



All Saints Parish Paper

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Candlelit Carol Service at All Saints, December 2018

Photo: Andrew Prior

VICAR'S LETTER

The regular meetings of the trustees of our **Choir and Music Trust** and the **All Saints Foundation** include a report from our stockbroker on how our investments are faring against the background of the world economy. This year an extra snippet of information from Miranda lightened the gloom of Brexit turmoil and Trump trade wars. It was that the firm had given up having an office Christmas party and now has a carol service instead.

I don't know if this signals a welcome move in the direction of religion, but at least it is one in the direction of civility.

One of our number told us that employment lawyers know that the Christmas party season always produces an increase in the number of complaints about inappropriate behaviour: too much spirit and not enough peace and goodwill, I suppose.

Carol services do seem to be a growth industry. Some churches, like our neighbours at St Marylebone, seem to do nothing else during Advent. We limit the number we have because they are time-consuming for both staff and volunteers, as well as disrupting our normal pattern of daily worship.

The question often asked is: How many of the people who attend them will become regular worshippers, if they are not already?

Do they contribute to the growth of the Church? These questions are being asked shortly after the Church of England has issued its annual statistics, which once again show a decline. One of the exceptions to this downward trend is worship at cathedrals and at Christmas services. Another is the rise of charismatic churches under the HTB brand. If as many people have been through Alpha Courses as is claimed, we might wonder why church attendance statistics are not much higher. Where have they all gone?

We all know the old adage: “There are lies, damned lies and statistics”. Some think that by publishing them we shoot ourselves in the foot. They simply provide the media and bodies like the National Secular Society with ammunition to fire at us.

However, there is no point being unrealistic about the situation we are in; pretending that everything in the garden is rosy, when it clearly is not. If there is decline, then we need to know about it, and we need to do something more than sit down by the waters of the Thames and weep. We need to ask why and that means asking about more than bare numbers. Why are people not coming to church in the first place? And are those who do attend coming less frequently?

It is becoming clear that a lot of people who were nominally Church of England in an earlier generation, those who would put C. of E. down on forms which asked for their religion, no longer do so. They even have a name now: the “Nones”. Some of this may be due to the effects of secular attitudes in society. It may be a result of abuse scandals which have damaged the reputation and moral authority of the Church. There is strong evidence that many in the younger generation view churches with suspicion; assuming us to be abusive, misogynistic and homophobic. We can hardly deny that

there is some evidence to support this. As I write this, I see that some conservative evangelicals are demanding the head of the Bishop of Blackburn (himself from that tradition) for his commendation of new services for transgender people.

There is also increasing evidence that people who go to church do so less frequently than in the past. On the Second Sunday in Advent, I did a rough count of regular worshippers at High Mass who were missing from the ranks that day. I gave up after I had reached 35. Some, I know, had succumbed to the season of coughs and sneezes. Others would be away, perhaps visiting family. This is a significant factor in a congregation largely made up of people who are not native Londoners.

There is, however, a growing body of evidence that many people no longer see what we used to call the “Sunday Obligation” as an essential part of their Christian life. People of earlier generations would speak of being in church not once but twice each Sunday: at Mass and Evensong. We still have some who are, but anecdotal evidence suggests they may be the last of a dying breed. Have we failed to teach a new generation about the duty and benefit of Sunday and even daily worship out of a desire to avoid legalism?

In fact, there is a good deal of hard evidence that the Church is only one of a number of bodies, including political parties, which are suffering from a widespread reluctance by people to commit to membership. In our terms, that means that they are happy to turn up for carol services or perhaps once a month. They are glad that we keep on providing such services, they are glad about the thousands of community and social projects run by churches, but have no sense of responsibility for maintaining

the worshipping life of the Church which sustains all these. Put bluntly, we are seen as a “Service Provider”.

Here in London we also have to deal with the reality of high turn-over in both resident and working populations. We do not know what the long-term effect of the escalation in house and transport costs will be on churches in central London, when both Sunday and weekday worshippers have to live further and further away.

All Saints began life in part as a response to another period of rapid social change which undermined allegiance to the Church. Rapid urbanization led to people losing contact with the church communities which had been a fixture of their rural environment. This disorientation and the sheer struggle to survive which was the lot of many, took its toll. As Dr Bill Jacob told us in his lecture on Anglo-Catholic Church-Planting in 19th century London (during our recent Festival Sunday), churches responded with huge energy to these challenges. They were able to mobilize resources of people and money. Clergy and religious were supported by cohorts of lay people generous with their time, energy and money. One of the curates, an organist, and a group of parishioners went off to Paddington to found St Mary Magdalene’s; a churchwarden, the architect George Edmund Street, built them a magnificent church.

Many of those involved in the establishment of All Saints belonged to a group called “The Engagement”. Its members “engaged” themselves to a rule of life which included keeping the Prayer Book’s discipline of daily prayer and its fasts and feasts, self-examination and penitence, commitment to good works and generous giving to the work of the Church.

There is no point thinking that we can reverse the downward trend without a similar counter-cultural level of commitment. This is not about deliberately opting for a tightly-knit exclusive church community which can preserve the faith through a new Dark Ages; what has been called the “Benedict Option”. A church like ours has an important rôle to play in maintaining and developing a Christian culture; one for which not all of our contemporaries in the Church of England have much time. But the Church needs to have open doors and hearts. Its boundaries will often be rather blurred. At its heart it needs a core of people who are committed body and soul, heart and mind, to the service of the Gospel.

I have just attended the licensing of Fr Matthew Duckett as priest-in-charge of St Matthias, Colindale; a long way up the Northern Line. He was a server and sub-deacon here before his ordination. Some assume that clergy who come from All Saints must be fragile and gilded creatures who cannot possibly survive outside so-called “shrine-churches”; without Mozart and Palestrina and beautiful architecture. Even here where we have those things, life is not always a bed of roses. Dee Prior and I have just had to spend part of a morning when we both had plenty of other things to do, with the police and a homeless woman who claimed to have been assaulted by another homeless person in the church. The last time the police came was when I had to break off in the middle of the 8 o’clock Mass to break up a fight which started in church and ended in the courtyard, with one man about to bash out the brains of another for stealing his mobile phone. I know that people will say I should have been sensible and not have intervened, but in the split second I had to make a decision, the better course seemed to be to stop a potentially

fatal assault. Sadly, the chosen weapon was a garden decoration with the All Saints logo which was a gift of the late Dr Chris Rawll which is now beyond repair.

