

All Saints Parish Paper

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VICAR'S LETTER

I returned from holiday to a set of statistics from the National Social Attitudes Survey which told a story of decline in the numbers of people identifying themselves as Church of England, or even as believers at all. The numbers among the young were particularly stark. Those churches which have strong immigrant groups, such as Poles, have held up better. Without them, the Roman Catholic Church's figures, for example, would be much worse; if only because Roman Catholics now have the same number of children as the rest of us.

On reflection, little of this should come as a shock. In the early years of my ministry, when people were asked the question: "Religion?", say when they went into hospital, if they were not actively connected with another church or faith, they would put down C of E (or if north of the border C of S), even if their connection with the established Church amounted to no more than having been baptised as an infant and attending weddings and funerals. Now they simply say "None", which is perhaps more honest and realistic. Those who have been reading these letters of mine for a long time may recall that I have commented on the fact that many of those who attend baptisms, weddings and funerals these days know few if any hymns or prayers.

One of the realities of our current situation is that people are not much given

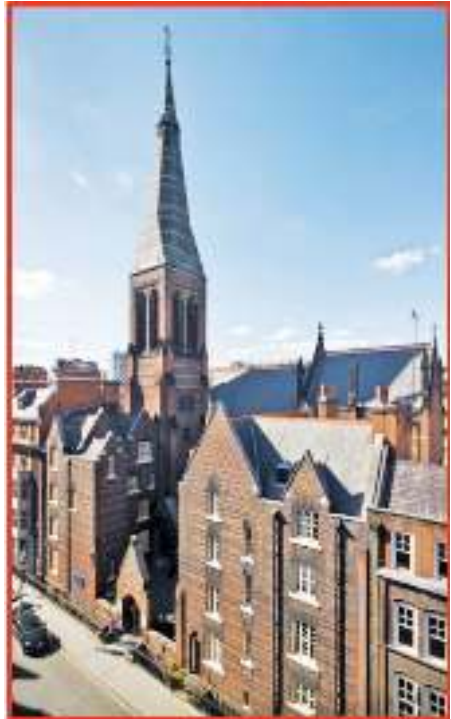


Photo: Chris Redgrave, English Heritage

to joining institutions these days. Other mass membership organizations like political parties and trades unions suffer from the same problem. Among regular church-goers, even in a place like All Saints, the proportion of people who attend church every Sunday, let alone twice a Sunday or on weekdays, has shrunk.

The first part of our holiday was spent near Poitiers in France; one of the historic centres of French Christianity; a city of saints:

Hilary, Martin and Radegund. Its cathedral has a splendid stained glass window given by Henry II and Eleanor of Aquitaine, who were married there. (The Poitou was part of the Angevin Empire along with England in those days.) It has some of the finest choir stalls in France, but alas they are rarely used for their intended purpose. The contrast with the life our own cathedral, in which I had preached recently, was marked. In fact, the cathedral is not used for worship in the winter months, as it is too large to heat. Clergy and congregation move down the hill to the rather smaller church of St Radegund.

The village church which we usually attend is now part of a group of 48 parishes with 4 full-time priests between them. Ours is still looked after by Fr Pierre who is in his early 90s and now officially “retired”. He is assisted by two deacons and an active pastoral team.

The second part of the holiday was spent in New York, first with our friends at the Church of St Mary the Virgin, Times Square, (a complete contrast to a quiet French village) and then with Bishop Allen Shin and Clara at their home in the calmer surroundings of commuter land Bronxville north of the city. Some of our parishioners will be pleased to know that Bronxville boasts a shop which specialises in selling British football and rugby strip: the window display featured Arsenal’s. I can show them a photograph on my ’phone.

While we were in France, the Pope was visiting Ireland against a backcloth of historic abuse. In the US the main religious news stories were much the same: revelations of past abuse by Roman Catholic clergy and cover-ups by their bishops; a retired cardinal being forced to give up his red hat because of abuse; sexual

harassment by the founder of the huge and hugely influential evangelical megachurch called Willow Creek. Then there was the funeral of Senator John McCain in the National Cathedral and controversy over white evangelical leaders’ continuing endorsement of President Trump.

Against the background of all that negative news, we were heartened to spend our last morning in New York with Bishop Allen and Clara as guests of the Diocese of New York’s East Asia Ministries team; a lovely and fascinating group of Chinese, Japanese and Korean Americans. This began with a dim sum brunch in a huge restaurant in Chinatown. Among those present was Fr Patrick Cheng from the Church of the Transfiguration, who spoke appreciatively of attending weekday Evening Prayer and Mass at All Saints. We were then taken to the nearby Chinese Church of Our Saviour, which was busy running a health care day.

Against such a background, however, it is hardly surprising that the numbers of those who describe themselves as “nones” when it comes to religion are increasing on both sides of the Atlantic. The moral authority of the Church, and especially that of its leaders, has been seriously undermined both here and there.

What then must we do? One lesson of the statistics might seem to be that programmes like the Decade of Evangelism do not seem to have made much of a difference; or certainly not what was hoped. So we need to look at evangelistic programmes and what can be expected from them. A priest friend has just been taking part in a mission in the Diocese of Newcastle, led by the Archbishop of York and involving teams of bishops and others from across the Northern Province. His impression was that many of

those attending events might be described as “those who like that kind of thing”. In other words, there were not many newcomers. This does not mean that events like this are not worthwhile, just that their immediate impact is largely on those who already belong. The secret, I suppose, must be to find ways of spreading that impact further.

