

THE

VENERABILE

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EDITORIAL

Much of the contents of recent issues of the Venerable have been devoted to recording notable occasions in the life of the College, such as the Fourth Centenary celebrations and the consecration of the College Church of St. Thomas. As a result of the College Appeal, major work is under way at Palazzola and the fabric of life may never be the same there again!

On a wider note, it has been a momentous year for the Church in England as we watched and participated in the arrangements for the Papal visit to Great Britain. We can look with pride on the part which the College played and of which some record is given in these pages. The Holy Year, "The Jubilee of the Redemption," will bring many from England and Wales on pilgrimage to Rome and the College, with its tradition of hospitality stretching back to the earliest days will doubtless play an important part in welcoming pilgrims and enriching their time in Rome.

The magazine has not been without its own difficulties in production this year. We rely heavily at a time of rising costs on income from our advertisers — please support them and help them to support us. We hope that this issue, as always, conveys through its articles something of the spirit of the College, both the enduring and the ephemeral.

The cover illustration is from one of the medallions presented to those who helped in a special way with the organisation of the Papal Visit to Britain

BLESSED WILLIAM HART

1558-1583

It is unfortunately true of many of the martyrs of England and Wales, including the martyrs of the College, that it is difficult to know what sort of men and women they were. In many cases all we have is a bare record of dates, culminating in a horrible death.

William Hart, whose quatercentenary we celebrate this year, is one of the exceptions to this rule. This is due to the preservation of many of his letters, including a moving farewell to his mother. Hart was born in 1558 at Wells in Somerset, and educated there and at Lincoln College, Oxford, where he was possibly a contemporary of Blessed William Filby. His religious background is unclear; it seems probable that his mother, who had been widowed and remarried, was of Catholic sympathies. In 1574 he left England soon after the Rector of his College, the historian Bridgewater, and went to the seminary at Douai, which subsequently moved to Reims. Even at this age he suffered from persistent bad health, and partly as a result was sent by Dr. Allen to the English College, Rome late in 1578. He took the Missionary Oath on April 13th, 1579 before the future St. Robert Bellarmine.

Hart left the College as a priest on March 26th, 1581 on the way to England. While a student he was already noted as an excellent preacher, and this gift was a central feature of his brief apostolate, which was in and around the city of York. He worked especially among the many Catholic prisoners in York Castle. "These he daily visited" says Challoner "refusing no labour or danger for their comfort and assistance."¹ Even in the corrupt and lax Elizabethan prison system this was terribly dangerous, and Hart had more than one narrow escape. In July 1582 he escaped by swimming the moat when Mass in the Castle was interrupted by a party of sheriff's officers, and several priests captured.

On Christmas night 1582 he was himself arrested, having been betrayed by an apostate Catholic, and after several months in prison he

¹ R. Challoner, *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, p. 317.

was condemned to death at the Lent Assizes of 1583 for introducing Papal documents into England and saying Mass. During the days left to him, he prepared himself by fasting and prayer, and wrote a number of letters to his mother, his fellow prisoners, and various friends. "These beautiful letters" says Fr. Camm "set before us a vivid picture of a zealous priest... full of heroism tempered with mirth and a calm sweet joy in suffering for Christ."² His letter to his mother ended: "Be contented therefore, good mother, stay your weeping and comfort yourself, that you have borne a son that hath lost his life and liberty for God Almighty's sake, who shed His Most Precious Blood for him."

On 25th March 1583 he was taken out to execution, his last words being the psalm "Ad Te levavi oculos meos." The sympathetic crowds obstructed the executioner, and so Hart was allowed to hang until he was dead, being spared the worst barbarities of the sentence. His epitaph could fitly be taken from his letter to the prisoners in the Castle — "Stand steadfast in that faith which Christ planted, the Apostles preached, the martyrs confirmed. Stand firm in that faith which, as it is the oldest, is the truest and most sure." Blessed William Hart, pray for us.

² B. Camm, *Lives of the English Martyrs*, Series 1, Vol. 2, p. 626.

NOVA ET VETERA

The Commemoration of the Dedication of the College Church

A few months after the Consecration of the College Church, it occurred to the Rector that preparations must be set in motion for the commemoration of this Dedication. The Consecration had taken place on 1st December 1881, the feast of St. Ralph Sherwin. Rather than combine the two celebrations, it was suggested that we might postpone the Commemoration of the Dedication to the following day, as is normal in such situations. However, many felt that a celebration on 2nd December would be somewhat overshadowed by the feast of St Ralph the day before. And so the Rector proposed another date, the anniversary of the opening of the Church almost a century previously. The Archivists were set to work to establish the precise date.

Their researches revealed that the opening of the College Church had been designed to coincide with the consecration of Rector O'Callaghan as Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle. This was to have taken place in the December of 1887 but the "Rector's nerves (were) wrought up to such a pitch as seriously to indispose him. (And the) Consecration (was) deferred in consequence."¹ Our source for this is Richard Burton's 'Roman Diary.' Burton goes on to tell us that the Rector was eventually consecrated in the "New Church" on 18th January 1888. And this date is confirmed by J.G. Cox, a correspondent for 'The Tablet.' He came to Rome on pilgrimage in 1888; and visited the College on the occasion of O'Callaghan's consecration. "The consecration of the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle took place in the new Church of the English College. Many reasons combined to make the ceremony of unusual interest, and I think everyone present must have recognised the happy gracefulness of the thought which had arranged that the consecration of Mgr O'Callaghan should be coincident with the opening of the new Church of the English College, for which he had worked so constantly and so well. The college church too was the rector's work, so that it was most appropriate that it should be first publicly used for his consecration. The church is in good Lombardic style, reminding one strongly of some of the old churches in Ravenna.

¹ *Bishop Burton's Roman Diary, 1884-90. Liber 824.*

There is a dash of the Byzantine it, however, in the elaborate decorations in gold and colour, in the massive closely placed marble pillars, and the highly wrought and gilded capitals which support the galleries that run round three sides of the building. The galleries, which are to be reserved for the use of the students, are adorned with a grand series of frescoes, reproductions of the famous paintings of Pomerancio, which played such a conspicuous part in the Beatification of our Martyrs... The ceremony of the consecration, which began at eight a.m., was performed by the Cardinal Vicar, assisted by the Bishops of Clifton and Portsmouth. When it was nearly over a lady who was near me, and to whom I had just explained a few of the details of the function, suddenly said impetuously, "How I hate it all." For the moment I thought she was a Protestant, and simply said, "Why?" The whispered answer came back: "Why can't they leave him here? You don't know what a friend he has been, and how many will miss him."²

The 18th January having been firmly established, therefore, as the date of opening, it was decided to adopt this date for the Commemoration of the College Church. There follows an account of the ceremony.

Archivists

*"My heart and my soul ring out their joy to God,
the living God" (Ps 83:2)*

If that ringing is to the strains of "How Mighty are the Sabbaths" then it is no ordinary joy that is being expressed. The concentration needed to sing it well at 7pm last January 18th was a helpful way of focussing our attention on the fact that we had come together after a normal busy day for a very special celebration. It was the first Mass of the Anniversary of the Dedication of our church, on its newly-appointed day. The Mass of Dedication itself had closed as I recorded for last year's 'Venerabile' with this same mighty hymn and consequently there was a temptation to see ourselves just as picking up the threads of that day fourteen months earlier and perhaps trying to rehearse its emotions. Not only would that have been difficult, it would have been to miss the point. It would have ignored the rich graces which God, "the living God," had given us in our church during those months, graces which had changed us all, graces which had shown us that of our church, even more so than of Solomon's temple of which the first reading told us, God has said "My name shall be there." The guest list consisted only of "old Boys and close priest friends of the college" and the intimacy of this gathering heightened

² J.G. Cox, *Jubilee-Tide in Rome*, London (1888).

our awareness of some of the graces which individual people present had received there. It was precisely the realisation of these graces which prompted us to praise God for our church's anniversary, for what it had made possible during the previous year.

The opening prayer asked: "Let our worship be always sincere and help us to find your saving love in this church," and the liturgy indeed reminded us of many of the occasions of grace since the Dedication. In the first reading (1 Kings 8:22-23, 27-30) Solomon stands before the altar of the Lord with his hands stretched out to heaven and prays: "Hear the entreaty of your servant and of Israel your people as they pray in this place. From heaven where your dwelling is, hear; and, as you hear, forgive" (1 Kings 8:30). Perhaps we thought of the forgiveness we had sought and received in the Penitential Rite of every Mass, Masses which had been the context for so many sacramental celebrations in our church. Perhaps we thought more specifically of the three Penance Services in which Fr Billy Steele had helped us as a community to enter the Church's Advent or Lenten period of conversion. Perhaps we thought of the scandal of Christian disunity and of the worship which our Anglican students Keith, the two Michaels and Peter had shared with us and of the Sung Evensong at which Rev. Howard Root had preached in Christian Unity Week 1981.

By coincidence the Anniversary is now to be celebrated each year on the first day of Christian Unity Week and in his sermon the Rector recalled the alternative inscription proposed for the reliquary beneath the altar. "Ut unum sint" would have stressed that the martyrs died for unity, not for division. Our church is indeed the shrine, he said, of these martyrs for Christian Unity, which makes that coincidence a most fitting one. The second reading (Apoc 19:5-9) gave us the section of the Apocalypse from which the actual inscription is taken: "Blessed are they who are invited to the Wedding feast of the Lamb" (Apoc 19:9). The sermon pointed out the double significance of this, for the present and for the future. We already anticipate the Wedding feast in the Eucharist. The Rector himself had baptised a boy only a month before in our church giving him membership of the Church and a real share in the life of God, able and fit to receive the other sacraments, particularly those which will complete his incorporation into Christ, namely Confirmation and the Eucharist. The inscription also looks to the future, our invitation makes us journeyers, pilgrims fortified by the Eucharist for witness and perseverance. In all there had been four celebrations of Confirmation, the sacrament of witness, in our chapel, culminating when Cardinal Baum presided at the Mass of Pentecost during which nine children were confirmed from the schools in which our students are catechists. These schools were even more strongly represented three weeks later at the First Communion Mass in June.

Jesus' priestly prayer in the gospel (Jn 17:13-21) had a twofold resonance with the occasion, first because of its theme of priesthood and

second because of the intimacy of the Last Supper which provided its setting. "I am not asking you to remove them from the world, but to protect them from the evil one," nine of our assembly had received Candidacy for Holy Orders from Bishop Agnellus in our church the previous March and one from Archbishop Bowen in December. "I passed your word on to them," one had received Lectorate from Bishop Clark in December. "Consecrate them in the truth; your word is truth. As you sent me into the world, I have sent them into the world," John Arnold had been ordained deacon by Cardinal Hume in November, with his six fellow college deacons vested to welcome him, and Edward Koroway and John Parsons had been ordained priests the day before Palm Sunday by Bishop Agnellus. Not only were we thinking of the graces of beginning ministry; "Holy Father, I pray not only for these but for those also who through their words will believe in me," Bishop Agnellus had celebrated Mass for the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood there with us in February.

So many graces had been given to those there that we knew, and through them to so many others. Rightly did the Rector start his sermon by stressing that we were not celebrating the Anniversary simply of a building, a structure. Our church has memories, "Prayer is embedded in the walls." He recalled that there had been a time when 6am Meditation in the church had been the rule for the students, nor were those students just past names, "Some of them are here!" The eyes of respectful 7.15'ers wandered over the likely candidates among the monsignorial concelebrants... surely Bill Purdy, probably John Carroll-Abbing... perhaps even Dick Stewart... The Rector reminded us that in the Dedication liturgy the people present are incensed and sprinkled. They are the "living stones" of which the Preface spoke, being built in "this house of prayer" into a dwelling for God. We know that when their growth is perfected "in the heavenly city of Jerusalem" there will be no need any more for a mediating temple, for they will see the Lord face to face in their midst.

An important role of the Liturgy of the Word is surely to enable us more perceptively to place our lives on the altar with the offertory gifts to be 'consecrated in the truth.'" Our Liturgy of the Word had comprehensively reminded us of God's gifts to us in our church and, inevitably, of the particular ways in which we knew our particular responses to have been inadequate and of our continuing need for conversion. With these insights we prayed over the gifts, "May our lives also become an acceptable offering to you," aware as ever that our altar which represents Christ shelters the relics of ten College and English Martyrs, until he comes again. Their lives indeed proved acceptable to the Lord and it seemed so appropriate that Guy Nicholls' canticle first sung at the deposition of the relics, "The bodies of the Saints are buried in peace and their names shall live for evermore," was again sung by the Schola at the anniversary Mass during Communion. It was then that we who are left received once again our food for the journey. The Prayer after

Communion seemed concisely to summarise the complementary aspects of the gift which that special Anniversary liturgy had itself been to us.

“Lord, we know the joy and power of your blessing in our lives. As we celebrate the dedication of this church, may we give ourselves once more to your service.”

Paul McPartlan

Overheard

Some sayings attributed to Cardinal Heard and recorded by Bernard Trevett (1959-65).¹

1. Concerning one of Pius XII's encyclicals which had just come out: “Never read them. Waste of time. They're far too long. I wait till the next day's 'Times.' Puts it all in one paragraph. Tells you all you need to know.”
2. Heard being gushed over by a lady after the opening of the Holy Door in 1950, at which he assisted the Holy Father: “O Monsignor, how lucky you were to be right in the centre and see everything.” Heard: “Huh! Couldn't see a thing. Pope was in the way!”
3. After talking about the various popes he had worked under: “You know, of all the popes I've known, Pius XII was the first one I met who ever wore his glasses straight.”
4. Heard on the popes: “Pius X was a saint and didn't know it. Pius XI thought he was a saint and wasn't. Pius XII was a saint and he knew it.”
5. It was getting extremely difficult for members of the Curia to get to see Pius XII, who spent a great deal of his time on public audiences, receiving ballet dancers, baseball teams, cyclists, etc. The Rota audiences were a thing of the past. Heard: “The only way the Rota could get an audience with the Pope would be to go as a football team.”
6. When the College was leaving Rome at the beginning of the war, Heard was staying behind and Fr Rope was going. Heard to Rope: “Well, good-bye, Father.” Rope: “Good-bye, Monsignor, are you going?” Heard: “No, you fool, you are!”
7. Billy Steele was good at baiting Heard about Rope in coffee and liqs, and he got him going once on the subject. Heard: “The trouble about Rope is that he's not been house-trained.”

8. Story told of Heard after having had his brains picked for a long time on morals by a student after Confession. Heard, while the man was going but loudly so that those waiting outside could hear: "I still think you ought to have married the girl!"
9. "Went to a nun's clothing once. Not so much to see what they did, as to see how much they took off."
10. To Fr Hulme who went to visit Heard in his room in a backslapping mood and asked Heard how he was getting on: "Huh! Spend all me life reading about other people's genitals!"
11. "An Englishman can't commit a mortal sin. A Frenchman or a Scotsman can but an Englishman can't."
12. Putting an end to a discussion: "Well, I may be wrong but I think I'm right!"

ROMANESQUE GOES NORTH

From Rome to Canterbury...

At 6.45 am (Roman Time) on Friday May 28th we took off and what had seemed, if not impossible, at least unlikely a week earlier was actually happening: the Pope was on his way to Britain. Eight days earlier, on Ascension Thursday, some of us had done a background press briefing in the Bishops' Salone in the Colledge, a difficult task precisely because of all the uncertainties that still abounded. There had followed another day or two of alternating hopes and fears, and then, suddenly It was Definitely On. Only on the Tuesday evening did I learn that I was to travel on the Papal plane; by Thursday evening my luggage had been collected, and on Friday there was the stern necessity of rising at 4.00 am in order to be able to leave the Vatican at 5.15. A long day was clearly indicated.

At Fiumicino, as later at Gatwick, all passport and customs formalities were waived (another missed opportunity...). The rear half of the plane was full of press people; shielded from them by a discreet curtain the papal entourage settled down; and in front of us, beyond a further curtain, was the section reserved for the Holy Father.

As soon as he had arrived we set off and, while we lesser lights were given identity badges and assorted Alitalia souvenirs (and more importantly, breakfast), the Pope was already at work, presumably putting last touches to the texts of that day's many addresses. Now and then, as one of his aides went through the curtain, one got a glimpse of a white skull cap. Otherwise, if this doesn't sound too banal, it was an ordinary flight. We were a little ahead of time; it was just before 8.00 (British time) that we crossed the Sussex coast. As we circled for a while we got a pleasant introduction to the remarkable weather that was to mark those days — early sun, very green fields, trees casting long shadows. Some of the Papal group who had never visited these northern climes before looked suitably relieved and furtively dispensed with articles of apparently Arctic survival kit with which they had providently equipped themselves.

Then we touched down. From inside the plane it was one of those many lump-in-the-throat moments to peer through the window and see the Pope walk down the gangway (closely followed by Archbishop Heim and Bishop Murphy-O'Connor who had come on board to greet him) and kneel to kiss the soil of Gatwick. One could also see a sprinkling of Venerable faces in the diocesan chapter waiting to greet him — names such as Iggleden, Clark and Rice come to mind. In due course we of the coarser clay seeped down the gangway unnoticed.

Well, you all saw the welcome ceremony on television, so I won't describe it again. My personal odyssey started a little later. The Pope and the important people were driven in limousines to the railway station. Some of the rest of us (including my boss, Bishop Torrella, and also one of the papal secretaries, not to mention the Pope's doctor and some key people from Vatican Radio) were courteously ushered into an airport bus. This drove briskly to the airport terminal. Meanwhile the train left. A distinct gloom settled on our little group.

But all was not lost. Three police cars and six outriders, complete with sirens, were conjured up and we were driven to London in style in forty-five minutes (apparently there were contingency plans in case of train problems). To few is it given to be driven (lawfully at any rate) at 70mph through Streatham during the morning rush-hour, and on the wrong side of the road too.

Anyway we reached Westminster just as the Pope was processing up the Cathedral to begin Mass. Again you saw it, — so there's no need to describe it — that rather quiet applause at the start gradually swelling into an enormous expression of warmth and affection. Afterwards lunch at Archbishop's House and a motley crowd, mainly of bishops, on the balcony, watching the Pope set off to visit the Queen, followed by a coachload of Cardinals, bishops et al.

At that stage I ceased to be an eye-witness of the day's events. At the cost of missing that enormously moving service at Southwark Cathedral, Cardinal Willebrands, Bishop Torrella and I had to drive to Canterbury that afternoon to be on the spot for next day's events. Lambeth provided a large car, and the Metropolitan Police provided outriders; and so the Old Kent Road saw as speedy and dramatic a passage as Streatham High Road had that morning. As Canon Christopher Hill observed, like most things that make people anti-clerical this was distinctly enjoyable.

Next morning, thoroughly vetted by the omni-present security men, we went to the Cathedral Crypt to get kitted up. Gradually the crowds gathered. A special train brought the whole General Synod, and the Free Church Federal Council was there too. In due course Cardinals, Catholic bishops and Anglican Primates, plus Mgr Bill Purdy and myself, were moved to the Deanery to await the Pope — and to meet the Prince of Wales in the meantime.

Soon the Pope's procession to the Cathedral started. Again I forbear to describe what so many people saw. Indeed to capture in words the atmosphere of that service or to describe one's own emotions is well nigh impossible. At times it seemed almost 'unreal' as one saw the realization of plans so long and carefully discussed in the previous months. The Pope, walking beside the Archbishop, looked at first every grave, indeed preoccupied. Understandably so; it was very easy for us to say that this was the first time that a Pope had ever visited Canterbury, but what a crushing burden of expectation lay on the Pope's shoulders that morning, and how superbly, yet how humbly, he responded! As the service progressed he became visibly more relaxed and 'at home,' above all when he started preaching. That well-worn phrase, "in real but not yet full communion," suddenly took on a new and almost tangible meaning.

I suppose each of us has his own moments of emotion recollected in tranquillity. Obviously the renewal of baptismal vows comes high on the list (with the associated fact that at that stage people sitting on the grass outside stood up). Another moment was that spontaneous burst of applause when the Pope greeted Archbishop Ramsey. Yet another was a moment we could not see in the Cathedral but saw on TV afterwards, when the Pope and the Archbishop knelt in silent prayer at the end of the service at the site of the Martyrdom of St Thomas (a plaque now marks the spot). There was another moment that no one in the Cathedral could spot; but that was noticed by sharp-eared TV viewers; now and then Archbishop Runcie gave the Pope whispered "stage directions"; at one point he could be heard murmuring "Now we stand up and look at each other" — a phrase that aptly sums up so much that happened that day.

