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Drawings by John Arnold and Denis Nowlan,
Photography by Chris Brooks.

EDITORIAL

Sixty years ago the first Venerabile was ushered in with the following cautious tones.

"The launching of a ship, a pleasant spectacle to behold, is a task fraught with anxiety, and not without dread of ill omens and searching of oracles."

Divination and prophecy are not my gifts, but anxiety I recognise, since editorial self-questioning is manifold. Can we afford it? Will people read it? Yet the uneasiness does subside at the launching of the ship, and the prepared copy of this, the fifth edition since the break of the seventies, was a sight to behold. A growing confidence follows each successful issue since that break, and notwithstanding the lesson of over-optimistic predecessors, I rejoice in the knowledge that the newest members of the magazine's staff have been well chosen, and I look forward to its future as an annual publication.

The style of the Venerabile has certainly changed since that first edition, and that is quite proper if the magazine is to reflect the life of the College and its changes. Yet, whilst this issue mirrors something of the present College, and treats of it in a contemporary style, much of the traditional format has remained, just as the spectrum of contents has retained the same diversity of interests. In this number, I hope that there is balance enough between matters historical, contemporary, theological and pastoral, since the last number was perhaps dominated by the article on the workings of the chapel reordering committee. That was a necessary, if long recording, that leaves us free here to consider the finished chapel and its dedication in a more reflective way.

The reordering of the chapel has been carefully thought out, both artistically and theologically, so that its fine architecture enhances the sense of its holiness; for that we have much to thank the architect Corinne Bennett. Likewise we thank David John, because so much of the artistry was his, and it was disappointing that he was unable to come to the celebration of the dedication, since the liturgy was a fitting conclusion to such work. It is easy to appreciate the enthusiasm of the article describing the celebration, because the richness of liturgical symbolism must have delighted all but the most prosaic. Bishop Agnellus, as always, made the long and complicated liturgy feel homely, and at the same time beautiful and prayerful. Thanks should be re-echoed to him for all his work for the College up to this, his golden jubilee year.

Finally, whilst thanking all who have contributed to the production of this issue, I conclude with the same sobriety of that editorial of sixty years ago.

"Now, therefore, that our barque is, we hope, safely launched it may not be out of place to give warning concerning the Scylla and Charybdis of all such literary enterprises, namely the supply of articles and the prompt payment of subscriptions."

**The cover illustration is from one of the four roundels on the new lectern.
This one depicts St. John the Evangelist.**

SAINT LUKE KIRBY 1548-1582

Luke Kirby, the second student of the College to be martyred for the Faith, was born in 1548 at Bedale in the North Riding of Yorkshire. We know little of his early life or education. Although Bishop Challoner describes him as "Master of Arts in one of our Universities", he was in fact a graduate of the University of Louvain. He entered the English College at Douai in 1576, and was ordained there in the following year. He then returned to England for several months to work on the mission. After this, Bishop Challoner records, "he travelled to Rome, partly for devotion and partly for further improvement in learning." It was thus that he came to be one of the party including Edmund Campion and Ralph Sherwin which was sent by Cardinal Allen to spearhead the missionary work in England.

In view of their intense hostility to the catholic cause at this time, the government of Elizabeth I operated a widespread and effective spy network in England and abroad. They were well aware of the activities of the seminary priests, and one spy records Kirby's appearance thus: "About thirty-two, of reasonable stature and well timbered, his beard cut short, his teeth standing out of order, and stuttering a little in his speech. A Yorkshireman born."

The group left Rome on Low Sunday 1580, and Kirby, like Campion and Sherwin, showed more zeal than prudence in attempting to engage in religious disputations with prominent Protestants. The journey was an adventurous one, but the vigilance of the government's agents meant that Kirby's mission was doomed to failure. The party had split up in France for safety's sake, and each with their limited resources had to attempt the final perilous stage of the journey.

The precise circumstances of Kirby's arrest are uncertain. According to one account, he was arrested immediately upon arrival at Dover and sent to the Gatehouse at Westminster where he was charged with "misliking the established religion and being reconciled to the Church of Rome". On 4th December 1580, he was transferred to the Tower where he was subjected to the cruel torture of the Scavenger's Daughter, in which his body was enclosed in two tight hoops of iron: this was for the "terror of the rest".

He stood trial with Campion and Sherwin in November 1581 in Westminster Hall and was found guilty of high treason. His execution did not take place immediately, although he wrote on 10th January 1582: "If you send anything to me, you must make haste because we look to suffer death very shortly, as already it is signified to us." Yet it was not until 27th May that he returned to the Tower and that his fears were allayed lest "our unworthiness of that excellent perfection and crown of martyrdom should procure us a longer life".

He suffered martyrdom on 30th May 1582 in the company of three fellow priests. He made a solemn protestation of his innocence on the gallows and was told by the Sheriff that if "he would confesse his deutie towards her and forsake that man of Rome, he himself had authoritie to stay execution." Kirby answered firmly that "to deny the Pope's authoritie was a point of faith which he would not deny for saving of his life, being sure to damn his soul".

At which point the crowd grew impatient and Kirby had time to recite a final Pater Noster and begin an Ave Maria before the cart was dragged away, leaving him to hang to death.

Editors

THE REORDERING OF THE COLLEGE CHAPEL: SOME PERSONAL REFLECTIONS

In writing a series of reflections such as this, one is in danger of achieving that sort of notoriety of the parish priest who declared the most significant result of the Second Vatican Council was to allow a priest to take a cup of tea of a morning before he celebrates Mass. It may well be that here I shall be dwelling on the trifles of the chapel reordering and overlooking major theological and liturgical truths. But then I have no wish to mirror the very dull style of those endless chapters in the first book of the kings which describe the detail of the construction and decoration of the temple of Yahweh. That author at least had the excuse of being divinely inspired for boring his readers. Instead, I offer no more than some personal reflections on the reordered chapel.

From my first arrival at the V.E.C. in those heady days when the first set of plans had atrophied, I felt a sense of being betrayed, because, at a time when most English parishes had attempted in some way to show that the reformed liturgy was here to stay, the English College appeared content with a not-too-happy temporary set-up, which because it worked, was acceptable. I had sadly sighed and thought grey thoughts. But when, with the first of the recent mootings of reordering, it was revealed that this might actually mean change, the deep conservatism that lies, I presume, in all of us threw up its hands in fear, and cried, "Not too much, not too permanent, not too soon!"

To summarise my feelings, the change in the ordering in the church is to be unqualifiedly endorsed, not only because of the excellent adequacy of that introduced, but also because of the process of change itself; in that change we as a community have sought and discovered the essential nature of our liturgy, in our life as church. That understanding is what is important; far more so than how that understanding expresses itself in particular.

If one dines at the *Trattoria da Pancrazio* (usually by necessity at another's expense) one moves easily and comfortably from *spaghetti alle vongole* to *piccatini al limone*, unmoved, though perhaps mildly interested that one is on the site of the assassination of Julius Caesar. But one hardly considers the promise and anguish associated with the coup which overthrew him. A stranger entering the English College might feel the same. There is

nothing radical or dramatic to suggest the “Joy and hope, fear and anxiety” that were expressed in the long debates and heated sessions concerned with the change to the chapel. The reordering of the church is restrained, decent and orderly. We are very much at home, and feel comfortable in the church, which is a vital consideration when the Eucharist and liturgy must be the life of a community such as ours.

If the unfortunate elephant (or was it the duck-billed platypus?) has been described as an animal designed by a committee, then those responsible for its planning had neither the vision or integrity of those commissioned to decide on the reordering of our church, nor were they able to draw on the skill and insight of Corinne Bennett and David John. In the last issue of the *Venerable* Guy Nicholls has explained in detail the motives behind the design of each component for the reordered church, which I do not feel called upon to repeat, content to apply Dr. Johnson’s words to the careful and lengthy ponderings of the committee:

“About things on which one thinks long, one commonly attains to think right.”

Guy Nicholls raised seven principles upon which the reordering was based. These were permanence, flexibility, harmony with the style and history of the church, the question of the extent of the reordering, the unity of the elements, that the church is associated with pilgrimage and therefore demanded exemplary reordering, and the principle of consultation with the rest of the house by the committee.

The solid mass of the altar, ambo and presidential platform has certainly made permanent the former temporary set-up, and the majestic bulk of the tabernacle has finally settled the question of the “how and where” of reservation in the main chapel. Nonetheless, as the elements mentioned are fixed points rather than components of a rigid system, there remains an opportunity for some flexibility. The most notable and successful is the occasional celebration of Mass from the other side of the altar for a small congregation assembled in the presbyteral benches. Doubtless further flexibility will be discovered, since in practice it is not material elements that militate against experiment and flexible liturgy.

Quite how one designs elements to respect the history and style of a church that was never, and obviously never completed, I suppose, is part of the charism of design. The present elements are acceptable because they are quiet and restrained, notwithstanding the church being bright, highly decorated and full of movement. Moreover I like the elements simply in themselves.

When I show visitors around the church and am asked what has been done in the reordering, it seems hard not to give the impression that we’ve simply swapped an altar like this for one like that and that the president’s chair used to be here up three steps, and now it is back two yards up two.

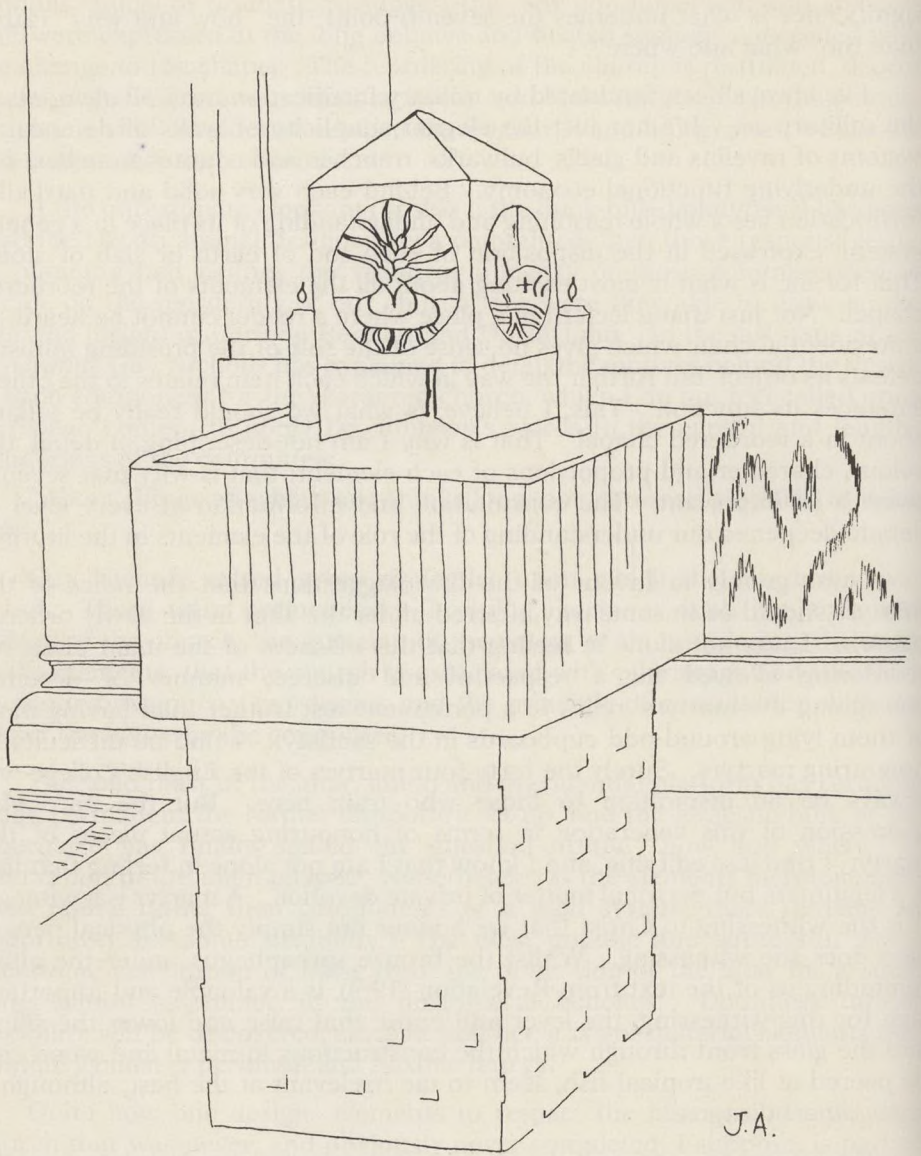
That may sound rather negative, but for me what is of greater interest and

significance is what underlies the seventh point; the “how and why” rather than the “what and where”.

I’ve always been fascinated by military fortifications and all elements of the military art. It’s not just the elegant simplicity of walls of defence, of systems of ravelins and glacis, bulwarks, trenches and counter-trenches; but the underlying functional economy. Behind each very solid and particular fortification lies a whole reasoning and understanding of its place in a general system, expressed in the disposition of each sod of earth or slab of stone. That for me is what is most exciting about all the elements of the reordered chapel. Not just that a lectern in a place where a reader cannot be heard, or a presidential chair which gives no sense of the role of the presiding minister defeats its object, but further the way in which each item relates to the others enhances its function. This, I believe, is what we should really be talking about in a reordered chapel. That is why I am not describing in detail, the colour, character and proportions of each element; that is why that seventh point is so important. The consultation and information at every level of debate deepened our understanding of the role of the elements in the liturgy.

I was greatly in favour of the first suggestions that the relics of the martyrs should be in some way interred under the altar in the newly ordered church. I was not alone in feeling that this offshoot of the main plans for reordering allowed for a respectful and discreet manner of decently consigning the martyrs’ relics to a permanent rest (rather than having most of them lying around odd cupboards in the sacristy). I find no difficulty in honouring martyrs. Surely the forty-four martyrs of the English College will always be an inspiration to those who train here. But the particular expression of this veneration in terms of honouring actual pieces of the martyr, I find less edifying, and I know that I am not alone in feeling that this is a legitimate but personal matter of private devotion. A martyr is a witness; it is the witnessing to Christ that we honour not simply the physical person who does the witnessing. Whilst the bronze sarcophagus under the altar, reminding us of the text from Revelation (19:9), is a valuable and important sign for this witnessing, the lever and crank that raise and lower the sides, and the glass front through which the constructions in metal and wood can be peered at like tropical fish, seem to me irrelevant at the best; although I know others disagree.

The serene grey stone of the altar itself dominates the church in its solid strength, its design and simplicity correctly asserting it as the automatic focus. The golden bronze casket is aesthetically very pleasing, adding to the solidity of the structure, whilst, by its reflecting of the designs in the mosaic floor, it maintains the impression of the flow and movement of the lines of the central axis of the floor and of the church. One remembers with joy (and pride) the sight of Bishop Agnellus pouring rich green oil over the mensa and rubbing it in, like basting some great joint of meat, and therefore I was surprised and disappointed when, some two days later, all trace of the oil was scrubbed out with petrol.



J.A.

The Tabernacle

I suppose the seating had to be of oak, though being so dark, it does look a little forbidding, and relates poorly to the numerous other colours present in the chapel. Nonetheless it is a decided improvement over the former heavy inflexible barricades we used to hide behind, where the antiphonal recitation of the office had something of the character of latterday communards sniping at one another over improvised ugly and bulky defences. The craftsmanship that the benches represent is of a very high

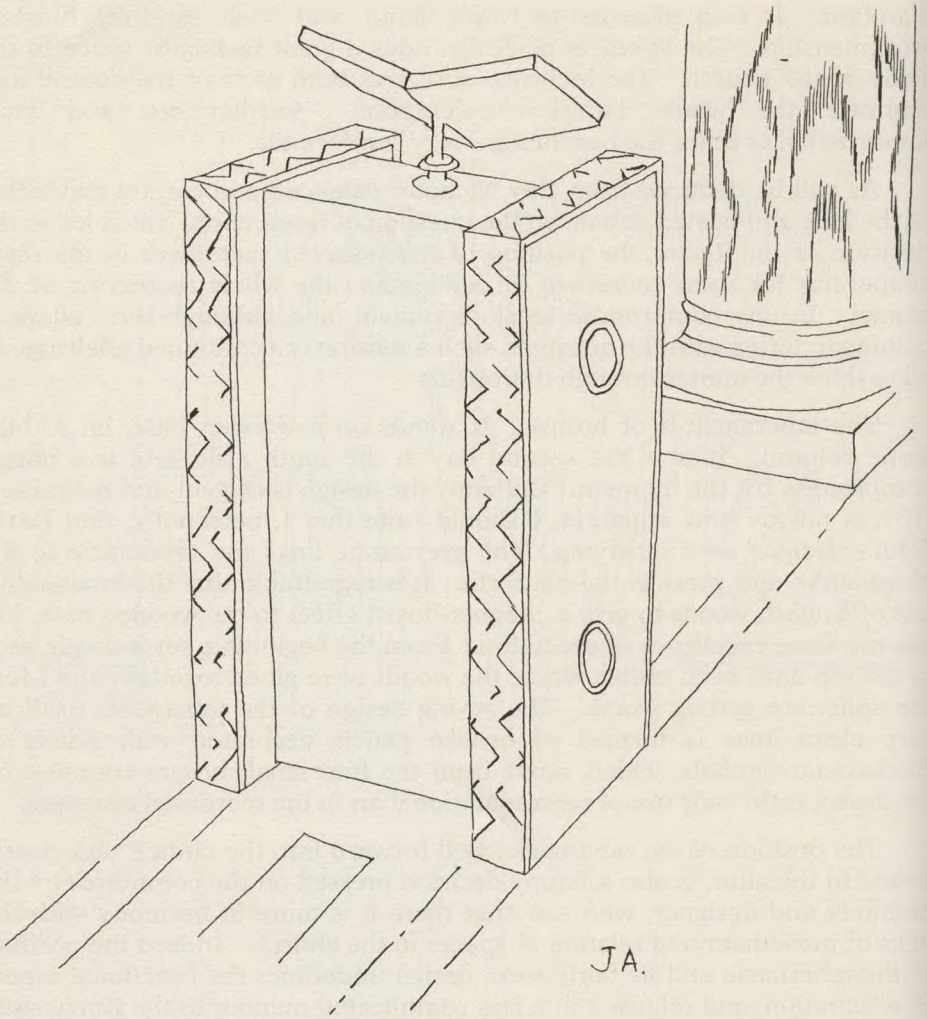
standard. It is a pleasure to run a hand over such carefully finished workmanship. The lightness of design adds a great feeling of space to the body of the church. The inclusive curves at both ends of the central axis embrace the whole liturgical celebration. Furthermore and most importantly, as seats, the benches are very comfortable.

As will be deduced from Guy Nicholls' balanced and careful exposition of the long and heated debate on the question of reservation, which led to the decision of the Rector, the position of the reserved sacrament in the main chapel has for some redeemed or condemned the whole reordering of the chapel. In any compromise tensions remain, and although the College is coming to terms with the question, such a tension is a continued challenge to all to think the matter through thoroughly.

The tabernacle is of bronze. It stands on a wooden base, on a thick stone column. It is in the second bay in the south aisle, and is a happy compromise for the moment. Certainly the design is elegant and restrained. (If it is not by now apparent, I should state that I, personally, find David John's designs very satisfying.) The grey stone links the tabernacle to the altar, ambo and presidential platform. It is regrettable that the imaginative use of English woods to give a chequer-board effect to the wooden base, has not the same excellence of execution. From the beginning, several ugly gaps in the top have been visible where the woods were glued together, and I fear the splits are getting worse. The strong design of the tabernacle itself on very clean lines is formed of bronze panels decorated with reliefs of Eucharistic symbols, which, apart from the four small bronze roundels on the ambo, is the only use of representational art in the reordered elements.

The position of the tabernacle, well forward into the church and clearly linked to the altar, is also a happy decision pressed on the committee by the architect and designer, who saw that there it is more in harmony with the lines of movement and relation of spaces in the church. Indeed the position of the tabernacle and its fairly stark design underlines the functional aspect of reservation, and relates it in a less complicated manner to the Eucharistic celebration whence it is derived. The essential aspect of our Eucharistic faith is far better seen in the present layout than in the former temporary creation of a Eucharistic shrine at the end of the south aisle, in the church yet not part of it.

Like the altar and the tabernacle pedestal, the ambo reproduces detail from the pattern of the mosaic floor, incised in the stone. As in the other cases this helps to unite the various features of the reordered church to the basic pattern of fabric and design established by the mosaic floor. The ambo itself is a splendid affair, a truly noble place for the proclamation of the word of God; sturdy, strong and proud; but without damaging the fine proportions of the reordering. There is something monolithic and primordial about the ambo; a reflection of the primacy which the Church gives to the monolithicity of the word of God; a pity though that its base does not quite fit the "tramlines" on the floor as the design intended.



The Lectern

Perhaps I am less than totally charitable to the aesthetic sensitivities of the present generation of *Venerabilini* when I suggest that it was David John who showed that we had overlooked our particular pearl of great price that lay under our feet. The most distinctive and artistically formative feature in the church of St. Thomas of Canterbury is its mosaic floor. Through David's eyes we have come to see how it unites the church and emphasises the main lines of structure. It is also a rather pleasant and elegant feature in its own right. Certainly it is to be hoped that steps are taken, fairly soon, to ensure that not only does the mosaic floor not deteriorate further, but that damaged areas are restored. One fears that with the consecration of the church as the summit of the reordering, files and papers have already been consigned to the same drawers as the original plans of some ten years back.

Presiding at Mass in the English College Church is a spectacle to be compared with a first night performance at some distinguished local theatre a comparison emphasised by the bright spotlights which ruthlessly expose the altar and chair. From the body of the church the lighting carefully illuminates the focus of the celebration; but for the president the celebration is doubly a matter of faith; faith too that there is a congregation in the benches, which cannot easily be seen because of the brightness of the spotlights and their low positioning. To be fair, the spotlights have a series of plastic fittings over them, designed to break up the glare of the lights. They succeed in this, but unfortunately, as the heat expands the plastic when the lights are first turned on, they add an interesting, if disconcerting, accompaniment of "pings" and "clicks" to the solemn entry of the presiding minister. The lighting of the main body of the church from fittings protruding from the centre of each arch at tribune level are one of the most successful achievements of the reordering. With this form of lighting the architect has managed to give a diffused and gentle, but very effective light to the body of the church, and most significantly, the lighting manages to draw large areas of the church between and behind the pillars into the main liturgical area. This avoids the previous system where unless every light in the church was turned on, probing remorselessly into every corner, and giving the "fishpool" effect so disliked by Corinne and others of us, only the central axis of the church was in light, and anyone between the pillars or behind them was left in an almost stygian darkness, excommunicated by being cut off from the worshipping community. Not that an altogether commendable sense of humility does still keep some in the darker and more obscure corners of the chapel, where Corinne's lighting never sought to penetrate.