One of the lessons which seems to come across consistently is that it is important to persevere in what we do and to do it as well as we can. Doing it well is not just a matter of fine music or careful ceremony but of the spiritual commitment that we bring to our worship and other aspects of our life. That spiritual commitment will ask of us a willingness to accept the change which genuine prayer brings. If the Gospel is not transforming our lives, we are not likely to be motivated to share it with others. Mission is not about persuading people to join our club so that we can go on enjoying its benefits. Pope Francis speaks in “The Joy of the Gospel” of getting out of our churches into the streets. Events like our outdoor processions are a symbol of that, but need to be accompanied by an engagement with those who live and work around us; many of whom are counted among those who say “None” when asked about religion.

Another lesson is that we must be willing to invest in mission. As I wrote in last month’s issue, in connection to our Giving Appeal, we cannot carry out even the work we do, let alone expand it, if we are not willing to put our money where our profession of faith is. This must be at the heart of our spiritual commitment. Many of us may not feel equipped to be evangelists, but we can all pray and we can all give as generously as we are able.

Alan Moses

A LETTER FROM AMERICA

Bishop Neil Alexander, the Dean of the School of Theology in the University of the South at Sewanee in Tennessee, attended Evensong one Sunday during the summer and he has written:

“Dear Father Moses,
“Grace to you and peace in Jesus Christ our Lord.

“It was such a thrill to return to All Saints after so many years and to be able to introduce two students to the wonders of that marvellous building and the beauty of the liturgy of Evensong and Benediction. We have reflected often on our experience and, in particular, on your timely homily. How could you have known that the head of a theological college would be in the congregation with two post-graduates in tow?

“We also quite enjoyed the conversation and fellowship in the ‘St Margaret’s Pub’, or whatever is its proper name. If I lived in London, I suspect you would see me frequently after the liturgies!”

VOICES OF IRAQ — A Film about Trauma, Survival and Hope

All Saints hosted a showing of this film on 11 September on behalf of Churches Together in Westminster. The film has been made for the Foundation for Relief and Reconciliation in the Middle East, of which our own Gillian Dare is a trustee.

The short film gave a moving picture of the experiences of Iraqi Christians after the onslaught of ISIS on their communities. The Trust’s Chief Executive

Mike Simpson and Christopher Segar, a former British Ambassador in Iraq, spoke of the work which the Trust and others are undertaking to assist the rebuilding of Christian communities in the country.

NEW CELL OF OLW PROGRAMME

The new blue booklets for the All Saints' Cell of Our Lady of Walsingham are now available in Church.

October events include:

Friday 5 October,
6.30pm Low Mass with Hymns,
7pm Rosary said for approx. half an hour.
Followed by light refreshments.

Saturday 13 October,
11.30am Rosary and Walsingham Devotions and 12 noon Low Mass of Our Lady of Walsingham.

DEDICATION FESTIVAL

Sunday 7 October

Our preacher at High Mass will be **The Revd Professor William Whyte**, Professor of Social and Architectural History in the University of Oxford and Vice-President

AUSTRALIA: THE BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

Fr Michael Bowie writes:

My title nods, don't you know, at one of those stories about 'detective' chaps. I think a certain Miss Sayers, or another one of these modern brainy women writers was responsible for it. Not, as I shall be at pains frequently to remind you, that I was on *holiday*. Nor were there any corpses to be found, murderers to be identified or deceptively foppish aristocratic younger-son amateur detectives in view. But you get my drift or gist.

of St John's College. Professor Whyte is the author of "*Unlocking the Church: The Lost Secrets of Victorian Sacred Space*". Its dust cover has a photograph of All Saints, Margaret Street, and the church features prominently in the book. Those interested in the links between architecture, theology and education might like to watch his short film on Keble College at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XA17PF58zeQ>.

PHILIP NORMAN

REQUIEM MASS TALK

3.30pm Sunday 21 October, Parish Room

Following the success of an earlier talk by Philip, we have invited him again to talk about Requiem Masses in the run up to All Souls' Day, when we have the Mozart *Requiem*. Stay for Sunday lunch, followed by the one hour talk ending with tea and biscuits and then attend Evensong and Benediction.

The talk, with musical illustrations, will look at how many of the great composers felt compelled to set the grand dramatic text of the Latin *Missa pro Defunctis* and the work of such composers as Mozart and Verdi will be compared.

This year has been illuminated for me by a double dose of the southern hemisphere. Fr Daniel Dries, the excellent Rector of Christ Church S. Laurence, having been corresponding with me about possible places to stay in England with his family for a month's long service leave, had taken me up on a throw-away suggestion that he and I might swap houses and, partly, priestly tasks. Number 6 Margaret St seemed to be a draw.

I'd also discovered that Messrs Etihad,

eager to lure people to visit their home town of Abu Dhabi (until fifty years ago a small fishing village and date market on the edge of the desert), were offering two nights' stay there *en route*. Growing up in a relatively new place I am not usually much interested in seeing places that are even newer, but I'd heard whispered that the *Louvre* had opened *Louvre Abu Dhabi*. Paris in the Gulf interested me strangely.

So, departing with my customary oversupply of luggage, I was whisked to Heathrow T4 & breakfasted comfortably on my customary Eggs Benedict (does anyone know the provenance of this Benedict? Was this the founder of western monasticism? Possibly not, but a man of good ideas nonetheless). Relaxed by the prospect of a mere six and half-hours' flight, I settled down to *The Secret History*, a novel about the extraordinary Empress Theodora, whom some of us saw splendidly depicted in a Ravenna mosaic with her husband Justinian (builder of Hagia Sophia), in our Italian pilgrimage last May. As our local guide remarked, her life would make a fascinating film. Failing that, this slightly racy novel, taking its title from Procopius' scandalous text of the same name, only discovered (so good had he been at the secrecy bit) in the 16th century, was a good substitute. With an eye to my ultimate destination I also sampled the first episode of the newly-serialized *Picnic at Hanging Rock*. The original film was among those which resurrected the Australian film industry in the 60's & 70's. The risky project of extending it into a decidedly gothic serial mostly comes off: there are elements which Jane Austen would have enjoyed satirising in *Northanger Abbey*, but the strong cast gets away with it; knowing some of the locations, I was suitably engaged.

