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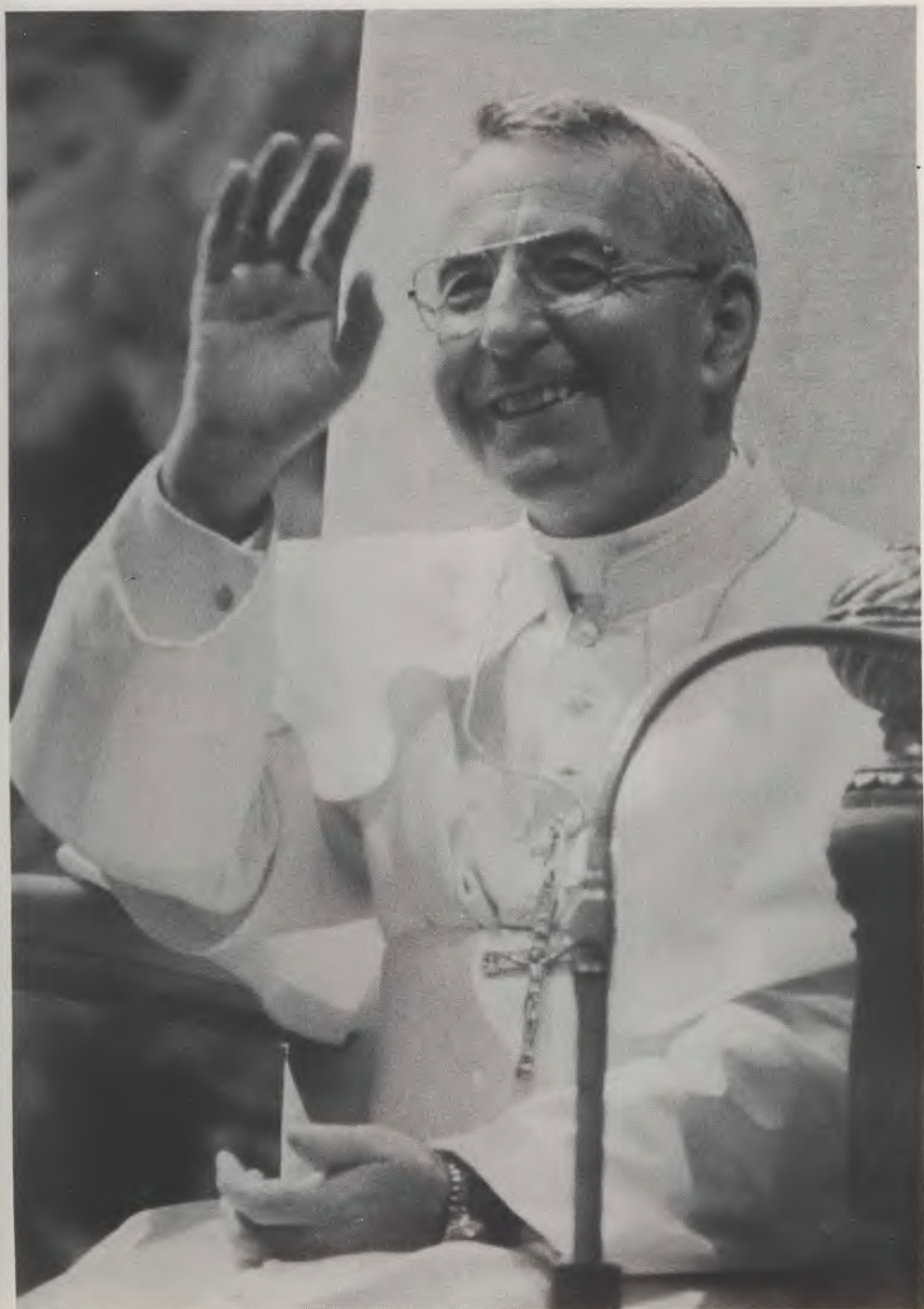
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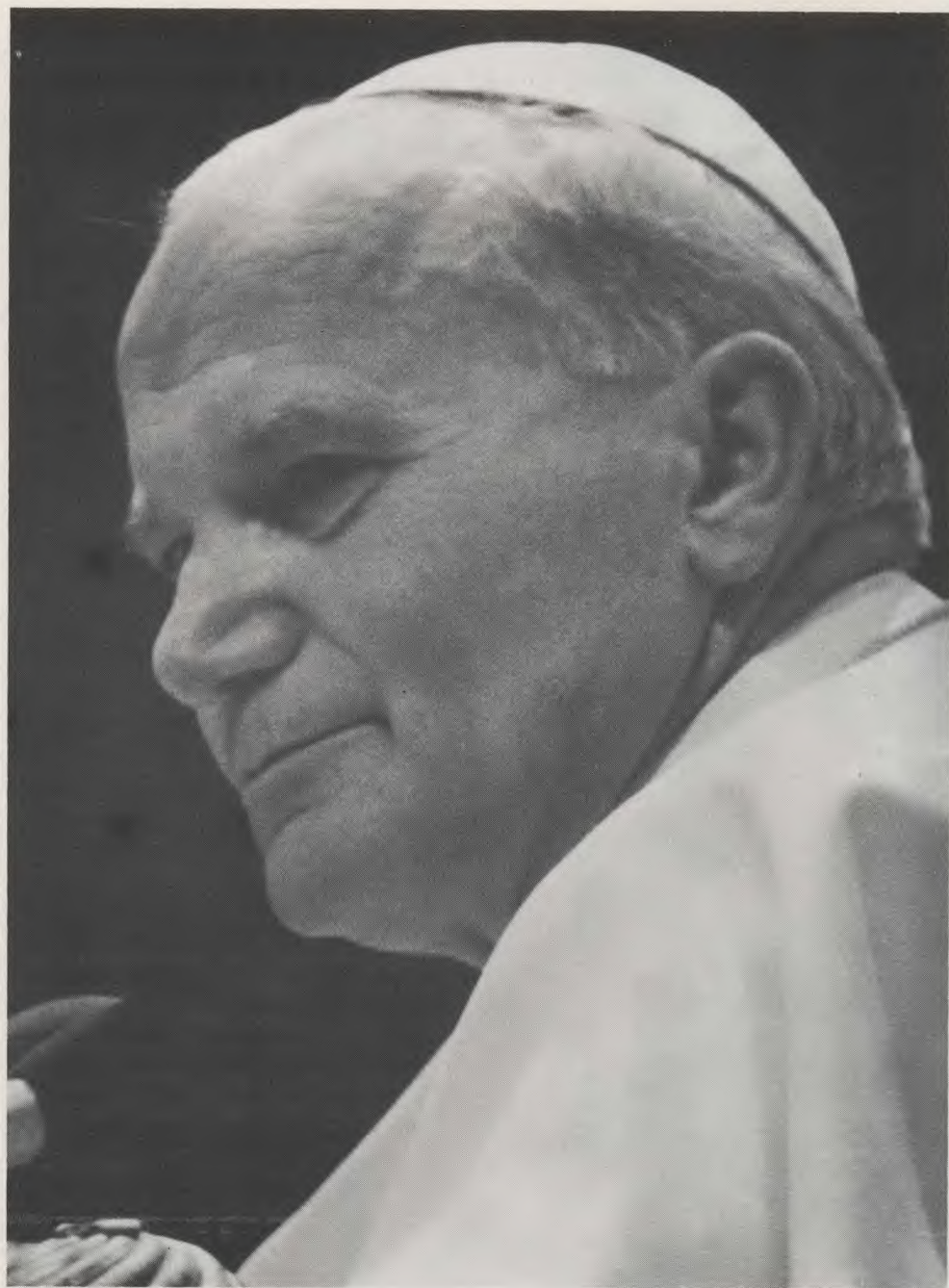
EDITORIAL

The last issue of the Venerabile to appear was the one published for 1974. No issue had appeared in 1973, and none has been forthcoming since. It seems of little use to spend time lamenting this fact. It is true that life in the College today is very full and busy. Activities for which abundant energy and enthusiasm were once readily available have now to compete with much else, and do not always seem to make good a claim that tradition might seem to warrant. At a deeper level the College, with the Church as a whole, has passed through a period of uncertainty and perhaps lack of self-confidence, of which the absence of issues of the Venerabile may have been a symptom. Hopefully we are now in calmer and more settled times, and the College owes a debt of gratitude, perhaps greater than is at present realised, to the staff and students who brought the College intact and healthy through that period of difficult change. It is certainly time for the Venerabile to reappear to reflect again the present and past life of this institution, and to express its hopes and aspirations for the years to come.

The celebration of the fourth centenary of the College in 1979 is an opportunity for us to consider afresh the part this seminary has to play in the life of the Church in England and Wales. By drawing upon our history and tradition we hope to make this year an occasion of re-dedication of ourselves and the College to the work of the Church in the latter part of this century, for which the Second Vatican Council provides the inspiration and guide. Something of that spirit of re-dedication will be expressed in a centenary edition of the Venerabile. This issue is designed to fulfil two aims. One is to re-establish the machinery and organisation for the publication of a College magazine, which had fallen into disuse in these last few years. The second is to go some way towards bringing our readers up to date on aspects of College life in this period. In this way we hope that the Venerabile will reassume its role of recording present and past events in the College and of providing a link between the present students and staff and the wider College community of those already at work in England and Wales.



GIOVANNI PAOLO I



GIOVANNI PAOLO II

TWO FUNERALS AND TWO CONCLAVES

During the remarkable events of August to October 1978 the Rector wrote a personal account of what happened, step by step. We reproduce it here with his permission as a fresh and immediate impression from within the college of history as it was being made.

The Death of Pope Paul

I was in England when the sad news came of the sudden death of Pope Paul VI on Sunday August 6th, the feast of the Transfiguration. I hesitated for a while but finally decided that it would be right for me to return to Rome, especially as the college would be acting as host to many of the dignitaries coming to attend the funeral of the Pope.

From the Catholic hierarchy the Cardinal, Archbishop Dwyer of Birmingham, Archbishop Worlock of Liverpool, Archbishop Bowen of Southwark and Bishop Casey of Brentwood came to the college. We also had staying the Anglican Delegation, Dr. Ramsey, former Archbishop of Canterbury, Archbishop Scott, the Primate of Canada, Archbishop Sejeku, the Primate of Tanzania and Bishop Ellison of London, with the Rev. Christopher Hill, one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's secretaries for foreign relations.

I arrived in Rome after a long and tiring train journey. As I had left in a hurry I had been unable to book a seat and so was in the corridor most of the night as we travelled through France. I reached the College shortly before most of the guests and soon found myself greeting them and helping with the arrangements for their stay. Fortunately the Vice Rector, who knows Rome very well and knew exactly what to do, was already here.

The Vatican Secretariat for Christian Unity took responsibility for the Anglican Delegation, met them with cars at the airport and provided them with cars to go to St Peter's. In contrast to this the Catholics, even the Cardinal, had nothing provided by the Vatican and had to rely on the College.

Shortly after arriving on Friday evening most of the Bishops went to St Peter's to pay their respects to Paul VI, whose body was lying in state, and to pray for him. I myself went the following morning and joined a fast moving queue to file past the body. The queue started below the steps in front of St Peter's but it took only about a quarter of an hour to reach the body. It was quite moving to be

with the crowd, which was silent and reverent. Pope Paul had made a deep impression on people by his saintliness and his willing acceptance of the burdens of his office and the great efforts he made for justice and peace in the world. His weekly audiences were never a mere formality for he always spoke personally to the crowds. I remember being in the Piazza last Easter Sunday and the response of the crowd to him then; I sensed a feeling in the crowd that they thought it would be his last Easter and they wanted to reassure him of their affection, and to say farewell. That farewell was completed as we filed past the body — or nearly so, for his funeral was still to come.

Pope Paul gave a great example of faith, particularly of faith in the Church. I have been told that when he was dying, while he received the last rites, he recited the Creed: when he came to the sentence "We believe in the Church", he repeated the Italian over and over again, "*Credo la chiesa, credo la chiesa, credo la chiesa*". He has been the Pope of the Vatican Council, the Church on the move with many problems, the Church of the future. The gathering of the Cardinals and Bishops from all over the world made this Church visible in all its variety and richness and Catholicity. As Pope Paul lay in state, the living Church in which he believed so strongly was all about him, a Church moving steadily and quickly like the file of people passing his body.

The funeral took place on the Saturday evening at 6.00pm before St Peter's Basilica. Standing in the square facing the basilica one could see on the left rows of Bishops in purple and with them representatives of other Churches. Archbishop Ramsey had a place of prominence on the front row with leaders of the Orthodox Churches from Constantinople and Russia. Brother Roger of Taizé was there, himself an admirer and friend of Pope Paul. On the right were rows of representatives from the nations and governments of the world - the Duke of Norfolk representing the Queen, Mr Merlin Rees the British Government, Mrs Carter the President of the United States. Behind the altar, in front of the basilica, sat the row of Cardinals, concelebrating the Mass with the principal celebrant Cardinal Confalonieri. Ninety-nine Cardinals concelebrated, vested in purple chasubles and white mitres. In the square below the crowds had assembled, people of Rome, visitors and tourists. In the centre, in front of the altar, rested on a carpet the very plain and simple coffin of the Pope with an open book of the Gospels lying on it, the pages fluttering in the breeze. The extreme simplicity of the coffin fulfilled the personal wishes of Pope Paul and echoed gestures of simplicity he had shown during his life - the selling of his papal tiara for the poor, the general simplification of papal ceremonial.

It was appropriate that the funeral should have been outside in the Piazza where all who wished could attend, rather than inside the basilica with admission by ticket. Pope Paul himself had used the Piazza whenever possible, for the Easter Mass, for Canonisations and other great ceremonies, so that all could participate. Fortunately on this occasion it was a beautiful summer evening.

Before the funeral began, I was taken by the Vice Rector to the vast hall above the steps where the television and radio experts of the world had gathered. Fr Agnellus Andrew was there for BBC television, Fr Crispian Hollis and Mr

Gerald Priestland for BBC radio, Fr Michael Hollings for ITV. It was a fascinating scene of bustle and activity. Fr Agnellus Andrew was broadcasting on television by satellite all over the world. I learnt afterwards that because of a technical fault in England he had lost the sound link up with television and had to cope speaking into a telephone. Only a man of his experience could have continued his commentary without complete chaos. We left them to it before the ceremony began and worked our way on to one of the terraces above the colonnade which gave us an excellent view of all that went on. The distance made a pair of binoculars very useful for identifying individuals and seeing details.

The Mass was a simple Requiem Mass organised with great dignity and reverence. At the Offertory about a hundred priests came with ciboria and stood behind the altar in rows. They held the ciboria there throughout the Eucharistic Prayer, which was much more practical than trying to put all the breads on the altar itself. They then went down among the crowd to distribute Communion. With my memory of papal ceremonies of old, it was good to see that Communion was given to all in the crowd who wished to receive it. The Cardinals came down to stand about the altar for the Eucharist and the only slight confusion in the whole ceremony was that when they went back some could not find their seats. Cardinal Confalonieri's homily applied to Pope Paul Our Lord's words to Peter, "Come, follow me".

The Mass finished with the final Commendation and Farewell. The Cardinals processed into the basilica and then the body of Paul was lifted by eight men and carried into St Peter's for the last time. His last entry into St Peter's Basilica was a very moving moment. The sun was just setting, as though on his life and Pontificate. The crowd responded, rather strangely, with a spontaneous burst of clapping. This was the final goodbye. Only one or two Cardinals and the members of his family witnessed the internment in the grave prepared in the crypt of St Peter's.

I came away feeling that the funeral was very much as Paul VI would have wanted it. It was a great ceremony with vast numbers and yet a liturgy in which ordinary people could take part. It was a gathering of the Church of Vatican II, of the hierarchy and of the people of God, to share in the sacrifice of Christ and to pray for the soul of the Pope and for the Church he had served. It seemed a fitting conclusion to his Pontificate.

Afterwards the Catholic and Anglican Bishops went together to a reception at the residence of the British Minister to the Holy See. The following day most left, except the Cardinal who remained to await the Conclave. Each morning he has attended a meeting of Cardinals in the Vatican to discuss the business of the Church, for until there is a new Pope they are in charge. At the same time they are beginning to get to know one another. Sadly Cardinal Yu Pin, the Chinese Cardinal, has died in Rome since arriving for the Conclave. Cardinals over eighty take no part in it. One hundred and eleven are expected to enter the Conclave on Friday 25th August to elect a new Pope.

Rome of course is full of newsmen, Television, Radio, Press, all intent on

trying to interview the Cardinals and ferret out any information. Our own Cardinal here has attracted a lot of attention but has firmly refused to be interviewed. They are all under oath not to say anything which might affect the Conclave and so cannot really say anything. The Cardinal's Press Officer, Mgr George Leonard, has borne the burden of protecting him and fending people off.

It has been fascinating to be here at this time, very moving to attend the funeral and interesting to be at the centre in this period before the Conclave. The Cardinal has lived very naturally and easily in the College, mixing with one or two students and visitors here and enjoying a day at the seaside. Meanwhile he has worked hard on a pastoral paper for his Diocese and has been studying especially the theology of the Church, starting from the Vatican II document "Lumen Gentium". He sees the doctrine of the Church as central to the next Pontificate, to Ecumenism, and to the future of Catholicism in the world today. It has been a privilege to be here with him, to concelebrate Mass with him each morning and to listen to him.

Tonight he is celebrating Mass in his titular Church of San Silvestro. It is a symbolic act since it is as a priest of a Roman Church that he enters the Conclave to elect the Bishop of Rome. He has prepared a homily in which he reminds us that as each Cardinal goes to vote he declares, "I call to witness Christ the Lord who will be my judge that my vote is given to the one who before God I consider should be elected." He says, "In moments of human uncertainty man's dependence on God is better realised and lived. The light that must make clear the will of God must pierce the cloud of man's unknowing and uncertainty. That light is the Holy Spirit at work at a solemn moment to make certain that 'my vote is given to the one who before God I considerer should be elected'." He is entering the Conclave in a spirit of prayer and has asked us and all the Church to be united in that prayer. He concludes, "Pray then that the Holy Spirit be our guide, and that the Cardinal electors may see and do God's will."