Back in the Deanery, and less in the public eye, there was more to do. After a private talk, the Pope and the Archbishop came to a drawing room to join a dozen British Church Leaders, gathered by the British Council of Churches, for a brief and informal meeting. They voiced some of their hopes and concerns; the Pope listened hard, asked occasional questions, made a few comments and concluded with a more formal address. (This was when he invited some of those present to pay a return visit to Rome to carry on the conversation, a "first ever" occasion).

Afterwards everyone moved into the garden where the Pope and the Archbishop signed their Common Declaration and then joined the rest for the inevitable group photos. Lunch followed, and the Pope was politely but firmly despatched to profit from what little time remained for his rest before setting off for Wembley.

In retrospect the farewell scene was one of the most moving. A table was set up outside the Deanery front door, and there the Holy Father and the Archbishop exchanged gifts, a pleasantly informal scene, vaguely reminiscent of the prizegiving at the school sports or the end of a rather good parish fête. Any stiffness or reserve had gone completely, and all was

pleasingly friendly and simple after the magnificent solemnity of the Cathedral service, and both Pope and Archbishop were evidently moved. Then the Pope and Archbishop Bowen drove off, in a rather crowded Popemobile, to the helipad — and the Canterbury visit was over. But its effects remain.

Cardinal Willebrands stayed on to celebrate the First Mass of Pentecost for the Catholic parish of Canterbury, a fitting conclusion to a wonderful day. Afterwards we all settled down to watch Wembley on TV — but you too were doing that, dear reader, so, to quote the Poet most linked with Canterbury, “What nedeth wordes mo?”

Richard L. Stewart

ENGLISH PLAYS IN THE ENGLISH COLLEGE ARCHIVES

The Archives of the Venerable English College contain, along with other records of the College's early history, a number of dramatic manuscripts. The most notable of these are the Latin plays *Thomas Morus*, *St. Thomas Cantuarus*, *Captiva Religio*, and *Roffensis*, all beautifully copied and bound together in Liber 321. This book also contains three "intermedia" which were given for diversion between the acts of the tragedies. They are the interlude of *Mercurius, e seu Vulpinus*, the interlude of *Minutum*, and the interlude of *Sensus, Fronto, Somnium*. Another play in Latin, *Homo Duplex*, is preserved in Scrittura 33.1. There is also a fragment of a Latin play on Christian life in fourth century Rome, and partial second copies of *Captiva* and *Thomas Morus*. Finally, the Archives contain three apparently miscellaneous English plays in manuscript: *Hierarchomachia* (35.4), *The New Moone* (35.2) and a nameless entertainment known from its opening line as *Blame Not Our Author* (35.1).

The tragedies in Liber 321 adhere to the regulations for Jesuit drama in the *Ratio Studiorum* of 1599: they are in Latin, pious, and without women (except for the allegorical captive, Religion). *Thomas Morus* was produced in 1612, *St. Thomas Cantuarus* in 1613 and again in 1617, and *Captiva Religio* in 1614; there is no evidence that *Roffensis* was ever performed. These early 17th century productions coincided with a change in the College administration. Under the Rectorship of Robert Persons, 1598-1610, there had been no drama in the College, but under the next Rector, Thomas Owens, plays flourished. According to Nathaniel Southwell, who in 1627 wrote up an account of "festa mobilia et extraordinaria per annum" (6.25.11) in 1613 the tragedy (*St. Thomas Cantuarus*) was given five times, in 1614 *Captiva* was given four times, and in 1616 the "comedia" was given six times. This last may have been a lost play on the subject of Edmund Campion.¹ The production was always

¹ Filippo Clementi, *Il Carnevale Romano nelle Cronache Contemporanee Parte I*, seconda edizione (Città di Castello, 1939), p. 418.

given during Carnevale, that is, just before the beginning of Lent. The purposes of these dramas were typical of Jesuit drama everywhere: to provide an opportunity for the students to demonstrate their accomplishments, and to entertain and improve the audience. Marie-Anne de Kisch has argued that given the "situation singulière et quelque peu paradoxale" of the English College in Rome, the plays had a dual goal, "d'informer d'abord, puis de former (sinon de 'manipuler') un public." Hence the subjects were English martyrs, and the hope was to make the Roman audience understand and sympathize with the difficulties of the English Catholics, especially their "problème de la double allégeance."²

Homo Duplex, which concerns strife between the body and the soul, was acted at St. Omers in 1655, and no record of its being performed in the College before 1660 exists. It too represents something typical in the history of Jesuit drama, the sharing of successful plays by different institutions. More than half the English College students came from St. Omers to Rome.³ Like all Jesuit schools, St. Omers produced several plays a year. When one proved a success, it might be borrowed by other Jesuit schools and colleges. *Zeno*, *Mercia*, and *Leo Armenus*, all by Joseph Simons, were written and performed while Simons was teaching at St. Omers in the 1620s, but were produced at the English College and elsewhere before being published.

It is the English plays of the seventeenth century which at first appear anomalous in the College environment. They vary greatly in length, in style, and in apparent purpose; they do not adhere to the regulation that drama be in Latin; one of the plays was written without performance in mind. Yet a closer consideration suggests that the plays, taken as a group, are representative of the differing interests and functions of the English College in the period, and in some ways these plays reveal as much about the complexities of the establishment as do the traditional Latin dramas.

The earliest of the three plays is *Hierarchomachia*.⁴ This is a unique dramatic document, the only known private English Catholic allegorical play of the seventeenth century. The manuscript was discovered by the Rev. Cyril Murtagh when he was Archivist of the college and described in these pages in Volume 17, 1955. The play is mentioned in correspondence preserved in the Archives of the Archbishop of Westminster, but until Murtagh's announcement it had been presumed lost. *Hierarchomachia* deals with the Chalcedon controversy, the disastrous quarrel between regular and secular clergy which followed the appointment of Richard

² Marie Anne de Kisch, «Fêtes et Représentations au Collège Anglais de Rome 1612-1614, Fêtes de la Renaissance III, ed. J. Jacquot et E. Königson (Paris: C.N.R.S., 1975), pp. 533-543.

³ *The Responsa Scholarum of the English College, Rome, Part One: 1598-1621*, ed. Anthony Kenny (Catholic Record Society, 1962), LIV, xi.

⁴ Edited, with facsimile, historical introduction and notes, by Suzanne Gossett (Bucknell University Press, 1982).

Smith as Bishop of Chalcedon for England in 1625. The characters in the drama are historical personages, thinly disguised under anagrammatized names. Apparently written by a supporter of Bishop Smith, *Hierarchomachia* must date after March 1629, when the second of two proclamations against Smith was issued, and before December 1630, when Thomas Poulton, Procurator of the Jesuits in England, was (temporarily) dismissed from the Society by the Provincial Richard Blount because of comments Poulton had made about Cardinal Richelieu, Smith's protector.

It is easy to understand why *Hierarchomachia* enjoyed considerable notoriety among those English Catholics involved in the controversy. After all, the play satirized leading Catholics of the day, with specific details of personal behavior. The cast includes Jesuits, Dominicans, Benedictines, as well as the "lay champions of the Ghibellines," that is, the prominent Catholic laymen Sir Thomas Brudenell, Sir Basil Brooke, and Mr. Francis Plowden, who favored the regulars. The author makes a special target of Sir Tobie Matthew, the not-too-secret Jesuit son of the Protestant Archbishop of York. But our particular interest is in what the manuscript is doing in Rome at the English College.

The first thing that strikes us is that the play is not the script of a College performance. *Hierarchomachia* was not written to be acted. It is prefaced by an address to the reader, presumably of a manuscript. Though the play is a complete drama, in five acts, production in England was unthinkable, and an audience abroad, for instance at the College, would have been too remote to recognize the satirized personalities. They might also be ignorant of details of the Bishop's position, which is attacked and defended in lengthy argumentative speeches. Therefore the play is alone among the College's literary manuscripts as an example of closet drama.

The manuscript of *Hierarchomachia* is defective: the seventh quire is missing. And this is our clue. The manuscript breaks off at the following point:

Bitomattus. They (Ghibellines or regulars) were nursed
I'm sure, as well or better than the Guelfs (seculars),
And came to be their masters in the end
And rule their colleges.

Rudelbinus. There lies a tale
That made them proud; pride drew ambition on,
Ambition envy, envy caused strife;
Strife partiality; and that self-love;
Then covetousness the devil came at last
And set some plots afoot against the state,
All fathered on these masters of the Guelfs,
The scholars resting innocent and free. (11. 3128-38)

Almost certainly what followed was a pro-Guelf, that is, pro-secular account of troubles in the College, especially the most recent one, the so-called Fitton rebellion of 1623-24. Peter Fitton and four others were expelled from the College because of insubordination toward the Jesuit masters. The expulsion became a cause célèbre, only calmed when the Office of Propaganda, which did not consider the students' behavior serious, ordered them sent to Douai College at the English College's expense. Fitton himself had then gone on to the Arras College in Paris from 1627 until late 1631, when he came to Rome as agent of the secular clergy.

Fitton is closely linked to the play. While doing research in the Archives of the Archbishop of Westminster I found three letters from one Valentine Lane to his unnamed "loving cousin." Lane, who was at the English College from October 1629 until March 1634, was really called Harcourt; his cousin was Fitton. Like Fitton earlier, Lane was unhappy at the English College under the rectorship of Thomas Fitzherbert, believing that the Jesuit masters were unfair to students who intended to become seculars. According to Lane, Fitzherbert kept alive the memory of the Fitton stir:

Soe one day... discoursing of matters of the Collidge (a fellow student) tould me that you had carried your selfe verie shamfullie towards father Rector and that you had disgraced our nation and manie more circumstances, and I asked him how he knew that you had done soe, he saide that father Rector had both tould him, and alsoe shewed him a booke of the proceedings you vsed then... This booke father Rector sheweth priuatly vnto most of the schollers.

Further, he alleged that Fitton had written *Hierarchomachia*:

father Rector telleth my cosen Dracot, that you are out of fauour with the Pope, and that Cardinall Barbarino hath checed you for making an action (a play) wherein you brought father Blunt, and father Scrupe in the forme of a diuel a benedictant, and a dominican of ech side of him whipping him. I pray you let me know if you ever made anie such thinge...

Unfortunately, this charge does not satisfactorily identify the anonymous author of *Hierarchomachia*. Fitton's reply to Lane is lost. Fitzherbert cannot be a reliable witness. Other letters to Fitton from his associates in London, describing the reaction to the play and offering to send him a copy, are peculiar if he is the author. Most of all, Fitton had been in Rome and Paris during the years of the controversy, and even though he was a staunch partisan of the bishop, only with difficulty could he have been familiar with the specifics exhibited in the play. But it becomes apparent that the manuscript of *Hierarchomachia* was sent to

the College partly because it contained an attack on that institution, and further because there was a rumor, either created or believed by Fitzherbert, that a former student of the College was responsible. I imagine Fitzherbert took the manuscript apart for ease of handling and consultation with the other masters; the missing quire may then have been mislaid, or perhaps the irate Fitzherbert burned it.

Hierarchomachia, then, gives us a glimpse of the English College in its historical and political position. The College was an important tie between English Catholics and the Roman hierarchy. One letter reports to Fitton that "the Jesuits keep a great doe about the comedy and I hear that they haue translated it into Italyen." This I am inclined to regard as exaggeration — the play is nearly 4000 lines long — but one way to bring it to the attention of church authorities would have been to operate through the English base in the College. Additionally, we see that what happened in the College was of reciprocal significance to the recusant community in England. "Doings" were reported in both directions. The best known example was Anthony Munday's report called *The English Romayne Life* (1582), but coincidentally Fitzherbert himself had been attacked in a Latin play, *Risus Anglicanus*, some years earlier. The play, probably performed at Oxford and now in a manuscript at the Folger Library, concerns the reactions of the Jesuits to the Oath of Allegiance in 1606. Though Michael Williams gives a very positive account of Fitzherbert in his history of the College, for the English playwright he was a butt.⁵ Among a group of learned controversialists Fitzherbert speaks only English (which the little devils assume is Hebrew) and ironically reveals his ignorance by insisting that Latin is for scholars. *Hierarchomachia* is actually very like *Risus Anglicanus*, as a satirical dramatic account of a major political and religious controversy, and thus part of a tradition — linking the College to academic institutions in England.

The next play, *The New Moone*, I have been able to date from an account of expenses for February, 1633, in Liber 179. An allegorical pastoral approximately 2600 lines long, *The New Moone* was performed during Carnevale on a stage temporarily erected. Other expenses included costumes, tuning the harpsichord, Venetian wax candles, props such as an anvil, hammer, and bucket halffull of water, the painting of the backdrop of clouds, moon, and sun, and twenty *sfogliatelle* for the student actors. The play was certainly done for an outside audience and hence raises the issue of playing in English.

Though the *Ratio Studiorum* instructed that plays be in Latin, this practice was gradually modified in Jesuit Colleges in the seventeenth century. In France, Spain, Italy and Germany occasional plays were

⁵ Michael E. Williams, *The Venerable English College Rome* (Associated Catholic Publications, 1979), p. 33.

presented in the local language, presumably as a concession to the audience. The situation of the English College, however, was different. When the distinguished guests were cardinals, chiefly Italian, Latin was probably a better means of communication. On the other hand we know that the early 1630s were a very open period in the College. There were many visitors, Catholic and non-Catholic. The Pilgrim Book specifically mentions the reception of Protestants on December 29, 1629. Visitors included travellers and young men on the grand tour, as well as the usual pilgrims and potential students. At the traditional dinner on the feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, to which the College invited all the Englishmen resident in Rome, the numbers rose from 12 in 1630 to 43 guests in 1635. I suggest that performance of *The New Moone* should be seen as part of the social function of the College, which was an English institution abroad entertaining its old friends and reaching out for new ones.

The New Moone is a rather charming, lively entertainment, strung on a thin plot thread. Phoebus, annoyed by the abuses of the night, threatens to withdraw his light from his sister Cynthia. Many of the gods of Olympus are openly or secretly on her side, but nothing avails until, at the very end, Cynthia practises a little of her "weeping oratory." Phoebus has said earlier how easily he is moved by tears, and now he yields. The epilogue applies the plot to the coming Lent:

the frequent rayne at the Moone's renewing hath giuen occasion
of this fiction; And hoping you haue distilled out of it, how
powrefull teares would bee, shedd for the obtaining of a more
internall light. For me I'le follow the rest least I loose my part of
Cynthia's banquet... and bycause shee is the Gouvernesse of all
watry regions, I will intreate for you a large prouision out of her
dominions for these 40 dayes wherein the Earth giues place
unto her.

There are no indications elsewhere in the play that the characters are allegorical, and even the final religious application seems a little forced, though appropriate.

More obviously the play is a compendium of standard devices from Roman and Elizabethan comedy. For instance, there are two devoted friends, Meleager and Sylvanus, who differ because Meleager, a hunter, likes moonshine while Sylvanus, a devotee of the muses, flees it. Meleager pretends to be dead and Sylvanus, finding him, gives grand speeches on true friendship, runs briefly mad, and is cured and converted to moonlight by Meleager's revival. Their friendship picks up a major theme of Elizabethan drama, one recently revived in Peter Hausted's *The Rival Friends*, acted at Cambridge for Charles and Henrietta Maria in March 1632. Sylvanus outlines the ideal purpose of such friendship:

How oft haue Phoebus left his saffron bedd
Argu'd himself of slowth, and blushed for shame
To finde us stryuinge, by our tongues commerce,
T'inrich ech others hart with vertu'ous lore.

When Meleager rises there is a set debate on the virtues of light and darkness. Such debates were standard academic exercises of the kind Milton eventually turned into *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.

There are also more amusing moments. The knavish servants steal caps, costumes, sausages. They tell jokes and play tricks: one throws a bucket of water in the eyes of the other. In an echo scene one calls the other Becco, beare, lout, swine. Then there is Basilisco, a *miles gloriosus* of ancient lineage, in this case angry at the sun because Phaeton burned his people black. Typically Elizabethan is the satire on different countries. Pygmalion claims to "come from that country where the horse and his Maister eat the same meate in two dishes... Italie, where Salades are in cheife request on bothe sides" and Crepusculum to come "from that country, where the horse eates that which his Maister drinkes... England, where the horse eates barlie, and that makes ale for his Maister."

Music was also important. Early in the play Vulcan's two men pound on the anvil and sing a little ditty, "Amongst the Goddes great Vulcan swayeth Whose awfull hammerres the world obeyeth fa la la." The Latin stage directions instruct that the words be fitted to an unidentified melody by Thomas Morley, the English madrigalist whose music was also borrowed in the interlude of *Minutum*. At another point Argus plays his pipe and the old gods Saturn and Silinus dance. There must have been music as well for the dance of the satyrs. Finally, while Cynthia has gone weeping to plead with Phoebus, Crepusculum sings a song "of the nightingall, and the moone, and me" to music included on two staves in the margin. All in all, the audience, even if by chance not English speaking, would have had enough dramatic action to pass a pleasant evening, and the English speaking College friends and members would have been amused and sent home with a solid reminder of Lent to come.

The third English play is the briefest, but it rounds out our picture of the seventeenth century English College. *Blame Not Our Author* has a cast of nine geometrical figures, and the plot turns on the desire of Quadro to become a circle and of Rectangulum to be made a "perfect figure."⁶ The writer may have been a College master or the tutor of mathematics: unfortunately the lists of these *repetitore* kept in the Jesuit Archives have a gap between 1625 and 1641. The writer had seen *The New Moone* two years earlier: Quadro's opening speech calls for the wolves to "cause

⁶ My edition of this play will appear in a volume of Malone Society *Collections* (Oxford University Press) later this year.

Cynthia vail her borrowed brother's light." Like *The New Moore*, *Blame Not* was performed during Carnevale: Line muses, "if Carneval continue I shall change my shape and bee I know not what I find yt macarone adds some latitude to my longitude." But unlike *The New Moore*, this play is based on the students' course work and reminds us that students at the English College underwent an intellectual as well as a spiritual formation.

Blame Not Our Author follows a well defined tradition of Renaissance academic drama. Because of the need to have plot conflict and yet to avoid emotional scenes or subjects inappropriate to a collegiate atmosphere, such plays were frequently constructed around a sudden hostility between personified abstractions taken from some subject in the curriculum. The best known of these plays is the Latin *Bellum Grammaticale* which Queen Elizabeth saw at Oxford in 1592. Written by Leonard Hutton in 1583, and printed in 1635, the play "explained the irregularities of Latin grammar as a result of a civil war between the various parts of speech."⁷ Others in this vein include Thomas TOMKIS' English *Lingua, or THE Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority* (printed 1607); *Heteroclitanomalomonia*, another English play on the war between noun and verb for supremacy in the realm of syntax (Folger ms. J.a.1); and *Pathomachia, or The Battle of the Affections* (?1615-17). There were also briefer plays, presented at Cambridge banquets, which seem to be comic parodies of these: *Ruff Cuff and Band, Work for Cutlers or a Dialogue of a Sword, Rapier and Dagger*, and *A Christmas Messe*. The latter Bentley describes as a "boasting dialogue, debate style, by the various accessories of the feast, and a battle between King Beef, Sir Vinegar, and Sir Pepper on one side, and King Brawn, Lord Sauce, and Mustard on the other."⁸

The missing title of *Blame Not Our Author* may originally have been something like "Geometrimachia," for this short play is a mathematical variation on *Bellum Grammaticale*. Circle is angry at Compasse, "Why should I subiugate myself to one / Ignoble, slauish in the hands of all," and Quadro wants to become a circle, the "fayre figure" which "not comprehended all dost comprehend." Quadro's roguish servant Rectangulum decides that he can take advantage of these jealousies, "if my master turne clocke sure I must turne Jack," to become a "perfect figure." One by one he eliminates Compass, Quadro, and Circulus by shutting them up in a "press." Finally, when he has "caged all the old ones except Triangulum" he goes to have his "patent" signed by Regulus. Luckily Triangulum has initiated a counterplot, Rectangulum is forced into confessing and producing the missing figures, and all ends happily.

