

All Saints Parish Paper

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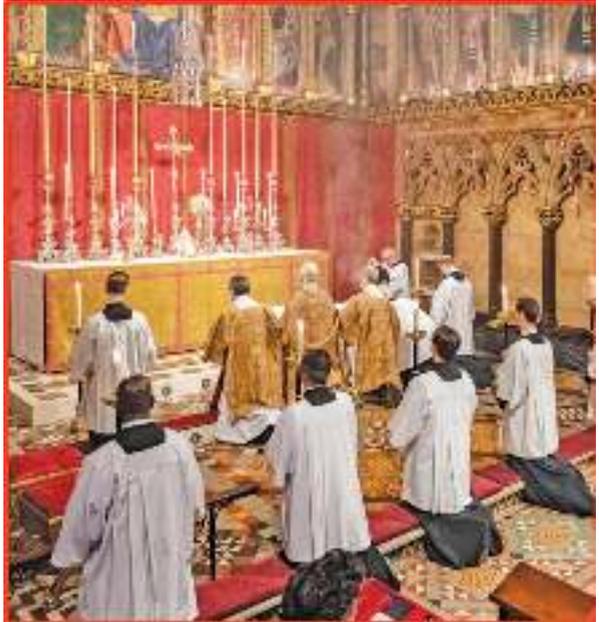
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VICAR'S LETTER

The season of All Saints and All Souls, of Remembrance and the shortening of days, provides a reminder of our own mortality and the need to prepare for the end of our lives. It is an occasion to think about funerals and wills. This is something both practical and spiritual.

We live in a culture which avoids talking of death. Funerals are often advertised, even in churches, as services of thanksgiving, celebrations of a life. Thanksgiving is rightly an element in any funeral service. We should give thanks for the gift from God of someone whom we have known and loved as a companion on our earthly pilgrimage; memories of love and joy, for their good deeds, for sorrows shared.

But first of all, as Christians, we give thanks for the death and resurrection of Christ which is the source of our hope. The first of the Prayer Book Funeral Sentences is **“I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die”** (John 11: 25 – 26). That is why the Paschal Candle burns by the coffin as it lies in church.



Allsaintstide at Margaret Street, November 2017

Photo: Andrew Prior

In the Common Worship Funeral Mass we pray, **“Heavenly Father, in your Son Jesus Christ you have given us a true faith and sure hope. Strengthen this faith and hope in us all our days, that we may live as those who believe in the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins and the resurrection to eternal life...”**

Because we believe in the forgiveness of sins, we do not bury our dead pretending that they have been without sin in this life. In the communion of saints, we pray as redeemed sinners for a fellow-sinner, as we

trust that they and others will in turn pray for us.

We entrust them to the mercy of God, praying at the Commendation, when the coffin has been sprinkled with holy water as sign of their baptism into the death and resurrection of Christ, and honoured with incense which symbolises our prayers:

Into your hands, O merciful Saviour, we commend your servant... Acknowledge, we pray, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming, Enfold him in the arms of your mercy, in the blessed rest of everlasting peace and in the glorious company of the saints in light.

The sermon at a funeral should be a proclamation of the Gospel of resurrection hope. That does not mean that it should make no reference to the life of the person who has died. However, I have come to believe that tributes by family members or friends should be like the speeches at weddings — kept for the reception after the service. They are often much better accompanied by a glass of wine.

In a congregation like ours many of us live far from our nearest relatives. They may not share our faith or be familiar with our customs. Their idea of a funeral might well be 20 minutes at the crematorium with a recording of Frank Sinatra's *"I did it my way"*. If you want to have a funeral Mass at All Saints, it will help both your family and the clergy here if you have said so in advance. The clergy are always happy to advise on choice of music and readings. We keep a file of people's funeral instructions.

Some years ago Archbishop Rowan said that the Church is often seen at its best at a good funeral. Those who have attended

funerals at All Saints know that to be true. Family and friends have often said to me how touched they have been by the care and sympathy they have found, not just from the clergy but from members of the congregation.

As well as preparing our funeral service, the Prayer Book reminds us that we should put our affairs in order by making a will. At the very least, this will make life easier for the relatives or friends who have to deal with our estate when we have gone.

We have just been asking our people to review their giving to the work of the church in this life, and we are grateful to those who have responded generously. If you haven't quite got round to it, don't worry, there is yet time!

Another of the funeral sentences says: **"We brought nothing into this world, and we can take nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."** (I Timothy 6: 7; Job 1: 21)

In recent decades, All Saints has benefited greatly from the generosity of former worshippers who have made bequests in their will. Their legacy is to be seen in the continuation of our work, especially the care of our extraordinary building and the maintenance of our musical tradition, much of which would not be possible without the funding they have provided.

The PCC has adopted a policy of encouraging people to leave bequests to the All Saints Foundation (which assists the parish in the care of our buildings) and the Choir and Music Trust. This means that you can be assured that your bequest will make an enduring contribution to the life of All Saints. We can give thanks for the many blessings we have received

here by helping to ensure that they will be available for others in the future. Details of the Trusts are available on the Church table or from the Parish Office.

Yours in Christ,
Alan Moses

PEOPLE

Baptism: Vahagn Jacka was baptised at High Mass on Sunday 23 September.

Confirmation: Satomi Horiuchi and **Joshua Dolphin** were amongst a group with others from the Annunciation, Marble Arch, who were confirmed by Bishop Stephen Platten at All Saints on 27 September.

Holy Matrimony: Alice Dickerson and **Kiran Nagandran** were married on Saturday 29 September. We wish the new Mr and Mrs Nagandran a long and happy married life.

Institution: Fr Jeremy Tayler, one of our ordinands, and until this month curate of St John's Wood Church, was instituted and inducted as Rector of St Mary's, Henley on Thames, on Monday 24 September. The Vicar joined a coach party from St John's Wood to support him.

Birthday Celebrations: The happy and laudable custom of providing wine after High Mass on Sundays to mark birthdays and anniversaries continues. Over the past few weeks we have celebrated the birthdays of **Keith Postance, David Parrott, Juliet Windham, Ian Marsh** and **Joanna Moses** (combined with her mother's name day).

Congratulations to **Hilary Rodger** on being made a Freeman of the Guild of Nursing. She joins another of our parishioners, **Anne Flanagan**. And

congratulations also to Assistant Director of Music **Jeremiah Stephenson** on recently achieving the Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music (LRAM) in recognition of his one-to-one instrumental teaching skills.

MAKING MISSION WORK!

David Craig reports on the USPG Festival held at All Saints on Saturday 22 September:

After a period when it seemed to have little idea of its purpose or any future programme, USPG now **United Society Partners in the Gospel** has returned to the life of the Anglican Church with a vitality which enthused an audience of former staff, retired missionaries and current supporters. For the second year, All Saints hosted the annual gathering, the church providing a warm welcome as well as the right atmosphere for liturgy, presentations and celebration which have always been the hallmarks of such events.

One year ago a new General Secretary was introduced. Duncan Dormer, dean of Chapel at St John's College with an impressive CV. He held responsible posts both in the academic and ecclesial worlds and authorship of books, chapters and articles on a variety of relevant, contemporary theological issues. Here was a CEO with a very different history. His enthusiasm, accessibility and common sense appealed to his audience who left with the sense that the venerable society had embarked on a new and exciting chapter.

