to-be hosts in Glebe, and a book called *Razorhurst*, about the Razor Gangs of 20's and 30's Darlinghurst, which seem to be dominating this year's visit. Replete, and without further appointments, I made my way slowly back to the Club for a quiet evening before Sunday. Sushi from a venerable neighbouring sushi-purveyor, more *Wolf Hall* from the iPad on the Roof Terrace, with the usual accompaniments, were the prelude to an early night.

The Feast of the Baptism of OLJC dawned with that particular brilliant sky which prefaces Serious Heat. 38 degrees was promised. By the time I climbed the pulpit at High Mass, Sydney summer had surpassed its promise and achieved 43 degrees. Fortunately I had packed a cotta that was, shall we say, *diaphanous*, and which made me the envy of the heavily cassocked and cotta-ed choir (the Levitical prohibition on the wearing of mixed fabrics was surely prophetic of the evils of poly-cotton cottas in the Antipodes). Once again the sermon passed without incident and I moved *very* slowly towards Central Station to travel back to Potts Point for lunch, this time at Billy Kwong's. Ms Kwong, the owner and chef, perfected 'Asian fusion' cooking in her original restaurant in Darlinghurst many years before it became fashionable. Perfect ingredients (the sources of all of them identified, *à la mode moderne*) are perfectly cooked and presented, accompanied by an extraordinary wine list, both local and international, of which my luncheon companion of the previous day is studying to be the custodian. Oysters, various dim sum, 'home style eggs' — a sort of Chinese scrambled eggs with chilli — and some strangely-flavoured ice cream were all memorable.

By the time I emerged, the Sydney Southerly Buster (see last year) had done its magic and the temperature was a mere 32 degrees. This was welcome as more robing was to follow, for the CCSL Epiphany Carol Service. Before it I was to take tea in the Rectory, giving me opportunity to hand over Christmas presents to the Rectory daughters, who are Bronte-themed (Charlotte and Emily — you will have an opportunity to meet them later this year). Then, in company with my former assistant priest, Fr Graeme Napier (who has subsequently been Canon

Precentor of both Westminster Abbey and Perth WA — see two years ago), I planted myself in the sanctuary and tried not to move. Fr Graeme is now beginning an incumbency in Manhattan, where he is doubtless hoping to collect yet another citizenship: driver's licences and passports seem to give him pleasure. UK, Czech, Irish and Australian so far, if I remember correctly. He is also the only person I know who has been on holiday in the South Pacific island of Kiribati (for some reason pronounced 'Kiribish'). In reply to my quizzing him about his minimal packing for this trip, which included a recorder but no reading matter, he remarked gnomically 'books are heavy, but a recorder is light'. I've always remembered that, though I haven't yet found an opportunity to use it in a sermon.

By now it was only 28 degrees, but I stuck to my diaphanous cotta while Fr Graeme 'glowed' in borrowed mixed fibres, sitting next to me in a perilously tight sanctuary (the chancel was full of choir, who are at other times decently concealed in a chapel to the side). The claustrophobic qualities of the sanctuary were magnified by the presence of the crib figures on the steps in front of the High Altar, making it look somehow smaller. And much less convenient for Solemn Benediction. Or censoring. Apart from this superfluity of semi-biblical characters it was a splendid liturgy. This is the service after which what is always described as the choir's 'well-earned rest' begins: they were now to be on holiday until Candlemas, so Fr Daniel, his wife Peta, and splendid Rector's Warden Brenda Hunter, had laid on a party in the Rectory afterwards, to which I was kindly invited.