Abu Dhabi airport proved a model of efficiency and ease: twenty minutes after

landing my luggage and I were speeding to the *Jumeirah at Etihad Towers Hotel*. After Oil, Etihad is, it seems, the Abu D Economy. I was soon deposited on the 35th of 74 floors, with a stunning view over the Sheik's city-sized palace by the sea. The other two of three Etihad Towers are apparently devoted to serviced apartments and offices. Opposite is the Palace Hotel which, almost as big as the palace itself, is the only building in UAE (or possibly anywhere?) with six presidential suites: this being the capital, the Sheiks of all the Emirates have to be able to stay there simultaneously in order to get on with ruling the country. The royal families run the show. There is an (advisory) assembly with forty members, but even that is 50% nominated by the sheiks. This year would have been the 100th birthday of Sheik Zayed who created the country in 1971, and his quizzical viz is everywhere, even on badges which spookily recall those of the Walsingham Association.

The hotel (which contains a sizeable *Waitrose* and an Aston Martin showroom — I felt as though I needn't have left W1) has several restaurants, all with different 'international' themes. Local cuisine being basically dates, fish if available, and then several more dates, one can see the need to look beyond the Gulf for inspiration. I chose *Bice*, the Italian offering, and feasted on asparagus salad, crab risotto and sautéed spinach. This sent me off to the 35th floor in good form for sleep. Which was achieved once I remembered to switch off the over-enthusiastic air-conditioning.

Having no idea how to get about Abu D I'd booked a half-day tour for Tuesday, really to get me to the *Louvre* but with some other things thrown in. Having grazed to excess on the acres of breakfast buffet, again suggestive of five or six different cuisines, I found my guide. The tourist agency, which turned out to be another department of Etihad, offered

this in groups of up to 6. This morning I was the only taker, so I suggested that we start with *The Very Large Mosque* (possibly not its name), extend the *Louvre* bit of the tour, and skip daintily through other sites, such as the Date Market and Heritage Village. With no one to please except me, my Bulgarian guide was delighted to oblige. He'd been in Dubai and Abu D for 15 years, but was getting ready to leave: he'd met and married (another Bulgarian) there; their son was now attending a (free) school back home, so he was now commuting to and from Bulgaria at weekends. One of the many oddities of the place is that nearly everyone who actually works there is from somewhere else, and that somewhere could be anywhere in the world. Abu D is now a city of 1.2 million, but only 400,000 of those are Emiratis; they mostly 'work' for, or are, the government.

The Mosque is indeed Very Large. If it hadn't been a Muslim Place of Worship one might almost suspect the true architect to have been Mr D. Trump. The largest chandelier in the world. The biggest carpet in the world (so big it had taken two 747s to carry it from Iran). Possibly the largest Mosque outside Mecca, with a capacity of 40,000 if you include the courtyard (a mere 10,000 can get inside). And arctically air-conditioned.

A strange symmetry with *The Secret History* suggested itself. Perhaps this is how it felt to see Hagia Sophia and New Rome (Constantinople) for the first time all those centuries ago. But a lot cleaner and sweeter-smelling. Sheik Zayed had razed all the buildings he inherited in 1971, save a (possibly British-built) 17th century fort, where the royal family used to live before they got Oil. Though I suspect my new friend the Empress Theodora wouldn't have taken to the polygamy aspect: the current Sheik has 19 sons, all part of the government.

I doubt they have one mother.

On we swept to the *Louvre*, an inviting building with outdoor spaces constructed to suggest the mottled shade of date palms and indoor spaces displaying objects and paintings in twelve rooms, curated to suggest the interconnectedness of human civilisation in a decidedly educational (though culturally partial) sequence. Having spent a happy couple of hours there I need to go back, especially if I want to see the famed Leonardo (or is it?) *Salvator Mundi*, the provenance of which is again topical: they haven't yet popped it on the wall.

As I'd already pushed my luck by asking for 90 minutes there, I was uncertain how my guide would receive me, 30 minutes late. I need't have worried: he was sleeping soundly in his air-conditioned car. We sped about the rest of the city, taking in various views and buildings, mostly without alighting (20 degrees inside the car, 39 degrees outside) and I suggested that a drive-by visit to the Date Market would satisfy my date-related curiosity. The only other stop was the slightly tired Heritage Village, constructed in the 80's to demonstrate how people used to live here. Fishing, dates and a little light weaving featured prominently. Also an exhibition of photos from the 50's by Wilfred Thesiger, one of those distinctively English itchy-footed professional explorers (born in Addis Ababa to the then British Consul General) whose name meant nothing to the guide, but whose striking bust and portrait can be seen, appropriately, in the Travellers Club: sand, palm trees, dates, fish, fishermen, fishing boats and a single unpaved road featured prominently in his work.

Suitably educated I repaired to my room for a quiet afternoon with the Empress Theodora, eventually emerging to drink beer with her by the sea before dinner,

which this time I'd decided to take in the buffet restaurant, reasoning that I could then determine timing and quantity and would be left alone. The problem with buffets, I find, is that everything looks so good that one must just try *a little*; this soon adds up to *a lot*. The set price was almost as astonishing as that of the modest Italian dinner of the previous evening, but since these two meals accounted for my entire expenditure for the visit a relaxed attitude was called for. A quick trip to the Viewing Platform on the 74th floor confirmed my suspicions of the View: endless deep green sea in one direction and a large and featureless city in the other; the desert tantalisingly out of sight. There was a pretty impressive hazy sunset, though, swiftly followed by a huge orange moon.