As I walked through the streets of Colindale from the station to the modern concrete church, I was struck by how few houses had any Christmas decorations. Fr Matthew's new parish looks like stony ground for the Church and he is showing considerable courage in going there. But there is a lot of new housing going up and the diocese is putting in mission workers so that he and the small but faithful congregation are not being expected to do everything on their own. Among the clergy gathered to support Matthew was another of our ordinands, Fr Tony Halton. For several years, he had combined a demanding day job in the NHS with helping to sustain the life of that small church. These are two priests who we can take pride in. All Saints was one of the places in which they learned and practiced the spiritual disciplines I have written about. We must pray that it will continue to be so. If it does it will be because prayer has issued in practice.

With best wishes and prayers for Christmas and the New Year.

Alan Moses

RETIREMENT and TRANSITION

I will be 70 on November 3, 2019. It had been my hope that I might be allowed the extension which was customary for incumbents who had the freehold, so that I could retire on the 25th anniversary of my arrival at All Saints, the 23rd of July, 2020. However, this is not going to be possible, so I will be retiring on my 70th birthday, which will be Festival Sunday 2019.

As a family, we will have to deal with the transition to a new life and home; including finding the latter. It will be over 24 years since we have moved house, so there will be a good deal of de-cluttering to do. I know from other priests who have retired that there is a considerable change of gear when retirement comes, although I do not intend to stop functioning as a priest. I have said that I will help wherever we end up, as long as I don't have to go to any meetings! I am already doing some thinking and praying about how I can maintain my priestly life when I no longer have a church to call my own. Fr Pip's wonderful story about his elderly grandfather spending his last years making his soul sitting reading the Bible in his orchard has stuck in my mind.

The retirement of a parish priest, especially after a long incumbency, is also a period of transition for the parish. Bishop Sarah has encouraged us to use the period leading up to my departure to do some serious thinking about the mission and ministry of All Saints. We will be working on that in the New Year, so watch this space.

A YEAR WITH ST LUKE

Canon Michael Gudgeon led a **Study Day on St Luke's Gospel**, which we will be reading through on Sundays this year. He then followed this up with an **Advent Quiet Day** based on the three Gospel Canticles from St Luke: the *Benedictus*, *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*. As well as Canon Gudgeon's thoughtful reflections, during the afternoon we learned to sing these to plainsong under the direction of Ian Lyon from our Choir.

AN EVENING WITH ST ANDREW

The Vicar preached at the 5pm Sung Eucharist at St Paul's, Cathedral on St

Andrew's Day 2018. He is pretty certain that he is the only member of the College of Canons who is in Scottish Orders, although Fr James Milne, the Sacrist, who allocates preaching slots to Prebendaries, is too, and they have known each other for many years.

The service was preceded by afternoon tea at the Deanery with the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the Rt Revd Susan Morris, the Minister of Dornoch Cathedral, who was attending the service as part of her visit to London. The Moderator and Fr Alan just missed being neighbours in Edinburgh. She began her ministry as an assistant at St Giles. The assistants lived just along the street from Old St Paul's.

CANDLELIT CAROL SERVICES

On **Monday 3 December**, we were delighted to welcome back to All Saints, Bishop Rowan Williams. He was here as Master of **Magdalene College, Cambridge**, whose choir of 20 singers with their Director of Music, Organist and Organ Scholar came for a second year to sing for alumni of the college. Over 200 people attended the Carol Service this year many of whom were visiting the Church for the first time. Some had been recommended they attend by those who came in 2017. Thanks go to Jeremiah Stephenson for inducting the organist and organ scholar in the wonders of the All Saints' organ.

Three days later, on **Thursday 6 December**, we hosted a similar service, sung this time — on their first visit to All Saints — by the **choir of Rugby School** for the alumni Rugbybeian Society. A choir of 40 young people (aged 14 to 18), conducted by Director of Music Richard Tanner, and

accompanied by their organist and school chaplain, thoroughly enjoyed the fine acoustic.

The architecture of the building would be familiar, as their school chapel was designed by Butterfield. Churchwarden Chris Self met one woman visiting for the first time for some while who, it turned out, had been married at All Saints forty years before by Fr Michael Marshall. The organisers at Rugby were so pleased with the success of the evening that they have already asked to return on Thursday 5 December 2019.

We couldn't run these external Carol Services (let alone our own Lunchtime Carol Service or Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols) without the considerable help and support of Chris Self and a large number of volunteers who both steward and make/serve mulled wine and mince pies. Thank you to all of them for ensuring both these two external services and the further one (for the third year) for **Freud Communications**, on Thursday 13 December, went smoothly and were so much enjoyed by those who attended. Lunchtime Carols, at the new time of 1.10pm this year, attracted 80 people and Nine Lessons — with an entirely new musical selection (thanks to Jeremiah Stephenson and James Sherwood, Choir Administrator) — attracted a totally full Church for the second year running.

RENEWAL of the CHURCH ELECTORAL ROLL 2019 (deadline Wednesday 6 March)

At the Annual Parochial Church Meeting in 2018 Kate Burling, Electoral Roll Officer, gave notice that the All Saints' Electoral Roll would be renewed in 2019. This exercise is now due and will start on Wednesday 9 January.

Each person on the present Electoral Roll must make a new application if they wish to be included on the new Roll as names CANNOT be carried over from the old Roll. Anyone not on the present Roll who wishes to be included on the new Roll and fulfils the requirements is welcome to apply. Inclusion on the Roll is the qualification to attend, participate and vote at the Annual Parochial Church Meeting or be nominated for any office e.g. PCC member.

The exercise of renewing the Roll has to be completed *before* the **Annual Parochial Church Meeting after Mass on Sunday 31 March 2019**. Fresh Electoral Roll forms, to be completed by anyone who wishes to

be included, can be found on the table by the Church door and should be completed and returned to Kate Burling via the Parish Office *not later than Wednesday 6 March 2019*. *Thank you.*

ALL SAINTS' CLUB MEMBERSHIP

Talking of renewing things... the new All Saints' Licensed Club/Bar annual subscriptions fall due from 31 December 2018. The rate for 2019 is £5. Cards will be on sale from Sunday 6 January and will be available from the Bar. 2019 cards are coloured yellow.