Of course from one's present vantage point (mine at the moment happens to be a sunny corner of the Terrace at Palazzola with a glass of Enzo's finest at hand) the tremendous labours and struggles over reordering may seem to have been excessive. One remembers, perhaps with a touch of amusement, the long drawn-out sessions which the committee held behind closed doors, the canvassing of opinions in the corridors, the late night arguments over the theological implications of tabernacle veils, and the near hysterical situations when idle comments apropos of nothing more than such matters as first aid were seen as a provocative comment on the subject of reservation. Yet perhaps I want to say, at the risk of appearing to contradict myself, that it was precisely that superabundance of verbiage that is really the significant contribution of the reordering of the chapel to the lives of the students of the College. Not the words, the heated debates or cold lengthy expositions themselves, but the struggling with liturgical and theological concepts by us who have been in the College during these years. As in the discourses of our local ordinary here, important and profound truths are present beneath a superfluity of words. What student returning to England as a priest has not had his understanding and awareness raised dramatically by the experience of the reordering? It is hardly an original axiom to suggest that the alteration of external details demands an examination of the internal

realities. The question of the shape or position of the altar demands an earnest examination of each individual's understanding of the concept of sacrifice and Eucharist; the demand for a worthy manner of reservation raises the whole question of the place of the reserved sacrament in the liturgical and devotional life of the individual and in the ecclesial community. The most important thing that the chapel reordering has done is central to the whole ethos and essence of the College. However fine the design and lay-out of its chapel, the role of the English College is to form priests to serve the people of God in England and Wales. The reordering of the chapel has contributed significantly to this. Without seeking to denigrate in any way the work of Corinne, David or the committee, and the craftsmen responsible for the present ordering of the church, I might hope that the whole thing be done again in say twenty years: *"plus ça change, plus c'est mieux"*.

Robert Draper

THE SOLEMNITY OF THE DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH AT THE ENGLISH COLLEGE

“The rite for the dedication of a church and an altar is properly considered among the most solemn liturgical services. A church is the place where the Christian community is gathered to hear the word of God, to offer prayers of intercession and praise to God, and above all to celebrate the holy mysteries; and it is the place where the holy sacrament of the eucharist is kept. Thus it stands as a special kind of image of the Church itself, which is God’s temple built from living stones. And the altar of a Church, where the holy people of God gathers to take part in the Lord’s sacrifice and to be refreshed by the heavenly meal, stands as a sign of Christ himself, who is the priest, the victim, and the altar of his own sacrifice.”

(from the decree publishing the rite of dedication)

The Vigil

The introduction to the rite of dedication recommends the keeping of a “vigil at the relics of the martyr or saint which are to be placed under the altar”. For our church, among the relics were those of our own martyrs, and the day of the dedication was their feastday, December 1st. We kept vigil with the celebration of an extended Office of Readings for Martyrs, taking for the second reading a letter of St. Ralph Sherwin written exactly four hundred years before, on the eve of his martyrdom. The vigil was presided over by Fr. Billy Steele, who introduced it with the following words.

“I saw under the altar the souls of those who had been slain for the word of God, and for the witness they had borne.” Tomorrow, we shall take these physical remains of the martyrs, and place them under the altar. Thomas of Canterbury, Ralph Sherwin, John Almond, Henry Walpole, John Wall and Henry Morse; Thomas More, Edmund Campion, Philip Howard and John Lockwood. Every time we come to Mass in that church, we shall be reminded of their part in the sacrifice and supper of the Lord. “Blessed are they who are called to the wedding feast of the lamb.” They, and we, are one with Christ in the one eucharist.

Tonight we keep vigil before these relics, these poor scraps of our humanity, because they are pointers to the resurrection to come. They are also in physical continuity with the men themselves, who were creatures of flesh and blood. The very ground on which we stand, and the College in which we live, are also in different ways in continuity with those men. Because we are flesh and blood, not disembodied spirit, this continuity can be a most powerful sign for us — feeding our spirit, saying more than words can say. The whole liturgy of dedication is rich in the language of symbol, indirect statement, hints and guesses; as is the form and beauty of the re-ordered church. We have to be alive to that language, alive to the needs it can answer. Let us pray that the Word made Flesh, the Lamb who was slain, will speak to us in it.

This evening we celebrate the martyrs. We remember their sacrifice with thanksgiving; and we pray for the whole Church: for the reunion of all the churches, and for the Anglican Church very specially. We pray for this College, its needs and its future: for our country and for ourselves: may *our* dedication and *our* witness be real.

With the relics is the oldest picture we have of Ralph Sherwin, normally kept in the First Library. It was here in the eighteenth century, and was then taken to the English Carmelite nuns in Belgium. They took it to their new foundation in Darlington in 1794, and in 1962 presented it to us. Their deed of gift is on the back of the frame. These are some of the words. "We freely bestow to the Venerable English College... this precious portrait of their glorious protomartyr, Ralph Sherwin, martyred at Tyburn December 1st, 1581 — wishing hereby to establish a perpetual spiritual link and bond of prayer between the College and our convent in Darlington."

Tonight we might honour this "spiritual link and bond of prayer" and remember them as well. May St. Ralph Sherwin pray for us all.

William Steele

The Dedication of the Church

Our celebration of the church's dedication, described in Paul McPartlan's article, included Bishop Agnellus' homily, which is published below. It followed the biblical readings of Nehemiah 8:2-6, 8-10, Revelation 19:5-9, and John 17:13-21.

Homily

Those three readings cover a great span of time and of experience — from Nehemiah the King and Esdra the priest down to Our Lord at the Last

Supper. In Nehemiah the people are celebrating with joy the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem — and just before the passage we read, we are given the names of the artists and artisans and details of the work of each: just as the Rector mentioned our artists and artisans today. Then a great leap over the centuries to the priestly prayer of Jesus Christ for his disciples, encouraging them to unity and love: sending them out in his Name, but warning them that the world would hate them. And in between, the marriage preparations of the bride of the Lamb, dressed in dazzling white linen made of the good deeds of saints.

And yet, how wonderfully they come together for our dual celebration today.

In the same way, it is a far cry from a cell in the Tower of London and the gallows at Tyburn in the year 1581: to this lovely Church, renewed and restored, shining with light and beauty on this dull winter day here in Rome in 1981. But yet the two days are one in this service of dedication, consecration, thanksgiving and renewal on the Feast of St. Ralph Sherwin, the first of the forty-four College martyrs.

The 1st December 1581 was a wet, dank, muddy day when three Oxford men — Ralph Sherwin, Edmund Campion and Alexander Briant — were led out from the old Tower, standing grim and strong by the Thames. They were laid on a hurdle with their heads towards the horse's tail and dragged along the weary road to Tyburn just outside the royal park by today's Marble Arch. The sad procession made its way past the Church of St. Sepulchre, along Holborn, past the Inns of Court, then along our Oxford Street (today shining with lights and Christmas decorations and busy with shoppers) until it reached Tyburn Tree where their long agony was slowly consummated by death. Ralph Sherwin was the first College man to take the Missionary Oath to return to England at whatever cost: and his is the first name in the Red Book, Liber Ruber, in which is inscribed the name of every member of the College from then till now.

A far cry indeed from those sad days of almost universal intolerance and religious fury to the calm and peace of our Church this morning, radiant and beautiful as a bride: blessed, awaiting anointing and dedication: peaceful and prayerful, with the lovely music ringing and echoing in our ears.

A far cry indeed! And yet, the two days stand together.

Men and women have worshipped and prayed in this place for many hundreds of years: and for 400 years it has been the men of the Venerable English College, all of whom had left their homes to prepare for the Priesthood of Christ: and many of whom, like Ralph Sherwin, pledged themselves to go back to preach the Gospel and to celebrate Mass amongst their fellow-countrymen at whatever cost to themselves. This actual building was opened over one hundred years ago: and the foundation stone was laid by Pope Pius IX. The original plans were never completed, and that is why it is only today we come to its final dedication. This indeed is holy ground and

today we gather up all the glory and suffering and work and prayer of those hundreds of years; we offer them all again to the God whom we all serve, and we commit this Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, irrevocably and beyond recall, to the worship and the service of God. For that is what today's ceremony means. It is the final seal and pledge on the Old Church.

Ralph Sherwin pledged himself in total surrender to the God whom he worshipped and loved. This Church too, is now pledged to be the tabernacle of the Most High, a place of Sacrifice and of prayer, for ever.

You have often, I am sure, reflected on how love and pain go together: on the close connection between the joyous and loving service of Jesus Christ, to which we are all called, with the suffering that seems to be demanded of the Christian. We are now hurrying forward to Christmas Day: warmth, happiness, joy and family. *But*, the day after Christmas Day is the Feast of Stephen, who was martyred for Christ, stoned to death by his own people. Two days later comes the Feast of the Holy Innocents, innocent victims of the rage of King Herod; and next day comes the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket, slain before the altar of his Cathedral at Canterbury because of the anger of his king. And all this comes hurrying along on the heels of Christmas Day. In a strange, mystical way it does not at all take away from the joy and the happiness of Christmas, any more than the memory of the martyrs takes away from the joy and happiness of this day: any more than the suffering and death of Christ takes away from the glory and beauty of Christianity.

After the attack on his life, Pope John Paul II said his ministry was rendered more authentic by the shedding of his blood. And so it is with the College.

Our Church is not just a monument or a memorial or mausoleum. It is vibrant and alive. It is a house, a home for God and God's people. We look ahead. Our celebration is of a new sunrise. We are children of the morning and the light. The old church stands renewed and rededicated — the living heart of the College. This is the Day the Lord has made: let us rejoice and be glad.

Here future generations of young men will come in hope and resolution. They *and we* will not hurry too fast up and down the College staircase — we will break the rhythm if only for a split second to look again at the names of our heroes framed on the old wall. We will not hurry too fast along the corridor out to the schools or the town without reflecting as we pass this spot on Him who lives in our midst.

The events and the memories of the past all find expression here this morning. We remember in thanksgiving those who have lived, and prayed, and worked here for the past 400 years. We thank God for them. We look ahead, strong in their strength, as we follow along the same road: as we renew, and re-offer, and rededicate ourselves in this holy place.

✠ Agnellus Andrew, OFM



The Dedication

"Blessed are they who are
called to the wedding feast of the lamb."

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW CHURCH

*The death of a holy man is a wonderful thing.
"O precious in the eyes of the Lord
is the death of his faithful.
Your servant, Lord, your servant am I;
you have loosened my bonds."* (Ps. 115:15-16)

With every choice, every act, man changes himself; he builds or destroys himself. His body is his means of choosing and acting and so is intimately bound to his salvation. "The flesh is the hinge of salvation" says Tertullian (1), and the Fathers teach that Christians are spiritual altars on which the sacrifice of a holy life is offered to God. Day by day, true Christians, by word and gesture, by decision and toil, incarnate grace in themselves and in their environment. They also teach themselves and others increasingly to recognise the source of all grace and life, the Father, and thankfully to return all to Him.

Always in Christianity there is the rhythm of outpouring from the Father and return to the Father. In the Spirit, the Son is this outpouring and return. Jesus Christ is this outpouring and return incarnate, the perfect content and pattern of both. Christians enter this rhythm by Baptism into Jesus Christ, by dying and rising with him, and, by allowing his Spirit to work in them ever more, day by day they "consecrate the world itself to God." (2)

The principal daily return we make to God is our prayer, springing out of our lives, our joys and worries, our achievements and disasters. No longer must we rush to capture animals to sacrifice to a God who is outside us, "prayer is the spiritual offering which has abolished the ancient sacrifices" (3), for God is inside the baptised, we are temples of the Spirit, living, acting temples. That is why, in the Dedication liturgy, the People of God are sprinkled with holy water and incensed before the building. They are the spiritual altars, the living stones of the "building that has the apostles and prophets for its foundations, and Christ Jesus himself for its main cornerstone" (Eph. 2:20), the Heavenly Jerusalem, of which the church we dedicate is an image.

Therefore, on December 1st, we, the congregation of members of the college, architect, craftsmen, guests and friends, and *then* our beautiful church, were incensed. All this time incense was rising from five braziers at the centre and four corners of the altar top lavishly anointed by Bishop Agnellus a few moments before (opinion was later divided on whether it was episcopal hands or servers' drying cloths which had swept some oil over the edge and down one untreated panel, causing a mark which it took two days to remove). For, by long tradition, the altar (sprinkled and anointed) is Christ; from it his one perfect sacrifice of himself ever ascends to the Father as the sacrifice of the cross is perpetuated, and his body and blood are given

to the people gathered around it for the Paschal banquet. It is always "in Christ" that we make our offering, the sacrifice of the members has its source in the sacrifice of the Head, and it is he who makes our sacrifice pleasing and acceptable to the Father.

Sitting in the church for the informal evening musical concert which closed December 1st for us, the great crowds of the morning were gone, the lighting was dimmed a little except on the Martyrs Picture, three candles were burning in front of the reliquary decorated with red roses beneath the altar, and I became more aware of the offerings in our church; the skill and craftsmanship in wood of the benches and president's chair, in marble of the altar and ambo and tabernacle plinth, in bronze of the reliquary, the patience and dedication of the men who restored the organ and of the man who restored the painting behind the Martyrs Picture, the vision and planning of the architect, sculptor and engineer. All of this is noble work and sacrifice, as was symbolised in what I found one of the most expressive parts of the morning's ceremony when, just after we had all entered the church in procession, the English architect, Italian engineer and the ten individual craftsmen came forward (as Guestmaster I had the pleasure of leading them up) to stand in front of Bishop Agnellus and hand over to him the plans of the church, presenting their work to the Church and to God. One of the many joys of the new church, to my mind, is that the Martyrs Picture is better illuminated by the new lighting, its colours stand out more, enriching its sublime scene. Jesus, the faithful Son, from the Altar of himself has made his ultimate sacrifice of love for men and God. The long-suffering servant has poured out his whole life to the very end, he is dead. The Father, with infinite tenderness and power, accepts his sacrifice and lifts his helpless, vulnerable and precious body to Himself, so as to restore life to him and constitute him as eternal Lord. Under this picture the bishop accepted the work presented and, with characteristic joy and gentleness thanked the architect, engineer and craftsmen. He then sprinkled holy water on the congregation to recall our Baptism, and then on the walls and the altar to purify them, and proceeded to consecrate the church.

My body is an integral part of myself as a temple of the Holy Spirit and it will share my eternal fate, flesh and spirit "cannot be separated in their reward when they are united in their works" (4). The works of a Christian are particularly prompted and sustained by his Confirmation. This sacrament it is which (with the Eucharist) completes the Christian's incorporation into Christ, because it makes him partake in the final phase of Christ's life when, dead and risen, he "received from the Father the Holy Spirit who was promised" (Acts. 2:33) and poured out this Spirit of wisdom, love and strength, the Spirit of his own perseverance, faithfulness, death and resurrection, out on his followers to fulfill his promise, "you will receive power when the Holy Spirit comes on you, and then you will be my witnesses... to the ends of the earth" (Acts. 1:8). Christians must take Christ to others and bear witness to his name, they must join in the Church's mission on earth which is always a pilgrimage to the Heavenly Jerusalem.

Recently I went to an Italian church for a special Mass. People had been arriving early to get a seat and it was quite crowded by the time the celebrant appeared. He stepped to the microphone and announced that we would start with a procession round the church while saying a litany of the saints. Reactions were mixed. The young altar servers and some old ladies (who seem to have particular reserves of energy for such things) bounded after "Father". Many of the men were miming "Isn't being here enough, without marching around?" The frail and sick wondered if they were up to it and others who had a seat reluctantly took their leave of it as of a valued friend they were unlikely to see again. However, one by one, we all piled out and joined the procession, all ages and shapes and sizes with impedimenta from baby push-chairs to walking sticks. As I walked some people edged past, some got in my way, the frail gave concerned glances, the energetic ladies beamed, we jostled on corners and as each saint's name was invoked the thought increasingly came to me, "You are watching us now, you know what this is like, you've been through it all" and each "Pray for us" began to be really meant in a quite new way. Of course my seat was taken when we finished our circuit, but that seemed a small price to pay for what that procession had taught me about liturgy, about sacramentality, about how it is necessary for human beings who are body as well as soul, flesh as well as spirit, to actually physically *do* things to accompany their thoughts and prayers and words, in order for these to be fully human. The Incarnation and the sacraments show that God thought of this first.

With the British Ambassador to Italy, Sir Ronald Arculus, and Minister (now Ambassador) to the Holy See, Sir Mark Heath, and with the rectors of the Greg. and four fellow colleges (Beda, Scots, Irish and North American) we all processed on Dec. 1st rather less chaotically but even more significantly, following the relics of our martyrs from the Martyrs Chapel to the new church.

After the reading of Jesus' priestly prayer in the gospel, "I pray not only for these, but for those also who through their words will believe in me", "as you sent me into the world, I have sent them into the world" (Jn. 17:20,18) Bishop Agnellus preached so aptly and movingly on the continuity between the days of the martyrs, the day of Dedication and future days of the college and, indeed, of their unity in faith and in the Christian mystery of the bond between true love and pain. Then, to the rousing and specially-composed setting by Guy Nicholls, we proclaimed that faith which unites us with the apostles and with our martyrs and to which they, starting with Ralph Sherwin (whose fourth centenary of martyrdom was our dual cause for celebration that day) gave the ultimate witness in the world. In the litany which followed immediately, we invoked their prayers for us who have been sent in our turn, strengthened by the Holy Spirit, into the world and who are still pilgrims, engaged that day in a most important act for ourselves and for the pilgrims who will follow us. They will be steeped like us in the tradition of the martyrs which added so much poignancy to the deposition of their relics.



"...he pours chrism on the middle of the altar and on each of the four corners."



"...they anoint the walls of the church signing the crosses."

Both the constant activity of Christian witness and the deep peace which underlies and finally rewards it, seemed expressed in the quiet, fugue-like opening to Guy's setting of the antiphon "The bodies of the Saints are buried in peace and their names shall live for evermore", which the Schola sang as the deposition took place and Piero Angelini, who had made the reliquary, came forward with the key to silently operate its gradual and precise closing mechanism. I am sure that that moment will never be forgotten by any of us who were present. Amid the transitory cares and distractions of our earthly pilgrimage, at that blessed moment of stillness we actually *felt* "The souls of the virtuous are in the hands of God, no torment shall ever touch them" (Wis. 3:1).

As in our beloved Martyrs Picture St. Thomas of Canterbury, the titular of our church, looks to the body of Christ, the saving Victim being taken up by the Father, so now his relics, parts of his sacrifice, his offering, look up to the one eternal offering ever re-presented on the altar. "The Church is fruitful, made holy by the blood of Christ" as the actual Prayer of Dedication which followed said. St. Ambrose wrote, "Let the triumphant victims occupy the place where Christ is victim: he, however, who suffered for all, upon the altar; they who have been redeemed by his sufferings, beneath the altar" (5). There, sheltered, as it were, by the altar of Christ, they lie waiting for "the trumpet of God" at which time "those who have died with Christ will be the first to rise... (to) stay with the Lord forever" (1 Thess. 4:16). It is our honour and a service of Christian love, to be the stewards of those bodies as they await that day "when Christ will raise our mortal bodies and make them like his own in glory" (6).

There was a period when it seemed the majority of my Greg. courses were dealing with aspects of "the tension between the *già* and the *non ancora*", so much so that this became quite a catchphrase, possible instances appeared everywhere as soon as you began to look. Having just written about such an obvious case myself, I can hardly complain at this. The world, in fact all of creation, is full of expectation and anticipation, and so Christianity must be; and it knows its expectation. Having been initiated by Baptism, Confirmation and our First Communion, the "sacrament of anticipation" is the Eucharist; "Until the Lord comes, therefore, every time you eat this bread and drink this cup, you are proclaiming his death" (1 Cor. 11:26). "*Il Signore benedice i suoi fedeli, li nutre col pane del cielo*" as we sang at Communion. "Here may your children, gathered around your altar, celebrate the memorial of the Paschal Lamb and be fed at the table of Christ's word and Christ's body" says the Prayer of Dedication and Augustine, recalling the Proverb of Solomon, "If you sit down to eat at a ruler's table, observe carefully what is before you; and know that you must prepare a similar meal", gives us its Christian interpretation, "As Christ laid down his life for us, so we too ought to lay down our lives for our brethren... This the blessed martyrs did with burning love. If our celebration of their memory is not an empty one, and if we approach the Lord's table in the

banquet in which they too ate and had their fill, then as they prepared such a meal, so should we also" (7).

Of all the accompanying and rich rites, the principal and most ancient part of the Dedication rite is the celebration of the Eucharist, by Christ the Priest in the person of the bishop, "This altar is an object of wonder; by nature it is stone, but it is made holy when it receives the body of Christ" (8). As Bishop Agnellus proclaimed in the Preface "You never refuse us when we come in before you as your pilgrim people. In this house you realise the mystery of your dwelling among us."

All human events contain two aspects; a sealing of what went before and an expectation of what will follow. The presentation of an object made seals the labour of crafting it, but also anticipates its use, its integration or its transformation. Just as man awaits his transformation, so too do his works, for man was told to "fill the earth and conquer it" (Gen. 1:28) and now "All is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil; And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell" (9). Therefore, "the whole creation is eagerly waiting for God to reveal his sons" so that it may "enjoy the same freedom and glory as the children of God" (Rom. 8:19,21). Similarly death puts the seal on human life and destiny, and it is the most vulnerable moment of life, the ultimate moment of trustful expectation, "Father, into your hands I commit my spirit" (Lk. 23:46). The continuing presence of the human body is like a reminder of the continuing expectation of the Last Day when the promise depicted in the Martyrs Picture will be fulfilled in *us* and we shall be raised like Christ who has gone before us, "the high priest... (who) has entered the sanctuary once and for all, ...who offered himself as the perfect sacrifice to God... (and whose blood) can purify our inner self from dead actions so that we can do our service to the living God" (Heb. 9:12,14).

Each time all of us come into our church to exercise our common Christian priesthood and offer ourselves and the fruits of our labours, our joys and our sorrows to God, we animate an expectation already present in the building and in the relics, and, in the person of the ordained priest, Christ strengthens us and sustains our expectation with the body and blood of his sacrifice re-presented to the Father. *Il lavoro delle mani tu offri a Dio; da lui tu ricevi la sua vita.*

This wonderfully rich liturgy was itself a sealing and an expectation. Before we ended with "How mighty are the Sabbaths, how mighty and how deep, that the high courts of heaven for everlasting keep" (always difficult to count, but so worth the effort!), we were delightfully reminded that we were still on pilgrimage to those mighty Sabbaths through the great outside world which lay just the other side of the church wall, for, while the deacon solemnly processed to the tabernacle with the Blessed Sacrament, a hurdy-gurdy started up with gusto in the old Via di Monserrato.