A slightly less satisfactory sleep (AD is three hours ahead of London so, after a not very active day, one doesn't really feel ready for bed before about 2am), followed by an unrestrained second raid on the expansive breakfast buffet, set me up for another smooth transfer to the airport and the longer leg of the journey: thirteen hours to what I still can't quite stop thinking of as home.

In Sydney a warm welcome awaited me from Fr John Sanderson and Peter Bruce, the Parish Administrator, in the Rectory which I'd had a hand in resurrecting from semi-dereliction in the mid 90's of the last century. It is an Arts and Crafts house with 15 spacious and well-proportioned rooms: the state government, having resumed the land on which the old house and parish school stood in order to build the new Central Railway Station in 1906, felt honour-bound to supply a decent substitute (those were the days). The commission was given to Burcham Clamp, a young architect who had attended the original parish school and so may have taken an unusually personal interest in the brief. He certainly produced

the goods.

The orientation of the house has been reversed with the passage of time. In the 90's I tried to bring the front door, leading one eastwards to Pitt Street and Central Railway, back into use, but subsequent inhabitants have reverted to the George St approach, adjoining the West Door of the church and the garages. Now the old back door, originally a housekeeper's and tradesman's entrance, has become the access to an apartment for the Rectory's smallest inhabitants, two Cavalier King Charles Spaniels. These are my favourite breed, but the current generation had been sent to the southern highlands to a canine holiday resort, so I missed the opportunity for closer acquaintance. As a result of these changes one now enters the house, slightly eccentrically, through the dining room. Not entirely eccentrically, as it has an external door opposite the sacristy door, with a transom window above it bearing the Latin legend from the Te Deum '*day by day we magnify thee*' in stained glass, indicating that this door was designed to be the Rector's daily route to church for the Office. All the rooms in the house have Latin texts in the upper windows, except the original Parish Room, now part of the sacristy, where the words are in English, for the benefit of the laity.

The dining room is the finest in the house, in an Arts and Crafts baronial style, with very high moulded plaster ceilings and lots of cedar decoration, especially around the the recessed fireplace (where the windows announce, again in Latin, 'Man shall not live by bread alone'). I had the room painted a deep red, my favourite dining room colour, and in my time the walls were covered with vast canvasses by my then Warden, Alan Oldfield, mysterious 'raft paintings' of shadowy figures negotiating watery voids, with a useful amount of blue background

to set against the red walls (which I was delighted to see have been retained in subsequent redecoration). I have a pencil drawing of the Madonna and Child by Alan on the stairs in Number 6, given to me to commemorate his appointment as Rector's Warden (in Australia the parish elects two churchwardens and the incumbent appoints one).

This room has seen many memorable meals. In 1999 it even welcomed Rowan Williams twice in 24 hours, for a sedate Saturday Evening dinner with the then Archbishop and a more relaxed post High Mass lunch for Bishop Roger Herft of Newcastle (later Archbishop of Perth, who preached at ASMS in 2014) and the Bishop of South Sydney, Peter Watson, of whom you'll hear more in a later episode, both catered by friendly staff from the Union Club. Also, more than once, suppers with Peter Whitford. Peter still props up the back pew on the north side of CCSL (to which his communion is now taken at HM) and would be recognisable to some of you from several Australian films, especially *Strictly Ballroom* and *Moulin Rouge*. At his urging I added wine and beer to the Sunday refreshments, which required a refuelling of the 'bar' on Saturday evening before his attendance at EP, and sometimes dinner in the Rectory. Having expressed a powerful preference for well-done steak and not much else, Peter would arrive with an old-fashioned airline bag and, positioning himself at the end of the long colonial dining table which belongs to the Rectory, proceed to draw from it a series of small bottles of beer (known locally as 'stubbies'). So adept was he at this move that I never saw one move out of or into the bag, but by the end of the evening it was full of empty bottles. He would then drive his majestic yellow Merc the two miles or so back to Newtown

and appear, bright-eyed, at HM the next day (and behind the impromptu bar in the hall thereafter). Peter would have held his own in the Colony Room or the French in Soho with Francis Bacon and Jeffrey Bernard, so these evenings were never dull. He read at last January's Epiphany Carol Service, when a small throne was placed for him at the chancel step by two servers so that he need not negotiate the lectern. You are doubtless forming a mental picture.

A quick exploration of the rest of my once-familiar surroundings and a determination to remain awake until a time that could feasibly be considered evening, suggested a long afternoon walk through sunny Woolloomooloo to Kings Cross. Having searched in vain for anything even moderately diverting to watch on the media desert that is Australian TV, I ventured out once more in search of modest sustenance, fixing on Thai food. By 8pm the drooping eyelids could be denied no longer and so the deep and dreamless ensued. A canonical eight hours' d&d logically resulted in my waking at 4am. An early morning visit to church seemed like a good plan. This is a journey slightly shorter than that from number 6 Margaret St to the chancel of All Saints. Anxious to avoid the sounding of alarms (installed after my time), I crept through the sacristy and examined the light switches. Finding one marked 'ladies chapel' I recalled our new alarm pad for the Lady Chapel at Margaret Street, the display of which inevitably includes the word 'Alter'. After switching on a few useful lights I was able to say MP and wonder again at the prayerful environment of this building (older than ASMS as it happens) which has stood as a reliable beacon of the Catholic faith in this Rebarbatively Reformed Diocese.