ANNUAL DAY OF PRAYER WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The 30th annual Day of Prayer will be held in **St Margaret's Church on Saturday 26 January 2019**.

Join us for a day of reflection led by Fr Timothy Radcliffe OP, followed by **Evensong** in the Abbey at 3pm. Fr Timothy Radcliffe OP is a Dominican friar and Roman Catholic priest. Educated at Oxford and Paris, he taught scripture in Oxford, was involved in ministry to people with AIDS and was Master of the Order of Preachers from 1992 to 2001. He is a Sarum Canon of Salisbury Cathedral, has written *What is the Point of Being a Christian*, *Take the Plunge: Living Baptism and Confirmation*, and other books. He is an Hon. D.D. of Oxford University and is an itinerant lecturer.

The Day of Prayer will explore how prayer in its different forms shapes us in faith, hope and love. We begin with faith which leads us to worship. The daily rhythm of the Church's prayer forms us in hope, leaving behind what is past and opening us to the future, and culminates in the silence in the presence of love.

- 10am — Gathering prayers
- 10:15am — Address 1: **Faith in worship**
- 10:45am — Prayer and reflection
- 11:30am — Address 2: **Hopeful prayer**
- 12 noon — Prayer and reflection
- 12:45pm — Lunch break
- 1:30pm — Address 3: **Silence with the beloved**
- 2pm — Prayer and reflection
- 2:40pm — Conclusion
- 3pm — Evensong in the Abbey

All are welcome and tickets are not required.

JEREMIAH STEPHENSON'S JANUARY ORGAN RECITAL, Sunday 27 January 3.30pm

Jeremiah writes:

I'm very much looking forward to treating everyone to an all-German programme for my January 2019 organ recital. The centrepiece is Mendelssohn's dynamic organ *Sonata in Bb major*, along with two sublime Chorale settings from the great master J.S. Bach. Two virtuosic transcriptions bookend the programme: Dupré's scintillating *no-semiquavers-spared* transcription of the *Sinfonia from Cantata 29* and Mozart's *Fantasia in F minor*, originally written for a mechanical clock organ.

FUNDING ALL SAINTS

We are grateful to all those who responded to our Autumn appeal on giving to support the work of All Saints. This brought us to a position where we were breaking even for 2018, more or less and boosted our core funding for 2019 by approximately £7,000. However, given the nature of our congregation, attention to our giving is something which must be ongoing rather than occasional. We are working hard to maximize the income from other sources such as letting space. There is a limit to how much of this can be done without disrupting our own activities and placing an excessive burden on staff and residents.

We are investigating methods of giving by contactless payment. When even London buskers and sellers of the "Big Issue" are being equipped with devices to allow this, we know that we have reached a point where for many people, especially the young, the cash economy, and certainly the small change one, is a thing of the past. The plan

is to install a device in church to supplement the old-fashioned collection boxes. As the latter are vulnerable to the attention of thieves, we are also investigating a more secure donations box for those old-fashioned souls who still wish to give notes or coins.

For regular parishioners, we commend the **Parish Giving Scheme**. The All Saints PCC has joined the Parish Giving Scheme. This began some years ago in the Diocese of Gloucester and has spread across the Church of England. It provides a centralized system of reclaiming tax on Gift-Aided giving. The Church benefits from:

- Predictable, stable income (this is important in a parish like ours with a fluid population of worshippers).
- Efficient reclaim of Gift Aid.
- Better cash flow.
- Protection against inflation by donors choosing to increase their giving annually in line with inflation.
- Reduced administration and paper work for the parish office. Putting in claims for lots of individuals is a time-consuming business.

Donors benefit from:

- Total control over how much you give
- A simple giving method which provides regular financial support to your church-going
- Option to inflation proof your giving
- Protection provided by the Direct Debit Guarantee
- Ability to remain anonymous if you wish.

Leaflets about the scheme and the necessary forms are available in church or from the Parish Office.

We recognize that some who give by standing order feel embarrassed when the collection plate goes by without them putting anything in it. Do people think

they are giving nothing? The Parish Giving Scheme provides tokens which those who participate can put on the plate as a sign that you are giving to support the church, even though the process is taking place ‘behind the scenes’ automatically. *AM*

CELL OF OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM

You need not be a member of the Cell to join in these events. They are organised by the Cell members for all to join as they wish.

Saturday 12 January 2019

11.30 am Rosary and
Walsingham Devotions
12 noon Low Mass of Our Lady
of Walsingham

TRAVELOGUE — *Australia: The Busman’s Holiday, Resumed*

Fr Michael continues:

Last month you got off lightly: I tantalised you with a Saturday morning wine-tasting in Redfern on the very *limen* of the University of Sydney. I suppose I’d better not keep you in further suspense. The wines were Barossa and my friend who is training to be a *sommelier* wanted company in her studies. Though we got there at opening time (10am) it was nearly impossible to park (and fairly difficult to move) for the hordes of achingly trendy Sydneysiders, people, I opine, such as one might find in Islington or Camden on a similar Saturday. Having tried three wines I accepted that they were almost immediately indistinguishable to my unsophisticated palatal memory and left the serious work to my expert companion.

Sunday passed in an agreeable round of liturgical delight, with another preaching opportunity survived. The week held more pastoral joys in prospect, one of which was heralded by one of those small-(church-)

Saturday 9 February 2019

11.30 am Rosary
and Walsingham Devotions
12 noon Low Mass of Our Lady
of Walsingham

ALL SAINTS PARISH RETREAT 2019

The 2019 parish retreat will be from 15 – 17 March at Bishop Woodford House in Ely. It will be conducted by Fr Bill Scott. If you want to come, or would like further information, please contact Martin Woolley at m.g.woolley@btinternet.com or on 07976 275383. Rooms will be allocated in the order in which bookings are received.

world encounters one has after E&B (for which it was a joy to preside once more at my old altar). Two people whom I slightly too obviously didn’t recognise approached me after B. In my defence, I had seen neither of them since 1981. They were John Knight, a paediatric consultant turned poetry publisher and his wife Lindsay [sic], children’s book publisher and sister of my old friend Michael Scott-Mitchell who designed the *Merry Widow* I saw at the Opera House earlier in the year. They now live almost within the parish of CCSL (which is as notable a statement as it would be if made of a congregant at ASMS), just up the hill in Goulburn Street. They knew my parents and I had been in their house often, if now at almost four decades’ distance. John and I arranged to meet for coffee.

