

THE
VENERABILE

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AND PRESENT STUDENTS
OF THE VENERABLE
ENGLISH COLLEGE
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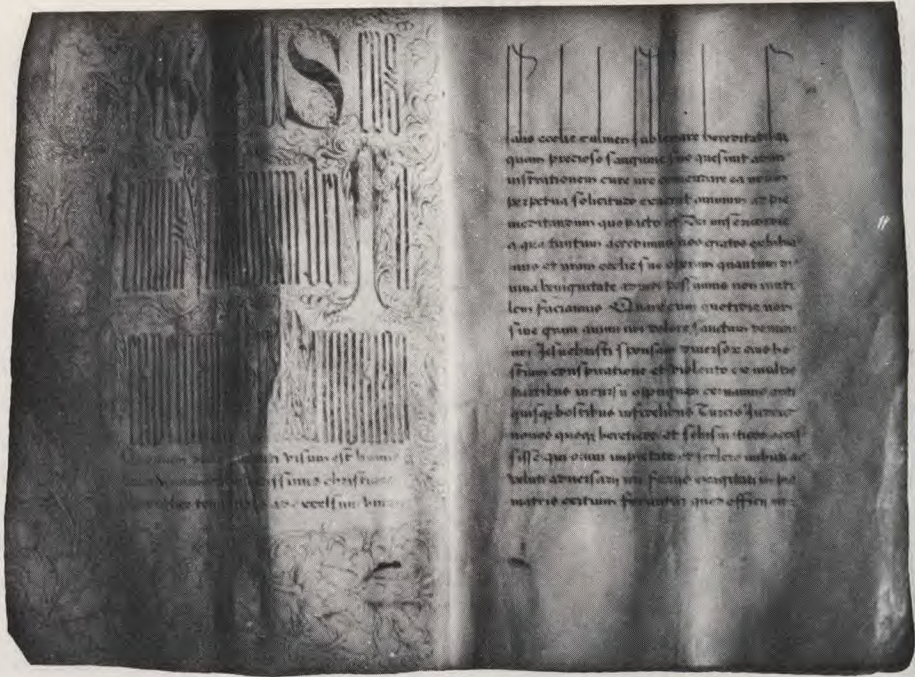
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Editors

EDITORIAL

Although the centenary year is now over, the memory of the celebrations and their effects linger strongly, both in the College and in England. This edition of 'The Venerabile' is, in some way, designed to recapture the flavour of that year, especially from the opening ceremonies of December 29th 1978 until the Summer of 1979. Its sequel, the next issue of the magazine, will include the events of October, the visit of His Holiness Pope John Paul II on December 6th, and the closing of the year.

As we enter our fifth century, and more immediately, the 1980s, 'The Venerabile' must reflect what the College is today, with its work and prayer, its interests, and its ever widening connections both in Rome and Italy and in England. The College is summoned to show its openness to the past, the present and the future, and any issue of a college magazine must also mirror this openness. 'The Venerabile' depends on the interest, the ideas, the help, and the articles, academic and otherwise, not only of present students, but of all the students of the college, and its guests, visitors and friends. With such help, the magazine can continue and grow as a witness to the Church, local and universal.



FROM THE POPE, ON THE OCCASION OF OUR MAY CELEBRATIONS...

"Dear Sons and Brothers and Friends in Jesus Christ. On this Solemnity of the Ascension of our Lord, the Pope is happy to offer the Eucharistic Sacrifice with you and for you. I am happy to be with the students and staff of the Venerable English College in this year in which you are celebrating your fourth centenary. And today, in a special way, I feel spiritually close to you, to your parents and your families, and to all the faithful of England and Wales - to all who are united in the faith of Peter and Paul, in the faith of Jesus Christ. The traditions of generosity and fidelity that have been exemplified in the life of your college for four hundred years are present in my heart this morning. You have come to give thanks and praise to God for what has been accomplished by his grace in the past, and to find strength to go forward—under the protection of Our Blessed Lady—in the fervour of your forefathers, many of whom laid down their lives for the Catholic faith..."

H.H. John Paul II, at Mass on the 24th of May, in the Lourdes Grotto of the Vatican gardens.

THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE COLLEGE

It is right that the celebration of the Fourth Centenary should inspire in us some sense of pride in the College, as it brings to mind its long history. With the Hospice before it, there has been an English presence on this site since 1362 and we have a good claim to be the oldest English institution with a virtually unbroken history on the continent of Europe. A feeling for history can be an imaginative exercise. If you handle a document from the archives or a book with Cardinal Pole's name in it, you can feel a contact with the past and a fascination as you wonder about Pole or whoever wrote that document. What were they like? What did they think? You want to find out more and to enter into their spirit. It can be the same with an ancient building. Pilgrims coming to stay in the Summer feel its antiquity. Pope John Paul II said recently that in Rome the very stones bear witness to the faith of centuries and the same is true of the College. Even though the present buildings are later than the time of the martyrs, something of their presence remains in its history.

It is very easy when you are actually living in a place to forget all about its history, just as a masterpiece, if passed every day could easily be ignored. Sometimes it is good just to stand and look and the Fourth Centenary can help us to do that - to stand and look at our history. This year we have done this on a few occasions and in particular, we have listened to the Missionary oath and the commitment our predecessors made to work in England; and the extract from the Bull read on May 1st took us back to our origins at the time of Gregory XIII and Cardinal Allen.

Mere history can be very dry, but as schools are realising, local history comes alive, because it is close and relevant and its effects are still felt - because it belongs to us and is part of our personal history. Maybe not all are inspired by it, but many draw strength and encouragement from tracing their roots back to the past. An historical perspective helps us to see an institution as a living body, as we look at its former influences, its growth and its change.

These are some of the feelings that the Fourth Centenary can inspire in us. But it is also true that mere antiquarism, while being an intriguing hobby, may not have much practical effect. We look to the past also to help us in the present.

The Fourth Centenary has been, an occasion for celebration and thanksgiving. If I may be excused for introducing a personal memory - after the First World War, my mother told me how my grandfather, as mayor of Reading, organised a carnival in the town. People complained about the money being wasted, but in fact, its effect was to lift people's spirits and it was a great morale booster. We need festivity. A shared celebration increases unity and friendship and gives encouragement. It is good to be together and to enjoy together a celebration, and such an experience can help all of us.

For us, celebration is never merely secular for we celebrate with the Eucharist and our thanksgiving is to God. As we remember His goodness to us, we are brought closer to Him.

The College has been dedicated to preparing students to work as priests on the mission in England and Wales. That mission has changed through the centuries. The first priests set out in the wake of the Council of Trent inspired by its decrees and reform. There is a parallel today as students imbibe the spirit of Vatican II and realise that it is their task to lead the Church in its renewal.

I sometimes think that the College has never been better known, at least outside Catholic circles, than it is today, and its reputation stands high. Much of this publicity has come from the fact that two Archbishops of Canterbury have stayed here on official visits to the Pope. The pilgrims in the Summer, many of them not Catholics, also spread news of it. This reflects a change in the times, the growth of ecumenism and the greater acceptance of the Catholic Church in our country. And yet, if we look back to the Seventeenth century, it is surprising to find the names of Milton and Evelyn in the Pilgrim Book. Even then some prominent non-Catholic visitors came. We have been and we must remain an English presence in Rome, representing our country, and recognised as such.

Our task is also to bring a Roman influence to England. And again I feel that rarely has the theology at the Gregorian been more significant and alive — though there may be some students who would not agree with me — but one can also look back to the great names of the past like St. Robert Bellarmine as formative thinkers. We hope that priests from here will have an influence on the thinking at home. Many priests of the past have acquired a broadness of mind and culture from Rome and this could be important today as we become more conscious of European Unity.

I have been greatly heartened by the interest in the Fourth Centenary shown by members of the Roman Association, which reflects the affection for the College of so many former students. I am most grateful for the support and encouragement they have given us.

I am very grateful also to the Bishops, for their support of the College in sending us students — in 1978 and now in 1979 the College is starting the year absolutely full—and for giving us the money needed for the new boilers. The lowest periods in the College history have been when it lacked the support of the

Hierarchy, particularly at the end of the eighteenth century. Their interest is vital to us. We hope to respond by making ourselves worthy of their trust.

The Pope celebrated Mass for the College, together with The Bede, on Ascension Thursday in connection with our May 1st anniversary. Gregory XIII took a very personal interest in the early history of the College and many Popes have visited us as the wall plaques record. Part of our history is our closeness to and loyalty to the Papacy, and this too must continue in the future.

In these ways and many others, our Fourth Centenary illustrates a continuing tradition of which we are proud and to which we hope, in our turn, to contribute.

G.A. Hay
Rector

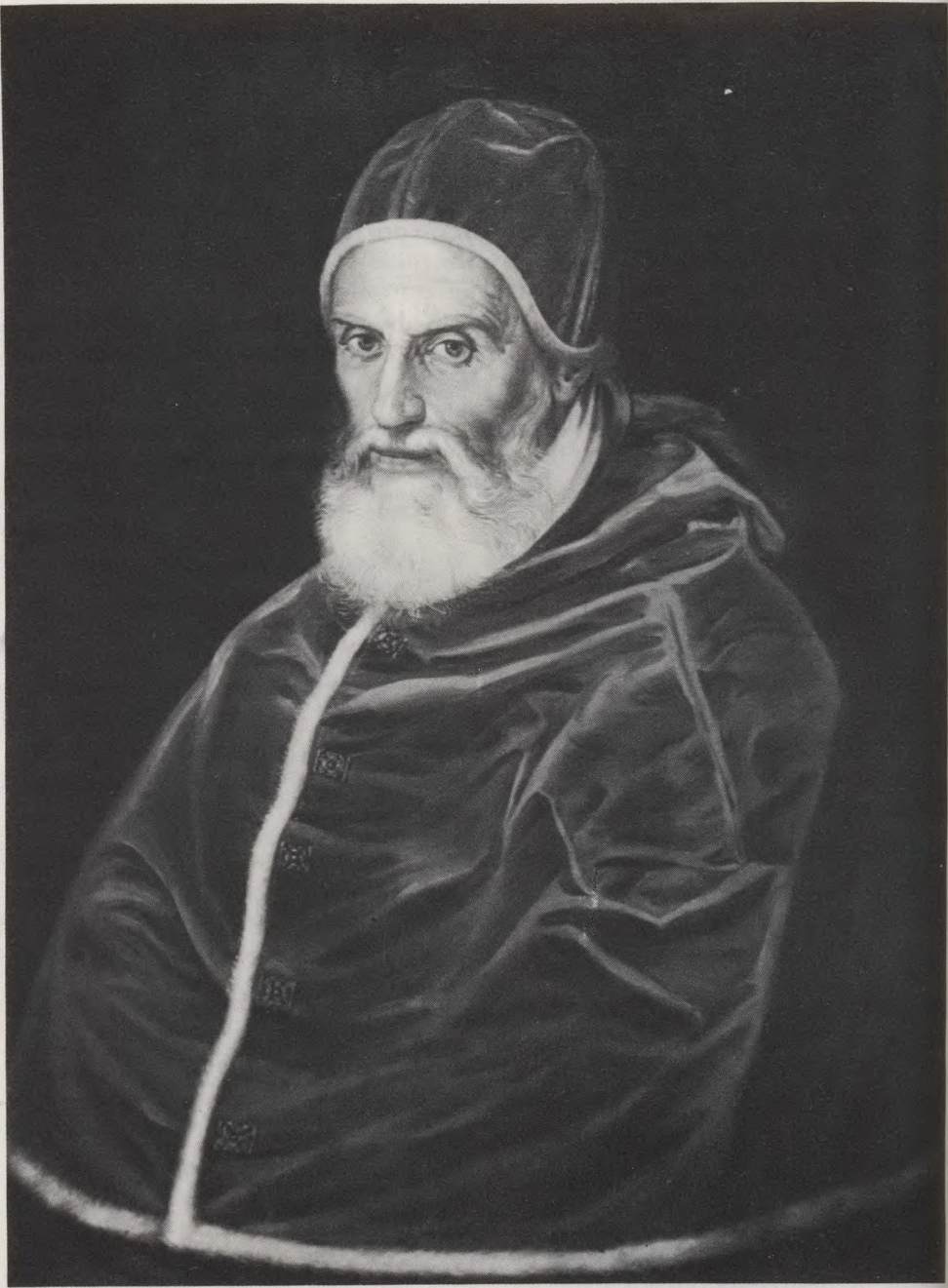
THE BEGINNINGS - MAY 1st 1579

No Centenary issue of *The Venerabile* would be complete without recalling the fact that the College nearly closed down as soon as it was opened. Factions between the English and Welsh, between conservative and more progressive (i.e. supporting Trent) and a general feeling that Doctor Clynog was not fit to be Rector, caused the following scenes:

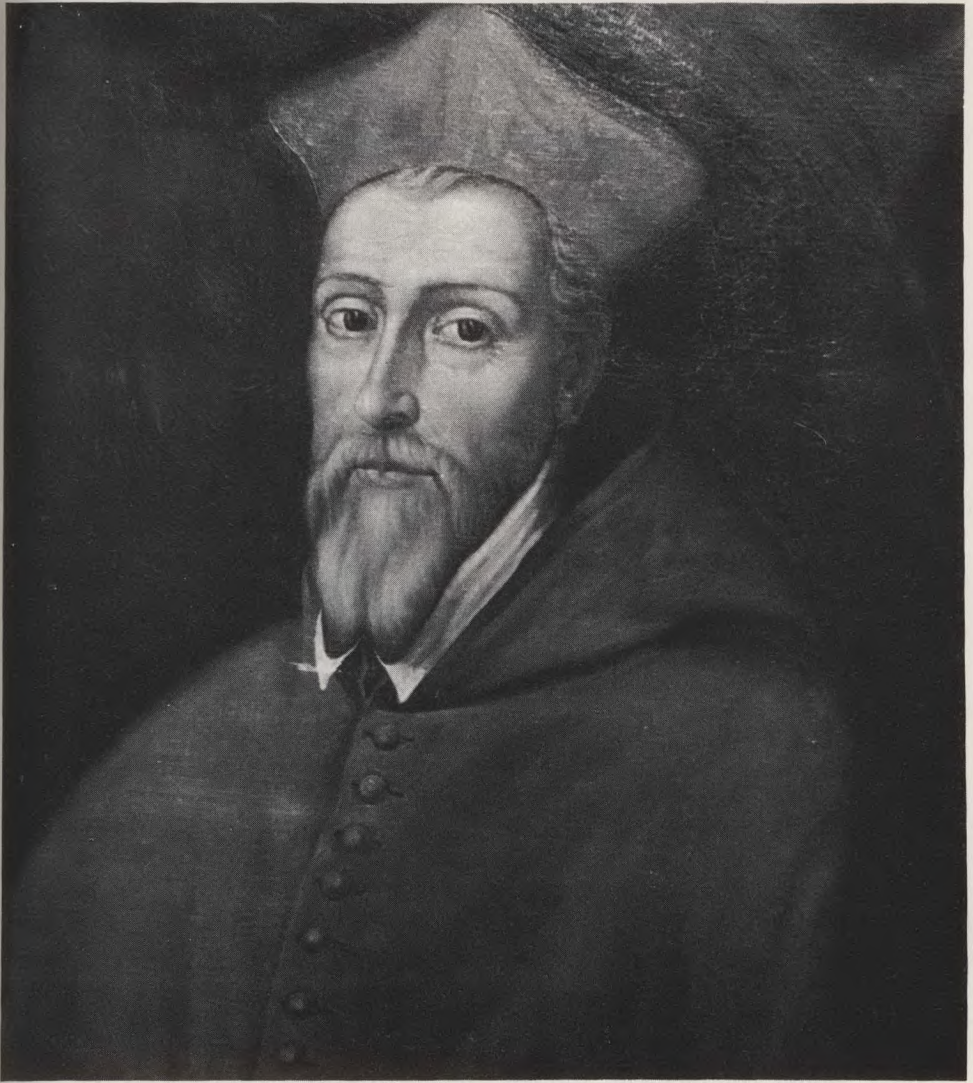
"The next day was Quinquagesima Sunday and the first of March. All the morning the Welsh were going about the house with a memorial to the Cardinal Protector, promising obedience to the Pope and to Doctor Morys (Clynog), seeing who would sign it. The English answered that they had their own report to make to the Cardinal that same evening and would sign nothing else. Whereupon Clynog took umbrage and forbad John Gore to come into the refectory for dinner. This meal saw the strangest conduct on all sides. First of all, Clynog produced letters of appointment and bade Hugh Griffith read them to the community to show that he was the Rector. This was a cause of comment in itself, since one of the Jesuit fathers always appointed a reader at table, and it was Arthur Pitts' turn that week. However, Hugh Griffith could not manage the Italian of the document, so Clynog had to be content to hand it to Pitts, who read it through and then calmly pocketed it. When Doctor Morys demanded it back at the end of dinner, the Englishman at first refused to give it up; but on the other's natural insistence, he opened it and showed it to some of his companions, to prove that it was the old brief of appointment which was no longer valid, since Cardinal Morone (the Protector) had accepted the Doctor's resignation and as yet, no new brief had been drawn up. But the fat was in the fire when Pitts showed this paper round, because he maintained that Clynog had forged it to look like a new brief, scratching out the month of May and putting in March, and making the date the 7th, which was extremely clumsy of him, since it was only the 1st. Such is Haddock's account. Father Persons gives a slightly different version. "Whereupon at dinner Mr Morys caused to be read certain patents from the Cardinal, whereby he was appointed Rector, which astonished the scholars much. Marry at the end, albeit the day of the month written in figures were scraped out and changed, yet the year which was written in letters remained, and so the date appeared to be for the year past, and when Mr Pitts, who read that day at dinner came thither, he stayed and said falsatum est."

Both Richard Haddock and Father Persons agree on the scene that followed. Clynog from the high table indulged his tongue at the expense of those students whom he disliked, and at this lead the Welsh picked up their knives, amongst them one in particular whose action astonished the Englishmen, since they had always regarded him as a quiet fellow. But now the Celtic blood was up, and if the two Jesuits had not busied themselves quietening everybody except Clynog, who seems momentarily to have been beyond the powers of reasoning, it looked as if violence would have broken out in a room dedicated to urbanities. But the Jesuits bustled from table to table, the Englishmen sat grimly still, offering that most provocative form of non-provocation, an expression of injured innocence, and gradually the Welsh resumed their seats and peace was outwardly restored. Only Doctor Morys continued muttering threats to his plate."

Reprinted from 'Mutiny among the Martyrs'
by R.L. Smith in **The Venerable** Vol. IX, No. 4



Gregorio XIII



Cardinal Allen

MAY 1st 1979

Already alluded to in the College Diary, the Celebration of the Four-Hundredth Anniversary of the promulgation of the Bull *Quoniam Divinae Bonit te* was an enormously memorable day. This was in no small part due to the evenings of discussion devoted to it by the so-called 'quater-centenary committee', formed of The Rector, the Philosophy Tutor, the Senior Student and three other students elected by the House. Obviously, the committee was set up to discuss and arrange the events for the whole year, to sound out student opinions and ideas for improvement on proposed plans, and to deal with the many practical arrangements, particularly with regards to October, but our May celebrations came high on the list of priorities, and were worked out with some care.

Since May 1st is a Greg holiday, we were left with a whole day for celebrating. It was felt very strongly by the committee and the House as a whole, that the major celebration of the Day should be the Liturgy, both of the Hours and of the Eucharist, so it was decided to lead up, as it were, to Mass in the evening followed by our *pranzone*. Again after much discussion, it was agreed that the Celebration of May 1st should involve the 'famiglia' of the college—the Rector at the head of his family—students, staff, porters, nuns, girls and the other members of the domestic staff with their families. So the basic scene was set—the primacy of the Liturgy, of thanking God for all his many blessings showered on the College, with the participation, as far as possible, of all those immediately connected with the College today in 1979. Thus, May 1st, it was hoped, would complement, though not necessarily contrast with the wider celebrations of October.

The Office of the Dedication of a Church was taken for the Liturgy of the Hours, so the Day began with Lauds of that Office at 8 a.m. Intercessions were added that the Lord might bless our celebrations and all the members and 'famiglia' past and present, dead or alive, of the College. Breakfast was followed, at 9.30, by the Office of Readings presided over by the Vice-Rector. This certainly was one of the high points of the day; we sang the psalms together, the Schola sang the Responsories and the Scripture reading was taken from the Apocalypse, chapter 21. The chapel, suitably bedecked with flowers, though not matching up to the Heavenly Jerusalem, did look rather nice, as all sat back ready to listen to the following reading. Instead of being from the

Fathers, this was taken from the Bull of Foundation itself, translated into English by a former archivist. The following is the extract read, printed here for the interest, perusal and meditation of those who, like myself, have never actually read it:

“Gregory, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God, to be remembered for ever!”

Since God in His goodness has deigned to raise Us, poor as We are, to the highest summit of the Universal Church, in this age when Christendom is so troubled, and He has entrusted to Us the burden of administering the inheritance which He won through His precious blood, it has been Our constant concern dutifully to consider how We may not only show Our gratitude to God from whose mercy We have received so much, but also ensure that Our efforts are beneficial to the Church in so far as we are able with the help of God in His kindness.

I. Day by day We observe, and We are much saddened by it, that the spotless bride of Our Lord Jesus Christ is assaulted by a conspiracy of different enemies, violently attacking her on several fronts. To the Jews and the Turks, our ancient foes, are now added heretics as well as schismatics, who are steeped in every sort of crime and wickedness and bring destruction on Our Holy Mother Church prompted by the emissaries of our enemy. Because of this, Our duty calls Us to oppose all these assaults with the powers granted Us by the Lord, wherever We see the need to be greatest, and to come to the aid of the peoples whom God in His kindness has entrusted to Us in Our weakness, preparing safeguards against the assaults of our foes. No better safeguard nor more certain remedy can be devised than that the young people of those regions oppressed by this plague be well instructed in Catholic doctrine while their minds are open to be easily formed in virtue, and accordingly, since the beginning of Our pontificate we have taken steps at Our own expense to establish colleges in this City for different nations, to be Seminaries for solid formation in Catholic Doctrine.

II. While We were thus employed, We turned Our loving attention to the Kingdom of England: this once flourished with great wealth and concern for the Catholic faith, but is now devastated by the dreadful taint of heresy which has seized almost the whole Kingdom. We took pity on this calamity as We have often in other cases, and We remembered that the English people have always excelled in faithfulness, reverence and obedience towards the Roman Pontiffs and the Holy Apostolic See ever since they were brought to the faith of Christ by Blessed Pope Gregory. Even in the darkness of Our times she has shone in the lives of distinguished and renowned men who have not hesitated to pour out their life blood for the authority of this See and the truth of the orthodox faith. Moreover, there appear frequently before Our eyes young men who have fled here from that wretched kingdom, and have been led by the Holy Spirit to abandon their country, their families and possessions, and have sorrowfully offered themselves to Us to be instructed in the Catholic religion in which they were born, with the aim primarily of ensuring their own salvation, but also so

that once instructed in the knowledge of theology they might return to England to enlighten others who had fallen away from the way of truth.

III. We therefore desire to imitate the kindness of Gregory I towards the English, and his benefices towards them, so that they may rejoice in the Lord that We have called them back from error just as they rejoiced at his first benefits to them. We appreciate the sincere loyalty of the aforementioned young men towards the Holy See, and their eagerness to learn Catholic doctrine, and therefore on Our own initiative and fully informed, in the fulness of Our Apostolic Power, to the praise of Almighty God and the increase of the Catholic Faith, and for the benefit and profit of the English nation, so dear to Us, We do establish and institute for ever in the buildings of the English Hospice in Rome a College to be called the English College in which shall be housed no less than fifty scholars, of all nations and language within the Kingdom of England, to have their own Rector and staff, and wherein they shall study Philosophy and Theology, and moreover Greek and Hebrew as far as each is able, and shall strive to reach whatever standard shall seem adequate.

IV. They shall all apply themselves to such studies as their superiors shall direct, and shall also take pains in piety and devotion, church music, liturgy and the sacred rites as the superiors shall think fit. To support all this, We institute an annual grant of three thousand gold crowns, to be paid freely and in full by the Apostolic Camera or the Datery in gold, in equal monthly installments, until they can be assured of a similar annual income from other sources provided by Us or Our Successors.

V. Moreover, We do grant and assign for ever for their abode and their use, the aforesaid buildings in which the English chaplains once lived though already the said students live there by Our command, together with two houses adjoining the said Hospice on the left side towards the Church of St. Bridget of Sweden, and the adjacent property. Moreover for the support of Divine Worship in the English Church of the Most Holy Trinity and St. Thomas the Martyr not to mention the stipend of the said college and the support of the Rector, students and staff, We do altogether separate from the said Hospice and attach to the said college all and every other house, tavern or shop, stable, inn, garden, park, rent, land, produce and all and several other mobile and immobile goods and chattels, as well as all property, rights and privileges of the Hospice, both in this City and elsewhere, wheresoever they be, and of whatever quality, species, nature, value, quantity and annual income they may consist, all of which, their situations, definitions, confines and boundries are to belong expressly to the College as if they had been named and described in detail in these present letters. And that the buildings of the Hospice and other things that can be marked should be so marked externally with the arms and emblems of the said college as soon as possible, that they may be recognised by others... Moreover, if at any time it be decided to dissolve the aforesaid college for any reason, the buildings, Church, houses, rents and aforesaid shall belong to the aforesaid Hospice as if the foundation and other provisions of the college had never been made, as We hereby restore in that event the same Hospice with regard to all these matters.

XI. Moreover, We do grant to the superiors of the said college, with consent of the Protector, licence to put forward those whom they shall consider to have studied for the requisite time in the said college or elsewhere, and to be suitable in knowledge and conduct, for the degrees of Baccalaureat, Licentiat, Doctorate or Magistrate in the Faculties of Theology and Arts, following the norms of the Council of Vienne, and for other degrees according to the uses of the Rome University, and to grant them the customary insignia of these degrees...

XII. Finally, it is expedient that the scholars trained in this College should join the ranks of the priesthood, as the time and occasion demands, after long studies, whether completed or not, so that they may become accustomed to the sacred ministeries and functions, and preside at the services in the said Church of the Most Holy Trinity or may be sent out as workers. These students may be advanced to Holy Orders up to the priesthood, by licence of the Protector and by the consent of the Rector of the said College and after an examination, even if outside the canonical times and without observing the intervals laid down by the Council of Trent, and even without dimissorial letters from their own Ordinaries, and without any benefice or patrimonial title, taking no account of any irregularity of birth, for which and the like We do grant dispensation by these presents. And We grant that they and any other priests living in the said college after they have been ordained may exercise their ministry at the Altar, and may freely and licitly receive Penance and the Eucharist (even on great featedays) and the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, from the Spiritual Director or any other priests of the same college, as arranged by the Rector.

XIII. Moreover, in order that proper care may be taken for the maintenance of the said college, not only in the actual formation and discipline of the said college and its students but also in their feeding, clothing and other necessities, and that they may be readily and efficiently looked after, We do constitute and appoint Our venerable brother John, Bishop of Ostia, namely Cardinal Moroni, as Protector and Defender of the said College...

XV. Once they are admitted to the College the students shall not be admitted as scholars of the college, but their conduct shall be tested during four to six months, or shorter or longer as the college authorities think fit. If they then seem acceptable for the college, they shall take the oath that they will persevere in ecclesiastical life, and will be prepared at all times to return to their native contry at their superiors' bidding, and work for the care of souls as far as they are able in the Lord...

XIX. Moreover, to add spiritual endowments to temporal benefits, in order that the devotion of the faithful may be fortified by them and so grow and increase, We do grant in perpetuity relying on the mercy of Almighty God and the authority of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, to all students, rectors and staff members who shall be received into this college, at the time of their arrival, and moreover any who shall happen to die in this college, at the moment of death, if they be truly penitent and contrite a Plenary Indulgence and Remission of all their sins.

And it shall not be lawful for any man to infringe or dare presumptuously to contradict this Our Decree ...And if anyone shall presume to attempt it let him know that he will incur the indignation of Almighty God and the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, in the Year of the Incarnation One Thousand Five Hundred and Seventy Nine, on the First Day of May, in the Sixth Year of Our Pontificate."

After the reading of this extract of the Papal Bull of Foundation, we sang the *Te Deum*. I, for one, felt proud and happy to be a member of the College that has given so much to so many people, here and in England, priests or not, over the last four hundred years.