⁷ F.S. Boas, *Introduction to Tudor Drama* (Oxford, 1933), p. 53.

⁸ G.E. Bentley, *The Jacobean and Caroline Stage* (Oxford, 1941-68), V, 1306.

Drama was a well recognized way to achieve temporary release in schools, colleges, and ecclesiastical institutions. The idea of the boy bishop was medieval; the students at Gray's Inn made one of their number "Prince of Purpoole" and held tilts, masques and plays in his honor; in 1607-8 at St. John's Oxford plays were given in honor of the "Christmas Prince." In each case the world was temporarily inverted but the limits were always recognized. The Christmas Prince resigned office on Shrove Tuesday. In *Heteroclitanomalomonia* Lily, Priscian, and Thomas Robinson impose grammar rules to end the confusion. In *Blame Not* Regulus returns each figure to his place, concluding the play with the lines, "Let him that squares from rule and compasse bee / Vasaille to fear and base seruility." Nothing is said of Lent to come, but clearly the disorder of Carnevale ends as the drama does.

I think it probable that *Blame Not Our Author* was written primarily for inhouse entertainment, presented by one group of students to the remainder and a few guests. This hypothesis is based both on the nature of the play and on the external evidence about its production.

First of all, *Blame Not Our Author* is both more intellectual and yet somewhat less finely finished than *The New Moone*. The author was writing specifically for the English College, in this "very city of Rome," where Quadro is the "Quadrilatium and foundation of all Colledges the Quadrangulum and basis of all the most potent and eminent pillars of this towne." The prologue refers to the author's "mathematic braine," but his knowledge was broadly humanistic. At one moment Triangulum meditates that Nature has willed man "to comprehend all the learning in ye world... morall, naturall and contemplatiue" and the subjects covered range from lists of abstruse plants, bits of ancient history, mythology, Biblical references, to a fable by Aesop, observations on the habits of the Irish and exact Latin quotations from Euclid's *Elementa* as arranged by the Jesuit mathematician Christopher Clavius (d. 1612). It is hard to imagine a general audience listening to:

Well did the Memphian sages trophyes raise
Insculped with my Heroglyphics and therby
Compare my figure to aeternity
ffor as aeternity vnbounded is
And endless in his revolution
Not terminated by his measured end...

Despite all this learning the play has the kind of horseplay one expects when undergraduates are amusing themselves. When Compasse binds Quadro in two hoops to make him into a "peripheria," rather than release his master Rectangulum sings:

Both buflers & bears ar led in a ring
And puld by the nose least forward they spring

And Quadro is ringed as farmers ring hogges
ffor feare like the Irish hee leape ouer bogges.

Later he tricks Line into lying down and climbs on his back, so that when Line asks where he is Rectangulum can reply axiomatically, "Iust perpendicular ouer your backe. Cum vero recta linea supra rectam consistens lineam." He deflates Triangulum's comparison of himself to a decade, "and what then a decad is more perfect," by adding to Triangulum's list "Soe were there 10 famous pirates that tasted of Wapping," and he sings in praise of "the rosy Alligant" "vntill our heeles / Gin to stager and wee swager till our body reeles."

The oddest lines in the play are Line's reply to Rectangulum's song:

ffaith yow sing not so merily but I might haue sung as
merily for this morning Bible the minister came
to haue mee translate the psalmes into better lines
I gaue him a parcell of Poetry thus
Defend vs from the Papists lord
By thy precepts deuine
And draw them to vs in a cord
Or with thy sacred line

Rec. Yow should haue warned him when he preacheth hee
make a Rectangle thus.

Despite the implied satire on Protestants — the parcel of poetry is in the metre of Sternhold and Hopkin's wooden translation of the psalms, "Bible the minister" recalls Ben Jonson's attack on Puritan names, and Rectangle must make an irreverent gesture at the end of his speech — still it is surprising that a joke about the hanging of Papists was acceptable even in a time of comparative tranquillity. Such a joke might be better kept among the members of the College rather than risked before an Italian audience.

Blame Not probably dates from 1635, the only Carnevale season spent in the College by Thomas Turrett (*vere* Bapthorpe) whose name is written on one of the blank sheets at the end of the manuscript. Though Turrett was in the logic class, the play could have been given by the second year men in Physics, which included mathematics. There were only thirty students in the College in 1636, and we note that *Blame Not* has the lowest number of parts in any surviving College play, only nine. Generally speaking it was an inexpensive production. In 1635 the *scrittore* was paid to write "quatro argomenti della comedia," while in 1632 and again in 1636 he was paid for "tanti coppie." There are no other notable *spese* for this *comedia*, and indeed *Blame Not* requires no props besides those easily available in the College: a bottle, two hoops, and a wardrobe to serve as a "press." All in all the play seems to be a forerunner of present day

pantomimes, with their jokes, songs, inhouse references, and general good times.

The 1630s were a period of relative stability for the English College. Fitzherbert was Rector from 1618-1640; Urban VIII was Pope from 1623-1644 and his nephew Francesco Barberini was Cardinal Protector of the College from 1626-1679. In England Charles with his Catholic Queen Henrietta Maria was attempting to relax recusant penalties and had not yet confronted his Parliamentary opposition. There were no College martyrs between 1612 and 1645. An important musician, Virgilio Marzocchi, Maestro di Capella di San Pietro, became organist of the College from 1632-1644. These factors must have contributed to the attitude of the College, which, Williams argues, in this period "saw its role as a broadly educative one, as one of the continental colleges where English Catholic laity could continue their education and where they could be culturally open to the world."⁹ Given this context we can understand the double phenomenon of College drama in the mid-1630s. On the one hand there was Simons' *Zeno* (1634), the first of the College's great Jesuit productions. Fully Baroque, it was done on an elaborate new stage with changeable scenery, large props like a chariot for Mars, and possibly even a cloud machine. As Latin Catholic drama this kind of play was appropriate in any Jesuit setting in Europe; nothing tied it particularly to England or the English College. On the other hand *The New Moone* and *Blame Not Our Author*, despite the epilogue of the former and the reference to Papists in the latter, seem to reflect styles of academic drama in the mother country.

The three English plays together mirror the complex identity of the seventeenth century English College. They present the College as a religious and educational institution, inhabited by young men learning classics, mathematics, theology, yet capable of considerable high jinks. We can imagine Fitzherbert brooding over the (now lost) calumnies of the College masters in *Hierarchomachia* while two students practised the cyclops' song at the opening of *The New Moone*. And while I have described the only plays of which we still have manuscripts, we know that the College theatrical tradition was broadly continuous. In May 1645, when all the theatres in England had been closed for three years, John Evelyn noted in his diary that "We were entertain'd at night, with an English play, at the Jesuites where before we had dined."¹⁰ Thus the English College has its place in the history of English drama, and the plays preserved in the Archives are a valuable addition to our knowledge of performances outside of the London theatres.

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⁹ Williams, p. 31.

¹⁰ *The Diary of John Evelyn Volume II Kalendarium 1620-1649*, ed. E.S. de Beer (Oxford, 1955), p. 388.

THE ANGLICAN EXCHANGE

“These Anglicans are serious people” are, I am told, words spoken by His Holiness Pope John Paul II after his pastoral visit to England last year. They are, perhaps, the most succinct expression of the purpose of the Exchange, which was initiated by the memorable meeting of Pope Paul VI and Archbishop Michael Ramsey in 1966. Roman Catholic and Anglican candidates for the priesthood have spent time living, studying and worshipping together at the English College in Rome, and at Oxbridge Colleges. My five months at the Venerable will, most certainly, remain amongst my happiest and most vivid memories. I was delighted to hear that John Nelson and Mervin Smith are going to return the Exchange later this year, and hope that their experience is as happy and valuable as mine was.

Having been brought up as the son of an Anglican priest, and relating almost solely to the church in its local setting, coming to Rome was something of an eyeopener. Never before had I grasped the significance of the worldwide presence of the Roman Catholic Church. I became aware that the Church in England, whatever denomination it may be, is but a part, indeed a small, even tiny part of a much greater whole. This was made very clear when I read that, before many more years have passed, over half the World’s Roman Catholics will live in South America; and how little I know about what goes on there!

The English College, where history positively oozes from the walls, is unique for Roman Catholicism in England. I could not but be struck by its traditions, by the great men who had studied and visited there, especially for me, of course, Cardinal Newman. For just over 400 years it has trained priests for work in England, and that sense, almost of timelessness, is profoundly expressed by the gracious building and the garden. My intention is not to eulogize, but the buildings in which we live and pray say something about our God — I learned of His changelessness, a mighty support in an age of uncertainty and religious questioning.

Before coming to Rome, Michael Fountaine and I were briefed by Canon Christopher Hill, the Archbishop’s adviser on ecumenical affairs. He spoke about many things, but intended to make one thing very clear, (and I am glad that he did); that the memory of the Forty Martyrs of

England and Wales, canonised in 1970, was profoundly real at the English College. I took note, but did not really understand. However, worshipping in the College Church beneath Alberti's magnificent Martyrs' picture, with the blood pouring from our Lord's side onto persecuted England, was a constant reminder of our disunity — I began to understand a little. It was a painful experience. The most intense expression of this was the Eucharist, the great sacrament of unity, which was for me, quite the opposite.

December 1st, Martyrs' Day, made my understanding clear; it was my forebears in the Church of England who were responsible for their death, and I had not realized that before. But I had to pull myself up sharp and realize that the fault was not mine, or more especially that of my forebears, but that of all of us, for there had been just as many martyrs on "our" side during the time of Mary, as there had been on "their" side under Elizabeth. Both sides believed that they were dying for their Lord, Jesus Christ, and all were, without doubt, men of faith.

The memory of the Martyrs is perpetuated in a unique, and some would say exaggerated, way in the College, but I am not sure that I would agree. The road to fuller understanding of each other's traditions does not lie in a negation of our past, even of the tragic events of the sixteenth century; we must do three things. First, we must want to learn about what happened, however disturbing that may be; secondly, we must accept our part in those events as heirs of a particular tradition, and thirdly, we must offer it to God, through Christ, and in the Holy Spirit, for His purification and use. This is very akin to the Jesuit understanding of spiritual direction, as I learned from Fr. Herbert Alphonso S.J., in his penetrating lectures at the Gregorian. In a very real way I think the Exchange has begun to do this. Many of those at the College had a deep and genuine yearning to learn about the Anglican Church, about its development and its present self-understanding. They wanted to learn of the past, and even those who did not want to, wanted to want to. I had to remind myself frequently that our awareness of the past must not be restricted only to the last four hundred years.

Living in such a minority situation was often most demanding, even threatening, for I was forced, in a way that had never occurred before, to articulate what it was to be an Anglican. I am convinced that in the growing together of our Churches, it is friendship and mutual trust, just as much as theological discussion, that will finally unite us — it is our emotions as well as our intellects that must be joined.

It was a privilege, as well as a great joy, to live at the English College where I found friendship, inextricably linked with a heartfelt desire to face our divisions with honesty and integrity. I remain haunted by our Lord's command that "all might be one," and pray that one day we may share in the sacrament of unity; the Eucharist.

Since I returned from Rome many people have asked me what my lasting memory will be. My answer is not the beauty of a great city, or the culture of a country with which I fell in love, but the prayerful dedication of my friends amongst the students and staff at the College.

I can say with great pride: "These are serious people."

Peter Seal

Lincoln Theological College

When I came to the College in 1978, it was my first visit for nearly ten years and I expected to find, and found, that much had changed. One slight surprise was to find four Anglican students in residence, and in addition, the wife of one of them. In fact two left the day after my arrival — but not as a result of it! The other two and the wife stayed on until Easter, in exchange for two of our students who were spending one term at the Anglican Theological College at Westcott House, Cambridge. There were many things I needed to learn about a modern seminary, amongst them this ecumenical dimension, which I was glad to find.

The Decree on Ecumenism had laid down general principles on the need to know and understand other Christians. The Decree on the Training of Priests had said, "Students should be introduced to a fuller knowledge of the Churches and ecclesial communities separated from the Holy See, so that they may be able to take part in promoting the restoration of unity between all Christians." (*Optatum Totius* 16). In 1970 this was spelt out in greater detail in the second part of the Directory Concerning Ecumenical Matters, treating of Ecumenism in Higher Education. It says for instance, "the ecumenical spiritual life of Catholics should also be nourished from the treasures of the many traditions, past and present, which are alive in other Churches and ecclesial communities; such are the treasures found in the liturgy, monasticism and mystical tradition of the Christian East; in Anglican worship and piety; in the evangelical prayer and spirituality of Protestants." (*Spiritus Domini* 70). Dialogue is seen as an element of education, which requires sincere and firm fidelity to one's own faith, but also a "readiness to acknowledge that the members of the various Churches and ecclesial communities are generally best equipped to expound properly the doctrine and life of their own communion." (*S.D.* 76).

The Gregorian University is aware of the need to be conscious of ecumenism in all theological teaching, and of the value of studying particular aspects of it, such as the Agreed Statements. Next year there will be a special course given by John Zizioulas, an eminent Orthodox theologian from Glasgow, and the Dean of Theology hopes that in the future other non-Catholic theologians may be invited. However, in a Catholic College in a Catholic country ecumenism could be easily

neglected, and some special effort seemed to be necessary to remind us of this important aspect of the mission of a priest in England and Wales today.

The exchange, therefore, was started in 1973. Since then, two Anglican students, and on one occasion two Methodists, have come to the College each year for one semester from October to February. These students are selected by A.C.C.M. (The Church of England 'Advisory Council for the Church's Ministry') from applicants from all the Anglican Theological Colleges in England, and have represented the variety of Anglican traditions. From our side it has been more difficult. The first two students from here to go to an Anglican College were Stephen Coonan and David McLoughlin in 1978, just for the Lent term from January to Easter. They fitted this visit with some difficulty into the first year of their Licence course at the Gregorian. Because of the problem of missing a term of lectures and seminars, on the next occasion Stephen Porter went to Westcott House, Cambridge for a whole semester from October to February 1980-81, completed the year with a pastoral appointment in his Diocese, and returned a year later to start his Licence. In the coming academic year, we hope that two more students, John Nelson and Mervin Smith, will follow the pattern set by Stephen Porter. However, it is not always possible for us to find, from one year in the house, students willing and able to take part in such a scheme, with the support and encouragement of their Bishops, especially as it may mean extending by a year the time before they return as priests to their Diocese.

It is obviously difficult to measure or quantify the value of such an exchange. We are trying to prepare priests to work in parishes in England and Wales today, and one element of importance is how they are to relate to priests and people of other Churches. Many ecumenical problems arise when we do not talk to each other, do not feel at ease in the presence of one another. In the countryside an Anglican Vicar may start visiting, and in some ways ministering to Catholic families, leading to angry charges of 'poaching.' Mixed or inter-Church marriages raise problems. We can talk about our separated brethren behind their backs in ways that we would never do in their presence. There are many factors that can lead to misunderstanding, rivalry and difficult relations. By having Anglicans in our presence, we are beginning to know and respect them and, although personalities will have an influence, there is at least the growth of a willingness to talk things over and to share. In the course of six or seven years a student here will have met a variety of Anglicans, and will learn to respect them, and perhaps to develop a friendship with some. This will make it easier for him to get to know and to like others whom he may meet in his pastoral ministry.

No doubt, consciously or unconsciously, we can from time to time talk or act in a way which is wrong, lacking in understanding or sympathy. The presence of the Anglican students is a constant reminder to us to be

on our guard. Ordination could be an example. Although they and we know the Church's teaching on the validity of Anglican Orders as it stands today, receiving ordination cards from our Anglican students, praying for them particularly on that day, knowing what it means to them, their sincerity and deep spiritual commitment to their priesthood, knowing as a friend the individual who is being ordained — all this can make us very circumspect in discussing their orders in a hurtful way.

The Anglicans do not receive Communion in the College. This is a great pain for them, which with understanding we feel as well. They are part of our community in nearly every respect, and regularly attend our liturgy, and yet have to be excluded at this point. This year, rather than remaining seated in the benches, the Anglican students came forward at Communion with the rest, but received only a blessing. The wound of separation at Communion is lived out in this situation.

Orders, and receiving Communion, are two sensitive examples amongst many where in matters of faith and practice there is possible disagreement and division. In all matters of controversy it is a great help if one can talk about it to an individual concerned. Principles will still have to be maintained, but understanding and compassion can enter. To hear a person speak for himself, and to be ready to listen to him, can remove misjudgements and prejudices. It is more useful to talk with someone personally. So the Anglicans here, and our students in an Anglican College, are ambassadors or representatives, giving an opportunity for developing a dialogue which is personal and sympathetic.

The exchange offers the Anglican students a Roman experience. In purely human terms a five month stay in Rome is a valuable opportunity. However, they do not come here only to appreciate the art and beauty of the city, but to learn about the Catholic Church at its centre, to sense something of its history, its universality and its culture. They do not start with the image of the 'scarlet woman' of the Apocalypse in their minds, but with openness and a desire to know better, and we hope that it does help them to understand the Vatican, and also to get a sense of Roman Catholicism in a wider context than England. During the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity in recent years they have been given places at a General Audience, where they meet and shake hands with the Pope, and they have told me that they have been very moved by this and by his interest in them.

In the College they learn something of the aims and methods of formation for priesthood in one Catholic seminary, through attending the spiritual conferences, the liturgy, some lectures, homily classes and generally mixing in the life of the community. Our devotion to the College Martyrs could be an embarrassment. They are present for the feast on December 1st. They know that every Eucharist is celebrated over the relics of the Martyrs and beneath the Martyrs Picture. However, this year

in a talk, one of them expressed how, even though this was painful and a challenge to them, it could also help as an example of that healing of memories of which Bishop Mark Santer spoke in his contribution to the book published after the Papal Visit, *Their Lord and Ours*. We try to accept them as fully as possible as members of our community and they respond generously to us. Later, as past members of the College, they are always welcome as visitors. My impression has been that the College comes to mean a lot to them, especially the friendships they make, and that they have a certain pride in being Anglican 'Romans.'

I have concentrated more on the Anglicans here than on our students in an Anglican College, as it is closer to my own experience. I believe that what I have said about understanding the spirit of formation, the spirituality and the liturgy, the sense of community and the making of friendships would be equally true for our students taking part in the exchange; added to which is the fact that it would be an opportunity for our non-graduate students to benefit from the experience of an English university. The fact that the exchange is reciprocal, when possible, is important, as it shows that we can learn from them also.

The arrangements for academic work are a difficulty which has not been entirely solved. The Anglicans cannot normally cope with Italian lectures, and the choice of English lectures at the Gregorian is limited. This year they have benefited mainly from lectures in the Institute of Spirituality. They also have projects set by their own Colleges. They may have more scope in the future as the Dean of Theology intends to invite more visiting lecturers, some of whom will lecture in English. Similarly, we would like to direct and relate the studies of our students more closely with their future licence, with the eventual possibility of their getting some recognition of it from the Gregorian.

Accommodation is a practical problem. We have to give up two rooms for half a year, which might have been taken up by full-time Catholic students. If the College had been full, the experiment might never have started. Now that it is full, it would seem wrong to discontinue it after ten years, destroying the good-will that has been built up. The continuation and development of the programme was whole-heartedly endorsed last September at a meeting of former Anglican students from the College with an equivalent number of their Catholic contemporaries.

I hope that all students from the College will be helped by this ecumenical dimension and that those involved in the exchange will make ecumenism a special interest. "To fulfill her ecumenical responsibility, the Church must have at her disposal an adequate number of experts in ecumenical matters — clergy and religious, lay men and women. They are needed everywhere." (*Spiritus Domini* 77). Perhaps some from this College may fulfill such a role in the future.

G.A. Hay

THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR

"In leaving the Via Cavour to climb the quaint tunnelled staircase which opens out in the Piazza S. Pietro in Vincoli, we progressed from the modern to the mediaeval. Below, noise, bustle, traffic; above, all is quiet and delightfully deserted. We had no difficulty in finding La Casa delle Piccole Suore dei Poveri, for it commands the whole side of the Piazza. The Sisters were scarcely less wise in choosing this site than the poor are fortunate in possessing it, for here is, surely, the most peaceful spot in an increasingly noisy city, where old age may rest."