The first visit of Monday was to Fr Eric Hampson, sometime Vicar of St Augustine’s, Kilburn, the irrepressible 93 year-old resident of another splendid

Anglican retirement village, in Woollahra, my father's childhood stamping ground. It is being lavishly rebuilt around him. Fr Eric, though having been retired for as long as many people are at work, never stops corresponding with church hierarchs to correct them about the issues of the day. Remarkably, they answer. Possibly they've tried a not-answering strategy in the past and reaped the consequences.

That afternoon I welcomed back into the Rectory my former Head Server at CCSL, Geoffrey Lean, who is now a live-in Oblate of the Passionist community in Marrickville, where he exercises a ministry of hospital chaplaincy, pastoral visiting and liturgical service. This was his first visit to the Rectory since I left the parish in 2000 (I have previously seen him 'at home' in the Marrickville monastery); it was 'seemly', as Cedric Stephens would say, to catch up with Geoffrey's busy life in an environment once so familiar to him (he'd been a server at CCSL since the seventies). The evening was devoted to yet more parish sociability with the Director of Music, Neil McEwan and choir members Owen Chambers and David Russell (some of you met all of these in 2015, when the CCSL choir sang E&B on a frosty January Saturday) at the Club, to which Neil also belongs. Neil was preparing for retirement, which has since occurred; exhaustive selection processes having been undertaken, the baton has been passed to an equally distinguished musician, Sam Allchurch. The Godly Commonwealth of Sydney favours worship bands or, for preference, several hours of expository preaching, so this appointment is unusually important for the local flourishing (or even survival) of a tradition which CCSL and ASMS have nurtured in spooky parallel over the last 150 years. Convivial dinner at the Club inevitably supplied More Maddy

(see previous episodes, *passim*: I think that vein may have been sufficiently mined).

Tuesday began with a pastoral visit made, uniquely, to someone I didn't already know, the charming and aptly named Peter Christian. I was just in time: having received the Blessed Sacrament and last rites he died later that day. It is always a joy and privilege to be part of what used to be called a 'good death', which modern medicine sadly denies to most of us as we drift off in a morphinized Lethe.

That evening a return visit to the Sydney Cove Oyster Bar prefaced a well-seasoned and pleasing production of *Rigoletto* set amongst Chicago gangsters. The other current offering of Opera Australia, a new production of *Aida* with a set built entirely of huge digital screens didn't appeal. John Knight, who had seen it, later indicated that I had chosen wisely.

The next morning found me in Bathurst Street regarding the dour southern aspect of St Andrew's Cathedral. I was able to get inside this time (access having been denied, as careful readers will recall, last January) and Bishop Broughton's relics (his gown and prayer book, in a glass case near the East end) were duly venerated. This Broughton was the first to have oversight of the colony, first as Archdeacon of Calcutta (now confusingly known as 'Kolkata': some of the letters seem to have been changed to protect the innocent, but the general effect is much the same). He then became the first and only Bishop of Australia and finally the first Bishop of Sydney. He was a Tractarian (the only such to occupy the not-throne in Sydney) and it is to him we render thanks for the existence of CCSL, built and consecrated on his watch.

Cousin Peter, with whom I shared lunch, was now able to help me with a Peculiar

Project. I always visit the family graves I know about when I go to Sydney. But my father had requested that his ashes be deposited in Lake George, 160 miles from Sydney and, he thought, a uniquely beautiful place. This was always a touch-and-go request, owing to the frequent lack of H₂O in the alleged lake, but I have photographic evidence of Peter wading into a convincing expanse of water to scatter the ashes in 1994, so I was confident he would be able to tell me which piece of shoreline I should visit (I'd had to return to the UK before the original event). Ever-practical he pinpointed the place on a map in my phone and all was clear.

That afternoon a communion visit had been requested by Kevin Carter, another CCSL old boy who was deaconed in the eighties but did not proceed to priestly orders. He had fallen badly on a bus and broken a limb. Sydney bus drivers approach their craft rather in the manner of taxi-drivers trying to maximise the number of fares they can accumulate, which leads to a certain violence of movement and, sometimes, injury. After communion, Kevin and I reminisced at length about CCSL and other Sydney parishes we remembered (mostly now vassals of the Godly C and therefore stripped of any recognisably Anglican character). The Matron of the home, miraculously, is an Anglo-Catholic and had phoned the parish office that morning to request a visit. No one had told *me* this, so she was pleasantly astonished at the speed of my appearance, almost immediately capped by that of the head of the CCSL Pastoral team, Cathy Wayland, who came well-equipped with practicalities to complement my sacramental and conversational ministrations. The evening promised a reunion dinner with a good friend and former CCSL subdeacon who

now graces the NSW judiciary. His Honour had identified a fine Italian possibility in Newtown and agreeable conviviality completed preparations for my next-day's flight to what Homer might have called 'Cousin-and-Aunt-rich Adelaide'.

In Sydney this winter was cloudless and warm. It was not so in the alleged 'city of churches' of which, this time, I hardly saw anything (so persistent and overwhelming was the impluviation) except the Cousins and the Aunt (having no sisters, and being now reduced to one aunt of my blood, I can't quite match Sir Joseph Porter KCB, of *HMS Pinafore* fame). There was also hail. All leading to an impressive restriction of visibility. So, apart from a dash to O'Connell Books, adjacent to the Adelaide Club (the delights of which I've also exhausted in previous episodes), I confined myself to consobrial and auntish company for lunch and dinner (is there an aunt-based equivalent for 'avuncular'? Possibly 'amital'?, an aunt being, as we all know, *amita*. But *amitalis* is recorded in neither Lewis and Short nor *The Oxford Latin Dictionary*. Note to self: consult the *Thesaurus Linguae Latinae* at earliest opportunity).