The morning of celebration ended with the recitation together of Midday Prayer, and then the eating together of home-made *Fettucine*, Veal in marsala and fresh fruit, all washed down with specially provided red wine. No lingering over lunch however, for the photographer arrived to take the May 1st photograph. Despite the drizzle, we managed to have this taken in the Cortile.

While some of the community then retired, the rest began preparations for the evening. In our desire to make the atmosphere as relaxed as possible, it was decided to transform the Refectory into something less institutional. The dining tables were removed, carpets laid, smaller tables and comfortable chairs moved in, softer lighting fitted and the piano was placed under the pulpit. With a few decorations round the walls, tinsel to link the portraits of Gregory XIII and Cardinal Allen, and plants and flowers arranged tastefully, the Ref was indeed a changed place. Since we had also decided that the nuns and the girls should have a rest, various expert cooks from among the students spent the afternoon in the kitchen preparing salads, trifles, wine cocktails etc. But to cut down the work even of the students, cooked meats were acquired elsewhere. More of that later.

At 6.30 p.m. the Rector presided at a Mass of Thanksgiving. To this were invited all the 'famiglia' of the College and most of them attended—including Fernanda and Alfredo from Palazzola. It was good to see the Chapel so full of familiar faces and to hear the patter of tiny feet as the college grandchildren ran around. The Rector dwelt on the theme of thanksgiving in his homily. Once again that day, especially, it felt good to be a Venerabilino.

Mass over, all were invited to the Salone for cocktails. Meanwhile, the incaricati were busy putting the final touches to the food and to the Ref.—with the result that when everyone descended, there it was in the middle of the Refectory, the pièce de résistance, a whole porchetta, complete with an orange in his mouth. It certainly gave a 1579—cum—Castelli flavour to the proceedings. Filled with lashings of Quiche Lorraine, various salads, roast potatoes in their jackets, pork, turkey, and sherry trifle, the 'entertainment' began. First the Rector gave a speech to welcome everybody and to say how glad we all were that the college had survived four hundred years. And how

glad we were to see the family of the college present, enjoying themselves and feeling, as any family should, completely at home with each other. There followed various party pieces—ranging from operatic solos and piano rags to the more usual, yet always highly popular ‘O Sole Mio’, ‘Santa Lucia’, ‘Montagne Verdi’ etc... Suor Berrada stood on a chair to sing, Nella danced, Arrigo smiled an awful lot, and all were content. No one, not even the sisters, left until after 11.30. The guests once gone, the Ref was skilfully put back to normal, with the result that by the stroke of midnight all was ready for a normal May 2nd. Except, of course, our enthusiasm and our memories, which will be there until we are old, and like Joel we will have our dreams. Until then, it was up to us all to recall the words of Gregory XIII and carry on with our ‘studies, piety and devotions.’

Mervyn Tower

Postscriptum: Four hundred years almost to the day after the words of Gregory XIII, H.H. John Paul II offered our Rector (and the other Rectors of English and Scottish seminaries) and us the following reflections on a seminary today, 1979:

“In a word, the first priority for seminaries today is the teaching of God’s word in all its purity and integrity, with all its exigencies and in all its power. The word of God—and the word of God alone—is the basis for all ministry, for all pastoral activity, for all priestly action ...if the seminarians of this generation are to be adequately prepared to take on the heritage and challenge of the Council (Vatican II), they must be trained above all in God’s word: in “the sacred deposit of Christian doctrine.” We all know what love St. Paul had for the word of God, and with what urgency his words apply to all the priests of the church: “guard the truth that has been entrusted to you by the Holy Spirit” (2 Tim 1:14). In fulfilling this holy responsibility, seminaries must play a primary role and give an outstanding witness.

A second issue of great importance that deeply affects seminaries today is that of ecclesiastical discipline. With simplicity and forthrightness John Paul I spoke to his clergy about the “great discipline.” On that occasion he stated:- “great discipline” requires a suitable atmosphere. And first of all, an atmosphere of recollection (*raccoglimento*).’ It is my conviction that with this suitable atmosphere, and through the grace of God, the great discipline required for seminaries will be achieved and joyfully maintained. And the reason for all of this is found in the impelling love of Christ and his brethren. The sacrifice, effort and generosity entailed in the preparation for the priesthood have meaning only if they are done *propter regnum Dei*. They are possible only with prayer.

When the word of God is seen as the basis of all seminary life and training, and when the great discipline of the Church is embraced by the seminarians as a service to charity, then the seminaries themselves become, in the words of Paul VI, ‘houses of deep faith and authentic Christian asceticism, as well as joyful communities sustained by Eucharistic piety.’”

FROM HOSPICE TO COLLEGE...

In the even stormier days before (rather than during and immediately after) the Bull of Foundation, an anonymous memorialist suggested to Cardinal Morone that the nascent English seminary should be united with the German College in Rome, and governed by the Jesuits who supervised and tutored the German seminarists. It was pointed out that the Hospice was inconveniently far from the Roman College, and unhealthily overcrowded: the scholars were forced to rub shoulders with sailors, mercants, soldiers, noblemen, paupers and other undesirables. The *Congregatio Nationis Anglicanae*, being a many-headed beast, was unfitted to govern a seminary; only the Jesuits, it was suggested, were capable of disinfecting youths who had been corrupted by the schismatic atmosphere of England. The scheme could easily be put into practice: next to S. Apollinare there was a house belonging to the Hospice, whose tenants could be pensioned off. Finally, said the memorialist, there was no danger that the English and German scholars might not agree together: they hailed from almost the same country, and spoke nearly the same language.

Needless to say, the memorial was filed and forgotten.

*The text of this memorial is reprinted here from an article 'From Hospice to College' in **The Venerable** Vol. XXI)*

A WONDERFUL GIFT AND GRACE OF GOD

Golden Anniversaries are always very special occasions, and that of our resident Protonotary Apostolic, Monsignor James Sullivan O.B.E. provided us not only with a jolly celebration to add to our centenary antics, but also with stirring reflections on a long and happy priestly life. As all his friends and acquaintances know, he himself is a living, stirring reflection, keeping us all on our toes with his educated and witty conversation. Although he is not officially an old Roman, he is so much part of college life that one can't imagine him not being so, and he has entered the Fourth centenary fray with enthusiasm and poise. It is right and fitting, then, that this edition of *The Venerabile* should re-print his homily at the Mass of Thanksgiving he celebrated on his Jubilee day. After the Gospel, he sat down, cleared his throat, gave one of his coy smiles and opened his mouth to say the following:

'Old men look back and remember. They are prepared to reminisce. They are selective in the memories they share with others. Some of mine, on this day of jubilee and thanksgiving, have to do with my parents and family. They are very precious and personal memories. I will be presenting them, in a few minutes, at the altar of God: for the moment, I pass them by.

My thoughts, then, turn first to Ordination day 50 years ago. We were a class of seven. Bishop Dunn of Nottingham ordained us in the college chapel at Lisbon. The Lord has called three of us to himself. The rest of us live to rejoice in the graces God has given us, and to congratulate each other on reaching golden jubilee day.

My own outstanding memories from the day of ordination are these: the pressure of the gloved hand of the bishop. The gift of God was given in generous measure, pressed down, shaken with his precious gifts, running over through the length and breadth of life, a gift beyond recall entrusted to my care and keeping. Then the anointing with oil: and the oil would not rub off, it clung to one's palms, seeped into the pores while the community sang 'Come Holy Ghost... take possession of our souls: guide our minds with thy blessed light with love our hearts inflame.' I remember the awesome recital together with the bishop, of the canon of the Mass as we knelt at our faldstools: the public

profession of the apostolic faith, of the apostles' creed-the backbone of one's life as a Christian from childhood on: the backbone of every preacher of the Gospel whatever style of preaching he adopts: then the oath of obedience to my bishop that gave human proportions, a local history and geography, to God's offer of salvation: the kiss of peace sealed the bond of allegiance. Feasting followed, general happiness, and a sense of something achieved. It was an achievement for the college, for we were the first class of post 1914-1918 war students to be ordained from it. It marked a full recovery of life: it accomplished a new beginning. It was also achievement for each new priest who now had to prove his fidelity to what his vocation had called him.

Revive one memory and immediately others cluster around it and demand attention. One especially strikes me during this month of *Venerabile* celebrations. We too in Lisbon took the missionary oath and were invested with the college habit. It was a solemn ceremony on the day before the reception of the tonsure. It consisted of the reading of a papal decree, a discourse or spiritual conference on the founding and the purpose of the college, a questioning of intentions, the signing of documents. On that day we dedicated our lives to work in England. Ordination gave us the powers to do so.

The names of the priests who trained and educated my class would mean nothing to you; nor would the names of priests reaching well back into the last century who had prepared them for priesthood and whose spirit and ideals they passed on to us. The ones I knew were built of the ordinary, variegated stuff of human nature, of graced human nature, of priested human nature. They were kindly men, tolerant, trustful, anxious to be of help. There was discipline; there were freedoms; there were friendships. They were staunch on their fidelity to God and to his church. They loved what the church in all its richness of faith and devotions stood for. I pay tribute to them offer my thanks to them.

Two other things I wish to speak of are less memories than living realities. The Mass is one of them: the people we serve is another.

Some masses stand out in my life as unforgettable blessings. But it is the day by day Mass that gradually sinks in and nourishes the soul. We may take its celebration for granted, but it belongs to the routine of life we would prefer not to neglect or to miss out. Each Mass is its own unique act of worship and communicates a warm, fleeting token of the Lord's friendship. Each one brings its own measure of thankfulness, of ease and relaxation, of enjoyment. I am grateful for the health and strength and opportunities to have celebrated it on most days of my priestly life. The experience, day after day, is much of a muchness. We scratch the surface of reality and it can happen that during the Mass the reality reveals itself to us: it arouses us, provokes us: it is compounded of care for us, of concern, of watchfulness, forgiveness, assurances that all will be well. We are on a voyage of discovery that is endless. We touch the fringe of his garment and find healing.

We are priests for sake of others. We have to share with them the faith, love, comforts, encouragements we have experienced in our own lives. We are

often the gainers. We make a profit from our service to others. Our privileged position invites confidences. We learn of struggles, economic, moral, spiritual, silently endured. We meet with doggedness in the face of hardships and trials. We catch glimpses of shining goodness of heart, of unswerving trust in God; we are sometimes startled by the depth of faith or the calm reliance on prayer in the people it is our duty to teach and lead. It is a blessed thing to work among the faithful, to receive strength and renewal from their loyalties, from their family life, from their love of God and of their fellow men. I am grateful to God for letting me perceive something of the goodness he has built in the heart of man. It can be as stunning in its revelatory power as the sudden flash of light from a word of scripture.

Old men look back and remember. Young men look forward to the future and aspire. They hope; they expect; they plan. So did the seven of us made priests in 1929. It was not solely because of the freshness of grace and zeal coursing within us from the ceremony of ordination. There were evidences around us that the church in England, even that the church in the world at large, was growing, exerting newly-found strengths, and making its mark upon affairs. Confidence was in the air and the future called to us, beckoned us and buoyed us up. But history does not take the turns you would like to forecast for it. Plans date and cannot be made to match the unforeseen twist of events; hopes disappoint; expectation withers and dies. The world of today was, 50 years ago, beyond human powers of prediction; it was unthinkable and no doubt the world of 50 years hence will prove to have been for the young of today. The message we have to preach remains the same for young and for old, for the future as well as for the past.

The old look back and remember: the young look forward in hope. Old and young make up the church that is ancient and ever new. The church that is old treasures and guards its memories of Jesus of Nazareth passed on to us through his apostles, disciples, distinguished followers: Athanasius, Augustine, the Gregories, Bede, Aquinas, Newman and a host of others. The church that is young has to keep the memories fresh and alive, give them flesh and blood, and an appealing, attractive expression: it has to reassert them, proclaim them, as it, in turn, becomes the church of the past. It is the message that lives and moves through the centuries, unchanging and unchangeable: behold, I bring you good news of great joy which will come to all the people, for to you is born this day, even to this generation and age, a Saviour who is Christ the Lord.

So here I am, on the day of my golden jubilee, celebrating Mass together with and within this family of God. The lines have fallen to me in goodly places. I am grateful to you all in joining with me in this solemn act of thanksgiving to God, of praise of God, of communion with the Lord Jesus and with each other.

I wish you who are to become priests and the priests now concelebrating with me a happy golden jubilee. It is a wonderful gift and grace of God.



The Ordination of Bruce Harbert and Robert Lasia to the priesthood in the College Chapel by the Former Rector

“Almighty Father, grant to these servants of yours the dignity of the priesthood. Renew within them the Spirit of holiness. As co-workers with the order of bishops may they be faithful in the ministry they receive from you, Lord God, and be to others a model of right conduct.

May they be faithful in working with the order of bishops, so that the Gospel may reach the ends of the earth, and the family of nations, made one in Christ, may become God’s one, holy people.”

From the Prayer of Consecration for the
Ordination of Priests

FROM HOSPICE TO COLLEGE...

“...But with the Reformation the Hospice ceased to be useful. In the sack of Rome in 1527 it lost most of its plate and rich vestments. By 1538 decay had set in, and the Pope had to send Cardinal Pole to restore some semblance of order. It was a much impoverished institution that Gregory XIII handed over to Cardinal Allen...”

These words are taken from an article written by the present Rector for the Venerabile Sixcentenary edition of 1962. Fortunately, rectors are not infallible because the first sentence is wrong, because the College, as is well known, reverts to being a Hospice in the summer months, and proves to be very useful. Perhaps we can persuade the Rector to write a sequel for the next edition of *The Venerabile*...

EUNTES DOCETE-EVEN IN ROME

With some reason many people wonder about the pastoral involvement of students at the *Venerabile*. After all, we live in a strange foreign city, amid the *dolce far niente* of Italy, far removed from the routine of life and its normal problems as experienced in the 'demi-paradise' of England. However, what I would like to show here is the fact that, even if we were in the past, we are no longer cut off from the Rome around us; and in spite of the natural limitations of specifically Italian problems, and differences in language, culture and mentality, our pastoral involvement is by no means confined to the Summer months in England.