September 2018 revealed how much progress had been made in just a single year. USPG had reinvigorated itself! A temporary move to offices in Mary Sumner House in

preparation for taking over a purpose-built property in Southwark providing a future income strand suggested a new confidence and awareness of fundraising. A powerful presentation on the Society's project: *'Standing in Solidarity with the Philippines'* revealed how, pursuit of profit mining exploitation has exacerbated environmental degradation, socio-economic inequality and above all violated the human rights of the indigenous **Lumad** peoples. Church leaders have been imprisoned because, in support of their people, they have demonstrated against such exploitation. Here was an example of partnership, where, working with the indigenous churches (the *Iglesia Filiina Independiente* and the Episcopal Church of the Philippines) USPG challenges churches not only to pray for the Filipinos but to make representation to the authorities to free those imprisoned and to question whether its investments profit from destructive mining. This approach is no new departure for the society as, under the chairmanship of the late James Robertson, trustees were asked to challenge Barclays Bank over its employment policies in apartheid South Africa.

The session ended with a presentation by Duncan Dormer of a three year strategy *Sharing God's mission worldwide*. He told the group that we are an Anglican mission agency existing to participate in God's mission, sharing, alongside others, in God's saving redemptive, transforming mission. In faithfulness to the Gospel imperative we will inevitably be radical, seeking to reach out beyond the circles of privilege and support the powerless. The strategic aims were:

- 1 To re think mission, to discern what the Spirit is saying to the churches
- 2 Support, facilitate and encourage

creative initiatives in mission theology to develop and deepen contextual and inter-cultural thinking across the Anglican Communion.

- 3 Energise churches and communities to proclaim a holistic Gospel where proclamation is accompanied by action.
- 4 Strengthen the capacity to enliven faith, deepen relationships and work for justice at every level of church life.

Summing it all up Duncan ended:

- We are Faithful to the call of Christ and to a 300+ year long history of serving churches in mission.
- We are Radical in response to the challenge of working for the Kingdom of God.
- We stand in Solidarity with our partner churches in ways that honour their dignity.
- We respect Context, working across cultures for the benefit of all peoples regardless of gender, ethnicity, sexuality, disability, age or beliefs.
- We recognise that such a Commitment involves a Willingness to learn and be changed.

For the first time in a decade people left the annual meeting aware that the Society had found its way, was moving forward and — while being faithful to its history — was finding new ways of making mission work for the Church worldwide.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI MEMORIAL

Preparations are under way for the temporary removal of the memorial panel from its home in the Parish Room when it goes to the Watts Gallery near Guildford

to be part of an exhibition on the work of Edward Burne-Jones.

The memorial was originally an altar piece in Christ Church, Woburn Square, where Rossetti worshipped in her later years. Earlier she had been a parishioner at Christ Church, Albany Street, (now in the parish of St Mary Magdalene, Munster Square, and used by an Orthodox congregation). Like All Saints, Christ Church, Albany Street, was a centre of Tractarian teaching and worship. Rossetti would also worship at All Saints on occasions. Her sister Maria became an All Saints Sister of the Poor.

A recently published book by Professor Emma Mason of the University of Warwick *Christina Rossetti: Poetry, Ecology, Faith*, includes a note of thanks to the staff of All Saints, Margaret Street, for assistance. Much more importantly, it is a fascinating study of the relationship between her faith, her writings and her very contemporary sounding delight in creation as God's work and plants and animals as God's creatures with their part in the kingdom of heaven.

NEW BRASS GOSPEL BOOK

The central point of the Liturgy of the Word at High Mass is the proclamation of the Gospel. The Book of the Gospels, which has been borne into church during the entrance procession and placed on the altar, is carried in procession into the midst of the congregation. It is accompanied by candles which symbolize the truth which is in Christ, the Light of the world, and incense which represents both the honour accorded to the words of Jesus and the prayerful attention with which we are to hear them. We turn to face the deacon who chants the Gospel as disciples listening to Jesus speaking; addressing our acclamations to him. We

make the sign of the cross on our forehead, lips and breast, praying that the words of the Gospel may be in our minds, on our lips and in our hearts; in our thinking, speaking and loving.

Gospel Books for use in the liturgy have by tradition been treated with great reverence and have often been richly adorned. Regular worshippers will be familiar with the handsome leather bound one which has been in use at All Saints for many years. We have recently received an anonymous gift of a beautiful brass mounted Common Worship Gospel Book. Our plan is to use this new addition on major feasts and to use the other on ordinary Sundays.

FESTIVAL PREACHERS

Our preacher on the Eve of All Saints will be **Fr Andrew Walker**, the Vicar of St Mary's, Bourne Street. Fr Andrew's ministry has included spells as Director of the London Centre for Spirituality and the Healing and Counselling Centre at St Marylebone Parish Church.

On All Saints Day, we welcome back an old friend in **Canon Peter Groves**, the Vicar of St Mary Magdalen's, Oxford. As well as being a parish priest, Fr Peter teaches theology in the University of Oxford and has been responsible for establishing The St Mary Magdalen School of Theology, which exists to provide people — lay and ordained — with the theological resources for an active Christian life. Growing out of a parish church in the catholic tradition of Anglicanism, it is a network of women and men who read, pray, and teach the Christian faith. So, the School intends to resource the Church through its website, books, conferences and workshops. The website will host short articles on

theological topics, including regular book reviews, as well as downloadable catechetical and liturgical resources. The intention is to be a place where new curates, incumbents, and chaplains can find reliable practical information as well as theological provocation to enliven their ministry. He is a devoted supporter of Queens Park Rangers; which is itself an act of faithful perseverance.

Fr Bill Wilson, our preacher on All Souls' Day is no stranger to All Saints. Before his retirement he was Vicar of St James's, Sussex Gardens, and Area Dean Paddington. This year he celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. Living now in Brighton, he continues to have an active ministry, both there and in parishes in London where he has been assisting during vacancies. His interests include church architecture and bell-ringing.

On Festival Sunday morning, we welcome **Fr Alan Everett**, Vicar of St Clement and St James, Notting Dale. This is something of a return to his roots for Fr Alan: he was confirmed at All Saints and worshipped here before training for ordination. His parish includes Grenfell Tower and had a significant rôle in the aftermath of the tragic fire. His book *"After the Fire: Finding*

Words for Grenfell", is published by Canterbury Press.

In the evening, we welcome an old friend and seminary contemporary at St Stephen's House of Fr Michael, **Archdeacon Martyn Gough**. Fr Martyn is originally from the diocese of Llandaff (where Fr Michael also served his second curacy) and worked in the diocese of Europe before becoming a naval chaplain. He recently became the Chaplain of the Fleet; a rôle held in former times by our own Bishop Ambrose Weekes.

ALL SAINTS FESTIVAL LECTURE

— 3pm Sunday 4 November

Anglo-Catholic Church Planting in the 19th Century

by *The Venerable Dr William Jacob*

As well as being our former archdeacon, Dr Jacob is a noted church historian and is working on a history of the Church in Victorian London.

FESTIVAL APPEAL 2018

See the full details of our three important Appeal beneficiaries on the back cover of this edition of the Parish Paper.

STUDY DAY — AN INTRODUCTION TO ST LUKE'S GOSPEL

Saturday 24 November, led by Canon Michael Gudgeon, starting at 10am, including the midday Mass. Sandwich lunch, tea and coffee will be provided — £5/head.

From Advent Sunday 2018 the Gospel Readings at the Sunday Mass will usually come from the third of the New Testament Gospels. It is the only one of the four which has a 'second volume' — the Acts of the Apostles. Both are traditionally attributed to Luke, the doctor companion of Paul on some of his missionary journeys.