Dinner with the Cs and the A was to be at an eatery called *Raj on Taj* (I never established what this name means; one suspects it is suggestive, merely). There are in fact two of these *Rajs* in 'C-&-A-R Adelaide'. Barb drove me to *R-on-T 1*; unfortunately it then became clear that everyone else was foregathering at *R-on-T 2*. Happily Adelaide is more cosy than extensive, so we soon found our way into the other, identical, *Raj*. This supplied one functioning waitress (various uniformed male persons were *visible*, doing a great deal of heroic standing around), so it was a rather longer evening than anyone had planned. In

the morning the rains had gone, so I walked across the botanical gardens from the Club to my aunt's recentish 'retirement' nest. We then made our way together to cousin Margy's for a splendid Ottolenghi-inspired lunch (Margy is extremely jealous that Mr O has opened his latest food-opportunity, *Rovi*, in Wells St, where I sometimes breakfast on high days), after which she drove me to the airport. Advance purchase of Qantas Lounge-access now paid off: yesterday's Weather had now moved through Sydney and disrupted all the flights. Lounge lizardry ensured that the lateness of a flight was as nothing to me. I settled comfortably into more PGW and lounged ever more expansively. The journey was inevitably further elongated by 45 minutes circling Sydney in the dreaded 'holding pattern'. Again, no matter: I took full mental advantage of not needing to be anywhere and though not arriving at the Rectory until about 9pm, required only a small Talisker before calling it a night (which, of course, it was).

Monday included a visit to John and Linsay Knight's perfectly-judged apartment on Goulburn St, where I saw afresh their wonderful Martin Sharp prints and we collectively reminisced, familiarly. Linsay had been involved in a project, with her mother and my father, recording poems and songs for young children, and has promised to find and digitise for me these sole surviving recordings of my father's voice.

I'd chosen Tuesday as the occasion of my pious visit to Lake George, so a friend and I set off for the longish drive into the country. At present (as for some years past), there is no water in the 'Lake'; indeed sheep were safely grazing over much of it. I soon found the place that cousin Peter had indicated as the site of the 'burial'. How does one

correctly refer to depositing ashes in water? I've always assumed that burial involved earth, but the Good Book (OED) corrects me:

Bacon *New Atlantis* (1635) 33 *We have great lakes, both salt and fresh; we use them for burials of some natural bodies.*

I did now glimpse the natural beauty which had so captured my father's attention. Some of you know that I am not much given to outdoors. Give me a city footpath and a series of interesting buildings and I cheerfully forget that the country exists. Perhaps Sydney Harbour's juxtaposition of Built and Natural environments re-attunes me to the possibilities of outdoor beauty. For whatever reason, the vast empty spaces and limitless horizons of the Australian countryside never fail to impress. But Lake G, however delightful in prospect, was that morning subject to gales challenging the standing-upright skills, so we pushed on to the Nation's Capital, Canberra, about 25 miles down the road, half of which seemed to have been dug up. Australia is currently suffering from a plague of urban tram-building. Sydney has been paralysed by it for three years with no resolution in sight; Adelaide has been playing at it more modestly, as befits its scale, and with more rapid success. Now Canberra is at it too. What appears to be the only road into the city was groaning with frustrated drivers. The comparatively small population all seem to rejoice in at least two cars, so it seems an odd project with which to have afflicted the public. Or is it that the desire to *leave* Canberra is such that people will be clambering on the trams for dear life when they finally appear. Those readers attuned to subtext are perhaps gathering that C is a disappointing city. We did find one over-priced but highly competent Italian restaurant, imaginatively named

Italians and Sons: not as opaque a name, but perhaps just as generic, as *Raj-on-Taj*. A visit to the National Gallery, predictably underwhelming, sent us scurrying back through the roadworks towards the real Capital City, Sydney. My travelling companion, who'd never been to Canberra, was firm in her opinion that, having made this visit, a box had been firmly ticked and was unlikely to be reopened (if you expand the box from two to three dimensions that statement will make sense).

The next day was to be my last in the Rectory. Helga, as I'll call the until now slightly reluctant cleaner, was today present in magnificent force as I tidied myself into invisibility. After preaching again at the healing Mass, I moved my oversized bags to what my hosts now call the Michael Bowie Memorial Bedroom in Glebe. Ted Wailes, with whom I share school as well as CCSL connections, having invited me to the rival Australian Club for dinner, I looked in on the Rectory once more to check that the inhabitants would find all in order on their return the next morning and was fed, watered and whisky'd into that agreeable state which our friends the Stoics call *ataraxia*.

Having settled into my Glebe reverie or retreat, a haircut was called for. I have previously introduced to you the Splendid Sam, the Lebanese Australian barber whose place of work is located within David Jones Market Street department store. I, and my head, have known Sam for over 20 years. Whether the interval is months or years, we always pick up the conversation exactly where we left it. He asked about his London counterpart, so I told him about the Iraqi Kurdish brothers who are his Fitzrovia equivalent (*Tower Barbers* in New Cavendish St, since you ask). Apparently

the Kurdish barbering fraternity is a trans-hemispheric phenomenon. According to Sam you can't walk down George St without tripping over an Iraqi Kurdish barber. They are apparently ubiquitous, if that's the word. I hadn't noticed this, not always being able instantly to spot a barber, but I defer to his greater local and professional knowledge.

A congenial haircut was the prelude to lunch with Christopher Waterhouse, formerly one of our servers and now Director of the St James Institute (at St James King St, the church which is home to the former fire-blanket confessional). We met, as you're possibly expecting, at the Club, at the other end of 'Barrister-Rich Philip St' (these Homeric epithets are rather piling up, aren't they) where we had the Knox Room almost to ourselves: a Speaker lunch had filled the Members' Dining Room below. Spookily, the speaker was Fr Andrew Semple, the Rector of St James and Christopher's ultimate employer. He was despatching the English Reformation over lunch. Quite enough time and attention paid to it, I'd say. We wandered, post-prandially, downstairs to meet the crowd basking in their Reformation-fuelled bonhomie. There was Fr John Sanderson from CCSL, a number of other familiar clerical and non-clerical faces, and Bishop Peter Watson, who'd been Bishop of South Sydney when I was Rector of CCSL. After gentle prompting he remembered who I was and we exchanged email addresses in the hope of a proper conversation when I next visit.