Increasingly incorporated into Christ by our liturgy in the new church may we, in the tradition of our martyrs, ever more faithfully take into that world Christ, the Altar, Victim and Priest.

Paul McPartlan

(1) "De Resurrectione Carnis" n. 8,2: P.L.2, 806A/B.

(2) Lumen Gentium, n. 34.

(3) Tertullian, "On Prayer", ch. 28.

(4) Tertullian, "De Resurrectione Carnis" n. 8,2: P.L.2, 806A/B.

(5) Epistula 22:13, P.L.16: 1023.

(6) Eucharistic Prayer III, "Masses for the Dead."

(7) Homilies on St. John's Gospel, Tr. 84:1-2, from Office of Readings for Wednesday of Holy Week,

(8) St. John Chrysostom: Homilia XX in II Cor. 3: P.G. 61,540.

(9) "God's Grandeur", by Gerard Manley Hopkins.

TYBURN, DECEMBER 1st

A Letter

The letter reproduced below was found lying in Hyde Park by Bruce Harbert in the late evening of December 1st 1981. Its spelling has been modernised.

London, the first December MCMLXXXI

Right dear Uncle,

Long time it is since last I writ you, for we have long been sojourners together in that land, where no need is of writing. The cause I write you now is, that I have lately been on a journey through that country where once I strove to serve my Jesu and where I had from his hand the glorious palm of martyrdom.

Full four hundred years have passed this very day since I stood with Mr. Campion and Mr. Bryant by Tyburn Tree, and so I bethought to walk that road the which we were not suffered to walk, but rather were most cruelly drawn thereby unto our victory.

Beginning then at the Tower I was much amazed at the great press of persons in the streets, and yet more at the swift and noisome waggons wherein they were conveyed hither and thither, with no horse or mule that I could see to draw them, so that I knew not how they were moved. Nor could I conceive what business such persons might have that constrained them so to hasten. Yet did I remark that full few of them went in and out at the doors of the churches. Poor London is much altered, dear Uncle, and I heard one say that it was all because of a great fire that not one hundred years after our victory consumed a great part of the churches and other edifices of the city. St. Paul's stand no more, but in its place a proud fane much like to the new St. Peter's that was a-building when we were at Rome.

Continuing along the Fleet, I saw mighty houses wherein were great contrivances for writing, touching which one told me that they were moved not with the hand as was Mr. Campion's at Stonor but by some manner of engine. This I understood not, and when I asked my kind informant

whether it were massbooks and tracts of religion that they were printing there he answered me nay.

When I came to the city bar and thought to have found fields and pause from the noise and stench, I saw still great buildings where men did buy and sell and a sign writ *Oxford Street*, a just name methought, for in that street men did think as little of divine things as they did in Oxford when Mr. Campion and Mr. Bryant and I were there. In that street was a great number of the waggons that I told you of, all painted red and full of men; but uncle, the street was not so red this day as when our blood flowed there.

Presently my heart rose high as I came near to Tyburn and to that place where I gave my spirit into the hands of my sweet Jesu. And then did I see amongst the common folk many men clad in black who from their vesture I thought must be priests. And so it was, for they all went in at the door of a nunnery, hard by where the tree once stood, and I followed them there. Full sixty or seventy they were, and some had come from a great way off, from Lancashire even and from Devon, and uncle, I must own to you I wept when I learnt that it was I that they had come to remember.

To the church they went and began the Mass, but such a Mass as you never dreamt of, all the prayers in English and all the priests standing in the Mass-vesture about a single altar. A bishop was at the head of them, one Murphy-O'Connor (a name never heard of in England in our time), and preached the sermon in the Mass with a great unction. A deacon too, who saw that all was in order and sang the Gospel right lustily. One of the nuns also read from the scriptures, a thing unwonted methought, and the accent of her voice such as I had not heard. Men said she was from the Antipodes and that there is a country there called Australia where many keep the faith and have suffered for it besides. She read God's holy word with so sweet a voice and such devotion that I could believe them. Her sisters were with her in the quire, and they sang much sweetly both in the Latin tongue and in our own.

So we came to the sacring and all was silence for a space and some of the priests seemed like to start a-weeping and I knew they felt as I did, how sweet a thing it is to have a tryst with Jesu at Tyburn. When Mass was done I heard one say him seemed he had touched heaven with his finger.

Then on a sudden all were in haste to be out of the nunnery and into a hostelry fast by. There they sat down to Italian meats and to drink the wine of Italy, but not half so much, uncle, as Mr. Kirby and I drank that night when we walked to see the Pope at Palo.

When feasting was done up stood one Clark, a Bishop. He has lately been much put about to find a language to express agreement, which is his chief work, and men say he has done much good in mending the breach regarding divine matters that so troubled us. Express agreement he did, that all had had right good mirth and fellowship, and he said thanks to Sir Cook, all in the Italian tongue, though from his speech meseemed he had been some years out of Italy.

So they went their ways and I was left alone and began to wander. I had gone but a few paces when I found myself in a park, where I said my orisons and gave hearty thanks to Jesu for what I had seen and for that there is now so goodly a company of priests in England that have come here from Rome and have not forgot.

Your loving nephew,

Ralph Sherwin

A Homily

My dear Friends,

Just a few weeks ago the members of my year gathered together in my home at Storrington for a private celebration of the Silver Jubilee of our Priesthood. We had not all met together since we left Rome nearly 25 years ago, and it turned out to be a very moving occasion. On the first evening we celebrated Mass, and after the Gospel we sat down in the small chapel and curiously enough we seemed to be arranged in the way that we used to sit opposite one another in the refectory so many years ago! It was as if the years rolled by, and one by one each of us said something about what the past 25 years had meant to him. It was a kind of confession, a confession of faith and of failure. In different ways each one of us recognised not so much any successes of the past 25 years, but rather the many times we had failed to live up to the gifts that were given to us. One of us spoke of the poverty of a priest; by that he meant not so much the style of life, but rather the poverty of so little return for so much enthusiasm and so much initiative, and we all recognised in what he had said the true poverty of a priest of Jesus Christ. I hope my own year will not think me impertinent if I say I found them all humbler, wiser and more compassionate men. But what united us was not so much our faith and our success, but our faith and our failure.

I suppose this is not surprising as our fundamental union with Jesus Christ is with His failure. Are not the most moving passages in the Gospel those when Christ seems to fail. In the sixth chapter of John we hear those moving words as Jesus in disappointment watches His disciples walk away, and He turns to His apostles: "Will you also go away?", invoking the response of Peter: "To whom shall we go, Lord, you have the words of eternal life".

Or the agony of Jesus in the garden when he cried out, "My soul is sorrowful even unto death." Or again the final agony and failure on the Cross when Jesus exclaimed, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" It is weakness that unites us; it is faith that unites us; and it is our friendship in that faith and in that weakness that supports and strengthens us.

All this comes to mind today when we celebrate the 400th Anniversary of the death of Sts. Ralph Sherwin, Edmund Campion and Alexander Briant. How glad we are to remember them and to honour them today. For us too their faith and their weakness can mean as much as their faith and glory.

Perhaps Campion's doubts about his vocation and his near breakdown in the Tower mean as much to us as his "brag". Perhaps we feel closer to Ralph Sherwin not so much in his *potius hodie quam cras*, as in his cry for help in the prison: "I appeal to my Saviour's clemency; I have no boldness but in His blood." Despite their doubts and their weaknesses they went on; they persevered to the end; the enterprise was begun and it was their job to carry it through under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Cardinal Allen put it well when he was reproached for not waiting for better times, and for sending such splendid young men to their death. He said: "Better times are achieved by working and not by waiting." So we honour them in their glory and in their weakness, and think it is better for us too to work rather than to wait, in hope of better times and in hope of what is imperishable. Ralph Sherwin in his last letter to his uncle written from the Tower said: "God grant us both His grace and blessing until the end; that living in His fear and dying in His faith, we may enjoy one the other for ever. So farewell my good old John, farewell; salute all my fellow Catholics."

There is a very moving moment which describes how Sherwin, Briant and Campion comforted and embraced each other before they were put on the hurdle leading to Tyburn. It would not perhaps be too far fetched to think that each one of them could not have overcome his weakness and persevered, but for the presence and support and prayers of the others. It was mutual encouragement and support that was in itself an inspiration.

Their boldness and comradeship inspire us. I well remember when I was Rector of the College in 1972 we celebrated the Feast of the Martyrs with great devotion and enthusiasm, and after the Mass one of the students came to me and asked if we could go into the chapel after supper and sing the Te Deum in thanksgiving for our martyrs; it had been done so often in the past. As I watched the faces of the students while we sang that Te Deum I knew that our martyrs still have the power to inspire and to encourage in these latter days the young men following their footsteps. Those martyrs inspired us then. They are our inspiration and they aid us still.

So we thank God today for our friends in the College, our friends who were the martyrs of long ago, and our friends who are our support and encouragement today. We can help other priests just as Campion, Sherwin and Briant encouraged each other in their weakness and in their faith, and we should thank God for each other and rejoice that we follow in the footsteps of such marvellous witnesses to Christ. So when I remember them today, and when I remember others who are my friends and fellow students of the *Venerabile*, the word that comes to my mind is the one that we know so well; we used to say it on December 1st in the College after a very solemn Mass as we stood in the corridor waiting for the first-class "binge" to follow: we shouted "PROSIT"!

✠ Cormac Murphy-O'Connor

THE LISBON PAINTING

I am often asked: why did you close the college in Lisbon; was it because of the Portuguese Revolution? The brief answer is that the college was closed down by decree of the Holy See several months before the Portuguese Revolution took place, and that this was done on the advice submitted to the Holy See by the episcopal conference of England and Wales.

In this short article I want to add a few details, to give a fuller explanation.

I finally reached the conclusion that the college in Lisbon had had its day during the summer of 1970, and especially while I was attending the first N.C.P. conference at Wood Hall. For two or three years previously, I had come to doubt whether the college had or could acquire and develop the resources to equip its students for the work of priestly ministry which they would be responsible for in the England and Wales of the next decades.

Staffing was one of my problems; it was the problem that worried me most of all. My experience and knowledge of the problem went back to many years before the time of my presidency; but it had now taken on a new and intenser form. It became clear to me at Wood Hall that a renewing of the Church was already in progress and could not be ignored; that the renewal of ecclesiastical studies was of immediate necessity; and that it was, and would become increasingly impossible, to staff the college with a sufficient number of qualified priests for the adequate training of students sent to us.

Much of my 1971 annual report to the hierarchy was taken up with this problem: it was equivalent to a strong plea that our situation should be looked into, and that some remedy be found for our difficulties. My staff endorsed and signed the report. At their Low Week meeting, the hierarchy resolved that Bishops Holland and Guazzelli visit the college and discuss its life and prospects with staff and students. They spent a few days with us in May. At the final session with the staff, they undertook to place before the hierarchy the proposal that the college be closed down: but lest students become unsettled in their vocations because of the uncertain future of the college, their Lordships directed that at the end of that current scholastic year, they be found places in other seminaries.



**The Martyrdom of
St. Thomas of
Canterbury**

Later in 1971 the hierarchy set up a commission under the chairmanship of Archbishop Murphy to study what should be done about the college. I think that every possible option was considered, but in the end the commission had to recommend that the college be closed down.

At its final meeting and as a sort of rider to its recommendations, it was proposed that a monument be raised in honour of the work the Lisbon College had done for the Church in England and Wales. I translated this as granting me permission, in winding up the affairs of the college, to find a place where its memory could be kept alive. For a number of reasons, I sought help from Ushaw: from its rector, Mgr. Loftus and from the then Fr. and now Mgr. Bernard Payne. The result was the Lisbon Room, Ushaw, where under the charge of Fr. Michael Sharratt are housed the Lisbon College archives, many of its ancient books and some of its other treasures.

Meanwhile, in 1973 the hierarchy submitted to the Holy See their advice on the future of the college. In August of the same year, the Holy See decreed that the college be closed down. Later — to return to the question that opened this article — the Portuguese Revolution surfaced, and on the 25th April 1974 took power: it did affect me and the affairs of the college, but that is another story.

After receiving notification of the Roman decree, I had, amongst my functions, to become salesman or giver of furniture, antique and modern, of books, bedding, pots and pans and suchlike things. A number of churches, charitable institutes and funds benefited from gifts. I like particularly to remember what the college sold or gave to the fine ecumenical chapel of St. Andrew belonging to the Penina Hotel in the Algarve. By permission of the bishop, I blessed it and opened it with a festive celebration of Mass. Its Lady altar and its high altar utensils perpetuate the memory of the college. However I returned to England and my diocese at the end of June 1975, without being able to sell or dispose of everything.

By invitation of Mgr. Murphy-O'Connor I came to the Venerable in October of the same year, and after settling in began to wonder whether a home could be found here for a Lisbon College painting of the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury to which I was very much attached. St. Thomas was a patron of both colleges: the painting might serve as a link between them, and become another memorial to Lisbon College. Mgr. Murphy-O'Connor was delighted with the idea. Bishop Guazzelli, now agent of the bishops in the affairs of the college, gave permission for the painting to be moved. I made successive arrangements for this to be done: and what a slow business it was, until Mgr. Hay hit upon a method of speeding things up! The painting arrived in Rome in June 1981.

It had adorned one of the four altars in the nave of the college chapel, namely, the altar of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The other three altars were respectively dedicated to the Blessed Sacrament (by apostolic indult the Blessed Sacrament was reserved at two altars; at the high altar for the college community, and at this Blessed Sacrament side altar for the people), to Our Lady, and to St. Joseph. The painting was cleaned a few years ago. Those are the only facts I can offer about it. I had to make some calculated guesses in filling in the form which the Portuguese authorities sent me before they would consider granting an export licence. One guess was that the painting, by an unknown artist, dated from the early nineteenth century, when, after the ending of the Peninsular War, the chapel, then in a sorry state, was repaired, redecorated, painted, and generally renovated. It was solemnly opened for Mass and the Divine Office on 29th June 1815. I might add that the sanctuary was extended in the eighteen fifties, and provided reason for the double reservation to which I have referred above. I told the Portuguese authorities that sentiment was the reason why we wanted the painting to come to the Venerable. Someone, since its arrival, has suggested its date might be early seventeenth century. I leave such matters to experts. The painting is preserved and honoured in an ancient English seminary, where men revere St. Thomas. For that I am grateful.

James Sullivan

SWAP A YAK FOR A LLAMA

As from many other dioceses, so too from Liverpool, for many years now a number of priests have asked to serve on the missions, but until recently this was largely a personal initiative to which the Archbishop was happy to lend his support. However many people felt that the archdiocese as a whole should make a commitment to the missions through sending priests to serve as missionaries, and in supporting them throughout their years of ministry abroad. This led to the foundation in 1979 of L.A.M.P. (the Liverpool Archdiocesan Missionary Project). This project cooperates with the Society of St. James which was founded by the late Cardinal Cushing of Boston to provide priests for the missions of Latin America. L.A.M.P. asks of a priest a commitment of five or six years after which he must return to the diocese. At present there are five Liverpool Priests working in South America of whom Terry McSweeney is one. In an effort to involve and inform the diocese, former parishioners and his friends, Terry has written a number of epic letters describing his work and experiences. The letters were also published by the diocesan weekly *The Catholic Pictorial*, and so "Father Mac's epistles" were able to reach a much larger number of people.

After finishing in the parish at Aintree in the autumn of 1980 Terry's first stop was Boston and the headquarters of the Society of St. James for an intensive Spanish course. After this he travelled to South America and visited the three countries in which he might have to work: Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia. The final stop being Bolivia where another language course, this time lasting four months, was to be endured. The extracts published below were written from there. As it turned out, Terry, a man who is happiest half way up a mountain, was posted to the steaming tropics of Ecuador from where he continues to write. May God who has begun this good work in him bring it to fulfilment.

Paul R. Gallagher

Bolivia

Swap a yak for a llama and you would be hard put to tell the difference between Tibet and Bolivia. Rising from the steaming jungles of the Amazon headwaters to the North and East the land bursts upwards to snowcapped peaks 21,000 ft high in the Andes. Between the parallel chains (*cordilleras*) marching from north to south lies a bleak and treeless plain, swept by wind and hailstorms in the rainy season and producing little more than a tufty spikey grass similar to that on English sand-dunes. The Indians battle to cultivate their crops of potato, oca and quinoa. Far-spread flocks of llama and sheep pick their way through the moss and scrub looking for new shoots tender enough to eat, often shepherded by children no more than five or six years old. The nickname "Typhoid Cheese" is enough to warn you off their unpasteurised milk products!

My only real contact with the Aymara Indians of the *Altiplano* was a *fiesta* on the return to his village of a newly ordained married deacon, who for the previous fourteen years had been the local catechist and translator for the priests on the rare occasions when they manage to reach the more remote and isolated mountain settlements. As the land is so unproductive most people live in lonely and wildly separated thatched cottages. An example of well-meaning but misguided help to the Third World was the provision of corrugated iron sheets to roof the homes of the poor. When winter came with no fuel other than dried llama dung and without the protective insulation of the thatch, people began to freeze to death. The night-time temperatures at 13,000 ft were dropping to -12°C when I left the *Altiplano* in mid June (midwinter). It is interesting that as the pagan festival of lights in the north-European midwinter was Christianised into Christmas with its message of light, candles and the dawn of salvation, so in the southern hemisphere's midwinter, the birth of John the Baptist gives Christian respectability to the pagan custom whereby every family lights a fire outdoors or on the hilltops to warm up the night sky and so appease the sun-god and beg his return.

Our deacon's *fiesta* was a similar mixture of pagan, Old and New Testament. As we arrived at the little collection of half a dozen adobe (mud brick) huts they cut the throat and disembowelled the sacrificial lamb, various bits of which went into a witch's cauldron already bubbling. Memories of the contents of that brew kept flitting through my mind during Mass, a two hour liturgy of drums and pipes and strumming strings: the women sing in a high falsetto, like Japanese. There were speeches and prayers and reflections; a baby baptised and a marriage blessed. A photo of the deacon, taken at his ordination, was presented. Enchanted, I watched and shared, and looked at their bare feet and thought how cold it was in the little chapel while the sun blazed outside, and then again — the stew. Suddenly "The Body of Christ" and Mass was over, everyone out blinking in the sunshine, and one of the shepherds wanted the remainder of the

baptismal water to sprinkle on his pasture, to bless the grass and make it grow.

In a land of few taps and pipes where the dry season can last up to eight months without a drop of rain or a single cloud in the deep blue sky, water takes on a set of new values. Along streams and drainage ditches the women washed and beat their brightly coloured clothes and petticoats against stones worn by generations of use. There seems to be a sort of pecking order with the poorest downstream using the dirtiest water, but at least benefiting from the soap suds left by the rich! At Shrovetide, still in the rainy season, the whole country goes mad throwing buckets and balloons full of water at each other, even through the open doors and windows of buses and cars. There is no escape from this pre-Lenten communal penitential cleansing. My memory of Palm Sunday is of blessing the crowd as people held their palms and assorted branches, and hearing a loud complaining shout as I delicately sprinkled them with holy water: "Harder Father, the water isn't reaching!" Easter Sunday was nearly a riot. The chapel was full of bottles, pails and cans of Easter water, and as the congregation knelt for the final blessing, each one kicked over the water of the person behind! I had to wait, while they all went out for refills, to bless it all again. The floor was a swamp.

Holy Week also brought a great three-day tribal gathering of the Aymara people, billeted in every inch of floor space in the host village, every person with their blanket over their shoulders; in the case of the women bundled to carry their food or a child on the back. The meeting is a mixture of prayer and penance — everyone in confession, but as that is in Aymara which *you* don't understand, you just nod and forgive everything in Spanish, which *they* don't understand. You rely on the catechist to lead the people in communal penitential services to make sense of everything, but each insists on his own separate absolution (none of that "general" stuff down here). Yet there is little sense of spiritual privacy as they all crowd round, and often husband and wife confess together. I suppose there are not many secrets in the clan. The meeting is also a time of donkey selling, wife-choosing, pow-wow, chicha drinking (a fiercesome spirit that would put poteen to shame), music and dancing.

Besides the innocent barn dance and folk dance traditions there are also ancient costumed dances of fire-devils (now Satan) and sungods (now Christianised into St. Michael the Archangel) leading their followers in wild mock battles, dancing through the streets in the Oruro carnival processions. It does not need much imagination to see which are the fertility dances either! The music ranges from the primitive drum and *charanga* rhythms, to the haunting and melancholy sound of the *guena* and *zampona*.

It is a land where work is slavish and brutal for the *campesino* and the miner: instead of food, cocoa leaves are chewed to dull the senses and anaesthetise the digestive tract, and so ward off the pain of hunger. Life expectancy is low and infant mortality is high: alcohol magnified by altitude easily reduces the would be escaper to degrading helplessness or vicious

savagery — themselves magnifications of national traits reflected in drug trafficking in the cocaine trade, military and paramilitary thuggery in government take-overs and brutal enforcement of an 11 pm curfew.

All that carry-on is a far remove from the poor peasant, miner and market lady, and the porter staggering under huge loads mounted on his head and back. Behind the impassive face and high, flat cheekbones akin to the Tibetan Sherpa, lies a beautiful smile and a giggly laugh, a sense of fun, mischief and practical jokes. There is also a sense of gravity and dignity proper to a person living among some of God's grandest creation where the precariousness of life makes his presence all the more felt.

Down in the valley of Cochabamba, all this could be observed and sensed but not really suffered. It made the pleasant and ordered life of language school seem like an oasis to prepare spiritually and linguistically to serve a people living on God's frontier. The language institute, here in Bolivia, where I have for the moment ceased my travels, is on the outskirts of the city of Cochabamba in a great bowl, eight miles long and two miles wide, some 8,500 ft high in the Andes, and surrounded by great mountains. Until the war, what is now the centre house of the Maryknoll mission to Bolivia was the home of the German consul, and the language school is a two-story "H-block" recently built in the centre of its grounds.

My own room is in the old consulate, with a window that looks north to the mountains, rising less than half a mile away. In this, the rainy season, all are green except for the distant snowcaps, rather like the gentler valleys of Switzerland, or North Wales on a grander scale. After the dust and deserts of Peru the greenery and rain are just a delight. Between showers the air is so clear that one has to be very wary of the fierce sun.

Ecuador and Peru

After spending a month in each country, I seem to have left Ecuador and Peru at each other's throats. The quarrel is a long standing row about a patch of mountainous jungle that Ecuador lost to Peru in some treaty in 1941 that ended a previous war. Ecuador thus lost access to the navigable reaches of the upper Amazon, from where shipping can sail 2,000 miles down river from the Andes to the Atlantic. Oil has also been discovered in the region. Everyone expects it to be a minor border clash as neither economy could support a war and risk losing all the foreign investment. Mind you, the big multi-national companies strip out far more from these countries than they ever contribute in the way of capital or technology. To repay foreign loans Peru ran up an inflation rate of 68% last year.