Were the young John Heenan, who wrote the above paragraph for the *Venerabile* of 1924,¹ to return to the Little Sisters today, he would not be able to wax so lyrical about the peace of the Piazza S. Pietro in Vincoli. The "increasingly noisy city" is still increasingly noisy, but the peace of the square has gone for ever. The whole area is covered with parked cars; there are always at least five tourist coaches waiting for their passengers; and the constant stream of visitors to the church and the souvenir stalls is a truly remarkable feature of this once "quiet and delightfully deserted" square.

All that has changed, but the house of the Little Sisters still stands where it has stood for over one hundred years, and still receives very frequent visits from students of the English College. Reading the 1924 article, I can also see that many other things are still exactly the same: the welcome at the door, the unaffected piety of the Sisters and the old people themselves and the feeling of peace that is everywhere apparent. One other thing is also touchingly the same: when they need anything in particular the sisters still pin a little note to the statue of St. Joseph. In 1924 they were asking for sheets; in 1983 they were asking for colour televisions; but St. Joseph does not seem concerned by the apparent increase in affluence — the house he protects needs something, so somehow he manages to provide it. Such trust on the part of the faithful and such activity on the part of the saints is a source of great admiration and comfort for all of us who go to visit the Little Sisters.

¹ *The Venerabile* (1924), Vol. XI, N° 4, p. 304.

The reason for the lack of change in the house, despite the physical improvement in conditions is not hard to find: the order still has very strongly the charism of its foundress, Jeanne Jugan, who was beatified by Pope John Paul II on October 3rd, 1982. The more I read of this extraordinary woman and the more I work with her nuns the greater is my admiration for her. She had a very difficult life, and even had the government of the order she had founded taken from her by an arrogant and misguided priest—"protector," but she never complained and always gave herself wholeheartedly to prayer and the care of the elderly. She had chosen the name of the order with care. Her nuns were to be the *little* sisters of the poor with no thought of self aggrandisement or pride. She herself was so "little" that at the time of her death no one knew that she had founded the order; the priest—"protector" had installed another "foundress" and Jeanne Jugan was a rather obscure and humble sister whose work went unrecognised, but whose example was a great source of inspiration to many of the younger nuns at the time. Such self-effacement and patience have been the hallmarks of the order ever since and it is something that one gradually grows to appreciate and love very dearly. Perhaps such spiritual qualities are not highly valued today — and the order's vocations crisis reflects this — but the nuns are determined to remain "little sisters" and to spend themselves in the service of their elderly poor.

Such an article as this is perhaps a good opportunity to pay tribute to one nun who in her own way has contributed enormously to the life of this College over the last eight years. Sr. Marie-Madeleine du Précieux Sang was, until very recently, in charge of the men's infirmary on the first floor and it was she who first welcomed students who wanted to do pastoral work in the Casa S. Giuseppe. Since that time she has been a constant source of inspiration for us all as she worked and prayed with the old people and the students. She had a very fiery temperament, but her following of Christ in the mode of Jeanne Jugan turned her *fieryness* into warmth and her effervescence into devoted energy. It was a great privilege to see her working with the old men and allowing them the greatest possible dignity even when in very undignified situations. It was also a privilege to hear her confidences and know something of the spiritual struggles of a big hearted woman trying to be "little." I was often struck by the similarity between Sr. Marie Madeleine and Blessed Jeanne and I am sure that it is because of nuns like her that the order still maintains some of the finest old people's homes in the world. She left the Rome house just after Easter and her departure has left rather a hole in the fabric of the community. But a new sister has just taken over her job and the community will build itself again. Sr. Marie-Madeleine is far too "little" to want it otherwise.

I often have difficulty in understanding what a "charism" really is. However, in working with these nuns I have experienced the force of a

personality who died many years ago. All the houses of the Little Sisters have that same force animating them and that force leads them to conform themselves more and more fully to the likeness of Christ. All religious orders need our prayers, but perhaps a few words to the Lord for the Little Sisters of the Poor would be the best response to this article.

Terence Phipps

AN ANGLICAN BISHOP REFLECTS ON THE PAPAL VISIT

Until very recent years there was very little contact between Anglicans and Roman Catholics, and even less between Rome and the Free Churches. We just did not know one another. I am a typical Anglican who lived for ten years in Manchester, as Rector of a parish there. I knew all the Nonconformist clergy in the neighbourhood, and we used to meet occasionally to discuss ecumenical matters. But I knew nothing whatever about the Roman Catholic priests, their names or their churches. I would have thought of the Pope as an Italian ruler of a vast part of the Catholic Church, but one who had nothing to do with England except with Roman Catholics living here.

Papalism was generally regarded as foreign and impossible. Of course Anglicans are of different sorts. Some of the more Evangelical regarded the Pope as Anti-Christ or "that man of sin," and would have nothing whatever to do with him. The more catholic wing of the Church of England regarded him as the great leader of the Roman Catholic Church with whom they hoped one day to be united. But to the vast majority of English people he was no more than a remote personality, with no connection whatever with this country, though naturally looked up to by the Roman Catholics. Any idea of his coming to visit this country would have been regarded as impossible. He was someone who never went out of Rome. He would communicate with the Apostolic Delegate, the Archbishop of Westminster and the Bishops, but that was his only contact.

The source of this distrust of the Pope and of all Roman Catholics had been going on for a long time. In the reign of Elizabeth I men were sent to this country with the express intention of overthrowing the government, even of assassinating the Queen. Religion counted for a great deal in those days, and heresy was a major offence for which a really good man, like Cranmer, could be burned alive. Those whom Roman Catholics regarded as martyrs, and venerate as such, were regarded as little more than traitors, and were soon forgotten.

So, for two hundred years, or more, Roman Catholics were living here in England under considerable strain. They were regarded as fundamentally disloyal. Their obedience was to a foreign ruler and not to their own country, and in case of doubt they would be obliged to obey the Pope rather than the government of the land. But, in the eighteenth century, things got a bit better, and in 1829 they received the Emancipation Act which gave them the right to enter Parliament, to serve as officers in the Army or Navy, or to act as Civil Servants. Then in 1850, after the large influx of Irish Roman Catholics in the time of famine, the Pope decided to set up bishoprics in England. Cardinal Wiseman, a former Rector of the Venerable English College in Rome, issued his great statement from the Flaminian Gate in Rome saying that "the greatest of blessings has just been bestowed on our country, by the restoration of its true hierarchical government, in communion with the see of Peter." This caused tremendous opposition in the press and throughout the country. The Church of England was regarded as the true Church. It had its own bishops. We didn't want any more. "No Popery" was the cry heard now on all sides, and intolerance and suspicion of all Roman Catholics was now growing. So much was this so, that W.R. Matthews, writing in 1970, could say that in the later part of the nineteenth century "the prevailing opinion of the religious people whom I knew and loved was that Roman Catholic worship is idolatry and that it was better to be an Atheist than a Papist."

This, then, was the general opinion of English non-Catholics until comparatively recent times. But in the last twenty years things have changed out of all recognition. Vatican II was a real turning-point in the Roman attitude towards Ecumenism. The Roman Church now began to take an interest in other churches and even said, in the Decree "De Ecumenismo" that, of the communions separated from the Holy See "among those in which some Catholic traditions and institutions continue to exist, the Anglican Communion occupies a special place." Pope Paul VI took a great personal interest in Anglicanism. In 1956 he had invited six Anglicans to stay a week with him in Milan, where he was then archbishop. Then, after the Council, he gave a warm reception as Pope to the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom he regarded as the leader of what he had come to call a "Sister Church" and to whom, as a result of his affection, he gave his ring (now worn every day by Dr. Ramsey). As a result of their conversations they issued a Common Declaration in which they said that they intended "to inaugurate between the Roman Catholic Church and the Anglican Communion a serious dialogue which, founded on the Gospels and the ancient common traditions, may lead to that unity in truth, for which Christ prayed." So began the dialogue which came to be known as the Anglican-Roman Catholic International Commission, whose Final Report was published early in 1982. This dealt with three of the main problems dividing us — the doctrine of the Eucharist, of Ministry and of Authority in the Church. The last was the most difficult as it raised the whole question of the Infallibility of the Pope. But the

eighteen members of the Commission, drawn from all types of Anglicans and Roman Catholics, agreed that "the only see which makes any claim to universal primacy, and which has exercised and still exercises such *episcopate* is the See of Rome, the city where Peter and Paul died. It seems appropriate that in any future union a universal primacy such as has been described should be held by that see." Later it says that: "Although responsibility for preserving the Church from fundamental error belongs to the whole Church, it may be exercised on its behalf by a universal primate."

It was at this point that the Pope announced his intention of visiting England. This was the first time that such a visit had even been thought of. Since 1523 all the Popes had been Italians with little knowledge of England, or understanding of the religious atmosphere of this country. But here was a Polish Pope, a great linguist and traveller, an obviously kind-hearted man who cared about the people whom he proposed to visit. Meanwhile the people of England were far more prepared to welcome him than they would have been in the past. There were few, if any, cries now of "No Popery," and the ancient view of the Pope as "that man of sin" had more or less disappeared. English people, though they don't go to church very much, are fundamentally religious, and they were prepared to welcome a great religious leader who came to talk to them about religion and about the great affairs of the soul. They had given a fairly warm reception to evangelists like Billy Graham in the past, and they would do the same to the Bishop of Rome, who came with the same object. He came in a purely pastoral way. He was determined not to talk about controversial matters, or to strengthen the power of Roman Catholics in the land as against the Established Church and Protestantism. He came to celebrate the Sacraments of the Church, baptising people at Westminster, anointing the sick at Southwark, confirming the young at Coventry, and so on wherever he went. There was nothing triumphal about his behaviour; everything he did had a pastoral concern behind it.

He had been well briefed and fully understood the tone of English religion. Everywhere he went he spoke about Anglicans, "those whom I love and long for." He knew that we were the church of the nation, that we still had much in common with Rome, that we still kept many of the traditions and beliefs which Roman Catholics held, or to which they were now coming (such as a vernacular liturgy, general absolution, more use of the laity, perhaps even married clergy). He kept clear of the sort of triumphalism expressed by Cardinal Wiseman more than a century earlier. So on his arrival at Gatwick he said: "At this moment of history we stand in urgent need of reconciliation, reconciliation between nations and peoples of different views and cultures; reconciliation of man within himself, and with nature; reconciliation among peoples of different social conditions and beliefs; reconciliation among Christians... And so I begin my pastoral visit to Britain with the words of our Lord Jesus Christ: 'Peace

be with you'." And shortly afterwards, in Westminster Cathedral, he said: "My deep desire, my ardent hope and prayer, is that my visit may serve the cause of Christian unity."

"Christian Unity" — this, then, was the purpose of the papal visit. It was constantly referred to in the Pope's speeches. It came out most of all in the great combined service in Canterbury Cathedral, which is the event most noted and remembered by all non-Catholics in England. Here we saw (in fact or on television) the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury walking together through the great Anglican cathedral, praying side by side, blessing the people together. This is what inspired people with a sense of unity already existing. Not, of course, full, organic unity in which we acknowledged the Infallibility of the Pope, and Roman Catholics recognised the validity of Anglican orders, but a sense that, in this world of unbelief or of uncertainty, there was a vast, united company of all faithful people who believed in God and in his Son, Jesus Christ, who worshipped him, and who tried to obey him. This was strongly felt at Canterbury. The cathedral was packed, and there were crowds outside it. Most of the English (Anglican) bishops were there to show their respect to the Pope. All the congregation renewed their baptismal vows, which everyone agreed were binding whether Anglican, or Roman Catholic, or Protestant. "The renewal of our baptismal vows" said the Pope "will be a pledge to do all in our power to co-operate with the grace of the Holy Spirit, who alone can lead us to the day when we will profess the fulness of our faith together." Later he said: "I appeal to you in this holy place... to accept the commitment to which Archbishop Runcie and I pledge ourselves anew before you this day. The commitment is that of praying and working for reconciliation and ecclesiastical unity according to the mind and heart of our Saviour, Jesus Christ." The whole service was an attempt to unite, as far as possible, the two Churches in the future. At the end of the service the Pope and the Archbishop, who had been everywhere together all through, were seen, alone, walking together through the cloisters of Canterbury, a sure sign that Canterbury and Rome were now on a different footing from anything which they had known in the past.

Part of the service was the signing, by the two leaders, of the Common Declaration. This, having thanked God for the progress which has been made in reconciliation between our two communions, our common baptism into Christ and the work of the Anglican-Roman Catholic International Commission, agrees that the next stage of our "common pilgrimage in faith and hope towards the unity for which we long" is the setting up of a new Commission which will study the things which still keep us apart and so help us to "proceed to the restoration of full communion."

What they call "full communion" means some form of intercommunion and exchange of ministries. There is no real problem

here for Anglicans, who have always treated Roman Catholic priests as fully ordained. No priest coming over to Anglicanism has to be re-ordained, though any Nonconformist minister, whose orders we don't acknowledge, must be ordained. But the question of Anglican orders presents a real problem to Roman Catholics since the Pope, by issuing the statement known as *Apostolicae Curae* in 1896, declared all Anglican orders to be "completely null and utterly void," and concludes his statement by saying that what he has declared must never at any time be "attacked or impugned," and that it shall be now and for ever in the future, valid and in force. It is, of course, for Rome to get around this statement, but there is a growing concern that the Bull was not properly prepared, and that what it said about the Intention of Anglican orders was neither just nor correct, and that some way of overcoming it must be found if "full communion" is to be achieved. This will probably be the next step to be taken. Perhaps Rome will reconsider the evidence and see that they were mistaken in 1896, and so overrule what the Pope then said. It was not, after all, an infallible statement of which there are thought to be only two, both Marian dogmas. So it could be called in question, and, indeed, will have to be if any sort of organic union between the two Churches is to be achieved.

The papal visit was warmly welcomed by non-Roman Catholics, especially Anglicans. There was, I think, only one demonstration organised against the Pope — by Mr. Paisley and his companions when the Pope was in Liverpool. Mr. Paisley is Irish and, of course, has no connection with Anglicanism, as he belongs to a kind of free Presbyterianism of his own devising. The Pope is said not to have noticed this, and otherwise the visit was calm and peaceful throughout, and the Papal presence, while of course delighting the Roman Catholics in this country, was a matter of delight to non-Catholics, and especially to members of the Church of England. This showed the new atmosphere which now exists between the two Churches — an atmosphere of tolerance and of hope of a growing together into full unity, such as existed before the Reformation.

We know that the Anglican Church, in spite of what Rome says, is part of the great Catholic Church founded by Christ. This we declare daily in our creeds, when we say that we believe in "one, holy, catholic and apostolic Church," and when we say the Athanasian Creed (which, though not often now said is printed in our Book of Common Prayer) that "whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the catholic faith," which it then proceeds to spell out in full.

But some Anglicans may have doubted the wisdom of the visit of the Pope to these shores. Would it arouse anti-Papal feelings, now become dormant? Would it be an attempt to strengthen the Roman Catholics in this country, and so to oppose all other kinds of Christianity? Would it lead to demonstrations, and cries of "No Popery" in a country where this

sort of thing was being forgotten? Would it make for further differences between Rome and Canterbury than those already existing, so making union more difficult? They were answered by the character of the Holy Father and the purpose of his visit. His speeches were not specifically Roman. They were spoken by a Christian leader to congregations of Christians of whatever kind. They were largely based on Prayer and on Christian Unity such as Our Lord willed and prayed for. His last address, to the young people at Cardiff, was devoted to the prayer-life of a Christian. It simply talked about the meaning of prayer, what it means and how it unites us with Jesus, how it gives us a sense of mission in that we are "called to spread Christ's message of salvation," that it helps us to realise the "signs of the times," the state of the world and its need of Christ.

Had things been otherwise, the visit would have failed. Had he made it an appeal to Roman Catholics in Britain to stand fast by their faith and not to be led astray by ecumenists and others seeking Pan-Protestantism, to show the Infallibility and extreme position of the Bishop of Rome, to declare all non-Roman Catholics as outside the Church, his visit would have been written off as a failure. But the ecumenical spirit, and the power of Rome to promote this, ran all through his addresses. He came, not so much as Bishop of Rome, but as a Christian leader, and, as such, he was received by the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Knowing how much the English people love their Bibles, it is to the Bible that he turns for all he had to say, and which he quotes over and over again. He also refers to the decrees of Vatican II, but only those passages which show the new leadings in the Church, such as the Collegiality of bishops, and the importance of using the laity in the work of redemption which we are to proclaim. He joined with the Archbishop of Canterbury in commemorating six modern martyrs in Canterbury Cathedral, men and women who had given their lives for Christ. Two were Roman Catholics (Maximilian Kolbe and Oscar Romero), one was Anglican (Jenani Luwum), one Lutheran (Dietrich Bonhoeffer), one a Baptist (Martin Luther King). He said, at Canterbury "With me I bring to you, beloved brothers and sisters of the Anglican Communion, the hopes and desires, the prayers and goodwill of all who are united with the Church of Rome, which, from the earliest times, was said to preside in love."

Anglicans were very pleased with all that happened. As a result of it Rome and Canterbury were undoubtedly drawn closer together. But there are still problems to be faced, problems which the new Anglican-Roman Catholic International Commission, now being formed, will have to tackle. There is the question of Anglican orders and their recognition. There is the problem of inter-church marriages and the questions which these arouse. There is the problem of the ordination of women, now being practised in some parts of the Anglican Communion.

What does Rome think of Anglicanism? Their chief concern is to

discover what Anglicans really believe. There is considerable difference in the way in which truth is discovered in the two Churches. In Anglicanism we allow everyone to seek and proclaim what he feels to be the truth. Rome, on the other hand, has decided already what is true, and acts judicially on those who depart from it. The result is that Roman Catholics have to inaugurate a number of witch-hunts against writers who depart from the standard proclaimed by the Church — Küng, Schillebeeckx, etc. Anglicans would never dream of doing this sort of thing to those who hold strange ideas — Cupitt, Wiles, etc. If there is to be union of the two Churches which of these approaches would be followed?

The Archbishop of Canterbury said: "It will be necessary for this visit to leave a strong impression that both Rome and Canterbury have the sort of affection and respect for one another which means business." That, I think, it has managed to do; but the path to full, corporate communion is a hard one to follow.

Rt. Rev. J.R.H. Moorman

FROM THE ARCHIVES: A SUICIDE LETTER

According to his entry in the 'Liber Ruber', James Kennedy entered the English College in 1775 at the age of thirteen. From the start, he was 'fiery-tempered and lazy' — 'tumultuosam (mentem) indolem';¹ and after four years had to be transferred to the 'Seminarium' at Magliana, on account of the fact that he had been stirring up his fellow students against their superiors. We possess three of Kennedy's letters, two written from the English College, and the third from Magliana.² In the third, he complains that he feels so wretched that, unless his parents provide him with the money to escape home, he will kill himself. In the first two letters, he describes the punishments he has to endure as a result of his subversion.

These letters are important because they illustrate the tension between students and staff under the Corsini administration. With the suppression of the Jesuits in 1773, Cardinal Corsini, the Cardinal Protector, had assumed full powers over the College. The numbers of students had been dwindling anyway; and the financial situation worsening. (Gasquet tells us that in 1772 the Rector begged leave to pawn at the Monte di Pietà a jug and basin of silver gilt to meet the pressing wants of the students. He obtained permission from Cardinal Cavalchini of the Congregation of Vescovi and Regolari).³ Under Corsini, the situation did not improve. For the Vicars Apostolic were reluctant to send men to Rome. They were suspicious of the new regime, "not only because the College was being directed by Italians but also because they felt their own power or influence being threatened by the Protector."⁴ And the poor quality of students who returned to the mission from Rome further undermined their confidence in Corsini. Judging by the students' reaction to the regime, the suspicion of the Vicars Apostolic was justified. In 1781, there were twenty-three students only, and from a diary of Felici⁵ it appears that

¹ 'Liber Ruber,' Liber 303.

² Kennedy letters, Scr. 50.8.18 and 50.9.1 & 2.

³ Licence from Cavalchini, Scr. 48.5.