A veil will be drawn over that evening's disappointing visit to 'harbour-hugging Ensemble Theatre' in Kirribilli; we now proceed to next day's Morning Tea (that distinctive Austral institution) with Brenda Hunter, CCSL Rector's warden, who lives

just below my hosts in Glebe. You will be unsurprised to learn that this was merely a prelude to more food: lunch with Fr Stephen and Sue Williams, who had travelled down from Near Newcastle for this purpose. You have previously met Fr Stephen, recently-retired Dean of Newcastle NSW, in these pages and also in the flesh, when he preached at ASMS in 2016. Early, as usual, I investigated a new (to me) phenomenon, a vast Japanese bookshop, *Kinokuniya*, which, while offering sufficient Japanese products for verisimilitude, has as many English-language books as any other Sydney bookshop, with the addition of the uniquely beautiful stationery that enhances Japanese life. Our restaurant was Chinese, and extremely impressive. I had stayed with Fr Stephen and Sue in January, so this was a mere catch-up. But during lunch I learned that they were contemplating a visit to the UK in 2019. Once they realised that if they synchronised journeys with me they could have Number 6 to themselves for a month, the deal was soon done. You may look forward to their nearer presence in May.

That afternoon my penultimate cassock fitting with the extraordinary Mr W beckoned. It should have been the final fitting, though he had warned me the garment would not be finished in time for my return. But I was wearing the Wrong Shirt, or more precisely the Wrong Collar. I should have appeared in the *Clerical* collar I would normally wear under a cassock. Obvious, really, when you think about it, but this had not, shamefully, occurred to me, so we negotiated a truly final and not-to-be-repeated fitting, early the next morning. Mr W, it appears, rarely sleeps. He mostly starts work around 6am. Declining his invitation to appear at that hour, I contracted to be with him around 9.

Having driven all the way to Lake George, my tomb-curiosity was now aroused and I now decided to seek out the remaining familial dead, in Rookwood Cemetery. This is a tourist destination in its own right, the largest Victorian *Necropolis* in the world, and a real *polis*, larger than most Sydney suburbs. I've always assumed that it was named after Brookwood in Surrey by someone who decided that Sydney must have one too, bigger and better than the original, but lacking the initial letter for the sake of distinctiveness. Used to the extraordinary efficiency of other cemeteries in Sydney I hadn't reckoned with the difficulty of finding the dear departed in this vast site. Having driven from one incomprehensible map to another I eventually stumbled upon the office. It was 4pm on Friday so I wasn't, by now, especially hopeful of success. The first official I met confirmed my pessimism, explaining that the reference I had, to numbered grave plots in the 'old section', meant that they probably wouldn't have a precise location recorded. She suggested I come back next week. I explained that I was visiting from England and would be leaving Australia the following Wednesday. At this she relented and called a helpful superior who found the ancestral resting places in a computer, and offered to drive me to them. These were in fact one large grave, a square of four burial plots with a substantial obelisk in the middle, recording the burials of the bodies and ashes I expected as well as a number of others, adding to my knowledge of my maternal family tree.

Here I now saw at first hand the evidence of my great-grandmother's sad life, only discovered by my mother in her own old age. Her mother, my grandmother Gwendolen, was the youngest of seven. Born in 1901 she had always believed that her mother died in giving birth to her. Her father died in

1915, so she and her sister Edna were sent to board at Springwood Ladies College in the Blue Mountains, and otherwise lived with her married eldest sister Claris. My mother, born in 1927, remembered being taken to visit an 'aunt' in hospital in the 1930s. My grandmother apparently never knew that this was her own mother. Yet here was the record of her mother's burial, *in 1935*. My great-grandmother, we discovered, had been 'hospitalised' with postnatal depression in 1901 and never released. I have since learned that this was a not uncommon story: those enrolled in such asylums rarely left them. Anyone who denies social progress take note. Many photos were taken to assist in a future return visit before I drove through the 'automobile-dense twilight' to Glebe.

This, my last Friday in Sydney, was also the evening of dinner with my old pal Michael Scott-Mitchell at his house in Marrickville. Remarkably I had met his wife Lisa just once when they were on their first date and I happened into the same restaurant near CCSL (*The Marigold*, since you enquire) in 1996. That was also the last time I'd seen Michael: he was then teaching at NIDA (the Sydney equivalent of RADA), before the largest triumphs of his stage and other design career (including the Olympic Flame at the 2000 Olympics). There are now, in addition to Lisa, a daughter, Claude [sic], and a son, Basil. Slightly overawed by meeting a whole tribe I didn't know, I was soon gathered into a noisy and exuberant family group which appeared, disconcertingly, to know a surprising amount about me. Offered an exhaustive menu of pre-prandial drinks, I jumped at Campari Soda (frequenters of the ASMS bar will know that this is my default tittle before the necessary later whiskies). This earned astonished approbation: it is

Michael S-M's favourite drink, confected at industrial strength. A long and jolly evening ensued, which I hope to repeat. Eventually noticing that Lisa (who grew up round the corner from ASMS in Hallam St), the only person in the room who'd been working hard all week, was flagging, I took my leave about midnight. She farewelled me with an affectionate 'about bloody time'. Warm affection indeed, in Sydney *argot*.

I must skip lightly over the final few days, or you will be subject to an unprecedented fourth instalment of these superfluous ramblings. Saturday, after a slightly dusty start, immediately observed by 'cafe-presiding' Jim's finely-tuned hangover radar, offered the final cassock fitting, duly accomplished, another wine tasting, this time Italian, in Zetland (not far), and a kindly-assembled evening party of friends by my hosts in Glebe. Sunday was its delightful self at CCSL. On Monday there were more local cousins to see and then dinner with Fr Daniel and Peta, to catch up on their visit to London and report on my sojourn in their house. I should report that the Dries family felt extraordinarily warmly welcomed by the All Saints community and retain fond memories of their time with you.

Tuesday soon disappeared amidst farewells to other friends and The Packing. I and my luggage-mountain were efficiently collected and whisked to Kingsford Smith Airport. Messrs Etihad did the rest, including the customary magnificent opportunity for duty-free cigar-replenishment provided during the change of planes in Abu Dhabi. And another astonishingly competent driver deposited me at 6 Margaret St, near the end of this year's rather convincing London summer. Feeling mildly homesick I was soon embedded once more in the rough and tumble of the ASMS timetable. Until May.