The whole scene in Peru is quite different from Ecuador where the towns are much smaller and many people still live in small village communities, built, if that is the word, on hillocks, and often on stilts. Wooden poles are driven into the ground, then a wooden floor is fastened to

cross pieces three, four, and more feet from the ground. The walls are made of split bamboo canes interwoven between the poles, and the roofs are made of steeply pitched thatch, overlapping banana leaves, and occasionally corrugated iron or asbestos. These raised homes provide shelter for the pigs and hens below the floor, without letting them wander through the house in what is normally still and stifling air; most of all, they allow the monsoon rains and floods that intersperse the droughts, to pass by safely beneath. Many of the settlements smell of rotting garbage and are infested by flies and mosquitoes. All water is polluted and must be boiled, even the supposed drinking water delivered by ex-petrol tankers, lorries with oil drums and cans on the back, three wheeled "trikes" with a platform on the front and the single wheel at the back, or boys carrying buckets at either end of a yoke.

Following the rains there is a great boost of fertility throughout the land; even the deserts grow grass, shrubs, flowers and cactus: but with little or no refrigeration it is hard to store what is not exported, so between banana and fruit crops many people live on a poor and almost meatless diet. In the small communities however, there does seem to be a strong mutual bond and sense of local leadership and responsibility, which does not, alas, always extend to their marriages — though even there, there seems to be an amazing tolerance for men to have two or three families, each equally neglected financially despite protestations of great love, and not a marriage bond between them! All the children take the father's surname which causes chaos at civil registration and baptisms.

Peru, however, is dominated by five hundred miles of coastal desert and barren hills, relying for water on what trickles down from the high Andes, miles inland. People work high in the mountains, mining for copper, iron and minerals. Thousands, however, have abandoned the heights, and the earthquake-wrecked settlements along the riverbeds long since dried up among the dunes of the coastal desert, and flocked to the huge slums in the desert sands and dry valleys of the hills behind Lima. Hundreds of thousands live in *each* of a dozen of these *Pueblos* or *Barrios*, divided into a grid system of square blocks by dirt or sand roads, where little children with shovels throw muck into the potholes and then beg from the occasional passing car or truck.

With no rain at all to contend with, the houses are flat-roofed (often old cardboard from boxes) with the walls of bamboo, or bricks purchased row at a time and slowly built up inside the lattice, to stop neighbours from pinching them. Theft, pickpocketing and watch-snatching are widespread (not to mention accessories from vehicles). You can tell the origin rather than the status of a family by whether they sleep on a bed, a hammock or rags on the floor — floodable area, coastal desert, cold mountains. Again garbage assaults the nostrils, this time in dry smouldering heaps, with the inevitable flies, but not the mosquitoes so much as they need water to breed. One of the northern coastal towns, Chimbote, has a smell all of its own. Fortunes were made there (not by locals) by overfishing almost to extinction the tuna,

anchovies, and pilchards of the coastal waters, and canning it in local factories. They still catch what is left, can what is edible, and bake the rest into powder as fish meal fertiliser. Of course there are no pollution laws.

All in all, it was nice to take off over the Andes and look down on the high green valleys, terraced and watered by the Incas of old. We flew across Lake Titicaca, via La Paz airport, and on to this little oasis of Cochabamba. Next stop, back to third curate at "Toadmouth" — *Bocade los Sapos* — tropical Ecuador!

Terry McSweeney

WHAT ABOUT THE CHARISMATIC RENEWAL?

The following presents a series of questions and answers concerning the Charismatic Renewal and its relationship to the Church as a whole. The questions were asked by Philip Egan in an attempt to understand the Renewal, and were answered by Francis Marsden, who is associated with it.

Q. To start with a basic question, briefly what is the Charismatic Renewal?

God is renewing and invigorating the Church in various ways: Vatican II is central to this, bringing a re-emphasis on the Scriptures, renewed liturgy, and updated Canon Law. Charismatic Renewal is one part of this whole process. Properly understood it concerns a personal and spiritual conversion, commitment to the central Gospel truths, and a new awareness of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in Christian life.

Q. So charismatic renewal is part of the general renewal of the Church starting from Vatican II. What makes it special, that is, why is it called Charismatic Renewal?

Because that is just the label which became common currency and then was adopted internationally. It has also been called Catholic neo-Pentecostalism, or here in Italy *Rinnovamento nello Spirito*. People tend to label phenomena by externals, and the most obvious external sign of the Renewal has been the widespread outpouring of the charisms which we read about in Scripture and in various historic renewal movements. Now although the charisms are essential to the Renewal, I would say that the central message is about life in the power of the Holy Spirit, and how to grow in that; and the fruits of the Holy Spirit are "love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, trustfulness, gentleness and self-control" (Gal. 5:22). However we don't achieve these by our own efforts — we have to learn how to be open to God's transforming energy, through prayer, the Sacraments, the charisms. Pope Paul's reference in 1973 is illuminating:

"The fresh breath of the Spirit has come to awaken latent energies within the Church, to stir up dormant charisms, and to infuse a sense of vitality and joy... which makes the Church youthful... in every age, ready and happy again to proclaim its eternal message to the modern age" (1).

Q. You say “*the charisms are essential*” — what are they, and how do we know we have them?

Vatican II sees charisms as the effective manifestation of the dynamic presence of the Holy Spirit in the Church (2), following St. Paul. They are freely given in response to petition — “*gratiae gratis datae*” as Aquinas says — but not primarily for the recipient himself. They are to help him to bring others to union with God: means of witness and service to the Church. So they are tools of love, freely available to any baptized Christian who is willing to cooperate with God’s power in this way.

Those charisms mentioned in Scripture include preaching, teaching and leadership (Rom. 12:6-8); prophecy, healings, discernment, wisdom, word of knowledge, faith, miracles, tongues (1 Cor. 12:4-10 and 28-31, cf. 1 Pet. 4:10). But these lists aren’t exhaustive — there are charismatic gifts of contemplative prayer, praise, intercessory prayer, joy, compassion, service and celibacy, for instance. The important thing is that the Holy Spirit takes us beyond our natural capacities or abilities, or what we have acquired by study or training. If we are really docile to His inspirations, then he anoints our words and guides our actions, sometimes even minute by minute, so that our ministry is fruitful in a way that far outstrips our natural talents. For example, our preaching may come over in power, touching people at a very deep level. Or we pray with someone who is distressed and the Lord gives a very deep peace and sense of His presence. There may be a palpable sense of inner guidance or conviction, or there may not, but we act in faith.

The charisms and the Holy Spirit’s power seem to me essential for a strong missionary Church which can fight against the evil in the world today, and convert and set men free to serve God. The question is not, “What charisms do I want?”, but “What charisms does the Lord want me to receive and use in His service?”

Q. *Is there a difference between the “charismatic” Christian and the “ordinary” Christian?*

Well, it’s dangerous to start dividing Christians into two classes of “charismatic” and “ordinary”, and it can be very misleading. You can talk of the charismatic renewal, or of prayer groups where charisms are manifest. But every Christian living a life of grace is charismatic by his baptism, and some of the most “charismatic” Christians I’ve known have had no direct contact with this renewal, but you see the Lord’s love shining in their eyes and an attractive holiness about them. The true “charismatics” are the great Catholic saints and apostles, whom we are all called to emulate, by relying on the power of God to go beyond our human limitations.

A notable characteristic I have found among Christians in the Charismatic Renewal is the degree of *expectant* faith — an attitude of committing problems to God and expecting Him to intervene and solve them when asked, and subsequent witnessing to the power of God. This is how, in

a good prayer group, ordinary Christians help one another to grow in faith and openness to the Holy Spirit. They pray with one another for the power of the Holy Spirit to increase in their lives, taking the promises of Scripture in firm faith:

“If two of you on earth agree to ask anything at all, it will be granted to you by my Father in heaven. For where two or three meet in my name I shall be there with them.” (Matt. 18:19)

“...how much more will the Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him!” (Luke 11:13)

Small groups of three or four friends, where there is a deep intimacy and trust, are often the most powerful for such personal prayer. Here you might typically find gifts of knowledge, wisdom, prophecy, tongues and healing being used, and the laying-on of hands in prayer.

Occasionally I have met people who grew into using charismatic gifts quite independently of the renewal movement as such: people of very deep faith who were directly led by the Spirit. This is important because it shows that the whole “charismatic” aspect is a normal development of Christian spiritual life — an invitation to everyone, not an added extra or sideline. St. Paul wrote, “Eagerly seek the spiritual gifts, especially that you may prophesy” (1 Cor. 12:31), and in fact Pope John Paul II has said in addressing the Charismatic Renewal, “Why these gifts? Because the Kingdom of God is for those who are ready to reach out and take it” (3).

Q. I feel I would like to pursue this question further, however, given the constraint of space, I would like to move on to ask; how did the Catholic Charismatic Renewal arise, and what connections does it have with classical Protestant Pentecostalism?

Firstly they share in common a particular type of religious experience that is witnessed to by millions of individuals. Although the theological frameworks within which these experiences are interpreted are quite different, it is always stressed that they are the work of the Holy Spirit and are similar to the scriptural Pentecostal experience.

The historical origins of both illustrate this: mainstream twentieth-century Pentecostalism began at a Methodist Bible School in Kansas in 1901.

After a devout prayer service, waiting upon the Lord, one of the students felt impelled to ask the minister to lay his hands upon her head, as in the New Testament, that she might receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. When he did, she underwent a remarkable spiritual grace and began to pray in strange tongues (one of which was recognised as Bohemian!). Shortly afterwards many of the other students underwent a similar experience, but when they tried to spread their good news and joy, they met stiff opposition. There was slow, unobtrusive growth until a powerful mission in Los Angeles in 1906.

Those who accepted the Pentecostal Spirit were generally driven out of the established Protestant Churches by ridicule, persecution or

excommunication. So they gathered as Free Pentecostals, and in the last 70 years have grown to 15-20 million world-wide (4). However because they had no visible Sacraments, they tended to stress the gift of tongues as a necessary sign of the Spirit, and they were certainly never noted for any cordiality towards Catholics.

However during the 1950s Pentecostalism entered a new phase, that of neo-Pentecostalism. Episcopalians, Lutherans, Presbyterians and Baptists began to pray for the "baptism in the Spirit" and the charisms, and determinedly remained in their own churches. In 1967 the spread of characteristically Pentecostal spirituality began in the Catholic Church, more rapidly than in any other denomination. The Catholic hierarchy have been more open and favourable to the movement than any other Church leaders. Pentecostals have been amazed at how easily Catholics seem to receive the "baptism in the Spirit", while Catholics have found it in harmony with their traditional faith and life, though their charismatic renewal is usually quieter, gentler and less demonstrative than in Pentecostal circles. But the ecumenical implications, healing the wounds of the past, are obvious.

The actual story of how Catholics came in contact with charismatic renewal goes back to Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, in 1966. Several lay professors met at a Cursillo conference. They had been variously involved in liturgical, ecumenical, apostolic and peace projects, but were disillusioned at the meagre results of their efforts. It struck them that they didn't seem to have the ability to proclaim the Gospel with power as the early Christians had done. One of them had read "The Cross and the Switchblade", a book about a Protestant pastor inspired to run a dangerous mission to delinquents and drug addicts in Brooklyn, New York, and they meditated upon this story, and the miracles of grace which seemed to accompany his work. They agreed to pray for each other that they might be filled with the gifts of the Holy Spirit, reciting daily the Pentecost Sequence, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*.

Early in 1967 they attended a small Episcopalian prayer-meeting, and later asked to be prayed with for the "baptism in the Spirit", which was peaceful but not dramatic. Then they ran a student retreat weekend: the thirty participants meditated on Acts 1-4, seeking the Lord's will for their lives. On the Saturday night, which was actually scheduled for a party, they were severally drawn to the chapel, where they experienced God intensely — and in fact remained praying until 5.00 a.m. Sunday, so strong was the presence of Christ felt to be. Their testimonies speak of a renewed spiritual life, charismatic gifts, a deeper and more joyful faith and a new meaning to much of their Catholic tradition (5).

A prayer group grew from this retreat weekend, and as others went through a similar spiritual renewal, groups began on University campuses and in parishes. Elsewhere in the U.S.A. groups of Catholics independently experienced similar outpourings of grace around the same time. Within six years, 900 registered prayer groups involved about 50,000 North American Catholics, although since there is no official membership or formal structure,

figures are imprecise. In a recent Gallup Poll, 18% of all American Catholics described themselves as “charismatic / pentecostal”. *The Universe* (March 1982) reported 500,000 of the American youth involved in prayer groups. This rate of expansion makes it the most significant movement of renewal of the twentieth century.

Q. How do individuals normally come into contact with the Charismatic Renewal, and why do they join it?

It spreads mostly by personal recommendation. Perhaps someone goes along with a friend to a prayer group, and is invited to take part in the “Life in the Spirit” seminars. These have had a powerful effect in many parishes. They consist of a series of 7 weekly talks, with suggested daily Scripture meditations. They are designed to awaken an expectant personal faith — to help people really to believe that God loves them tenderly, that He wishes to give them a better and stronger Christian life, and to turn away from any sin that blocks this. In the fifth week there is a renewal of baptismal vows, and individuals are prayed with for a new outpouring of the Holy Spirit, or the “baptism in the Spirit”. A simple enough request, made in humility and openness.

Given good preparation and a genuine spiritual thirst, the results of this prayer are striking. People speak of a new sense of God’s presence and guidance, an easier break with sin, a kindling of religious fervour, a deepened desire to pray and indeed to praise God out of sheer joy in so doing. Scripture comes alive in a new way to many, and charisms described in the New Testament are manifest, either gradually or suddenly. The overall impact is of a new power in the spiritual life, whether for newcomers or for those with many years’ experience.

Those who persevere and deepen in the Charismatic Renewal generally report a deepened appreciation of the Sacraments (6); and priests, through the Renewal, tell of an increased power in administering them, and in preaching and counselling. Prayer for inner healing of resentment, guilt, fear, nerves, and the healing of memories, helps growth to personal maturity. It can set us free to carry the crosses of others better. The basic message is: to trust as completely as possible in God, in order to begin to see in one’s own life the same fruitfulness and wonders of God that we find in the Acts and the Epistles: the hard work and the opposition included.

Q. What is the special role of the priest in a parish where there is a charismatic prayer group? Could there be difficulty if the priest is not within the Charismatic Renewal himself?

A priest has the role of being a spiritual guide, and the task of integrating all the different parish activities. Now if a prayer group is being well-run and guided, it will be a “current of grace” for the whole parish and an excellent school of prayer. But to do this well it needs the support of the clergy — they need not be the group leaders, but it is desirable that the priest should

feel at home there. His theological training and spiritual experience can provide well-balanced teaching for the parishioners who take part, and they probably need encouragement to venture out in faith and use their charismatic gifts. Moreover, since the outpouring of the Spirit often produces “incipient mysticism”, the priest needs to be able to provide help in mystical and contemplative prayer, for through the Charismatic Renewal God has gifted many with an attitude of continuous prayer and a yearning for Himself.

Vatican II states that priests “while trying the spirits if they be of God, must discover with faith, recognize with joy, and foster with diligence the many and varied charismatic gifts of the laity, whether these be of a humble or more exalted kind... special attention ought to be devoted to those graces by which a considerable number of people are attracted to greater heights of the spiritual life” (7). If a priest can teach his parishioners how to pray for healing of spiritual and emotional difficulties with their friends and families, immense graces and healings will flow. But there is above all the need for wise discernment of genuine prophecy and promptings of the Spirit. We should never let our judgements be swayed by our own fears, or likes and dislikes with respect, for example, to the gift of tongues, or demonstrative worship or certain types of music.

Real difficulties do arise when a prayer group goes off the rails for lack of sound leadership and becomes separatist or elitist, and when a priest adopts a hostile or unsympathetic attitude to a prayer group. If within a parish, prayer group members, for example, feel that their faith in prayer for healing or tongues is not accepted, they naturally grow defensive and hesitant to join in parish activity. That is why a priest’s support is so important. He can draw the prayer group into valuable service in the parish, and encourage others to share their prayer — cross-fertilization at all levels. Many in the Renewal would be only too happy to pray with the sick or troubled — and, dare I suggest it, with the priest too for strength in his ministry, perhaps on a regular basis in a small group. When you have experienced this sort of support, you realize what an immense help and strength it can provide.

Q. The specifically sacramental role of the priest would merit further discussion here, but let us pass on to consider whether there is a danger at the moment, at the parish level, of there being some parishes which are “charismatic” whereas others which are obviously not.

A parish where the Holy Spirit is sincerely being invoked to act in power will grow into a loving, warm community. A patient, gentle renewal of the whole parish is the objective of the Renewal, no separatism is intended. I’ve met and heard of so many people whose lives have been freed — from drug addiction, alcoholism, materialism, irritability and depression, anxiety, near-suicide, even epilepsy and smoking — all coming to a new joy and peace in the Lord. This practical redemption in the power of the Spirit is the due of all Christians. Surely every priest, like Jesus, is to preach the Good News.

One Yorkshire parish I have been hearing about (Mass attendance 800) has a youth group about 100-strong, at least 7 vocations from the group, weekly healing Masses attended by 200-300, often coming in coachloads from surrounding towns, and about 20 converts per year to the Faith. To me this shows the glory of God. *Si isti et istae, cur non ego?* The dangers are where you have youth lapsation at 80%, no conversions, no vocations, marriages breaking up and complacent congregations. Perhaps secular humanism with Christian labels is being substituted. Is there real enthusiasm for the things of God, or concern with man-made structures and schemes? The call is "Repent and believe the Gospel!"

Q. With respect to the previous question, what future would you say the Charismatic Renewal envisages for the Church and for itself?

Let us ask what the Lord wants of all Christians: firstly, to grow ever closer to Himself in intimacy, and to be prepared to serve God's people. The same applies to those whom he has touched through the Renewal. We all have spiritual riches to share, and the distinctive contribution of the Renewal is in giving all Christians a way to enter a fuller life in the Spirit, restoring the spiritual gifts to mainstream Catholic life, and providing a strong impetus to witness to and evangelize a pagan world.

Most Catholics could benefit vastly from the insights of charismatic renewal, and would find much in common there with the Fathers and the Saints, but set in a modern context. One stress is on spiritual friendship and conversation, so necessary for a strong and balanced Christian life. For example, if loneliness is such a problem among priests, friendships need to be founded much more deeply in love, given through prayer together before the Lord.

The Renewal emphasizes this absolute dependence upon Jesus — "Unless the Lord build the house, in vain do the builders labour." The Holy Spirit is just as powerful today as in the early Church. He doesn't change. When we trust the promises of Scripture and act upon them in expectant faith, great things happen. God has many gifts for his "faith-full" children, but he wants to draw us together closer, in the asking and the receiving, so that a purely privatized piety is opened out to and for others. Holiness in the capacity to accept and give love, rooted in the awareness of God's love.

Therefore charismatic renewal as a movement hopes to die, to be absorbed by the Church as a whole, as its spiritual practices are generally adopted to enrich the life of parishes and dioceses. The parish prayer group should be a permanent feature, along with many small house-groups, ideal vehicles for relaxed worship and teaching. Each parish lay association should be praying to discern: "Where is the Lord leading us? How does He desire us to do His tasks?"

Pope Paul VI summed up the hopes for charismatic renewal. "We cannot but hope that a new abundance, not only of grace, but of charisms

also, will still be granted to the Church of God today. The saints have said that the charisms were more abundant in ancient times. The Lord gave his outpouring of gifts in order to give life to the Church, to make it grow, to establish it, to sustain it. And since then the granting of these gifts has been, I would say, more discreet, more economical. But there have always been saints who have done miraculous things. How wonderful it would be if the Lord would again pour out the charisms in increased abundance, in order to make the Church fruitful, beautiful and marvellous, and to enable it to win the attention and the astonishment of the profane and secularised world" (8). Pope Paul then referred to Cardinal Suenens' book, *A New Pentecost*.

After all, who yearns to renew the Church more — us, or the Holy Spirit? Who loves fallen man more deeply and longs to draw him back — us, or Jesus who died in bitter agony? So our task is to be clear channels of God's power and love. We can confidently expect great things from the Lord of the universe.

Philip Egan (Questions)
Francis Marsden (Answers)

- (1) Paul VI, *Address to the College of Cardinals*, Dec. 21, 1973.
- (2) Cf. *Lumen Gentium*, Paragraphs 4, 7, 12, 21 & 32.
- (3) John Paul II, Special Audience with 16,000 participants in Italian charismatic renewal, Nov. 23, 1980.
- (4) R. Laurentin gives a good account in his book *Catholic Pentecostalism*.
- (5) K. & D. Ranaghan, *Catholic Pentecostals*, Paulist Press, 1969.
- (6) M. Schanlan and A.T. Shields, *And their eyes were opened — Encountering Jesus in the Sacraments*, Ann Arbor, 1976.
- (7) *Presbyterorum Ordinis*, Paragraph 9.
- (8) Paul VI, General Audience, Oct. 16, 1974.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

The Englishe Romaine Life - 1582 “In what manner our English men passe away their time in the Colledge.”

“...First in the morning, he that is the Porter of the Colledge, ringeth a Bell, at the sound whereof every Student ariseth, and turneth up his Bed. Not long after, the Bell ringeth againe, when as everyone presentlie kneeling on his knees, prayeth for the space of half an howre: at which time, the Bell being touled againe, they arise and bestowe a certaine time in Studie, every one having his Deske, Table, & Chayre to him selfe verie orderlie; and all the time of Studie, silence is used of every one in the Chamber, not one offering molestation in speeche to an other.

The time of studie expired, the Bell calleth them from their Chambers downe into the Refectorium; where everie one taketh a glasse of wine, and a quarter of a Manchet & so he maketh his Collatione. Soone after, the Bel is Knouled againe, when the Students two and two togeather, walke to the Romaine Colledge, which is the place of Schoole or instruction: where everie one goeth to his ordinarie Lecture, some to Divinitie, some to Phisique, some to Logtque & some to Rhetorique. There they remaine the Lecture time, which being done, they returne home to the Colledge againe: where they spend the tyme tyll dinner in walking and talking up and downe the Gardens.

And an order there is appointed by the Rector and the Iesuites, and obeyed by all the Studentes that who soever dooth not in the morning turne up his Bed hansomlie, or is not on his knees at prayer time, or heareth not Masse before he goe to Schoole, or after he comes home, but forgetteth it.