A few emails dispatched, it was time for Necessary Shopping. Supermarkets in

Sydney open at 6am, so there wasn't long to wait. Returning to the house for a preliminary coffee, I then headed to Glebe for breakfast at my favourite cafe, *Esca*, presided over by the magnificent Jim, who has been known to welcome customers he considers unwelcome with a simple but stentorian 'Get out!' A Greek Australian, Jim's personality is of Herculean strength; he doesn't even bother to look up again to see if they have indeed 'got'. Fortunately he approves of priests. Breakfast provided the opportunity for a reunion with Peter Crawshaw and Robert Hannan, my usual Glebe hosts, who live around the corner. Then to a briefing in the parish office, where with astonishing efficiency P. Bruce hooked me up with the parish's retained IT Person and I was logged into the Rector's computer. After a little work on Sunday's sermon, I joined the congregation for EP & Mass of Ss Peter and Paul; then a walk into town led me to *Kusuka* in Sussex Street, an extraordinary 'Indonesian fusion' cafe. Anything with 'fusion' in the title is anathema to right-thinking persons, but it produced so imaginative a supper that I determined to return. Oddly, I would later discover, there was rarely a moment when a member of the scary NSW Police wasn't standing at the counter waiting for piles of food and lakes of coffee (*K* being next door to the Darling Harbour Police Station). NSW policemen, I have previously observed, are always ravenous and seldom without food: in Pymble, the suburb where I grew up, their consumption of Vanilla Slices was legendary. This permanently rumbling intestine may account for their equally legendary lack of people skills and overly enthusiastic deployment of firearms. And possibly all the corruption. Did I write that out loud? I mean, of course, *alleged* corruption. The effects of hunger on young men and women raised on

T-bone steak and white bread should never be underestimated; the wisdom of supplying them with guns as accessories might be revisited.

Saturday began with MP & Mass followed by a meeting with splendid Rector's Warden, Brenda Hunter (see last year); she led me to a car that the parish has recently inherited and which had been made available to me for the length of my stay, including, very generously, the final week, which would be holiday. Excellent coffee and chat inevitably followed at the little Colombian cafe which nestles in a niche next to the parish office building. By now we were basking in a sunny 20 degrees (not bad for midwinter) and I tottered up to David Jones, which considerably lays on a major sale for my every visit. Having pounced on a (Fr-Ted-certified-priestly-black) jacket and some shirts I wandered back again and, with a little more sermon-polishing in mind, headed into the parish office. I quickly headed out again as a Very Loud Alarm (of which I had not been warned) began to sound. I tried 1662 on the keypad (which I'd been told was the code for everything here – a little anti-diocesan irony) but to no avail. Brenda's phone wasn't answering but Fr Sanderson's obliged. The code is the consecration year of the church (any burglars reading this will have to find that in a previous travelogue; forcing them to read this stuff will be punishment enough). Duly silencing the alarm, which, as is usual with such urgent noises in the middle of any city, elicited no response from the neighbours and passers-by, I made my way up to the office and polished.

Having then taken the parish car for a familiarising spin across the Harbour Bridge to Cremorne Point, where one can enjoy one of the most sublime views of Sydney (and

therefore on earth), another reviving Thai meal seguéd reliably into a quiet evening. Jetlag now took its revenge, as it always does. I was firmly awake at 2.30am and no amount of Immortal Wodehouse sufficed to make the eyelids droop. No matter. Having completed the PGW before breakfasting at *Gloria Jeans*, it was soon time to subject the 9am Sung Mass and the 1030 HM to my thoughts on Mark 5. No rotten eggs and some interesting conversations indicated that I had survived to preach another day; parish lunch at the *Great Southern* and a trip to Potts Point for afternoon coffee followed. By now the eyelids were definitely drooping, but an *affogato* and a fine *espresso* at *Fratelli Paradiso* with my friend Katia and her friend Sophie (the *sommelier* of *Billy Kwong's* , a legendary local eatery mentioned earlier in the year) kept me more or less awake for E&B beautifully sung by Fr Michael O'Brien, another CCSL old lag of about my age. The Rector's Stall having swapped sides of the chancel during a subsequent reordering I positioned myself in the Old Rector's Stall: being the last Old Rector to inhabit it this felt strangely comforting.

I retired at 11 and woke again at 3.30. Recalling our school librarian, a fierce English Anglo-Catholic lady by the name of Daphne Clarke, remarking in a voice audible on the other side of the harbour: 'if you can't sleep, read! At least you'll be doing something worthwhile', I returned to the earliest Jeeves stories. Some of the best-known of these are the very earliest, among which I'm especially fond of 'Extricating Young Gussie' and 'The Aunt and the Sluggard'. Having reacquainted myself with them, I was at last ready for sleep. Waking after a short time I thought it seemed rather light. This was because it was now 11am. I don't think I've ever been in bed at 11am before, but jetlag was clearly now over.

What little remained of Monday was spent organising various pastoral visits, many of them to wonderful people I remembered from between 20 and 40 years ago, and then talking to an Aunt (Adelaide, 91) and an Uncle (Sydney, 85), both of whom would also need to be visited.

Tuesday, my official day off during this month, held the prospect of a drive to the Blue Mountains, in particular Mount Tomah & its glorious botanical gardens. Setting off early for the Necessary Breakfast under Jim's eagle eye at *Esca*, I took in Windsor with its Georgian parish church (St Matthew's — see earlier this year) and Rectory. The latter hosted the deathbed of The Reverend Samuel Marsden, a pioneering clergyman of the colony, who suffered from an unfortunate conviction that, though not in episcopal orders, he could consecrate churches. A rash of remedial consecrations duly followed in the 20th century (this was when the diocese of Sydney still believed in consecrating churches...). Marsden was extraordinarily influential in the formative years of NSW, arriving in 1794 (having left Magdalene Cambridge without taking a degree to join CMS under the Enthusing Influence of Charles Simeon). He was the second Chaplain to the colony, pioneered the Australian wool industry (at great profit to himself), sat as a magistrate in Parramatta (a post from which he was dismissed by the Governor for exceeding his authority), and responsible, under the aegis of CMS, for the evangelisation of New Zealand (where he also introduced viticulture). Less helpfully he fought viciously against the toleration of Roman Catholics in NSW (they being the majority of the population at the time) and set in place the foundations of the irrationally anti-Catholic Diocese which we now so enjoy.