Usually by now I would have abandoned the Club for my friends' house in Glebe, but I'd stayed put, having booked tickets

on Monday evening at the Opera House (a short walk down the hill to the harbour) for Opera Australia's 2018 'bread and butter' production: *The Merry Widow*. I had seen *TMW* only once before, also in Sydney, so long ago that the Opera house was not yet finished. This was at *The Elizabethan Theatre* Newtown, and starred Googie Withers. Ms Withers was the grandmother of someone with whom I was at school, but she may possibly be better known in London, and to older readers, as a one-time star of stage and screen here. I now realise she must have been far too old for the rôle when I saw her — the story requires the lead to be, at most, in young middle age — but her unforgettable name doubtless had the power to fill seats in that wonderful old theatre. Wonderful for the punters, but less wonderful for the stage hands and producers. It had so little room backstage that the scene changes had to be accomplished by loading the sets on and off trucks, which then ferried them to and from a warehouse a couple of miles away. Sadly (and possibly spookily) it burnt down shortly after the Opera House opened. This sort of thing happens rather a lot in Sydney. Perhaps the diocesan arsonist was branching out into the Arts.

Anyway, memories of this teenage experience made the present production a must, and so, on 8 January (yes, we really are only 5 days into this saga), after a restful day involving a little light book-shopping (*Wednesday Afternoons with Bob*, an entertaining collection of interviews with our characterful former Rhodes Scholar PM Bob Hawke, which he gave the journalist in exchange for one Cuban cigar per interview: my kind of former Rhodes Scholar PM) I strolled past Circular Quay to pick up the tickets. Once I got there, Sydney staged one of its most spectacular thunderstorms. The Opera House forecourt provides the

finest of front stalls for this meteorological entertainment. So intense was the rain that the Harbour Bridge, a few hundred yards across the water, completely disappeared for several minutes. And then, as happens in Sydney, the rain suddenly cleared and the sunset blazed. It was a glorious overture to a stunning production. This Lehar really knew how to write show tunes, and the orchestra and cast rose to the challenge. The title rôle was played by an extraordinary and more appropriately-aged soprano, Danielle de Niese; the comedy was, shall we say, *broad* (and well-executed); and I was delighted to discover from my over-priced programme that the beautiful art deco set had been designed by my school contemporary and friend Michael Scott-Mitchell, who played The Common Man to my Thomas More in our school production of *A Man for All Seasons* in 1976. Such are the joys of visiting home in middle age.

Dinner followed at Mr Wong's, in one of the old Quay warehouses nearby. I mistakenly thought that 10pm on a Monday would not be a popular dining time. But every moment of every day seems to be a popular time to eat out in Sydney, so we had to wait at the bar for 45 minutes before a table became available, in the basement, where we were seated next to a group which had every appearance of gangsters. They probably were. Fortunately they were also extremely tired and emotional and so didn't notice the rest of the room very much. The food was worth the wait (salt & pepper tofu; snow peas, as *mange tout* are called here; stir-fried squid & pork belly); Mr W is in Bridge Lane, if you're ever in need of food after visiting the Opera House and in no hurry.

A friend from Berkhamsted was in Sydney during these first few days of my visit and so we obeyed an unwritten rule of

travelling: when two people who live in one place happen to be in another place on the other side of the world it is necessary that they must meet and dine. So, after many changes of plan occasioned by her work, and some transport disasters caused by another exemplary thunderstorm (when I got into the station the loudspeaker helpfully informed me that there *would* be trains but they couldn't tell us *when*; I eventually gave up and caught a taxi for the short journey), we managed to meet for dinner at *ACME*, in Rushcutters Bay. RB is a further and seamless iteration of Potts Point, Kings Cross and Elizabeth Bay. It is two minutes' walk from all of the above, though there is a distinct bay which gives this tiny suburb its name. *ACME* (Italian/Asian *tapas*, naturally) was described to you last year, so I will move swiftly on, pausing only to say that the aptly named Crush Menu, complemented by Sicilian wine, left us full to the point of waddling. The rain having now departed, I waddled the mile back to the club for my last night there.