⁴ Michael E. Williams, *The Venerable English College Rome*, London, 1979.

⁵ Felici Diary, Liber 517.

of these, three died at the College, eleven were sent away, four proved to have no vocation and left, and five only were ordained priests.

We find James Kennedy adding his name to those of three students who signed an (undated) petition to Cardinal Corsini, in which they beg him to alleviate the restrictions and obligations imposed on them. Of the four petitioners, one, William Tucker, died in the College in 1779 and was buried in the College Church; the other two, John Kirk and John Foothead, went on to be ordained. Their petition is interesting in that it contrasts the new regime with the old. They point out, for example, that whereas they used to have to do only one hour of study on a 'gita' day, they now have to study all morning; and whereas they used to have free access to bookshops, this is now forbidden. In letters to his parents and to a certain Mr Lindow, Kennedy describes in still fuller detail the hardships he has endured and the doubts he feels about his ability to endure it any longer.

Oct 2nd 1778

Dear Parents,

I received your letter 25th of November 1778 to which I answer that I will not make myself Priest without a Vocation, but thanks be to God I as yet retain it and if my mind changes you shall know at the end of next year when I shall be about to take the Oath for I suppose if by chance I should return, a years more study would doe me no harm; for if such a thing was to happen that I was not to be a Clergyman which I dont believe it will I would either be a Surgeon or a Lawyer, or a Schoolmaster. I desier you would acquaint Mr Rice, Mr Lindow & Mr Bolton and also the Rev. Bishop Cannelor that I will not be a Priest contrary to my Vocation but I think God has called me therefore I desire you will make yourself easy.

From your affectionate Son

James Kennedy

January 29th 1779

Dear & honoured Sir,

I most humbly beg your pardon for not having wrote sooner but to tell you the truth I have had no opportunity of sending my letter to you. I would have given it to our Rector but he would not have sent it. Therefore send this letter slyly in which I will inform you of my first intention of returning and the reason and also of all the changes in the College. I was put in Prison in the College on 23rd July 1777 and remained till the 27 of the same month without wine and fruits. But now let's come to the reason

the 13 of July my companion were mitigating their grief with me saying they knew not what to doe on account of our ill usage. I replied if we were to make a memorial to the Pope he perhaps would healp us. For saying this in the manner above mention'd, I was pennanced: but if this was my only complaint, I should think myself happy they have given us ruels made newly but approved by none, they have taken away all our liberties, diminished our victuals, defamed our birth, our names, our country, and not only this, but to our faces call us blackguards, sons of clowns, and they doubt if we were born of honest parents. But about these things we have spoke to Cardinal Corsini our Protector and also the other boys intend to send a letter in name of us all to Bishop Chanellor to be so good as to write to the Pope for us, for the Pope knows nothing of our usage you will me I hope but I told you a falsity, for it was not that I had lost my vocation but knowing no other way to get away than this I appealed myself to it, for when I wrote I disliked the College my letters never went, but if it was possible, a happy day, for me to leave this place, for my studies I can't follow with that ardor I ought on account of my perplexities of mind and goe to some other College in which I could make myselve Priest. I would embrace the opportunity with all my heart. But you may say perhaps, that as I would doe no good at Rome, so neither at any other place; but I assure you it is not so: for all ready the third year is pass'd in which I have suffer'd all kinds of pains; and all for the sake of making myself Priest, but I assure you it's intolerable. I am now as you know goeing on 18 I study as yet Rethorick and this is my last year, I study also Greek, with singing. But I dont take it amiss to inform you of our new rules and also our antient: we get up three hours before its light then we goe to meditation for half an hour and afterwards to mass (it was so antiently) after mass to study then to school and in this manner we spend half the day at midday we goe to dinner, and then an hours recreation, after this to study, and then to school after that an hour and an half is given to goe a walking, after this to study and at nine or ten o'clock to supper afterwards half an hours recreation and so to bed on a play day study all the morning for four hours: antiently id est in time of the English superiors one only. Besides 3 others after dinner. For dinner we have half a pound of meat (antiently whole pound) besides a good plate of broth fruits and cheese we at night are boalted in our rooms we cant speak to any Englishman, we talk a sort of English Italianeted, we shall have need to study English when we return. I was very sorry to hear you was so disturbed at my letter but what would you have me to doe, I am used so ill that I doe not know what to doe for if I complain I am affraid of being sent away hear it's impossible. I have lost part of my health. I often bless my brothers luck to gett to Valadolid for there they are used well as I understand from Mr Bloodworth. You will be so good as to pardon my miserable handwriting and my bad English, I also desire your prayers for my preservation. But I hope you will excuse me if I have said so much; but I assure you if things change I will stay for in this year I shall decide

the matter by taking or not taking the Oath but I fear they wont be changed unless the Bishop does not write to the Pope for English Superiors whil we will try our utmost: for we hear this Pope has a great affection for us. Therefore not only I but all pray you and all other Priests to beg of the Bishop to write to Pius the Sixth for English Superiors now our present Pope.

From your most humble and obedient Servant

James Kennedy, Rome

P.S. The people that advised me not were my confessors that is they advised me not to take the oath because they thought it impossible for me or any Body else to stay and not to make myselve Priest; for they told me my vocation was good: but perhaps by taking the oath I might ruin myself, that is, I might want to goe away and not be able on account of the oath... Tos. Orford and George Willoughby the 1 of January 1779 boath ran away one on account of a pennance without wine for a whole year and the other on account of his being 3 times in prison but now we will see what friends in Italy and riches in London doe they were boath taken at Civita Vecchia and boath put in prison but Wiloughby haveing one Mr Green and several other friends in Italy and goes by the name of a noble has also his parents in good circumstances (as I hear say) at London has got the privilege to goe out, while the other is to be sent away: from this you m(a)y understand that here money makes the mare to goe as the copy sais, and there are distintions now made which in time of the English were not: but I assure you George is guiltier than Orford for the first is allways doeing some impertinence or another. Besides George is kept in a drier room eats better has allways people with him while the other is kept without dinner and sleeps at the top of the College.

For Mr Lindow at Mrs Hannes

*Gloucester street
Queens square, London*

It is interesting to note, from the 'Liber Ruber,' that Willoughby was finally expelled in 1780, while Orford was transferred "in Seminarium S. Salvatoris Maioris" until his parents summoned him back to England — "donec littere ex Angliae venissent, ut illuc suis sumptibus remearet."

February 1th 1779, Magliana

Dear Father and Mother,

I send you this letter to lett you know I am not very well nor have I been for a long time, I reside no more at Rome but have been sent by order of the Cardinal to another Seminary called Magliana. I was sent the 29th early in the morning and arrived the 10 of February at about 11

o'clock in the morning, the reason I doe not open now to you, but I assure you not on account of my illness. I have this only favour to beg of you that is: to write to Mr Stonor to lend me the sum of 17 Guines and I will pay it afterwards for I hear no boys are acoming at present. This is a favour that I ask for Gods sake not for mine and I also want to return this spring which if denied me, I will leave my cassock and cloack and walk it by land and if I find that does not succeed, I will destroy myself not with poison, not with knives, but in a manner that shall be bewailed by all and which no one can hinder. For what is death, it's a finishing stroak to all these troubles of life; it's true when it comes everyone fears it; but o Death, o Death, by me so often desier'd when wilt thou come! my thoughts are only fixed on thee to thee I owe all my pain, to thee all my sufferings; but since so beloved a thing is denied me on account of my beloved Sisters, and on account of my religion, what shall I doe? of making myself priest I despair, of acquiring learning there remains some hopes. But that I may return to myselve do for Gods sake write to Mr Stonor for to lend me the foresaid sum, that I may at once be free. For I am afraid that if you dont see me soon you will never see me more my health is ruining daily and hourly my spirit consuming, and therefore if you have any pity, pity your poor Son, who has strove to the utmost of his power to stay for 3 years but at last has given it up. Give my love to all.

From your most afflicted but dutiful Son

James Kennedy

Though the 'Liber Ruber describes Magliani as a 'Seminarium,' 'Magliani' was, in fact, one of the two College properties (the other being Monte Porzio) which the students visited for 'gitas' and which provided the College with its wine. Kennedy did in fact run away from there; and was therefore expelled: "fuit in Seminarium donec a Parentibus revocaretur; sed cum inde aufugisset fuit expulsus et regressus est ad suos."

BEFORE MEMORY FAILS

I am an infrequent walker of the streets of London, but if my walk takes me along Southampton Road, my eye strains to spot the hotel where on a Thursday evening in late September of 1919, eleven new students under the care and guidance of Fr. Louis Drury met and dined, slept, breakfasted and lunched before setting out on the following night for their overland route to the English College, Lisbon. We travelled via Paris and Madrid and arrived on Monday evening at the Rossio Station, Lisbon, where a customs official insisted on prising open and examining the luggage of a student who had lost his keys. Fr. Drury then bundled us into taxis and had us taken to the college. Francisco the aged porter and Alvaro the sacristan welcomed us with smiles and soon had a meal and beds ready for us. The community was on holiday at Quinta de Pera on the south of the Tagus.

Next morning, we crossed the river in a sailing boat, landed at a cove where students took their daily swim while at Pera, quickly climbed the cartroad up the hill, made our way through a huddle of dim cottages, lifted our feet from the dusty roads, discovered for ourselves vineyards, olive trees, fig trees, wells, windmills, and finally met what we had come to join: the college community. We crowded into the bed-sitting-room of an astounded Dr. Cullen, President of the College, who had yet to receive through a somewhat carefree and inefficient Portuguese postal service the letter giving him the date of our arrival. The student body took us in their stride and into their care. We chatted with them, got lost in silences, and ate grapes until a cooked meal was ready for us. We were home.

Dr. Cullen, the President, and Fr. Bernard Wilson, the Procurator, made up the staff: one theologian, three philosophers and one humanist formed the student body; and of these, a philosopher and the humanist had arrived early in 1919. One of the new men became a philosopher, the rest of them humanists and they would divide up into two Classes. The College was beginning to recover from the upsets and scars of World War 1, of the switch from royal to republican Portugal, of the dying away of one generation of staff and students to the throes of birth of a new one.

We stayed at Pera for a few days: till the end of the holidays. Its pattern of life varied hardly at all during my years as a student: rise at six thirty to the sound of bell, windmill and well; morning Mass at seven followed by thanksgiving; the brisk walk for a swim to and from the Tagus; on return, breakfast of porridge, freshly gathered figs, nourishing bread, butter and Portuguese marmalade, delicious coffee; after that, rest, read, play games, do what you wished until rosary and spiritual reading before lunch. In later years, these were separated into rosary before lunch and spiritual reading before supper.

Spiritual reading was a new experience for me and a puzzling one. The invariable element was a few sentences from *The Imitation of Christ* and by the time of priestly ordination its words and worth had sunk deeply into the memory.

The variable element was the life of a saint or a book on the spiritual life. On this occasion, the variable was St. Theresa of Avila's autobiography in a last century translation. Dr. Cullen, or as I came to think of him from October 1922 on, Mgr. Cullen held St. Theresa in high esteem, because of her sound teaching, good sense and humanity, and her practical ability. We were on the whole too young to benefit from having her read to us. She made clear her opinion on heretics, vividly described the sort of place hell was, and repeatedly promised to tell us something "in the sequel": my understanding stopped there. Appreciation of her greatness had to wait on time and a more personal acquaintance with her writings; but, no doubt, public reading started us off.

After lunch, it was customary to laze about or to take a siesta. All were bound out in the late afternoon to roam the countryside for a couple of hours. New men wore their suits; students their cassocks, and a stout stick could be a weapon against threatening dogs. The area was thinly populated and the world was ours: the world of vineyards, olive groves, fields of maize or vegetables, of small farmsteads, the occasional cluster of cottages and raggedly clad, undernourished inhabitants, a few cave dwellers; a world of cliffs and forts overlooking Lisbon, the Tagus and its estuary or the Atlantic and broad extensive sands. At the edge of one cliff were the crumbling ruins of a Franciscan monastery of strict observance. It commanded a view of breathtaking magnificence and of peace. A peasant stabled his donkey and cart and a few sheep and goats amid the ruins. Beneath what was left of the chapel was buried a member of the Tavora family, famed for its supposed plot against the king and reputed to have been the victim of Pombal's ambitions.

From convent heights we could see on the coast far below a small fishing village and the groves of pine and eucalyptus trees a mile or more to its north. It was a village of sand with only the beginnings of firm streets or roads. Even the thatched cottages or huts of the fishermen seemed to be built on sand. A fence might enclose a small area to the front

or back of each of them. A listless seagull might be perched on the fence. It was at some distance from the village that the men drew up their boats, mended their nets, hauled in their catch. The catch was the centre of interest and business. Many a barefooted carrier would be present who, if the catch was good, would speed with loaded panniers on his shoulders to far off markets. It was a lively scene. The village itself was a desolate place; almost subhuman and godforsaken. There was a small chapel at its edge, but it had no resident priest to serve it or the many chapels throughout this large tract of country. But they preserved the memory of a priest. It was in the course of a brief greeting and exchange of a few words between a student and a fisherman that I first heard of the Welsh priest, Fr. Hughes. He had worked more than fifty years before among the people of the village.

Henry Hughes, an anglican in his late teens, had occasion to travel by train from Cardiff to Liverpool. He got into conversation with a Catholic priest. That journey ended, he began another into the Church. After his reception, the priest made the arrangements for him to live at the English College, Lisbon.

He was a talented young man, a linguist, zealous, of large sympathies. The Cardinal Patriarch accepted him for the diocese of Lisbon. He studied at the local seminary, was ordained, became in time secretary to the Cardinal Patriarch and a thorn in the side of vociferous anticlericals. He went from Lisbon to Boston where he formed its Portuguese colony into a community and parish with its own church. He was in Rome during the first Vatican Council, became a member of the third order of St. Dominic and died leaving unfinished his efforts to make the island of St. Tudwell of the coast of Wales the springboard of missionary activity to his own beloved people.

He was a born apostle. He had the gift of poetry and of song. He remembered the poor and the outcasts. He made the neglected feel important. He had come among the folk of this remote fishing village of Portugal, led them in their rosary and processions, built them a chapel, had the pine and eucalyptus trees planted to the north of the village; he fostered their devotional life, he cared for their bodily health and their craft as fishermen. A recent plaque commemorates his doings among them.

Back from evening walk, there were clusters of grapes to be eaten, the treading of them and the storing of gushing wine into barrels to be seen to, or time to be idled away in other interests until supper at seven thirty.

At Pera, staff and students lived closer to one another than at Lisbon or Luz. There was a common refectory: the atmosphere was always relaxed and friendly: it was a happy place and holiday.

After supper we entertained ourselves drinking mugs of cocoa and

going through The Scottish Students Song Book. For drink there was always fresh water from the well and a portion of red wine at dinner and supper; a large one for upper house, a small one for lower house, and an added drink of white wine on certain feast days. On the last night at Pera, the President sang the verses of the college song, we bellowed out the chorus, and all — servants and *casiero* included — toasted Lisbonian priests on the mission in hot, agreeable, and carefully measured out punch that left us as quick-witted after as before drinking it. Supper and merrymaking ended at nine-thirty when we went to the chapel for an abbreviated form of night prayers and a reading of points for meditation: then, no talking till after Mass on the following day.

September the twenty-sixth was the usual date for returning from Pera to Lisbon. We had a final swim in the Tagus, and by the time we were dressed a man and a donkey had brought our breakfasts. We sailed and were rowed to Belem, the spot whence Bartolomeu Dias, Vasco da Gama and Albuquerque had set out on their voyages of discovery and conquest. We only glanced, on that day in 1919, at the monastery and at what is perhaps the loveliest and most delicate work of maneoline architecture, the church of the Jeronymos, trudded through sandy soil, and caught one of Lisbon's efficient, smooth running, comfortable trams that took us close to the city centre and to less than ten minutes walk from the College.

We settled in. The three day annual retreat began on September the twenty eighth: there was to be another in Holy Week. Mgr. Cullen preached this first one, giving us two conferences a day. Two pieces of advice I remember: love and daily use of the missal; visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

He was, at the time, thirty one years of age and president of the college since January. He succeeded Mgr. Warwick who had been relieved of his office. Our three former students of Mgr. Warwick spoke of him as a kind, fatherly, friendly priest who shared their interests. They never faulted him. He had, according to scraps we later picked up from others, let discipline slip. He was in favour of easing life and its burdens, of modifying some of the rules. He left unreprieved students found smoking, even wished to grant upper house men permission to smoke, to read newspapers — this during the modernist crisis! — and to mix with the Portuguese, even to play football against or with them. He would also appear to have suggested moving the college from the city to the Quinta at Luz, where there were spacious grounds for games, fresh air and country walks. Mgr. Cullen was made president to prove the worthwhileness of the college's continuance to the hierarchy of England and Wales: if the bishops sent students, he would train them in traditional ways. The college might also contribute its mite of support to the Portuguese Church in its times of trial and tribulation.

Schools opened on October the first: it was a college playday: lessons

would begin on the following day. Meanwhile, the new students were being fitted out with cassocks, habits, birettas, gowns for winter and, so far as they would go around, white stockings for indoor wear, black ones for Sunday and outdoor wear. Girdles went with cassocks: narrow ones fastened at the left with hooks and eyes for lower house students: broad ones fastened with tapes, again on the left side, for upper house men. A band of white linen half-covered the cassock's stiff upright collar. There was a best cassock and an everyday one. We wore the biretta when moving round the college or out for a walk in the city. It was not part of our choir dress. Divines had the privilege of wearing it at lectures and, except during the reading of scripture, at dinner and supper. The habit was rather like a sleeveless alb to be worn over the cassock. Attached to the shoulders was a 'back to front' red stole with oar and sword shaped ends. We had to wear it when walking in the city: even in the years of governmental restraints on church life, we went around in our cassocks, habits and birettas; for, by agreement with the British Minister to Portugal and with the Portuguese authorities, the college and the Irish Dominicans of Corpo Santo were exempted from the law forbidding the wearing in public of the religious habit. A ceremonial clothing with the college habit marked a student's advance towards holy orders. It was a solemn ceremony. The president and another superior conducted it. It took place a day or so before reception of first tonsure: after the student had sworn and put his signature to the missionary oath to dedicate his life to labour for the church in England or Wales. Today, I suppose, we should think of the clothing as the official and liturgical recognition of the student as a candidate for orders.

We got down to study on October the second: one theologian or, if you wish, divine, four philosophers, the rest of us divided up into first and second study places. Upper house sat during lectures and divines might even wear their birettas. Study place stood during lesson time; syntax, poetry and rhetoric were, after some minutes of standing, allowed to sit. Lower house textbooks were, I imagine, such as you might find in any college or seminary in England except perhaps for the two volumed Fredet on Ancient and on Modern History and our two volumed Coppens on Poetry and Rhetoric and on Sacred Eloquence: they were last century publications. So too were the textbooks of philosophy, theology, scripture, and church history. Neither the college nor the general run of students could afford to buy new ones or later editions of the old ones until something happened to the German currency and the finely printed and bound breviaries and the books on theology Pustet published fell for a time within the means of most students. The Stonyhurst and Cambridge Conferences series stood us in good stead while, towards the end of the 1920's, Vonier, two or three other authors and the Sheed and Ward Book-a-Month volumes kept our interests alive and moving. For the most part, upper house students depended for their philosophical and theological formation on the lecturer and whatever notes they managed to scribble

down. We were at liberty to adopt other than the lecturer's opinions provided we could produce solid grounds in defence of them. Some matters were closed to discussion: Pius XII and Vatican Two lay in the future. There was a burning of the books when copies of Vigourous-Brassac went up in flames in the yard. Developments in psychology and medical science were nudging their way into moral theology, though Freud was mentioned to be dismissed. A theological teaching sometimes indicated what to look for in history or science. We played safe — as diocesan priests should where so much is at stake.

Mgr. Cullen met with many hazards in his efforts to gather around him a competent and up-to-date body of professors so as to provide adequate training for his students. The education we received was solid and sound, and broad enough in its day for our tasks on the mission.