Obviously, any review of pastoral activity engaged in by the students of the College during their months in Rome, cannot be exhaustive. Much pastoral work, to use the word in its full sense, goes on unrecorded and unnoticed, both inside and outside the College. Moreover, as the time passes, new areas of the same activities are explored and dealt with, and new activities themselves continually arise. Thus all I can give is an idea, a *souçon*, or whatever you like to call it, of the present situation.

There are, in fact, three main 'structured' areas of our pastoral activity in Rome: parish work, work with groups of poor and deprived people, and work in the field of catechetics.

By parish work, I refer primarily to the celebration of the Liturgy and the involvement with the various groupings within a parish structure. Within the city, there is a clear demarcation between the parishes of the 'centro storico' and those of the suburbs. Since the time of the foundation of the College, students have been involved in some way or other with the former—even if it was only to join in Corpus Christi processions or penitential rites. Today we continue to assist at such functions—the Mass at Santa Caterina in November, Quarant' Ore at San Lorenzo in Damaso, Benediction and Vespers at the Chiesa Nuova on St. Philip Neri's day—but as well, over the last few years, several priests from the College have been celebrating masses in these churches fairly often. Occasionally too, priests have helped at San Giovanni dei Fiorentini, especially on special days, like that of a First Communion.

But Rome is a fast growing city, and as our parroco, Mons. Cecchi, explained to the Pope when he visited S. Lorenzo the population of the centre is now much reduced. The problems of the suburbs of Rome are particularly acute from a pastoral point of view—vast numbers of apartment blocks shooting up everywhere, with little or no planning. This means that there are enormous groups of population with no Church or the possibility or money to have one within the near future. Our connection with the parish of San Bartolomeo in the Borgata Ottavia, at the end of the Via Triumfale, helps us to be more aware of the problems of suburban Rome. We have been going to this parish since 1973, but this year we have managed to cement the tie of friendship. The parish, which is poor, is run by one priest, who, like many of the Roman clergy, has to teach on weekdays to survive. The church is no more than a large hut, and mass attendance at the four Sunday masses varies considerably from week to week. One of the most striking features of S. Bartolomeo—sometimes in sharp contrast to the parishes of the city centre—is, however, the large number of young and active Christians who very much boost the Sunday liturgy by their guitars and by their singing. This year, four of the top year students have been involved in this parish, going, in Gospel tradition, two by two every alternate Sunday. This means that each priest says at least one mass, while the other is busy counselling and hearing the numerous confessions. The same priests have also gone to this parish on weekdays when the parish priest has been busy, as well as helping out with various weddings, First Communions, baptisms and parish processions, and naturally, the ceremonies of Christmas and Easter.

Obviously, this involvement of student priests with the Liturgy does not mean that other forms of pastoral contact cannot be developed in the future. Yet, even as it stands, the experience for the priests involved, and of the deacons and other students who have occasionally gone to the parish, is invaluable. This is so not only from the fact of celebrating Mass, preaching and hearing confessions—all in Italian—but also because it does give a valuable insight to the problems already mentioned that are rife in the diocese of Rome. And I think, from my experience of this past year in the parish, the people of S. Bartolomeo have been encouraged and helped by the link between them and the College.

Our connection with the parish life of the city of Rome, and with its clergy, is therefore not only existent, but growing. We have also retained our connection with two parishes in Arezzo—two student priests helped there at Christmas and Easter; we hope to be able to continue a link with a small parish near Padua—to which, for several years now, priests have gone to supply for the Feasts; and the Parroco of Rocca di Papa has asked this year if we could help him over Christmas. It is good in a city that always seems to be so full of priests to feel useful and needed!

In addition to any work within the parish structures, we continue our long standing contact with the various groups of religious in the City. Again, to give an idea of activity, one priest celebrates Mass once a week at *La Sainte Union*; every Saturday a priest and a deacon go to The Missionaries of Charity of Mother

Teresa; and on a less regular basis priests go out to other houses to celebrate the Eucharist to the sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, to The Ursulines, to the Sisters of Mater Dei, to the Brigittines etc... The list, of course, like the number of Orders of Sisters, is endless.

Linked to the parish of S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini is a group of young Italians, teenagers and slightly older, who meet in a parish room every Monday evening. For a number of years now, between two and five students have joined them and have generally directed and lead what turns out to be about an hour and a half of prayer, singing and very lively discussion. The subjects discussed range from specific passages of Scripture to modern moral questions and inevitably to politics. About once every six weeks Mass is celebrated together as a group; and on two or three occasions in the year, the group goes out of the city centre to Palazzola or to a retreat house for a Day of Recollection led by the student priest involved. Members of this group also visit the house-bound and sick of the area together.

As well as this 'parish' work described above, there is naturally sporadic involvement with other groups in other places. For example, in Lent this year, a number of priests and a deacon from the House were asked to help with three days of celebrating Mass and the Sacrament of Reconciliation for a large Italian girls' school near the Colosseum.

To move on to the second 'area' of activity, I think it would be true to say the demarcation between helping the poor and the deprived, the old and the sick, and the pastoral work described above, is less clear than before. Here I am referring especially to the moments of the celebration of the Liturgy. For many years, a number of students have been visiting old people, particularly the house-bound, usually in conjunction with the Sisters of Charity from the Via dei Bresciani. These sisters, incidentally, are also involved with the youth group at S. Giovanni, being connected with that parish. On special occasions now, for example, a birthday or an *onomastico*, a student priest, with the permission of the Parish Priest, will celebrate Mass in the room or the flat of the person whom they visit regularly.

The celebration of the Liturgy is now one of the major features of our connection with the Old People's Home at San Pietro in Vincoli, run by the Little Sisters of the Poor. Previously, our major contact with this house was the Mass and procession of Corpus Domini. However, about three years ago, a group of students offered to help in the house for a couple of hours each week. Consequently, a group of students go every Friday afternoon to help look after, bath etc. the old people, and to do general jobs around the house. From this help sprang up the idea and desire to celebrate the Liturgy with them more often. This means that a priest and a deacon from the College go every other Sunday to celebrate the main Mass for the old people at 10 a.m. Also recently a number of priests went from the College to celebrate Mass and the Liturgy of the Anointing of the Sick during which about forty sick, old, and bed-ridden patients were anointed. It was nice to see some of the Little Sisters and a few old people from S. Pietro at the Villa this year for ice-cream and tea.

The third 'structured' area of pastoral activity is in the field of Catechetics. This, like the above, deserves a separate article; suffice it to say in this brief description that enormous strides have been made in the involvement of the College with this whole subject. For many years, several students have been catechising individuals or groups of children-in English schools, private homes, in the College, or in Italian parishes, especially at S. Lorenzo, and several years ago at a parish in Centocelle. Now it would be fair to say that work in catechetics has become more structured and more efficient, especially where the two schools of St. George's and The Junior English School are concerned. Over the last few years, every Tuesday afternoon, 5 or 6 students have been going to St. George's at La Storta, after school hours, to catechise children aged mostly between 6 and 11 years. This is mainly preparation for Holy Communion and occasionally for first Confession. On the whole, a different group of students have gone each year. Three different students go, on Monday afternoons, during school hours, to The Junior English School on the Appia Antica. Since this fulfils the syllabus requirements, these students teach all the Catholics in the school. These children are aged between five and eight years. One other student, who is doing a Licence in catechetics at The Salesianum, takes the children in the Senior House of this school (ages 8-9 years) for preparation for Holy Communion. In addition to work at these two schools, one priest goes each week to celebrate Mass, hear confessions and generally visit the classes at St. Francis' International School. And some children come to the College, usually before Mass on Sunday morning, to be prepared for the Sacraments.

Obviously this list of places and numbers of people does little more than to give an idea of our involvement in the field of catechetics. The same is true for our involvement in parishes and with the old and the sick. What is immediately apparent, I think, is that the Liturgy is the key factor, and the one that connects all these areas of pastoral activity. It is not by chance that, particularly through the catechetical activity, more and more families attend our Sunday Mass at 10 a.m. Our Sunday Mass, therefore, week after week, and not just when the children receive their First Holy Communion, has become a focus for all our pastoral activity in and outside the College, and must always be so. Naturally, the student priests who are celebrating Sunday Mass elsewhere are not physically present at the College Eucharist. But it is from our community that they go out and it is that community celebrating the Lord's Resurrection that gives all the strength to do any pastoral activity, and forms new generations of priests to continue and possibly expand our local involvement.

At the 'Lectio brevis' to begin the Academic Year 1978-1979, Fr. Gilbert, the Rector of the Biblical Institute, said that the major pastoral involvement of any student in Rome should be his study. The more theology, the more Scripture he knows, the better teacher and pastor he will be. This, of course, is perennially true. But I hope to have shown here that in spite of difficulties of time, and with a constant examination of priorities, Rome is not free from our pastoral wanderings.

Mervyn Tower

HOUSE MEETINGS

House meetings have become a regular feature of life in the *Venerabile*. They take place once a week, usually on a Sunday, and all the students and staff are expected to attend; those who are unable to attend are asked to send their apologies to the Senior Student who chairs the meetings. The need for such meetings became apparent towards the end of the 1977-78 academic year, when it was felt that there were not enough channels of communication within the House. Also, it was felt that there was a lack of a forum in which community problems could be discussed. Such feelings coincided with the exchange of the two students to Wescott house in Cambridge, where the community does meet once a week precisely to discuss joint problems and share information. After much open discussion it was decided to adopt the same system at the *Venerabile*. The venture has, so far, proved successful and it is hoped that House Meetings will continue to play an important part in college life in the future.

Sean Healy
Senior Student

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

In the Summer of 1977 a major reorganisation was undertaken in the Library. Until then all except the most precious books, dating from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, had been shelved in one series, with the result that a student going to look for a modern book would often find it tucked in between large, dusty, leatherbound tomes in Latin. This made the library difficult to use, and unattractive to the students. As part of a policy of 'Upgrading' the library in order to encourage study, all books printed in or after 1920 were separated from those printed earlier and housed together in the Second Library. The date 1920 was chosen for several reasons. First because there are books from the 1920s that are still read and used, whereas books printed before the First World War have mostly fallen out of regular use. Secondly, because the Catalogue of the Bodleian Library is divided into pre— and post— 1920

sections, a division that has worked in practice over many years, and therefore offered an encouraging precedent for our own reorganisation. And thirdly, because 1920 coincides with the revival of the College's fortunes under Hinsley, and so the post-section of the Library can also be thought of as the 'Hinsley and after section', and the Library, though old and new are now separated, continues to reflect the way in which the College has developed, and suffered, through history.

When the books had been divided, the Catalogue, which was made in the late 1960s, and has proved in use to be thorough and reliable, was divided in the same way. This means that a student in search of a catalogue entry for a new book does not have to search through a number of old cards, and so wear on the catalogue cards is reduced. The opportunity was also taken to clean the Second Library thoroughly. Books gather dust, and sometimes the Librarian coming out of the Second Library after working there looked more as though he had been in a coal mine.

The 'upgrading' of the Library involved an increase in the Library Grant, and this made possible some vigorous purchasing, though the damage done in years when little was spent on the Library can never be adequately remedied.

The bulk of recent buying has been in Theology and Scripture. A need was felt for a modern translation of the Fathers, and these were bought in large numbers. The Patristic section is one of the richest in the old part of the Library, and so this development was fully in line with tradition. Dogmatic theology produces problems for a Librarian trying to purchase intelligently, since little of quality seems to be appearing in English in many areas of the subject. The Council gave a new impetus to Fundamental Theology (with *Dei Verbum*) and to the dialogue between Christianity and other ideologies (with *Gaudium et Spes*), and we have been able to make solid purchases in these areas. Some good Christology is also appearing in English, but great lacunae remain in the treatment of other tracts. This can be made good to some extent by buying in foreign languages, especially Italian, but this is no real substitute for good books in English. It is therefore our policy to await the English translation of a book when one is projected. In moral theology, much of what appears in English seems to be ephemeral, with the result that this is one of the most difficult areas in which to purchase well.

Since the Second World War the character of the Scripture section of the Library has been changed greatly by large scale acquisition of books by non-Catholic authors. The old system of marking books by non-Catholics to warn the student of possible error within has been discontinued, and the fact that Scripture is one of the most ecumenical fields of Christian scholarship is fully reflected in the composition of the Library. There has been less buying in Philosophy simply because the Philosophy section has been well maintained over the years, and is very strong, reflecting as it does the peculiar position of an English institution abroad by its combination of books from both the Anglo-Saxon and Continental schools of Philosophy.

Another important growth-area is the Spiritual reading section. Spiritual Reading books are continually being published in large numbers, many of them in paperback, and it is important that a student in formation should have the opportunity of acquainting himself with what is being written and read. The Spiritual Director takes an active interest in purchasing, and was greatly helped by a generous benefaction to make up some of the lacunae left by past years when the budget was more meagre.

All the money allocated by the College to the Library goes on purchasing books of Spiritual Reading, Theology, Scripture and Philosophy, and general maintenance. But the Library contains, and has always contained, a much wider range of books. For keeping these non-academic sections up-to-date we are dependent on benefactions. In recent years we have tried to buy travel-books in Italy, of which the Library already contains a rich collection from earlier centuries. We have the basis of an excellent English Literature section, itself the result of a benefaction, and we would like to bring this up to date with a certain discrimination.

Sometimes benefactions have helped us to buy a large item that would have taken a slice too large out of the annual budget, such as an encyclopedia. It would be fitting here to record thanks to all our benefactors, including the Roman Association, who have enabled us to buy the *New Catholic Encyclopedia* in our centenary year, and to His Grace The Archbishop of Canterbury, who has made a generous donation to the Library to mark the Fourth Centenary, a donation to be spent at the discretion of the Librarians.

Finally, plans are in hand for the decoration of the Third Library, the only room to retain the black-and-gold shelving that used to be in all the three rooms. The Third Library is a beautiful room, and is now regularly used for cultural events such as poetry readings and musical evenings. On a summer evening with the windows open and the sound of the fountain playing in the garden below, it is a delightful place to be.

Bruce Harbert - David McLoughlin

THE WESTCOTT EXCHANGE

It is a well known fact that the English College has been taking in two Anglican ordinands each year since 1973, sent by their Church as a sign of their desire for and commitment to Christian Unity. At the beginning this was envisaged as a reciprocal scheme, but it was only in 1978 that the first—and to date the last—English College students were sent to an Anglican theological college to share their life for a term: The one selected was Westcott House, Cambridge, because it was considered to be not too closely identified with either wing of the Church of England, and also because it formed part of the Cambridge Federation of Theological Colleges. This was a wider ecumenical venture consisting of two Anglican, a Methodist and a United Reformed Church seminaries. In this way the Romans would be given an opportunity for much broader ecumenical contacts.