The next morning, Wednesday, having packed up my ton or so of luggage and let it drag me down the stairs to Bent St, I was rewarded with a magically-appearing taxi for the short drive to Glebe. Welcomed by my excellent hosts, I coaxed my oversized bags up their stairs, and paused with them on their beautiful verandah, which, as I have

remarked before, looks out over Blackwattle Bay. BB channels breezes which are a distinct advantage in Sydney summer, and I allowed them to waft over me for some time before a quick walk down Glebe Point Rd to get my bearings once more. There I found Gleebooks, a noble remnant of independent bookselling, where one of the CCSL servers, Janice Wilder, works, and also a new and exciting looking Italian *gelateria/pasticceria*, which offered mouth-watering *cannoli*.

I will have to leave you with that tempting tea-time prospect, as this seems to have taken a long time to get there. I really will have to get on with it next month if I am to complete the saga before I find myself in Sydney again.

---

## THE CHOIR SCHOOL

---

The All Saints Choir School closed on Easter Day, 1968 (14 April). We marked the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of this at Evensong on Sunday 15 April and a number of former choristers were present. Much reminiscing about school days was enjoyed in the bar afterwards.

We are encouraging former choristers to record their memories of the school, so that they do not get lost with the passage of time. The Vicar's sermon at the service is printed in this issue (*see below*).

---

## SERMON PREACHED BY THE VICAR AT EVENSONG SUNDAY EASTER 3, 2018 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Closure of the Choir School

---

*Readings: Psalms 149, 150;  
2 Chronicles 5; Revelation 4*

Solomon has completed the construction of the Temple in Jerusalem and the time of its consecration has come. This house of God,

built to be the centre of Israel's worship, also has a staff of priests, musicians and singers, to maintain its daily round of worship.

Many centuries later, a similar if smaller scale project came to completion here in

Margaret Street. All Saints rose on the site of the old Margaret Chapel. It was to be a house of God, a parish church for this part of London. But it was to be no ordinary parish church. Its founders set out not only to provide a model of how a church should be built, but also how one should function in an urban setting.

An important aspect of the Oxford Movement's programme was to improve the music in parish churches. As well as raising standards of choral music and restoring the use of plainsong, the aim was also to raise the standards of hymnody; replacing doggerel metrical psalms and individualistic evangelical hymns with ones drawn from the tradition of the Church and reflecting the breadth of its doctrine. This would result in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and then later, the *English Hymnal*; both intended to accompany the Church's liturgy. Just as the architecture and iconography of this building reflected the heavenly city of the Book of Revelation, so too its music would echo that of the heavenly choirs; bringing a foretaste of heaven to earthbound worshippers, lifting their spirits heavenward.

So, as well as a staff of clergy and sisters, it would have a musical establishment with a choir school. This would enable the services of the Book of Common Prayer to be sung daily. So it began and so it was to continue for over a century, surviving the virtual depopulation of the parish, two world wars, evacuation in the second of them, economic depression and huge social change. The choir would be good enough to reinforce that of Westminster Abbey for coronations. It would embrace the modern era, with recordings made and broadcasts on the BBC — there was a direct link between All Saints and the BBC so that the boys could sing for the daily service on the wireless.

All this, until that Easter Day, 14 April, fifty years ago, when the boys would sing for the last time. It must have been a strange feeling that day, to be celebrating the resurrection of Christ while at the same time marking the end of an era and an institution.

A sermon like this is not the occasion for a post-mortem. Suffice it to say, that the school's demise was brought about by a combination of educational and financial factors. A school with no more than 20 boys, aged from 8 to 13, would struggle to comply with government regulations and to find qualified staff.

Before he died, Philip Bennet, who had come from mid-Wales to be a chorister here at the age of eight, and then in adult life had been a parishioner here for many years, sent me a copy of the prospectus which his parents had received. As well as lists of uniform and sports kit required, it informed them that their son, along with the other boys, would have a cold bath each day. They could only be excused this austere approach to personal hygiene if they had a doctor's note. I later discovered that it was the same cold bath, which they took turns to be plunged into. I wonder if a doctor's note got you a warm bath instead: I suspect not. Of course, all choir schools in those days were spartan institutions; and most of us who were children in that era grew up without the luxury of central heating.