Uniquely among New Testament writers, Luke begins each of his books with a preface or prologue. At the beginning of the Gospel he says: *It seemed good to me... to write an orderly account... that you may know the truth concerning the things of which you have been informed.* The same intention lies behind the decision to hold a

study day in preparation for our hearing of these readings.

We will study some distinctively Lukan passages, and explore themes which stand out as important to the third evangelist in his presentation of the life and teaching of our Lord and his apostles.

Those who sign up for this study day are asked to prepare in these ways:

Firstly: Read through the whole Gospel as you would any short story – if possible using a translation different from the one you usually hear in church. Don't worry

about things that puzzle you — just try to see the shape of the whole Gospel.

Secondly: Make a note of one example from the Gospel under each of these headings:

- (a) The thing that has struck you most in your reading;
- (b) Something that you don't understand or find difficult;
- (c) Something that you could turn into prayer.

When you come to the Study Day please bring a Bible and a note book and pen.

SERMON PREACHED on Sunday 7 October BY PROF THE REVD WILLIAM WHYTE for ALL SAINTS' DEDICATION FESTIVAL

Today's readings take to the heart of a tension — even a paradox — which runs throughout Christian history.

On the one hand, we believe in a universal God. We believe in a God who is everywhere; who created the whole world; who redeemed the whole world; who sanctifies — who makes truly holy — the whole world. On the other hand, we believe in a God who is personal, particular, and placed. We believe in a God who was — and is — Jesus Christ; who was — and is — a person, a human who walked on this earth. We believe in a God we encounter, individually and personally, in the Eucharist, as we adore and consume His body and His blood.

It is a paradox — a tension between the material and the immaterial — which is apparent in the words we use to describe the place of our worshipping communities.

Church means the body of Christians — the community of saints that stretches back through the centuries and out through all

the nations. The Church is thus placeless — immaterial — because it is everywhere.

Church also, of course, means a place — indeed, it means something very material, a building. A church doesn't have to be as glorious as All Saints, Margaret Street; but the notion of going to Church — of encountering God and forming a worshipping community — is an ancient one, testified to by our readings today.

We were offered a choice for our first reading, and could have opted for the story of Jacob's dream and of his awakening. He declares 'surely the Lord is in this place', and responds by erecting — and anointing — a pillar. He renames the site Bethel, or House of God.

In the reading from Revelation, too, we are given a vision — a dream — of the New Jerusalem. It is clear that this is meant to be a place. Indeed, if we take the idea of the Resurrection, the New Jerusalem — paradise — must be a place.

And yet, in our Gospel, it is evident that the Temple itself is not nearly as important as the person in it. The important thing here is Jesus. It is an idea developed in our other reading, from 1 Peter, where the ‘spiritual home’ for Christians — their church or temple — is built not from stones, not in a place, but out of people. In this reading, the material world — the place, the thing — is not nearly as significant as the idea, the faith — and those who hold it. In these two readings, Church as people trumps Church as building.

What are we to make of this paradox: a tension we find even within the different readings set for us today? Well, although it may not look like it, those who built this magnificent church and the other edifices of the Victorian religious revival were seeking to find an answer to that question.

They could hardly not. After all, churches like All Saints were an affront to many. They and their worship prompted aggressive publications, furious denunciations, even violence. One of the many pleasures of researching my most recent book was trawling through the pamphlets written by fierce Protestant clergymen who came to churches like this to be outraged: coughing furiously when incense was used; being taken ill when flowers were arranged or processions organized.

Anti-Tractarian, Anti-Ritualist figures saw in the expense, the symbolism, the costly array of fabrics, furnishings, and other materials, nothing less than idolatry: a celebration of the Church as building and a degradation of the Church as a vibrant, worshipping community.

And it wasn’t just criticism, and it wasn’t just these attacks that prompted your founders to think long and hard about

buildings, and their motivations for erecting them. What we sit in, pray in, worship in today was the outcome of serious thought by serious people. These were people who well understood the tension I’ve been talking about. These were people who sought not to ignore but to resolve that tension here.

They sought to build churches which would not merely be boxes for preaching in. They hoped to build churches that would not simply be inert containers to be filled and animated by a preacher’s voice.

Rather, these were places that were meant to do something. They were meant to teach: to preach in their own right, through imagery, through sacred symbolism, through their form and their ornamentation. These were places that were meant to move the emotions: to uplift and even over-awe; to give a glimpse of heaven — of the jewel-like New Jerusalem depicted in our reading. And they were intended to do this all the time, whether empty or full, whether in worship or in the quiet of private contemplation.

In that sense, this Church was not just a place to worship God; it was also a place designed to tell us something about God — a work of theology as well as a work of art. It was designed not merely to be a Church, but to help create the Church. That is, it was intended to inspire the community of saints who make up the Church universal.

In that way, All Saints represents a recognition of the paradox with which I started. And it represents a refusal to resolve that paradox and make theology simple: to make it a choice between a universal God or an incarnate Deity; between material or immaterial matters. It shows us — just as our readings show us — that we cannot and must not choose. We must have both.

The building is thus a powerful piece of

theological thinking: one that grants us a glimpse of a universal God — of something immaterial and wholly beyond us. But it also leads us to encounter God in the material world: in the structure of the building, in its ornaments, its flowers, its music, and in each other. Praise God for it, for those who created it, and for you who now sustain it.

MORE THAN WELCOME IN THE ANTIPODES

Fr Michael Bowie continues with his Travelogue:

Where was I? Possibly at the end of a fine Italian meal one Tuesday. Yes, that's it.

I rose early the next day to meet the wonderfully-monikered Rhyce Winterbourne, he whose cassock-making skills had impressed me on the persons of several priests and servers at CCSL on my last visit. It is surely remarkable that, in the nearly robe-free Godly Commonwealth of Sydney, a living can be made from the manufacture of soutanes, though there are a (very) few Roman Catholic clergy who still wear them. His extraordinary little shop on Parramatta Road in Stanmore is *RJW Shirts* (www.rjwshirts.net). On entering this tiny emporium one encounters a very large man and a reasonably large whippet. Even the purveyance of tailor-made shirts, stiff collars and cuffs seems an unlikely line of trade to succeed in modern Sydney, but the website now warns that orders are taking 4 to 6 months, and my own order was not, in the end, ready before I left the country.

Mr W took measurements, discussed at length the esoteric merits of close-fitting versus loose-fitting, five versus three pleats, brush braid, piping and covered buttons. We reached a consensus. We then segued into a seminar on ecclesiastical politics, opera and costume design. I should have made a

videographic record, but I suspect you have a flavour of the encounter.

That afternoon was spent at a funeral, of my mother's oldest friend, Lucy Lloyd, who had died two days before I left the UK. This was, spookily, in S. James Turramurra, the first church building I can remember, where my father was Rector in the 60's. I hadn't seen it for about 50 years. Photographs had reinforced some early-childhood memories, so it felt simultaneously oddly familiar and utterly alien. It was Lucy's younger son (who has lived in Hackney for 43 years but whom I hadn't seen for more than a decade) who'd got in touch with me in London and there he was, with his brother and sister, who I remember fixed in their early twenties; as you are intuiting this was an experience of temporal dislocation (do I mean that? I'm sure you get the picture). Despite the Godly Commonwealth, there was enough liturgy to know that one had been to church. The clergyman wore a surplice and scarf (no cassock of course, but the surplice was long enough to conceal the sensible grey trousers and brown shoes); two candles were lit in the sanctuary (probably not used on Sundays, but Death is Different I suppose). The priest spoke warmly and well, as did all three of Lucy's children. Sad to have missed seeing her before she died, I was extremely pleased to be there and moved to be given (by her daughter) an envelope containing photos which Lucy had kept of my parents and my childish self in and around the same church.