The first inkling I received that plans for an exchange were afoot was when I was summoned to the Rector's office. It was a propos of a conversation that I had with him and one of the Anglican students in college at Christmas lunch 1976. It had ranged over a variety of topics but particularly the Ecumenical Movement. The Rector asked me at more length what my views were on Ecumenism. I was soon to realize that he had more than an academic interest in my answers, particularly when he asked me whether I got on with David McLoughlin, another student in my year. Sure enough he told me that he intended to send the pair of us to Westcott, if we were willing and happy to go.

We were, and so the arrangements were made. Permission was obtained from our bishops and the following September we went to Westcott for two days to reconnoitre and to meet the staff and students, and, hopefully, see what the University had to offer. We were very well received and looked after by a different member of the college every hour. When we arrived the Sheriff, or Senior Student, met us and looked after us, then an hour later handed us over to the Jester (or Common Room and Entertainments man), who passed us on to the Minstrel (or Choir Master) and so on. We also had interviews with each member of staff: the Principal, Mark Santer, the Vice-Principal John Armson, and the Tutor, Rowan Williams, who told us a lot not only about the college but about the University. So we learnt quite a bit even from this first flying visit.

In January we returned for the Lent term. This time our reception was slightly different. I will never forget the first words addressed to us, as we walked in past the Porter's Lodge into the Quad. They were from the Vice-Principal, perched on top of a ladder cleaning his windows: "I don't suppose you've brought any sheets have you?" David and I, used to the more effusive and enthusiastic type of welcome, were quite taken aback and sought solace in a little cafe round the corner, where we paid an exorbitant price for tea and scones.

For the first few days people were distantly polite in that inimitable English way. I suppose they were both sizing us up and giving us freedom and space. Perhaps we in Rome tend to go to the other extreme and smother our visitors sometimes. But gradually we all became less shy and wary of each other and they got so used to having us around that we became an unquestionable part of the Westcott family. We got to know everybody, and some people very well. It was my first experience of life in a community of dedicated Christians not of my own tradition, and also of life in an English university town, which was perhaps why I had been selected to go in the first place.

In such a situation one cannot help comparing and contrasting with the V.E.C., and there were lots of similarities.

One was the daily routine, which was very clearly defined; at 7.15 there was meditation together in Chapel for those who wished, followed by Mattins for all which included the Liturgy of the Word for the Eucharist of the day. Then except on Feast days there was a gap where those who wanted could leave, before the President came on to the sanctuary and began the Eucharist at the Offertory. The fact that the priest wore alb, stole and chasuble and the deacon alb and stole, and the rite used was Series 3 made it seem very much like our own Mass. I never ceased to be impressed by the dignity of the celebration and the devotion and humility of the priest and congregation.

Then we would go across the road to breakfast in the Methodist college, Wesley House. Westcott had sacrificed its own kitchens and dining hall to Ecumenical relations—a very high, yet noble, price to pay. On the way we collected our mail from the pigeon holes in the Lodge to read over our cornflakes and tea and toast and marmalade.

Afterwards we had a chance to read the morning papers in the Common Room before going off to lectures at the University. We were able to attend some very interesting courses including two given by Nicholas Lash and Donald McKinnon at the Divinity School. There was also plenty of private study to do: the Greg had given me lots of homework for when I was away. We were also able to benefit from the internal college tuition which all the staff contributed to.

Lunch was at one o'clock, though many of the students, especially the married ones did without, so they could bring their wives into supper. The system of signing in and out for meals was quite efficient. Every meal you signed out for gave you credit to bring a guest in to another meal. It was quite

an incentive to work out your social calendar in advance. It was also vital that the system worked, because meals were very expensive and consumed a considerable part of Westcott's tight budget. Lunch always consisted of a main course and a sweet: I always dreaded spam fritters followed by treacle pudding. Surprisingly Dave put on weight while I lost it, though it might have been due to all his meals out!

In the afternoon there was of course no siesta, but that did not matter, after a non-alcoholic lunch: alcoholic drinks were banned at Wesley, so if you wanted a drink, it had to be inside you before you arrived at the serving hatch. Sunday lunch was consequently a bit dull, and the descriptions of Christmas dinner we received positively horrific! Lectures or study then went on till 6.15 when there was Meditation again followed by Federation Evensong at 6.40 and after that supper. This was a formal and substantial meal with waiter service by the students on a rota basis. They also helped with the washing up.

After lunch and after supper you always had coffee in someone's room and it was in these coffee sessions that we had some of our most valuable and fruitful discussions and dialogues in which we learned a lot about our different Christian traditions. I never expected to witness an argument between two Methodists on the subject of the Real Presence.

The day officially ended at ten o'clock with Compline which was always sung. I grew to like very much Anglican chant and their translations of the psalms.

Celebrating the Eucharist and Office together, stressing personal prayer, and studying at the University are obvious similarities with the V.E.C., but there were just as obviously contrasts.

Of fifty-two ordinands, about a third were married and most of these lived out and just had offices in college, but their wives and children did join in college life to a very great extent.

The Principal too was married with three children. He struck me as a very good priest: he spent much time in prayer, worked very hard both in his academic research and his work for the college and was also a very good husband and father.

At weekends there was always a vast influx of girlfriends and fiancés. It made David and me very aware that we were the only two there who had promised to live as celibates for the rest of our lives.

On Sundays the whole of the Federation celebrated the Eucharist together, so in our time there we experienced the Eucharist as celebrated by Anglicans in the Roman tradition, Evangelicals, Methodists and the United Reformed Church. As there was intercommunion among the Federation, the Catholic seminarians were the only two not to receive, which emotionally was not easy, but spiritually and theologically made us think and reflect.

After breakfast we went off to our various pastoral assignments, they to Anglican parishes in Cambridge and the surrounding villages, David and I to help out at the University's Catholic chaplaincy.

As regards training: academic formation: most had a first degree from university before they came. Then they did a two year theology tripos, one year of which they spent living in a college of the University, during which they were associate members of Westcott House, the second year they lived in at Westcott, unless they were married, and the third year was used to fill in the theological gaps. As regards spiritual formation, there was a very tight system of spiritual direction, essential particularly when the period of training is so short, a routine of prayer and work, interviews with the staff. Like most seminaries some of the ordinands were very spiritual and highly motivated, others were less so, and perhaps inclined to drift without a very clear idea of where they were going or what God wanted of them. While we were there we noticed an apparently different notion of liturgical preaching. We heard not one homily at the Eucharist or Compline address which spoke to the Community as such. Nor were there any talks from the Principal on the state of the house. There was however a meeting of the whole house once a week so that everybody knew what was going on and what everybody else was doing. Great emphasis was put on pastoral work for the students however, and also on the fact of formation continuing afterwards with the newly ordained's first vicar.

Obviously my stay was a very short one but I still feel I got to know a little of what makes the Anglican church and its priests and deacons tick. I felt I could see more clearly her strengths and weaknesses: a very great social awareness and commitment to work for social justice everywhere, lots of energy and enthusiasm, but the grave lack of a teaching authority. Many seem to look towards our Church as the mainstream of Christianity. Spiritually I gained from sharing the life of a prayerful and committed Christian community, also from the constant challenge to articulate my faith. Psychologically I benefited from being away from the community of the English College, where I had been for five and a half years, for this separation helped me to see how good the preparation had been that I had received there. It also helped me get ready for my final departure for the mission in England. I also hope that our exchange did make some contribution to the spreading of God's kingdom, by bringing our respective Churches that bit closer to unity in Christ. Certainly I hope that the friendships I made will contribute to this.

Stephen Coonan

ROMANESQUE A ROAD LEADING TO ROME

They didn't have any twin-bedded rooms, but the double-bedded rooms were only twenty francs each, so we stayed there, somewhere up in the hills south of Lyons. The cost was tacked on to the bottom of the bill for the excellent *tout compris* meal, which cost more. They know their priorities in France. On the way out next morning, we noticed that we had been staying in Saint Marcel lès Annonay. It didn't sound very likely, as names go, and you won't find it on the Michelin map, but that is what the sign said. It boasted neither brioche, bank or book-stand, so we stopped in Valence, which turned out to be a regrettably large town.

Now, everybody knows where the bank is in a small town: it's in between the post office and the general store. In a large town it tends to be on the site where Rudolph the Red first hoisted his standard in 1385, and Rudolph and friends were not over-concerned with the convenience of tourists. Eventually we found something that looked rather bank-like, although it proclaimed itself to be chiefly interested in agricultural credit, whatever that is. Diffidently, we tendered our three fivers, which were exchanged with leisurely courtesy. Outside, misgivings set in. Weren't there too many francs? The sum total had been multiplied by the number of notes. «M'sieur, je crois que vous avez fait un erreur». Surprise, puzzlement, alarm, relief too great to be articulated. Perhaps they should stick to mortgaging combine harvesters. Time was passing, so we skipped the newspaper and drove on in ignorance of the night's events. It was Friday, September 29th, 1978.

By afternoon, we were bowling through Provence, long straight roads lined with cypresses, vineyards, olive-groves, a warm sun, and birds singing in the blue, blue sky, undisturbed even by the sound of our engine, which neither whined nor hiccupped, but simply stopped, like a clockwork toy running down. The World's Worst Mechanic got out and peered doubtfully under the bonnet. He spotted a loose hose dangling amid the entrails. "Ah yes", he said knowledgeably, "it's the fuel. Or the air. Or something." We tied it back on with the only ligature available, and literally crossed the border into Italy on a shoestring.

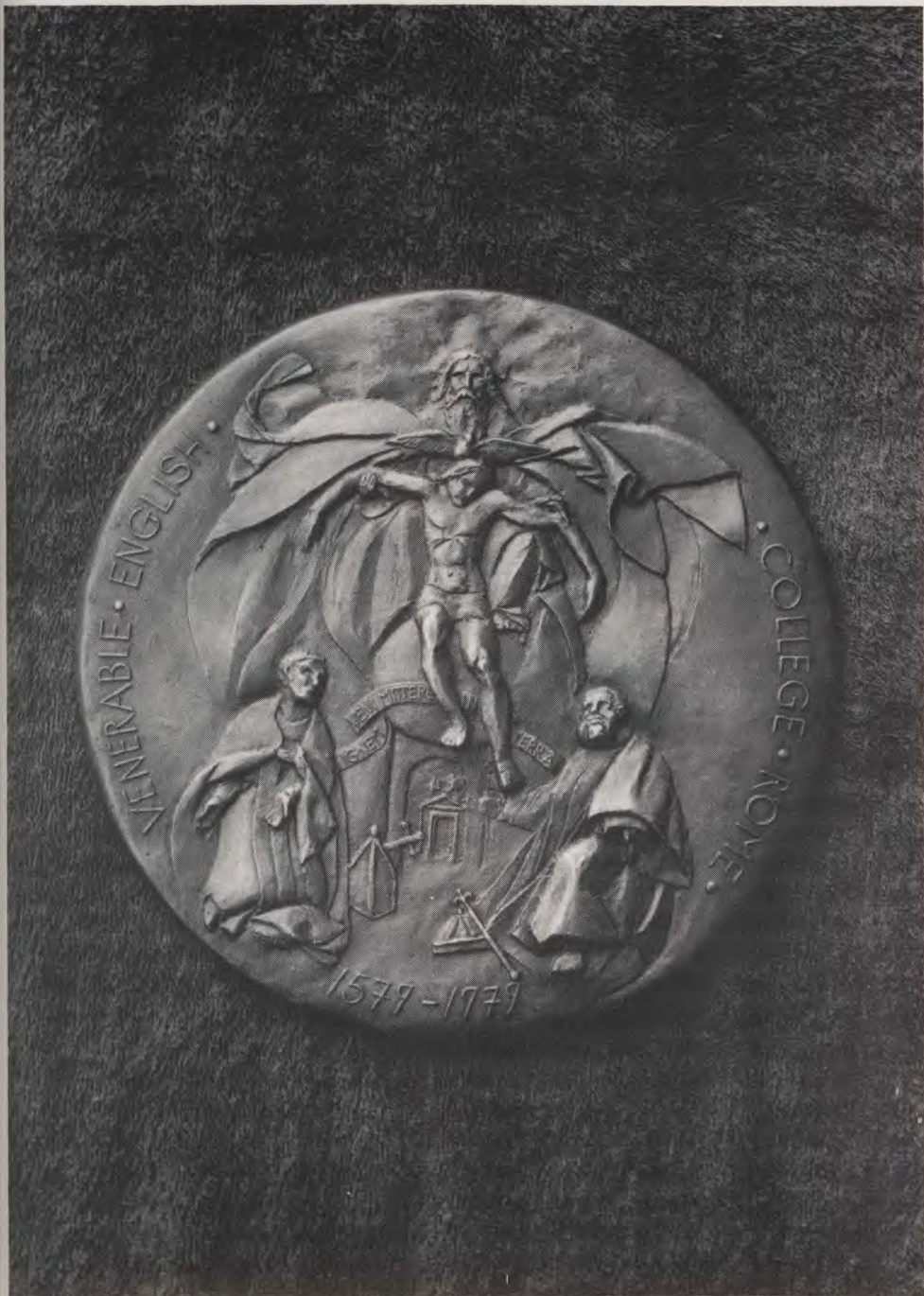
At the frontier, we worried whether two foreigners driving an Italian car would excite suspicion, endless scrutinizing of documents, loss of time. They couldn't have cared less. The flag was at half mast. Lack of energy? Jammed? Had President Pertini, in the fulness of his 82 years, gone to meet his Maker? More importantly, would we be able to change Real Currency into Monopoly money? We could, and reached the distant relatives in Carrara at evening, not a moment too soon finding the place, with the voices singing in our ears, saying that we were very hungry (apologies to T.S. Eliot).