After Mount Tomah and its Botanical

Gardens (described in 2018 part 1), via Bells Line of Road, I pushed on to Katoomba for a regulation visit to the Three Sisters (famed eccentric rock formation) and the breathtaking view of the Jamison Valley from Echo Point. An indifferent afternoon tea in an excruciatingly trendy cafe, apparently designed to feel like the inside of a Tolkien-inspired cave and entirely staffed by softly-spoken bearded men, prefaced a slowish drive back to Sydney. There a friend had booked dinner in the Italian restaurant on the top floor of the venerable Strand Arcade: *Pendolino*, so far as I know, is no relation to Mr Branson's precariously tilting rolling stock; it is, however, very fine, with a bill to match. As I wasn't paying, it felt even finer. Later, over a reflective Talisker, I opined inwardly that this busman's holiday lark was decidedly the business.

PILGRIMAGE IN MAY 2020

Following the success of the pilgrimage earlier this year to Italy, Fr Gerald and Fr Michael Bowie are thinking about doing something similar in May 2020. Various ideas have been put forward including going to northern Italy, Turkey and Armenia.

There will be a meeting for all those who are interested on Tuesday 27 November, 7.15pm in the bar at All Saints Margaret Street. Please let Fr Gerald know if you intend coming (vicar.annunciationmarblearch@gmail.com).

If you are unable to make the date but would like to stay in touch with what is being planned please let Fr Gerald know as well as any preferences that you may have in terms of destination and budget.

DR PETER KING, ORGANIST EMERITUS OF BATH ABBEY Organ Recital, 3.30pm Sunday 28 October

Ahead of the All Saints Festival, attend this **3.30pm Organ Recital and then attend Evensong and Benediction**. Having successfully tried out projecting the organist playing onto a screen in the Lady Chapel at Jeremiah Stephenson's recital in September, we will continue to do that for forthcoming recitals. Recital attendees are free to sit either where they can view the detail of the performance or where they cannot see it, leaving everything to the imagination.

Peter King's programme includes works by Karg-Elert, Saint-Saëns, Mendelssohn and Whitlock.



THE FESTIVAL APPEAL this year is for our **three** regular Mission Projects:

- **USPG (UMOJA HIV Project) in Zimbabwe**
- **An emergency bed at the Church Army's Marylebone Project for Homeless Women**
- **The Soup Kitchen at the American Church in Tottenham Court Road.**

We will collect at Festival services, accept cheques and BACs online transfers and urge you — if you are a UK tax payer, to complete a Gift Aid envelope to increase the generosity of your donation by 25%.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

We know that some people get on with this seasonal task quite early, so remind you that we have stocks of cards depicting the colourful scene of Virgin Mother and Child from above the All Saints High Altar (generally largely concealed from view by the hanging pyx); also of the tile panel Nativity from the North Wall of Church as well as of the statue of Our Lady carrying baby Jesus. ***Cards come in packs of 6 at £5/pack — some are blank inside for your own message and some printed with a Christmas greeting.*** They are always on sale before and after High Mass on Sundays.

100 YEARS AGO

The Vicar wrote of the coming Festival against the background of hopeful developments in the War.

“Whenever I sit down to write about the Patronal Festival, I congratulate myself on the time of year at which it falls. It comes just when we want it. We gather together in September and October after the scattering of the summer holiday with a sense of the necessity of beginning again, and the Festival gives us an opportunity of consecrating our new span of effort in a week of thanksgiving, reflection and prayer. People have been working very hard this year and the need of a holiday was great. The present condition of artificial prosperity among poorer people enabled multitudes to go away for a change, and it was a pleasant sight to see their quiet enjoyment of it in the beautiful August weather, the better news from France adding a spirit of relief and hopefulness to the scene. We have many

reasons just now for thankfulness and hope, and we must face the winter in the spirit which they kindle. At last we seem to have fathomed the strength of the enemy. His submarine warfare continues to inflict appalling injuries upon the whole world, but it is not going to win the war for him. His armies have made colossal efforts to deal a decisive blow in France but they have failed to do so. Bulgaria is out of the war. The Holy Land is liberated. We occupy Damascus. The spirit and practical ability of America to give effective and probably decisive help becomes more impressive every day. Our authorities seem to be grappling successfully with the question of our supplies, and the harvest is one of the finest on record. I hope we shall never speak lightly again of Thanksgiving for the Harvest.

“We are warned that we shall have difficulties this winter about light and heat, and it is certainly our duty in any case to husband coal, gas and electricity as carefully as possible in our homes. We shall do our best to keep the Church sufficiently warm and sufficiently lighted. Our consumption of electricity is enormous; it is one of our heaviest expenses because the church is so dark, but we must see where we can reduce it; probably there cannot be any light in church except at the Lady Altar when there is no service in progress, and it may be necessary to give the priest at the High Altar a candle by the missal at Low Mass instead of turning on the bright electric light. One thing is clear, we will not let ourselves be starved out of church as long as theatres, music halls and cinemas abound and flourish.

“There will be no Retreat this year before the Festival. Instead of the day’s

Retreat, I have fallen in with a scheme of continuous prayer which is being carried out throughout England this autumn, and I have undertaken to maintain this devotion at All Saints on the three days — October 23rd, 24th and 25th. High Mass will be sung at 8 o'clock on each of these mornings. I shall explain the character and arrangements of this devotion from the pulpit at 11 and 6 on the 18th of October, and I hope that the whole congregation, without exception, will take part in it."