In the evening I set off for the first of many dinners at the Union Club, of which you may soon tire: this one was to reward my usual hosts in Glebe, Messrs Crawshaw and Hannan, for putting up with me in the past and being prepared to tolerate another week of me at the end of this trip. The club has been made over since I was there in January and, resplendent in a striking new colour

scheme, has redeployed the art collection to striking advantage. The clubhouse was built in the fifties, jettisoning a grand Victorian building for contemporary modernity (doubtless this seemed like a good idea at the time): this has now aged sufficiently to be visually interesting, possibly even charming. The evening staff are not many (luncheon is the busy time) and seemed this year to consist mostly of a slightly affected young German from Munich — we'll call him Hans — who looked after all things drinkish, and an astonishingly down-to-earth local girl, Maddy, who might have stepped out of a country pub dining room just the other day. Though her manner and turn of phrase were a little startling, we agreed that she added homely charm to the visit, and a convivial evening was spent. You will hear more of Maddy.

The following day, Adelaide Cousin Barbara Robinson (a recent visitor to Margaret St) arrived for a four-day visit to Sydney, with a clear focus on eating, drinking and shopping. I did my best to support these addictions while beginning my round of communion visits to far-flung suburbs: first to the delightful Don Waterworth, in Wahroongah on the North Shore. This is the part of Sydney I can first properly remember; not far from him is the kindergarten I attended, where (to the consternation of the staff) I consistently refused the mandatory afternoon sleep and where I met my oldest friend, Scott Hordern, with whom I was also at school not far away. It turned out that Don, at a distance of a few decades, had attended that same school, Barker College, so we had a certain amount of local gossip up on which to catch. My hosts in Glebe came with me, as they had been friends of Don's since the insidiously-spreading diocesan blight had driven him from his parish church, S. Paul's Wahroongah (in his day also the school

chapel). CCSL has a number of people in this boat, not Anglo-Catholics by upbringing, who have learned to love our tradition once all tradition has disappeared from their home churches. The house, up in which he grew, is a perfectly preserved pre-war interior and we were treated to an equally pre-war-scale Tea after communion.

That evening I took cousin Barb to the Club for dinner. Having revisited the Harbour Bridge Opening-Ribbon Relic (see earlier in the year, episode one), we were rewarded with more of Maddy. Maddy is all for getting on with things. It puzzled her that we wanted to order our food while having a pre-dinner drink in the sitting room: 'you're more than welcome to order at the table'. Her eagerness to get on with the food-service meant that we hadn't much time for the drink: 'your first courses are ready, you're more than welcome to come to the table'. Feeling almost too welcome by the time we returned to the sitting room for coffee (again perceived as an eccentricity), we over-stretched the welcome by asking for a whisky. She told us that would mean she'd have to go down and reopen the bar. I thanked her for this offer and asked for a large whisky. She proudly told me that they only served standard measures. Gently suggesting that I didn't doubt that, I clarified that I was requesting a double. At once exhausting and amusing, she did not dent the sense of relaxation that the sitting room exudes. It was lovely.

Another disconcertingly late awakening the next day (I was now suffering with blocked ears, which at least, at my advancing age, assist with the deep and dreamless) prepared me for Barb's thank-you lunch in the restaurant of the NSW Parliament (*Strangers*). Shamefully, I had never been into our oldest Parliament House before. Known, with reason, as the Bear Pit of

Australian Democracy, it is as tiny as it is old. The Parliament having been established by The NSW Act in 1823, the Legislative Council (Upper House) began life as five members appointed by the Governor in 1824. Presumably a dining room sufficed for those meetings, but there are now 42 MLCs. You may know that voting is compulsory in Australia and one is fined for a failure to turn up. Because the system is not ‘first past the post’ but ‘preferential’ (I think you call that ‘single transferable’?) it used also to be the case that one had to complete the entire ballot paper with numbered preferences or it was registered as spoiled (‘informal’ in local parlance, to my mind a more colourful descriptor). In the 1999 elections a record number of parties contested seats in the Council, resulting in so unwieldy a voting paper (the ‘table cloth’ ballot) and so complex an exchange of preferences between the numerous parties, that voting was simplified a little. Two seats are still held by the Rev’d Fred Nile’s Christian Democrats. The Rev’d Fred is the longest-serving member of the Council (since the 1970’s) where he has, scarily, more than once held the balance of power. This famed NSW Mary Whitehouse is best known for his early categorisation of AIDS as proof of the evil of homosexuality, a view that he continues to assert in the face of any facts presented to him. While I might take satisfaction in telling you that he is a minister of the Diocese of Sydney, I must report that he is in fact a Congregationalist: he has been in the Council so long that his denomination has ceased to exist. He used, in my youth, to be referred to by right-thinking people as the Reverend Roland Colon.

Having lunched well and piously visited both Chambers of Parliament, I noticed more evidence of the Harbour Bridge Opening and the famous Twice-Cut Ribbon (first by Captain de Groot of the Fascist New Guard

and then by the Premier, Labor’s [sic] Jack Lang): the event, at least as exciting as the Battle of Cable Street, is immortalised here in a sort of tapestry or woolly collage, created no doubt for some significant anniversary of the august institution (possibly sesquicentennial 1984?). Here too were the silver ceremonial scissors used by Premier Lang (though not, of course, de Groot’s sabre), proudly displayed under glass.

A walk back to CCSL (a gentle stroll down the hill from Macquarrie St) included a quick visit to S. James, King St, where I noticed (as Fr Forse would have wanted me to do) that the Confessional had now been separated from the Fire Blanket (see again 2018, episode one — I wonder if someone caught my mocking Facebook post of the conjunction). Dragging Barb out of a series of shoe boutiques and having acquired suitable wines for dinner, I deposited her in the Rectory while attending EP & Mass; we then drove across the ANZAC bridge to enjoy a splendid family meal in (her sister) Cath’s house, which perches high on a rock-outcrop in Rozelle, overlooking Glebe across the bay.

Sleeping in a little too convincingly once more on Saturday, I decided to seek medical help for the ear-affliction. Texting my Glebe friends to see whether they had a preferred doctor, I was rewarded with the details of a medical practice not far from the Rectory, near St Mary’s Cathedral. After breakfast at Jim’s in Glebe I phoned the practice at about 09.45, hoping to encounter a phone-booking service for the following week. A real person not only answered the phone but offered me an appointment at 10.45 or 11.15. Hiding my astonishment I accepted the proffered 11.15 and wandered up to Hyde Park to sit in the sun (a cooler 17 degrees) until the appointed time. I was soon welcomed into a modern reception area full of striking paintings and

comfortable chairs and, having been seen and sorted out by a doctor quite alarmingly younger than myself, presented with a bill for the equivalent of £45. ‘Money well-spent’, I remarked, slightly too audibly (thereby realising that I could now hear perfectly). I’ll be hanging on to the card of this medical practice for any future non-urgent medical attention which can wait for a visit home.