Wasn't it terrible, the death of the Pope? Indeed it was, we replied, and just when nobody was expecting it. For ten minutes we discussed the matter, the occasional furrowing of the brow on both sides mirroring the suspicion that one did not understand or make oneself understood in Italian as clearly as one had hoped. But the funeral of a Pope was a moving event, no? Certainly; one of us had witnessed it from the top of the Colonnata. Deeper furrowing of the brow. But the funeral had not taken place yet, surely! Sì, sì: a month is long enough to bury anybody. Finally, light broke: John Paul I, Papa Luciani, the Pope with the engaging smile and the irrepressible quiff of hair, had died after a 33-day pontificate while we were sleeping in the utter tranquillity of a nameless mountain hamlet.

We left their villa in the ancestral mountain village after the weekend, and drove to Turin, where the Shroud was on view to the reverent gaze of the patient crowds. Halfway down the Aurelia towards Rome, we realized that we had not enough petrol and not enough Italian money. A determined search revealed an overlooked note. Night had already fallen, but as the red light began to flash with the tank a quarter full, we spied the welcoming lights of a station still open. Grateful and tired, we paid no attention to the meter. Upon turning the ignition key, the tank still showed a quarter full. I lamented to the responsible in lively mode. There had been a mistake. I had been misunderstood. A few more precious litres were pumped in. The gauge still showed a quarter full, and was clearly malfunctioning. Within a hundred yards it bounded up to three-quarters full, and worked perfectly thereafter. Without that malfunction, we would never have noticed the short measure.

At two o'clock in the morning we ran through Civitavecchia and a violent, torrential thunderstorm. Further down, on a pitch-black, windswept, anonymous bit of road, we passed a sign saying ROMA. We had no idea that the Church was on the threshold of a new era of her history, a bold and imaginative break with 450 years of papal tradition, to which we would be witnesses as we stood in the searchlight-bathed square of Saint Peter's that balmy October night and heard a Man from a Far Country announce to his astonished new flock for the first time: «Sia lodato Gesù Cristo!» All we know was that a much-loved Pope had died, we had no lire left, the fuel indicator was an insistent and menacing red (thank Heaven for those extra litres!), but also that the shoestring had held, and this was going to be a Romanesque after all.

Michael Smith



The Centenary Medallion

THE FOURTH CENTENARY MEDALLION

To mark the Fourth Centenary, the College commissioned David Renka, a young American artist working in Rome, to make a commemorative medallion basing his design on that of the Martyrs' Picture which hangs in the College Church. As is well known, the design of the Martyrs' Picture itself is derived ultimately from that of the Hospice seal which depicts The Holy Trinity, Saint Thomas and Saint Edmund. When Durante Alberti painted the Martyrs' Picture within a few years of the foundation of the College, he added many other details, of which the most significant are the globe and the motto *Ignem Veni Mittere in Terram*, both intended to recall the missionary purpose of the College. Other features of Albert's painting, such as the six angels, are more of decorative than iconographic importance. In recreating this design for the medallion, David Renka has incorporated the globe and the motto and produced a medallion that refers clearly to the Hospice and the College and which, with its boldness and simplicity of line, is at once traditional and contemporary.

The original of the medallion is 220 mm in diameter, and copies are available for sale measuring 56 mm in diameter. The medallion is cast in bronze, and the smaller version is ideal as a paperweight, and easily able to be posted.

We hope Old Romans and others will find this Commemorative Medallion an attractive and worthy souvenir of the Fourth Centenary of the College.

NOVA ET VETERA LA MAGLIANA REVISITED

Early in the year we were contacted by the Secretary of the *Comitato delle Catacombe di Generosa* asking about the links between the College and the vineyard at Magliana. The Committee seems to be a preservationist group doing their best to save what they can from disappearing under the vast blocks of flats that now surround Rome and continue to spread into the Campagna. The area of the vineyard formerly owned by the College is now being engulfed, but through the efforts of the Committee the original farmhouse is being preserved.

We were invited to go out and were shown the farmhouse. There are two buildings, a barn and the farmhouse itself, all shuttered up, but standing very much as they were, as shown in the old windows and cracks. At the back, the little chapel and altar could be clearly seen. It was interesting to see it and to try to imagine students of former days coming out and using it perhaps as we use Palazzola now on a 'dies non' as a refuge from the heat and noise of Rome. The buildings standing on a patch of green are to be the centre of a piazza which will be called the *Piazza del Casale degli Inglesi* and there will be a road running into it with the same name.

Having visited the farm house we were taken to the little known Catacomb di Generosa, which had been under our property. It was opened up in the 19th century but rarely visited. Beside it there is the site of a small basilica built at the time of St. Damasus, of which traces of the apse and some fragments remain. Inside, there were various inscriptions from the old basilica, two frescoes of the Good Shepherd and what had been a fine fresco of four saints. The story is that they had been martyrs whose bodies had been thrown into the Tiber and washed up near this spot. Unfortunately this fresco had been badly damaged by some thieves who got in about six years ago and tried to lift it off the wall.

The catacomb was not extensive and we were told that most of those buried there were poor. Many of the shelves were unopened and we saw what looked like a new tile with a third century date on it. In others complete skeletons could be seen.

Fortunately no building is allowed above the catacomb. At present the area is just waste land but the Comitato hope to make it into a garden.

It was a very interesting afternoon and we were grateful that the College's connection with the area is being recorded. It was suggested that at some future date we might come for a formal opening of the *Piazza del Casale degli Inglesi*. The parish priest was also interested in the possibility of a Mass on the site of the old basilica.

G.A Hay

A DONKEY RIDE TO ROME: HOLY YEAR 1950

The best way of travelling to Rome is by donkey. I was fortunate enough to do this in the summer of 1950, five years after the war, when the internal-combustion engine had not yet reasserted itself fully in the Eternal City. I set out early one sunny morning from the Sabine town of Terni, where I had hired a donkey and his mulateer, a 45-year old peasant called Giuseppe Masceri. We left at 7 a.m. and began the ascent towards Piediluco and the northern Sabine range. Far away on one side gleamed the lake of Piediluco, and on the other, almost as blue this cloudless morning, the crests of the Sabines ranging inland. Two great *cordiglieri* or chains of parallel mountains ran away to the south, joining twenty miles away to form a bowl containing the fertile plain of Rieti.

The Sabine mountains run parallel to the Apennines, to which they act as foothills. Like all geologically older formations, their curves are gentler and their slopes less steep. Their landscape is chequered with ancient towns and villages on hill-tops; they point south to their limit at Tivoli and the Campagna; their valleys nourish the sheep in winter, and the grapes in summer. Such a land, it seemed, might well satisfy my two demands: of leisurely travel in pre-Roman Italy, and the prospect at the end of the piazza of St. Peter's crowded with pilgrims in this great year of the Catholic calendar, 1950. I also hoped that we might fall in with some pilgrims journeying as we were, or on foot.

Giuseppe Masceni immediately suggested that I should mount the donkey, while he would walk beside me. When I replied that I preferred to start on foot, being in need of exercise, he was appalled. He, a *cafone*, mounted! And I, a *Signore inglese*, on foot! It took several days to persuade him that our journey should be conducted on these democratic lines, sharing alike. Even then, he never entirely accustomed himself to my walking. He was happiest loping along beside me holding the leading rope, while I sat perched up on Pepe, surveying the bare and stony landscape of the Apennines.

Our donkey Pepe was a sturdy beast of about eight hands, imperturbable and of a pleasant enough disposition when not going downhill. I was soon to learn that you can present such an animal with almost any *upward* slope; you

can load it with yourself, or with both of you (as we sometimes did), and it will make no sound of protest. Nothing short of its legs collapsing under excessive load will stop its grunting progress forward and upward. Present it, however, with a long downward slope; dismount, ease the burden, lead it, coax it, cajole it; and it will emit sounds of anguish, brayings and whinnys, as if about to expire. On these occasions, Masceri lengthened the leading rope and moved some yards ahead, while I went to the side, well out of range of Pepe's hind-legs which, if they missed their foothold, were liable to lash out. This technique I was to master...

"Escursions", says Baedeker in this famous guide, "may be made from Terni to the picturesque mountain scenery of the lower Apennines, though not unattended by difficulties owing to the indifferent character of the inns and roads."

I was to have ample opportunity to confirm this little euphemism. The first place we stayed the night was in Poggio Bustone, a typical Apennine village isolated on the side of a mountain, clinging as it were precariously to the bare rock. It consists of half a dozen ancient and dirty alleys, ladderstreets which one has to scale rather than walk up. When we arrived its little piazza was swarming with morose men, lounging and gossiping - among whom shawled women strode about efficiently, sometimes with jars on their heads. Goats fed ubiquitously on garbage in the side streets, some of them rampant on tubs full of water-melon peelings. Immense swine stalked about, intermingled with half-naked children.

"Why, *Signorino*", said Masceri imploringly, "did we have to come to this place?"

I had very good reasons for coming. This place is one of the great Franciscan shrines of Italy. Most people believe that Assisi was the chief, indeed the only, seat of the Saint. But it was here in the valley of Rieti, the *sacred valley* as it is now called, that the *poverello* addressed his most eloquent plea to humanity. He inhabited four different hermitages on these valley sides, of which the most famous and inaccessible is the one here, above Poggio Bustone. Another five hundred feet above the village, a climb up an almost vertical mountainside, brought me that afternoon to the small granite shrine in the rocks where he lived. Here, he would spend days alone in meditation and prayer, lying on the rocks, coloured like them in his brown peasant's serge, while mice and lizards ran over him and nibbled bread-crumbs from his wallet. Here, Brother Grasshopper and Sister Cricket spoke to him.

The most famous moment in the history of Poggio Bustone was that morning of 24th October 1208, when Saint Francis descended early from his hermitage and was seen by the villagers—to whom he had never spoken before—going about the streets, uttering a remark which is now commemorated by a plaque in the little piazza. While of no particular originality, it is extremely amiable: *Buon Giorno, Buona Gente!* It was shortly after this that he accomplished the

miracle of the Poggio Bustone vines. A mob of excited admirers had broken through the cordon to see him, trampling down and ruining the only village vineyard. But that autumn, the Poggio vines produced exactly the same yield of excellent grapes as they had in previous years.

The only *Locanda* in Poggio Bustone being "closed for repairs", its owner asked whether we would mind sleeping in the barn. There was no alternative, so he escorted us behind his house, where he pointed to a heap of straw in the yard. For curiosity's sake, I asked if there was such a thing as a bed; but this appeared to exist only in the house, being already occupied. He again indicated the straw. For more reasons than one, I avoided the straw, with which Masceri plentifully bestrewed himself. I lay instead at the other end of the barn covered by my mackintosh. Sleep did not come easily that night. Farmyard noises multiplied. A cow was tethered behind the barn, constantly snuffling. A pig passed from time to time, grunting thoughtfully. Somewhere not far away an animal, perhaps a horse, was munching hay...

The weather was fine but not too hot, and we were generally on the road before sunrise. This early rising may shock some people; but something in Italy always makes me want to get up with the dawn. In England, this is not so; I haven't seen an English sunrise for years, and have little wish to do so. But here in rural Italy, in this burning climate, the freshness of the early hours is invigorating. Innumerable scents, from earth, bush and flower assail one, and every morning I saw the dawn in a new setting: across the mysterious valleys and infolding Sabine hills; above the great bare rocks of the Monte Bove pass; over the white surface of the Valentian Way that went winding on to Rome; and then finally, above the Urbs itself, when the monks and pilgrims of San Clemente chanted in procession their wonderful Latin dirge.

Our way after Rieti led always upward, through regions of changing vegetation. First, came vines and olives; then, shrub and deciduous trees; and finally pines - a strange contrast, the almost Sicilian countryside of the valley and then, four hours later, the wooded slopes of Scotland. These Sabine foothills are deceptive in the manner of all primary formations. Gentle, undulating and innocuous in appearance, they present slopes as tiring as anything in the Alps. They never seem to end. You walk on and on, hoping to come out suddenly on a ridge, with the prospect of a welcoming village in the valley below. Yet ridge after ridge reveal only climbs and further ridges, hither to obscured, all slightly higher. A thousand metres rise is made without any visible gain to look back on. And it was not until we had scrambled up and down at least twenty such hillsides, through bramble and gorse, over loose slate and granite blocks, that we came upon the little village of Pizzoli, a cluster of yellowed house-fronts and orange slates in a concealed valley.

Hoping for bread and cheese and a drink, we walked into it at 3.30 in the afternoon, and were served some wine which the proprietor assured me was his best, but which tasted like vinegar. He eyed my knapsak with disapproval. "A German", I heard him mutter to a bystander. I explained that I was English,

but he only grudgingly brought me the wine, adding that there was nothing to eat. We were now extremely hungry, and at this I brandished my passport, hoping that the Royal escutcheon might at least produce some cheese. He examined it without enthusiasm, and on his turning it upside down, I realised that he could not read. Meanwhile a crowd of beggars, urchins and knitting grannies had come in and were examining me with equal disapproval. I began to feel uncomfortable, conscious of that dislike of the meddling stranger which is supposed to characterise mountain peoples.

"The Germans shot five of our young men before they left in 1944", grumbled the innkeeper to someone at the counter. "Put them up against the wall there outside!" He pointed to the window. "You could see it all from here."

So *that* was it! I had found before in Italy that I must have something Teutonic in my appearance. Moreover, it is axiomatic that an Englishman never travels in Italy in anything meaner than a large motor-car. A person like myself, on foot or donkey, is simply taken for a German student. And so, after the further appearance of a villainous and threatening-looking *carabiniere*, and in spite of our hunger, Masceri and I decided to leave. Followed by forty pairs of staring eyes we moved on, unsustained and unnourished by the little village of Pizzoli. At all events, one might as well make up one's mind when travelling on foot in rural Italy that one is German...

It was not until towards the end of our journey near Aquila degli Abruzzi that we came upon a group of pilgrims, bound like us for Rome. Three men were carrying a heavy wooden Cross, while the others walked beside, about a dozen, of whom four were monks. I asked a layman where they had come from, and he replied, pointing to the monks, that they had walked from Dalmatia. It amazed me that men should come so far on foot, carrying such a burden.

"No, *they* don't carry it", he explained, pointing to the monks again. He told me that a pilgrimage of this kind is arranged months beforehand, and that the actual pilgrims—in this case, the four Dalmatian monks—seldom carry the Cross themselves. Through each town or village which they pass, local enthusiasts turn out and carry it for them, until the next village, where it is taken over by another set of locals.