23.8.1978

The Election of Pope John Paul I

After the funeral of Paul VI all the visiting Bishops and Archbishops quickly left, except the Cardinal who stayed on for the Conclave. I went away for a few days to Padova to stay with an Italian family. I had planned this earlier in the year in order to improve my Italian. I had intended to stay for ten days, but could now only manage about four, but it still seemed worthwhile. Pope Paul was buried on August 13th; I left on the 15th and returned on the 19th.

Meanwhile the Cardinals were meeting each morning, to continue the business of the Church and perhaps to consult about the next Pope. There were nine days of official mourning for Paul VI with a Requiem Mass each day which most Cardinals attended. Each had to take a strict oath not to speak to anyone about their deliberations or to reveal anything that could have a bearing on the Conclave. Mgr Leonard remained with the Cardinal to control requests from the

Press and he did invaluable work fending off journalists of all sorts who wished to talk to him.

The Press certainly took Cardinal Hume seriously and accepted the rules of the game, and George handled them well. He told us that one evening before the Conclave an international group of journalists had met, and each was invited to put down on a piece of paper the name of the person they would like to see elected and the name of the one they thought would be elected. A large majority put down Hume as the one they would like, but not one put him down as the person they expected!

He cannot have been unaware of this esteem although he was never a front runner. One doesn't know to what extent he had the respect of the other Cardinals. He had lunch with Cardinal Suenens and he invited Cardinal Arns of Sao Paolo, Brazil here to lunch in the college, - a man he greatly admires. We had one glorious day off when we drove with the Cardinal, George Leonard, Adrian Toffolo, a visiting priest from Torquay, and some others to meet John Morris at Latina and to go on to Sabaudia for a day on the beach. The weather was perfect, the beach clean, and everyone enjoyed a most relaxing day.

The night before the Conclave the Cardinal visited his titular Church of San Silvestro and celebrated Mass there. It was an act of devotion and a symbolic act as his title to enter the Conclave for the election derives from his being the Cardinal Priest of that Church. He gave a carefully worded homily which the Press published in full. I drove him there, somewhat apprehensive of the one way system. We went to the Piazza Venezia but were not allowed along the Corso; turning left and then right I managed to get through to the Piazza Colonna and from there, illegally, into Piazza San Silvestro. I never felt happy driving in Rome with a Cardinal bedecked in scarlet in the back; in case anything went wrong! With the guidance of the Pallotines we found our way back without trouble.

Friday morning, August 25th, the Cardinals attended a solemn Mass in St Peter's presided over by the Cardinal Camerlengo, Cardinal Villot, to pray for the Conclave. I drove the Cardinal there, with my brother and sister-in-law with us, so that when he went into the sacristy we entered St Peter's through the side entrance. I had dressed in monsignorial costume to look the part. We got through all the barriers until we reached the diplomatic section. Here we made a fatal mistake. I hesitated and then started to make for the back row. At once we were questioned, refused entry and had to return behind the barriers. After that I could get through but not they. It was an impressive Mass and one experienced the Church at prayer for this Conclave.

In the afternoon we took photographs of the Cardinal as, dressed in scarlet, he left the cortile to drive to the Conclave. By this time we just wondered if he might not come back. Mgr Coughlan and I drove with him to the Vatican. We got as far as the Cortile San Damaso where we took his bag to the lift and there left him to be sealed away in the Conclave area. Later we watched a rather poor television programme of the Cardinals entering and the area being sealed.

It was generally reckoned that there was no clear candidate and the Con-

clave might take some days. The Cardinals would vote four times a day, instead of twice as previously, which could speed things up a little. However everyone was quite certain nothing would happen on the Saturday and two black smoke signals were confidently expected. I had thought of going to the sea, to Sabaudia again, but in the end decided not to as I had a lot to do. So my brother and his wife with Francis Coveney and his sister went off without me, sure they would not miss anything.

Saturday morning at 12.00am I went up to the Clock Tower and saw the black smoke as expected. In the evening I decided I might as well stroll along to St Peter's for a walk and watch the black smoke from there. The crowd in the square was small as no one expected anything unusual. At about 6.00pm the smoke came out and I saw people running across the roof from the direction of the Sistine towards the Hall of Benedictions. The smoke looked white, though with the evening sun on it I was not sure. The figures running across the roof I remembered from being present when John XXIII was elected. Had they already chosen someone? Nobody was certain. Some tried to listen to Vatican Radio on transistors, but their commentator was not sure. Meanwhile more and more smoke kept coming out and it was certainly not black! The crowd was in a state of suspense. Some left but most stayed and I worked my way forward to the steps of St Peter's with Fr Bruno Hadley from England. On the way we met an American TV reporter who asked to interview us — if it proved a false alarm. However we drifted away from him and joined some students from the College on the steps. As we waited we became more and more convinced that there was an election. More people came into the square, but not many.

About 6.45 the central windows of the Hall of Benedictions were opened and the crowd cheered. The tapestry was let down over the balcony with Paul VI's arms on it still, and Cardinal Felici emerged to proclaim the famous phrase, *Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Habemus Papam*. The crowd shouted with delight and excitement, and then was hushed as he continued, giving the name of Albino Luciani, Patriarch of Venice, who chose to be called Pope John Paul I. It was moving and thrilling to be there, to be one with the excited crowd. Luciani, jokingly named as fulfilling the prophecy of Malachy, "*in medietate lunae*", from Belluno in the Veneto, was almost totally unexpected, a complete outsider. As dusk came down the Cardinals lined the balconies and were applauded, and then the new Pope came out to give his blessing. Again the crowd broke into cheers. After that I started to leave. The Pope appeared on the balcony a second time before I reached the end of the colonnade. That night the Cardinals remained in Conclave.

My brother had returned to hear the news of the election and he got to the square in time for the blessing, but my sister-in-law didn't make it. I was sorry they had virtually missed the crucial moments of an historic occasion, a totally unexpected first day election. It was the shortest Conclave since the one that chose Pius XII. By the time we returned to the College papers were already on sale with the picture and details of the life of the new Pope. It is difficult to know how they managed to get them printed and distributed at such speed.

The next day was Sunday and we were in the square for Pope John Paul's appearance for the Angelus. He appeared again at the central balcony of the Hall of Benedictions. This time the square was packed. He spoke very simply, recalling that John XXIII had consecrated him and Paul VI had embarrassed him in Venice before a crowd of 20,000 by putting his own stole on him, so he was following after John and Paul, perhaps without the largeness of heart of John or the training and intelligence of Paul, but intending to continue their work. He won the crowd by his simplicity and that magic smile.

I got home to find the Cardinal had already returned. The Rector of the Scots College had brought him. He was delighted at the election and felt the Holy Spirit was at work. He said he had gone to bed that night full of peace and happiness. Later he gave a press conference in the Salone which we sat in on. It was a considerable ordeal for him, though he coped with it all without too much trouble. Each question seemed to try to lead him on, to penetrate further than he could reveal, to challenge him. The press were not hostile but had no sense of the joy and excitement we all felt. They could find out little about Luciani and were not disposed to agree with the Cardinal's conviction that he was the right man. How could you know that the Holy Spirit was at work? What had the new Pope said or done to show he was the right man? After this press conference the Cardinal was interviewed in the garden by both BBC and ITV and again we were interested spectators.

Cardinal Hume returned to England the next day to attend the funeral of Bishop McClean of Middlesborough. That evening our first group of about 90 pilgrims arrived. They were due around 9.00pm, but actually landed at 3.00am, reaching the college an hour later, tired but in good spirits. For the rest of the week the pilgrim group was our main concern with the student group here looking after them, acting as guides and making them feel at home.

On Friday the guests began to assemble for the Mass of Inauguration of the new Pope to be held on Sunday. The Cardinal returned with Archbishops Dwyer, Worlock and Bowen, and Bishop Casey, to be joined later by Bishops Mullins and Guazzelli. Again the Anglican Delegation were our guests in the college, headed this time by the Archbishop of York, Stuart Blanch, with Archbishop Arnott of Brisbane and Bishop Vogel of S. Missouri and Bishop Taylor of Winchester (who did not stay with us). They were accompanied by Christopher Hill. The Secretariat for Christian Unity again looked after them and provided them with transport.

On Saturday I went with Cardinal Hume, Archbishop Bowen and the Anglicans to a reception at the house of the British Minister to the Holy See where we met the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk and Lord Elwyn Jones, Lord Chancellor, who had come to represent the Queen and the British Government. The Duke of Norfolk was very interested in the College and its Howard connections. I invited him to lunch the following Tuesday.

On Sunday morning the Anglican Delegation were received in audience with the other non-Catholic delegations by Pope John Paul I and they returned delighted with him. The Mass of Inauguration was scheduled for 6.00pm. We

left at about 4.30pm, the Anglicans in Vatican cars, the Vice Rector driving the college minibus (his own car had broken down) and I in my own car. I had with me Cardinal Hume, Archbishop Dwyer and Archbishop Worlock. The Via Conciliazione was closed to us so we had to go through the tunnel and so round to the Porta Santa Marta and on to one of the side entrances to St Peter's. When I had dropped off my passengers there the car refused to start again. Directed by a policeman I free-wheeled the car out of the way, left it parked and managed to return to find my way to a seat just behind the bishops. I had an excellent view of the Mass and of the Pope. The simple ceremony omitted any crowning. After John Paul I had received the pallium each Cardinal went to him to promise obedience. Otherwise it was a straightforward Mass.

Again over 100 priests held ciboria from which to distribute communion to all who wished. I was pleased to be able to take part in the Mass and receive communion, something that used to be impossible on these occasions. The ceremony lasted almost two hours and it was getting dark at the end. My car started again this time and I collected my passengers. But it was a worrying drive back since I feared it would stall on Lungotevere with a Cardinal and two Archbishops in their finery sitting in the car. I was relieved to reach the College safely. At lunch time that day we had sung *Ad Multos Annos* and toasted the new Pope's health, and a photograph was taken of the pilgrim group and the guests. After supper as usual for the pilgrim group we held a concert in the common room, to which Cardinal Hume and the others came, Archbishop Worlock being cajoled into singing a song. The following day the dignitaries left and life returned more to normal. We continued to be busy with the pilgrims.

Great crowds assembled each Sunday for Pope John Paul I's midday blessing and for his Wednesday audiences. He continued to win men's hearts with his smile, his simplicity and his warmth. When he spoke he illustrated his theme with anecdotes and came across effectively to his listeners. Here was a truly human and holy and pastoral Pope.

On Thursday 28th September we sent a telegram of congratulations from the College to the new Pope. On Friday morning the news broke — Pope John Paul I had died of a heart attack during the night. The news was incredible. Such promise cut short so quickly. A pontificate of 33 days. Once again there will be a funeral, a Conclave, the gathering of Cardinals and Bishops. It seems scarcely possible.

Yet John Paul I left his mark on the papacy. He showed a papacy without the trappings of monarchy, a Pope who was pastoral, a Bishop. We don't know how he would have developed. He has died on his honeymoon and the world is saddened. His body lies in state in the Sala Clementina in the Vatican. In the afternoon I went to St Peter's and a long queue had formed. I did not have the time to wait so went into St Peter's and prayed there for him and for the Church, and I visited the tombs of his predecessors, John XXIII, Pius XII, Paul VI. How much things have changed through their pontificates. Short though his time was John Paul I too was a successor to these men.

Archbishop Worlock was staying in the College and he presided at a

Requiem Mass in the college this evening, attended by the new students and a few others and the nuns and girls. He spoke of the witness of the Pope's smile, of the message he has given to the world on this feast of God's messengers, the Archangels. Though we are sad the Church looks forward in hope as we are guided not by man's light but by the light of Christ. May he rest in peace.

29.8.1978

The Funeral of John Paul I and Election of John Paul II

The events of the last few weeks have been hectic and already it is difficult to remember all that has happened. The new students arrived in the College on the evening of Wednesday 27th September and on Thursday we started to get to know them and introduce them to their new surroundings. We planned an easy week of settling them in. Friday morning, after morning prayer, as we went into breakfast someone came to tell me, "I have just heard on the news that the Pope has died". We were stunned, hardly able to believe it. The Pope has died, just thirty-three days after his election. Archbishop Worlock, who was staying in the College, came in. He had heard the news. He said afterwards that we all looked lost and shattered. In my mind I thought of the Pope and the Church and the promise he had shown, but also what it would mean for the College — again floods of visitors, funeral, Conclave, inaugural Mass, pressmen, and this time with a house full of students and the College programme underway. What would it mean for the new students trying to settle in?

Reports came in that the Pope had died during the night, probably at about 11.30 and that he was only discovered in the morning at 5.30 am when he did not appear as usual in his private chapel. The Italians, who already loved him, ordinary people, began to suspect poison or some crime but the Vatican firmly refused an autopsy. The medical evidence of heart failure was clear. His body was laid out in the Sala Clementina and in the afternoon some of the students queued to file past. I went into St Peter's square but did not have time to wait in the queue so went into the Basilica to visit the tombs of his predecessors and to pray for them and for him. It was my first visit to the tomb of Paul VI which is beautiful in its simplicity. The following morning I returned to St Peter's and after queuing for two hours around the Piazza (irritated at those who infiltrated the front of the queue) and up the stairs into the Vatican, I moved silently past the body of the Pope. He looked very small. He was laid out in his robes, and his red shoes were hardly worn. I could not see his face clearly but it was already ashen grey and apparently slightly contorted. It was sad to see him there when one remembered his smile that had given such warmth and joy to so many. But even in death he bore witness to his faith that the values that count are eternal and that this world passes away.

On Sunday 30th at about 4.00pm his body was brought in procession to St Peter's. I arrived too late to get close to the barriers but from a distance saw the procession come down the Scala Regia with the candles shining in the darkness

high up the stairway and then coming down like little moving stars. Some of the first year students close to the barrier happened to be next to Gerald Priestland of the BBC, their religious correspondent, and he interviewed them, their comments being broadcast In England the following day. One of them told me he could hardly speak for crying.

The body lay in state until the following Wednesday when the funeral took place. All the time huge crowds queued to file past and it seemed that even more paid their respects than to Paul VI. The Cardinal and Archbishop Bowen came for the funeral, joining Archbishop Worlock. For the Anglicans Bishop Ellison of London came together with Archbishop McAdoo of Dublin. Their third representative was Dr Harry Smythe of the Anglican Centre in Rome. Bishop Ellison kindly brought to the College as a gift a Stilton cheese, which was much appreciated. The Cardinal flew out to Rome while his secretary Fr John Crowley and his personal assistant Mgr George Leonard drove out in his car so that it would be available for his use in Rome. I wondered if this was a silent comment on the College cars and my driving in Rome after our failures last time!

I went in with the Bishops for the funeral. Like that of Paul VI it was very simple. There was the same kind of plain coffin with the Book of the Gospels laid on it. The Cardinals concelebrated, the Bishops sat to one side the diplomats and government representatives on the other. The Duke of Norfolk again represented the Queen. I managed to get a seat behind the Bishops. The Piazza was more crowded than it had been for Paul VI probably because the holiday season was over and the Romans came in large numbers. The weather had been terrible for the previous few days, the sky was overcast and heavy with rain clouds. Many thought that the Vatican had been foolish to have the ceremony outside, but it did mean that many more could attend. We came armed with umbrellas and rain coats. In the event it was not too bad. It rained fairly heavily at one stage and the concelebrating Cardinals were each protected by an umbrella while a canopy was raised over the altar. The priests distributing communion simply got wet but the ciboria were protected by sealing plastic. Confalonieri was the principal celebrant and once again did remarkably well at the age of 85 and preached a good homily. It was sad and moving to think that we had shared the joy of this inauguration such a short time before. Again the people clapped as the coffin was raised and carried into St Peter's for the last time. Pope Paul VI had a long pontificate and was an old man at the end of his days. One was sad to say farewell but felt he had had his full time. With Pope John Paul I one could not help feeling that much promise had been cut short. He had only his honeymoon. Even the weather seemed to express our mood of sorrow.

Nevertheless it was an inspiring Mass and I was pleased again to be able to receive Communion and that Communion was given to the crowds as far as possible. Pope John Paul had been laid to rest and his body was put in a beautiful sarcophagus not far from those of his predecessors. We all felt that his short pontificate had changed things. The fact that he had refused to be crowned, did not call himself "Sommo Pontefice" like a Roman Emperor, the

very simple and pastoral style he had adopted, had shown the world a new type of papacy.

Most of the Bishops left the next day. Archbishop Worlock stayed on for a couple of days to complete his Conference and Cardinal Hume stayed to await the Conclave. Once again we began nine days of official mourning with a solemn Requiem each day in St Peter's. And each day the Cardinals assembled in consistory to continue the business of the Church.

Our own College programme continued. More students returned from England, perhaps earlier than usual to be here for the Conclave. The new students went down one by one with upset tummy (which I gather is normal) and all the staff caught it too (which is less normal). I missed a trip with the new students to Subiaco because I had caught it myself. Archbishop Worlock got it before he left but fortunately the Cardinal was spared. I had less to do this time as John Crowley was here with the car and could drive the Cardinal everywhere. Cardinal Suenens came to lunch one day and spent some time with our Cardinal. He also managed to get an occasional game of squash at the Christian Brothers. I played him once and was tactless enough to beat him!

Our telephone buzzed with reporters of all sorts ringing up for interviews and being politely refused. Speculation again started on the next Pope. The Italians were looked at. Would it perhaps be Pappalardo from Palermo? Or would they go for Benelli, the strong man with experience of the Curia? Could it be a foreigner? Cardinal Hume was mentioned quite frequently, and of course especially in the English Press. Even the Times had a leader backing him. I am sure he found this period waiting for the Conclave a second time a tremendous trial but mixed very easily and informally in the house and with his students.