Some writing filled the afternoon, Fr Daniel having asked me to compose a series of short articles on Catholic Practices for visitors and new members at CCSL. I had originally intended to call these paragraphs *Not the 39 Articles*, but discovered that there are far more than thirty-nine important things up to which we get. I’ll have to stick with another old chestnut, *The Ritual Reason Why*. Barb meanwhile further assaulted the shops and a quiet evening completed the preparation for Sunday’s joys. These began, once more with Breakfast at Jim’s (less distinguished-sounding than ‘Tiffany’s’ but so much more nourishing, if I correctly remember Miss Hepburn’s diet). As I was not being inflicted on the long-suffering punters I attended (and deaconed) only High Mass.

Wearing my Fr Forse hat (yes, you are right, that would be a biretta) I should observe that HM at CCSL begins rather distinctively. As Rector, I had introduced a west door entrance on days when a procession is called for, but my successor decided that, in order to ‘bear witness’ to (mostly uncomprehending) Pitt and George Streets, the servers, choir and clergy should always process outdoors from the Pitt Street entrance around the tip of Railway Square past the breakfasting guests of the huge youth hostel which now inhabits the Flatiron Building (originally the Lotteries Office, next door to CCSL: it is recorded that the departure of the LO led to a significant drop in takings at votive candle stands in church). This largish

procession (choir of thirty, plus servers and clergy) then regroups on the footpath outside the George St West Door for preliminary praying. All then enter as the Introit is sung, and the *Asperges* begins. Up to this point the compulsory Sydney Substitution (truly Penal) of cope for chasuble makes sense; thereafter not so much. This weekly outdoor pre-HM procession and the addition, since my time, of an entirely glazed inner porch (which means that proceedings are visible to passersby on the busy George St footpath) does gather some people in. It all looks and sounds *interesting* (as we find on our ASMS perambulations with the Blessed Sacrament and Our Lady: that’s a proper Fresh Expression of Church in my book; I think I may call that book ‘Enjoying the Liturgy is a Mission Action Plan’). After HM I toddled down to the *Great Southern* for Parish Sunday Lunch. Sunday continued to be Sunday until it wasn’t any more and Monday followed, as it mostly does.

After 8am Mass, breakfast at Jim’s on Barb’s final morning led her into a bantering conversation with the august Patron. Having been, in one of her many work-incarnations, a travel guide in the outback, she banters rather well. Jim offered to sell her his café and then asked, well, more commanded, that she should write a review on *TripAdvisor*. His parting shot was ‘write something bad; more people read those’. He didn’t realise the risk he was taking. The following was her (two-star) response when she got back to Adelaide. Under the heading ‘Jim told me to rate this place low...’

This is Jim’s baby despite offering it for sale on a regular basis to anyone who may be interested. I offered monopoly money. Appearing frequently grumpy, Jim is all crust on the outside and gooey chew on the inside. Bit like Esca really — you are seated and served fast and there’s not much

time before the nosh is delivered for you to catch up on world events. Coffee is good, the juice freshly squeezed and the serving sizes generous. All at a reasonable price. You're just being greedy if you want more.

He was ecstatic.

Having deposited Barb at the airport I was treated to an Italian classic in Crown Street Woolloomooloo, *Bar Reggio*, about 20 minutes' hilly walk from the Rectory through Surry [sic] Hills. This cheerful *trattoria* offers piles of food, some of it adapted to old-fashioned local tastes (the acid test being the 'Hawaiian pizza' with authentic 70's-style tinned pineapple among the toppings: this divides the patrons firmly into purists and latitudinarians, pineapple, and presumably Hawaii, being acceptable only to the latter). The pizza bases and pasta (especially that with clams) are wonderful and BYO, that great Australian institution, eliminates wine-list inflation.

The next day, my official day off, took me to Rosehill, best known for its racecourse, but also the site of Elizabeth Farm Cottage. This originally four-roomed brick cottage was transformed, by the late 1820s, into a smart country house, surrounded by 'pleasure grounds', orchards and a large acreage of semi-cleared land. Enclosed within later extensions, the early cottage remains intact, making it Australia's oldest surviving European dwelling. Elizabeth and John Macarthur arrived in Sydney in 1790 with the Second Fleet. A couple of years later the Governor granted Macarthur 100 acres near Parramatta on the west side of "Tipperary Farm". This area would increase through grants to almost 1100 acres by 1881.

The house was begun in 1793 and remained the Macarthur family residence and Elizabeth's home until her death in 1850. From 1794 Macarthur became interested

in raising sheep and began selectively to crossbreed his flock at Elizabeth Farm. He is Mr Merino, the founder of Australian Wool (together with the Reverend Samuel Marsden — see last month), and an inspiration to my Austin ancestors, who put his ideas to good use in Victoria, as I have previously described.

The house was the scene of much political and social activity, including visits from many governors and their wives (Government House being still in nearby Parramatta at this date). In 1833, by which time he was succumbing to mental illness, John Macarthur moved to a newly built and much grander property at Camden and died there in 1834. Elizabeth preferred to spend her long widowhood in the original house and so the house at Camden, still inhabited by their descendants, the Macarthur Onlsows, and featured now in many period films, passed to the children.

Having reacquainted myself with this early domestic gem, I headed back for another indulgent dinner at *Balcon*, a Spanish Tapas establishment in the CBD where one of my dinner companions of the previous evening looks after the wine. A 20% discount meant that the meal cost only slightly more than dinner at the Ritz.

Wednesday was S. Benedict's day, memorable to me as the first time I ever venerated a relic (at S. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, during my heady first parish placement there as a seminarian, in 1989). Today there were no relics on offer and I was the preacher at the weekly Healing Mass. This is the oldest continuous healing ministry in Australia, begun by Fr John Hope, the most significant Rector of CCSL, about whom legends multiply. An Anglo-Catholic of the old school he built up the parish on the basis of non-communicating

High Mass. Perhaps fortunately for him, he retired in the 1960's, by which time this practice was becoming indefensible in the face of RC habits. For parishes like CCSL it was certainly a theological position (however odd that now seems), but also a community-building practice, in a city church to which, as at ASMS, most were travelling some distance. Communicants would attend 7.30am Mass, gather together for a substantial breakfast and then return for pure worship at the 10.30am High Mass. The young people would then spend the afternoon being something called Knights of St George and stay on for Evensong & Benediction. Happy days, which restaurants and TV have permanently undermined.

But, as often, I digress. S. Benedict having been honoured and various predictable ministerial tasks completed I was looking forward to a dinner with Fr Greg Seach, now the Warden of Wollaston Theological College in Perth, whom many of you remember as a Holy Week preacher at ASMS. Here was a further Maddy Opportunity at the Club and she did not disappoint. We were again successful in our various tussles with her sense of propriety and managed to drink, eat, and find whisky in the places, and according to the timetable, that we preferred.

The next day began with a communion visit which combined the pleasure of seeing an old friend with the realisation that she was no longer with us. The communicant in question had been a medical missionary and had taken an active and productive interest in the healing ministry I've just mentioned. She now lives in a beautiful purpose-built care home in Northbridge, but did not know me, or, I fear, that she was receiving communion. The sweetness of character that I remembered so clearly was in evidence, but no sensible communication could occur. She is one of the kindest and

most supportive people I've encountered in any parish so, while glad that she is so well cared for, I could not help feeling sad that the person I knew was gone. This is, of course, a common occurrence, both mysterious and distressing, the conjunction of consciousness and personhood being difficult to untangle.