Or else if he goe forth and put not the Pegge at his name in the Table; such as have occasion to goe abroade must duellie put a Peg to give knowledge who is abroade and who remaineth within.

Beside, divers other orders they have for slight matters, the neglecting whereof is publike penaunce at dinner time. When all the Students are

placed at the Tables, such as have transgressed goeth up into the Pulpit (which standeth there because one readeth all the dinner time) and there he sayeth "Because I have not fulfilled this or that, whatsoever order it be that he broken, I am adjoynd such a penance." Eyther to kneel in the midst of the Hall on his bare knees and there to say his Beades over, or to say certain Pater Nosters and Ave Marias; or to stand upright and have a dish of potage before him on the grounde and so have to bring every spoonfull up to his mouth. Or to loose either one or two or three of his dishes appointed for his dinner; or to stand there all dinner time & eate no meate; and divers other things also, which according as it is, either afterwarde he hath his dinner or supper, or else goes without it. And all these penances I have beene forced to do, for that I was alway apt to breake one order or other.

The private Penance are appointed by the ghostly Father at Confession, which are fulfilled without publike knowledge of the cause and likewise of the person. If his penance be to whip him selfe openlie in the Hall at Dinner time then the Rector ordereth it after this manner so that he shall not be knowen & reproched by any of his felowes. At the dinner or supper that this penance is to be accomplished the Rector causeth seven or eight to keepe their Chambers, and they not so much as looke at their windowe to see from which Chamber he comes that dooth penance. When they are all set at the Tables, he commeth in cloathed in a canvas vesture downe to the grounde, a hood of the same on his head with two holes where through he hath sight, and a good bigge round place bare, against the midst of his backe. In this order he goeth up an downe the Hall whipping himself at that bare place in somuch that the blood dooth trickle on the ground after him.

Now as for the other penances, as they be divers, so they be in divers ways fulfilled, eyther by Fasting, wearing a shyrt of heaire, tridging to the seven Churches, lying upon the bare boardes, going into the darke vaultes under the ground, or traveling on Pilgrimage and a number more which exceedeth my memorie to unfold, and some of them my Confessor has constraigned me to doo.

Returne we now to the Students, who beeing come from the schooles have recreated them selves some what either in the house or in the Gardens, are now at the sound of the Bel come into the Refectorium to dinner. The custome is that dayly two of the Studentes take it by turnes to serve all the other at ye Table, who to helpe them have the Butler, the Porter and a poore Jesuite that looketh to all the Schollers necessities, to bring them their cleane shirtes and foreseeeth that neither their Gownes, Cassocks, Dublets, Breeches, Hose nor Shooes want mending. These bring in their hands, eche of them a round boorde which hath a staffe about halfe a yard long, made fast through the middle of it. Round about that boord is set little Saucers wherin the Cooke shareth every man a little quantity, which they bring and holde over the Table when every man taketh his owne messe.

As for their fare, trust me it is very fine and delicate, for every man hath

his owne Trentcher, his Manchet, knife, spoone and forke layde by it, & then a fayre white napkin covering it, with his glasse and pot of wine set by him. And the first messe, or Antepast (as they call it) that is brought to the table is some fine meat to urge them to have an appetite; sometime the Spanish Anchovies and sometime stued Prunes and Raysons of the Sun together, having such fine tarte sirope made to them, ...as I promise you a weake stomacke would very wel digest them. The second is a certaine messe of potage of that Countrey manner, no meat sod in them but are made of divers things whose propernames I doo not remember: but me thought they were bothe good and wholesome. The thirde is bolde meate such as Kid, Mutton, Chickin and such like. The fourth is rosted meat of the daintiest provision that they can get; and sometime stewde and bakte meate according as pleaseth Maister Cooke to order it. The first and last is some time Cheese, some time preserved conceytes, some time Figges, Almonds and Raysons, a Limon and Sugar, a Pomegranate or some such sweete geere; for they knowe that Englishmen loveth sweete meates.

And all the dinner whyle, one of the Schollers, according as they take it be weeklie turn, readeth: first a Chapter of their Bible, and then in their Martirilogium he readeth the Martirdome of some of the Saints, as Saint Fraunces, Saint Martin, Saint Longius, Saint Agatha, Saint Barbara, Saint Cecilia and divers others. Among whome they have imprinted the Martirdome of Doctor Storie, the two Nortons, John Felton and others, calling them by the name of Saintes, who were heere executed at Tiborne for high treason.

The dinner done, they recreate themselves for ye space of an howre & then the Bell calleth them to theyr Chambers where they stave a while studying on their Lectures given them in the forenoone. Anon the Bel summoneth them to Schoole again, where they stay not past an howre but they returne home againe. So soone as they be come in, they goe into the Refectorium and there every one hath his glasse of wine and a quarter of Manchet againe, according as they had in the morning.

Then they depart to their Chambers, from whence at convenient time they are called to exercise of disputation: the Divines to a Jesuit appointed for them, where they continue the space of an howre. Afterward, tyll supper tyme, they are at their recreation.

After Supper, if it be winter time, they goe with the Jesuites and sit about a great fire talking, and in all their talke, they strive who shall speak wurst of her Maiesty, of some of her Councill, of some Bishop heere of such lyke. So that the Jesuites them selves will often take up their hands and blesse them selves to heare what abhominable tales they will tell them. After they have talked a good while, the Bell calleth them to their Chambers, the Porter going from Chamber to Chamber and lighteth a Lampe in everie one. So when the Schollers come, they alight their Lampes, lay downe their Beddes and goe sit at their Deskes and studie a little, tyll the Bell rings when everie one falles on his knees to Prayers. Then one of the Preestes in the Chamber, as in everie

Chamber there is some, beginneth the Latin Letany, all the Schollers in the Chamber aunswering him. And so do they spend the time tyll the Bell ringes againe, which is for every one to goe to bed.”

It is ironical that we have this informative account of College life four hundred years ago from the pen of one who did so much harm to those whose lives he describes. Born in 1553, Munday was apprenticed in 1576 to John Allde, the Stationer. He did not complete his apprenticeship, but went abroad where, after a series of misadventures, he found himself in Rheims with Dr. Allen. He was sent to the English College in Rome where he remained for several months, seemingly a trusted and reliable friend to all. He returned to England in 1579 when anti-Catholic sentiment was growing to fever pitch, and now Munday came into his own, using his intimate knowledge of the leading Jesuits and students to the advantage of their enemies. He was an agent of the notorious and efficient antirecusant Richard Topcliffe, and was instrumental in the early arrest of Campion and many other priests soon after their arrival in England. His *The English Romayne Life 1582* was written to counter claims that he had never been to Rome. Despite his later deeds, there is no reason to doubt that it is a substantially correct account of College life at the time. He died after a varied literary career in 1633 at the age of eighty.

ROMANESQUE

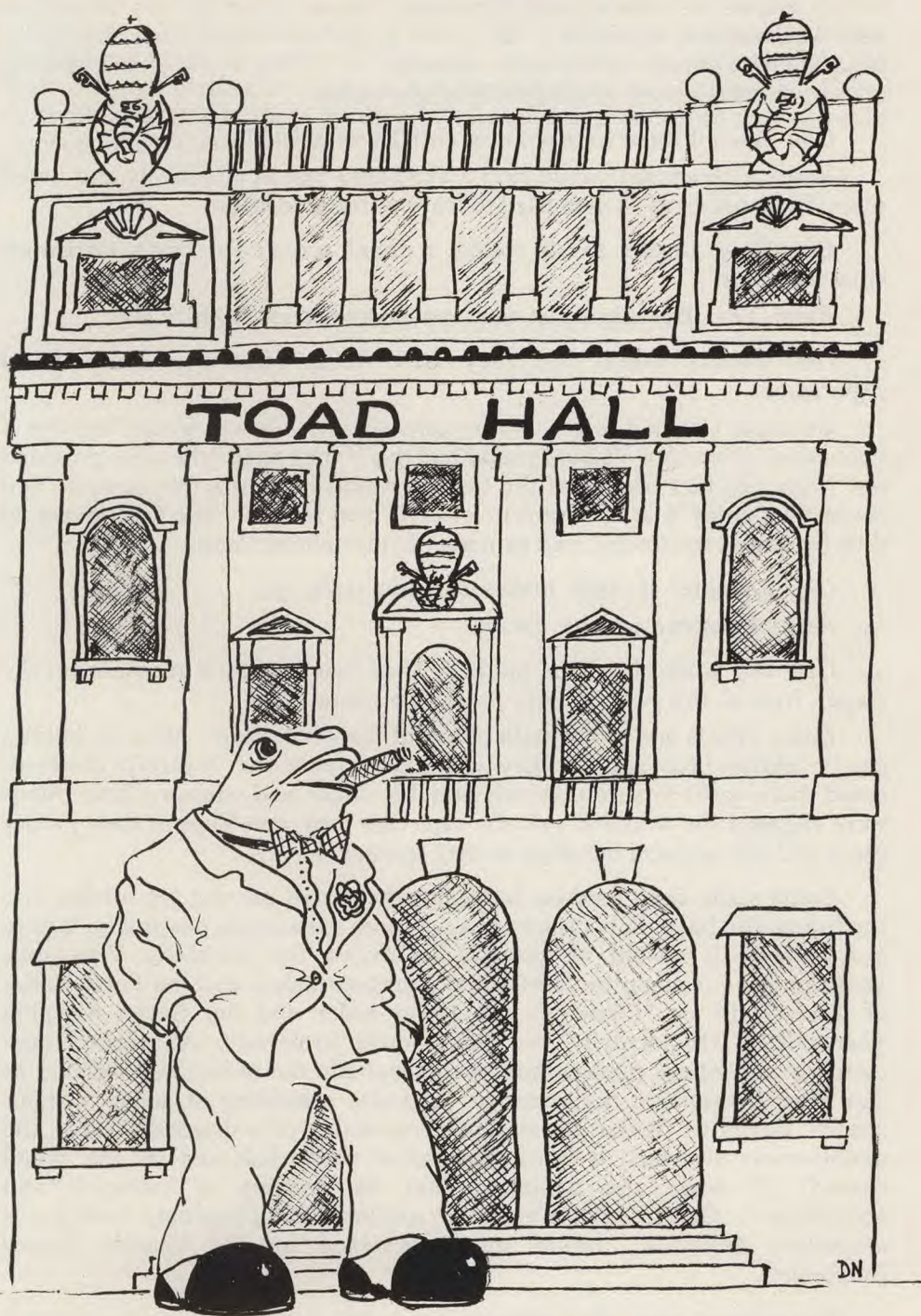
TELEPANTO

**“How many ages hence shall this
our lofty scene be acted o’er?” (The Bard)**

Dazzled by the paint and the powder of the Christmas pantomime (this year with a cast of no less than 48), the visitor may fail to observe a disturbing presage of the advent of 1984. At the back of the Common Room there is a little black box upon a tripod; in the hands of a capable student this makes a video-recording of the whole show in all its riot of wit, colour, costume and music. Throughout the Christmas season a regular, if somewhat narcissistic, recreation of the majority of the cast is to sit around after supper, laughing heartily as they watch replay after replay of their antics on the small screen.

But why should it stop there? Thinking men, and there are several such in the College these days, have been proposing strong arguments for having the whole panto on tape from the word go. Then the whole house, cast included, could watch it together on Christmas evening and thus profit from a truly authentic and meaningful experience of community. Were this accepted, rehearsals could be cut to a minimum, scene-shifting abolished, fluffed lines would be an impossibility, and there would be no need for the players of bit-parts to leave their Christmas dinner early in order to be made up some hours in advance of their two-minute intervention.

Think of the advantages. The show could be pieced together in easy stages from, say, the previous Easter, just a few minutes recording every now and then. Scenery could be dispensed with; why go in for the painted image when you have the real backdrop of exotic Rome, not to mention the Villa? Castel sant’ Angelo, the Greg, the Capellar’, the Campo, Anna’s... Why, an edition could even be dubbed in Italian for the benefit of the nuns. In short, instead of being, as it is now, a prime example of emotion recollected in tranquillity, the telerecording would become in itself the spontaneous overflow of poetic emotion. It would be the pantomime itself. At long last the medium would become the message; no more would there be that disturbing gulf between the idea and the reality, between the notion and the act.



"...the real backdrop of exotic Rome..."

Of course, as with all such innovatory theses, there are less thoughtful men who will raise objections. But, as in all the best theses, such objections, if carefully restated, can be easily disposed of. Take a few of the obvious ones upon which some carping mind might fasten.

Obj: What if there were a power cut? There would be no panto.

Resp: A power cut would stop a live panto just as effectively and much more dangerously as 48 men tried to leave a cluttered stage.

Obj: How absurd to sit round a small screen for one's Christmas entertainment!

Resp: Yes. But this is just what real people do everywhere else.

Obj: Visitors would feel they were being offered a second-hand experience.

Distinguo (we had to get that in somewhere). Visitors would feel this if they came, *Concedo*. Visitors would feel this if they were otherwise provided for, *Nego*. In fact friends of the College would be sent a free cassette and could thus enjoy it in the comfort of their own homes. The College would thus be spared the trouble and expense of entertaining them.

Obj: Laughter is what makes a panto really go.

Resp: Laughter can be canned.

Obj: But what about the kiddies? They just *love* their moment on the stage. Indeed, this is what really *makes* the panto.

Resp: This is one of the main points of the whole plan. After all, kiddies can be televised too, and this they would *love* even more. A careful producer could more easily ensure that only suitably *douce* and winsome little things were engaged; he would so edit the tape that they were kept in their proper place and did not steal the show as they so often do.

Some really deep thinkers have already started peering yet further into the future and have dinly discerned a yet more stimulating possibility. Within a few years it should be possible to record the Definitive Venerable Pantomime — it might be “Little Red Rumpelstiltsken and the Forty Babes of Toad Hall” or “Cinderella the Goose-Killer and her Seven Sleeping Beanstalks.” (Incidentally, the title is quite irrelevant. All pantomimes, certainly all College pantomimes, are essentially the same, well defined as “an English dramatic performance, originally consisting of action without speech, but in its further development consisting of a dramatized tale, the denouement of which is a transformation scene followed by the broad comedy of clown and pantaloone and the dancing of harlequin and columbine.” Others may prefer the succinct and pleasingly ambiguous secondary definition “dumb show” provided by the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*).

Be that as it may, the Definitive Venerable Pantomime, once achieved, would be recorded on indestructible and unerasable tape and housed in ideal

conditions in the archives. Its annual showing, totally unchanged, would within a few years become one of the College's dearest and oldest traditions, dating back to the rectorship of Wiseman, and leaving the students of the day free to devote themselves to the other pursuits of the Festive Season. (Come to think of it, would there by then be any students, or would they too exist only on tape?)

Richard L. Stewart

PASTORAL EXPERIENCE IN ENGLAND AND WALES

Since the Vatican Council there has been a new emphasis on the pastoral aspects of priestly training; both that the whole programme of study and formation should be directed towards a pastoral priesthood, and also that students should engage in pastoral work during training.

Our context in Rome is different to that of the English seminaries. Whilst pastoral work is done in Rome, and this has been reported on in recent numbers of the *Venerabile*, it is not always practical for every student, and it may be foreign to the situation priests will meet at home. The pastoral courses in the summer help; courses in catechetics, communications and counselling, but beyond these some pastoral experience in a parish or institution during the summer can be very valuable.

Dioceses vary in their practice; some for many years have organised a pastoral placement for all their students, even after the first year. Others have been less insistent, at least until the diaconate. I think that there is now a growing consensus that such placements should be encouraged. Even when they are not required of a student in a diocese, I find that more and more students, on their own initiative, are writing to their Vocations Director or Bishop requesting a place in a parish, or perhaps organising it themselves with a priest whom they know.

Sometimes one hears of a priest asking, "What use is a student to me?" In fact a student can be of great use in a parish as a visible sign to others of a vocation, of a young man committing himself to priesthood. I remember how heartened pilgrims were, when they came to the College, by meeting so many dedicated, serious and human young men, priests of the future — a seminarian can bring such encouragement to a parish. Practical use will, of course, depend very much on opportunities available and what they are asked to do, and this may demand some thought and planning on the part of the parish priest.

But in fact, "What use to me is a student?" is the wrong way of looking at things. Priests taking a student are being asked to participate in his training, to give him all they can. They are associating themselves and their parish in

the preparation of a future priest for the diocese, which follows on the call of every priest to work for vocations.

I think, as a parish priest, I might have felt threatened by being asked to take a student. He could be someone observing me critically, my sermons, my liturgy, my pastoral zeal; my ability to relate to parishioners, children, the old, the sick. He would be coming with new ideas from the seminary which could disturb me and the parish. And then there is an element of responsibility — will he be disillusioned or discouraged by my life?

I expect the student may be feeling even more anxious. How will I be received and welcomed? What will I be asked to do? What kind of man will the parish priest be, and what kind of report will be made about me? They do not come to criticise but to learn and to be helped. They need to find, first of all, a friendly welcome, secondly to be allowed to witness and share priestliness, and thirdly to be given guidance and direction so that they use their time usefully and profitably.

From the start the relationship between the student and the parish priest is going to make or mar the placement. The parish priest or at least the curate needs to be there. Occasionally you hear of a student arriving in a parish to be greeted by the priest, and then told: "This is Fr. Gonzalez from Columbia, who doesn't speak much English. I am going on holiday tomorrow, so please look after him." Sometimes students can and do cope wonderfully well when this happens, but there is not that participation in his training which is sought. The friendly welcome means giving time and attention, and responding to questions; being with, praising, encouraging and correcting him; and perhaps introducing him to parishioners and the hospital; and maybe encouraging parishioners to invite him out. A fortnight is a very short time but it may mean that parish and that priest afterwards feel involved with a student, and pray for him, and are linked with his progress. A relationship starting in this way may be built up by further visits and placements.

A student is helped by witnessing and sharing priesthood. I heard of somebody who was with an old priest. Perhaps the parish did not have a very energetic programme of events, yet he witnessed a priest loved by his people; he knew them and they responded to him: he went to the hospital and the nurses welcomed him, and he left each sick person always better for his care. Perhaps part of this is witnessing the great love so many people have for priests, and which the student may also receive, because it is hoped that he will be a priest in the future. Priestly spirituality is often hidden. If the priest will allow the student to share some of his prayer, to join with him in the Office, it can help. And, nourishing prayer, share some of the concerns of his parish; the sick, those with problems, the lapsed. The priest may even find himself strengthened by this sharing.

Students, especially on their first placement, may have very little idea of what they are supposed to do, and can end up sitting in their room a lot of

the time, reading. They will need direction and guidance. Part of the priestly sharing, on a master and discipleship basis, could be taking them on pastoral visits so that they can see what a priest does; perhaps being present at a convert instruction, a preparation for baptism or marriage. Some may never have witnessed a baptism, or been involved in a marriage ceremony, or stood at a graveside. They can be invited to participate in all that is going on in a parish, a clergy fraternal, a meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society or the Catholic Women's League. They can be associated with the preparation of the liturgy, the writing of bidding prayers. Even when there are readers it might be right to allow the student to read instead. Diocesan policy varies on allowing them to become extraordinary ministers of communion, but when it has been allowed it has usually been fruitful, especially in giving communion to the sick. One student told me that he used to pray part of the Office with sick people, thus associating them with the prayer of the Church. Most are asked to visit, and through this have experienced personal problems of parishioners and have learnt to listen and respond. Others have taken classes in the primary school, or led an assembly. Some have been asked to speak about their vocation at Mass or to a group. They need both to be taken round by the priest and to be given some responsibility and trust to work by themselves. Possibly the priest will have to prepare with them each day what they should do that day.

The seminary is involved in both formation and assessment. A critical assessment can be part of the ongoing formation. In asking a priest to be associated with the training of a student, we are also asking him to share in the work of assessment. It is very useful to know how a student relates to pastoral work, which cannot always be tested in seminary life. It is also useful to receive an outside opinion on a student, free from previous judgements made in a seminary and the context of its pressures and tensions. So we ask priests to send in a report on a student placed with them. This is important. Usually I have found a report to be positive and can happily share it with the student. Sometimes it is critical, and it is fruitful to talk about this. I have sent out forms to Vocations Directors to make reports easier, but these need not be used. Some report back, however, does complete the value of the placement.

Perhaps there is much more that could be done from our end, following up placements, talking to the priests involved, receiving their comments. I have asked many students about their placements, but received few written reflections. Our difficulty is the pressure of other commitments, and perhaps we need to look further at the pastoral programme here and in England, and also pastoral classes given in the College. At present I am very indebted to many Vocations Directors and others who have taken care in placing students and in talking to the priests about them. I should always be grateful to receive ideas and suggestions from priests about this.

Sometimes I hear that it is very difficult to find priests who will take a student. So I ask all priests who read the *Venerabile* to consider this. One

priest I know, who had agreed reluctantly, has since asked to be allowed to take another student, as he appreciated it so much.

The students do not always return saying what the disciples said to Jesus after their pastoral placement. "The seventy-two came back rejoicing. 'Lord', they said, 'even the devils submit to us when we use your name'. He said to them, 'I watched Satan fall like lightning from heaven'." Yet they do return with the sense that they have participated in the mission of the Church, have learnt more about what it means to be a priest and are strengthened in their vocation. After a placement at the end of his first year one student concluded his report to me: "One of the main advantages of the parish work was living in a presbytery with a priest — just seeing how the place functions, and simply talking about the parish, the Church and priesthood generally. It provided the opportunity to meet many other priests from around the diocese as well as the two I was working with. The amount of pastoral work that I could do was naturally limited at this stage — but the *experience itself* was the valuable thing."

I should like to thank all priests who have taken and cared for our students, and given them so much. I hope others will be willing, if asked, to do so.

George Hay
Rector

THE HINSLEY CHALICE

The *Venerabile* of November 1943 records the following in the Personal notes. "The College is indebted to the executors of the late Cardinal Hinsley for two valuable souvenirs of his Eminence. The more highly-prized and cherished is a chalice which once belonged to John Hungerford Pollen and was given by him to the late Cardinal who used it whenever he has in residence at Archbishop's House."

Fr. Charles Lloyd is currently researching into the history of this old and valuable chalice and has sent us this interim report.

Description

In its present much (and I fear badly) restored form the Chalice appears to be in six parts: cup, calyx, knop, base, and two parts to the stem. The cup is certainly modern and wrong in shape: it is secured to the base by a long bolt and wing-nut. The knop has been fitted upside down, and possibly also the top piece of the stem. It was originally almost certainly in one piece, and has now been soldered together. The knop should be relocated with the cross on it in line with the one incised on the base. The exterior is decorated with *champlève* enamel and is gilded. I doubt whether it would have originally been gilded all over, as I have seen them parcel-gilt, that is to say with only the highlights gilded.