On Wednesday October 11th the Cardinal visited his titular Church of San Silvestro, as he had done on the previous occasion and this time College students went to assist with the singing and about 20 priests concelebrated. He took as his theme the appearance of Our Lord to the Apostles as they were rowing against the wind on lake Galilee and his words "It is I. Do not be afraid." So even when things are difficult we do not fear. He also spoke of man's sharing responsibility with God. God does not act directly but in an indefinable way the choice made in the Conclave by the Cardinals can also be God's choice. The Church was packed, much more so than in the summer, perhaps because of all the publicity the Cardinal was getting as a possible Pope.

The Conclave began on Saturday October 14th. In the morning the Cardinals celebrated Mass in St Peter's, praying for the Conclave. I went with most of the people from the College and stood among the crowd. (One fairly young man who looked a bit eccentric was standing just behind me and asked us to join him in praying against smoking — rather awkward for me!) I saw most of the Mass though the crowd was thick about us. Cardinal Villot presided as last time. It was rewarding to be actually present with all the Cardinals and to pray with them just before they entered the Conclave. I felt very much part of the Church at prayer at a solemn moment.

The Cardinal left for the Conclave that afternoon. Most of the College were there to wave him goodbye. This time there were no photographs but again we wondered if he would come back.

Sunday morning was the official opening day of the College for the new year and I presided at Community Mass and welcomed everybody, thinking of the new year ahead and of the pontificate ahead. In the afternoon we had exposition and prayer for the Conclave. In the evening we had planned a house meeting and I meant to give a talk. But all this was provisional on there not being an election.

In the morning I watched the black smoke from the Clock Tower. Those who went to St Peter's told me the square was absolutely packed. In the evening I went down to St Peter's in case a quick election had occurred again. The Piazza was very full, the crowd excited. The smoke came late, about 6.35pm and in the dark with the searchlights on you couldn't tell if it was white or black. We hung about for half an hour and our evening programme in the College was abandoned. No one was sure about the smoke. Eventually Cardinals appeared at windows above the papal apartments. They had obviously come away from the Sistine and were not going to the Hall of Benedictions, so there could not have been an election. After we had left the Piazza, perhaps three quarters of an hour after the smoke, the loudspeakers informed the crowd that there was still no result.

A result on Monday morning was a possibility and I intended to go down for the smoke at midday. However just before I set off at about 11.20 news came that there had already been black smoke. In the afternoon we had the formal Academic Mass at 4.30pm for the opening of the University year, held at the Church of S. Ignazio. Nobody knew at quite what time the next smoke signal would be. I encouraged all the the students to be at the Mass, feeling worried however that we might still be at S. Ignazio when the signal came. Fortunately the Rector of the University was aware of everyone's anxiety and spoke briefly and we got out at about 6.00pm, setting off briskly for St Peter's. As I walked up the Via della Conciliazione with the crowds I was told by someone that the radio had announced white smoke. There was a vast crowd, over a quarter of a million, in tremendous excitement. It was a magnificent sight with a full moon shining down the Conciliazione, the searchlights playing on St Peter's and everyone in holiday mood and excited. About 6.50pm the curtains were drawn back and out came Cardinal Felici to the cheers of the crowd which quickly went hushed. It is a tremendous moment as he starts the "*Annuntio vobis...*" - a moment I had already experienced so recently but this time the crowd was about five times as large and the atmosphere even more dramatic. Cardinal Felici went on to give the name 'Carlum' - which Cardinal was Charles? No one we had looked up or thought of! and then, Wojtyla - What? Who is he? An African? It was difficult to catch the name, and then it dawned, a Pole, Archbishop of Cracow. I hastily looked him up in my paper which gave the pictures of all the Cardinals. The crowd was amazed and almost stunned as people gathered who it was. And then they cheered and clapped. We felt exhilarated, a non-Italian, a Pole, a man from behind the Iron Curtain. None of us knew

much about him. Again the Cardinals had beaten the experts and chosen the unexpected.

We waited and about 25 minutes later the curtains stirred again and first all the Cardinals came out onto the side balconies and then the Pope himself in the centre. He spoke to the crowd in good Italian, made a mistake referring first of all to his love for "your language" and then correcting it to "our language", which won him a cheer. He spoke of his predecessor John Paul I and said that he had chosen to be called after him John Paul II. He then gave his blessing and as he turned to go the great bell began to ring to spread the good news through the city. He appeared to be a warm man but a strong man, a man who had been through suffering and persecution, a man with a great love for Our Lady who means so much to the Poles. In speaking from the balcony he had overruled traditional practice for it was customary for the Pope only to give his blessing on the day of his election.

We came back to the College for supper and then went into the chapel to sing a Te Deum in thanksgiving for the new Pope, after which we had wine in the common room to celebrate.

Cardinal Hume came back to the College the next day and seemed very tired but happy at the result. He held a Press Conference in the afternoon which seemed less aggressive than the one after the previous Conclave. Various questions were asked about the phrase he had used of Pope John Paul I saying he was "God's candidate", what he thought of John Paul II and so on. Again he handled it all in masterly fashion. After the Press he was interviewed for television in the garden. Once again we were interested spectators.

The inauguration Mass was fixed for Sunday the 22nd, as we expected. Archbishops Worlock and Bowen returned with Bishop Casey. From the Church of England Archbishop Coggan of Canterbury came with one of his assistants, Canon Michael Moore, to stay in the College, and staying elsewhere were Bishop Howe, Bishop Kauma of Uganda and Bishop Tillard from the United States. I met Archbishop Coggan at the airport where he had V.I.P. treatment, our own bishops being relegated to the ordinary exit. But we managed to beat him back to the College and so I was here to welcome him and give him a cup of tea. Throughout his stay he was relaxed and friendly.

The Mass was to be at 10.00am on Sunday morning. We piled the Bishops into cars at 8.30 and drove them to the Vatican. I was not allowed to go with them this time but got perhaps a better view from just below the steps of St Peter's. When the Pope came out at 10.00 he immediately took command of the situation and it was wonderful to see him presiding with such confidence over 300,000 people. In his homily he spoke of renewal of faith in the words of Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God". The ceremony took about three hours - much longer than that of John Paul I.

We returned to a celebration lunch with spumante. Cardinal Hume proposed the new Pope's health and we sang *Ad Multos Annos*. I spoke to welcome the guests and Archbishop Coggan replied. We had hoped to have members of the Methodist Delegation to lunch as well, but because of the length

of the papal Mass they were unable to come on to us afterwards. After lunch we had coffee and liquori and a chance for all to meet the guests, until most of us retired for a rest. In the evening the Anglicans were received by the new Pope who welcomed them together with other non-Roman Delegations. Later in the evening there was a cocktail party at the home of the British Minister to the Holy See for all the visiting prelates, where they met the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Peart, representing the Queen and the British Government. Meanwhile, as our programme and term had to continue, I gave my delayed talk to the house.

The day finished with Compline in the chapel. We had hoped to have Vespers with both Archbishop Coggan and the Cardinal talking part but that had proved impossible because of the other engagements. However both joined us for Compline at which I presided and Archbishop Coggan chose the reading and preached. He chose a passage from the Letter to the Philippians and spoke on the theme of the light of the world. The final blessing was given by Cardinal Hume. It was good to end the day with the two senior representatives of the Churches in England united with us in prayer and I felt it was a significant and memorable occasion.

Most of our guests left the next day. Archbishop Coggan gave a Press Conference in the morning and answered questions about his impressions of the ceremony and the new Pope and about the future of Anglican-Catholic relations. He spoke well but was guarded in his statements. He had been much warmer and relaxed as a guest in the house than he appeared in public.

Pope John Paul II has so far made a great impression. He is willing to act informally and unexpectedly. He won the hearts of the journalists when he spoke to them on Saturday. At the ceremony on the Sunday, he walked down to the people at the end of Mass and spoke especially to the Poles, eventually bidding them go off to lunch as he was going to do. One of the first things he did after his election was to visit a Polish curial Bishop who had suffered a stroke and was ill in hospital. These little things are signs that he is his own master. I feel he is likely to resist the restrictions that prevent the Pope getting out - though the Italian State may worry because of problems of security.

It is strange how quickly John Paul I is being forgotten. The memory of that month is fading under the impact of the new Pope. It has become history so quickly. A saying I have heard is: "Paul VI made the papacy respected; John Paul I made it loved; John Paul II will make it work."

30.10.1978

George A. Hay

PRAYER GROUPS 1968-1978

In the 1972 edition of the Venerabile the former Rector, Mgr Leo Alston, reflecting on developments in seminary life wrote,

"Secondly there is prayer, especially in groups, practiced freely and without embarrassment. Here is something new of immense importance. I would go so far as to say it is the anchor of hope in these confused times."

This article will reflect on this phenomenon, no longer new, attempt to relate it to recent College history, and assess briefly its implications.

In 1968 Mgr Alston gave the house a number of talks on the Liturgy. His pre-Lent talk centred on the seasonal readings and their richness as a source of prayer. At about the same time Bishop Worlock gave a Conference to the community in which he emphasised the value of priests praying together. Within a few days of these events a small group of students decided to meet together twice a week, to talk over the liturgical texts and muse on how they might use them in their own prayer that week. They hoped too to move from discussion to prayer together. Another group of like minded students did the same. Thus at the beginning of Lent 1968 two embryonic prayer groups came into being in the College. After Easter they decided to continue for the rest of the year an experience that had proved valuable, though on a less regular basis.

The following academic year more such groups came into being, though still on an informal and somewhat 'ad hoc' basis. Initially the meetings consisted mainly in discussion about prayer and shared reflection. There was a certain amount of explicit prayer in the groups and they would begin and end with a prayer. In this way reflection on prayer took place in the context of some prayer together. In the latter part of 1969 the groups began to be organised more formally. By October 1971 almost the whole of the house was involved. Those interested in participating in a group would give their name to the Senior Student who then drew up lists of groups. This method of forming the groups has remained constant ever since. Perhaps it is less spontaneous, but it averted the possibility of introverted groups forming. The groups offered mutual encouragement and stimulus towards prayer, and the opportunity to learn from one another in a kind of pooling of spiritual resources.

Although the groups varied somewhat, some more structured than others, there were certain common elements. It was now two years since the initial

experiment. By now *ex tempore* prayer had become a definite pervasive element, against a background of meditative silence. The amount of discussion was less and the atmosphere in the groups had become consistently one of shared prayer. For a Period too in 1971 the idea of spontaneous prayer in a group was extended. In the main chapel one evening a week there would be an hour of unstructured shared prayer open to the whole house. Throughout this time individuals' enthusiasm and commitment to the groups fluctuated and there are no obvious lines of development. The reaction of the staff might be described as one of warm tolerance but not marked enthusiasm.

This period of college history was in fact characterised by a variety of groups within the house. During 1967-8 for example, the Spiritual Director organised a number of groups. These were to meet once a week for an hour and be the occasion for students to share and talk about things at a deeper and more explicit level than would occur naturally at social gatherings. Alongside these official groups, the so-called "tea groups" also flourished, and together these form a wider context against which to assess the development of prayer groups. It is important to note here that at this time the movement towards group prayer in the college had in no way been influenced by Catholic Charismatic Renewal in the United States. Most students were unaware of any such movement. The two phenomena have remained separate to this day, although naturally there has been some cross fertilisation, and perhaps it will be useful to give an account too of how the first contact with the Charismatic phenomenon occurred.

In the July of 1971, shortly before the Diaconate ordinations at Palazzola, a biblical conference was in progress at Mondo Migliore. Some students attended some of the talks being given and among others met an American nun, Sister Josef who was involved in the beginnings of Charismatic Renewal in the States. She was naturally interested to hear of the prayer groups in the college, and was invited to the Villa one evening for a prayer meeting at which most of the house were present. Later with a few students who were interested she prayed for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit in their lives. (For those unfamiliar with the Catholic Charismatic Renewal James Overton offers a brief but useful introduction in the 1972 *Venerabile*).

Sister Josef came to the College again on subsequent occasions, joining those interested for prayer meetings of longer duration and greater Freedom of expression than was then the norm in the College. Needless to say these activities were met with a certain amount of suspicion and scepticism by some. The College then as now reflected the Church as a whole, a situation of transition, with some looking back to more settled times, others enthusiastic for new experiences. The Charismatic approach became one more point of questioning in a sea of seemingly endless questions.

During the following year a Charismatic prayer group was not officially tolerated in the College, although the Rector allowed those who wished to attend the prayer meeting held in the Frascara wing of the Gregorian every Sunday afternoon. With the Charismatic group and with the homespun College prayer groups interest has been uneven over the years. But in the last few years there has been a resurgence of interest in the charismatic style of group. In 1976

about 20 students were involved, at first attending the Frascara meeting which could be of as many as 200 or 300 people. But this group felt that they should relate this experience of prayer directly to their lives in the College and so wished to meet in their own right once a week in the College to pray together. In doing so the preoccupations, hopes and events in the College could become part of their prayer and it became a help to them in increasing their awareness of their own place in the community and in making their contribution to the life of the Church where they were.

Permission was given by the Rector, under certain conditions, for the group to meet for about an hour one afternoon in the small Bede chapel, and this meeting continues today. There is a core of regular participants in this group but it is open to anyone, student or visitor, who wishes to attend occasionally. It has provided in this way the chance for many people to experience something that is increasingly important in the Church's life today and for the ministry of priests, and enabled them to find out in fairly calm and familiar surroundings whether this kind of prayer is suited to their own needs or not.

At present then there are within the house the prayer groups which are formed by the Senior Student at the start of each academic year right across the house from the names of those who want to take part (at present about two thirds of the house), and a group of 15 to 20 of so called «charismatic» brethren who also belong to the other groups and whose own weekly meeting is open to all. The house prayer groups today are characterised today by rather more *ex tempore* prayer than when first they began, but the balance varies from group to group. Some begin the year with a fairly clear structure and become more spontaneous as the members become more at ease with one another. Most groups include a lot of silence, of a meditative and supportive kind, sing "canticles and spiritual songs", ending the meeting with petitionary prayer and perhaps Night Prayer from the Breviary. After praying the group usually remains together for a glass of wine or some cocoa, and a chat. From time to time they will organise a Mass together, possibly followed by a pizza, and so on. Usually each group has a priest member, but is under the pastoral care of one of the deacons that year.

The effect of these groups within our community is not easily quantified; however I offer the following personal reflections. Potentially each group is a sharing, and caring, segment of a larger whole. As the groups grow in understanding and sensitivity, so too does the college community. The shared prayer is both inspirational and affirming. Inspirational, as it leads one to a more open relationship to the Lord, and affirming in as much as one's fumbled attempts to vocalise one's experience of God are aided by the experiences of the others.

The phenomenon itself seems to mark a radical change, from forms of spirituality which emphasised the internal private relationship of an individual to God, to that of a group or familial or fraternal spirituality. Our experience of prayer is more communitarian as God himself is a community of Father, Son and Holy Spirit. The Charismatic Renewal too has a strong emphasis on the Trinity. To follow Jesus to the Father under the strengthening presence of the

Holy Spirit; and to see the Spirit working in and through the people around one, helps to foster a response to community, to sharing gifts and abilities. All this is, I feel, implicit in and nurtured by any form of shared prayer. I myself have found it most strongly in the experience of Charismatic Renewal.

The emphasis I have made on an awareness of being called to community has I think clear consequences for students who will leave the college to work as priests in England and Wales. The possibility of living as "men apart", in an isolation from those around, grows less and less. A student leaving the college will be used to praying with others outside the formal Liturgy. It has become a normal experience which they will hope and need to continue. They will hope to share praying with their fellow priests, and with the laymen and women entrusted to their care. They will also be prepared to exercise a positive ministry of encouraging others to this experience, through house masses, perhaps through groups that begin in a similar way to the groups in the college itself, in shared reflection on scripture. These things are already widespread and students will on the whole find themselves at home with these things and ready to foster them.

A certain familiarity and ease in spontaneous prayer in public is important for a relaxed and flexible celebration of some aspects of the new rites, particularly with the sick and young people. It can encourage a return to the experience of the priest praying with people in their homes and from their situation when he visits them.

The implications could be discussed further. Thinking of the phenomenon of prayer groups again as part of life in the college, the impression one gains is that these varied forms of group prayer have helped the formation of a sensitive if still imperfect community and will continue to do so.

David McLoughlin

PASTORAL COURSES 1976 and 1977

Catechetics and Clapham Park

The one area of modern seminary training which it is most difficult to cater for in the college in Rome is the provision of adequate pastoral experience before ordination. It takes little searching to locate the roots of this difficulty: we follow an academic programme at the Gregorian which can be very demanding of time and energy; we live as foreigners in a busy capital city; and for many the difficulty of undertaking pastoral work in Italian may be formidable. Despite these difficulties the last few years have seen steadily increasing efforts to find as many opportunities as possible for students from the college to gain experience of pastoral work. Some teach religion to children in the main English-speaking schools in Rome, a work of great value to children whose families are often so mobile that they can miss out a formal religious instruction. Many of these children now make their first communion at Sunday Mass in the college and this proves a rewarding and popular celebration for the whole community. Students from the college also help at Mother Teresa's shelter for alcoholics, or in visiting the elderly either in their homes or at the hospital run by the Little Sisters of the Poor near St. Peter in Chains. Those with a real command of Italian have the possibility of working in parishes.

Opportunities for this kind of experience therefore are being used and we are looking to extend them wherever possible. But the limitations remain, and so we have sought to complement work undertaken during the year in Rome with more concentrated kinds of pastoral courses in England during the summer. The priests, deacons and acolytes work in parishes in their own dioceses. In addition there is provided at least one course of either theoretical or practical importance, and for this the financial help given by the Roman Association has been invaluable. The Radio and Television communications course at Hatch End is one which is followed regularly. In 1976 those who had just finished first year theology and who received Candidacy at the villa in July had no less than three courses, for two of which we were joined by some of the other years.

In early September the first three years of the house all met up one Monday evening at the London University Chaplaincy where we stayed while we attended a course on Religious Education at the Westminster Religious Education Centre at Marylebone. Three talks each day, followed by a discussion, ranged over

topics such as the general structure of the Church's involvement in education to the part literature can play in Religious teaching, and from child development to the essential role of the liturgy in educating people in their faith. In this way four days of talks and discussions on the theory of catechetics formed the background to a week spent visiting schools in pairs - a primary school for the first three days, a secondary school for the remainder.