Driving around the corner into Willoughby Road to my favourite second-hand bookshop, *Love Vintage*, mentioned to you before, I found Margaret still presiding, and I was able, after a restorative chat, to exit with some Australiana (Ruth Park's *Poor Man's Orange*, about life in Surry Hills, across the railway line from CCSL) and some further inspiration: *P.G. Wodehouse: a Life in Letters*. Another home visit and then, Peter Jewkes having invited me to an expansive seafood buffet at the Hotel Intercontinental near the Quay, the evening was satisfactorily concluded with a brisk walk back to Railway Square (about two miles), thus ensuring both that I would not add too many inches to the waist and increasing the possibilities of the d&d.

Friday began with more pastoral visits. First to another fine lady who I'd known long ago, also now living with dementia (though not so advanced) in another beautiful care facility, this time in Elizabeth Bay, near King's Cross. Able to give her communion and have some conversation about music, I moved on to Fr Stan Hessey who lives in an Anglican Retirement Village nearby. I have known Fr Stan for more than forty years. A former army chaplain who served in Vietnam, he was a CCSL ordinand in the incumbency of the great and aforementioned Fr Hope. He is yet another living link to the CCSL healing ministry, having travelled every week from near Newcastle NSW to preach and sing Spirituals at it for many years.

Practicalities now dominated my afternoon. Having made the spare bed too vigorously after Barb's departure, I had managed to destroy one of the matching bedside lamps in that bedroom. Careful trawling through lighting-shop websites revealed three possible sources of replacement; Beacon Lighting of Alexandria ultimately came to the rescue with a 'buy one get one 60% off' deal, thus ensuring that I could present my carelessness as not so much having lost a bedside light as having gained a new pair plus a spare. Fr Daniel later told me that the original pair of lights had been abandoned by a previous inhabitant and held no sentimental attachment for anyone. As often, I worry about the Wrong Things. Still, I left Rectory one bedside light better off than I found it. We must celebrate these small advances.

And by way, precisely, of celebration, the evening promised yet another dinner at the Club, with the energetic and recently-deaconed Antony Weiss. Antony is an intriguing addition to the CCSL ministerial canvas, having grown up in a non-observant Jewish family and taught at the diocesan independent school which my grandfather, uncle and all my maternal cousins attended ('Shore', being more accurately 'Sydney Church of England Grammar School', but known as 'Shore' because it is on the North Shore of the Harbour). Having become a Christian, and eager to share his faith, he had attended Moore College (the local Reformed Anti-Seminary) but with admirable backbone attached himself primarily to CCSL. Any such laudable commitment to actual Anglicanism among Sydney clergy must be nourished, so I hope to persuade him to visit us for a taste of London Anglo-Catholicism before long. Meanwhile, with Maddy looking, as ever, askance, we were able, as previously, to drink, eat, and find

whisky in the places, and according to the timetable, that we preferred. What was I saying about celebrating small advances? I was clearly winning this battle, as Maddy seemed resigned to our eccentric behaviour by the end of that evening. I hope you are similarly resigned, as there's another episode to come... To which you're so much more than welcome.

100 YEARS AGO

This month marks the centenary of the end of the First World War and, together with churches up and down the land, we will be marking the occasion on Remembrance Sunday, the 11th of November.

In the October 1918 edition of the Parish Paper, Fr Mackay had expressed the hope that the war would soon be over. The November Parish Paper had gone to press before the Armistice had taken place, so it was not until December that he was able to write about it and as this event will be much in our minds, it seems sensible to jump forward a month and read about the response to the event as it happened.

"When I foreshadowed a Procession of Victory in October little did I think that I should be able to describe it in December.

"Sunday, November 10th was a day of tension; the news of the signing of the Armistice was expected at any moment, and until I had given the blessing after Evensong I kept wondering whether the messenger would appear through the sacristy door and give us the great news in time for united thanksgiving. The news came on St Martin's Day, the greatest Martinmas in English history. I was in the middle of the usual morning of letters and interviews when the maroons went off, and a faint Babel arose in the streets. I could not

leave my room for some time, and I did not see the first and best sign of thanksgiving at All Saints, for when the maroons went off the people ran in from the streets and flung themselves prostrate on the ground before the Altar of the Blessed Sacrament.

“About noon I said to myself, ‘Now don’t be an idiot; this is one of the greatest days in the history of mankind, and you are writing ordinary letters in the heart of London. Go out into the streets and see what is happening.’ It was the prettiest moment of the Victory. In Oxford Street and Regent Street the windows and balconies of the great business houses were lined up to the roofs with the cheering figures of the staffs hanging out bunting and waving handkerchiefs and flags. The soldiers had seized the taxis and were starting on their Victory joy-rides, the people were all standing up on the omnibuses and preserving their equilibrium by a miracle. Everybody wanted to dance, and there never was so happy a family party before.

“All our boys had gone home for their after-the-Festival holiday, and so we could have no music that afternoon. I am afraid that the big congregation which filled the church at Evensong was disappointed, but the situation was explained and the arrangements for Thanksgiving announced. At 8 o’clock in the evening a large number of people who live near us assembled, and we sang the Glorious Mysteries and the Te Deum on our knees before the Most Holy Sacrament.

“On Wednesday the 13th we began a Novena for the help of St Michael and All Angels against disorders in the resettlement... Towards the end of the week the official form of Thanksgiving reached me through the post, exhibiting the

extraordinarily dreary paper and printing which convey the official announcements of the Church of England, and the sight of which drives for the moment all joyousness out of my heart. I wonder to whom the Archbishops entrust the preparation of these special forms of service. I imagine a small committee of the Aldermen of the City of London. However, we were brave and loyal, and managed to use a good deal of the contents of the paper on Sunday the 17th.

“The church was crowded of course on Sunday 17th; the services were festal, the National Anthem was sung, and the arrangements for the great procession on Sunday the 24th were announced.”

Fr Mackay’s account of the procession will appear in the December issue of the Parish Paper.

RINGING IN THE PEACE IN 2018

Janet Drake writes:

When All Saints’ two bells are chimed at 12.30 after Mass on Sunday 11 November, do not think this is a signal to start a meeting or another Service. We are briefly taking part in the ***Ringling for Peace initiative*** to mark 100 years since the Armistice at the end of World War One together with over 3,000 towers across the country and others abroad. Across the UK, many thousands of bell-ringers will be joining in the international initiative to celebrate the day the guns fell silent after more than four years of fighting — and the peace and friendship that now exists between former enemies.

Bell-ringing was restricted across the UK throughout the war and only rang

freely once Armistice was declared. At that moment bells were rung spontaneously across the country; an outpouring of relief that the war had come to an end. This year most towers will be ringing bells half-muffled (as usual) before their Remembrance Day Service in remembrance of those killed and open (muffles removed) at 12.30 and some again at 7.05pm as a chain of beacons are lit across the country.