The dimensions of the Chalice are as follows: height $9\frac{7}{8}$ ", diameter of cup $5\frac{1}{4}$ ", diameter of base $6\frac{7}{8}$ ", weight 450 grams. There is a mark inside the base indicating a test for purity of silver which is possibly French nineteenth century, and also a series of crescents which could be a maker's punch mark: but they remain at present unidentified, and will involve further library research in London.

The underside of the base has an inscription around the rim which reads:

"The gift of Captain Alfred Joseph Ellison to Farmhill Park Chapel as a grateful thank offering for his preservation during the Great War of 1914-18."



The Hinsley Chalice

The two parts of the hexagonal stem have a motif of gilded latin crosses set in dark blue enamel. This motif is repeated on the calyx almost endlessly, the six largest being enclosed in pointed arches mounted on barley-sugar columns.

The knob has the inscription IESUS gilded on a marron enamel background. The hexafoil base has incised late gothic decoration, inset into which are six enamels. Two are shields of a Central/Western European Mediaeval pattern. Four are pear-dropped in shape. All are contained in frames of a twisted rope motif and are detachable. The four pear-dropped are gilded silver on azure. The figures they contain represent Our Lord giving a blessing with two fingers extended; Our Lady crowned and in prayer; St. Joseph carrying a lily; and a mitred bishop carrying a cross. The two shields are silver gilt on enamel. One has a maltese cross above and is "vert chevrony or". The other has a coronet incised above it and is "azure plain impaling argent a cross coupled or".

Provenance and History

We have to ask various questions:

Who made it, where, when, why, and who for?

What is the iconography of the bishop?

What was its original appearance?

Who is Captain Ellison?

None of the questions is easy to answer, but there are some absolutely glaring clues: the style of the most part, the marks on the base, the shields, and, of course, the modern inscription.

If we temporarily ascribe a Central/Western European origin c. 1500, then of its history before 1919 we can only conjecture.

Of their nature portable, chalices tend to remain in their original churches for long periods of time until they are either destroyed, melted down, looted as spoils of war, pinched by thieves, sold by hard up clergy, borrowed by the bishop and not returned, or placed in a museum. Once on the art market they gyrate until eventually they find a more or less permanent home. Objects in precious metal of this age are rare, fragile and valuable, if in good original condition. There is a natural process of decay in most silver objects, and they are easily damaged by injudicious handling and polishing. Once dented it is not easy to put them perfectly right.

The acknowledged expert in ecclesiastical silver in Britain in 1958 — when all the research was done — was Charles Oman, son of the distinguished historian, at that time keeper of the relevant department of the Victoria and Albert Museum. His magnum opus *English Church Plate 597-1830* is the standard work on the subject and unlikely ever to be bettered. He looked at the photographs which accompany this, and made a judgment.

One must enter a caveat about photographs, that they are not a good way of establishing originality of a piece, and can lead to serious mistakes on provenance. His conclusion was as follows:

“Essentially I think that it is Spanish, perhaps from the Valencia region, late 15th century. From what I can see of them, I do not think that any of the enamels in the foot are original, though they may not be modern. On the other hand I suspect that not only the bowl but also the calyx in which it rests is modern.”

As a comment on this tentative judgment, I looked again at the chalice. The calyx looks old, and the cross motif matches those on the stem, but one could only prove it by dismantling the chalice, and looking at the inside of the calyx. If modern, its texture will be different from the rest. The enamels however look very much original, but the actual enamel is in far too good a condition for its age, and that goes for the enamel on the stem as well. It looks as if it has been restored.

Anyway it seemed wise to cross-check with a second authority. Using the good offices of a close friend in the Belgian College, the photographs were submitted to a Flemish judge reported to be a great authority on European Church Plate of the Middle Ages, which he collected. I never did write down his name, and have now forgotten it. He recognised the cup as modern, but judged the rest to be original. I translate from his original Flemish.

“This chalice could be from Hungary, but it is more likely to be from Salzburg c. 1500. The form of the shields is German from the end of the 15th century. Whatever the figures mean the cross is certainly that of Jerusalem. You could find the origin of the piece by identifying them.”

The next step was to enlist the help of Bryan Chestle (at that time not yet a Monsignor). He wrote to the British Heraldry Society in February 1959 about the shields. Their answer was as follows:

a) Chevrony or and vert or variants do not occur in Renesse's (Continental) or Papworth's (British) Ordinaries.

b) Azure plain impaling argent, a cross coupled or sounds like an Early Holy Sepulchre or Jerusalem Grand Magistrate Court poorly represented.

Azure plain was borne by Berrington of Bradwell Co. Chester, De Barge of Ville sur Sars Lorraine, the Seigneurs of St. Chaumont, Contizakis (Yugoslavia), Fizeaux, Aignesplats and others. But there seems to be no connection with the cross which is otherwise identified.

“And others” slightly worries one — how many more families are there? It is possible that if the enamels had been restored that colours have been changed. I might well have to search for azure chevrony argent for example! After a long and careful look at the chalice, the available evidence shows a restored chalice, possibly originally parcel-gilt of c. 1500, cup modern, of South German provenance, the gift of a member of the minor nobility with

connections either with the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre or of St. John of Jerusalem.

Yet on a later rare visit to London, a search of the London Library produced the *Golden Age of Hispanic Silver 1400-1665* by Charles Oman (H.M.S.O. 1968), in which Figures 23, 26, and 63 had touches of resemblance. They all date from 1500-1520, the first two from Barcelona, the third from Burgos. One can see why he considered a Spanish provenance.

What about Captain Ellison? Since the inscription is well within living memory it should, one would have thought, be not too difficult to find out. The first place to look was the Catholic Who's Who for 1952 — the library copy. This produced an address in Putney and the information that he was a Privy Chamberlain of cape and sword. A letter sent there produced no reply. The then Monsignor Worlock helped by referring me to Canon Collings, then in retirement at Twyford Abbey, who had been in the suite of both Cardinal Bourne and Cardinal Hinsley. He remembered a Mr. Ellison, a barrister who as a Privy Chamberlain "gatecrashed" Cardinal Bourne's Suite at the consecration of the church at Buckfast. He also told me of a younger brother Reginald Ellison whose marriage he had blessed at Westminster Cathedral in 1933, and who had been a member of the London County Council. I wrote to Reginald Ellison, care of County Hall, Westminster Bridge Road. In due course a reply arrived from the Clerk to the Council to the effect that Reginald Ellison had been a councillor in 1937 and that exhaustive enquiries had failed to reveal his present whereabouts.

This trail is now entirely cold with age. I am unable to find out even the identity of Farmhill Park Chapel. It could be some long since defunct minor public school or else some equally defunct private chapel of a Catholic landlord.

Further research is needed on the heraldry, and for this I await detailed colour photographs of the chalice.

Charles Lloyd

NOVA ET VETERA

A Winter's Tale

Old *Venerabile* traditions die hard. Not the fickle ones, but those very old ones that go unnoticed, and are considered by some erroneous moderns to be only contemporary. Little do they know. Remember the one about...

"As regards the matter of heating of the College in winter, it was very like the snakes in Ireland. It wouldn't be absolutely true to say that there was no form of heat in the College. There was naturally a fire in the kitchen and at certain times there was a fire in the playroom... In my first year there was a large pan of glowing charcoal in the middle of the church for meditation and Mass, and another in the refectory; but for all the effect they had on the surrounding atmosphere they might just as well not have been there... There was, of course, no heat in the rooms and so they were perishingly cold. You could get warm in the following fashion. You would come to your room, when the Ave was early, determined to put in a good couple of hours hard study. You had an olive-oil lamp, like a brass double-spouted tea-pot, running up and down a brass rod. You adjusted that, put on the tin shade lined with *carta comune*, and set up your textbook on some little stand, which you had probably made for yourself if you hadn't inherited one. Then you put on your *zimarra*, put a rug round your knees and draped yourself in the *coperta da letto*. Then you slowly thawed out and then you fell asleep, until the bell roused you for rosary."

That was eighty years ago, and even earlier we read of Dr. English bearing the sting of parental, thermometric concern. A Mr. Bethell writes...

"I am extremely anxious about the health of my son Augustus. I hear that he is looking very thin and that he is suffering very much from the cold from the want of fires in the rooms. I must therefore request that he may be allowed to have a fire in his room and if he cannot, I must remove him at once. It is commonly remarked in England that although Rome is the best place for a young ecclesiastic to obtain a good education, yet the constitutions of the young men are so much injured that they are more or less invalids all their lives..."

The war years in England were hard years; so we are told. Or were they? Many dear traditions just had to be laid aside. From forty years ago we read...

"The most obvious novelty is that we are twelve degrees further North; nothing is more modifying than the influence of climate. Yes we have fires in our rooms. You who have cheered yourselves on two pipes of a hideous radiator — or even, in a more primitive age, on nothing but fresh air — will realise all this means. The most sparsely furnished room has a welcoming effect when one opens the door to the dancing light of the flames. Therefore our industry in stoking is tireless. A black mound of coal, just outside the chapel wall, is being converted, with the steady efficiency of a factory, into a red-brown heap of ash, dumped at some thirty yards' distance. Doors are jealously guarded, and a new public office fills Thursday morning with the rattle of the coal-hoist and the pleasant arrival of a black-faced minion with one's ration for the week."

But back to Rome; and even in the sixties calorific hopes were dashed. A Romanesque gives evidence...

"...until suddenly it's winter. Whether it arrived during the night or in the space between one lecture and the next, you must steel yourself from now on: no more soft evenings thinking how much nicer than an English November this all is. It is time that radiator went on; but nothing seems to happen beyond an excited gurgle one evening, that later turned out to have come from the floor below. Day after day it stands in the corner, a silent reproach to human progress. True, there was the day when a huge gang of men filled the *cortile* with their Doolittlish cries while two of their number endeavoured to swing a vast boiler into the cellar, and many hopes were raised. The confident claimed the worst was over; it turned out, however, to be only a prelude to being woken in the post-meridial hours by their accomplices wanting to bang on every radiator in and out of sight with a chisel. Another two gurgles and then silence. When the dust had settled after their departure, still there were optimists, and *conoscenti* spoke about airlocks and residual pressure. Perhaps they were right, but the net result was none the better for it, and the cynic won once more."

But wait! Labours anew; promise of sudorific ecstasy? Or is the Vice's lot still "not an happy one". An ex-Vice writes...

"By 1977 boilers and burners and water-heaters were approaching the end of their natural life, and Germano was working wonders keeping them going. The new legislation brought the *coup de grace* and plans were drawn up for the reorganisation of the boiler area. It fell to Peter Morgan to supervise the many complicated aspects of preparing the cellars for the boilers, isolating the area from the rest of the cellar, opening up access to the boilers from the garden area, preparing for the lagging of pipes etc. Philip Holroyd, his successor, then suffered the pangs of the new system. It worked! But could we afford the heating oil?"

And so to the present...

As rumour had it, the late switching-on of the heating was due to civil law — measures to conserve energy, reduce pollution and all that. But in fact, was it rather a hankering after tradition? That fortnight in November before the lighting of the boilers was like a memorial to cold times past.

There were deceptive gurglings of radiators soon after the cold began, and the calorimetrists were optimistic, but the cold only worsened. "Airlocks", "residual pressure" explained the old-school technologists, and out came the *zimarre* and *coperte da letto*. Was the reluctant *riscaldamento* always preceded by a particularly cold spell? There were thin, shivering students; shades of Augustus. The daring had illegal electric fires, whilst others were double-wrapped. At a house meeting the traditional reassurances of the Vice were given a cool reception, and a bold voice suggested that the surplus from the students' bank be invested in oil for the boilers. More blankets were brought from the villa and distributed to the needy. The snug became even more popular as students huddled around its electric fire, some asleep beneath the unconvincing camouflage of the last week's *Times*. The cold continued relentlessly until, finally, the Vice consented to bow to progress. The boilers burned and a warmish winter ensued.

Later the panto-script made cutting comment on the heating economies. "The King can't even afford to heat the place propely", complained a courtier from Upholland (all English pantomimes follow the same traditions). But winter was more or less kept at bay through December, January, February...

Come March, and those legalistic rumours were about again, a cover perhaps for renewed bouts of nostalgia. So it seemed when, one Friday, the delights of cosy calefaction were yielded again to tradition, as the boilers were turned off. The Scots were quick to boast that they were still basking in the warmth of their heating; but then, of course, they do live in the *periferia* where time-honoured customs of *romanità* no longer rule the day. Was it first year naivete or a reformist protest when one brave lad turned up late for choir practice muffled in greatcoat and scarf? The cold lasted about a fortnight until the spring sun rose high and clearly.

Doubtless, the new boilers are excellent, but perhaps for the sake of tradition, it's just as well those ancient *zimarre* were never lost.

Editors

Gaels, Gauls and Romans: Easter in Lourdes

"Frog Gita — Easter '81" — This was the legend above a selection of photographs displayed last May on a college notice-board. No, the Botany Society hadn't been researching Pamphilj Pond but we had been welcomed into the ranks of the H.C.P.T. (Handicapped Children's Pilgrimage Trust) to

investigate whether there are actually any French people in the town of Lourdes during Easter Week. The evidence was inconclusive. However we did find groups 61,64 (the best one) and 91, from Dublin and Cork, ready to give a hearty *faillte* to “the Monsignor” George Hay, Fr Sean Healy, Martin Coyle, Paul Robbins and myself. *Mais oui*, the V.E.C. had hit the *autostrada* (Martin didn’t hit anything except the speed limit) to swop the po-faced gloom of a long, liturgical tunnel-term for the Pau-facing joy of a week with the Handicapped Children’s Pilgrimage Trust. *Mais non* (ah... the educative value of a *gita*), the delighted exuberance of your narrator ends not there — we went this year as well! This time with Fr Seamus O’Boyle, John Nelson and Anthony O’Rourke (of group 109) replacing Sean, Martin and Paul.

Every *gita* begins with the ordered scramble to arrive at the destination.

We went by car on both trips. Last year we stayed in Genoa overnight after having shaken the dust of a La Spezia rejection from our sandals (and michelins); this year Genoa too found our terms unacceptable — we arrived after dusk — and so our valiant drivers drove on through the night and following morning, stopping only for mass, culture and a touch of Albigenian heresy at Carcassonne, and a hillside pique-nique and siesta among the mustard fields near Auterive. An itinerary slightly different to last year’s mass at St Maximin, where we had our first failing attempts at French halted by an Italian sacristan, and *paté*, bread and wine nearby.

Each year we arrived in Lourdes on Easter Monday evening, our groups having arrived the previous day. Generally, each group numbers twelve children — with perhaps three of those confined to a wheel-chair — and twelve helpers, including in each case a doctor, nurse, and chaplain. The helpers are as dedicated as they are cheerful; unlike we privileged *Venerablini* they must pay over £200 each for the week and must usually include it as part of their fortnight or so annual leave. When in Lourdes, the aim of each group is to make the week an unforgettable experience for each child present, a pilgrimage which will acquaint them with not only the story of God’s love for St. Bernadette but also the truth of the *beauty* of Christianity which mysteriously flowers amidst suffering.

Anyone who has been to Lourdes is invariably asked to explain just where its magic lies, what gives birth to the serenity and prayerfulness of those who visit it? Others ask whether the Marian aspect tends to deflect one from true *Christ-ianity*; or, are not the souvenir shops too gaudy and too numerous? I can only base my answer, my observations, on the weeks I’ve spent in Lourdes with 150 H.C.P.T. groups.

The secret of the week is Beauty. The kind of beauty which you suddenly realize you’ve ignored for so long, that you didn’t realize was there. The kind of beauty that melts the tired, irritable, professional side of myself and my fellow seminarians in, for instance, the needs and kindnesses of the children and helpers we assist... who’s helping who? This pervasive beauty also melts one’s shock and pity before the deformities and inabilities of the handicapped here, where a wheel-chair is not alone neither is its occupant —

nor the person who pushes it. You realize that you don't have to say; "Cheer up, we're going to enjoy this week", because you don't have to say it to yourself.

In fact this mysterious beauty so crushes suffering that there's very little pain in evidence at all — by this I mean pain without understanding. Even the afflictions of the mentally handicapped take on a new dimension. One super-enthusiastic but none-too-bright lad liked to talk of how his two roommates had kept him up half the night telling them to keep quiet. What didn't strike him was that obedient though they might have been (...doubtful) the room was pitch dark and they were conclusively, and mischievously, quite deaf. Yet even that was less amusing than "the Monsignor's" party-piece, to divulge the details of which would mar a developing relationship of trust and understanding. I'm sure he doesn't hold it against me really... well, nearly sure.

But what of this beauty, as yet undefined. I found its definition in two events, the first of these being the mass for Irish H.C.P.T. groups so tenderly presided over by Bishop Dermot O'Mahony, and particularly in the first reading. This, a section from Acts, was read from Braille by a young blind girl whilst being simultaneously translated into sign language for the deaf by two helpers. The second event was a reflection on the first, and on the week, down by the River Gare alone on our last afternoon. I could only muse on the deep and almost silent torrents of God's love which meet and diverge, still stronger, after passing the Grotto of Our Lady.

So that's our "Shamrock Gita" finished with for another year. No more Lourdes water mint pastilles for a while, no more nocturnal group outings to the Grotto, nor to the Jeanne D'Arc (the *real* name for the Jean D'Arcy cafe). We must wait a few months more for the traditional return-trip stop at Aimargues to see what will follow spinach and tripe as the "ip-dip-sky-blue" culinary choices of one of our adventurous number. Third year lucky for him, I hope. Oh well, *arrivederci* Lourdes, and *Slán leat go fóill* to all our hosts: *Vive group 64!*

John Kenny

COLLEGE DIARY 1981-1982

The Villa

June

24th: Wednesday. The bulk of the community is already in residence at the Villa in time for John Nelson's birthday D.B.L.s. The "season" opens with supper and the chance to enjoy a cool clear evening in sharp contrast to the fierce heat of the Roman oven in the plain below! The last trickle of *alumni* arrive in time for the first of many Villa parties and we note that Fr. Peter Morgan and Fr. John Short are with us. They are both out to celebrate their anniversaries of ordination, so there is much catching up on news. No Palazzola party is complete without Bishop Restieaux whose arrival is eagerly greeted, and who is soon once more at home in his titular diocese.

25th: Beneath the deep blue dome of Mediterranean sky, the daily round of volleyball, tennis and "tank" begins. At Mass no one comes forward to read. Hiatus! Doughty Mark Drew comes to our aid... and gets it wrong... much mirth! Hearty types charge off to Nemi, but clouds begin to gather and rain threatens; the "tank" is abandoned, only the stout hearted hikers, refuse to be intimidated, and damp but victorious they return for teas and hot showers!

26th: Paul Quinn's birthday dawns fresh but rather wet. John Deehan has come up for the day to take a spot of lake-side sun — and gets it, as the weather steadily improves. We hear that Frank Allish is in hospital in England, and wish him well. Strange noises in siesta time lead the more curious into the Nuns' Chapel to find that "reordering" has taken a very concrete form indeed!

27th: Saturday. Farewells, albeit quiet ones, for William Young and less definitively for Paul Haffner as they leave for England. It is very low profile but some manage to see William as he departs for the mission. The Navy comes to lunch in the persons of Fr. Phelim Rowland and the Revd. Ian Rutherford, both naval chaplains. Later on the quiet tranquillity of a

summer afternoon is broken by Peter McGrail's "experience" with a large green snake on the sforza. There is also a slight earth tremor and a party on the terrace after supper.

28th: Sunday. John Short offers his Silver Jubilee Mass and a jolly good lunch follows. *Ad Multos Annos* resounds amid the coffee cups and empty carafes. Stephen Porter and our two absent Anglican "swops" are included in the congratulations since they begin their ministry today, and Stephen is back with us this summer. High winds accompany high thoughts as the festivities carry on into the afternoon. After supper, the much awaited preview of next year's new men appears on the notice board. Quite a collection of names, but "Rags Hay-Will" certainly carries off this year's trophies! Fr. Christopher Pemberton gives us an evening with Eliot's *Four Quartets*. Chris Maxwell-Stewart provides guitar interludes. Very evocative, very enjoyable; perhaps D.O.P. is our "still point in a turning world"?

29th: SS. Peter & Paul. Hectic day. The Schola is shipped down to Rome for a "session" with Vatican Radio. In the early morning the lake is covered with cloud, rather like dry ice hanging mysteriously within the crater. Peter Morgan says Mass for us two years after last presiding as Vice-Rector. Mgr. Charles Burns is with us for lunch, and Suor Renata arrives in the afternoon. There are twin excursions in the evening, John Short and the Liverpool men, and alternatively the Peters and Pauls.

30th: Tuesday. Tusculum. A traditional 5.30 am. start with rough shaven faces gathering in the early morning gloom. The Rector complete with stick sets out for the familiar tramp in the woods. Rumours of lost souls abound, but all, except for Francis Coveney are assembled on the mount by 8.30 am. Perfect weather and an equally acceptable breakfast of bacon and eggs. Back at the Villa we learn that Billy Steele's latest adventures include a cut arm sustained in Albano; what next? Meanwhile nothing disturbs the complacency of "Risk" players on the terrace, not even the whispered exam results brought back hotfoot from Rome by John Clarke.

July

1st: Wednesday. The new month begins with a visit from Don Augusto Cecchi, who is with us for a few days. Anthony Doe returns to England for the summer. Tim Finigan finds an excellent restaurant in Nemi for his birthday lunch. The evening terrace is the scene of an interesting conversation between Bishop Restieaux and Don Augusto, topics ranging from favourite sports to plainsong compline. Strains of the *Water Music* from the Morgue, a glorious sunset, and the reflected twinkle of lights across the lake make this a memorable evening indeed.

2nd: Thursday. Lake Gita, the weather is just right for that "Villa tan"; boats are seen cruising across the lake to rendezvous for lunch beneath the

towering presence of Monte Cavo. It gets hotter. Michael Smith makes good use of his coconut oil, some take to the waters, while others just eat and drink in this sizzling natural frying pan. The magic of the waters begins to take effect, the distant piping of the *Water Music* can be discerned even from the Villa where there is being cooked for the non-water babies a splendid "Patrick" lunch, helped down incidentally with a bottle of "Cutty Sark". Later Mary Jo arrives, Stephen Porter celebrates his birthday and Pooh fans gather in the evening.

3rd: Friday. Another birthday, this time Michael Burke; D.B.Ls, tennis and "Diplomacy", and a Tolkien *gita* to "Rivendell", more generally known as Castel Gandolfo. A *scirocco* blows up making heavy weather of almost all activity for the rest of the day.

4th: Saturday. Bishop Agnellus arrives, bringing cooler weather. He delivers a memorable conference and joins us, with Alfredo, for an equally memorable pizza supper in the Ref. Martin's brother, Peter, is welcomed with a party.