Sung Mass and a year later Vespers on Sundays introduced me to the world of plainchant. Our liturgy and devotions were austere. No English hymns except in May. We enjoyed Turner, Perosi, Concone, Hasler, Ravello at Christmas, Easter and a few other feast days. Otherwise, the *Graduale Romanum* unassisted by Solesmes signs was our book of song together with the *Ratisbon Pustet Vesperale* for office of the dead and for *Tenebrae*, and the *Vesperale* for Vespers. No doubt our rendering of plainchant was rough and uneven: we raced through familiar phrases, stretched up to top notes and firmly let them know we'd caught them; then down we ran to easier levels. Painful and at times nerve wracking were the experiments and guesses at lengths of notes and methods of singing. We refined and polished as the years went by. We acquired style. The all inclusive *Solesmes Liber Usualis* was a godsend we eagerly adopted when permission for its general usage was granted.

In October or November of 1919, we heard a very different kind of church music on one of the evenings of the triduum of thanksgiving for the beatification of Nun Alvares Pereira, Constable of Portugal, who as brother Nun de Santa Maria dedicated the last years of his life to God in the Carmelite convent of Lisbon. The ceremonies were held in the packed vast church of São Domingo. It was a glittering, colourful assembly of Church and State. I watched with growing amazement and curiosity the disrobing followed by the robing of the Cardinal Patriarch with vestment upon vestment until one felt, so stiff and heavily embroidered were some of them, that he would falter and fall under the weight of them. Meanwhile a large professional orchestra and choir flooded the church with sounds that were captivating. A renowned preacher was eloquent and lengthy: he was also well known, as someone later let us know, for leading a less than priestly life. The scene as a whole was one of splendour and triumph; an attempt to establish good relations between Church and State: the church was in poor shape; the state was anticlerical.

All religious houses as well as many churches and chapels were closed

and lifeless — many were put to profane uses. Civil law controlled the running of parishes, forbade the teaching of religion in schools, favoured civil marriages, exiled outspoken bishops. Priests had left the ministry and married, vocations were few, and priests who remained faithful were no longer young. It was permissible to ridicule religion and to insult those who practised it. Liturgy and church life were at a low ebb. The Bishop of Beja who ordained my class to the diaconate in 1928 told us that he was trying to get his diocesan seminary going again: but the material was morally poor stuff; living conditions in his diocese were on the whole wretched. He was considering promoting the Scout movement and accepting into the seminary only lads who as scouts had proved themselves to be honest, honourable, dependable and obedient.

Portugal in my early years was a land of distress. Unrest became a part of life. There was mismanagement, strikes, changes of government, some of them violent, loss of international confidence, shootings, shelling, seeming helplessness. It affected us, of course, to be without gas or electricity or post or bread or transport; to be awakened in the night by gunfire or shelling, to be disturbed by the sound of fighting throughout the day and have a few bullets lodged in the college walls. We were no worse off than the folk around us who had to put up with the noise and unpleasantness of those days of civil strife and social revolution.

Under Mgr. Warwick, the authorities had complained of students loudly singing royalist songs or anthems and had stationed a couple of soldiers in the college.

Mgr. Cullen was a lively lecturer and his sermons were vivacious, sometimes dramatic when it could become a puzzle to relate the last words or clauses of a sentence to its opening ones: but it was always clear that something important was afoot and claimed our attention. Faith, grace, life in Christ were his dominant themes. He impressed on our memories an abundance of quotations from St. Paul. We stood in awe of him. His piercing blue eyes, sternness of feature, precision of utterance and disciplined life embodied an authority not to be questioned. We grew to be conscious that he respected his students. He was just, took for granted a student's goodwill, created a sense of public trust and confidence and of freedom in the midst of responsibility.

He was solicitous for our health. In my first year, we played football of a sort and other games in the yard or common rooms. The intake of students in 1920 took our numbers to well over twenty, and off he would send us on Thursdays when he calculated, sometimes mistakenly, that it would not rain, to walk there and back to Quinta de Luz for a morning game of football, dinner, and, if a team could be mustered, an afternoon game. Cricket, tennis, cat (or quat), a swim we reserved for the summer months. Luz helped to supply us with vegetables, oranges, tangerines, lemons, trellis grapes, olive oil, milk, poultry. It was there our laundry was done. Mulecarts carried these to and from the college.

Mgr. Cullen spent much of his limited funds on making the buildings habitable and comfortable and on keeping the properties in good order. Luz named a district of *quintas* or properties and the small village of Carnide whose religious houses were empty and disregarded. In a cottage along the main road to Lisbon lived two elderly former Carmelite nuns. As president of the college, I handed back to the Portuguese province of calced, if my memory serves me correctly, Carmelite monks the register of their Carnide monastery together with books from its library. The register which began in the sixteenth century was entrusted to the college at the time of the suppression of the monastery: perhaps in the last century. The chronicler mourned the evil times that had befallen them because of unfaithfulness to the rule and prayed the English College to safeguard the register till the restoration of the province or the monastery.

On the outskirts of Carnide towards our *quinta* were the lofty beginnings of a shrine church dedicated to Our Lady of Luz, namely to Our Lady of Light. Water flowed from a spring under the sanctuary through a fountain built into the church wall: it had ceased to be of any importance. The church had become the parish church of the district.

During the summer months we provided a choir for Sunday Mass, and in honour of Our Lady of Luz early in September. The congregation was small, made up mostly of old women. The parish priest was unimpressive, ineffectual, mechanical in his liturgy, more skilled as a violinist than as a preacher or teacher of religion: but, such as he was, he belonged solely to God and his Church.

Catholic life was strong among the noble and other ancient families. We came to know this and their fine qualities because they filled, crowded into the college chapel for Christmas midnight Mass and for the Holy Week and especially Tenebrae services. Generations of them had attended these liturgies, one family since the latter half of the eighteenth century. Many of these people spoke affectionately of a former superior of the college, Fr. Singleton, who had taught them their Christian doctrine and prepared them for their first communions: he had become their friend and counsellor.

At the Cardinal Patriarch's request, we sang on occasion as his cathedral choir or at the consecration of a bishop in some other church. We had lessons in pastoral theology, but the baby we baptised or watched being baptised was made of wax or some such material. The care of real people didn't belong to our training.

Lisbon, of course, had its hardworking and excellent priests: two or three of them we got to know were priests of outstanding holiness of life. In the 1920's they could do little more, in the hostile atmosphere of the day, than go on breathing. Civil law assigned them to their sacristy: the conscience of the nation was no concern of theirs. The only use the State had for the Church was to carry love of Portugal to its colonies.

The British Navy paid a visit to Lisbon once or twice a year. We proudly flew the White Ensign from the observatory while the Navy was in the Tagus: the Catholics from among the crew paraded to and from the College for Sunday Mass. According to one account I heard, Father — daddy as he was known — Singleton who made himself unofficial chaplain to the Navy, asked from Edward Prince of Wales the privilege of flying the White Ensign, and the request was granted. We also flew it on our patronal feastday of SS. Peter and Paul when our guests were the Apostolic Nuncio, the British Ambassador, and various friends of the College: including Fernando Souza, the fierce, fearless, extreme Catholic journalist who kept his daily paper going despite all attempts to suppress him and it.

We moved from Lisbon to Luz on June the thirtieth until the year when for health reasons Mgr. Cullen decided the move should be on June the first. There was constant fear of typhus and smallpox: we were injected on a number of occasions against I couldn't count up how many threats and diseases: we had to boil, filter, and leave standing for hours all drinking water; and the June heats could be stifling. Yet we loved Lisbon with its busy life of hawkers of fish, fowl, vegetables, its cartloads of fresh water for sale, its street cries, ready access to beaches, its colourfulness and magnificent views.

Health no doubt was among the reasons why Mgr. Cullen permitted theologians in August 1927 to get away from college life and have a fortnight's camping holiday by the lake of Obidos.

It was a wonderful and exhilarating experience to live close to the Portuguese people and their way of life, to attend a festa and observe the bargaining, eating, drinking and general good cheer. They seemed better clad, fed, and housed than the people we met with around Pera.

A party of us made an excursion to Leiria where we soon decided to aim at a visit to Fatima. After some enquiries, four or five of us squeezed ourselves into a taxi. The descent from Fatima was a more frightening journey than the ascent: poor roads, sharp bends, a taxi-driver determined to earn his fare and drop us at Leiria station in time to catch our train back to camp.

Fatima, to our surprise, was dreary and empty: grassland at most, with a few scattered trees. There were no signs of workmen at the church that was going up: not a hostel or other building in sight: nothing but a low boundary wall around the shrine's property where pilgrims could sit and have their meals or others display their objects of piety for sale. We strolled and waited till a tiny elderly woman came to draw water where formerly no water was to be found. Yes, she was in the crowd at Fatima on October the thirteenth 1917; heard perhaps a faint rustling in the tree where the children were at prayer; a low whispering, nothing more. I doubt if we had any idea in what direction lay Aljustrel, the village of the

three children and their families, or how distant it was from Fatima. Our taxi-driver was getting anxious and we had to be off.

An Englishwoman, still an anglican, told me in the early 1930's how as a guest of a Portuguese family, she climbed to Fatima in the pouring rain on October the twelfth 1917, stood in the rain-sodden soil on the following day and watched from beneath an umbrella the three children at prayer beneath their tree. Suddenly at midday, Lucia cried out, "Look up!" Down came umbrellas as eyes turned upwards. The clouds parted as though divided from one another by hands and the sun shone down on them. "I don't know how to explain it" she added.

Those two sober accounts of the phenomena of Fatima impress me. I am more deeply impressed and moved by the faith and devotion of the Portuguese pilgrims and by the patience of Lucia's sister and of Jacinta's and Francisco's parents amid the hardships of life and the fame thrust upon them. Simple, hardworking, good sensible peasant folk they were long before 1917: such they remained for as long as I knew them.

While we were enjoying camp life lower house struggled through their examinations. In my first years, study and examinations occupied us until September. The results were read out in the library. A youngster in first-class study might hear in lingua latina, puncta quadraginta septem: he felt there was something positive and satisfying about that reading but he would suspend judgement till the results were posted up for him to look at. In mathematics, nihil: the sound was unmistakable, its meaning final. It was not his day of glory. But Pera was beckoning and its vineyards, convent heights, the costa and its village: a happy ending to his first year.

James Sullivan

THE RITE OF CHRISTIAN INITIATION OF ADULTS

It is now nearly 20 years since the Second Vatican Council decreed the re-establishment of the adult catechumenate (*Sacrosanctum Concilium* par. 64, Dec. 4th 1963); and it is over 11 years since, in response to the Council, the *editio typica* of *The Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults* was promulgated by the Sacred Congregation for Divine Worship (January 6th 1972). Yet only comparatively recently is this Rite with its attendant catechesis (hereafter called RCIA) becoming known and used in our part of Europe. For example, RCIA has been implemented for the first time only this year in the Parish of the Holy Family, Small Heath, and to my knowledge, it is one of the few in the city and area of Birmingham that is aware of its existence.

The pre-amble to the Rite explains clearly that those adults wishing to become Christians follow a journey of faith (Introduction, par. 5) that not only must be respected and helped by the local Christian Community (Introduction, par. 10,11), but must be marked by stages in public ceremonies (Introduction, par. 6,7). Above all, these consist of the Ceremony of Entry into the Catechumenate (styled in the Introduction as 'of very great importance'); the Election, which begins the period of 'Enlightenment,' and is marked by the Scrutiny Masses of the 3rd, 4th and 5th Sundays of Lent; and the reception of the Sacraments of Initiation at the Easter Vigil.

The occasion that prompted us to attempt RCIA at the Holy Family was an urge from Archbishop Couve de Murville to initiate Parish Evangelization programmes as part of a Diocesan follow-up to the Papal Visit. Letters were sent from the Parish Priest to 12 active members of the Parish, inviting them to help lead evenings of adult catechesis that would take place from October to Easter. Such evenings, it was explained, would centre around talks and discussions about the Scriptures, the major teachings of the Church, and the content of the Pope's speeches in Britain. All 12 invitations received a positive response, and for three consecutive Wednesday evenings we met together and discussed a possible programme of topics suitable for Catholics wishing to deepen their faith

and commitment, for the lapsed, for the lapsed, and for non-Catholics interested in the Church. It was decided to meet on Wednesday evenings at 8.00pm. with the following format: opening prayer and Scripture passage; a 25 minute talk from a priest on the week's topic; a division into discussion groups of 5 or 6 people led by one of the team of 12, armed with discussion points prepared by the priest; after half-an-hour, tea would be served, leading into the reformation of the entire group for feedback and open questions; and finally, Night Prayer would conclude the evening at about 9.30pm. After the initial three meetings, the whole programme, with topic subjects and dates was published in the porch of the Church, and all invited to share in our weekly sessions. This I believed to be of crucial importance: from the beginning, everybody was therefore aware of the way the programme of subjects developed, emphasis was laid upon the fact that the evenings were not simply Lectures, but discussions in a relaxed and friendly atmosphere, and that members of the Parish would be partially responsible for helping non-Catholics understand the Catholic Faith. Such sessions, as we explained, would take the place of more traditional methods of convert instruction.

It would be false to say that I myself and our team of 12 were not apprehensive. They had done little or no theological study, and despite their willingness to prepare for each session by reading relevant passages of Scripture, the Documents of Vatican II, and extracts from the Papal Speeches to Britain, they were unsure of their ability to guide discussion groups. 3 possible converts who had fortuitously called at the Presbytery were invited to attend our sessions. Would any more come? Was not the whole idea of discussion groups more suited to a more suburban 'middle-class' Parish than a large City Parish such as Small Heath?

However, at a 'post-mortem' during the last session before Easter, after about 16 evenings, the Parish room was full of happy and enthusiastic people. The sessions, it was agreed, had gone according to plan; an average of 50 had attended each week, including a final total of 8 converts, 2 non-baptised, and the others from various Christian denominations. The converts I had asked to choose sponsors from the group, and all who came to the sessions were urged to come to the public ceremonies of Initiation as laid down by RCIA. These have all taken place, at the appropriate intervals, at the main Parish Mass on Sunday mornings, involving thereby a sizeable proportion of the Parish. The modification I felt necessary — and I suppose this would be valid for most parishes in this area of the world — is the following: while recognising the distinction between the non-baptised and those baptised in other Christian Churches, the rites and ceremonies of RCIA have, as far as possible, been applied to all the converts on the principle that all are receiving 2 of the 3 Sacraments of Initiation (Confirmation and the Eucharist) at the Easter Vigil.

Of course, this being the first year we have experienced RCIA, I am

hesitant in drawing conclusions. Yet I would like to offer the following reflections — which are not merely my own, but also of those who have been involved in the programme:

1) The adults preparing for the Sacraments of Initiation (the converts) have, on their own testimony, experienced the help and concern of many members of the Parish, as well as making many Catholic friends. A natural shyness and reticence was conquered quickly by the friendly atmosphere, and they have become conscious of becoming members of a group of people committed not only to God but to each other. I personally have found this a much richer and more ecclesiological method of communicating the teaching, practises and customs of the Faith than other traditional means of instruction.

2) Over the weeks the sponsors, both at the Wednesday evening sessions, and at the public ceremonies, have grown in understanding their responsibilities towards the candidates, and in the sense that they, as sponsors, represent the whole of the Catholic Church.

3) All the participants in the programme attest not only that they have learned much more about their faith from each other; but that also they have learned to listen more, to be more tolerant, and to share more willingly. Above all, they have all expressed the feeling of belonging more fully to the Parish.

4) Those who attend the main Parish Mass on Sundays who have not been directly involved in the programme have expressed the powerful witness to them of the public ceremonies of RCIA.

5) The Easter Vigil this year, with the Celebration of the Sacraments of Initiation was a privileged and unforgettable moment in our Parish history. The wonderful symbolism of the Vigil gained its original momentum — that of leading to adult baptism — and the Scripture readings became an exciting participation in the History of Salvation, which became a living reality for the catechumens in front of the Parish Community.

6) This is the fourth year we have used a modified form of the Brusselman's programme of preparation for First Holy Communion. With the implementation of RCIA — the fundamental model of catechesis and ceremonial preparation used by Brusselman — the Parish is being helped to understand even more fully the value and parish-based nature of the First Holy Communion Programme.

7) One of the underlying aims of RCIA is to create an entire Parish Community aware of its corporate responsibility of mission and evangelization. I feel very optimistic that this can become a reality. With the intention of continuing RCIA on an annual basis of October until Easter, all the participants in the programme, not least the converts, have expressed their determination to find and to bring with them next year someone who is searching for the faith or who is lapsed.

8) Several 'spin-offs' are occurring from the RCIA group; for example, a greater interest in Scripture and the spontaneous setting up of a Bible-Study group; the desire to build up and contribute to a hithertofore non-existent Parish library; and a growth in hospitality, with a willingness to use private homes for group meetings.

9) As a teacher of Scripture, I am personally fascinated by the following phenomenon: as priests, we still tend to teach and to use Scripture with the vision that preaching consists in making Scripture relevant to the needs and difficulties of people in the local situation. While this 'making relevant' is necessary, it must be fed by structures that help to mould people and make them relevant to the Scriptures proclaimed. RCIA helps to do this. For example, last year we used Cycle A during Lent to help the Parish renew its baptismal commitment. But such a relevance is lost without the presence of real catechumens, and the contrast between last year's aims and this year's reality was enormous. The gospel of the Samaritan woman, the man born blind, and the raising of Lazarus take on a new depth of meaning when the Community is assembled with and is praying for the catechumens.

RCIA is, of course, only one of many programmes aimed at Parish renewal, and no one programme should ever be considered as the only valid one for building up the community. It is a mixture of programmes, personalities and faithfulness to the Church that achieves this end. Yet I do believe that RCIA is of fundamental importance, and that its implementation can stimulate and strengthen existing parish programmes and organizations. It also, without doubt from my own personal experience, leads us all to a much richer celebration of the Paschal Mystery.

Mervin C. Tower

MAGYAR MUSINGS

My connection with Hungary goes back over ten years through my godmother and her husband who are both Hungarians. So I have long cherished an interest and affection for things and people Magyar. Last year I was in a position to go there for the first time; and having planned a gita with a gradually expanding network of contacts, four of us set off to stay at the seminary in Budapest. During that visit we were impressed by the generous hospitality shown us everywhere, and my efforts with the language, one of the strangest in Europe, were not entirely fruitless, for the friendships formed at that time have been maintained to our enrichment. This year — my second visit — I was invited by a friend from the Hungarian Ecclesiastical Institute, in the Via Giulia in Rome, who is now prefect of the seminary at Esztergom, to participate in the Easter liturgy at the cathedral basilica.

My reflections on Hungarian life are inevitably subjective and whilst I have often discussed with Hungarians the position of the Catholic Church in the country, it remains difficult for an outsider to understand the Communist political scene. However, the visitor can never fail to notice the Communist presence. For example, when I arrived this year red flags were displayed everywhere with banners proclaiming the 'celebration' for April 4th, the anniversary of the 'liberation' by the Russians from the Nazis in 1945. Most Hungarians I know treated it with quiet contempt; and it becomes clear to anyone really interested in life in Soviet Bloc countries that the human, cultural, intellectual and religious life is often at variance with the official line. It is composed of various shades and tones, somewhat different from the popular picture which may be presented to us by superficial observers in the West.

Communication with us in the West is operated more from within Hungary than from our side. I had no impression of being 'behind the Iron Curtain,' because the Hungarians are remarkably well-informed through illicit short-wave radios, foreign literature and the like. The young people are particularly competent at learning other languages, to our shame, and during my travels English and Italian proved their usefulness within the Church.

This year I travelled a lot, visiting for example the small cities of Szekesfehervar and Veszprém, respectively the medieval royal residence of King St. Stephen and his Queen Gisella. For me, the whole spectrum of politics, history and music; the language and the culture; and the opportunities I have had to visit and come to know many different people, especially in the religious world — all this I count a great privilege. The whole has quite entered my soul leaving a deep impression and abiding affection for Hungary and its people.