SUNDAYS & SOLEMNITIES MUSIC & READINGS

✠ SUNDAY 7 OCTOBER FEAST OF DEDICATION

HIGH MASS at 11am

Processional Hymn: 205 Christ is made the
sure foundation

Entrance Chant: *I saw the holy city*

Setting: Mass in G — Schubert

Psalm: 122

Readings: Genesis 28: 11 – 18/
Revelation 21: 9 – 14
1 Peter 2: 1 – 10

Gradual Hymn: 212 Sion's daughters!
Sons of Jerusalem!

Gospel: John 10: 22 – 29

Preacher: Fr William Whyte

Creed: Merbecke

Offertory Motet: Expectans Expectavi
— Wood

Hymns: 211 (T449) O Word of God
above
207 Eternal Power, whose high
abode
206 Christ is our corner-stone

Hymn at commemoration of past

worshippers: 208 In our day of Thanks-
giving one psalm let us offer

Voluntary: Allegro (Symphonie II, Op 20)
— Vierne

EVENSONG and BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 132

Lessons: Jeremiah 7: 1 – 11
Luke 19: 1 – 10

Office Hymn: 204 Blessed City,
heavenly Salem

Canticles: Stanford in A

Anthem: And I saw a new heaven
— Bainton

Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses

Hymn: 484 (T167) The Church's
one foundation

O Salutaris: Villette

Hymn: 209 Lo! God is here!
let us adore

Tantum ergo: Vierne

Voluntary: Placare Christe Servulis
— Dupré

✠ SUNDAY 14 OCTOBER THE 20th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

HIGH MASS at 11am

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

Entrance Chant: *Si iniquitates observaveris*

Setting: Missa Brevis — Berkeley

Psalm: 90: 12 – 17

Readings: Amos 5: 6 – 7, 10 – 15
Hebrews 4: 12 – 16

Gradual Hymn: 366 God of mercy, God of
grace

Gospel: Mark 10: 17 – 31

Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses

Creed: Credo III

Offertory Motet: Thou wilt keep him in
perfect peace — S.S. Wesley
Hymns: 306 Strengthen for service,
Lord, the hands
416 (ii) O God of Bethel, by
whose hand
362 (T 185) Glorious things of
thee are spoken
Voluntary: Fugue, BWV 540 (ii) — Bach

EVENSONG and BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 127, 128
Lessons: Joshua 5: 13 – 6: 20
Matthew 11: 20 – 30
Office Hymn: 150 (R) O blest Creator of the
light
Canticles: Murrill in E
Anthem: Ave Maria — Mendelssohn
Preacher: Fr Simon Cuff,
St Mellitus College
Hymn: 216 Disposer supreme, and
judge of the earth
O Salutaris: Schumann
Hymn: 376 I heard the voice of Jesus
say
Tantum ergo: Schubert
Voluntary: Chorale Prelude on the Old
140th — Parry

✠ SUNDAY 21 OCTOBER THE 21st SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 433 O Worship the King
(omit *) (descant v6 — Gray)
Entrance Chant: *Ego clamavi, quoniam*
exaudisti me
Setting: Collegium Regale — Howells
Psalm: 91: 9 – 16
Readings: Isaiah 53: 4 – 12
Hebrews 5: 1 – 10

Gradual Hymn: 335 All praise to thee,
for thou, O King divine
Gospel: Mark 10: 35 – 45
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Creed: Howells
Offertory Motet: Deep river — arr Tippett
Hymns: 84 It is a thing most wonderful
358 (ii) Father of heaven, whose
love profound
436 Praise, my soul, the King of
heaven (descant v4 — Blake)
Voluntary: Master Tallis' Testament
— Howells

EVENSONG and BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 141
Lessons: Joshua 14: 6 – 14
Matthew 12: 1 – 21
Office Hymn: 150 (S) O blest Creator of the
light
Canticles: Setting in D — Brewer
Anthem: Round me falls the night
— Day
Preacher: Fr Barry Orford
Hymn: 369 Happy are they,
they that love God
O Salutaris: Nicholson
Hymn: 287 Glory, love and praise
and honour

Tantum ergo: Nicholson
Voluntary: Rhapsody in E — Darke

✠ SUNDAY 28 OCTOBER ST SIMON and ST JUDE

(Please note: Summer time ends)

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 195 Lord of all the saints,
we praise thee
Entrance Chant: *Mihi autem*
Setting: Liturgy of St John Chrysostom
— Rachmaninov

Psalm: 119: 89 – 96
Readings: Isaiah 28: 14 – 16
 Ephesians 2: 19 – end
Gradual Hymn: 214 (ii) Let the round
 world with songs rejoice
Gospel: John 15: 17 – end
Preacher: The Vicar, Fr Alan Moses
Creed: Rachmaninov
Offertory Motet: Ave Maria — Rachmaninov
Hymns: 346 City of God, how broad
 and far
 421 O King enthroned on high
 477 Ye that know the Lord is
 gracious
Voluntary: Prelude in C sharp minor
 — Rachmaninov, arr Shinn

EVENSONG and BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 119: 1 – 16
Lessons: 1 Maccabees 2: 42 – 66
 Jude 1 – 4, 17 – end
Office Hymn: 213 The eternal gifts of Christ
 the King
Canticles: Rachmaninov
Anthem: Troparion (Thou didst rise)
 Rachmaninov,
 arr Timothy Byram-Wigfield
Preacher: Fr Julian Browning
Hymn: 215 (T 434) Captains of the
 saintly band
O Salutaris: Rachmaninov
Hymn: 302 O thou who at thy
 Eucharist didst pray
Tantum ergo: Rachmaninov
Voluntary: Melodie in E — Rachmaninov
 (trans Lemare)