However, life under this tightly-disciplined regime was not "all work and no play". Life was lightened by sports and entertainments, outings and treats. Fr Mackay (whose anniversary we keep this week), a great lover of the theatre, produced plays in which one of the actors took the first steps on what would be a momentous career in stage and screen. Later, after his divorce,

his name would never be mentioned!

In an almost entirely male establishment, something of the feminine and maternal was provided by the matron. One of my early and pleasant duties here was to host a party for Mary Baddeley, the last matron, on her 80th birthday. One of the guests was Sadie Campbell, whom we also remember this week. A Glasgow lassie, she had been the school's cook. Not that long afterwards, Mary and I went to her funeral Mass.

The finances of the choir school had always been precarious. Even in the days when the congregation of All Saints was much more fashionable and wealthy than it is now, everything seems to have been rather hand to mouth. Each year at the All Saints Festival, in those days a full eight days with High Mass at 11am — clearly not for those who had to work for a living — and Choral Evensong daily, all with sermons, the Vicar would ascend the pulpit and appeal to make the annual Festival Appeal. This was not, as now, for our mission projects, but to meet the deficit on the parish accounts, most of which was the result of the choir school. Fr Cyril Tomkinson would say: "It's not for me my dears, it's for them" — pointing to the boys.

No attempt seems to have been made to provide an endowment to sustain the school. Looking back at the history, it seems clear that for Vicars of All Saints the choir school was a recurring source of strain and stress, as well as of glorious music. Peter Galloway and Chris Rawll's chronicle of the Vicars of All Saints, "Good and Faithful Servants", says that most had retired or died worn out and dispirited. In the case of Fr Kenneth Ross, the strain and stress was exacerbated by ill-informed and uncharitable abuse heaped upon him when he took the decision to close the school. He moved to a canonry

at Wells Cathedral, but he never regained his strength. One of the great priests of the Church of England in his era was dead within a year, aged only 61.

Well, the present Vicar is neither worn out nor dispirited, but he still has to worry about the finances of the parish and its music; even though the load of responsibility is now much more widely spread. Not long after I arrived at All Saints, I was shown around below decks. Down there in the undercroft we came across a clothes rail with a set of cassocks and cottas wrapped in plastic. They were the ones the boys of the choir had worn. Why, I wondered, had they been kept for so long? Were they waiting for the last days, when old choristers would rise from their graves at the general resurrection to join the worship of heaven? Sadly, the garments were so decayed as to be useless to any other church choir which might have worn them.

The relationship between church and school seemed so symbiotic that many wondered if one could survive without the other. Would the demise of the parish soon follow that of the School? Numbers certainly fell away. We live in an era with much talk of the decline of church-membership, but the 1960s was also an era in which the traditional church was not expected to survive. American theologians had pronounced that God was dead. Reformers bent on reinventing the Church of England in their own image had no time for choral music and regarded Victorian buildings — deeply out of favour with almost everyone except John Betjeman — as a millstone around the Church's neck.

But God was not finished with All Saints and its music yet. The closure of choir school may have felt more like Holy Saturday than Easter Day, a funeral than a new birth, but

there was a resurrection. An adult choir took the place of the boys. Fr Michael Marshall brought new energy and direction. True, the daily evensong was a thing of the past but the new regime grew steadily in confidence and quality under Eric Arnold and then Dr Harry Bramma, here with us tonight.

Paying for it all, remains a heavy burden; Fr David Hope memorably said that the congregation of All Saints in his day seemed to expect “**champagne religion at beer prices**”. His successor, Fr David Hutt began the work of establishing an endowment — the Choir and Music Trust — which would support the PCC in funding the music — which is more or less a third of the parish’s annual expenditure. The trust is about half way to covering this; and we hope that further generosity on the part of parishioners past and present will bridge the gap.

The work of All Saints continues in a building and an organ restored to its original splendour, and its music continues as a vital part of that work.

The Church in this land still needs places which are dedicated to the highest standards in worship and the music which accompanies it. It is the vocation of this community to be such a place now and in the future as it was from the beginning. The outward forms may change somewhat, but the inward spirit remains the same.