The position of the Catholic Church in Hungary is a complex one. Christianity was first brought to Hungary by St. Adalbert of Prague, an Italian who came at the invitation of King Géza, an Arpad, who was baptised. Then the mission of spreading the Gospel was continued by Benedictine monks centred on St. Martin's Abbey, Pannonhalma, founded by Geza's son Stephen, in 1001, who received his crown from the Pope in Rome. Stephen erected the episcopal sees, all continuing to this day, and set up his royal seat with the principal see at Esztergom. From this time Hungary was the easternmost stronghold of the Latin church, with the monks gradually spreading Christianity further, to east, north and south of the original Roman province of Pannonia. Having been crushed by the Turkish invasions in the 16th century, and influenced by Calvinism, the Church came to experience a resurgence under the Hapsburg Ausro-Hungarian Empire. An unfortunate development of this period was the alignment of Church and State which is said even today under Communist rule to have been like Josephinism of old, bondage for the Church. The events of the recent past are well known, and the experience of oppression and invasion by Russia, suffered by the Hungarians and felt so acutely in the Church, cannot be ignored. It is today generally admitted that Cardinal Mindszenty acted indiscreetly in the aftermath of the 1956 uprising, a period of horror for the people. That and the subsequent regime of fear have both exercised an influence on the attitude of the hierarchy in the Hungarian Church.

I think no one who is familiar with the position of the Church in Hungary would deny that for the general liberty of religious practice, the Vatican 'Ostpolitik' and the friendship of Paul VI have worked wonders. However, this has brought into being only a fragile concord between Church and State, an uneasy peace that 'exists' rather than lives. Within the Church too, affected by the general pressure from the State on the Hierarchy, there has been in recent years and continues to be, a tension between the bishops and the predominantly young and intellectual Catholics who wish to be more openly courageous in confronting a State that deals in ambiguity, lies and platitudes. One has to remember the history of the suppression of almost all the religious orders in the country after 1956, when, after having had more or less autonomous control over education in Hungary, only the Benedictines and Piarists and a congregation of sisters, were allowed in part to continue in education,

whilst the rest were cast out of their houses. The sufferings and anxieties of the Catholic people during the 50's are still vividly remembered.

The *modus vivendi* between the two authorities, the government on one side, and Cardinal Lekai and the bishops on the other, is a diplomatic balance which is finely weighted. At this time the Vatican is considering the pressing problem of those young Catholics, some already imprisoned, who refuse to do military service, compulsory for all, of course; and who act not merely against the State but in the face of the strongly expressed disapproval of the bishops. It has to be remembered that the State places constant pressure and limitations on the official Church, which, after all, is an institution merely tolerated by Communist governments. On the other hand the Church realises, not at times without ambiguity, that it must, according to the Gospel and Tradition, be in opposition to certain Communist principles, while at the same time if only to keep the peace, accommodating the more humanistic face of the regime. It is by no means the case that in the past, the Church was always a saviour for the people, and many retain a dislike for the clergy. It relied too much on imperial glory and power, and on the authority of being a great force politically. Nor is it the case that the Communists in their turn have acted against the common good; rather the economic health of present-day Hungary has greatly improved over the last twenty years through agricultural cooperatives and State industrial development, and the evidence is that the standard of life for the people, while still largely based on a peasant economy, is good.

I would hesitate to enter ecclesiastical-political arguments but there can be doubt about the limitations on basic human freedom in the intellectual and religious spheres, and the ruination of fine elements of the high Christian culture. On the other hand, I could not concord fully with the attitude of the hierarchy either, with regard to the freedom of Christian conscience and its hesitation in encouraging the young Christians. There is a level of formalism and fearfulness bordering on timidity, backed by a pessimistic authoritarianism which is distasteful to the young Western Christian. Yet nothing is black and white there, and solutions will never be simple.

At that longstanding centre of evangelisation, the great Archabbey of Pannonhalma, standing magnificently, like another Montecassino, on a hill that commands the countryside for miles around, I found encouragement, hope, deep faith and enthusiasm among the young monks. Running a Grammar School at the monastery and another in the nearby city of Győr, and hosting a home for old religious priests and sisters without a house, the resident community consists of seventy monks, well over twenty novices and juniors, and a further large number of monks abroad, ministering to Hungarian exiles and fulfilling other roles in the Church. The community is centred of course on the Benedictine ideal of prayer, the sung office in choir, which is regularly shared with

many visitors, and work, principally the school. Pannonhalma is the only place in Hungary where lay people may go on retreat, and during Easter over four hundred share their life, and celebrate the liturgy. This experience is enthusiastically enjoyed by the young people I have met. It seems to me that due to its independence from certain of the limiting factors of the hierarchy, due to an Abbot who knows how to 'play' the State authorities, and due to the intelligent pursual of the monastic life, open very much to the modern world, Pannonhalma offers to the Church in Hungary a rich spiritual culture, both in its liturgy, hospitality and intellectual life, which is therefore full of hope. My experience while talking to the young monks there was that our attitudes, our problems and our hopes are not so very different; and my prayer would be that, as of old so now, the Abbey of Pannonhalma may be a sign and witness to God's peace and charity, shown us in Christ, for all the Hungarian people.

Robin Hawes

COLLEGE DIARY 1982-1983

April

Summer term begins with a breath of summer air, but only a foretaste since before long, we are languishing under a series of *sciroccos*. Denis Nowlan is the first to brave the tank and we see the cricket season well under way.

27th Leonard Cheshire is staying with us as is Archbishop Worlock, accompanied by his newly-appointed auxiliary, Bishop John Rawsthorne who deputises at Mass for His Grace who is suddenly called away to higher things. Afterwards, the Pollarola is the setting for a Liverpool meal of the now familiar 'chunky' variety, with Gerry Anders beaming. Cardinal Hume is also with us although we don't see much of him since he is spending a lot of time 'across the river' as the decision has to be made over whether the Papal Visit to Great Britain can go ahead with the Falklands Crisis hotting up.

May

Sad news in that Adrian Lee, Martin Lewenhak and John Hodgson have all recently left us. We shall miss them all.

9th Fr. Christopher Pemberton holds a soirée and Pooh, Betjeman, Wilde and the Barber Shop Quartet mingle amicably in the palmy air of the third library. There is much to amuse and interest but who could resist singling out Paul Haffner's rendering of the Skye Boat Song? Accompanied by guitar, given in both English and German, it is a roaring success.

The *scirocco* finishes, thankfully, and Rome hots up to some real summer weather. Reckless John Hynd takes to Ostia and pays dearly in sunburn for this act of folly.

10th Election for Senior Student today and D.S.S. tomorrow. The atmosphere is electric as people speculate on House Jobs. At supper, it is announced that Chris Brooks is first past the post.

11th Gerry Anders is elected D.S.S. and warns us that reprimands concerning unfulfilled dish-rotas are not to be considered personal. As if we would think that!

12th Chris Brooks' first act as Senior Student is to chair the debate of a motion to ban smoking from the Common Room and the Tea Room. After a spirited plea by many and a dark warning from Phil Egan that sinister political consequences could follow from this, the motion is defeated and the Rector lights up a pipe without any further fear.

13th Nuns' Gita arranged by Francis Coveney as retiring Senior Student takes us to Horace's Villa (a lovely spot for those odes) and then on to Lake Turano where a meaty lunch is followed by a bath for those in the mood. Mass is in the Greek College's Villa chapel, complete with ikonostasis.

14th The Slide Show — a popular form of entertainment from Women's Institutes to English Seminaries overseas. This year's, arranged by Denis Nowlan, is a masterpiece with special features on the New Men, Liverpool and 'The Prunes of Wrath,' a worthy successor to last year's 'Squid and Peas,' by Mike Gilmore and Paul Hendricks. There is also an unforgettable feature on British Birds complete with taped bird calls and appropriate photographs of unlucky victims.

21st All this week, the College has been the focus of attention for every foreign correspondent in Rome along with camera teams out specially for the occasion. The Portsmouth Diocesan students would be mistaken if they were to believe that there is so much international interest in their Diocese's centenary. In fact, the question is the Papal Visit; and Cardinal Hume, Cardinal Gray and Archbishop Worlock are engaged in obviously wearing talks at the Vatican. On Wednesday we are privileged to be given a Spiritual Conference by Mother Teresa of Calcutta with a simplicity and style that leave us all very quiet indeed.

22nd Up bright eyed and bushy tailed and off to St. Peter's for Mass at 7.00 a.m. celebrated by the Pope for the English and Argentinian communities in Rome. He cites Cicero and St. Augustine in a sermon pleading for true peace. St. Peter's seems very unimpressive at that unearthly hour and we wonder how a single telegram can alert every nun in Rome to be there. Later that day, we hear from Archbishop Worlock himself that the visit is 'on'.

23rd Visit to the Blessed Sacrament after supper is back again with a new format including a prayer of adoration and a variety of prayers for particular intentions.

28th This is Philip's week — Neri, that is and there is a great deal of to-ing and fro-ing at the *Chiesa Nuova*. Thoughts centre on the Sovereign Pontiff's visit to Britain. Italian T.V. coverage is not generous but Vatican Radio blares forth information. Emotion is high for one or two A. & B.

natives as he kisses the ground in Sussex and we are pleased to spot Bishop Agnellus in Westminster Cathedral.

In the evening, the Rector and a group of students go to the German College. It is a happy coincidence that today is also the anniversary of the martyrdom of Robert Johnson, an Englishman who studied at the German College. Mass is in Latin which is appropriate enough since Blessed Robert refused to pray in any other tongue from the scaffold!

30th Pentecost is celebrated with the confirmation of a group of children from St. George's, prepared by some students here. At supper, after a discussion at the House Meeting on the question of standing or kneeling at the Eucharistic prayer, waves of recognition go round the ref' as Richard Baker's familiar face is spotted.

June

Ordinary time according to the breviary but it's one thing after another here. Sr. Renata is commissioned as an extraordinary minister and the notice board bears tidings of a new creation — Mgr. Holroyd. It must be true as there are drinks before lunch to celebrate. Perhaps that is what all those fireworks were about last night. Chris Brooks presides at Visit from the Rector's stall; is this prophetic?

4th The beach boys make for Ostia and this year's first roof party is given by two relics of the swinging sixties — Chris Brooks and yours truly who celebrate a total of 60 mortal years.

6th Trinity Sunday and the Vice Rector's sermon competes well with the many street noises. It is amazing how much lighter the Church seems with the main doors open. Cardinal Martinez cannot make it but there is a host of other distinguished *sostituti*; the Vice Rectors of the Greg', the Irish College and the Beda. Also present, resplendent in canary yellow is the Abbess of Crewe herself, Muriel Spark who seems to be enjoying the festive atmosphere.

7th 'Room fever' breaks out but it is yet another sign of the times that most people are content with their humble cells. Could this mean that the '44' is becoming the exclusive place to live?

Exams are well underway and the house is quiet with some ensconced amid mountains of books in the library (asleep?) and others off at the Villa revising.

20th A packed chapel, children everywhere, an altar frontal with a difference (made by them) and sounds of singing and clapping as they make their first Holy Communion. A joyous climax of many weeks of preparation in the hands of our catechetics team.

24th The official opening of the 1982 season at Palazzola. Many *Venerabilini* do not wait for the tape to be cut but have been in residence

for days (weeks?), nor is there any reserve in the rush for the hills that now begins as by bus, train and *pulmino* the chaps flee the oven-like atmosphere of a torrid Roman summer for the cooling slopes of the Alban Hills. The *villeggiatura* begins in traditional manner with wine on the terrace, our well loved prelate Bishop Cyril Restieaux is with us from the very beginning so it seems no time at all since the Castelli wine and conversation were flowing on a similar balmy evening only a year ago. The best things in life never change.

25th Another sundrenched day stretches lazily ahead and soon the blue waters of the pool are teeming with newt-like forms who seem more at home in water than on land and human lizards bask beneath the sultry *sciocco* that has been blowing for the last couple of days. What is new at the Villa? First the eye is caught by a whole crop of chairs in gleaming white plastic, a gift of our summer vac' guests. They facilitate the relaxed approach to life that is characteristic of life at Palazzola at this time of year. A new discovery adorns the Common room wall since John Parsons & Co. have chipped away layers of whitewash covering a plaque to commemorate a visit of *Pio Nono* to Palazzola. John Hynd has picked out the lettering in black and the effect is admirable.

26th Almost everyone has now arrived from Rome. Even Thomas Wood is sighted in the Cortile. Thunderstorms gather later in the day but a ray of sunshine is Frank Alish who returns from sick leave to a rapturous welcome.

27th Sunday and the Rector presides at Mass in a packed sanctuary with many guests including the red face of Father Reginaldus Foster. Devotees of Latin attempt to get in a few words while he babbles away fluently. Chris Beirne causes 'admiratio' at one point by crying 'nunc videte!' to the assembled company.

Come eventide, the Rector gives us his annual Villa address and after supper, the morgue is well used by chess and bridge enthusiasts — we never realised how noisy both games could be.

28th We hear that the Royal child is to be called William; a choice generally welcomed. At the pool, Andrew O'Neill is learning to swim and Ian Farrell (who has learnt to swim) is pursued by 'pesky hornets.' Eventually he prefers the plunge to the wasp.

Speeches fill the refectory as we bid farewell (not actually farewell yet) to Keith Barltrop. Wine and camp fire songs round off the occasion.

29th SS. Peter and Paul Bishop Cyril presides at Mass which is the occasion of Andrew Rooke's admission as a candidate. Drinks before lunch are served courtesy of the Plymouth brethren (clergy that is) under the trees and lunch is followed by *dolce* and *spumante* provided by Julie Garside in accordance with an old Italian custom followed by brides-to-be. A break with tradition sees a television installed in the Common room

for football devotees to watch the World Cup. Tonight we see a goalless draw between W. Germany and England.

30th A larger than usual group of mariners sets off across Lake Albano on the Lake Gita while Eugène cooks a traditional (what else?) dinner for those land-lubbers enjoying the peace and quiet of a half-empty Villa.

July

1st A new month begins with the glorious weather continuing. Frs. Haffner and Lowis complete the assembled top year for a festa lunch on the terrace. Brian Purfield waxes lyrical during the speech slot and is particularly loquacious in his thanks to *le suore* — where did he pick up that Veneto accent?

Christopher Pemberton's evening of entertainment in words and music does not fall short of our expectations as poetry mingles with song and wit with dance. Guy Nicholls and company sing madrigals from Italy, Ian Farrell tells us of Aunt Jane, Tim Finigan gives a spoof news bulletin from Vatican radio and Andrew O'Neill gives a voluble and authentic rendering of two very forcible Welsh dragons. The crowning glory was Chris Beirne's Irish jig accompanied brilliantly by John Clarke.

3rd We hear that John Hynd lost the path down to the lake but, undaunted, hacked his way down and eventually found a quiet lakeside cove to bathe in the secluded waters. By sunset, the V.E.C. is well represented in the restaurants of Rocca di Papa and the Via dei Laghi — about the best way to end a 'Villa Saturday.'

4th Many guests today, including the princess Doria Pamphilj and Sir Mark and Lady Heath. This is Sir Mark's first visit to the Villa as Ambassador to the Holy See. It is rumoured that there are 90 guests and certainly the terrace is very full as extra tables are brought in for the feast.

5th Up hill and down dale, in & out of a Rocca caffè or two through the woods and before long, the first chaps are winding their way up the welcoming slopes of *Monte Tuscolo*. Actually, you can see the hill quite clearly from a pleasant terrace in Rocca — very tempting just to look. Fr. Carlo Huber arrives at about tea-time and is soon adding his own special brand of humour to terrace chit-chat. Fr. Mervin Tower also arrives and we can almost feel the waves of *Romanità*.

6th Gita day. It is getting hotter all the time. Some go off for a mini lake gita so silly hats are at a premium.

7th Old Trafford never saw the like. North and South clash in gentlemanly fashion on the Sforza and rest only for a pleasant luncheon with our new local ordinary, Bishop Dante Bernini, who must be mystified by this strange game. Despite very accurate and fast bowling from Tim

Finigan and Anthony O'Rourke, the North drive home to certain victory when they mercilessly expose the weakness of the southerners' batting and get them all out for 58 by mid afternoon.

'Call my Bluff' in the Common room provides entertainment with Geoffrey Marlor stealing the show as a latter-day Patrick Campbell. We find out the meanings of 'reredorter,' 'burgoo,' 'villanelle' and 'kinkajou.'

8th Castelli walkers, including Fr. Huber, are off to an early start for their Dionysian marathon. The less energetic repair to the Papal gardens at Castel Gandolfo for the second year running of a very popular tour given by Don Augusto. After supper, we gather for the first conference of the day of recollection given by Mgr. Peter Coughlan.

9th A lull of quiet reflection before the storm of activity that is shortly to be upon us.

10th Visitors are about to arrive and there is a frenzy of purposeful preparation. *Prosit* to the new lectors, instituted by Bishop Cyril who is also today celebrating his 50th anniversary of priesthood. The new lectors are Anthony Barratt, Joseph Callaghan, Ian Farrell, Robert le Tellier, David Long, Geoffrey Marlor, Peter McGrail, David Manson, Michael Raiswell, Paul Robbins, Andrew Rooke, Brian Smith.

11th Acolytes in abundance! There seems to be a lush crop this year as there is indeed of lectors and deacons, which is very encouraging for all of us. *Prosit* to Michael Burke, John Clarke, Harry Curtis, Philip Egan, Tim Finigan, Michael Gilmore, Paul Hendricks, Eugene Harkness, Francis Marsden, Paul McPartlan, John O'Brien, John Nelson, and Mervin Smith. Lunch is served *Iove tonante* and although he strikes the pylon recently erected outside the Common room window, it remains standing and only our hopes are dashed. In the evening World Cup fever is at its height. Italy wins and the world around us — or at least our part of it — goes mad.

12th Gita day. The chapel is scrubbed and polished by a band of helpers under the care of David Long who feels that it now smells like a Church, full of incense and polish.

13th A brilliant day dawns and students and guests all appear in Sunday best. Anthony O'Rourke is sporting a rose — and a tie. Frank Allish, Gerald Anders, Christopher Brooks, Patrick Coleman, Robin Hawes, Guy Nicholls and Terence Phipps are ordained to the diaconate. Although the service book omits the vow of celibacy, Bishop Cyril points out that this is but a printing error. We wish them all well.

Lunch is superb, as ever, carried out according to the traditional rubrics and afterwards there is a bank holiday atmosphere at the tank while others retire for *siesta*. We are back together for supper and camp-fire songs led capably by Terry Phipps although the first to depart for England are well on their way.

A small party stays on for a few more peaceful days in the haven of

Palazzola but the year is now officially at an end and our thoughts must turn towards the autumn.

October

7th The final official day for returning and the tea room abounds with conversation and introductions as people try to learn the names of the *nuovi*. For the record, they are Nicholas Bowen, John Finnie, Philip Gillespie, Andrew Hulse, Anthony McCarthy, Michael McCoy, Brian Morris, Michael O'Connor, Simon O'Connor, Simon Peat, Michael Selway, Alexander Sherbrooke, Mark Wardil, Mark Woods and Russell Wright in First Cycle; and Fr Patrick McKinney in Second Cycle.

8th Two coaches from Ialungo take us up to the Villa at 4.00 for the retreat which is given this year by Fr. Curtis-Hayward. The programme sees the introduction of 'flexi-brek' which makes for a quieter refectory first thing in the morning. The conferences concentrate on the personal life of the priest in the parish and contain a large dose of pastoral and personal psychology.

13th Unpacking time yet again as we settle definitively into the College and preparing forms for the Gregorian and finding out where others have moved to after trekking half way round the College in the wrong direction. Both the Monserra' and the 44 have strong contingents of new men as ever.

15th The Greg. term officially begins with the Academic Mass at *Sant' Ignazio*. It appears that the university has acquired an electronic brain which is installed in the Secretariat somewhere. This has Ian Farrell, as Greg. delegate running around and he has had to miss the retreat in order to feed its insatiable desire for information.

17th The Common room corridor after lunch is decorated with white clad cricket devotees preparing to fly the flag for the V.E.C. at the first match after the summer break. Despite valiant contributions from the *nuovi* both gaining runs and taking wickets, they lose narrowly to St. George's.

18th At supper, the refectory is buzzing as news is emanating from various official sources at the Vatican, confirmed by the late edition of *L'Osservatore Romano* that the Vicar General of Rome, Cardinal Poletti, has prescribed that all priests and clerics, nay all students who have received candidacy are to wear clerical collars with either cassock or *clergyman*. The house seems to be united in stupefaction but divided as to the accompanying emotion.