SUNDAYS & SOLEMNITIES MUSIC & READINGS

*Please Note: All Festival Service Collections
31 October to 4 November
will be for the Festival Appeal 2018.*

THURSDAY 1 NOVEMBER ALL SAINTS' DAY

HIGH MASS at 6.30pm

Entrance Hymn: 197 For all the saints who
from their labours rest

Entrance Chant: Gaudeamus
omnes in Domino

Setting: Missa Brevis in C, K259
— Mozart

Psalm: 24: 1 – 6

Readings: Wisdom 3: 1 – 9
Revelation 21: 1 – 6a

Gradual Hymn: 230 (ii) Palms of glory,
raiment bright (descant v5
— Caplin)

Gospel: Matthew 5: 1 – 12

Preacher: Fr Peter Groves,
St Mary Magdalen's, Oxford

Creed: Credo III

Offertory Motet: Laudate Dominum
— Mozart

Hymns: 225 (i) Give me the wings of
faith to rise
341 Blest are the pure in heart
478 Ye watchers and ye holy
ones (v4 descant — Birch)

Voluntary: Carillon-Sortie — Mulet

FRIDAY 2 NOVEMBER ALL SOULS' DAY

HIGH MASS of REQUIEM at 6.30pm

Setting: Requiem — Fauré

Psalm: 27: 1 – 6, 16 – end

Readings: Lamentations 3: 17 – 26, 31 – 33
1 Peter 1: 3 – 9

Gradual Hymn: 327 (295) Christ, enthroned
in highest heaven (omit vv 2, 3)

Gospel: John 11: 38 – 44

Preacher: Fr Bill Wilson

Russian Contakion — arr Harry Brama

Hymns: 329 (i) Jesu, Son of Mary
330 (T 175) What sweet of life
endureth

Post Communion Hymn:

114 Now is eternal life

After dismissal: No voluntary

☩ SUNDAY 4 NOVEMBER ALL SAINTS SUNDAY (4th Before Advent)

PROCESSION and HIGH MASS at 11am

Processional Hymns: 197 For all the saints
who from their labours rest
231 Who are these, like stars
appearing

Entrance Chant: Gaudeamus omnes
in Domino

Setting: Missa Brevis in F, K192
— Mozart

Psalm: 34: 1 – 10, 22
Readings: 2 Esdras 2: 42 – end
 Hebrews 12: 18 – 24
Gradual Hymn: 228 (T 439 ii) Jerusalem,
 thou City blest (omit*)
Gospel: Matthew 5: 1 – 12
Preacher: Fr Alan Everett, Vicar of
 St Clement, Notting Dale
Creed: Merbecke
Offertory Motet: Holy is the true light
 — Harris
Hymns: 224 For all thy saints, O Lord
 198 (T 378) The Church
 triumphant in thy love
 381 Jerusalem the golden
 (v4 descant — Caplin)
Voluntary: Joie et clarté des Corps
 Glorieux — Messiaen

**FESTAL EVENSONG,
 TE DEUM and BENEDICTION
 at 6pm**

Psalms: 148, 150
Lessons: Isaiah 66: 20 – 23
 Colossians 1: 9 – 14
Office Hymn: 196 Father, in whom thy
 saints are one
Canticles: Setting in G minor
 — Francis Jackson
Anthem: Bring us, O Lord God
 — Harris
Preacher: Fr Martyn Gough,
 Chaplain of the Fleet
Hymn: 199 God, whose city's sure
 foundation
O Salutaris: Sumsion
Te Deum: Collegium Regale — Howells
Tantum ergo: Sumsion
Voluntary: Elegy — Thalben Ball

**✠ SUNDAY 11 NOVEMBER
 REMEMBRANCE
 3rd BEFORE ADVENT**

**ACT OF REMEMBRANCE
 and HIGH MASS at 10.58am**

Entrance Chant: *Intret oratio mea*
Hymn at Act of Remembrance:
 417 O God, our help in ages past
Setting: Mass in E minor
 — Lloyd Webber
Psalm: 85: 8 – 13
Readings: Micah 4: 1 – 5
 Philippians 4: 6 – 9
Gradual Hymn: 499 Thy kingdom come,
 O Lord
Gospel: John 14: 23 – 29
Preacher: Fr Julian Browning
Creed: Lloyd Webber
Offertory Motet: There is an old belief
 — Parry
Hymns: 497 (T449) O Lord our God,
 arise
 493 Rejoice, O land, in God
 thy might
 O Valiant Hearts (T 250)
Voluntary: Chorale Prelude on 'Dundee'
 — Parry

**EVENSONG and
 BENEDICTION at 6pm**

Psalms: 46, 82
Lessons: Isaiah 10: 33 – 11: 9
 John 14: 1 – 22
Office Hymn: 150 (R) O blest Creator of
 the light
Canticles: Canticles in G — Bairstow
Anthem: Iustorum animæ — Stanford
Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses
Hymn: 490 Judge eternal, throned
 in splendour

O Salutaris: Lloyd Webber
Hymn: 464 Thou art the way: by thee
alone

Tantum ergo: Lloyd Webber
Voluntary: Allegretto (Sonata No 4) Op 65
— Mendelssohn

✠ SUNDAY 18 NOVEMBER 2nd BEFORE ADVENT

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 436 Praise, my soul, the
King of heaven (v4 descant
— Blake)

Entrance Chant: *Dicit dominus: Ego cogito*
Setting: Missa simile est regnum
cælorum — Victoria

Psalm: 16
Readings: Daniel 12: 1 – 3
Hebrews 10: 11 – 14. 19 – 25

Gradual Hymn: 190 (ii) Christ, the fair glory
of the holy angels

Gospel: Mark 13: 1 – 8
Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses
Creed: Credo III
Offertory Motet: Ave verum corpus — Elgar
Hymns: 304 Once, only once,
and once for all

514 Come, Christ's beloved,
feed on his body true
135 (T 447) The Lord ascendeth
up on high

Voluntary: Final, Symphonie No 4, Op 32
— Vierne

EVENSONG and BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 95
Lessons: Daniel 3: 13 – end
Matthew 13: 24 – 30, 36 – 43

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

Canticles: Second service — Gibbons
Anthem: How are the mighty fallen
— Ramsey

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Hymn: 103 Alleluya! Alleluya!
O Salutaris: Stainer, arr Paul Brough

Hymn: 500 Thy kingdom come!
on bended knee

Tantum ergo: Beethoven, arr Stainer/Brough
Voluntary: 'Kommst du nun, Herr Jesu'
BWV 650 — J.S. Bach

✠ SUNDAY 25 NOVEMBER CHRIST THE KING

HIGH MASS at 11am

Procession Hymns: 352 Crown him with
many crowns
433 O worship the King
(descant v6 — Gray)

Entrance Chant: *Dignus est Agnus*
Setting: Missa Brevis in D, K 194
— Mozart

Psalm: 93
Readings: Daniel 7: 9 – 10, 13 – 14
Revelation 1: 4b – 8

Gradual Hymn: 394 Let all the world in
every corner sing

Gospel: John 18: 33 – 37
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Creed: Mozart

Offertory Motet: Alleluia, I heard a voice
— Weelkes
Hymns: 282 Faithful shepherd, feed me
295 Let all mortal flesh keep
silence

To God be the glory
Voluntary: Final, Symphonie No 6, Op 42
— Widor

**EVENSONG and
BENEDICTION at 6pm**

Psalm: 72

Lessons: Daniel 5

John 6: 1 – 15

Office Hymn: 386 O Jesu, King most
wonderful

Canticles: The Jesus Service — Mathias

Anthem: Worthy is the Lamb — Handel

Preacher: Fr Simon Cuff,
St Mellitus College

Hymn: 271 Alleluya, sing to Jesus

O Salutaris: Victoria

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

Tantum ergo: Victoria (no 2)