Reaction to the prepared talks was mixed, and many of those who visited schools in the second week found this direct experience of catechetics of more value than the theory. This, it should be said, was not because of any failure on the part of Fr. Konstant and his team. They were all most concerned to put themselves entirely at our disposal and had set aside a week for our exclusive benefit. Their keenness to respond to our reactions was seen for example in a very fruitful discussion about the actual content of the preparation of a child for first communion, or of the instructions to be given to a convert. This was arranged in response to our comments. Many of the other talks and discussions raised the fundamental talking points of catechetics today, the twin questions What? and How? Dissatisfaction is inevitable when a course is arranged for the first time, and when only a few days can be spent on issues which could not be exhausted in a year. When this particular course comes to be repeated much would be gained from a closer link between the theoretical background and the visits to schools. It would also be helpful if there were an opportunity for the WREC team and those who were to do the course to discuss in advance what it was hoped to achieve. Perhaps some kind of residential course could meet this need, since on this occasion the team members had to start 'cold', speaking to people they had never met. They were in fact well aware of these difficulties and we were most grateful for what they were able to give us in these circumstances.

After the first four days of talks, not everyone went on directly to see how it worked out in practice in the schools. While the 'philosophers' were discovering the classroom jungle intrepid first theology hopped on a 137 bus and headed over the river to St. Bede's parish in Clapham Park. Earlier in the year the parishioners had received a group of students from another seminary, likewise sent to gain pastoral experience at their expense, and they welcomed this second wave of invaders most warmly. Seven families took us into their homes and treated us as part of the family. The doubts that I had about the value of doing pastoral work as a group in a single parish were quickly dispelled. Each of us worked individually on tasks such as parish visiting, arranged for us by the parish priest Fr. Salmon and his assistant Fr. Mally, who then discussed with us each morning what had arisen from our work. This gave us a really useful opportunity to see how they worked, how they saw the parish and its problems, and also enabled us to learn from each other's experiences. This discussion followed the 9.30 Mass each day at which we took it in turns to preach a short homily. Throughout our time in the parish the priests helped us experience all aspects of its life and did all they could to make the time we spent there fruitful. Staying as guests of families in the parish was also a way of learning, as well as being a most comfortable setting for our work. In this way we gained several different perspectives on the life of a parish from our work, from the

clergy and from the family we stayed with, and this too added to the benefits of the experience for us both individually and as a group.

There were several schools in St. Bede's parish and nearby was a large Catholic Comprehensive school so that we too were able to follow up the earlier WREC course with some first hand experience. The Sisters who ran the Infants, Junior and Girls High schools went to great lengths to help us benefit from the visits we made to their classes. We took part in Religion and Scripture classes as well as taking small groups of the older girls for discussion. This gave us an insight into what their faith meant to a cross-section of the girls, and an idea too of what they expected from their priests. Their comments were salutary, underlining something that the visiting which had taken up most of the rest of our time had already indicated, that they and their families really valued a visit from their priest not simply in times of particular difficulty, but as a way of coming to know him as a friend instead of as a distant figure. So they helped us to what was perhaps the principal conclusion of our stay, that regular home visiting is basic to the priest's work, to enable him to know and be known by the parishioners in a way that makes it possible for them to be open and trusting with him about their lives.

This visit to Clapham Park proved to be a most positive time, bringing us into contact with the people we hope to serve, revealing how great is the need for priests who will help them to a deeper relationship with the Lord and who will bring them the good news of God's love. On a practical level it highlighted for us what are the key areas of the life of a parish. All of us were impressed by how great an asset to a parish is a group of sisters who are given the opportunity to contribute vigorously to its activities. The variety of gifts St. Paul tells us about was certainly in abundant evidence among the sisters we met.

When we returned to Rome in September the summer's experiences were put into a more theoretical perspective by a series of talks on pastoral counselling by Dr. Jack Dominian. But this was no mere dry theory, for he spoke from the practical knowledge he has acquired as a committed Catholic working for many years as a psychiatrist and for the Catholic Marriage Advisory Council. 'Fantastic' was the almost unanimous reaction after eight one hour talks delivered without notes, in which we were introduced with great clarity and precision to a world about which most of us know very little. Each talk was followed by a further hour of detailed and considered replies to questions which arose from the talks. I was struck by the subtlety of concepts which previously I had only heard used superficially by non-professionals. The method Dr. Dominian adopted was to begin from ourselves, showing that in order to be effective healers we must understand and accept ourselves and the factors which have influenced our own psychological development. From this he went on to consider what is happening when one is counselling someone, especially the phenomenon of 'transference'. This is the projection onto the counsellor of a role, for example that of a mother, by the person who is under stress, perhaps an adolescent or a woman recently widowed. If we are really to help such a person we will need to understand what is being transferred onto us and what emotional state it represents. This brought home to us that counselling can be a

painstaking ministry. As a student one might foster illusions of being able to give instant solutions to people's problems or worries. Dr. Dominian was most emphatic about how much time it may take to understand a person's feelings and how they influence him, to win his confidence and to see the way he can be led to make a mature and realistic decision. Counselling was shown to be clearly distinct from instructing someone or giving him advice. I was surprised to learn that its aim is always to bring a person to make his own decision about what is worrying him, and that it is therefore essential to avoid letting him turn the relationship into one of dependence engendering a child-like attitude. This danger is acute if we try to make authoritative statements rather than let the person stand on his own two feet.

A third part of Dr. Dominian's course was related even more specifically to a priest's work, encouraging us to relate the Gospel and Christian teaching very much to people's actual experience. He suggested that there is great scope for preaching and teaching to heighten awareness in the parish of areas of parish life that should be everyone's concern. Marriage was taken as the primary example since it involves almost everyone in the parish. Would it not be possible to develop a catechesis for married people about the the different stages of their life together, their joys and difficulties, the needs of a woman expecting a child, of a widow? These are areas he suggested in which preaching could encourage an awareness of how their needs could be met within the parish community. Another suggestion was the possibility of special services for married people, perhaps a particular emphasis at certain liturgical seasons, or days of prayer or study for married couples. It does seem insufficient to give brief pre-marriage instructions and then make no provision for deepening this as people's experience of their life together develops.

Clearly connected to this aspect of a priest's leadership in a parish, Dr. Dominian felt that there is a need to create understanding within the parish community of the needs of its deprived and neglected members, and in fact to mobilise this awareness to provide a loving response to their needs. This could apply especially to those who are often quietly ignored, the unmarried girl or the homosexual. These are the ones most in need of the love which we claim is the hallmark of a Christian community.

The whole of what Dr. Dominian gave us in this course carried a particular conviction as the evident fruit of his own life. It was a privilege to be hosts to Dr. Dominian and his wife, as all that he said to us was supported by their own happiness and deep faith as a married couple. The sacramental meaning of their life so obviously influenced the theological aspects of the psychology we discussed. For Dr. Dominian the celibate life no less than the married life takes its validity from being a life of self-giving in love and so a sign of the love of Christ. To be able to bring healing and counsel to others we must first be able ourselves to enter into loving relationships.

These talks marked a high point in the courses we attended during this summer. Much of our experience in homes and in schools was here illuminated and drawn together. It also provided a complement to the retreat given to us at the villa in July by Fr. Michael Hollings. He had considered many of these

issues from an explicitly spiritual dimension, especially how our work and its effectiveness must spring from a loving relationship with the Lord who has loved us first and whom we know in prayer. The college has gained two valuable friends in Dr. and Mrs. Dominian whose example as loving Christians as well as the knowledge we gained from the talks are things from which future years too might hope to benefit.

Tim Galligan

Bristol and Hatch End

In the summer of 1977 the series of pastoral courses in England was continued at St. Nicholas' parish Bristol and at the Catholic Radio and Television Centre at Hatch End. Not surprisingly it was with some apprehension that I and six other Venerabilini set out for Bristol this summer, uncertain of what awaited us and a little unsure of what would be expected of us. You may ask why Bristol? The answer is quite simple: it is a city with a wide cross section of pastoral problems caused by rapid urban development in recent years, a steady growth in the city's large variety of industries and a large influx of immigrants. The parish of St. Nicholas of Tolentino proved to be a good example of a well-established parish in just such a changing situation. It has seen the demolition of old terraced housing around the Church itself and its replacement by sprouting high rise flats and new sprawling housing estates. Yet the parish has retained a strong sense of community. Almost every family I visited, coloured or white, poor or better off, felt a special pull towards the parish of St. Nicholas. St. Nick's provides a real security to people of many nationalities in an area where urbanisation seemed to throw everything else into a constant state of change.

During our stay we were the guests of different families in the parish who looked after us most generously and themselves helped us to gain some sense of how people experienced their parish and its life. From this beginning our time was divided between visiting hospitals and schools and house visiting round the parish. The three schools in St. Nicholas', infant, primary and secondary, provided a realistic experience of how varied and complex, but also how important, is the priest's contact with children and adolescents through the schools. For most of us this experience built upon our visits to schools in London the previous summer. Apart from leading us from the difficulties of winning the trust and interest of a mixed group of 15 year olds to the charm of an open plan infant school, visiting three such different schools in a short time showed how different groups of teachers and their interaction, and even the buildings and surroundings of school itself, greatly affect its atmosphere and style. The time spent there was valuable too in showing us the need for the priest to visit the school often but in a way that does not disrupt and inconvenience the work of the teachers.

The hospital visiting we undertook was rather more restricted in scale, since the hospitals were all outside the parish and the regular chaplains were in fact on holiday. Perhaps the principal benefit from this brief glimpse into this work

came through realising that a hospital chaplaincy cannot be carried out casually but needs preparation, lots of time, and becomes really effective as one develops sensitivity through experience.

At St. Nicholas' we found an excellent example of how a community of sisters can contribute to the life of a parish. The sisters in this parish have opened a day shelter for elderly people living on their own, at which they can have a meal, meet and talk with others, and organise outings, social events and so on. Open to everyone in the area and especially welcome for those living alone in blocks of flats, this project was strikingly worthwhile work.

The other main activity we ourselves followed was of course house to house visiting in the parish. We were united in feeling nervous before setting out to knock on previously innocent looking doors that suddenly became slightly daunting in aspect. We were all relieved to find that for the most part we were made most welcome, and we quickly found that so many people want the priest — and even a seminarian — to call on them, to know them, to listen. Only once did I actually become uneasy — when I visited an elderly lady who was having regular visits from Pius XII and St. Michael while at the same time being bugged by the CIA!! We were unanimous that this visiting was the most valuable thing we did at St. Nicholas, confirming the emphasis traditionally given to it in parish life in England and encouraging each one of us that we were in fact wanted and welcome as visitors and priests.

As our time in Bristol drew to a close I began to wonder what I had gained from my stay. Had this extended contact with parish life been worthwhile? A simple 'yes' or 'no' answer is inadequate. Any pastoral experience must be of value, but at Bristol what became obvious as we went along is that every parish is unique. Each tries to come to terms with its own problems and challenges through the life of prayer and the active apostolate of its priests, sisters, teachers, and the parishioners themselves. Being in the parish for only two weeks meant that we could only begin to appreciate the dedication and commitment of all these groups as they struggled to meet the needs of that particular parish. It was seeing this dedication in action which to my mind made our stay at St. Nicholas' thoroughly worthwhile. Although there were areas where I could see it was not being employed to the full, it allowed me to see how such a dedicated collaboration between all those who form a parish can ensure the spreading of the Good News of Jesus Christ. We are grateful to everyone there for the help they gave us and especially to the priests Canon McCarron, Fr Healy and Fr Markey.

From Bristol the seven of us travelled to London to join four fellow students at the Catholic Radio and Television Centre, Hatch End, for a brief course in pastoral communications. We are so familiar with the complex and efficient systems of communication that have been developed in the last fifty years that we take the part they play in our lives for granted. At the push of a button we can be confronted by a cyclone in Asia, a race riot in London, another episode of Crossroads, all of them interspersed with highly professional advertisements for everything we need and much more that we do not. It is significant for us that only with the document *Inter Mirifica* of Vatican II has this revolution in modern

society come to be officially and widely presented for consideration by the Church as a whole. The document urges us to use the instruments of social communication effectively, but as yet we have far to go in responding to this exhortation.

Our time at Hatch End was a modest introduction for us to the opportunities offered by the mass media for the promulgation of the Gospel. A modest introduction: yet although we had heard that the course was intensive, when we actually heard what we were to do, some budding Robin Days groaned in despair at what seemed an impossible task. With unscripted talks to camera, television interviews, radio talks, audio-visual work, special feature programme, the list seemed endless and it had all to be completed in eight days. Breakfast the morning after we arrived was rather subdued as we began to realise that radio and television work is less glamorous than we had supposed. However the theme of the week was clearly outlined by Fr Agnellus Andrew, the director of the Centre. He re-emphasised what the Council had said some fifteen years before: the need for the Church to become more fully involved in the media, and particularly in Britain where recent years have seen a phenomenal increase of local radio stations and of the involvement of priests in their programmes. Many priests have found themselves invited to give a thought for the day, or been interviewed on a matter of local interest. We quickly discovered the problems that even the shortest talk can bring when we were placed in front of a television camera and asked to introduce ourselves!

Once this rather traumatic first encounter with the T.V. camera was over we gradually became fairly accustomed to its scrutinising eye. However we could not afford to become complacent since for our next appearance before it we were interviewed by Mr David Winter a journalist at present working for the BBC. Before the interview Fr Agnellus told us that this method of reporting has become one of the most popular forms employed by radio and television. For the interviewee what is of central importance is to have a clear idea of what exactly he wants to say, and to have formulated this in a clear and simple way. We were perhaps fortunate in that Mr Winter proved himself more than patient when from time to time more than one of us overlooked Fr Agnellus' advice.

This need for clarity and simplicity became even more apparent when we began our next assignment which was to give a three minute radio talk. If the time allotted is to be used effectively even such a brief talk requires careful preparation, precisely to create the clarity and simplicity needed. Essential to the preparation is the speaker's awareness of his audience, an awareness that demands sensitivity, since often this kind of brief religious talk is relegated to an off-peak listening or viewing time. But if the priest has prepared his talk with a sensitive awareness of the circumstances of those listening his talk can have a favourable effect. This sensitivity will show itself not only in the choice of content for the talk but in an anticipation of the kind of objections that may arise in the minds of his listeners during the course of it. If when he has finished speaking, a listener who we will suppose to have little or no contact with the Church, is left with a series of objections which have been left unanswered, then

he may feel more alienated from religion than had he not listened at all.

A further assignment along similar lines but requiring more of our time was the task of producing a radio feature programme. This we did as a group project, first choosing a subject and deciding what our 'angle' on it would be, and appointing a producer in overall charge. From there we set about collecting interviews and information, and finally we had to decide how we could most easily put across the facts that had emerged. In this project new problems were added to the now familiar one of clarity and simplicity: there appeared the need to ensure continuity in the material and to retain the interested attention of the listener over a period of time. More important still was how we could represent fairly the different opinions and ideas we had elicited. At the end of the week the programme was assessed by Mr Graham Tayer, a former BBC producer, who gave helpful advice on the problems we had encountered.

If all this seems to have been a full and hectic programme in itself, these projects were interspersed with regular talk from Fr Gerard Meath O.P. on proclaiming the word of God, and work on an audio-visual project. It was not surprising that before we knew where we were the week had ended. Most of us felt very tired, but all agreed that it had been a most useful experience. We felt we now understood a little better the concluding words of *Inter Mirifica*: "The fate of humanity grows daily more dependent on the right use of these media. And so, as with ancient artistic achievements, the name of the Lord will be glorified by these modern inventions too. Thus will be fulfilled the ideal of the Apostle: "Jesus Christ, yesterday, today and forever."

Sean Healy

LICENTIATE COURSES AVAILABLE TO ENGLISH COLLEGE STUDENTS

I have been asked to give a brief description of the new courses of specialised study which are at present available to students at the Gregorian University. As readers of the "Venerabile" will know from the 1974 issue, if they are not already aware from the college grapevine, the Faculty of Theology underwent a Reformation at the beginning of this decade, as a result of which most English College students follow a course divided into two cycles. In the first cycle, as John Deehan described in the 1974 "Venerabile" the Mystery of Christ is expounded over three years from different angles; but this first cycle is regarded as merely preparatory to the second cycle, in which each student chooses, with the aid of the college staff and his Bishop, a specialised field to concentrate on.

I say advisedly, with the aid of his Bishop, because obviously something more than the student's personal preference must be taken into account when the choice of a specialisation is being made. The situation in England, with the need for teachers of particular branches of theology in the seminaries, is also a crucial factor. And indeed part of the whole background to what I am describing is the crying need in England (as in every country) for educated priests who are able to teach a branch of theology or related disciplines, whether their audience is to consist of seminarians or the laity of a parish or diocese. It would be wrong to think of the aim of second cycle studies at the Greg. as the production of narrow specialists in, say, Scripture studies or Moral Theology; that is why the Greg. insists on the importance of a first cycle in which the groundwork of theology is expounded in a comprehensive manner. Those who proceed to the second cycle are simply continuing the study of this total mystery under a particular aspect.

If an ex-alumnus of the Venerabile were to visit the college now, and ask what course of study a particular student is following, he may be confronted with an unfamiliar and bewildering variety of responses: 'Spirituality'; 'Psychology at the Centro'; 'Fundamental'; or even 'Philosophy'. Indeed, the number of second cycle courses offered has grown even since the Theology Faculty was reorganised definitively in 1972. What are the reasons for this, and what relation do the new courses have with theology as it used to be studied?