We look back to the past thankful for those who sang and taught here, for their contribution to the life and mission of the parish; for what many of them went on to do in later life, not least in the wider church and the world of music. But we can and should look back to the past with thanksgiving, not with nostalgia and regret, and to the future in hope.

## **CELL of OUR LADY of WALSINGHAM EVENTS**

### **Saturday 12 May**

11.30am Rosary and Walsingham  
Devotions

12 noon Low Mass of Our Lady  
of Walsingham

### **Monday 28 May**

#### **THE NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE**

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

---

## **100 YEARS AGO**

---

*Fr Mackay wrote in the Vicar’s Notes:*

“The Feast of the Ascension is a day the approach of which fills every parish priest with anxiety. It is as great a day as Christmas Day; but because it is not a bank holiday in England it seems impossible to get even good Christians to regard it as a day which they must observe with all solemnity possible in their circumstances. It is a day of obligation — a day when Christian tradition requires every one to be present at the offering of the Holy Eucharist. “Indeed,” says somebody, “I would much rather be at High Mass at All Saints than in my tiresome office. It is not choice, it is duty which prevents my being present.” But you are not required to be present at High Mass at All Saints, and I don’t believe you are on your office stool at 6am. Only be sure that you have been at the Eucharist somewhere on Ascension morning before going to business, and all is well.”

*In those days, Mass was not celebrated in the evening, so High Mass at All Saints was at 11am; not an hour suitable for those who had to work for a living.*

“In the first days of the war we organized stations for prayer throughout London. The “station” was the gathering of the faithful for the liturgy of the Church of their choice, to which they had gone in procession from some arranged meeting place. London distances make the procession impossible, but immense congregations assembled in the various churches for the Low Mass, hymns and war prayers.

“We are arranging a fresh series of stations for all the weekdays between Ascension Day and Whitsun Day, and posters are being displayed throughout London indicating the churches at which they are to be held. I hope everybody who reads this and is free to go will take part in this united intercession.”

---

## SUNDAYS & SOLEMNITIES MUSIC & READINGS

---

### ✠ SUNDAY 6 MAY THE 6th SUNDAY OF EASTER

#### **HIGH MASS at 11am**

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

*Entrance Chant:* *Vocem iucunditatis*  
*annuntiate*

*Setting:* Darke in E

*Psalm:* 98

*Readings:* Acts 10: 44 – 48

1 John 5: 1 – 6

*Gradual Hymn:* 482 Spread, O spread,  
thou mighty word

*Gospel:* John 15: 9 – 17

*Preacher:* The Vicar

*Creed:* Darke

*Offertory Motet:* Easter (Most Glorious  
Lord of Lyfe) — Armstrong  
Gibbs

*Hymns:* 445 Rock of ages, cleft for me  
513 God is love, and where true  
love is

420 O Jesus, I have promised

*Voluntary:* Coronation March — Meyerbeer

## **EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm**

*Psalm:* 45

*Lessons:* Song of Solomon 4: 16 – 5: 2;  
8: 6 – 7

Revelation 3: 14 – 22

*Office Hymn:* 101 The Lamb’s high banquet  
we await

*Canticles:* Wood in D

*Anthem:* Alleluia! Christus surrexit  
— Anerio

*Preacher:* Fr Barry Orford

*Hymn:* 198 (T 129) The Church  
triumphant in thy love

*O Salutaris:* Fauré

*Hymn:* 386 (T 385) O Jesu, King  
most wonderful

*Tantum ergo:* Fauré

*Voluntary:* Allegretto (Five pieces)  
— Whitlock

## THURSDAY 10 MAY ASCENSION DAY

### HIGH MASS at 6.30pm

*Processional Hymn:* 109 Hail thee,  
festival day

*Entrance Chant:* *Viri Galilaei*

*Setting:* Missa Brevis in F, K192  
— Mozart

*Psalm:* 47

*Readings:* Acts 1: 1 – 11  
Ephesians 1: 15 – 23

*Gradual Hymn:* 130 (i) Hail the day that  
sees him rise Alleluya (omit \*)