WEDNESDAY 31 OCTOBER EVE OF ALL SAINTS

LITANY OF THE SAINTS, FESTAL EVENSONG and BENEDICTION at 6pm

Litany of the Saints:
Psalms: 1, 5
Lessons: Ecclesiasticus 44: 1 – 15
 Revelation 19: 6 – 10
Office Hymn: 196 Father, in whom thy
 saints are one
Canticles: Setting in C — Stanford
Anthem: Lord, thou hast been our
 refuge — Bairstow
Preacher: Fr Andrew Walker
Hymn: 226 Hark! the sound of holy
 voices (v5 descant — Caplin)
O Salutaris: Henschel
Hymn: 227 (T 184) How bright these
 glorious spirits shine!
Tantum ergo: Henschel
Voluntary: Imperial March — Elgar
 arr Martin

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: John 11: 32 – 44

Preacher: Fr Peter Groves
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

SOLEMN REQUIEM at 6.30pm

Setting: Requiem — Mozart
Psalm: 27: 1 – 6, 16 – end
Readings: Lamentations 3: 17 – 26,
31 – 33
Romans 5: 5 – 11/
1 Peter 1: 3 – 9
Gradual Hymn: 327 (295) Christ, enthroned
in highest heaven (omit 2, 3)
Gospel: John 5: 19 – 25/John 6: 37 – 40
Preacher: Fr Bill Wilson
Russian Contakion — arr Harry Brama
Hymns: 329 (i) Jesu, Son of Mary
330 (T 175) What sweet of life
endureth

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 Hymn: 197 For all the saints
who from their labours rest
Entrance Chant: *Gaudeamus omnes in
Domino*

Setting: Missa Brevis in F, K192
— Mozart
Psalm: 33: 1 – 5
Readings: Isaiah 56: 3 – 8/
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: tba
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

Psalm: 145
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

**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.

Vicar:

Prebendary Alan Moses

020 7636 1788

Mobile: 07973 878040

Email: vicar@allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk

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The Revd Dr Michael Bowie

07581 180963

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Honorary Assistant Priests:

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020 7258 0724

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Parish Administrator:

Dee Prior 020 7636 1788

Email: office@allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk

Parish Officials

Churchwardens:

John Forde 020 7592 9855

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Hon PCC Secretary:

John McWhinney

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Phone messages to the Parish Office

Hon Treasurer:

Patrick Hartley 020 7607 0060

Director of Music:

Timothy Byram-Wigfield

c/o 020 7636 1788

Assistant Director of Music:

Jeremiah Stephenson

Electoral Roll Officer:

Catherine Burling c/o 020 7636 1788

Service Times

Sundays:

Low Mass at 6.30pm (Sat)

8am and 5.15pm

Morning Prayer 10.20am

HIGH MASS and SERMON at 11am

CHORAL EVENSONG, SERMON and

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 OCTOBER 2018

1	<i>Remigius, bishop 533, Therese of Lisieux, religious 1897</i>	Church of Notre Dame de France
2	The Holy Guardian Angels	Children at risk
3		Students
4	Francis of Assisi, 1226	Franciscans
5		Those in need
6	William Tyndale, translator, martyr, 1536	Scripture scholars
7	✠ TRINITY 19	Our Parish and People
8		Samaritans
9	<i>Denys, bishop and companions, martyrs, 250</i>	Diocese of Europe
10	Paulinus, bishop, missionary, 644	Friends of All Saints
11	<i>Ethelburga, Abbess, 675</i>	Unity
12	Wilfrid, bishop, missionary, 709	Those in need
13	Edward the Confessor, king, 1066	Westminster Abbey Pilgrimage
14	✠ TRINITY 20	Our Parish and People
15	Teresa of Avila, teacher of the faith, 1582	Contemplative communities
16	<i>Nicholas Ridley and Hugh Latimer, bps and martyrs, 1555</i>	Prisoners
17	Ignatius of Antioch, bishop and martyr, 107	Those who suffer for the faith
18	Luke the Evangelist	Thanksgiving for the Gospel
19	Henry Martyn, translator and missionary	Those in need
20		of Our Lady
21	✠ TRINITY 21	Our Parish and People
22		Rough Sleepers
23		Local businesses
24		Peace
25		Unity
26	Alfred, king and scholar, 899	Those in need
27		of Our Lady
28	✠ SIMON and JUDE apostles	Our Parish and People
29	James Hannington, bishop and martyr, 1885	Missionaries
30		All Saints Festival
31		Benefactors and former clergy



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**– ALL SAINTS –
FESTIVAL 2018**

**6.30pm WEDNESDAY 31 OCTOBER
EVE OF ALL SAINTS – LITANY OF THE SAINTS,
FESTAL EVENSONG and BENEDICTION**

Preacher: Fr Andrew Walker

Canticles: Stanford in C

**6.30pm THURSDAY 1 NOVEMBER
ALL SAINTS' DAY – HIGH MASS**

Preacher: Fr Peter Groves

Mass Setting: Mozart *Missa Brevis in C, K259*

**6.30pm FRIDAY 2 NOVEMBER
ALL SOULS' DAY – HIGH MASS OF REQUIEM**

Preacher: Fr Bill Wilson

Mass Setting: Fauré *Requiem*

**SUNDAY 4 NOVEMBER
11am ALL SAINTS SUNDAY
PROCESSION and HIGH MASS**

Preacher:

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

**6pm SOLEMN EVENSONG, TE DEUM
and BENEDICTION**

Preacher: Fr Martyn Gough, Chaplain of the Fleet

Canticles: Francis Jackson *Setting in G minor*

WWW.ALLSAINTSMARGARETSTREET.ORG.UK