100 YEARS AGO

Notes from the Vicar

“Christmas has been quiet and unusually grave. Those of us who are not in mourning have not been able to forget those who are. We are all deeply thankful for the silence which has fallen on the world; but the newspapers which have been calling upon us to be joyful and merry, have struck a strangely false note. The world has been terribly shocked and the crisis is only just past. This has been a convalescent Christmas.

“The Christmas weather was beautiful, and there was a very large congregation for the Midnight Mass. Three hundred persons received the Holy Communion in this Mass. President Wilson’s decision to come to London on St Stephen’s Day gave us the welcome presence of the People’s Warden. The Duke of Newcastle and Mr Ian Malcolm stood on either side of the chancel gates during the Communion of the people and received their tickets.

“*The Guardian** in the weeks before Christmas admitted some ill-natured anonymous attacks on us to its correspondence columns. An acrimonious gentleman attacked our system of tickets for the Midnight Communion. He compared it to the admission to a cinema performance, and after the manner of his tribe wondered that the Bishop permitted so objectionable a practice. He was followed by “M.A.”. “M.A.” kindly suggested that I wished to prevent the laity from communicating. It will be a relief to the pastoral soul of “M.A.” to learn that three hundred persons balked me in my nefarious attempt.

“On Sundays January 5th and 12th there will be no sermon at Evensong, and the choir will sing carols over the Crib. The Carols over the Crib are most beautiful; but if they are to be enjoyed the congregation must remain perfectly still, and I venture to hope that no one will stay who is suffering from an uncontrollable cough. All uncontrollable coughs should leave the building after the blessing.

“The Bishop desires that a Solemn Commemoration of all who have fallen in the cause of the Allies should be held as soon as the Festival Season is ended. Sunday, January 19th is the first free Sunday, and a Solemn Requiem will then be celebrated as the principal service of the day. Morning Prayer will be said at an earlier hour and the Requiem will begin at 11am. An orchestra will perform the Funeral Marches and there will be no sermon. We do not propose to issue any tickets on this occasion. No names will be read out — the list would, alas, be far too long; but special commemoration will be made of all connected with our Church and of all relatives and friends of those present.”

** Not the Manchester Guardian, as it then was, but a church newspaper. Each year, Fr Mackay would announce in the Parish Paper that he would limit the number allowed to communicate at Midnight Mass and that those who wished to do so would have to apply for a token to be handed to the churchwardens at the chancel gate. He never gave any reason for this policy; although it may have been to discourage casual communions made by Christmas revellers.*

SUNDAYS & SOLEMNITIES MUSIC & READINGS

✠ SUNDAY 6 JANUARY THE EPIPHANY

HIGH MASS at 11am

Processional Hymn: 50 (T338) From the
eastern mountains

Entrance Chant: *Ecce advenit Dominator*
Dominus

Setting: Mozart in B flat K 275

Psalm: 72: 10 – 15

Readings: Isaiah 60: 1 – 6
Ephesians 3: 1 – 12

Gradual Hymn: 51 Hail, thou source
of every blessing

Gospel: Matthew 2: 1 – 12

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Creed: Credo II

Offertory Motet: There shall a star
— Mendelssohn

Hymns: 23 Behold the great Creator
makes
40 What child is this, who,
laid to rest
52 O worship the Lord
in the beauty of holiness

Voluntary: In dir ist Freude BWV 615
— Bach

EPIPHANY CAROL SERVICE

by CANDLELIGHT at 6pm

Organ music before the service:
Desseins éternels (from “La
Nativité du Seigneur”)
— Messiaen

Organ Chorale Prelude: Christum wir sollen
loben schon BWV 611 — Bach

Hymn: 33 Of the Father’s heart begotten
(omit v3; vs 1+2 choir only)

Anthem: Omnes de Saba — Handl

1st Lesson: Genesis 1: 1 – 5

Anthem: Light of the world — Elgar

Hymn: 46 Why, impious Herod,
shouldst thou fear

2nd Lesson: Isaiah 60: 1 – 6, 19

Psalm: 96

3rd Lesson: Isaiah 49: 6b – 13

Anthem: Coventry Carol — Leighton

Hymn: 49 (ii) Brightest and best of
the sons of the morning

4th Lesson: Baruch 4: 36 – 5: end

Anthem: O magnum mysterium
— Vilette

5th Lesson: Isaiah 9: 2 – 3, 6 – 7

Anthem: Videntes stellam — Poulenc

Hymn: 51 Hail, thou source
of every blessing

6th Lesson: Revelation 21: 22 – 22: 5

Anthem: The Three Kings
— Cornelius, arr Atkins

Hymn: 48 Bethlehem, of noblest cities

Gospel: Matthew 2: 1 – 12

Organ: Wie schön leuchtet — Reger

Magnificat: Primi Toni — Palestrina

Hymn: 47 As with gladness men of old
(descant — Willcocks)

Voluntary: Chorale Prelude on “Wie schön
leuchtet” BWV 739 — Bach

✠ SUNDAY 13 JANUARY THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST

HIGH MASS at 11.00am

Entrance Hymn: 55 Hail to the Lord’s
Anointed!

Entrance Chant: *Baptizato Domino*

Setting: Missa O Magnum Mysterium
— Victoria

Psalm: 29

Readings: Isaiah 43: 1 – 7
Acts 8: 14 – 17

Gradual Hymn: 58 (T 94) The sinless one
to Jordan came
Gospel: Luke 3: 15 – 17, 21 – 22
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Creed: Victoria
Offertory Motet: O Magnum Mysterium
— Victoria
Hymns: 425 O Love, how deep,
how broad, how high!
347 Come, gracious Spirit,
heavenly Dove
56 (omit*) Songs of
thankfulness and praise
Voluntary: Christ, unser Herr, zum Jordan
kam BWV 684 — Bach

EVENSONG and BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 46, 47
Lessons: Isaiah 55: 1 – 11
Romans 6: 1 – 11
Office Hymn: 46 Why, impious Herod,
shouldst thou fear
Canticles: Collegium Regale — Wood
Anthem: O Thou the central orb — Wood
Preacher: Fr Simon Cuff
Hymn: 407 Lord, thy word abideth
O Salutaris: Bortniansky, arr Caplin
Hymn: 114 Now is eternal life
Tantum ergo: Harwood, arr Caplin
Voluntary: Les Bergers from La Nativité
— Messiaen