*Gospel:* Luke 24: 44 – 53

*Preacher:* Fr Andrew Moughtin-Mumby,  
Rector of St Peter's,  
Walworth

*Creed:* Merbecke

*Offertory Motet:* God is gone up — Finzi

*Hymns:* 133 (T 406) The eternal gates  
lift up their heads  
131 O King most high of earth  
and sky  
132 See the Conqueror mounts  
in triumph

*Voluntary:* Toccata from Suite Op 5  
— Durufé

## ✠ SUNDAY 13 MAY THE 7th SUNDAY OF EASTER (AFTER ASCENSION)

### HIGH MASS and BAPTISM at 11am

*Entrance Hymn:* 271 Alleluya, sing to Jesus

*Entrance Chant:* *Exaudi, Domine,*  
*voce meam*

*Setting:* Collegium Regale — Howells

*Psalm:* 1

*Readings:* Acts 1: 15 – 17, 21 – 26

1 John 5: 9 – 13

*Gradual Hymn:* 134 The head that once  
was crowned with thorns

*Gospel:* John 17: 6 – 19

*Preacher:* The Rt Revd Allen Shin,  
Suffragan Bishop, New York

*Litany of the Resurrection:* John Kitchen

*Offertory Motet:* Ascendens Christus in  
Altum — Andrew Gant

*Hymns:* 302 O thou who at thy Eucharist  
didst pray

305 Soul of my Saviour, sanctify  
my breast

135 (T 447) The Lord ascendeth  
up on high

*Voluntary:* The people respond – ‘Amen!’  
— Dan Locklair

### EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

*Psalm:* 147: 1 – 11

*Lessons:* Isaiah 61  
Luke 4: 14 – 21

*Office Hymn:* 128 Eternal Monarch, King  
most high

*Canticles:* Canticles in B flat — Stanford

*Anthem:* Come, Holy Ghost — Attwood

*Preacher:* The Vicar

*Hymn:* 415 (ii) O for a thousand  
tongues to sing

*O Salutaris:* Elgar no 1

*Hymn:* 500 Thy kingdom come! on  
bended knee

*Tantum ergo:* Elgar

*Voluntary:* The peace may be exchanged  
— Dan Locklair

### ORGAN RECITAL AFTER BENEDICTION at 7.15pm

See details on page 19

✠ **SUNDAY 20 MAY**  
**PENTECOST**

**HIGH MASS at 11am**

*Processional Hymn:* Hail Festal Day!

*Entrance Chant:* *Spiritus Domini*

*Setting:* Missa Brevis in D, K 194  
— Mozart

*Psalm:* 104: 24/25 – 35, 37

*Readings:* Acts 2: 1 – 21  
Romans 8: 22 – 27

*Gradual Hymn:* 139 (i) Come, thou Holy  
Spirit, come

*Gospel:* John 15: 26 – 27, 16: 4b – 15

*Preacher:* Fr Michael Bowie

*Creed:* Credo II

*Offertory Motet:* Caritas Diffusa Est  
— Daniel Knaggs

*Hymns:* 140 Holy Spirit, come,  
confirm us  
143 (T 428) Spirit of mercy,  
truth and love  
142 (T 401) Sing to him in  
whom creation

*Voluntary:* Fanfares for Chad — Paul Spicer

**EVENSONG AND**

**BENEDICTION at 6pm**

*Psalm:* 139: 1 – 18, 23 – 24

*Lessons:* Ezekiel 36: 22 – 28  
Acts 2: 22 – 38

*Office Hymn:* 136 Rejoice, the year upon  
its way

*Canticles:* Magnificat in D — Brewer  
Nunc Dimittis — Tone V

*Anthem:* The spirit of the Lord — Elgar

*Preacher:* The Vicar

*Hymn:* 137 Come down, O Love divine

*O Salutaris:* T 269 (i)