5th: Sunday. Sir Mark and Lady Heath are present for lunch, preceded by a drink or two on the terrace, where American and Italian accents mingle with more familiar tones. Much talk of the Pope's condition as we listen to the Angelus on the terrace. The rest of the day slips away into one of those familiar summer hazes.

6th: Monday. Albano bells wake us early. Today is S. Maria Goretti's *fiesta*, and Sean Healy says Mass. One of those rare mornings when the dome of St. Peter's is clearly visible and the whole plain seems to lie at your feet. People are off to Nettuno for fish lunches, others on a Castelli stroll, a more leisurely alternative to the famous walk of the same name. When all have returned there is another "Evening with Father Christopher", this time of a more amusing nature. The programme includes Robert le Tellier's *Owl and the Pussy Cat*, Chris Maxwell-Stewart's *Bloomfield Square*, Harry Curtis with a side splitting *Dilys the Dachshund*. The now inevitable *Water Music* almost makes an appearance, but perhaps the laurels should go to David Manson and his "The Lord and I are in a shepherd sheep situation..."

7th: Tuesday. Seamus is today's birthday boy. Suddenly pool and chapel, *cortile* and terrace are invaded by crowds of Plymouth schoolboys, and, almost as unexpectedly, they are gone. Leeds diocese goes to the seaside for the day, and evening entertainment includes a Scott Joplin session in the library.

8th: Wednesday. Castelli walk. Others "hive off" in-all directions, including Rome and a re-run of the lake *gita*. During supper the Castelli veterans are clapped in, bearing obvious traces of their lengthy tour of local hostelries. First wine was at 6 am. The crew? Philip Egan, Ian Farrel, Mike Gilmore, Frank Harris, Paul Hendricks, John Kenny, Frank Marsden, Terry

Phipps. Philip was the only casualty with a sprain on the last lap — tough luck!

9th: Thursday. A monsignorial tour of the Papal gardens at Castel Gandolfo. Much enjoyed were the lemon trees and Suor Reparata's consuming interest in the fish!

10th: Friday. Day of Recollection. Our thoughts are guided by Fr. Carlo Huber SJ. The beautiful weather gives plenty of opportunity for meditative sun bathing and pious slumber "neath shady trees". Catechetics "do" in the evening.

11th: Saturday. Lectorate. The Villa atmosphere has already begun to warm up as more and more guests arrive. Now the chapel benches have all been turned out of their usual home, and sacristans with feather dusters are much in evidence; something seems to be happening. The new *Venerabile* is distributed, and the house is hyper-active. As the sun sinks low over the rim of the lake, a new batch of lectors begin their ministry. They are: Michael Burke, John Clarke, Harry Curtis, Philip Egan, Tim Finigan, Michael Gilmore, Eugène Harkness, Paul Hendricks, John Hodgson, John Nelson, John O'Brien, Paul McPartlan and Mervin Smith. A goodly number who provide us with a very goodly drink after Mass.

12th: Sunday. Acolytes today. The chapel is packed for Mass celebrated by Bishop Restieaux, who institutes Gerald Anders, Christopher Brooks, Patrick Coleman, Mark Crisp, Robin Hawes, Frank Harris, Guy Nicholls, and Terry Phipps in their new ministry. After lunch "liqs" and ice cream provided by the candidates. Thunder and rain blow up later.

13th: Monday. *Gita* Day and a liturgical breather. Riotously full Ref in the evening with more "liqs", this time from the Hennesseys. "Moro" joins us on the terrace for a nightcap, the comforting sound of *bocce* in the evening shadows, as one by one the ordinands slip away to bed.

14th: Tuesday. Diaconate. High spot of the year. A misty start, but who notices in the frenetic atmosphere of preparation? Black and grey clerical shirts begin to emerge as the day grows clearer and brighter. At last the sun floods the chapel as Bishop Restieaux proceeds to ordain Francis Coveney, Liam Hennessey, Edward Koroway, Leo Maasburg, Ray Matus, John Parsons and Paul Quinn. A record list of saints in the Litany and a mammoth lunch to follow make today exhausting but great fun. The nuns do us proud with a seemingly endless supply of courses. Various languages and accents give a further exotic taste to the proceedings, but the weather can't make up its mind, and we are forced to seek refuge from imminent rain. Once inside the *cortile*, speeches follow with large helpings of *dolce*. *Ad Multos Annos* rings out for the last time this year and David Long acts as telegram bearer for the Rector. Francis replies from a raised vantage point, and festivities continue long into the afternoon. Final plunges into the tank

— mostly voluntary — familiar songs and a mellow camp fire supper help to turn the mind homewards, as yet another Villa comes to a perfect end.

The Year

8th - 13th October: Back at D.O.P. The Vac seems a mere interlude in our summer sojourn in the Alban Hills beginning way back in June; was it really three months ago? Yet there is a difference; the trees reflect those telltale “autumn tints” and the holiday atmosphere has given way to the “retreat” feel that now heralds the start of a new academic year. Fr. Gerard Hughes S.J. has flown out from the Welsh hills to lead this new venue, and most people agree that it is a good start to the term. The new men have been struggling with Italian grammar for some time before the rest of us “oldies” get back, and they all seem very settled indeed. As we get to know each other the profusion of beards makes differentiation quite difficult at times! Its a bumper crop of eighteen *nuovi* who tuck into their first “Villa tomatoes” and enjoy the glorious “Alban” weather. Their names are: Christopher Beirne, Charles Briggs, Raglan Hay-Will, Nicholas Hudson, John Hynd, Geoffrey Marlor, Mark McManus, Paul Nielsen, Denis Nowlan, Andrew O’Neill, Anthony O’Rourke, Mark Skelton, Joseph Sowerby, Michael Speight, Anthony Towey and Thomas Wood. Keith Owen and Michael Tavinor are our Anglican guests.

The new deacons begin their ministry at Mass, John Parsons’ enthusiasm enabling him to dismiss us before the Rector can give us the blessing. Conferences on the terrace, Enzo’s wine and distant sounds of *cacciatori* guns remind us that dear old Palazzola just doesn’t change! Tuesday 13th is St Edward’s Day which we celebrate with Mass and a massive lunch, another reminder that our lakeside paradise retains all its old charm.

14th: Term begins, the Greg’s in action once more and we are now firmly established in the *centro-storico*. Opening of term Mass at San Ignazio. All College worship is in the Martyrs’ Chapel, and this seems a little strange at first although the new men are quite used to it. It serves as a concrete reminder of the developments taking place in the Church; here something new seems to appear each day, whether in paint, stone or electronics. We eagerly await the next scene in this final act of the now familiar drama — the chapel reordering.

The Rector’s opening remarks remind us that this is a year of anniversaries. The 400th commemoration of St. Ralph Sherwin’s martyrdom; Bishop Murphy O’Connor’s Silver Jubilee, as well as many others. It promises to be an eventful year.

Vocations Directors have decided that Rome is the place to meet this year. Those staying with us at the College have a first taste of Roman parish life with the House Function at S. Lorenzo. A great occasion with that Don Augusto flair. Diocese by diocese, we each wine and dine our respective

Directors, one Northern diocese having difficulty in finding a vacant "trat"!

"All Saints" is a Sunday this year, and there is some difficulty getting everyone into the Martyrs' Chapel. Among the many visitors is Norman St. John Stevas, who is seen at the College from time to time. Today he is our guest for lunch and chats amicably with the students. Next day is "All Souls" and our grave in the Campo Verano is not without a visitor or two from the College.

Sporting activities seem to be undergoing something of a revival this year. Remembrance Sunday is not only marked by a Mass at S. Silvestro, but also by a memorable cricket match in the Doria Pamphilj Gardens. The Beda are our opponents and with excellent play on both sides the best team wins! Paul Robbins rejoices in a fantastic dropped catch which we don't let him forget!

14th - 16th November: ...and this year's batch of candidates are off to Vitinia for a very enjoyable weekend in a residence normally occupied by girls studying theology in Rome. Meanwhile, back at "base" Archbishop Bruno Heim is lunching in College. Afterwards there is much talk of the forthcoming Papal visit to England as he mingles with the students. This year promises to be a milestone in the progress of relations between Britain and the Holy See. Ian Farrell celebrates his twenty-first birthday with wine at Vitinia. The Holy Father sends the First Year a little note thanking them for the flowers!

17th: Nuns Festa. Very quiet with a limited number of places in their chapel. It seems very appropriate that Bishop Agnellus Andrew should be part of this essentially Franciscan occasion.

Archbishop Michael Bowen arrives for the CUCU Auction, or at least the two events coincide. John Kenny and Anthony Towey are in the driver's seat; innumerable notices forewarning us of the coming event bear the imprint of that very special "Kenny" humour. Notices of amazing technicolour splendour splash themselves across the walls of the College and ingenious methods of extracting money manage to push the "total" higher and higher. Sponsored head and beard shaving, or publicly declaimed Shakespeare are just a few of the suggested ways of getting into those normally inaccessible pockets.

Come the night, the long and closely kept secret of the auctioneer's identity is revealed in no less a person than John Parsons as a crusader knight. Mike Gilmore and Chris Brooks assist in similar guise. In this bazaar atmosphere alluring objects and exciting ventures are auctioned; Francis Coveney bids handsomely for a day with the *Universe* crew in London. Even the episcopate is not spared, Bishop Brewer and the Archbishop make bids in the nearly-new zuchetto range! Holy water and the inevitable *zimarre* sell at top market prices, and there are all sorts of outlying events such as the glittering Austro-Hungarian Evening that later becomes a social high spot of the year. The outcome of so much generous giving and buying is that a total of £1,400 sterling is to be sent to St. John's Seminary Hyderabad. That's over three million lire!!!

As we all know, St. Catherine is patron of philosophers so naturally

enough there is a philosophers party, but not before Patrick Coleman ascends to dizzy heights as sub-deacon in that Benediction-with-a-difference which helps to mark this feast in the College calendar.

Although December brings less settled weather, activity in the College heightens, especially in the Church, where scaffolding is being dismantled and the last feather duster is getting down to work.

1st December: Martyrs' Day. A throng of guests from Rome and beyond fills the gleaming Church. Twelve new crosses mark the places where the walls will soon be anointed. Bishop Agnellus reminds us that it was on a similarly gloomy and wet day four hundred years ago that St. Ralph witnessed to the faith with his life. It is a moving ceremony, full of colour and rich in symbolism, two points particularly stand out; firstly, the closing of the bronze casket containing the relics below the *mensa*; and then the vigorous anointing of the Altar with chrism. Music accompanies and interprets these powerful actions, and somehow we leave the Church with a great sense that something very special has taken place today. Corinne Bennett is with us, as well as craftsmen and builders, in fact, everyone who has a part to play and there is a "spread" after a good morning's work.

Timothy Finigan, Eugène Harkness and Philip Egan are admitted as Candidates on 4th December.

Sad news follows when we learn that Matthew David intends to return to England. It is a great loss and the farewells are soon ringing round the *cortile*. Matthew just misses the Recollection Weekend. Each group of students and staff make off to their particular "hide"; Grottaferrata, Mondo Migliore, Vitinia, Monte Porzio and the Villa. An unexpected coach strike adds a further element of excitement, and some of the D.O.P. group prepare to settle in for another night.

Andrew Rooke returns to England owing to illness, but he is with us again by Easter. Next day, the Scots College descend upon us for Mass and supper followed by an evening of Anglo-Scottish entertainment. The Vice-Rector seems to be very much involved in the proceedings, especially the excellent beer!

13th: Sunday. Sees the reception of Susan Rabe into the Church. Paul Donovan has prepared her for this happy event which takes place within Community Mass.

As Christmas draws on, the "read-through" of the Panto gives us a foretaste of things to come. Christmas trees are going up all over Rome, most noticeably in the Piazza Venezia, which *piazza*, incidentally, has suddenly sprouted grass lawns and flowerbeds where once the traffic roared. Holly Cams are part of the Villa mystique. This year's sees a full Ref, plenty of good food, lots of *amaro* and *grappa* and singing that would rival any self respecting soccer crowd!

A Carol Service at All Saints Anglican Church provides a friendly

ecumenical occasion. Canon David Palmer makes us feel very welcome and invites us to mulled wine in the South aisle.

The lead-up to Christmas has been hectic, but the day itself is no less so. Liturgies lead into lunch, closely followed by the Panto. Guy Nicholls has written a new *Credo* which somehow manages to appear on stage as well as in Church! This year we are doing *Rumplestiltskin*, cast as follows:

Rumplestiltskin	<i>Guy Nicholls</i>
Gwendolen	<i>Keith Owen</i>
King Zosimus	<i>Stephen Porter</i>
Queen Supercilia	<i>Robert Le Tellier</i>
Prince Raimondo	<i>Eugène Harkness</i>
Percy the Miller	<i>Stephen Young</i>
Petunia	<i>Terry Phipps</i>
Jack	<i>Mike Raiswell</i>
Chamberlain	<i>John Hynd</i>
Geoffrey the Minstrel	<i>Mark Crisp</i>
Mrs Trinitron	<i>Seamus O'Boyle</i>
Hon Claude von Brachythump	<i>Joseph Callaghan</i>
Goblins	<i>Patrick Coleman</i>
	<i>Philip Egan</i>
	<i>Anthony Towey</i>
	<i>William Steele</i>
Gnomes	<i>Liam Hennessey</i>
	<i>Paul Hendricks</i>
	<i>Liam Kelly</i>
	<i>John Kenny</i>
Charwomen	<i>Martin Coyle</i>
	<i>Andrew Summersgill</i>
	<i>Frank Marsden</i>
Grand Duchess Obnoxia	<i>Andrew O'Neill</i>
Baby	<i>Francis Coveney</i>
Major Domo	<i>John Clarke</i>
von Burstenfurg	<i>Rags Hay-Will</i>
Warlock	<i>John Parsons</i>
Magician	<i>Keith Barltrop</i>
Mogadon	<i>Chris Beirne</i>
Palace Attendants	<i>Mark McManus</i>
	<i>Robert Draper</i>
	<i>Michael Gilmore</i>
	<i>Paul McPartlan</i>
Trees	<i>Paul Robbins</i>
	<i>Nick Hudson</i>
Nightingale	<i>Joseph Sowerby</i>
Geddes	<i>Paul Quinn</i>

Throgmorton
Archbishop
Bishop Marmaduke
Freddie Awful
Nurse
Gaoler

Anthony O'Rourke
Mark Skelton
Mark Drew
Tim Finigan
Ian Farrell
Denis Nowlan

And helping off-stage were...

Pianist
Stage Manager
Lighting

Michael Burke
John Nelson
Geoffrey Marlor
Paul Hendricks
Terry Phipps and team
Brian Smith and team
Martin Lewenhak
Anthony Barrett and team
John O'Brien and team

Costumes
Makeup
Cameraman
Refreshments
Stage hands

As ever, there are some outstanding character rôles, Joseph Sowerby's "Nightingale" being particularly impressive. There are various wicked theories that there is only *one* panto plot, the true genius being in the casting of the characters and their lines! Whether true or not, this year's production has all the traditional ingredients, not to mention the invaluable assistance of the children in the front row, some of whom risk near incineration on the front lights in order to get a closer look. Well done to Mark Drew and Tim Finigan, our producers, whose perception and wit made it all possible.

29th: St Thomas. More festivity; guests at lunch include Mgr. Bill Purdy who is retiring from the Secretariat for Christian Unity; Peter Nicholls, *Times* correspondent in Rome and recently honoured in the New Year Honours List; and Miss Margaret Orrel who is Catholic Secretary to the "ARCIC" commission.

Sad note — we lose Paul Quinn and his guitar to the mission. *Gita* time once again, with parties bringing in the New Year in such diverse spots as Trent, Sicily, Lecce, Florence, Malta, Vienna and Holland. Gerald Anders gets locked in a church in Frankfurt, whilst the Rector and friends find themselves on the Monserra' tower as 1982 begins.

A well attended Lauds signals the beginning of another term on January 9th. There is a noticeable increase in the number of visitors to the College, a possible pointer to the preparations and discussions for the Papal visit to England. Among them is Rev. Henry Chadwick from Cambridge. January "blues" are kept at bay with raging controversy over the "sanctification" of St. John the Baptist, hotly championed by Thomas Wood. Bryan Chestle is much concerned with the equally devastating effects of "Lilly Beetle" in the garden, and Robin Hawes' visit to *Tosca* results in a *Carabinieri* officer being called to the box to settle a humorous dispute.

The Week of Prayer for Christian Unity is marked by an Anglican Eucharist in the Martyrs' Chapel and Evensong in the Church.

29th: Friday. A most exceptional Mass — the “band” comprises an assortment of instruments rarely if ever heard in the chapel before: guitars, trumpet, clarinet, recorders, bongos, zither, cymbals, maracas and Chinese woodblocks. There may have been more... There is a medley of styles, ranging from a mediaeval setting of the *Lourdes Hymn* to a “thirties” approach to *The Light of Christ* — just a hint of Noel Coward!

29th: Bob Moloney transfers his 70th birthday celebrations to Wednesday and, after a witty speech from Francis, receives a case of light refreshment. Bob replies with all his accustomed humour.

Who says this is a dull time of year? Gerald Anders features again, this time with a monitored diet, so well observed that even a quick bite out of Mike Gilmore's puff pastry in the Greg bar does not escape notice!

As February breaks, our Anglican comrades depart for England, but Cardinal Hume and Bishops Clark and Wheeler fill the gap. The 5th is Virgilia's Confirmation Day, with many Italian guests and a *Carnevale* atmosphere.

Fire Drill is a roaring success, and participants assemble wearing various forms of night wear. Eugène sports a stylish biretta. After the break we return to celebrate Bishop Agnellus' 50th year as a priest. Francis uses his after dinner speech to advise the Bishop on how to drink the newly presented Scotch — coals to Newcastle! The Bishop replies with hints about how to get on in the Church! *Basta detto!*

Whirring cameras now begin to zoom up and down the Ref, competing with David Long's laugh! Even the football field is not safe, and Mike Raiswell nearly sends a cameraman flying. Its all for a Yorkshire T.V. production in connection with — you've guessed it — the Papal visit!

John O'Brien continues to shepherd eager parties of skiing fans to the snow covered slopes of Monte Terminillo. Patrick manages to do himself an injury and ends up in bed. The majority have varied experiences ranging from the smooth success of a perfect descent to tangles with persistent trees which manage to get in the way.

Ash Wednesday: Geoffrey and Mrs. Chapman are in lunch and present us with new lectionaries. Visit temporarily disappears as a weekday feature and is replaced by the Anthem to Our Lady after Vespers. Lent seems to be one of the busiest times of the year, and already the timetable begins to bulge with more and more activities.

A week later... Three very memorable guests pass through the House, leaving their own very particular mark. Fr. Gerry O'Collins gives a wonderfully characteristic Conference on Wednesday night; Thursday sees Bishop Konstant enjoying himself at the Villa; Friday evening has Sir Mark

Heath as guest to speak to Forum. We are enthralled by our new Ambassador to the Holy See, as he outlines the history of relations between our country and the Vatican; an informative and entertaining evening.

Martin Coyle leaves us, but not without a party to see him safely on his way. We will miss him — and his excellent parties!

March 11th. Le Match. Resulting from a French College challenge, Adrian Lee has been training a group of College men in that gentleman's game, Rugby Football. The venue for the match is the N.A.C. Despite pre-match roars from the French, our men are a force to be reckoned with, and press home to victory: V.E.C. 35, French College 4. Several casualties on both sides; Brian Purfield coming off worst! There is a friendly atmosphere, both teams playing with great gusto and obviously enjoying themselves. College support is not lacking, and even the Vice-Rector abandons his fellow gardener, Anthony Barratt, to the wiggery, and zooms down to Rome from the Villa for the match.

Events follow closely on each other's heels. Liam Kelly's production of *The Happiest Days of Your Life* opens on the 19th. Not an easy play to do, since the comedy depends heavily on a rapid delivery of lines. Endless rehearsals, forgotten lines, and uncontrollable fits of laughter somehow come together to make an hilarious first night. After a slow start, the audience warms up and greets entrance after entrance with gales of laughter. The play gathers momentum, and there are moments when everyone fears for the health of Dermot Power, who seems to be submerged in a sea of mirth. Whatever else can be said about the genre of the humour, the audience lap it up. The cast was as follows:

Dick Tassell	<i>Brian Purfield</i>
Rainbow	<i>Stephen Young</i>
Rupert Billings	<i>Stephen Porter</i>
Godfrey Pond	<i>Robert Draper</i>
Miss Evelyn Whitchurch	<i>Terry Phipps</i>
Miss Gossage	<i>Paul McPartlan</i>
Hopcroft Minor	<i>Joe Callaghan</i>
Barbara Cahoun	<i>Ian Farrell</i>
Joyce Harper	<i>Andrew O'Neill</i>
Rev. Edward Peck	<i>Denis Nowlan</i>
Mrs. Peck	<i>David Manson</i>
Edgar Sowter	<i>John Hynd</i>
Mrs. Sowter	<i>David Long</i>

Off stage were:

Lighting	<i>Mark Crisp</i>
Scenery	<i>John Nelson and Andrew Summersgill</i>
Costumes	<i>Terry Phipps</i>
Make-up	<i>Brian Smith and Gerry Anders</i>

Since St. Patrick's day crops up about this time of year, what better way to keep the feast than by a game of Gaelic football. This may be the *English* College, but that in no way prevents a good number of the chaps from turning out to play the Irish in a superb match on the N.A.C. field. The action takes place on the 27th March. The mysteries of "toe-tapping" are revealed, and although we don't win the match, all concerned obviously enjoy both this new experience and the meal afterwards at the Irish College. Score: Irish 22, English 16.

Robert Le Tellier is in Salzburg to launch his new book. Our new theology tutor is announced to be Tim Galligan, a recent student; he will replace Keith next semester. Fr. Chris Pemberton, now in residence with us for another summer, celebrates his 20th year as a priest. The Rector gets a new car, a very nifty Ford Escort. On the Annunciation the wedding of Neville Clark, a former student, takes place in Naples. Many *Venerabilini* are there to support him, although Philip's car breaks down only a few miles from Rome.

New candidates are admitted on March 30th. They are John Arnold, Anthony Barratt, Joseph Callaghan, Mark Drew, Ian Farrell, Robert Le Tellier, David Long, Peter McGrail, David Manson, Michael Raiswell, Paul Robbins, Brian Smith, and Stephen Young. Good wine and *dolce* after.

As a climax to Lent, Edward Koroway and John Parsons are ordained priests on Saturday April 3rd. This is one of the major events of the College year, and an opportunity for us to celebrate the very reason for our being here. Families and friends pack the chapel: Bishop Agnellus celebrates the rite; and there are several very moving moments, not least the vesting of the new priests, and the very personal first blessings after Mass. Once again there are several languages to be heard in the chapel, as both our ordinands are from distant parts of the globe. A marvellous feast follows, crowned with a characteristic "Parsons" speech! Edward sings the community Mass next day, and John says the Nuns' Mass.