The answers to these questions ultimately lie in the whole climate of change which has come over the Church in recent years, culminating in the Council. The late Cardinal Heard himself, though reared in the old traditions,

once said to me that he thought the changes in our studies were on the whole good and necessary. Though he could not understand how I could hope to study the Eucharist without a knowledge of cosmology (I was following an abbreviated philosophy course which did not include that subject), he maintained that the course in his day had been overweighted with scholasticism, and that the new emphasis on Scripture was right. That in a sense gives the key to understanding the new situation. The scholastics have by no means been overthrown, they must now take their place alongside other *auctores* for the study of theology. A student at the Greg. is now no longer moulded into a neo-Scholastic framework, but is encouraged to return to the source, and this not out of idle academic curiosity, but in order to provide the Church with source-material for the process of renewal which she is undergoing. The recent history of the Church can in fact be described as one of renewal in all fields, whether liturgical, biblical, catechetical, patristic, ecumenical or charismatic... This renewal demands a certain radicality, in the strict sense of the word: a return to the fundamental sources that nourish the Church's life perennially; and it also requires a certain willingness to give up, at least for the moment, the synthetic approach of the past: you cannot return to all the sources at once, but must be patient to examine each one in turn - this is the background of the specialisation of which I have spoken.

At this point it might be helpful to enumerate the possibilities that are open to those who have completed the first cycle at the Greg. In the mainstream of theology these are: Scripture or Biblical theology (the difference will be explained later); patristics and the history of theology; fundamental theology; dogmatic theology; moral theology. Alternatively students may specialise in the other faculties: Philosophy; Church History; Missiology; Social Sciences; Spirituality (not strictly a faculty - it comes under the faculty of theology); Psychology and Canon Law. There is yet another alternative, that a student may opt to do a single year's further study instead of a Licence in any of the above subjects (for which 2-3 years are required.) This is the so-called 'Pastoral Year', in which the student chooses to follow a certain number of the courses offered in second-cycle theology and at the end of the year he writes a dissertation. In this way he completes the four years' study canonically required for ordination to the priesthood. There is usually at least one student in every year at the College who opts to do this.

To take the options in the order enumerated above, we begin with Scripture and Biblical Theology. It is obvious that the return to Scripture lies at the heart of the present renewal. One has only to pick up Council Documents and turn to any page to see that their theme is that Catholic teaching and witness should be more nourished by Scripture. As is well known, however, the scientific, critical approach to Scripture studies pioneered by Protestants took a long time to again acceptance in the Catholic Church. Since the Pontificate of Pius XII, it has been not only accepted, but encouraged (always subject, of course, to the teaching authority of the Church), and nowhere has this borne more fruit than at the Biblical Institute in Rome, which, along with the Pontifical Oriental Institute, was allied with the Greg. as a kind of sister institution 50 years ago this year, by papal decree. The Biblical Institute — or 'Biblicum' — offers an intensive

course for the Licence in Scripture, which usually takes three years to complete. During the first, or 'propedeutic' year, students study New Testament Greek and Hebrew, and they learn other ancient Middle Eastern languages in succeeding years. Biblical exegesis, textual criticism, hermeneutics and biblical geography and archeology are among the other subjects studied in this very demanding programme, which culminates in the writing of a short thesis. The college usually has one student following this course each year.

To be distinguished from this course is that offered by the Greg. itself in Biblical Theology. The aim of this course is specifically stated to be not the preparation of biblical scholars or exegetes, but to give future teachers of theology a solid grounding in biblical studies which, however, naturally include some knowledge of Greek, Hebrew and exegetical method.

Before proceeding, it might be wise to say something about the structure of each course and the amount of choice a student has in selecting the material he wants to study, given an initial choice, say for fundamental theology or morals. From what has been said so far, it might be assumed that having made such an initial choice, the student simply has to turn up to the lectures offered for that particular licence, do the exams, and come away with his qualification. But the situation is more complex than that. What in fact happens, particularly in the 'mainline' theological licences, is that a whole list of subjects is published in the handbook, any of which, in theory, can be chosen by a student for any of the licences. (By subject, I mean here a course on which usually two lectures are offered per week throughout the term: for example, 'Exegesis of Romans 1-4'; 'Present day problems in Christology'; 'Medical Ethics' etc.) These subjects come under four categories vis-a-vis each licence:

i) some are 'proper' to a particular licence - i.e., they are courses specifically designed for the study of a particular licence. Thus of the three subjects mentioned above, the first is proper to biblical theology, the second to fundamental theology, the third to moral theology. Over the two year period which the licence normally takes, a student must study about ten of the courses which are proper to his own licence, dividing them more or less equally between each term.

ii) The second category is 'common' courses. Each year about seven courses are offered which bear on theology as a whole, and from these every student, irrespective of his licence, must select one per term.

iii) Optional courses. These consist of any course other than those courses proper to his own licence which a student might wish to study. They could be the courses proper to another licence, or they could be taken from another Faculty altogether - e.g., Missiology, Spirituality.

iv) Seminars. In his first term, the student selects a seminar - i.e., a discussion group involving prepared work and the writing of papers - relating to his own licence. In his second and third terms he selects a major seminar, similar to the first seminar, except that out of it is expected to emerge a short thesis (around 60 pages) written by the student, which is a major part of the assessment for the licence. (The other parts being the termly exams on each subject and a final comprehensive exam).

To give an exhaustive picture of the structure of each licence would require extensive quotations from the Greg. handbook; but I think it can be seen from the above description that there is a lot of leeway available to each student in selecting which subjects he will study — which means he should have little excuse for finding the licence boring! — and that the curriculum is designed so as to avoid narrow over-specialisation. That can always be left to doctoral candidates!

To return to the list of licences available, it is hardly necessary to give an exhaustive description of each, but merely to make some clarificatory comments. The licences in fundamental theology and philosophy are very closely linked, and a student would be unwise to undertake the former without having a certain taste for the latter. Central to fundamental theology are questions about the Revelation of God to man, which presuppose philosophical questions about human perception and knowledge. Another aspect of Revelation theology is the question of the uniqueness of Christianity in the face of other religions. Here the Greg. is fortunate in being able to call on the international riches of the Society of Jesus, so that courses are available in Hinduism, Buddhism, Chinese religion and several others.

The Moral theology licence is possibly one of the best offered at the Greg. and the quality of the professors is such that one would be hard put to it to find anywhere in the world where moral theology could better be studied. There is, however, quite a bias towards questions of fundamental moral theology - e.g. the role of conscience and moral norms; Is there a specifically Christian moral theology? etc., and there is less concentration on certain particular problems of current concern — e.g. sexual and social problems — though these are certainly not neglected. Occasionally students from the college also study moral theology at the Alphonsianum, an Institute of the Lateran University, whose guiding spirit is the world-renowned Fr. Bernard Häring.

One of the newest and most popular licences is in Spirituality. Many prospective spiritual directors and novice masters or mistresses are sent to Rome specifically to pursue this licence, which is quite demanding and highly thought-of, so the composition of the classes is of a rather different nature to other licences. Much emphasis is given in this, as in other licences, to the scriptural basis for spiritual theology. Other courses treat the major themes of spirituality from a historical or systematic perspective, and plenty of material is offered on particular questions, such as the Spirituality of Priesthood. At present, the college has no less than six students studying spirituality, though not all at the Greg.

Overlapping in some areas with Spirituality is the licence in psychology. Of all the licences available at the Greg. this is the most demanding and specialised: as the preamble to last year's handbook says: "The Institute (of psychology) has as its object the formation of specialists in Psychology, who will be able to integrate the supernatural, spiritual and psychological dimensions in the apostolic and educational activities they will undertake." The course is gruelling and demands complete dedication on the part of the student, who must be

prepared to forego certain other activities in order to get through all the required material. The college has been lucky enough to have had, so far, three students who have successfully completed this course. But as well as the student's own commitment, it is necessary that his bishop and diocese also see the value of this training, since there obviously do not exist any ready-made slots into which such highly trained priests can fit. One of the major driving forces behind the foundation of the Institute was the crisis in vocations to the priesthood and religious life, and those who have completed its course are especially equipped to counsel those having difficulty with their vocation. The value of having in England a number of priests trained to do this work can readily be appreciated, though their usefulness also extends far beyond this relatively narrow, if vital, sphere.

A word should be said about the other Universities and Institutes in Rome to which students sometimes go for advanced study. There is, of course, a wealth of educational opportunities at countless theological and related institutes in the City, and although the college has a firm commitment to the Greg., students quite often follow a small part of their course, or very occasionally, the whole of it, at other institutes. The Angelicum, where we currently have one student doing a licence in Spirituality, has the advantage of offering far more courses in English than does the Greg., where Italian dominates. The Liturgical Institute at S. Anselmo offers a very prestigious licence in Liturgy. Many excellent courses in Eastern theology and spirituality are offered at the Oriental Institute, which has already been mentioned as an associate Institute of the Greg. There is also a fine Institute for Patristic studies, the Augustinianum, where we also have one student.

To give a picture of the educational opportunities being offered to the students here is always difficult. Something is bound to be left out, or something quite obvious which is not known to the readers is taken for granted. Nevertheless, I hope that readers of the 'Venerabile' will at least have a slightly clearer picture of academic life here than they did before reading this article. It is early years yet to evaluate the success of the new programmes. Both the Greg. and the college would readily admit that there are many imperfections in them, and endless opportunity for improvement and growth. Nevertheless, the Greg. is an excellent place at which to study any of the disciplines described above, whether the end in view is a specific teaching post in an English seminary, or simply the personal theological and spiritual nourishment of the prospective priest, with all that implies for the effectiveness of his ministry.

Keith Barltrop
Tutor in Theology

ROMANESQUE

BLOOD AND LUST WITH THE SCARLET WOMAN

“Quitting a patterned order of prayer and philosophy... to plunge into a sea of blood and lust, cutting a picaresque swathe through plague, intrigue and murder...” That is how, in a romantic moment, coming from a quaint little Anglican Theological College miles away from anywhere in the rolling Oxfordshire countryside, I saw my possible future in the capital city of a once great empire. The fact that those words were originally written of Hesse’s novel *Narziss and Goldmund* does not deter the fevered imagination, especially when it is coupled with a little poetic licence. The question in my mind was, will it really be like that? The ideal Anglican reply would be an immediate “Yes... er and No”, but not being an ideal Anglican I stuck to my empiricist principles and went to find out.

My first impressions of the English College are distinct. The plane, as planes often are, was a cool four hours late, and so we Anglicans arrived either at Champagne or Fu Manchu airport, (I cannot now remember which), in the small hours. There were other despicable student types waiting about too. Robert was convinced that they were not English, but I told him that the accent was that known as Liverpudlian, and that it was distantly related to Shakespeare’s mother tongue. Thus we Anglicans formed ourselves up in a dark corner to assess who was who. Could these shifty looking characters be from the English College? Could we, even in the wildest flights of imagination, see these people as potential Roman Catholic priests? Before we could fully decide (and to avoid a diplomatic faux pas if their answers to our musings were ever to become known) a small vehicle known affectionately as the “pulmonary”, drew up, and out jumped several Venerabilini (The Wild Bunch). At that moment the other suspicious characters broke cover as they broke simultaneously into a gallop for the pulmonary. Robert and I reformed ourselves in the corner and prepared to launch our attack on the Roman position - now completely inside the mini-bus. Seeing our plight however they went into a voluntary Counter-Reformation, and sent two or three of their own on by taxi. We set off on the long

drive into the capital, talking of foreign cities in general and Rome in particular. The question hovered over me still, what sort of place will the English College be?

We were soon to find out. After many anxious minutes being driven through narrow back streets, the van lurched violently and we found ourselves in a small courtyard surrounded on all sides by a building many hundreds of feet high. As I stepped out of the van I wondered if this was to be a sharing, caring community. As if the very bricks themselves were psychic a window on the third floor opened and an authoritative voice shouted "Quiet down there, we're trying to get some sleep", and this was followed by an eerie laugh. We had met Ken!

"You must be hungry" said a solicitous voice. I was, am and ever shall be, so I looked forward to this first sample of the English College Refectory fare. Cold potatoes and an oily salad were there for the sharing - but still what can you expect at 3.00am in the morning? Besides it's more than there would have been at Cuddleston. "And thence" as Samuel Pepys was wont to say, "to bed." And the evening and the morning were the first day.

Soon the semester began at the Gregorian University, and people were to be heard running out of breakfast saying "I must go to school now." (I thought I had left school several years previously) I was astonished at the number of people who went. Often, on sunny late Autumn mornings, I would walk upstream to the Greg through the playing rivulets of Ven-men, just to go to the library and stand and watch people working from the gantry by the philosophy section. The enthusiasm of others even prompted me to sign up for a seminar there with Fr. Gerald O'Collins. The group consisted of a Scot, an Irishman, a Chinaman, a German, a Serbo-Croat, an Indian, an American and a Heretic. It is the only seminar on Religious Epistemology I know of whose members sound like the start of one of those bad multi-national jokes. In addition to the academic work at the University, the college had its own authors, whether Terry on psychology or Jeremy on English Brass Rubbing. Thus intellectual life at the college was almost red hot.

If intellectual life was red hot, then social life was approaching white heat. Within a few weeks of my arrival in Rome there was a little party in the common room. The wine flowed freely, the food was plentiful, and then, to crown all, Suor Gemma was to walk into my life for the first time. She was like a dream - a mixture of Mae West and Vera Lynn shaken up into a heady college cocktail. Those first moments when the crystal tones of "Oh ven de Saints" thrilled my ear are etched forever in the memory, especially when snatching his top hat and walking-cane from the wings Rector Cormac joined her in the chorus. At the English College even Archbishops and Cardinals do their party pieces - and surely this sort of thing is never seen at Cuddesdon.

Other College institutions there were in plenty: the Slide Show, a kind of community self-mortification when everyone else gets to see the slides you would rather no one ever saw again. My turn, apparently, will come. There are also of course, DBL's. For security reasons of course I can say little about

these, except to explain to clean living and abstemious members of the college that research shows that these letters do not stand for the code words "drunk before lunch." Such members will also be interested to learn that similar ritual drinking rites are also to be found among the Azande tribe of the Sudan and many other primitive peoples to ward off the possible effects of evil spirits on a bad digestion. Drama too is a high point of college life, and the Christmas period had its full share with a production of both a Pantomime - Snow White and the Seven Dwarves meet Sherlock Homes - and Shaw's Pygmalion. I was reliably informed by a pillar of the community that the sort of Thesbian neurosis generally rife was all part of good Yuletide fun. Fun was certainly abundant, and 'good' was the apposite adjective for both productions. The Draper-Porter partnership, previously famed for the excellence of the cordon bleu comestibles, achieved comparable standards in this their entrée into the world of Pantomime. Brian Purfield did no less by not only producing the play, but also taking the leading role. Such valour is in these days rare. I am suggesting that next year these forces combine to produce a hit musical of the life of Thomas Aquinas, so that Mervyn may come into his own by leading a whole pack of Dominicans - Domini Canes as we all know is latin for Dogs of the Lord. (Ouch - forgive me John Short!)

As to religion, what can one say? Certainly it was no real surprise to find that the Vicar of Rome was not an Anglican; a little old man getting a bit frail, God bless him, but he still gets good congregations. Liturgy was always taken thoughtfully and carefully, and I found much nourishment therein. I shall long carry with me the sounds of a lute playing during Mass such wonderful Dowland airs as "My Ladye Godiva's Fancie" and "Seven Sobbes of a Sorrowful Soule." Perhaps the most comforting facet of the College's liturgical life was that at Lauds - as at Cuddesdon Matins - members of the College were considerate enough to leave sufficient places so that any passing Angel may be assured of a seat; for we all know that even in the most seemingly casual acts many have entertained angels unawares.

When one comes to the end of the Breviary one finds a selection of poetry, largely by Anglican clergymen through the ages. In coming to the end of my own little "work of hours" I cannot resist these two verses of the Rev. Thomas Traherne M.A.,

"Oh what venerable creatures did the aged seem!
 - Immortal Cherubim!
 And the young men, glittering and sparkling Angels,
 And the Maids*, strange seraphic piece of life and beauty.

A stranger here strange things doth meet, strange glories See, strange
 treasures lodged in this fair world appear.
 Strange all, and new to me - but that they mine should be Who nothing was,
 That, strangest is of all, yet brought to pass..."

Thank you Flowers

(* Caroline and the ragazze?)

Chris O'Neill



RT. REV. CORMAC MURPHY O'CONNOR



MGR. GEORGE A. HAY

COLLEGE DIARY

1975-1976

As the plane carrying its usual number of apprehensive new students landed in Rome, frantic activity was still in evidence in the college since it had to be reconverted from the summer Pilgrim Hotel to the English College. The last group of pilgrims had been waved off only hours before, and many traces of the "Hospice" remained: the bar was still in the snug, postcards and souvenirs stood forlornly in a corridor waiting to be put away until next year, and lots of beds and other furniture had to be redistributed. Everything had to look respectable again for the arrival of the new students, who were after all expecting to find a seminary waiting for them. In fact we soon discovered we need not have been over sensitive to first impressions.

So another year began. Berlitz school for mangled Italian behind them, conjunctives and past participles precociously in evidence, Martin, a couple of Brians, several (or so the two of them seemed) Johns, William, Paul and the others were swamped by the rest of the college who arrived in the early hours to the dramatic accompaniment of a terrible thunderstorm. It was a portentous opening to an academic year that was to witness the death of one English Cardinal and creation of his successor, the closure of the Holy Year, the refacing of the college buildings and much else that we would experience between the first blasts of Tramontana and the heavy Sciroccos of early summer.

'Ah che bello ciò'. The lilting Padavano accent, foreign even to the maestri at Berlitz, belongs to Madre Marcella, smiling hugely and motherly on new and old alike. As she and the others hand round dolce and vino (not the mysterious rosolio of previous occasions) at the first rinfresco of the reunited college, one feels thoroughly at home again. There was a new face too in the kitchen since Suor Cipriana had departed and the new cook Suor Norma was finding her way around her new post under the guiding eye of Suor Gemma. Ever hyper-anxious about the essentials, we were excited at the prospects of Suor Norma's culinary art, though official assessment remained in the taste buds of resident gourmet Michael Smith.

At the Greg things began as smoothly as usual, apart from the devastating news that Fr. O'Farrell would offer a course of Metaphysics lectures in English. Other Profs. have been heard to enquire whether he is any more comprehensible in English than Italian! Familiar, or notorious, names are

heard again in conversation about the ref. — Biolo, Anton, Caba, Grasso — but the morning's antics at the Greg are gradually overcome by Enzo wine and Norma spag., of which William, at least until Lent, proves to be a particular devotee.