*Te Deum:* Collegium Regale — Howells

*Tantum ergo:* Pange lingua

*Voluntary:* Komm, heiliger Geist  
— Buxtehude

✠ **SUNDAY 27 MAY**  
**TRINITY SUNDAY**

**HIGH MASS at 11am**

*Entrance Hymn:* 336 Angel-voices ever  
singing

*Entrance Chant:* *Benedictus sit Deus Pater*

*Setting:* Missa Bell' Amifitrit' altera  
— Lassus

*Psalm:* 29

*Readings:* Isaiah 6: 1 – 8  
Romans 8: 12 – 17

*Gradual Hymn:* 343 Bright the vision that  
delighted

*Gospel:* John 3: 1 – 17

*Preacher:* The Vicar

*Creed:* Credo III

*Offertory Motet:* Hymn of the Cherubim  
— Rachmaninov

*Hymns:* 358 (ii) Father of heaven,  
whose love profound  
298 May the grace of Christ  
our Saviour  
146 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord  
God Almighty!

*Voluntary:* Prelude in E flat BWV 522 (i)  
— Bach

**EVENSONG AND**

**BENEDICTION at 6pm**

*Psalm:* 104: 1 – 9

*Lessons:* Ezekiel 1: 4 – 10, 22 – 28a  
Revelation 4

*Office Hymn:* 144 Father most holy,  
merciful and tender

*Canticles:* Canticles in F — Wood

*Anthem:* Beati quorum via — Stanford

*Preacher:* Fr Michael Bowie

*Hymn:* 475 Ye holy angels bright

*O Salutaris:* Howells

*Hymn:* 487 You, living Christ, our eyes  
behold

*Tantum ergo:* Howells

*Voluntary:* Master Tallis's Testament  
— Howells



## CALENDAR AND INTENTIONS FOR MAY 2018

1	<b>Philip and James, Apostles</b>	Trades Unions
2	Athanasius, bishop, teacher of the faith, 373	Christians in Egypt
3		Local elections
4	English saints and martyrs of the Reformation Era	Those who suffer for the faith
5		Of Our Lady
6	✠ <b>6<sup>TH</sup> SUNDAY OF EASTER</b>	<b>Our Parish and People</b>
7	Rogation Day	Farmers
8	Julian of Norwich, spiritual writer, 1417, Rogation Day	The Julian Shrine
9	Rogation Day	Friends of All Saints
10	<b>ASCENSION DAY</b>	Thanksgiving for the Ascension
11		Those in need
12	<i>Gregory Dix, monk and scholar</i>	Installation of Bishop Sarah
13	✠ <b>7<sup>TH</sup> SUNDAY OF EASTER Sunday after Ascension Day</b>	<b>Our Parish and People</b>
14	<b>Matthias the Apostle</b>	The College of Bishops
15		Christian Aid
16		The homeless
17		Unity
18		Those in need
19	Dunstan, archbishop, monastic reformer, 988	Parish Retreat and Pilgrimage to Assisi
20	✠ <b>PENTECOST Whit Sunday</b>	<b>Our Parish and People</b>
21	<i>Helena, protector of the Holy Places, 330</i>	Christians in the Holy Land
22		University of Westminster
23		BBC
24	John and Charles Wesley, evangelists, 1791 and 1788	Unity: The Methodist Church
25	The Venerable Bede, monk, scholar and historian, 735	Those in need
26	Augustine, archbishop, 605	Archbishop of Canterbury
27	✠ <b>TRINITY SUNDAY</b>	<b>Our Parish and People</b>
28	<i>Lanfranc, monk and archbishop, 1089</i>	Walsingham Pilgrimage
29		Church Schools
30	Josephine Butler, social reformer, 1906	Victims of Trafficking
31	<b>CORPUS CHRISTI</b>	Thanksgiving for the Holy Eucharist



Set and Printed by  
S Alban's Church Litho Unit  
Birmingham B12 0XB