Two days after this we came to Aniene, that tributary of the Tiber whose very name evokes memories of Horace, his "hurrying Aniene." All that remains of his famous farm today are the basement walls of a score of symmetrically-placed rooms. There is evidently a rectangular *patio* to the south enclosing a garden with covered porticoes, where he used to walk in the heat of the day; and a Nymphaeum with fountains. There are several mosaic pavements, which the guardian will uncover, one of which is the *cubiculum*. Here he indicated the space for a bed, and turning to me said archly, "He had many friends out here from Rome, you know."

I stared at it. Was this the spot before me where Horace made advances to his *dulce ridentem Lalagen*? Was it here that, in the words of Suetonius, he regulated his famous mirrors? - "*ad res venereas intemperantior traditur nam specula toto scortans dicitur habuisse disposita ita ut quocumque respexisset sibi imago coitus referetur.*"

The last stage of our journey took us past the Roman airport of Ciampino. As we jogged along, we were now faced with streams of buses and motor-cars moving thither, hurtling and klaxoning their way along the old via Appia. What was agreeable, however, was that I felt no sense of incongruity mounted on Pepe, whose 3,000 years of transport seemed so much more rooted in the landscape; and who would obviously still be here when all these mechanical contraptions had vanished into thin air. I was pleased at one point to fall in with a cart containing an assorted collection of bric-a-brac, perched on the top of which was an old fellow half-asleep, a clay pipe sticking out of the corner of his mouth.

Masceri had never been to Rome before, but it made small impression on him; for on my suggesting that, as I intended to take a room in a *pensione*, we should find something for him, where he could stable Pepe for the night, he thanked me, but said he would prefer to be getting back to Terni immediately.

"Yov intend to travel all night!", I asked. .

"Yes", he tapped Pepe's saddle. "I can snooze on his back."

And so, in a cafe near the Milvian bridge, we settled our finances over a glass of wine, and I thanked him for his help and agreeable company. Then I watched them both lumping down the road together in the direction of the Campagna again. Dear Masceri! I thought, you have just entered the capital of your country—indeed, the capital of Christianity—for the first time in your life; you have walked along one of its suburban streets, you have saluted it with a glass of wine - and returned home on your donkey!

And so I came to the end, to the via della Conciliazione on a Sunday morning, where a great crowd was awaiting the appearance of Pope Pius XII. Just after midday, the windows of the central balcony of St. Peter's opened and a figure in white, his arms upheld, came out and spoke. He said that the terrible experiences of the immediate past were over, and that the time for reconstruction had come. He gave a Christian message of hope and encouragement; he cheered the spirit. Almost unconsciously, I found myself repeating the words of the greatest of Italian poets six hundred years ago, when he too hoped that European civilisation might be renewed:

"Behold, now is the acceptable time in which arise signs of consolation and joy! For a new day begins to dawn, which shall dissipate the darkness of long calamity. Now the breezes of the East begin to blow, the lips of Heaven redden, and with serenity comfort the hopes of the people..."

The Pope continued talking quietly, almost monotonously, for nearly a

quarter of an hour in the vast hush that fell. When he had finished and was withdrawing through the window, his hands still raised, a deep growl went up from the crowd; it transformed itself into a clamour, then a cheering, and then a wild huzzaing. From every corner of the piazza went up the full-throated cry. *Viva il Papa! Viva il Papa!*, echoing down the via della Conciliazione, as far as the great walls of the Castel Sant'Angelo. And when I found myself pronouncing those splendid words *Viva il Papa!*, I knew that the goal I had set myself two months before in Terni had been reached, and that my Sabine Journey was over.

Anthony Rhodes



A familiar Summer scene - the Terrace, Palazzola

No special edition of *The Venerabile* would be complete without at least a photograph of a spot in the Castelli that makes the heart of every Venerabilino flutter. Perhaps in a better condition now than it has been for a long time, and certainly more used, not only throughout the Summer (by us for one month and then by family groups), but also throughout the year (lunch cooked by Fernanda every Thursday for those who want it, and groups at Christmas and Easter gita periods), the *Convento di Palazzola* still exercises its age-old charm.

COLLEGE DIARY 1978-1979

Villa 1978

June 23rd «Expectata dies aderat...» (from somewhere in Aeneid Bk. VI). Yes, their exams over, and only the prospect of good results to follow, the weary students pack their rooms and head for the welcoming Alban Hills. To greet them are the fresh air, sweetly scented flowers, the cool wine, and most of all, the possibility of a good night's sleep! The Rector presides at the first Mass of this villagiatura, and enthuses about DOP - it is his first stay here since he was a student. Wine on the terrace after supper helps begin the period of recreation.

June 25th A house information meeting, the most troubling news being that of the non-functioning of the Volley-ball court. Promises of having it ready soon satisfy the addicts of the game.

June 27th Tusculum is rained off for the first time in living memory (so they say). The crater is filled with very large and very grey clouds. Those who actually dragged themselves out of bed at 5.30 either return there or console themselves with cups of tea. Poverini.

June 28th Tusculum takes place, or rather our annual expedition there. Mass is celebrated at more or less the planned time. Monsignore Cecchi, the Parroco of San Lorenzo in Damaso delivers a bidding prayer which is at one and the same time a mini-homily and a prophecy about Paul VI. Mons. Cecchi arrived for a few days, and seems ready to stay much longer.

June 30th The Lake Gita, organised expertly by Mervyn Tower. Fr. Peter Morgan arrived in time for Supper, and in time to be put under the microscope a little before taking up his post as Vice Rector in September.

July 4th The Nuns' Gita. We leave the Villa by coach to an, as yet, secret destination. In fact we soon realise that we are heading in the direction of Umbria, and the Valle Santo. We celebrate Mass at Greccio, where St. Francis lived and had his first crib. After lunch we travel on to Fonte Colombo, another Franciscan shrine. The nuns, girls and other members of the College "Family" from Rome thoroughly enjoy the day out. All return home exhausted.

July 6th This year's Retreat Master arrives, Bishop David Konstant, who very quickly makes himself at home. The programme for the Retreat is decided upon, and a saintly atmosphere pervades.

During the retreat, there are the usual admissions to Candidacy and the Acolytate. This year, however, the "Villa Bishop" Bishop Restieaux, graciously allows Bishops Konstant to preside at one of the ceremonies. On the evening of the penultimate day of the Retreat, the families of those to be ordained deacons begin to arrive.

July 12th The climax of not only the Villa, but of the whole year. Seven of our number (in keeping with the Acts of the Apostles) are ordained to the Order of Deacon; Messrs. Bertram, Davies, Galligan, Gummett, Harbert, Ingham and Lasia. A beautiful ceremony, in the skilled hands of Bishop Restieaux and the MC. Photos on the terrace and congratulations from the students and families merge into Aperitivi and the Pranzone. After the spume, speeches and the singing of *Ad Multos Annos*, those fit enough to do so, retreat to the Tank, others go to read the Greek Fathers. Most have surfaced in time for Supper round a bonfire on the terrace, and soon the Community Song-Books appear. Bishop Konstant very ably leads the assembly in a three-part round, "Pauper sum ego, nihil habeo, et nihil dabo." That is certainly the case for the majority of the students who now begin to leave for England (or Wales) to seek their summer fortunes. A very Happy and peaceful Villa has been had by all. Little did we know what was to occur in less than a month... (P.S. The Volley-ball court never did function this year!)

What did happen is history now, and has been well-documented elsewhere by the Rector. In fact judging on his style, I wonder why he was not chosen College Diarist.

Academic year 1978-1979

October Of course the first few weeks back in Rome were overshadowed by the Conclave and subsequent Election of John Paul II. As the Rector has said in his very personal account of the proceedings, it was tremendously exciting to be there in St. Peter's Square to see the new Pope appear. I had no idea who he was, but one member of the student body had studied the 'form' of each non-Italian likely candidate and knew immediately Cardinal Felice announced the name that it was 'the Pole - the man from Krakow.' A very shattered Cardinal Hume returned from the Conclave obviously pleased with the outcome but equally obviously needing a good rest. Once the initial excitement was over, the hard facts of academic life reared their head once again. A new Rector was appointed at the Greg, Fr. Carlo Martini of the Biblicum. Father Carrier will remain on the Teaching Staff and will assist the new Rector in his task of getting to know, not only the Gregorian scene but also the international situation as well. Auguri Padre Martini!

November The new men are discovering the joys of living in Rome. Some of them shame other more senior members of the House with their working knowledge of Italian. One of the new students causes great amusement in the Guardaroba, by asking one of the nuns for a 'vedova', when what he really required was a clean pillow-case (federa). Well, at least he had the guts to go in and ask for himself. Setting foot into the kitchen and beyond for the first time is a daunting prospect.

The immediate past Rector, Rt. Rev. Cormac made his first return visit to the College since his departure to A & B last December. It was *not* strange to bump into him outside the Common Room, or to rub shoulders with him again. He himself confessed to feeling like he'd never been away, except of course that he did not recognise his office with his furniture moved around in it! The Cardinal also paid us another visit before the end of 1978, with the probability of many more in 1979.

December 1st Martyrs' Day. Cardinal Pignedoli was the guest of honour at lunch. Several of the resident Vaticanologists noted that he looked much older and frail, perhaps due to the loss of his close friend for many years Pope Paul. Coffee and liquori were served in the Cardinals' Corridor, and Cardinal Pignedoli mixed freely with the students.

With the end of lectures at the Greg., the clandestine preparations for the Pantomime need no longer be so. All those who signed up to have a part in the production were written in by the Producers and Script-writers Robert Draper and Stephen Porter. No suitable play could be staged this year, which caused dismay among thespians of repute in the House. They will have to wait until next year. There was the traditional Holly Cam at Palazzola, with sacks of holly to adorn the Common Room and Christmas Puds. That occasion at the Villa attracts almost the whole of the House, which is a sight only normally seen in the few weeks we spend at DOP in the Summer. As usual Christmas Day was a very happy time in the College. The Christmas spirit was tangible about the place from before Matins (11.00pm Christmas Eve) well through until the end of the third night of the Panto, which incidently this year was "Little Miss Muffett goes West.". The Staff entertained the students to a party in the Salone on Christmas night which was a well-received innovation. It also gave us a chance to see and hear the Rector's famous and rather expensive Music Centre. Since there was no play this year, we had the chance of a good day's rest on the 28th. before the Feast of St. Thomas.

December 29th St. Thomas of Canterbury. Today marked the beginning of the celebration of the College's 400 yrs. While we celebrated in Rome, we were aware of the Mass being offered in Westminster Cathedral by Cardinal Hume with several of the Old Romans. Cardinal Garrone was the main celebrant at the Mass in the College, the Rector preached. We were graced with the presence of the General of the Society of Jesus at the pranzo which followed. Fr. Arrupe made a very moving speech in English in which he reminded us that there are still English Martyrs today, referring to the young Jesuits killed in Rhodesia. The Jesuits have always had a very strong link with the College,

and Fr. Arrupe expressed his pleasure at knowing that the Society has been so closely involved with us. He hoped it would always be so.

Once the festivities of today were over we were free to leave on gita. A few people went home to witness some of the harsh winter there, while others headed for Venice, Sicily, Assisi, Vienna, DOP etc...

January 7th The official end of gita week at Vespers. Bishop Pearson was at the College having a break. We heard the good news that Suor Gemma was to return to work at the College after a long period of illness and treatment for a bone-condition. She had left the College in early October before the majority of the students had returned. She in fact returned to us on January 8th, perhaps a little subdued, but soon to return to her usual high spirits.

January 12th Monsignor Jim Sullivan gave the Spiritual Conference. He chose as his subject Ecumenism. This was a fitting prelude to the week of prayer for Christian Unity. During that week we had several functions of an ecumenical nature. One evening the Methodist Minister, Mr. Bishop, preached at Vespers, and his Wife and children had supper with us afterwards. Mons. Cecchi, the Parish Priest, had his usual Mass for Christian Unity, and invited us to provide the Celebrant, and Choir. Peter Atkinson, an Anglican student from Westcott House Cambridge was staying with us for the whole of the first semester, and went along to this Mass at San Lorenzo. He was very embarrassed (or was it chuffed?) when hundreds of the old ladies in the parish queued up to kiss his hands! Some of the people in the parish are convinced that we are Anglicans, I wonder sometimes if Mons. Cecchi really believes we are on the same side as him.

January 25th The Pope began his memorable trip to Mexico. More than any other Pope, he has taken to using a helicopter to get around in. On a number of occasions the clatter of the machine can be heard as it passes overhead on its way back to the Vatican. No wonder some people have dubbed him the Flying Pope! It was strange to stand in St. Peter's Square during those few days when he was in Mexico, and to see all the windows of the Apostolic Palace tightly shuttered. But soon that sense of lack disappeared and J.P. II returned in triumph.

It was about this time that Peter Coughlan, già Vice, was taken very ill with pneumonia. Peter is always so active and lively, it was disconcerting to see him in hospital. Soon, however with lots of tender loving care from the Blue Nuns he was recovered enough to go and convalesce for a while..

January 28th The Rector left for England on business with a very busy few days ahead of him. His itinerary had all the complexity of the wiring of a fuse-box. God bless British Rail.

Today Alison Painelli (nee Stokes) was received into full Communion with the Church. Her brother George was a student in the College, and officiated at her marriage in the College Chapel last year. There are several people under instruction in Rome by students from the College, and it was great to see Alison being confirmed in the College.

January 29th News came of the death of Cardinal Reginald Delargey. He had been created a Cardinal in the same Consistory as Cardinal Hume, and had been a guest to lunch in the College at that time. May he rest in peace.

January 31st Last day of Lectures at the Greg, and the end of the first semester. Gloom, despondency, etc., because the exams are here again. «Stipendium peccati mors est». A curious disease had been killing Horses and Goldfish all over Italy, even the goldfish in the College fishpond were affected. Some thoughtful student buried them just in case we should have them for a Friday meal!

What better to lift the exam depression than a plate of sausage, black pudding and Bacon, all smuggled out from England? On one evening the scent of those delicacies frying filled the air, what bliss, what momentary bliss. Soon the second semester began.

February 18th At the main Sunday Mass in the College we witnessed the Baptism of Riccardo Tagliaferri, Arrigo the portiere's grandson. The baby was very well behaved, and lay cooing as we celebrated his joining God's Family. There had been two cases of chicken pox in the house, what a turn up for the books if an adult had given that baby chicken pox. The infirmarians made sure strict quarantine was observed.