Until Christmas we continued to receive groups of Holy Year visitors. Bishop Worlock, unaware of the Fates, led a group from Portsmouth; the Bishop of Clifton celebrated a Confirmation in the Chapel during his Dioceses' pilgrimage; a Westminster group arrived without episcopal presence, Middlesborough with it. We were delighted to receive the former Rector Bishop Tickle with a group of Monsignori from the Forces who like the other groups were plied with tea and biscuits in the ref. It was in fact during one of these last sessions with pilgrims, the refectory filled by the Shrewsbury group, that we received the news of Cardinal Heenan's death. Bishop Grasar announced this sad news and all stood to recite the *'De Profundis'*.

The following day, November 8th, the Rector celebrated a Requiem Mass for the Cardinal and a few days later flew to Westminster for the funeral. We received a telegram from the Vatican to express the sympathy of the Holy Father for this loss to the Church in England and Wales. Of course speculation began immediately, from sources close to the Vatican to the humblest misinformed student, about the likely candidates to go to Westminster. Soon Christmas was upon us, and the ending of the Holy Year, whose decease was less ceremonious than its inauguration. In the college it was a matter of dismantling the Holy Year exhibition that had been established in the Tribune under the direction of Paul Hardy and others. The copy of the Bull of Foundation of the college, *Quoniam Divinus*, which had been on display was safely locked away again, as was the Liber showing the names of Ralph Sherwin and Robert Parsons on its opening page. The archivist at this point was still trying to collate particulars of the 1975 intake of students for this venerable document's current volume. But even Paul Chavasse stopped worrying about his task as Christmas intervened.

As usual an inspiring Midnight Mass was followed by mince pies, courtesy of Thomas, and mulled wine, care of Michael (tutors proving how indispensable they are), in the common room, accompanied by better known Christmas Carols. Mrs Williams, matriarch of a much liked Embassy family, presided from a common room chair, while her husband, calmly puffing at his pipe, reminded us of their open invitation to their apartment on Boxing Day. Christmas dinner passed without incident. There was no repetition this year of Ken's laugh turning into a scream as Gemma set light to his hand instead of to a Christmas pudding he was carrying. After dinner half the college piled into Keith's room where because of a heavy cold he had eaten his fare with three others, while the other half were led away to be daubed with make-up for the Pantomime.

Jack and the Beanstalk interspersed with Startrek was an hilarious success. The cleverly woven lack of a plot included scenes from a classroom terrorised by Digby to the control room of the starship Enterprise commanded by Peter Hart. Jack, played by Bernard Gorman, his mother, David McLoughlin, and Daisy the cow (Simon, co-scriptwriter nobly provided her rear end) carried

the story forward with slapstick provided by the giant, Denis, in his castle, and as it must, all ended happily. We were all aware that this would be Kieran Conry's last production of the pantomime. His flair for the script and distinctive brand of humour have been invaluable over the past few years. But no doubt, as cooks change, so worthy successors are waiting to continue the tradition.

Three performances of the Panto were followed by two excellent presentations of Peter Ustinoff's *Romanoff and Juliet*. Chris Lough was again the producer of the play and in his cast David McLoughlin exchanged his Panto role for that of the Russian Ambassador. His wife was played impeccably by David Evans, and the American couple played by George Stokes and Robert Plant were well matched. With Andrew Lubienski's fine Eastern European features and Brian Purfield with his hair delicately arranged by a passing Australian hairstylist the play evinced professionalism in all departments. Vincent Conry from St George's school lent his artistic talent to help with costumes and props and the complex scenery was in the care of John Ryan, Chris Towner and Michael Smith. By the time all was over, everyone from the stars on stage to the faithful makers of sandwiches and tea in the kitchens, was ready for a week's gita. Those who expected a quiet few days in Assisi found themselves part of a group of twenty who appreciated the friendliness and good value of La Rocca, still a great attraction.

A few as always braved the winter worst of Palazzola and the icy winds that froze many a friar to his seat in chapel. Recently acquired gas heaters and the traditional log fire in the Morgue managed to provide enough heat. These heaters had earlier made it possible to use the villa for days of recollection, including an overnight stay, in the late Autumn. Using Palazzola for these occasions reduces the cost involved in going to purpose run retreat houses, but not all are convinced Palazzola is suitable during the winter, even with heaters. But steadily the villa amenities have been improved with the installation of hot showers, rewiring, and a face lift for the kitchen, Morgue and common room.

Leap year February and a late start to Lent made time seem to drag in the first part of the year, but with the exams instilling an urgency to study few had the time to while away the afternoons with a long riposo. At the back of our minds was Gemma's aphorism. 'Chi dorme, si invecchia' - an advertisement for herself this since she spent most afternoons fighting the garden. Things livened up however with the announcement of the appointment of Bishop Worlock to Liverpool. Muriel Bowen once wrote in the Sunday Times that our table conversation was the liveliest in Rome. On this occasion at least the conversation was lively enough. It was even livelier a week later when we heard of the Westminster appointment. Digby, old boy of Ampleforth, and Paul Gallagher, from an Ampleforth parish, provided snippets of information, but we had to wait a week or two to meet Abbot Hume when he came to see the Pope and as he put it, "the frightening Mr Gammarelli." As he was still an Abbot he stayed at S. Anselmo, but arrived at the college one evening for Vespers and supper. Mysteriously the usual Monday fried eggs were supplanted by Lasagne and veal cooked in Marsala! Mulled wine in common room provided an opportunity to

meet the Abbot informally until Fr. Dominic Milroy, the Prior of S. Anselmo, came to whisk him back to the Aventine

At the beginning of April Mgr James Sullivan, formerly Rector of the English College Lisbon and now a greatly appreciated senior resident with us in the college, was to receive the O.B.E. he had been awarded in the New Year's Honours List. The ceremony took place in the British Embassy and we all went along to toast his health with government champagne. At this time too we were happy to welcome two Methodist students to the college for a period of six weeks.

The quieter period of earlier weeks was now behind us as we approached Easter. On the Saturday before Palm Sunday two of our number were ordained to the priesthood. Bishop Casey ordained George Stokes and Keith Barltrop in the college chapel, at the same ceremony commissioning the eleven men of Second Theology as Lectors. As always a priesthood ordination in the college was an occasion of joy and an encouragement to everyone. Bishop Casey ended his stay with us generously as he took out to dinner the Rector, the newly ordained priests, several other students and Charlie Acton. Unfortunately the Rector was unable to eat the Spaghetti alla Puttanesca he had ordered — he said it was too hot for him — so he reverted to pasta in brodo. This was not taken as a brutta figura by the Trattoria involved however as it is a regular haunt for the college and the waiters have become used to the strange ways of the English.

The Rector's difficulties in eating all before him continued in the college on Holy Saturday. The suffragan Bishop of Fulham and Gibraltar was his guest for lunch and felt he had to decline the delicacy Nella had prepared for us that day, sheep's head. In polite empathy the Rector also declined the dish and ecumenical dialogue continued over empty plates. Sheep's head, staring in baleful reproach, was carried back into the kitchen. Many other guests present that day found this offering equally difficult to face and it was left to John Fegan and others to show how well they had adapted to foreign ways by attacking the dish with glee.

The Easter Vigil was celebrated at the English Church of S. Silvestro. The ties between the college and this parish have been kept up for some years, and their present Rector Fr Seamus Freeman has done a fine job in rebuilding the Pallotine community there and in revitalising the parish. A few weeks after Easter he was to welcome the new English Cardinal when (in the Rector's bottle green Fiat) he went to take possession of his titular Church. The Rector had announced one day at lunch that Archbishop Hume was to receive the red hat. From then on preparation began, since the Cardinal was to stay in the college. Many of us went to the public Consistory in the Audience Hall where the applause for the English Cardinal was loud and long. There followed the *visite di calore*, several receptions and the Mass on Ascension day during which the new Cardinals received their rings '*de manu Petri...*'. On the Saturday there was held an official reception in the college. While all these receptions, with their abundant weight of scarlet and purple, were going on, it was quickly noticed that Cardinal Hume greatly enjoyed the times when he could relax

among the students and share with us his brand of gentle banter. We were sorry to see him go, though his own students contributed to decking him out as befits a Cardinal - they bought him some red socks!

Before he left the whole occasion was recorded for posterity by a full scale college photograph. The Nuns and girls took their chance to have some photographs taken of themselves and the Cardinal. These would have gone well with an article that appeared at this time in the Padua Diocesan Gazette. Its title was *Hanno Conquistato Gli Inglesi*, as it gave an account of the work of the Elisabettine Sisters here in the college. It was an amusing piece, if not always accurate. Madre talked happily of it for days as she munched her Polenta.

The Feast of Corpus Domini this year clashed with Colonel Simpson's eightieth birthday. The Colonel attended the Mass at the Little Sisters and listened to one of the Rector's more theological sermons (the adjective is his own). Actually he nearly didn't preach at all; such was the communication between him and the Vice-Rector that at breakfast that morning each thought he was to be main celebrant and each had prepared his homily. After the Mass this year there was no outside procession, and the Marionites came over the road to sing their customary arabic hymn. The morning's Festa ended with lunch followed by liquori in the garden. Perhaps the Colonel drank generously of the Stock today, but his 80 years and Indian Army training saw him through the day and by Vespers he was fully recovered.

By now the summer exam session was in full swing. On the Monserra the unaccustomed study was attempted to the accompaniment of Marco's merry men who were at last doing something to the area known as the Spanish Roof Garden or Jack's Folly. It turned out that they were creating a new apartment there, subsequently happily occupied by Mr Anthony Dwyer and his family, of the Australian publishing firm. The cortile echoes to a rich variety of accents - transatlantic from the inmates of the Forum school which rents part of the first floor, Australian from the top floor, anything from Liverpoolian to Church Slavonic from ourselves, and the whole regularly drowned by Germano and the lady responsible for the smallest dog with the loudest bark in Rome.

Exams seem to go on for ever. For ever ended on the 21st June as most of us were able to escape to the Villa. There was a certain amount of tension in the city as the results of the Italian General Election were due. Those who stayed longer in the college had little sleep that night because of an all night concert, electronic amplifiers and all, held in the Piazza Farnese to celebrate Communist and radical left-wing gains. On the whole however the campaign had been much calmer and quieter than expected, and seemed to arouse less interest than had the Referendum on Divorce two years earlier. Don Augusto the parish priest remained quite placid throughout, merely introducing a new response to the Prayers of the Faithful: *O Maria, concepita senza peccato, salva l'Italia*.

We said goodbye at this time to those who were returning to England for good. Kieran Conry went to teach at Cotton College, Michael Smith was appointed to St Kentigern's Blackpool - though he spent the summer in Rome as

chaplain to the Universe pilgrim groups. Bill Neal returned to Menevia Diocese, Chris Towner to Arundel and Brighton, Digby Samuels to Westminster and Graham Woolfenden to Liverpool. In addition we saw the departure of Tony Churchill and Peter Smith who had been studying Canon Law, and John Watson, spirituality. Farewell too from the college, though not from Rome, to John Butters who is working on a doctorate in moral Theology.

This summer also saw the departure of the Philosophy Tutor Michael Cooley after five years of initiating newcomers into the mysteries of metaphysics and the like. Many thanks to him for all the work he has done, in the academic life of the college, but also in many other ways, at his beloved Palazzola, and in reviving or preserving knowledge and experience of mountain gitas and an interest in the Italian way of life. We wish him every success and happiness in his new post at Newman College Birmingham.

We end where we began, the Roman summer. All a little older, perhaps even wiser. We leave for England knowing that the college will again be a busy host to English pilgrims this summer. Someone will be keeping our places warm for October.

* * *

Interlude

Diarists are known to be long-winded, perhaps idiosyncratic in their selection of material, sometimes infelicitous in their expression. Fortunately they are not usually meant to be long-lived. But as the years roll by, editors come and go, but Venerabiles do not roll from the presses, this Diarist remains chained to his post. His Archbishop has him begin the longest of the Licentiate courses in the hope that an edition may appear before he finishes it, and he works on in the hope that one day his labours will see the light of day... and so.

1976-1977

Pilgrims gone, first year at their Italian (they didn't let us have a lady teacher!), and furniture more or less back in its place, the start of this year was much like the start of last year's diary. One sad change had occurred however. Madre Marcella was not here to welcome us back. She had left in a flood of tears and nostalgia the week before, after six most enjoyable years for both sides of the hatch. A new regime then had begun in kitchen and Guardaroba under the care of the new Superiora, Suor Renata, who thus returns to the college where she had worked some years previously. *Vediamo...* would there still be grappa for breakfast on Easter Sunday?

In the meantime Rome was swamped with Celts, here for the Canonisation of John Ogilvie. It used to be impossible for ladies to get into St Peter's if they were wearing Mini-skirts. What the guardians made of two burly and be-kilted Scots standing on the steps piping everyone in for the ceremony may be recorded in the depths of the Vatican Archives but is unknown to us. Cardinal Hume and Archbishop Worlock were guests in the college, as often seems to

happen at this time of year, and together we cracked as many scots jokes as we could remember. Thursday of this week allowed the city a respite as most of the visitors went to Assisi, in fact with English College sassenachs to guide them since by this time the Scots College had apparently exhausted itself. Two days later things reverted to normal, and table conversation to normal too - food, weather, Greg.

This year relations with the Greg began on a social note. On November 9th most of the first cycle Philosophy professors joined us for Mass, supper and a social evening afterwards. The Rector presided at all three phases, recalling in his homily how he too had been grilled by Fr O'Farrell about essences and substances and what have you. This revelation almost led first year to think that the Rector had been a student more recently than they thought, but they were soon enlightened. It was good to meet our teachers other than on a rostrum or behind an examination table, and as they gulped down liquori with great expertise they looked pleased to be meeting us 'at home'. This evening had been arranged by the new Philosophy Tutor, Fr Philip Holroyd, who we hope will spend many a year plying his trade. We heard too that his predecessor Michael Cooley is settling in well at Newman College, though he now has to wash things down with Typhoo tea instead of Enzo wine.

Cardinal Hume appeared again, this time with Bishop Langton Fox, and stayed for a week. Among his engagements this week was a climb to the Monserra to sample dolce and wine as that corridor celebrated November (November?) with an exclusive party. The Forty-Four seemed to take this as some kind of personal challenge; a few days later a representative of the Patriarch of Moscow was seen disappearing into Tony Ingham's room in full regalia. Apparently official politenesses had been exchanged between these gentlemen and the Cardinal downstairs.

A more normal kind of ecumenism in the college continues this year as for the third time we were pleased to welcome two Anglican ordinands to the house for first semester, one from Cuddesdon theological college near Oxford, the other from St Stephen's House. Both settled in quickly and were soon making a lively contribution to life in the college. Another Anglican visitor before Christmas was the Rev. Christopher Hill, here to prepare for the forthcoming visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Pope.

Dec 1st and the feast of the College Martyrs was celebrated in a fitting style. The Rector celebrated a solemn Mass in the morning, and among the guests he welcomed at lunch was the new Ambassador to the Quirinal who seemed impressed at his first meeting with us. Coffee and liquori were taken in the Cardinal's corridor and can still go on until four o'clock, though by this time even the strongest are weakening. The day ended again this year with the singing of the Te Deum after supper before the Martyrs' picture.

Christmas was upon as quickly as ever. Puddings and mince pies and other essentials were prepared in time and all was celebrated in the established fashion. It is important that being away from home we are able to create the atmosphere of a family Christmas and blend the celebration of this great feast

spiritually with a sense of unity and festivity. Perhaps this year we realised that it can become a little too frenetic and tiring, especially for those involved in preparation of music and Pantomime and Carol singing at the Little Sisters and much more. The Panto this year was *Dick Whittington*, hilarious as ever. The common room was again packed for three nights as this event is now well known in the English community in Rome and invitations are much sought after. Producers have been known to mutter darkly when squads of uninvited nuns arrive to occupy the front rows - apparently it is harder to get them to guffaw in the way audiences should. But the audiences guffawed enough and it was a worthy success for this year's producers Simon Blakesley and Chris Maxwell-Stewart. The Pantomime was followed by two performances of Nicolai Gogol's satirical portrayal of Russian provincial society, *The Government Inspector*. Chris Lough who himself took a leading role produced an entertaining performance of a difficult play. By the time we had celebrated St Thomas' Day we were ready to collapse into trains, planes and boats to leave Rome for a week's gita. Some found their way to England despite the brevity of their opportunity, others to Yugoslavia, Lugano (to be looked after lavishly by the Brigettine sisters there), and to favourite haunts in Venice and Assisi. The weather was exceptionally cold in the north of Italy this year and those who travelled to Venice returned full of the beauty of the Serenissima under snow. Among those who spent the week in Rome was the Rector whose brother Pat arrived sporting a very smart new suit.

Later in January Bishop Guazzelli stayed with us and gave an interesting talk on the pastoral report *A Time For Building*. Another visitor was Paul Burholdt a student who had been ordained on January 1st by the Cardinal after three months working as a deacon. As exams loomed near again, the 'silly season' began; paper aeroplanes fly about the place and practical jokers roam. When some people went to the villa after their exams Anthony Doe successfully cracked a raw egg over John Ryan's head. Since then Anthony sleeps behind barred windows and a locked door!

The Rector's long held ambition to invite the whole of the Irish College to a social evening with us was at last achieved on March 2nd. Chapel, Ref. and Common Room had never echoed to so much brogue. Suitably our friends had brought fiddles and songs were exchanged in an evening of great jollity.

During Lent it has become the custom for groups to arrange Masses at some of the Station Churches and these occasions proved popular again this year. The Station is held in this parish on the fourth Tuesday of Lent and so S. Lorenzo that evening was the first of the Schola's many engagements as Holy Week and Easter drew near. This year we had more relatives and friends than ever staying as guests for Easter. Some of us lost our beds and had to beg sleeping space on adjoining floors, at least until the gita exodus took place and there was more breathing space. During Easter week eleven students and two staff from Valladolid came to Rome and stayed in the college. We were glad to welcome fellow students from a sister English College and hope they enjoyed their stay in Rome.