So we come to Holy Week, almost without realising it. Olive branches are distributed, and Fr. Cipungco O.S.B. from S. Anselmo leads the day of recollection, giving it a liturgical slant. On Tuesday the Rector presides, in skull-cap and prayer shawl at the Villa Passover Meal. This has been arranged by Rags and Keith. Billy Steele plays the role of "Mother", and Andrew Summersgill is *bambino!* Songs and hymns are sung, and many benefit from this new contribution to the quiet day. Now the Easter Triduum is upon us, and the passion is beautifully sung to a very full church that spills out into the street. It is particularly good to see the church doors open so that the occasional passer-by can look in. On Saturday night the new fire blazes forth in the darkened garden, helped along by pyromaniac sacristans. We notice that the "Easter Tree" has broken out into *meaningful* blossom as the bells ring out the newly composed Easter *Gloria*. *Awake Sleeper* resounds, and Easter joy is celebrated with wine and *colomba* in the Common Room.

The schola do not feature in this year's papal Mass in St. Peter's square, but this does not stop the tradition of English College singers being present, and sure enough a becassocked John Hynd is picked up on Italian T.V. cameras during the *Urbi et Orbi*. A serious note creeps into the Pope's speech as he mentions the hostilities between Argentina and Britain, a reminder that the resurrection life isn't just about bells and bunnies! By the time most people have woken from their *dopo-pranzo* slumbers a steady trickle of students are beginning their spring "hols": Sardinia, Capri and the Veneto featuring in the list of destinations.

For those who remain behind there is a week of sightseeing and entertainments for visiting families and friends. "Koroway Tours" is a new venture that helps to solve some of those "travel headaches". Visits include Assisi and the Castelli towns. Suor Gemma is in great voice, and adds her own special dimension to the coach trips.

As the summer heat begins to mount, and exams appear on the horizon, we look back on an eventful year. There were a few serious illnesses, and even now some are recovering in England. We wish them well and look forward to their speedy return. Meanwhile this diary is already out of date, and all that remains to be said is, that whatever happens at 45 Monserrato Street, we can always echo those immortal, rectorial words: "It's great to be here!"

Stephen Young

PERSONAL

Staff Changes

July 1982: Fr. Keith Barltrop completes his time as Theology Tutor to return to England, and Fr. Timothy Galligan succeeds him.

Priests leaving the College during 1982

Anthony Doe (Brentwood), ordained Deacon 11th July 1980 and Priest 10th April 1981, has studied for the Licence in Spirituality at the Gregorian University, making a special study of "Inner Healing and Contemplative Prayer".

Paul Donovan (Northampton), ordained Deacon 11th July 1980 and Priest 19th July 1981, has studied for the Licence in Dogmatic Theology at the Gregorian University, presenting a *tesina* on the Church's Role in the salvation of the Unbaptised.

Robert Draper (Plymouth), ordained Deacon 11th July 1980 and Priest 1st August 1981, has studied for the Licence in Fundamental Theology at the Gregorian University, specialising in "The Role of Scripture in the thought of Richard Hooker".

Paul Haffner (Portsmouth), ordained Deacon 11th July 1980 and Priest 10th April 1981, has studied for the Licence in Fundamental Theology at the Gregorian University, presenting a dissertation on questions on Faith and Science.

David Lewis (Portsmouth), ordained Deacon 11th July 1980 and Priest 25th July 1981, has studied for the Licence in Ecclesiastical History at the Gregorian University, presenting a *tesina* on "Public Reaction to the Restoration of the Hierarchy in 1850".

Seamus O'Boyle (Westminster), ordained Deacon 11th July 1980 and Priest 18th July 1981, has studied for the Licence in Fundamental Theology at the Gregorian University, presenting a *tesina* on "Revelation in Non-Christian Religions".

Brian Purfield (Birmingham), ordained Deacon 11th July 1980 and Priest 26th July 1981, has studied for the Licence in Moral Theology at the Gregorian University, presenting a *tesina* on the discussion regarding the characteristics of Magisterial declarations concerning the Natural Moral Law.

Anglican Students at the College

Keith Owen
Michael Tavinor

Inter Alia

Fr. Dermot Power (Westminster) arrived in October in order to study for a Licence in Spirituality at the Gregorian University.

Paul Quinn (Westminster), ordained Deacon 14th July 1981, returned to the diocese in December.

We extend our warmest congratulations and best wishes to Bishop Agnellus Andrew on reaching his Golden Jubilee of Priesthood in February 1982.

COLLEGE NOTES

Sport

Association Football. This has been a season of mixed fortunes for the College soccer team. A lot of interest has been shown by those who came to watch the games and by those who offered to play. The difficulties of finding pitches to play on and times to play have remained, although since Christmas the North American College has generously allowed us to use their pitch when available.

Two games were played before Christmas. The first a 6-0 defeat against a well organized Swiss Guards side, and the second a 6-0 victory against the North American College.

The first match after Christmas was a highly competitive game against the "Fraugs" (Irish Franciscans and Augustinians) which we were rather unfortunate to lose 4-2. The following match, a return match against the Swiss Guards, was our best game of the season. The College dominated the first half, leading 2-0 at the interval. Then we suffered our usual ailment of fading in the second half, and we had to defend strongly to limit a rejuvenated Guards side to a single goal. The final game after Christmas was against the Oblates which we lost 3-2 to a team of very skilful players, playing a Brazilian type of soccer.

The College was represented this season by Messrs. Beirne, Callaghan, David, Finigan, Gilmore, Hay-Will, Kelly (Capt.), Kenny, Lee, Maasburg, McPartlan, Nielsen, O'Rourke, Phipps, Purfield, Raiswell, Speight, Towey.

Rugby. The shock news reached the College in November. A declaration of war? No, the French College had challenged the English College to a game of rugby. No present student can remember the last game played by a College team, but we accepted, postponing the fixture so that adequate preparations could be made. We used the two Sunday afternoons before the match to train at the *Doria Pam*, among the throngs of Roman families, courting couples and soccer playing *ragazzi*. We must have looked a strange bunch.

The training was tough, but necessary, since most of us had not played the game for at least six years.

The game was played on the 11th March at the North American College. Our captain, Terry Phipps, presented the French captain with a copy of Michael Williams' College history, which had been inscribed and signed by our players.

The standard of play was high. The French pack was strong and dominated the line-outs, though scrummaging was equal. The English backs, however, were a little too strong for the French, and we ran out winners by 35-4. The game was thoroughly enjoyed by all who played, and by the many supporters who came from both colleges to cheer on the teams. It was played in a good competitive spirit, and to show how physically demanding it had been, there were innumerable stiff legs, arms and shoulders for many days afterwards.

The College was represented by Messrs. Speight, Phipps, Hynd, Young, Curtis, Finigan, Gilmore, Arnold, Purfield (1 try), Lee (2 tries, 1 penalty, 4 conversions), Nelson, Raiswell (1 try), O'Rourke (1 try), Towey (1 try), Beirne.

Cricket. The *Associazione Italiana di Cricket* last year provided an opportunity for Venerabile cricketers to wield a bat once again. Players from the College formed a major proportion of the joint Colleges' team which also included players from the *Gesù*, the Scots' College and the O.M.I.'s.

Our first match was against an eager Italian team at St. George's — an asphalt football pitch on which the new ball insisted upon by the *Associazione* for each innings became decidedly haggard after about an over or so. After gaining a moderate score we were set to bowl the Italians out well within the overs' limit but a stubborn tail-ender stopped the rot and the last man, having just been instructed by his captain on how to hold a bat, proved himself an exasperatingly quick learner, stayed in for the last four balls and gave the Italians a narrow victory. It is indeed true, as Flanders and Swann put it, "They argue with umpires and cheer when they've won and practice beforehand — which ruins the fun", but some lost dignity was restored when we won the return match at the comparatively luxurious venue of the Aqua Acetosa hockey pitch. In the early part of the season we also defeated the Beda and the Embassies only to lose both return matches in the autumn.

Many of our matches were played at the Doria Pamphilj gardens which provide pleasant surroundings, although play was often hampered by the need to explain to afternoon strollers that watching the game from the position of short fine leg was neither permitted nor safe. On an afternoon with more than its fair share of such interruptions, Anthony O'Rourke warmed everyone's heart by lobbing a near six into a crowd of spectators standing at extra cover and going on to make a rumbustious fifty.

The limited overs matches made high scoring difficult and great credit is

therefore due to Brian Purfield (the only other member of the College to make a half-century), who scored 129 runs in 4 innings, losing his wicket only twice. Tim Finigan was opening bowler, taking 13 for 154 while Brian Purfield showed his value as an all-rounder with bowling figures of 7 for 73.

Individual performances are no avail on their own, however, and the Colleges' team very often managed by secure and consistent fielding to scare the opposing batsmen into being very cautious about running between the wickets.

Brian Purfield, Tim Finigan, Mike Raiswell, John Kenny, Chris Brooks, Paul McPartlan, Keith Barltrop and Paul Robbins all represented the *Venerabile* in the team during the season while *nuovi* Anthony O'Rourke, Anthony Towey, Paul Nielsen, Geoffrey Marlor and Rags Hay-Will made showings in the autumn matches.

Joe Callaghan captained the side ably throughout and kept wicket as well as managing the complex arrangements with the other Colleges to make sure that all the fixtures actually took place.

This year, the *Venerabile* is to field a team of its own, the support of so many men from the first year ensuring that we have a rich squad for the coming season.

Gaelic Football. On Saturday 27th March we battled in Irish fashion against an excellent Irish team in a game that was enjoyed very much by all players and spectators. The score was the English 5-1, the Irish 4-10.

It was a contrast in styles, the English favouring the Kerry tactics of catch and kick, whilst the more skilful Irish moved the ball very well. A full-back line of Robbins, Phipps, and Nelson, which blocked all opposition attacks in the first half, raised the hopes of the English team; and a forward line of Towey, Kelly and O'Rourke, which riddled the Irish defence at will, led to the many scores coming from Towey, Kenny, Hay-Will and others; whilst Nielsen in goal was the hero of the English side.

High tribute should be paid to those who trained hard to learn the rules and method of play before accepting the Irish challenge. Games like this have set alight inter-college relationships, and that is the best result possible.

Mike Raiswell, Tim Finigan and Chris Beirne

Schola Notes

It is recorded somewhere in the College archives that in the early 1580s an attempt was made to form a Schola with three voices. Whether this meant three parts or three singers I am not quite sure! However by 1582 Felice Anerio who was later to become a well-known composer was Schola-

Master here for two years. It is also recorded that Victoria was ordained priest in the Church of Saint Thomas in the 1570s.

Four hundred years later the Schola is very much flourishing and has experienced a highpoint over the last two years; it has even attracted the attention of our ever-vigilant *Venerabile* editor. The reason for its prominence is that we have been blessed with good singers who have worked hard; coupled with the talent and vision of Guy Nicholls, the former Schola-Master, who was able to focus and channel our efforts.

The result has been a regular participation in the liturgy through the singing of motets, psalms, acclamations and occasionally magnificats. Where appropriate these were of some ingenuity. Last year, for example, Allegri's famous *Miserere* was performed on Ash Wednesday using a solo quartet of voices in dialogue with the rest of the Schola. The former sang from the Tribune. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception Monteverdi's *Ave Maris Stella* was sung, using on 8 part choir, recorder ensemble, organ, lute and viola. Arranging and adapting these works for our resources as well as writing his own compositions for the Schola was the initiative of Guy... and the Schola followed, growing in confidence.

Outside of our own celebrations the Schola continued to give support to San Lorenzo, the Chiesa Nuova, Santa Caterina, Mater Dei and Sant'Agnese. Of particular note was a very fruitful link with Pat McEnroe at Vatican Radio for whom a considerable amount was recorded and subsequently used by him in his religious broadcasts; also a dramatic reading of the Apocalypse together with music written specially for it by Guy and recorded in the College Church. This was organised and directed by Sean Deehan and Christopher Pemberton.

I am writing now some twelve months after the events described. My own appointment as Schola-Master was originally "co-adjutor with right of succession" which in a way reflects the growth of activity of the Schola, and perhaps now we need a business manager who could organise practices — this is still the most difficult part of the job!

Recently, with the media interest in Rome aroused by the approaching Papal visit to England, we have had an I.T.V. film crew and a B.B.C. radio programme gathering material on College life and including excerpts from the Schola's "Greatest Hits". Thomas Tallis' *If Ye Love Me, Keep My Commandments* has perhaps become a household favourite. Certainly it is as well known here as *Ad Multos Annos*.

John Hodgson

OBITUARY

Father John A. Lyons

Father John Aloysius Lyons, Parish Priest of St. Vincent's, Altrincham, died on 8th February, 1980. He had been ill for some eighteen months and had undergone surgery for lung cancer in November 1978. He made a good, albeit temporary, recovery and was able to return to his presbytery at Easter 1979. He worked vigorously in the parish until the end of October and was able during that time to lead a pilgrimage to Lourdes and to visit Rome for the fourth centenary of the English College. Both occasions gave great joy to Father Lyons and were indicative of two aspects of his spirituality: his profound devotion to Our Lady and his deep sense of obedience to the Pope and to his bishop. The Rosary was Father Lyons' most frequent private prayer, a particular consolation to him during the last week of his life when he was too ill to offer Mass or read the Divine Office. Father Lyons' unquestioning obedience helped him towards many changes in the Church consequent upon the Second Vatican Council. Both by temperament and by training, he was conservative theologically but did not allow his private wishes to dictate his public policies. He was delighted when, during his last visit to Rome, he was received in private audience by the Holy Father; and when he produced photographs to prove it to his parishioners he did so with a boyish sense of triumph.

Father Lyons was born in Birkenhead in 1909 and went to school locally. He was educated for the priesthood at Ushaw, for which he always retained a deep respect, and the Venerable. After his ordination in 1934 and his return to the diocese in 1935 rarely, if ever, did he miss a meeting of the Roman Association. His one curacy was at St. Joseph's, Wallasey (1935-46). He showed tremendous physical and moral courage particularly in the war years. He was wounded quite severely by a blast from a bomb, but recovered well from this incident and suffered no subsequent ill effects, though a piece of shrapnel was found to be in his leg shortly before he died. Father Lyons' first appointment as Parish Priest was to the new mission of St. Peter's, Baguley, on the rapidly expanding Wythenshawe estate in

Manchester. His flock were mostly newcomers to the diocese, and so he and his assistants made it a priority to visit homes frequently. His aim was to build up a parish community; and to this end he built a church and established three schools. Indeed, it is for his contribution to education in the area that Father Lyons will be most remembered by the people he served. In March 1965, he moved to Altrincham. There he succeeded Canon John Donnelly, who had been Parish Priest for twenty-four years. Thus, it took some time for the community to adjust to the change of pastor. Father Lyons continued with, and helped realise, his predecessor's plans for a new primary school; and gave himself over to the provision of schools with the same zeal as he had shown at St. Peter's. He manifested a lasting interest in the spiritual, moral and intellectual formation of the children of his parish and was never narrowly dogmatic over the political organisation of their schools.

Father Lyons was always a man of simple tastes. He was fond of walking. He recalled holidays as a student in the Alps, the Dolomites and the Abruzzi. He once spent a fortnight with a companion crossing the Great St. Bernard. And he told with joy of another expedition to the Gran Sasso when one of the party, now a very distinguished prelate, insisted on taking a gun lest they should meet wolves. Jacky Lyons remarked that he would have had great difficulty in hitting the Gran Sasso! He loved the College but visited it infrequently in his latter years because he could not adjust to the noise and pace of life in modern Rome. With his death, the Shrewsbury Diocese has lost a great servant and the English College a most loyal son. We are sure of his happiness, for his life was a preparation for his longed-for home. May he rest in peace.

A.C. Cogliolo

Father Thomas Bonaventure Sowerby

When asked by the editor to write an obituary of Fr Tom Sowerby, my first reaction was that I only knew him in his latter years; and so asked Monsignor Wilfred Buxton to take over. Since he felt the opposite, we agreed to split the difference and he would begin.

"Born in Lancaster, Tom Sowerby came to the Venerable by way of the Catholic College, the Jesuit school in Preston. His talents were considerable, his facility in Latin being soon evident in the elegant chorus he composed for our First Year song. He carried his learning easily and took all his examinations unflappably and in his stride. His large frame, not as burly as it was to become, was an asset in his rugby and cricket. At the end of the first year, we eleven had the temerity to challenge the rest of the house at cricket and our famous victory was largely due to Tom's skill as a fast bowler. His low-register voice earned him a permanent place in the schola and opera, and he was the nucleus of the bourdon in the Common Room Octet. He was an easy going and very natural person, his simple and unaffected approach

to life making him an engaging companion and winning him the ever deepening affection and respect of his contemporaries. We were ordained together, February 11th, 1945, but our ways soon parted and so I hand over this appreciation to one better placed to speak of Tom's thirty-six years of priesthood."

His life in the Lancaster diocese was exclusively pastoral. He served as a curate in Carlisle, Barrow, Thornton and Preston. It was while in Barrow that he reached the peak of his sporting career — all ten wickets in an innings in the local league, though, sadly, he was playing for the Methodists. (Oh, pudor, etc. cf. Avancinus.) He then became Parish Priest of Silloth in the extreme corner of the diocese before returning to Preston to take charge of the Sacred Heart parish for the last twelve years of his life. It was there that I was lucky enough to have him as a neighbour and to get to know him as something more than an untidy heavyweight with the ugliest swing and the biggest thirst in the Lancaster Clergy Golfing Society.

One of the sadder aspects of Tom's life was that his talents were never really used at diocesan level. Even his massive contribution to the Lourdes Pilgrimages were due to his self-taught skills as a cameraman. The happy side-effect was his major contribution to priestly life, of which I was one of many beneficiaries. As far as Dogmatic Theology was concerned, he never really came to terms with Vatican II. Many a heated argument took place over his dining table and many a time were our "Modernist" views damned (and blasted) with anathemas couched in language not to be found in the chaste pages of his Denzinger. I shall never forget his shocked dismay at a deanery conference on Original Sin, primarily due to the paper being read by Father "Tim" Courtney, S.J., then an elderly curate but *olim* professor at the P.U.G. and Stonyhurst. It didn't help that he was the Dean! It is typical of Tom's vast kindness and human sympathy that he could see nothing incongruous in being, simultaneously, the greatest laxist imaginable in *Re Morali!*

Out of the blue, having hardly troubled the medical profession in his life, he collapsed in September, 1980 with a stomach haemorrhage that would have killed a less strong man. He was never to recover his full health, yet, although his girth shrank, his hospitality and kindness stayed constant. Twelve months later, just as he appeared to be almost his old self, there was a recurrence and he died peacefully a few days later on October 15th, 1981. It is hard to believe that rumbling belly laugh is stilled for ever, though if his theology of heaven was valid, we'll hear its celestial counterpart up above. There could be no better epitaph than the vast number of priests at his funeral. It was a record of which Tom can be justly proud.

T.V. Smith

Canon Gerard Rickaby

According to a *Tessera Admissionis in Universitatem*, "D. Gerardus Rickaby e Vener: Coll: Anglorum relatus est in album Universitatis die 10 mense Novem. anno 1928." It is stamped and initialled by the *Secretarius* and his number was 392! Such little documents as a *Tessera* are probably difficult to find, but Canon Gerard Thomas Rickaby was very proud of being a *Venerabilino* and of having studied at the "Greg", and so his very personal keepsakes contained his *Tessera*.

He was a Yorkshireman, of Yorkshire parents, born in York on 16th October 1910, inside the walls of the city on the left bank of the Ouse, a little downstream from Ousebridge, the scene of St. Margaret Clitheroe's passion, and about three hundred yards from the Bar Convent on the right bank, a short step from the "Tyburn" on the Knavesmire. How excited and thrilled he would be with a Papal visit to the Knavesmire, so hallowed by Martyrs' blood and so near his early home. He was baptised in St. George's parish on Oct. 25th 1910, whence one would have watched Robert Aske hanging in chains in 1535 — on Clifford's Tower.

Before his birth his parents had run a farm at the northern edge of Easingwold. He started school in St. George's Primary School under the Rue de Bac Sisters of Charity with the butterfly headgear — thence through parental movement he schooled at St. Peter's Scarborough, and at the age of 13 he became a boarder at the Marist Grammar School for boys in Linthorpe, Middlesbrough.

At the age of 17 he went to Ushaw for one year, going on to the Venerable and the Gregorian University as stated on his *Tessera*. Rick relished Rome. He had been born in a Roman city that had once been Catholic with its St. Peter's (the Minster) and 42 other one-time Catholic churches, many of whose dedications are still Roman. He was a man of enthusiasm; an enthusiasm that kept him hard at it till his death at 71 years.

He had known Dr. Godfrey at Ushaw, and when Mgr. Godfrey became his Rector, kindred spirits were thrown together. They had a zeal for good liturgy and the Divine Office, a great love for Latin, and a great love for Italian, and a great edge towards *Romanità*.

1934 found a young man eager for ordination, longing to offer the Holy Sacrifice and eager to be back in England to spread his love for the Holy See. His appointment to St. Philomena's Middlesbrough close to the Marist Boys' Grammar School put him back on familiar ground, where for four years his enthusiasm is still remembered by those who enjoyed his "Bright Young Things" dances which sparked off so many still happy marriages. The appointment of Mgr. Godfrey to open an Apostolic Delegation in England led to Fr. Rickaby being called to be the first private secretary to the new Archbishop. In 1942 he returned to the diocese as a curate, first at St. Patrick's in Hull, and in 1943 back at St. Philomena's in Middlesbrough for

the next six years. For six years more he was chaplain to St. William's School, Market Weighton, a poor boys' establishment, and while there looked after the parish during the ageing Parish Priest's latter years. From there he founded the Annual Diocesan Pilgrimage to Lourdes which he ran almost up till his death.

Twenty-one years after his ordination he became a Parish Priest at Filey on the coast. Here he was on the Filey Council, and undertook other diocesan work. In 1963 he became an Hon. Chaplain of Lourdes, and in 1973 he was appointed to the diocesan chapter.

With much experience as a governor of schools, he resigned his parish in 1975 to take up private residence in Guisborough and devote himself full time as Diocesan Secretary for Schools in North Yorkshire. There were many great tributes from the North Yorkshire Education Committee after his sudden death on 3rd February 1981 in his 72nd year. He always said "I want to die in harness", ...this he did, on his way between home and the curial offices, North Ormesby.

May he rest in peace. An example to us all!

Peter L. Storey

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