February 28th. Ash Wednesday and the beginning of Lent.

March 2nd The Rectors of the English and Scots seminaries held their annual meeting in the College. The Pope gave them a private audience. Monsignor Sullivan, as Rector of Lisbon went along with them. Jim was very careful not to tell us whatever the Pope said to him on that occasion, he just smiled with that characteristic glint in his eye.

March 6th Bishop Walmsley, the new Forces Bishop, who was on his 'honeymoon' after Episcopal Ordination, presided at the Community Mass. He stayed with us in the College for a fortnight, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy himself.

March 9th The Pope and his household were in Retreat. The Diarist, in his other role as student banker, became a dab-hand at spotting the high ecclesiastics making their way into the Vatican, as he made his way to the Vatican Bank. The sad news came today of the death of Cardinal Jean Villot, the Secretary of State; his funeral took place on 13th, presided over by the Pope. Speculations abounded about the new Secretary of State.

Kay Kelly, the very brave woman from Liverpool, came to Mass at the College. The Liverpool students looked after her and her son during their stay in Rome, driving her from her hotel etc. It was a humbling experience to meet her. The Pope had some special words for her at the General Audience on March 14th.

March 20th At noon the whole College assembled in the Crypt at St. Peter's and celebrated Mass at the Altar of Christ the King there. This was in connec-

tion with the fourth centenary celebrations. The Rector presided and reminded us of our closeness as students in Rome to the tombs of the Apostles, and our sharing in their faith. The weather that day was abominable, the heavens had opened not long before midday, and several of the students got a good soaking on their way to the Mass. But the smell of damp clothes and the constant stream of tourists oggling at us did not ruin the atmosphere at that Mass one bit, it was a very prayerful celebration.

March 26th Archbishop Worlock and Bishop Wheeler arrived for meetings and to see their students. The Archbishop presided at the Community Mass on 27th. even though he had a very bad dose of the 'Flu.

The Rome corporation had decided to resurface a road on the "Greg route", thus causing minor confusion. How would the students get to the Greg? Simple—walk straight across the road-works and on down the Via del Arco della Ciambella - nothing can stop us.

April 2nd Bishop Cormac and his secretary Jeremy Lear arrived. The Bishop was combining business at the Vatican with pleasure, the pleasure of ordaining one his own men to the Priesthood.

On the 4th. the ministry of Lector was conferred on the men of Second Theology. One member of that year, who shall be nameless, after being given care of the Word of God, proceeded to drop the Bible on the way to his seat, blush!

April 7th Ordination to the Priesthood of Robert Lasia (Salford) and Bruce Harbert (A & B). It being the Feast of St. Henry Walpole, a College Martyr, the priests were in very red vestments, creating a great wall of colour as they gathered around the Bishop at the prayer of Consecration. It was a very moving ceremony, with members of the new priests families and their friends present. Norman Goodall was in Rome at the time, which caused Bishop Cormac to remark how good it was for him to see so many old faces again. Bruce celebrated his first Mass the next day, presiding at the Palm Sunday Liturgy. Robert celebrated the Nuns' Mass in their Chapel. The events were a fitting preparation for Holy Week. As is customary, we had a day of recollection in the College. This was lead by Mark Butlin OSB, a monk of Ampleforth who is studying at Sant'Anselmo. He helped us to see the whole of Holy Week as a type of Retreat in itself. We had the Easter Triduum ceremonies at the College, except for the Vigil, which was at San Silvestro.

April 15th The Schola sang at the Papal Mass on the steps of St. Peter's. Later some of the members heard from their families in England that they had been on Television there. Others had their families in the Square watching things from closer quarters. The presence of families and particularly of children in the College over the the Easter gita period makes a great change and creates a holiday atmosphere in itself. The trip organised to Assisi went very well. We are old friends at the Hotel La Rocca in Assisi who always make us very welcome.

April 23rd The Greg re-opens. Hardly are we back at study, when we go away on overnight recollection groups to think and pray about the Fourth Centenary on May 1st. which is so near. The Committee whose job it has been to organise the celebrations heighten their activity as the day approaches.

May 1st The Fourth Centenary to the day of Bull of Foundation of the College. At Office of Readings in the Chapel we hear read the words of Gregory XIII, and who could fail but be moved by them.

It had been decided to make today a particularly family occasion. So only those who are directly connected with the College and its running were invited. It was great to see Alfredo and Fernanda Piacentini come down with their family from the Villa, and to see so many other faithful associates present. The Rector presided at the Mass in the evening, and then all present (about 150) were entertained to Supper in the Ref., which was specially decorated for the occasion. One piece of decoration which did not last for long was the huge pig, complete with apple in mouth, which was masterfully carved and dished up by one of Alfredo's sons. The evening was a great success, and reflected all the planning and preparation that went into it.

May 2nd. The Staff entertained the students in the Salone, again, as at Christmas; this was greatly appreciated.

May 4th Yesterday the General Election was held in the U.K., and the New First Lord of the Treasury is Maggie Thatcher.

Today we held our own election, this time for the new Senior Student. Sean Healy was elected to succeed Bruce Harbert.

Cardinal Hume arrived for his "meeting with the Pope." He has been elected President of the Hierarchy of England and Wales since he last visited us. Prosit!

May 7th. Deputy Senior Student Elections, this time Paschal Ryan was elected to succeed Tony Ingham.

May 9th The Collegio Capranica was invited to come to join in our celebrations and gratefully accepted. So, in the evening we celebrated Mass together, presided over by the Vice-Rector. Then we had a cenone followed by speeches in the Ref. The students of the Capranica presented us with an illuminated parchment containing their signatures and those of their staff. Our new Senior Student, Sean Healy, made his first public speech, in Italian; it was well received by all. Later in the evening, upstairs in the Common Room, we were able to surprise the Italians with our knowledge of many of their own folk songs.

May 15th The bells of the Parish Church were ringing out, a sure sign that something was happening around there. Some of us went to have a closer look. Of course, it was Tuesday, the Pope's visiting day, that is the day he visits people and places. Today it was the turn of the Cancelleria, and then after-

wards, the Church of San Lorenzo in Damaso. Mons. Cecchi was thrilled, and had brushed up on his non-existent Polish in order to greet the Pope.

May 20th A slide show to entertain and amuse the student body. This student body gave up his other role as Banker, and took on that of Master of Ceremonies. What a week to take it on!

May 21st The Rector of the Greg. came round to the College, and celebrated Mass (in English) for us. He stayed to Supper and then entered into open discussion about the Greg. in the Salone.

May 22nd The Pope has invited both the VEC and the Beda to celebrate Mass with him on the 24th. in the Vatican. The MC of the VEC has a meeting with the MC of MC'S, the Pope's MC—Monsignore Noe. But this is not anything to do with the Mass in the 24th.—because we are already providing the choir and assistenti at the Chiesa Nuova for the Feast of San Filippo Neri, when the Pope is saying Mass there. Monsignore Noe convinced me it was a great privilege to have two Papal Masses in one week when I was desperately trying to assimilate all the directions he had given me!

May 24th 7.00am Lourdes Grotto, Vatican Gardens. The Pope has been living in the Torre San Giovanni while his appartments in the Palace are given a refit. On the dot of 7.00, a sturdy figure in red cape and sporting a tan with white hair and even whiter skull-cap approaches, My immediate thought was that it was all a dream, that may have been due in part to the early rise from bed, but then the dream began to speak to us in English, in a very husky Polish voice, made huskier by the presence of a bad chesty cold. Yes, it was the Pope saying Mass just a few yards away, and with our intentions in mind. It was magic.

Once the Mass was over, the Pope seemed in no particular hurry to leave us. He stopped and spoke to several people including again, Monsignor Sullivan. The Rector told the Pope that Jim was to celebrate his Golden Jubilee as a priest the following day, "You are an example to us all" came the response.

May 25th Jim did celebrate his Jubilee, and presided at Mass, a Jubilee Mass, and told us that we were all celebrating his Jubilee as well. The Sermon was a reflection on his ordination at Lisbon fifty years before. For this occasion Jim's brother, sister, nephew and niece were present. Several presentations were made after a celebration lunch. Jim was very pleased with his gifts, especially the stereo cassette player.

May 26th The feast of San Filippo Neri. At 7.00 p.m. the Pope arrived at the Chiesa Nuova to celebrate Mass. The team of servers was made up of nine stalwarts from the VEC, and it was our angelic voices which were leading the singing. The Pope again seemed in no hurry to be off, and stopped and chattered with the people from the Oratorians parish. Even Mons. Noe seemed pleased with our performance. What a week!

May 30th The Rector left for England, to attend to business and also the opening of the Old Romans' meeting, whose close we look forward to in October.

June 2nd The Vigil of Pentecost. And perhaps the most memorable event in the short reign of Pope John Paul II—his return to his homeland. Again there was that sense of a lack in the City, and the crowds showed their feelings of that sort when they turned out in their thousands a week later to welcome the Pope back. For us the exam session has come round again, but mercifully the weather has been fine but not too hot to work. Soon it will be time for the fresh air of DOP, and the next diarist will take up his electric typewriter to commit to posterity the goings on, I know who he is, and all the best to him...

James O'Boyle

THAT ENGLISH ROMAYNE LIFE

Commemoration of the College's Fourth Centenary would be incomplete—at least for those who studied there—without some reference to St. Mary's Hall. This austere building ensured the continuity of the College over a difficult six years. The efforts of the Rector, Mgr Macmillan, and of the two Vice-rectors, Mgr Smith and Fr. Grasar, with the solid backing of the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Godfrey, himself a former Rector, were vital to the preservation of the community that is the College.

Thirty five years later it is perilously easy, especially for those who never knew 'the Hall', to smile gently at the Romanità, even the romanticism of those days. To live an *English* Roman life was by no means easy, for Lancashire is hardly Lazio. A diligent reader of the 1940-1946 issue of *The Venerabile*, particularly of the College Diaries may find it all sounds a little bit precious. Can men really go on gita to Blackpool, or even to Ribchester? Wasn't it distinctly odd to have an annual catacombs mass in the little Catholic Church next to the ruins of Whalley Abbey? And how pathetic to discover that on festas in those days there was still coffee and 'liqs' (though a resolute apologete might argue that the small glasses of undiluted lime juice at least *looked* like Strega). All in all, the reader of today may be tempted to dismiss the whole thing as hopelessly artificial. Not that men of the time were unaware of this: one *Chi Lo Sa?* contained a telling sketch of the war memorial at Hurst Green, the nearest conurbation, with the simple caption 'de Urbe'.

Yet the preservation in an English setting of traditional ways and phraseology drawn from elsewhere is not a phenomenon exclusively reserved to this Venerable English College. To take just one example: we were living in the grounds of Stonyhurst College, which had left the continent some 150 years earlier but still kept (and keeps) its 'Blandyke Days' named after a spot near St. Omers.

As students do, we took many things for granted. But looking back one begins to appreciate what a heavy burden the superiors of that time had to bear. To leave Rome at short notice in May, to find temporary accomodation in Ambleside almost immediately, and to open the College as a going concern in a suitable building in time for the Autumn Term would be a remarkable feat at any

time, *a fortiori* in post - Dunkirk England (the summer of the Battle of Britain and of serious expectation of invasion). After all, it was not just a matter of finding a building. Buildings need furniture; in the event much of this came from a recently defunct seminary at Leeds - and, clearly, it had been well used. A college needs a library: quite a reasonable one was built up, largely through the generosity of other colleges, old students and a host of benefactors. There was need for nuns to man the kitchen, if that is the right phrase; the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Peace of Newark rallied round. Local tradesmen had to be convinced that there were worthwhile customers here in those days of rationing. Bishops had to be reassured that the College was viable and that it was still worthwhile sending students there. And, since there was no Greg in Lancashire, a teaching staff had to be gathered there.

The philosophical flag was kept flying throughout these years by Fr. George Ekberry, who was already the *ripetitore*: Moral Theology was seen to by Dr. Butterworth. The Rector and Vice did their bit with various courses (including Italian lessons for the First Year) We started with the sentence 'Andiamo alla sacra Congregazione per i seminari e l'Università degli Studi', a sentence I have never used in real life. For much else we owed teaching to the generosity of the English Jesuits, who would come up to to the Hall to teach the theological courses they had been giving to their own students at Heythrop; and it was through Heythrop that our theologians were able to get genuine Greg licentiates. It would be invidious to single out names, but no one will forget Fr Bob Dyson who for much of this period lived in the College as Prefect of Studies. As students, I repeat, we took so much of this for granted: but as time passes it is easier to recognise the difficult transfer willingly taken on by two priestss, both former students, who came to help the College during its last year or so in England. Dr Tom Lynch came, within weeks of his release from a prisoner of war camp, to teach history of philosophy; and immediately on demobilisation, Dr Patsy Redmond, who, as army chaplain had 'taken possession' of the College on the very day Rome was liberated in 1944, was lecturing to us on metaphysics, still for the first week or two in his khaki battledress.

In other words, beneath any apparent 'romanticism', the real work of the place, the training and formation of priests, was carrying on, in a realistic way and no small cost to those responsible. It was not an easy time. Men whose families lived in frequently bombed areas, or whose fathers and brothers were in the armed forces, had their unsettling worries and sometimes their be-reavements. Men who were torn between a sense of vocation and a feeling that they they ought to be with their contemporaries in the forces cannot always have been easy to counsel. And, of course, original sin continued to have its effects: as in any college at any time and in any place, there were the usual domestic upheavals and 'stirs'.

Here it was that, whatever its apparent artificiality, our English Roman life had its part to play. These were years in which, more than at any other time, the College needed that elusive and indefinable thing, its 'spirit'. Like the

patriotism of the time, it may have taken some odd forms, but it did the trick. But only yusty just. The final year in England was a difficult one: by then, only the thus Rome was becoming not so much a memory as an abstract ideal, something a little removed from time and place (as old College song books amply illustrate). Then suddenly it began to become real again. It is a tribute to those who organised the English Roman life that in October 1946 those of us who had been some years in the College but had never yet seen Rome really did feel, as our taxis deposited us in the Monserrato for the first time, that we were 'coming back'.

Richard Stewart

NOTANDA

Since this is a special edition of *The Venerabile*, the Obituaries, the Personal column and other routine news will be printed in the next edition 1979-1980.

Mary's response to God's call was:

Behold the handmaid of the LORD.

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