The end of April saw three events worthy of note. The first was a day gita with the Nuns and girls, the first for two years. We piled into the pullman amid shrieks and songs from Suor Gemma and the Vice-Rector, and set off southwards to the monastery of Casamari near Frosinone. There we celebrated Mass and were guided around the ancient convent. When we clambered back into the bus there followed a hair-raising ride up into the hills to the *Prato-di Campoli* where under the shadow of snow-capped peaks we ate a lavish picnic, washed down as ever by Enzo's best. After lunch the Rector attempted to recapture his youth by joining in a game of touch-orange (there being no ball) only to collapse exhausted in the grass. All this was amply recorded for future slide shows and also on Germano's cine camera. The return journey was via Fiuggi where we sampled the famous waters.

The second event was the feast of St George on which a good friend of many in the college, George Salzman, was ordained for the Order of St. Francis de Sales in S. Giorgio in Velabro. We went along in force, sang with good voice, and found it an excellent way to celebrate the feast, particularly since there was to be no priesthood ordination in the college in Rome during this academic year. A reception was held afterwards at the O.F.S. Generalate and among those toasting the new priest's health were several of the Moral Theology Profs from the Greg.

The third and most important event was the official visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to his Holiness Pope Paul VI. Like Archbishop Ramsey in 1966 Dr Coggan and his party stayed in the college. His motorcade swept impressively into the cortile with outriders in attendance. With him were other Anglican bishops and dignitaries and plenty of pressmen. That first evening we had a special dinner in the ref. to welcome the Archbishop at which the Rector made a speech of welcome and Dr Coggan replied. After the meal Dr Coggan came to the common room for an informal question and answer session with the house. His companions remarked afterwards that we gave him a much easier ride than he had received the week before at an Anglican theological college. This evening in fact proved to be our best chance to see the Archbishop since the rest of his stay was filled with official engagements. The culmination of the visit was a service held in the Sistine Chapel on Friday morning which for most of us was the first time we had seen the Sistine chapel used for a religious ceremony. In that setting even the Sistine choir sounded almost passable, although most were struck by the sound of a good English hymn being well sung by most of those present to end the service. Less dramatic than Archbishop Ramsey's visit and not without a note of a controversy, Dr Coggan's stay was still another important step in Anglican - Roman Catholic relations and the college takes some pride in being able to play a role and perhaps offer a personal warmth and friendship not so easily expressed at more official levels.

May this year proved a heavy month with lots of unpleasant scirocco weather. Fr Chris Pemberton from Westminster came to stay with us for some months for a period of rest and his presence soon came to be appreciated. He worked for many years for the BBC before becoming a priest and has been good enough to share his expertise with us in helping us to read and speak better in

public. As he stayed with us the standard of reading in chapel improved quite dramatically, and it seems in the future he will continue this work back in Westminster and we hope in coming to stay with us for a period of each year.

On Pentecost Sunday the Royal element in the history of the college was recalled as we prayed for the Queen on her Jubilee. A member of her most loyal opposition, the Rt Honourable Norman St John Stevas came to Mass and lunch and joined in our toast of loyalty. The annual visit to the Little Sisters of the Poor on the feast of Corpus Domini was welcome as ever. This year some students have begun visiting their house each week to help with the elderly there and this added to our visit for the Mass. After the Mass the Rector took the Blessed Sacrament round the wards to bless those who had been unable to come to the chapel.

With exams under way and the villa in prospect, the consensus was that this year had been a good one, spiritually, academically, liturgically. The Rector would like to have been building an underground squash and sports complex so that we could add 'physically' to that list, but that awaits the beneficence of some American millionaire. In the meantime we can at this time of the year still splash about in Hinsley's tanks.

The *villegiatura* lasts for about three weeks only. For some too short, for some too long (these last are mercifully few and have the tact to keep fairly quiet). After a week or so simply relaxing and letting Palazzola ease away the strain from tired spirits, Fr Kevin Kenny led the annual college retreat. In Rome the families of those to be ordained deacons were already arriving. They joined us at the villa after the retreat was ended and together we were able to prepare for the diaconate ordinations. Bishop Restieaux, Bishop of Palazzola, admitted candidates and commissioned acolytes, and then celebrated the Mass of ordination to the Diaconate. It is a superb way to bring the year to a close, uniting the college family to the families of the ordinands in a ceremony and celebration that brings our purpose and life to an important if not the final fulfilment. Before the last spumante glasses were washed, figures were heading for the airport. As we left rumours were well abroad that the Rector would not complete another year with us.

* * *

Editor: Good news. I've found a successor for you.

Diarist: Great, I'll give him the...

Editor: He's taking over in 1980, so meanwhile...

1977-1978

This year they beat us to it. Cardinal Hume, Archbishop Worlock, the former Rector Mgr Leo Alston, and a communications team (that's a frenetic animal that rushes about inventing deadlines, despairing of phones connections, splicing tapes, juggling electronic gadgetry, and contriving to do an excellent job)

were already in residence for the forthcoming Synod when the rest of us arrived. First year were with them, plodding through irregular verbs and things. Their introduction to Roman life had a particularly vivid moment when Enrico's son Enzo was married in the college chapel on October 16th, an extremely Italian event. The following day they were led away to the Greg. The year had, most emphatically, begun. On October 28th extra wine flowed in the ref., courtesy of our guests, but First Theology missed the occasion since they had departed with the Rector to St John and Paul's for an overnight stay for Recollection. These brief retreats for each year in the house with the Rector or another staff member have become a regular and welcome feature of college life, helping each year group to focus on its stage in the college and reflect upon the contribution that year has to give.

The Synod was barely over when a large group of the English and Welsh hierarchy arrived for a week for their visit *Ad Limina Apostolorum*. After Archbishop Dwyer had presided at community Mass we repaired to the common room for a party at which various bishops took the floor with their party pieces, including a rendering of 'It's a long Way to Tipperary' by Bishop Pearson to the words, 'E un buon pezz' a Palazzola', which had not been heard in the College for many a year. The following day the bishops climbed into a coach and were taken off to Palazzola itself for a pleasant day and a pleasant Fernanda repast. Somewhere between these activities they managed to find time to visit the Pope and came back suitably inspired.

Episcopacy remained rather on everyone's mind as we continued to wait for news of an appointment to Arundel and Brighton. This was finally announced on November 21st and we learnt that the Rector was to become Bishop Cormac. In fact after several painful weeks he had been noticeably more relaxed for several days and we now divined why. At a party for the nuns' festa of St Elisabeth of Hungary some had noticed that he looked better and put two and two together. At a celebratory drink before lunch we sang *Ad Multos Annos* and a fairly comosso Rector managed to say something in reply to the Vice's congratulations. The following day he left for England and his first look at his new diocese, leaving Peter Coughlan in charge, a position he was to hold for the next three months.

Meanwhile life had to continue. On November 30th the annual Nig auction was held, raising an excellent sum to send to the seminary in India. David McLoughlin and his band of auctioneers were dressed a Punk Rockers and managed to terrify us into parting with our money for a variety of goods, some of dubious quality, and some in the form of invitations to meals to be cooked by the house gourmets.

On December 1st the Rector or ex-Rector or Bishop elect presided at the Martyrs' Mass and afterwards at lunch where Cardinal Baggio, Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops, whom the Rector had carefully had to avoid inviting to the college for some months, was among the guests. The following Wednesday the whole college went to the papal audience, to see Cormac rather than the Pope, as he was appearing with the other visiting bishops alongside the Pope at the audience, even down to skull cap and pectoral cross. He was clapped

heavily when twice mentioned by Pope Paul who himself looked rather pleased at the appointment. That evening there was an official reception in the Salone as a farewell occasion for the many people the Rector had come to know officially and in friendship during his time in Rome. When the guests had departed we repaired to the Guardaroba to watch a showing of films taken at Enzo's wedding and to finish off the snacks provided for the reception.

The real farewell to Cormac was our own family celebration on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. He presided at his last community Mass for us and we had a supper-party in the common room. The students' gift to him was an episcopal ring, and the sisters presented him with a pectoral cross. The staff gave him a handsome print of Rome to remind him of his happy time here. We wish him well and every satisfaction and happiness in his new job.

Before Christmas we had a musical evening at which people had a chance to show us their ability with instrument or voice, and the pre-Xmas Holly Cam to Palazzola took place on December 15th. The day of the S. Silvestro Carol Service also saw Ken Freeman leave for England to be deacon at the episcopal ordination of this new ordinary. The staff also went to it leaving us in the hands of the philosophy tutor for a full three days, but we survived to Christmas.

Christmas was no less full and sparkling for the absence of a Rector and everything went as well as ever. A magnificent traditional Christmas dinner included an Australian twang with the Dwyer family and Fr Gerry O'Collins s.j. as our guests. Before the last Xmas pud and brandy butter had disappeared the cast of the Panto hurried off to begin being made-up for *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Sean Healy played Snow White; the dwarfs were played by the six tallest members of the college and captained by the smallest, Bernard Gorman. The play this year was Shaw's *Pygmalion*, well produced by Brian Purfield who also took the role of Eliza Doolittle. St Thomas' day brought an end to the week's events with the Vice-Rector presiding and preaching to us about Canterbury and the Papacy. World gita records were broken a few days later as 24 Venerabilini met in St Mark's Square in Venice by pre-arrangement. You might have thought the idea was to get away from one another!

After gitas we settled down for the January slog towards the exams. As usual people discovered where the library is and the consumption of Coca-Cola rocketed. Perhaps it stimulates the brain or calms the nerves or something. It all ended eventually as it always does, without too many casualties. The second semester began calmly, but with an undercurrent of expectancy. The appointment of a new Rector had been announced in the New Year and he was to arrive towards the end of February. On February 20th during supper Fr George Hay was led into the ref to be greeted by warm applause. Poor man must have found the ordeal daunting, but we were soon to discover he is well able to take it. Two days later Fr Hay presided at Mass for the first time and afterwards we held one of the now regular common room suppers, this time to welcome a new Rector. The Nuns and girls joined us and the Rector was able to try out his nascent Italian. First year found it most encouraging to hear him. The following day he explored the college and its changed geography since he was last here. As soon as March 4th the Holy Father appointed him a Prelate of

Honour and the scene was set fair for a happy Rectorship as the college moves towards the 1980's.

On the 16th March we shared the general shock throughout Italy as Aldo Moro was kidnapped by the Brigade Rosse. The next few weeks were tense and full of foreboding, and the mood of anxiety was reflected in the fact that we had to carry passports whenever leaving the city because of road blocks and various police checks. And of course we joined this country in prayer at a black moment in its history.

Not all was gloom however. On March 17th Mervyn Tower was ordained priest for the Archdiocese of Birmingham. The celebrant was Archbishop Lourdasamy the secretary of Propaganda Fidei. At the same Mass Second Theology were admitted to the Lectorate. For the reception that followed the Rector had borrowed a monsignorial cassock and appeared bashfully in his splendour for the first time. Mervyn presided at community Mass the next day which was the transferred feast of St Joseph.

Holy Week began this year with two days of recollection led by Fr Bill Dalton s.j. from the Biblical Institute. After several years without it, silence was reintroduced for these two days with music played during meals, although Respighi's 'Pines of Rome' failed to overcome the clatter of plates and cutlery. We shall have to wait to see if the reintroduction of silent meals during retreats meets with lasting success.

Further into Holy Week our by now customary family guests began to arrive. Our celebration of this week is greatly enhanced by the presence of students' families and we hope this continues. The Refectory takes on a new aspect as Mums and Dads grace it with their presence and quickly catch on to the way it all works, even to lending a hand with drying up. The Holy Week ceremonies were carried out with dignity, feeling and enthusiasm under the watchful eye of the M.C. David Gummett, Choir Master Seamus O'Boyle and Schola Master Terry Dowling, with the sacristans as ever labouring long and hard in the background. It was noted with concern that Pope Paul was not well enough to preside at the open-air Stations of the Cross at the Colosseum this year, but he was able to celebrate Easter Mass in St Peter's Square at which the college singers as usual made their worthy contribution.

At the beginning of May, Bruce Harbert and Tony Ingham were elected to succeed Denis Parry and John Ryan as Senior Student and Deputy. This week the whole college was invited to pay a fraternal visit to the French College at which we had Mass together followed by a most pleasant supper. The French Rector addressed us in French and our Rector replied in the same language! The evening was a great success, establishing a contact that has never been strong in the past. We hope to return the invitation at a future date.

May 9th brought the not unexpected but still shocking news of Aldo Moro's killing, and there is a sense of gloom throughout the city with many shops, bars and restaurants closing down as a sign of mourning and protest. This sad episode and its implications for Italy naturally were a main topic of conversation

in the evening when again we had a number of the Gregorian professors in for Mass and a social evening.

May also saw a number of celebrations of different kinds. Bishop Grant of Northampton was good enough to confirm children from St George's school where students undertake religious instruction and preparation of children for the sacraments. Fr George Stokes returned to Rome to celebrate the Wedding of his sister Alison and Claudio Painelli. Hallowed custom had the Vice Rector presiding at Mass on Trinity Sunday, the last time Mgr Peter Coughlan will do so as he approaches the end of his service in that job. On May 22nd we were able to have a celebration to honour the 150th, which the Rector knowingly proclaimed the sesquicentenary, anniversary of the foundation of the Elisabettine Congregation. The Madre Provinciale and a retinue of sisters, including some familiar faces, Suor Marcella and Suor Cipriana of recent memory, came to join the present sisters and ourselves for a celebration Mass. The Vice's tour de force of a homily included vignettes from the history of the order in the college. Supper was cooked by students, Stephen Porter, Robert Draper, Peter Hart and companions, so that for this occasion at least we would cater for the nuns. Afterwards in the common room the evening ended in song, and with a most impressive speech by the Madre Provinciale in which she emphasised the great affection their order has for the college and the mutual spiritual support their long association with us has provided. For our part we were glad of the opportunity to show our gratitude to the sisters for the crucial and indispensable part they have played in the life of the college during this century. Long may it continue.

As we were knuckling down for the summer exam session we heard that our resident Rector Emeritus, Mgr James Sullivan, had been named a Proto-notary Apostolic, and so we toasted him before lunch. As he walked into the Ref. he found a white mitre perched on his soup plate, which he donned briefly to laughter and applause. "Trinkets, baubles" he was heard to mutter as he settled down to his soup.

Before leaving for Palazzola we held a buffet supper in the garden to bid farewell to Peter Coughlan, Vice Rector of the college since 1972. Staff and students both had presentations to make in token of appreciation for the fine work he has done for the college in these years. He is a man of many talents and boundless energy and the college has benefited from that, allied as it has been to dedication to our best interests. We wish him well now as he begins to work full time in the Secretariat for Non Christian Religions. The Rector expressed everyone's feelings in saying we were glad he will continue to live in the college.

At last, my master the editor is allowing this Diarist to go in peace. In a bare chronicle of events life in the college seems simply to repeat itself. But each year new people come to share a stream of life that has a long history and yet we hope a freshness and openness to future needs. May the 400th year of our history see us alive, healthy and looking to draw on the riches of the past to help prepare well for what lies ahead.

Mervyn Tower *December 1978*

JOHN CARMEL HEENAN

At a special Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Cardinal Heenan at his titular Church of S. Silverstro on 19th November 1975, the Rector of the College gave the following address.

'Last Friday there was laid to rest in Westminster Cathedral the body of Cardinal John Carmel Heenan. A great course of people from all walks of life was present. They came not because they were sent but because they wanted to. They had come to mourn and honour a man whom all recognised as a great religious leader. This evening, in Cardinal Heenan's titular Church of San Silvestro, in the Rome where he spent so many of his formative years, we too have come to remind ourselves of what it is we have lost and and to pray for him. We remember him in the Mass we celebrate this evening. At Mass we recall the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, who is present among us, the sign and promise of our own resurrection. If then this evening we remember in prayer and thanksgiving the life of John Carmel Heenan, we do so as Christians in the sure hope of resurrection. As he himself said on many similar occasions, 'When we come together for a man's funeral, we come to pray for him not to praise him'.

It is difficult for those of us who remember the last thirty years to think of the Church in England, and I use that word in its widest meaning, without his presence and inspiration. In a very real way, in his life as a parish priest, head of the Catholic Missionary Society, and successively bishop of three dioceses, he incarnated, as it were, the impulse and thrust of the Catholic Church in England. The words of another English Cardinal, uttered just one hundred years before John Heenan was ordained a bishop, seemed to find their promise and fulfilment in him. In this sermon at the restoration of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England in 1851, Cardinal Newman said, 'Have we any right to take it strange if in this English land the springtime of the Church should turn out to be an English spring, an uncertain, anxious time of hope and fear, of joy and suffering, of bright promise and budding hopes, and yet withall of keen blasts and cold showers and sudden storms?'

The springtime of the Church. What great gifts Cardinal Heenan brought to his ministry as a priest - a courageous nature, an immense zeal for the kingdom of God. From his earliest years he wanted nothing else but to be a priest. It was the intention of his daily prayer, the motivating force of his whole

life. The day he offered his first Mass, he says, he 'walked on air, he felt so privileged and happy.' That love for the priesthood and the Mass remained with him throughout his life. As an initiator, teacher, pastor of his people, especially in the bomb scarred London of the war years, for him it was an utterly fulfilling way of life. In a sense the fulfilment he experienced in those first years as a parish priest in the east end of London never left him. He wrote a book called *The People's Priest*, and so he was. He had an immense friendliness and sympathy with every kind of person and an ease of communication that made him, among other things, an effective and indeed brilliant exponent of the Mass Media. A director of television once told me that he always upheld Cardinal Heenan as the model of what communication on television was meant to be, for he had, he said, a quickness of mind and an instinctive sympathy with the people who watched and listened that he never lost. In turn, people of all kinds far beyond the limits of his own faith responded to him with admiration and deep affection. At heart he always remained a parish priest. He liked to be called Father John because it was as a father that he looked upon himself, a father who loved and guided the people entrusted to his pastoral care. He took the words of St. Peter to himself: 'Be shepherds of the flock of God that is entrusted to you; watch over it, not simply as a duty but gladly, because God wants it. Be an example that the whole flock can follow.'