✠ SUNDAY 20 JANUARY 3rd SUNDAY OF EPIPHANY

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 148 The God of Abraham
praise
Entrance Chant: Omnis terra adoret te
Setting: Mass in G minor
— Vaughan Williams
Psalm: 36: 5 – 10

Readings: Isaiah 62: 1 – 5
1 Corinthians 12: 1 – 11
Gradual Hymn: 367 Gracious Spirit,
Holy Ghost
Gospel: John 2: 1 – 11
Preacher: Fr Julian Browning
Creed: Credo III
Offertory Motet: Let all mortal flesh
— Bairstow
Hymns: 302 O thou, who at thy
Eucharist didst pray
274 Author of life divine
484 (T 167) The church's one
foundation
Voluntary: Final from Symphonie No 3
— Vierne

EVENSONG and BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 96
Lessons: 1 Samuel 3: 1 – 20
Ephesians 4: 1 – 16
Office Hymn: 46 Why, impious Herod,
shouldst thou fear
Canticles: Sumsion in G
Anthem: Quem Vidistis — Poulenc
Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie
Hymn: 353 Dear Lord and Father
of mankind
O Salutaris: Laloux
Hymn: 225 (i) Give me the wings
of faith to rise
Tantum ergo: Laloux
Voluntary: Romance from 4me Symphonie
— Vierne

✠ SUNDAY 27 JANUARY 4th SUNDAY OF EPIPHANY

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 415 (T 346) O for a
thousand tongues to sing
Entrance Chant: Cantate Domino
canticum novum

Setting: Missa Brevis Sancti Joannis de
Deo — Haydn

Psalm: 19

Readings: Nehemiah 8: 1 – 3, 5 – 6, 8 – 10
1 Corinthians 12: 12 – 31a

Gradual Hymn: 438 Praise to God whose
word was spoken

Gospel: Luke 4: 14 – 30

Preacher: Fr Alan Moses

Creed: Haydn

Offertory Motet: Steal Away — Tippett

Hymns: 481(T462) Jesus, Lord,
we look to thee
513 God is love, and where true
love is, God himself is there
345 Christ is the King,
O friends, rejoice!

Voluntary: Offertoire from Messe pour
les Paroisses — Couperin

EVENSONG and BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 33

Lessons: Numbers 9: 15 – end
1 Corinthians 7: 17 – 24

Office Hymn: 54 O Trinity of blessed light

Canticles: The short service — Byrd

Anthem: Almighty and everlasting God
— Gibbons

Preacher: Fr Barry Orford

Vicar:

Prebendary Alan Moses

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Hymn: 116 O praise our great
and glorious Lord

O Salutaris: Tallis

Hymn: 382 Jesu, grant me this, I pray

Tantum ergo: Victoria

Voluntary: More Palatino — Sweelinck

FRIDAY 1 FEBRUARY EVE OF PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE (Candlemas)

HIGH MASS at 6.30pm

Entrance Chant: *Suscepimus, Deus*

Nunc Dimittis: Holst

Processional Hymn: 157 Hail to the Lord
who comes

Setting: Mass in G major K 140
— Mozart

Psalm: 24

Readings: Malachi 3: 1 – 5
Hebrews 2: 14 – end

Gradual Hymn: 234 Christ, whose glory
fills the skies

Gospel: Luke 2: 22 – 40

Creed: Merbecke

Offertory Motet: When to the temple
Mary went — Eccard

Hymns: 44 (T282) Faithful vigil ended
187 Virgin-born, we bow
before thee

439 (i) Praise to the holiest
in the height

Voluntary: Fiat Lux — Dubois

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

CALENDAR AND INTENTIONS FOR JANUARY 2019

1	THE NAMING AND CIRCUMCISION OF JESUS	for Peace
2	Basil the Great & Gregory of Nazianzus, bishops and teachers of the faith, 379 and 389	Thanksgiving for the Incarnation
3		Thanksgiving for the Incarnation
4		For those in need
5		Of Our Lady
6	✠ EPIPHANY	Our parish and people
7		Local workers
8		Carers
9		Friends of All Saints
10	<i>William Laud, archbishop, 1645</i>	Unity
11	<i>Mary Slessor, missionary, 1915</i>	Those in need
12	Aelred, abbot, 1167	The gift of friendship
13	✠ BAPTISM OF CHRIST Epiphany 2	Our parish and people
14		Rough sleepers
15		Those who live alone
16		Addicts
17	Antony of Egypt, abbot, 356	Monastic Communities
18	Week of Prayer for Christian Unity	Those in need
19	Wulfstan, bishop, 1095	Unity
20	✠ EPIPHANY 3	Our parish and people
21	Agnes, child martyr, 304	Children at risk
22	<i>Vincent of Saragossa, deacon, martyr, 304</i>	Persecuted Christians
23		Unity
24	Frances de Sales, bishop, teacher of the faith, 1622	Spiritual directors
25	Conversion of St Paul	St Paul's Cathedral
26	Timothy and Titus, companions of St Paul	Our bishops
27	✠ EPIPHANY 4	Our parish and people
28	Thomas Aquinas, priest, teacher of the faith, 1274	Theologians
29		Mental health services
30	Charles, king and martyr, 1649	The Queen
31	<i>John Bosco, priest, 1888</i>	Church schools



Organ Recital
JEREMIAH STEPHENSON
Acting Director of Music, All Saints
Sunday 27 January 2019 at 3.30pm

Four-manual Harrison & Harrison (1910)



Sinfonia from Wir danken dir, Gott BWV 29

J.S. Bach (1685 – 1750) arr Dupré

Dies sind die heil'gen zehn Gebot BWV 678 – J.S. Bach

4th Sonata for Organ – Mendelssohn (1809 - 47)

– Allegro con brio

– Andante religiosos

– Allegretto

– Allegro maestoso e vivace

Kommst du nun, Jesu, vom Himmel herunter BWV 650

– J.S. Bach

Fantasia in F minor K608 – Mozart (1756 - 91)

*Retiring collection to support the Choir and Music
at All Saints (suggested donation £5)*

Tea/coffee and biscuits will be available after the recital.

Next recital 3.30pm Sunday 24 March:
JORDAN WONG, All Saints' Dr John Birch Organ Scholar