Voluntary: Allegro assai vivace, Sonata 1
— Mendelssohn

**✠ SUNDAY 2 DECEMBER
ADVENT 1**

**Litany in Procession and
HIGH MASS at 11am**

Litany: Tallis

Entrance Chant: *Ad te levavi*

Setting: Missa Brevis — Palestrina

Psalm: 25: 1 – 10

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

Gradual Hymn: 14 The advent of our God

Gospel: Luke 21: 25 – 36

Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses

Creed: Credo II

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

Hymns: 501 Drop down, ye heavens,
from above

3 (ii) Come, thou long-
expected Jesus

7 Hills of the North, rejoice

No voluntary

**ADVENT SERVICE OF
READINGS AND MUSIC
BY CANDLELIGHT at 6pm**

Chorale Prelude: ‘Nun komm, der Heiden
Heiland’ BWV 659 — Bach

Processional Hymn: 11 O come, O come,
Emmanuel

1st Reading: Zechariah 9: 9 – 10

2nd Reading: Jeremiah 23: 5 – 6

Anthem: A tender shoot — Goldschmidt

3rd Reading: Isaiah 9: 2, 6 – 7

Anthem: Rorate cœli — Byrd

Hymn: 5 Hark! A herald voice is
calling

4th Reading: Isaiah 7: 10 – 15

Anthem: Ave Maria à 5 — Philips

Hymn: 3 (ii) Come, thou long-
expected Jesus

5th Reading: Romans 12: 1 – 2, 13: 11 – 14

Anthem: And I saw a new heaven
— Bainton

Hymn: 16 Wake, O wake!
With tidings thrilling

Gospel: Luke 21: 25 – 28

Organ Commentary: ‘Nun komm,
der Heiden Heiland’
BWV 599 — Bach

Magnificat: Quinti Toni à 8 — Merulo

**Information correct at the time of going
to press**

– **ALL SAINTS MARGARET STREET** –

(Registered Charity Number: 1132895)

Parish Legacy Policy

At All Saints Church, we welcome all gifts in Wills, however large or small, and we promise to use your gift to make a difference in our parish. Our PCC legacy policy is to encourage people to leave bequests specifically to one of our two related charities:

All Saints Choir & Music Trust (Charity Number: 802994)
which supports the choral tradition at All Saints. The capital of the Choir & Music Trust cannot be spent, only the income.

or

All Saints Foundation (Charity Number: 273390)
which assists the PCC in the care of our Grade 1 listed heritage buildings. The capital of the All Saints Foundation can be spent.

Non Designated Bequests

When bequests which have not been designated for any specific purpose are received, the PCC's policy is to direct these to one or other of the two All Saints Trusts, or to some specific piece of restoration work or capital expenditure.

You can be confident that your gift will have a long-lasting effect rather than being used to pay day-to-day expenses.

Remembering Donors

The names of donors will be entered in our Chantry Book and they will be remembered in prayer each year on the anniversary of their death.

Contacting Us about Bequests

If you would like to discuss making a bequest to All Saints, please contact:
The Vicar/Honorary Treasurer/The All Saints Choir and Music Trust Administrator/
The All Saints Foundation Administrator
c/o The Vicarage, 7 Margaret Street, London W1W 8JG.

The Parish Administrator can put you in touch with these individuals by email.

Please email in confidence: office@allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk

or telephone 020 7636 1788.

Mission Projects

All Saints year-round fundraising efforts support:

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

The USPG-led UMOJA, HIV Project in Zimbabwe,

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

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

KEEPING IN TOUCH

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

The All Saints Website

www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk

The Weekly Parish E-mail

This gives weekly news of events, people to pray for, and a short letter from the Vicar or Assistant Priest.

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

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

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Prebendary Alan Moses

020 7636 1788

Mobile: 07973 878040

Email: vicar@allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk

Assistant Priest:

The Revd Dr Michael Bowie

07581 180963

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020 7258 0724

The Revd Julian Browning

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Director of Music:

Timothy Byram-Wigfield

c/o 020 7636 1788

Assistant Director of Music:

Jeremiah Stephenson

Electoral Roll Officer:

Catherine Burling c/o 020 7636 1788

Service Times

Sundays:

Low Mass at 6.30pm (Sat)

8am and 5.15pm

Morning Prayer 10.20am

HIGH MASS and SERMON at 11am

CHORAL EVENSONG, SERMON and

BENEDICTION at 6pm.

Monday to Friday:

Church open 7am

Morning Prayer at 7.30am

Low Mass at 8am, 1.10pm and 6.30pm

Confessions 12.30 – 1pm and 5.30pm

Evening Prayer at 6pm

(Except bank holidays

— 12 noon Mass only)

Saturdays:

Church open 11am

Low Mass at **12 noon** and 6.30pm*

(* First Mass of Sunday)

Confessions 5.30pm.

Evening Prayer 6pm.

On major weekday feasts, High Mass is sung at 6.30pm

CALENDAR AND INTENTIONS FOR NOVEMBER 2018

1	ALL SAINTS' DAY	Thanksgiving for the Communion of Saints
2	ALL SOULS' DAY	Commemoration of the Faithful Departed
3	Richard Hooker, teacher of the faith, 1600	Theologians
4	✠ ALL SAINTS' SUNDAY	Thanksgiving for the Communion of Saints
5		The All Saints Sisters of the Poor
6		Prisoners
7	Willibrord, bishop, 739	The Old Catholic Churches
8	Saints and Martyrs of England	Thanksgiving for the saints of our land
9		Those in need
10	Leo the Great, bishop, teacher of the faith, 461	The Anglican Centre in Rome
11	✠ 3rd SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT	Remembrance Sunday
12		The Peace of the World
13	Charles Simeon, priest, 1836	Preachers
14	<i>Samuel Seabury, bishop, 1796</i>	The Friends of All Saints
15		Unity
16	Margaret of Scotland, 1093	Those in need
17	Hugh, bishop, 1200	The College of Bishops
18	✠ 2nd SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT	Our Parish and People
19	Hilda, abbess, 680	The Order of the Holy Paraclete
20	Edmund, king and martyr	The Queen
21		St Marylebone Deanery
22	<i>Cecilia, martyr, c 230</i>	The Royal School of Church Music
23	Clement, bishop, martyr, c 100	Those in need
24		Of Our Lady
25	✠ CHRIST THE KING	Our Parish and People
	<i>Sunday next before Advent</i>	Shop workers
26		Emergency Services
27		Red Wednesday + Persecuted Christians
28		
29	Day of intercession and thanksgiving for the missionary work of the Church.	USPG
30	Andrew the Apostle	Scotland



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– FESTIVAL APPEAL 2018 –

All Saints is raising funds for THREE important causes:



The MARYLEBONE PROJECT run by the Church Army
Our money helps support their emergency bed unit, providing vital safe accommodation for women escaping domestic violence, financial crisis, sexual exploitation and mental health problems.



The USPG UMOJA HIV PROJECT in Zimbabwe

USPG is the Anglican mission agency partnering churches and communities worldwide in God's mission to enliven faith, strengthen relationships, unlock potential and champion justice. We support their work with the Anglican Church in Zimbabwe, reducing levels of HIV related stigma – essential to help combat spread of HIV/AIDS epidemic.



The SOUP KITCHEN, Tottenham Court Road

provides food, a clothing bank and toiletries six mornings a week, apart from August, for homeless men and women.

Our donation will go towards funding their recently appointed, much needed mental health worker.

Many ways to give: **CASH to a Festival Service collection;**
BACS – All Saints PCC Sort: 60-09-15 A/c: 04559452 ref. Appeal/surname;
CHEQUE to All Saints PCC (Festival Appeal) sent to the Parish Office.

*Please give generously, label FESTIVAL APPEAL and
Gift-aid your donation to increase the value by 25%,
by enclosing full name and address to allow the tax to be reclaimed.*