When people look for a leader, they look for a man of boldness and courage, of shrewdness and wisdom. John Heenan was such a man and for this reason so many, bishops, priests and people gave him their utter confidence and trust. I remember once my own father saying to me how much he admired Bishop Heenan because, as he said, 'he is not afraid to make mistakes.' I repeated this remark to the Cardinal a few years ago and he laughed and agreed. He was a man of quality.

Although the Cardinal wrote about his own life, he was still very reticent about his inner self, those secret springs of character and personality that God alone knows and alone can judge. In this autobiography, he tells us that at a very early age God gave him the gift of understanding the importance of prayer. We know that he practised what he preached and that the first two hours of the days were invariably given to prayer. 'Lord how I have loved your house and the place where your glory dwells.' He was also a very human man and those who knew him well can easily recall how much he enjoyed the good things of life, friendship, good company, and the reticence of silence and repose.

In later years, as Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, he became a national figure, a famous man. Although he appreciated the prestige that his position gave him, he knew all too well, as Belloc put it, that 'Fame, it is but a savour and an air.' It was his task to lead the Church in England and Wales during these past exhilarating and challenging years, the uncertain time of bright promise and budding hopes and yet withall of keen blasts and sudden showers and storms. Largely through his leadership was the unity of the Church preserved during these years. He had much to suffer, not least the pain of often being misunderstood. St. Thomas More once said, 'You will not get to heaven in feather beds — it is not the way — for Our Lord went there through much pain

and tribulation, and shall we his servants be different from our Master?' John Carmel Heenan was a good and faithful servant. During his last years he suffered much from ill health but continued working until the end.

It is time to close. I can almost hear the voice of the Cardinal saying 'enough of words; just ask them to pray for the repose of my soul.' That is what I ask you to do, to pray for him, that he may be forgiven whatever sins he many have committed through human frailty. For he had his faults. He was a man. There are many of us who feel a deep sense of sorrow and loss at his going but he would not want us to grieve. As Christians we know that we have here no abiding city but we look for the city to come. Like the Apostle Paul, for John Carmel Heenan the time has come to be gone, and surely he too has the right to say, 'I have fought the good fight to the end; I have run the race to the finish; I have kept the faith; all there is to come now is the crown of righteousness reserved for me on that day; and not only to me but to all those who have longed for his appearing.' May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace.'

Cormac Murphy O'Connor

Mgr. RICHARD LAWRENCE SMITH

October 1922 was the month of the Fascist march on Rome, and it was also the month in which a true ecclesiastical democrat set out for the English College in Rome, Richard Lawrence Smith. It was only at his requiem that I discovered why he objected to being called 'Larry' Smith, which was how we all knew him. Lawrence was not a Christian name but a family surname, and in later years his friends called him 'Dick Smith'.

In those days when almost all the students at the English College were from Diocesan seminaries, Richard was unusual in that his background was public school. He had been to Stonyhurst, and Oxford University, where he obtained an M.A. in history. After the tutorial system of Oxford he found the Gregorian lectures a difficult transition, and he often commented that it was a waste of time. In later life he remarked with approval, 'How different it is now.'

One might think that after Balliol the Venerable would have made little impact on Richard. But he maintained the opposite to be true, and those who knew him well would agree that had a great influence upon him, and reciprocally he had an impact on the college. To be able to live with about eighty young men from all walks of life, lively, argumentative, and of deep faith, these were the happiest days of his life. The man who contributed most to his expansiveness and joy was the Rector, Mgr. Arthur Hinsley. He was a Yorkshireman of great soul and heart, who ruled almost by personal idiosyncrasy, appealing to the heart rather than the head. Later he became Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and after Churchill, one of the finest leaders in the dark days of World War II.

A contemporary of Richard was Valentine Elwes, later chaplain to Oxford University. Val was a friend from Oxford days, and when George V visited the Pope in 1923 they were both disgusted at their non-privileged treatment as Englishmen at the state reception. So disgusted were they that they organised the students to waylay the royal car as it emerged from the cortile San Damaso. The car was brought to a halt and it was Dick who flung open the door and shouted in his high-pitched voice to the cheering students: "Will you blighters shut up! I can't hear myself speak." The Queen's relief that this was no attack was obvious. She accepted a bouquet of roses and the King shook hands with them.

This and many other incidents were typical of his unconventional leader-

ship. Another that deserves mention was at the celebration of Cardinal Gasquet's Golden Jubilee. It was at a concert, of interminable length, given in his honour by the *Scuola Pontificia di Musica*. The English College were to perform the final item, and the long row of Cardinals and other guests almost leaped from their seats when the Scuola from the Venerabile burst into the Peers' Chorus from Iolanthe. Cardinal Gasquet swayed and beat time to the "tarantara's", and many agreed afterwards that the best part of the entertainment had been "*quella canzone di caccia!*"

There was a break in his life at Rome because of ill health. He was operated on for cancer and few expected him to live. But to the delight of everyone he recovered and returned to Rome in 1928 to complete his final year of theology before ordination. Before he left as a priest in 1929 he was in Rome when the Lateran Treaty which began the era of the Vatican City State and altered the position of the Papacy, was signed. We were all sorry to see him leave the college, and had little thought that in two and a half years he would be back as Vice-Rector. It was on 2nd February 1932 that Mgr. Dean, the President of Upholland College, where Richard was teaching history, informed him that he that he was wanted back at the English College to be Vice-Rector to Mgr. Godfrey. It soon became clear to him that "In the first year as Vice-Rector I often twiddled my thumbs", and he was glad to take on the work of Roman Agent to many of the English dioceses.

Mgr. Smith's involvement with the Canonisation of Saints John Fisher and Thomas More is very interesting. He had no official position yet was responsible for much of the organisation. He invented a title for himself: Fisher and More's office boy. He was present when the decision was taken to canonise them and when the decree was read on 10th February 1935. He then discovered that no one had yet written a life of them to be distributed at the Canonisation. He wrote it himself, and it is a beautiful piece of hagiography, in limp English. He had difficulty in arranging for an Italian translation, and the Curia made him omit the part where Thomas More kisses his wife farewell because it would be read in Nun's refectories! As well as this he was given the task of finding an artist to prepare the tapestry that was to hang from the Pope's balcony on the facade of St Peter's. He was also responsible for holy pictures, medals, papal audiences and much more, and even had to persuade the hierarchy to pay for the illumination of the dome of St Peter's. As he wrote, 'it was worth L. 500 to have the dome drenched in dancing fire.'

Another sideline of his hectic life was his broadcasting. Every Monday for several years a black limousine would pick him up and drive him to the topmost part of the Vatican Gardens to the Radio Station. There for twenty minutes he would broadcast in English. Only the engineers were present, no one ever vetted his script, no one ever appeared to say 'yea' or 'nay', and when he had finished his broadcast no one said thank you. As he said later, 'anyone that thinks that Vatican Radio only puts out what the Holy See wants could hardly be more mistaken.'

In 1939 Mgr. Smith was asked by Cardinal Hinsley to be his secretary in the

Conclave held to elect a successor to Pius XI. He accepted with alacrity. When the Cardinals drew ballots for their rooms, Hinsley drew number one and was cheered for it was a sumptuous suite belonging to the brigadier of the Papal Gendarmes. He and his staff were to be well housed. Cardinal Pacelli drew number thirteen! On the first morning of the Conclave Cardinal Pacelli fell down some steps and could have hurt himself badly. This would have fortified the superstitious greatly. Mgr. Smith was nearby and saw him pick himself up unhurt. The next time he saw him he was Pope.. that same afternoon.

Mgr Smith described how he looked down at the darkening piazza, at the crowds gathered for the announcement, and was glad to see the English College students well in evidence. It was to a floodlit crowd that Cardinal Caccia Dominioni called out '*Habemus Papam*', and as soon as the word '*Eugenius*' was uttered the cheers rolled round the collonades. By chance as the new Pope came away from the balcony he passed Mgr Smith who went down on his knees. Cardinal Dominioni recognised him and said to Pacelli, '*Santo Padre, ecco il vice-rettore del collegio Inglese.*' Mgr Smith stammered, '*Santità, una benedizione per il Collegio Inglese*', and the new Pope replied '*Dal cuore*'. He recalled that tears were streaming from the Pope's eyes and he seemed dazed with horror.

When Mgr Godfrey was appointed as the first Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain, it was confidently expected by most people that Mgr Smith would succeed him as Rector. Instead Dr John McMillan was nominated. It was a surprise to all, not least to Mgr Smith. He made no secret of the fact, towards the end of his life, that this was a shattering blow. That was not because of any personal ambition, but because of his devotion to the college. The loyal service that he gave to Mgr McMillan as his vice-rector is proof enough of that.

The early days of the war were oppressive indeed, as it became inevitable that Italy would enter the conflict on the side of the Germans. In the spring of 1940 the Rector went to England and it had been agreed that, in the event of a crisis, the man on the spot should take the decision whether to go or to stay. Mgr Smith had to bear the stress of that fateful decision. When one considers that on Whit Sunday, 12th May 1940, there was no word of leaving Rome, and yet four days later they were all on the train, and caught the last ferry from France to England, once can see how difficult it must have been.

In the weeks before the exodus he made repeated visits to the Consul, the Congregation of studies and the Cardinal Protector, alone and in the company of the Rector of the Scots college. He got no help from them, only shrugs and evasiveness. No one would take responsibility or give any clear advice. Eventually Mgr Flanagan, the vice-rector of the Scot college, told him that the British Minister had said that the position had changed radically for the worse. Mgr Smith then made the final decision to evacuate, and held to it when Vatican officials still shrugged their shoulders.

His one concern was not for property but for the safety of the students. They journeyed by train to Paris and found that because of the German advance

they could not reach Dieppe where they had booked a boat. They managed to get a coach on the train to Le Havre, and finally reached England in safety, but only just.

His troubles were still not over. He feared that if the eighty students were dispersed they might never come together again, and that the traditions of the Venerabile would be lost. Then, one day, he saw an advertisement of the Catholic Holiday Guild announcing that it had to give up its place at Croft Lodge Hotel, Ambleside. He rushed up to Ambleside, secured a lease on the building, and without the faintest idea of how he would fit everyone in, notified the Bishops and so secured the continuity of the college. So many of the students had Helvellyn, Kirkstone Pass, Grasmere and Windermere as their gita background, and this tradition was kept on when they were finally housed for the duration in St Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst.

The College returned to Rome in 1946, but Mgr Smith did not go with them. In his own words this is what happened. 'Between Stonyhurst and St Mary's Hall there is a thick edge with two paths. Going down one path you can hear people, but seldom see them, on the other. I had returned from the Hall on a July evening in 1942 when I heard the voices of some of the students through the trees. "The Rector, he's just an Uphollander; now the Vice, he's a real Roman." It came to me in a flash that I was no longer a support to Mgr McMillan but a hindrance to his getting a firm grip on house. When we broke up for the Summer I resigned. Truthfully I can say that the Venerabile had been my life, my one abiding interest. It was the hardest choice I had ever to make.'

On 1st January Mgr Smith took over as parish priest of Our Lady and St Joseph, Warwick Square Carlisle. But shortly after this he was given another important job. He was put into uniform, given the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and sent to post-war Germany, to the Control Commission. There he was put in charge of the Catholic section of the Religious Affairs branch, and until 1948 he was the link between the the Catholic Church, the Government and the Occupation Forces of Germany. In 1948 he returned to Carlisle and in his own words, lived happily ever after.

As a parish priest Mgr Smith is perhaps best described by one of his parishioners: 'Mgr Smith was not a typical parish priest, or rather he did not conform to the sentimental image of the Father figure walking in the Churchyard, with his billowing cloak sheltering armfuls of children. But he had many talents, all of which he used to the utmost, in the service of the parish. He established a good relationship with the non-Catholic clergy and people and became an eminent citizen. He encouraged Catholics to take an active part in Civic life, and it was not long before we had a Catholic Mayor, something that was considered not even remotely possible a short time before. Of Mgr Smith's talents, most would remember his oratory. His sermons were so full of deep thought and moving sincerity, that many non-Catholics made a point of of coming to hear them. He was a musician, a skilled pianist, and taking over the choir he enlarged its repertoire. He wrote, composed the music for, and produced several comic

operas, and made the parish hall a centre for drama, lectures and entertainment in general. He came to be known affectionately as the 'Mons', and at gatherings the first question would be, will the Mons be here?

It is tragic that in 1967 his health so far deteriorated that he resigned, and lived in his apartments in the Rectory. He gradually lost the use of his legs and continued to decline. Finally a distressing illness, borne with heroic patience, brought his life to an end on 23rd September 1977.

I feel that it is too close to the time for me to write of his achievement and character in perspective. To many he seemed a complex character, even high-brow, but he was none of these. He was a very humble and obedient priest, with a great love for the priesthood; he abhorred anything that belittled it in any way. He will best be remembered for his love of common room life, his '*Romanità*', his love for Palazzola which has a lasting memorial in his restoration of the Chapel there, as well as for the highlights I have recorded above.

Thomas Bernard Pearson

HENRY EDWARD GEORGE ROPE M.A.

Fr. Rope died on 1st March 1978 in his 98th year and after 64 years as a priest. He was born on 23rd October 1880. A convert, he came to the Beda in 1911 when it was housed on the top floor of the Venerabile. In 1915 he was ordained and served in the Shrewsbury Diocese until 1936. After that he returned to the College as Archivist, remaining here until the end of 1957. He then retired to the Carmelite Convent at Quidenton and later to the hospital of Our Lady of Consolation in south east London.

Fr. Rope was a prolific writer and contributed many articles to a variety of journals, published at least three books of poems and biographical works on St. John Fisher and St. Thomas More. He dearly loved Rome and the Campagna, and the English College and Palazzola, but as time went on became horrified at the development of the city and its noisy traffic. His personal protest was to make his final departure from the college in a horse drawn carrozza.

I knew him during my time in the college from 1953-1960, and for one year had the privilege of being his server. I learned to appreciate him as a man of great knowledge, with a good fund of stories about days gone by. He was Archivist of the college and could recount all kinds of detail about its long history. He was a collector of the minutiae of the past, an antiquary of the character of Leland, a fascinating man for his company and his conversation. He also had his own sense of humour with a delightful chuckle. I remained in touch with him after he left the college and a note from him the Christmas before he died, still in a firm if slightly irregular hand. He always finished his letters recalling the happy days we had together in Rome.

Henry Rope was a man who belonged to a different era, at home with the time of Belloc and Chesterton when life was slower and gentler. For him to have lived on into the age of the atom bomb, the supermarket and the computer was a penance. He never mentioned to me the changes in the Church after the Vatican Council but I think they must have been difficult for him. But he would have accepted them because he was above all loyal to the Holy See and to the Church he loved. May he rest in peace.

G.A. Hay

PERSONAL

In the following lists, the first group of names refers to those students who left the college without completing their studies and without being ordained. The second group are those students whom ordained, left the college to take up their respective appointments as priests. On all, belatedly, we wish God's blessing.

1974-1975

(a) Michael Murphy, Anthony Rusinek, Fergus Mulligan, David Quiligotti.

(b) Alan Griffiths, Kevin McDonald, Michael Morton, Gerald Murray, Ferdinando Pieroni, Alessandro Manenti, Sean Deehan, Jeremy Garratt, David Hogan (to the Beda).

1975-1976

(a) Kevin McGinnell, Thaddeus Birchard, Peter Ross, Andrew Lubjenski, Ian Kerr, Anthony Slingo, Paul Nelson, Paul Bagstaff.

(b) Kieran Conry, Michael Smith, Anthony Churchill, John Butters (to the Casa del Clero), Paul Benbow, Peter Smith (to the Beda), Paul Burholt.

1976-1977

(a) Simon Blakesley, John Bell, Anthony Cordes, John Feegan, Andrew Wade (to the Russicum), David Hill, Stephen McNulty.

(b) David Barnes, John Cunningham, John Furnival, Michael Jackson, Robert Ndlouw, Robert Plant, David Watson, George Stokes, Nicholas Paxton.

1977-1978

(a) Terence Dowling, John Dyson, Peter Hopwood-Wright, James McGarry, Peter Dobbing, Kevin O'Sullivan, John Carden.

(b) Kevin Firth, Peter Fleetwood, Paul Gallagher, Christopher Lough, Jerome Bertram.

In November 1975 we welcomed Mons. James Sullivan, the former President of the English College, Lisbon, to reside with us in Rome.

In May 1977 Rev. Christopher Pemberton commenced his stay with us and was appointed as resident speech-trainer the following Autumn for the subsequent year.

We have been happy to welcome the following Anglican students each year, to stay with us for the first semester: Michael Perrot and Peter Wadsworth (1976-1977); Robert Attwell and Christopher O'Neill, Christopher Beardsley and Arnold Browne with his wife Caroline (1976-1977); Peter Atkinson and Michael Bartlet (1978-1979).

Similarly, we were happy to have with us for six weeks two Methodist students, Roger Stubbings and Alan Coustic. (Spring 1976)

STAFF CHANGES

July 1976: Michael Cooley relinquished the post of Philosophy Tutor and took up a teaching appointment at Newman College, Birmingham.

October 1976: Philip Holroyd became Philosophy Tutor.

July 1977 Thomas Athill relinquished the post of Theology Tutor and took up his appointment as Catholic Chaplain at Bristol University.

October 1977: Keith Barltrop became Theology Tutor.

December 1977: The Rector, Mons. Cormac Murphy O'Connor, left for his episcopal ordination as bishop of Arundel and Brighton.

December 1977 - February 1978: The Vice-Rector became pro-Rector.

February 1978: Fr. George Hay, Parish Priest of Crediton and chaplain to Exeter University, took up his appointment as Rector of the Ven. English College.

July 1978: Mons. Peter Coughlan ceased to be Vice-Rector and took up a full-time appointment in the Vatican.

October 1978: Rev. Peter Morgan assumed his appointment as Vice-Rector.

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