19th Another beginning to the year with the Pope's academic Mass at St. Peter's.

23rd The first episcopal arrivals from the northern province are welcomed as they come for their visit *ad limina Apostolorum*. Supper is integrated with the first year party and we assure the new men that this is definitely the last of their official welcomes and that they are now no longer *nuovi* but first year. We also sing *ad multos annos* for Francis Coveney and Liam Hennessy ordained priest during the summer. There is plenty of food to get one's teeth into and Rosé wine is donated by *le suore*. The highlight of the evening's entertainment is surely an outrageously sleazy setting of the *Missa de Angelis* played on clarinet and piano by Paul Hendricks and Geoffrey Marlor.

26th We are sorry to see the departure of Stephen Young. He hands the diary on to me together with his notes and a request to edit them thoroughly. I have obliged and thereby we jointly claim to escape blame for the diary to date.

Archbishop Worlock presides at community Mass with his fellow Northern bishops concelebrating. Supper has a festive air and students from the Northern Province are encouraged to look after their bishops and entertain them afterwards. More than one staunch beer drinker stocks a bottle of port for the occasion. Archbishop Worlock and Bishops Wheeler, Foley, Lindsay and Pearson are staying here while Bishops Holland, Harris, Swindlehurst and O'Connor are at the Beda. Bishops Rawsthorne and Hitchen are at the *Casa Internazionale del Clero*.

29th We await the Rector's talk to the house on the Clerical Dress Question. Gerry Anders and Anthony Towey surprise us all by turning up in cassocks while Eugène Harkness sports *ferraiuolo* and biretta, surprising nobody. The Rector, still recovering from an injury sustained while playing volleyball last summer, is now able to wear a walking plaster with a large boot on one foot and a large crepe Teddy-boy shoe on the other which enable him to walk with slightly greater ease than of late.

The new norms for dress, to come into effect next Wednesday are that priests, deacons and candidates are to wear clerical dress for the Greg., Sunday Mass and lunch and other formal occasions and are encouraged to do so at other times if they judge it appropriate. What is more, the Rector has now been officially informed of Cardinal Poletti's ruling which he was allowed to discover first of all in the newspaper.

November

3rd *Gammarelli*, *Barbiconi* and *Auroclero* do a roaring trade this week and the Gregorian becomes blacker than ever.

6th Before lunch we have drinks to bid farewell to Luigi who has for so many years enlightened the *Portineria*, *salone* and refectory with his impish humour and his rendering of various English *parole cattive*. The Rector presents him with a fine gold clock and the *ad multos annos* which

he has heard sung for generations of priests and deacons is sung this time in his honour. Hardly a dry eye in the house.

13th The deacons-to-be disappear with the Rector and Fr. Steele for a weekend of recollection at Cavalletti. They are advised not to panic.

17th The feast of St. Elizabeth of Hungary and there is Mass for the nuns in the College Church. Bishops Ward and Mullins and Archbishop Murphy, out for their *ad limina* visits, concelebrate with the Rector and we are treated in the *guardaroba* afterwards to a regal spread and an opportunity to meet *Suor Adelma* who has recently joined the community.

24th The culmination of weeks of high-pressure advertising on alternative notice boards arrives. Ian Farrell is placed in distress by gangsters John Arnold and Frank Harris and is promptly rescued by Superman alias Terry Phipps who then proceeds to auction books, meals, liquor, medium/low-fi electronic equipment and 'type-writers' at a furious pace. The bidding is generous as ever and an enormous sum is raised for charity. Mgr. Sullivan has a fetching wig purchased for him and the Rector is, in accordance with tradition, regaled with an assortment of ties and, not so traditionally, a Monty Python book which he immediately donates to Dermot Power.

25th *Festa di Santa Caterina*, the patroness of philosophers. Fr. Moloney presides with Patrick Coleman deacon and Eugène Harkness subdeacon. The feast is celebrated in traditional manner — indeed, nothing has been seen like this for years.

27th *Prosit* to John Arnold who is today ordained deacon. All the College deacons are vested to welcome him into the order with the *osculum pacis*. There are many of John's friends here, particularly Rosminians as well as his family guests whom we have been pleased to have staying with us for a while. After coffee and liqs a satisfied quiet descends upon the house.

29th The first Sunday of Advent. The canticle at Vespers is, as customary, the English setting of the *Rorate Caeli* and we are moved once again upon hearing this hauntingly beautiful piece.

December

1st Martyrs Day. It is also the 1st anniversary of the Dedication of the Church but it has been decided to defer the commemoration of this to another suitable day to be determined by the archivist. Mass, at 11.30, is celebrated by Bishop Agnellus and lunch is magnificent. The relics are exposed for veneration all day.

4th Tomorrow is a free Sunday and according to a new provision,

we are allowed to stay away overnight. The Villa is popular and some head off for the Sabines and the Benedictine hospitality of Farfa.

5th Those who remain in Rome have a quiet Sunday and the market at the *Porta Portuense* is frequented by bargain hunters who will be well advised in future to guard their wallets.

8th A day and a half of recollection is arranged for the whole house and we go off in groups, each under the watchful eye of a deacon, to various houses around the Castelli. The weather is abominable but, by all reports, most seem to make the best of it anyway.

11th After supper the script of the pantomime is read through and shows itself full of eastern promise. Furthermore the list of Christmas music has now been posted so we prepare to change gear for the run up to the festivities.

14th A late night/early morning bridge school, a strange yet familiar smell of English breakfast issuing from the Snug at 5.00 a.m., the green *pulmino* roars out of the *cortile* before even the earliest risers are in Chapel. Not an escape committee but Dermot Power off to England for Christmas. We bid him farewell and a safe return.

15th Spiritual Conference, given by Fr. Steele, is a timely and helpful meditation on the relationship between activity and recollection.

16th Most people flock to the Villa for the Holly Cam. Tomato soup and turkey are eagerly devoured; Eugène Harkness who is chef for the day does us proud both in quality and quantity. Somebody also remembered to bring back some holly.

17th To help in our celebration of Advent, a Penance Service is arranged with the opportunity for individual confession with Allegri's *Miserere* providing a meditative background noise. And O! — we reach the second half of Advent.

19th The Church looks complete again. David John has been with us for a few days to re-assemble the wooden base of the tabernacle and the crevices which formerly disfigured it are completely gone. An enormous group of O-Antiphoners petitions the Lord not to delay in his coming.

20th Pantomime rehearsals are now into their second week and during this time the Snug provides a cosy though crowded setting for coffee after lunch while in the Common room, men strive to paint the scenery and not the floor.

21st A fearful shape occupies the end of the Common room corridor. Rumour has it that this will eventually be a large animal.

22nd The last day of lectures at the Greg. before Christmas. I am reliably informed that there is no truth in the story that the Jesuits are campaigning that Christmas be made an optional memoria.

24th The dress rehearsal exposes a multitude of Things-To-Do at the last minute but nobody panics as there are still well over 24 hours before the curtain rises.

Office of Readings begins at 11.15 p.m. leaving a break before midnight Mass at which the Rector presides. Afterwards:

'Dissolve frigus ligna super foco
large reponens atque benignius
deprome quadrimum Sabina,
O Thaliarche, merum diota'.

Not in fact a four year old Sabine but an excellent mulled wine greets us in the Common room which we take with mince pies and *pannetone* and carols.

25th Edward Koroway offers a Dawn Mass in the Church but for most, the main Mass at 10.00 a.m. is early enough. Afterwards, some repair to Anna's for carols, *liquori* and more *pannetone*, and a fair number arrive at St. Peter's square by mid-day for the *Urbi et Orbi* blessing. Soon after lunch, the make-up team are busy with astringents and cold cream. The pantomime grinds into action and nothing can stop it now: we offer

A- A- A- ALI BABA
AND THE FORTY THIEVES

produced
by

Paul Hendricks and Geoffrey Marlor

The Cast:

Ali Baba	<i>Joseph Callaghan</i>
Rhum Baba (his mother)	<i>Terry Phipps</i>
Kassim (his brother)	<i>Liam Kelly</i>
'Arry Stoakes (the bell-boy)	<i>Denis Nowlan</i>
Fifi (the maid)	<i>David Long</i>
Abdul Pasha, the Captain of a band of robbers	<i>John Hynd</i>
Bridie O'Flanagan (his niece)	<i>Chris Beirne</i>
A Merchant	<i>John Parsons</i>
Ramadan (his counsellor)	<i>Patrick Coleman</i>
The Merchant's wives:	<i>Robert LeTellier</i>
	<i>Eugene Harkness</i>
	<i>Brian Morris</i>
	<i>Liam Hennessy</i>
	<i>Peter Seal</i>
Eunuchs:	<i>Michael Speight</i>
	<i>Russell Wright</i>

Nameless, Prince of the Underworld	<i>*Geoffrey Marlor</i>
A Lost Soul	<i>Ian Farrell</i>
Magistrate	<i>Stephen Porter</i>
Prologue	<i>Tim Finigan</i>
Musicians:	<i>John Clarke</i>
	<i>Philip Egan</i>
	<i>*Paul Hendricks</i>
	<i>Andrew Hulse</i>
	<i>Paul McPartlan</i>
Robbers:	<i>Patrick McKinney</i>
	<i>Anthony O'Rourke</i>
	<i>Nicholas Bowen</i>
	<i>Anthony Towey</i>
	<i>John Kenny</i>
	<i>Charles Briggs</i>
	<i>Philip Gillespie</i>
	<i>Michael Fountaine</i>
	<i>Anthony McCarthy</i>
	<i>Gerald Anders</i>
Tenants:	<i>David Manson</i>
Miss Cherry Pym	<i>Brian Smith</i>
Miss Prudence Pym	<i>Guy Nicholls</i>
Colonel Worcesters	<i>Michael Gilmore</i>
Mrs Rollie	<i>Simon Peat</i>
Raymond (her nephew)	
A Camel: (front)	<i>Raglan Hay-Will</i>
(rear)	<i>Paul Robbins</i>
A Cock	<i>Joseph Sowerby</i>

* Written, directed and produced by Geoffrey Marlor and Paul Hendricks

Pianist: *Michael Burke*

28th The last night of the pantomime is generally regarded as the time to depart more than usual from the producers' script but the plot remains very much the same. After supper it is nostalgia time as songs from years past receive another airing. The flow is not helped when your diarist forgets the words of the songs he wrote with Mark Drew last year but we scrape through nonetheless.

29th Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Cocktail, cocktail everywhere and not a drop to drink. Will they ever be able to get rid of the smell of all that Tickle concoction from the *Salone* floor? Will it matter? In any case, it is all cleared up and replaced with consummate efficiency in time for the end of Mass which is beautiful and is this year very much a

family occasion with the large number of students' guests staying in the house.

The final 'Amen' of grace has not time to echo around the ref' before some are away on *gita*. Many others do not go away until tomorrow, however, and in the evening Christopher Beirne organises a quiet party in the Snug.

Jan

3rd Rumours later circulated that the Greg. began lectures today but they remain unconfirmed.

9th At the House Meeting, the Vice-Rector asks for suggestions to be made about the food which has occasioned murmuring of late. By the end of the week, a number of *elaborata* are handed in on the subject.

16th Bishop Holland is staying with us during his visit to discuss nuclear arms with other bishops.

17th The Blue Room is unusually crowded this evening with Evelyn Waugh devotees and anyone nostalgic for views of England; RAI are showing Sig. Waugh's *Ritorno a Brideshead*. Even in Italian it is remarkably well received.

18th The researches of Nicholas Hudson have revealed that this is the day on which the new Church was opened in 1888. Accordingly, it has been decided to keep the feast of the Dedication on this day, leaving December 1st free for us to give our undivided attention to the College Martyrs.

19th The Jolly Roger Video Club gets off to a flying start with a showing of 'Superman' but his fight for 'Truth, Justice and the American Way' meets with unaccountable derision.

23rd As part of the Octave of Prayer for Christian Unity, we celebrate Anglican Evensong in the College Church. Canon David Palmer gives an amusing address on the theme of mutual charity.

24th Our parish Church is today greatly *impegnato per l'ecumenismo* and Peter Seal and Michael Fountaine receive the *baciamano* from the parishioners; an odd mixture of ecumenism and *romanità*.

26th Michael Fountaine leaves for England today so we gather for drinks before lunch and wish him many years and more.

27th Those not away on *gite* are able to celebrate with the community at Mater Dei on their *festà*. There is no question about it, they provide the best tea to be had anywhere in Rome. This is just as well since supper is a bit dismal. More food suggestions are made, albeit verbally.

29th Tomorrow being a free Sunday, there are departures during the day for various overnight breaks. Guy Nicholls and Tim Galligan set off for Volterra but have an enjoyable time in Siena instead.

February

1st The tea room buzzes as Edward Koroway returns from the *Leoniana* bookshop. He bears a bag full of copies of the new Code of Canon Law, so revision for exams takes second place in many cases to a search for interesting or controversial canons, a search that is not, as some wags would claim, fruitless. The staff are all away at *Palazzola* today for a staff meeting.

6th Sir Ronald and Lady Arculus join us for lunch and the Rector bids them farewell since they are to leave Rome shortly after many years of friendship with the College. At the House Meeting, the Rector puts forward the suggestion that Friday evenings in Lent might be kept in silence with community Compline. To ascertain opinion, a motion is to go round the ref' on Wednesday.

7th Fr. Peter Morgan arrives today to spend a short time here. He presides at the evening Mass and recalls his time as Vice-Rector.

9th Third year theology today sit Fr. Alszeghy's exam in *Protologia Christiana*. Question 2 asks what Genesis 3:26-27 has to say for Christian anthropology. A strange request since Genesis 3 has only 24 verses.

Silence in the House on Friday evenings in Lent receives a vote well in excess of a two-thirds majority. Those who wish will be allowed to go out.

11th Christopher Beirne and company go to San Silvestro to provide a discotheque for 'Meeting Point.'

Lector What, pray, is a discotheque?

Auctor It is a form of entertainment, popular in our modern day, at which music is played loudly and accompanied with flashing lights of various colours. The participants dance or move about with the rhythm of the music which is generally well-defined and forceful, if at times monotonous.

Lector Do the music and lights make them do that?

Auctor Remember your philosophy, my dear chap, and do not be too ready, in the case of two simultaneously occurring phenomena, to judge which is the cause and which the effect.

15th Rome abounds with becostumed youngsters and those returning from exams are liable to be showered with confetti. At supper, there is *chianti* wine, donated by Madre Thekla and we are treated to pancakes cooked expertly by Russell Wright and Mervin Smith. Gerald Anders returns after a break in England. (It is *Martedì Grasso*).

16th The last day of exams and the first day of Lent. In the morning a scarcely perceptible shower of snow threatens to qualify the day as *prima nix* before lectures re-commence. We look forward to the summer.

18th Those in first cycle theology change testaments in their scripture courses and all are eager to see who their new professors are at the start of the new semester. Today is also the first Friday of Lent,

'Elected silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorlèd ear,
Pipe me to pastures still and be
The music that I care to hear.'

26th The first year, led by the Rector and Fr. Steele, are off to Nemi for a weekend of recollection.

March

1st 'Martii caelebs quid agam Kalendis'? It is a fine day although were the good weather to be a little more rapid and less uncertain in its coming, we should, I think, be more content.

3rd After a scrape on the *Corso* and a puncture just past the baths of Caracalla, the *pulmino* manages to get us to the *Via Appia* where we have a pleasant picnic with *dolce* provided by Edward Koroway and thence to the airport to bid farewell to Joseph Sowerby. We are sorry to see him go.

7th The Rector is off for a short trip to England...

10th ...and his predecessor is out for a short trip to Rome.

12th With a minimum of time, the play is produced with a maximum of effort. It is a farce — as intended; trousers fall down at the right moment, doors open and shut on time and the lines are punched out (for the most part) on cue. An enjoyable interlude in the middle of Lent for both actors and audience.

DRY ROT

The Cast:

Colonel Wagstaff
Mrs. Wagstaff
Susan Wagstaff
Beth Barton
Alfred Tubbe
Fred Phipps
Flash Harry
John Danby

John Hynd
David Manson
Brian Smith
Brian Morris
Terry Phipps
Tim Finigan
Denis Nowlan
Mark Wardil

Albert Polignac
Sargeant Fire

John Kenny
Patrick Coleman

Produced and directed by *Liam Kelly*

14th A perceptible cheeriness and relaxation begins to pervade the College as we realise that Christopher Pemberton is with us once again after arriving last night. Summer cannot be far off now.

15th St. George has been moved along a little and we are delighted to see the Lisbon picture grace the stairway just by the entrance to the Cardinals' Corridor. The frame enhances it perfectly.

16th The Palazzo Massimo is open to commemorate St. Philip Neri's miracle there. In the morning the chapel hums with the blessed mutter as Mass after Mass is said ('after' is perhaps deceptive since there was certainly no 'one-at-a-time' rule). John Parsons leads a devout cam for the occasion.

17th Shamrock has been procured in abundance from somewhere or other for St. Patrick's day which is celebrated with a *pranzone* at the *Polese* with grace said in gaelic and Irish coffee afterwards provided by Christopher Beirne for a goodly crew of descendants of Irishmen from the second spring onwards.

18th We hear that Dermot has been stranded in the U.S.A.

25th Lady Day is celebrated variously. Alexander Sherbrooke has a paraliturgy to dedicate a Marian shrine on the Monserra' and in John Hynd's room a stunning blue cocktail is offered before lunch.

Today also sees the opening of the extraordinary Jubilee. The Rector attends in full regalia to take his place among the *monsignori*. He gets a very good seat just behind Michael Burke, Philip Gillespie and Michael McCoy who have gone in with the Canons. Others watch Zeffirelli's televised account shown live. Yet others have seminars at the Greg.

27th Palm Sunday. Holy Week is down upon us before we know it. In the evening Bishop Agnellus gives us the first conference of the day of recollection. He chooses as his theme the opening words of the Bull of Indiction of the Holy Year and encourages us to 'open the doors to the Redeemer.'

29th There is a quiet day at the College since many people are at the Villa.

30th The first guests for the Triduum begin to arrive. Already we can feel the family atmosphere that the College takes on at these times. We also welcome Claude to the college (he is a budgie).

April

1st Good Friday. The highlight of this day for me, as for many others, is always the singing of the Passion, an intensely moving occasion. This year John Parsons is *Christus*, Guy Nicholls *Chronista* and Terry Phipps *Synagoga*.

2nd The mood of the day is one of expectation and this is fulfilled at the Vigil which is both joyful and exhausting, especially for the musicians.

3rd The schola are singing at the Papal Mass again. They sound magnificent and give an excellent example for the Sistine choir to follow. The setting of *Perspice Christicola*, interwoven with *Summer is icumen in* has many mouths agape. *Gite* begin after lunch but there is quite a large number staying at the College with guests.

9th A day of departures and returns. We take a deep breath for the final run up to exams.

14th The North American College take over the altar of the chair at St. Peter's for their diaconate ordinations. Archbishop Jean Jadot looks worn but manages to avoid the mistake made by Cardinal Pironio at the Gesù on a similar occasion when the deacons-to-be were very nearly made bishops instead.

15th Prosit to the newly admitted candidates: Rags Hay-Will, Nicholas Hudson, Liam Kelly, John Kenny, Denis Nowlan, Michael Speight, Andrew Summersgill and Anthony Towey.

19th We are pleased to see Leo Maasburg back with us again to celebrate Mass and join us for supper. He replies to the *ad multos annos* with a speech that even of itself must give those who have joined the College since he left some idea of the reason why he is accorded such respect and admiration.

21st Armed with cassocks and soup-plate hats, a cam makes for Tusculum to set up a centenary re-take of the photograph in the Common Room corridor. *Eheu fugaces!* It is also Anthony O'Rourke's 21st birthday for which a lively party is arranged on the Old Nuns' corridor.

23rd St. George's day. This has been chosen as the day on which to make our pilgrimage as a College to the tomb of St. Peter, entering by the holy door. After Mass, celebrated by the Rector, a wreath is laid at the Stuart memorial provided by those of Jacobite leanings. It is getting a little wobbly by this stage since we have been prohibited by a *funzionario* from laying it at the tomb and have had to carry it up again but the ceremony passes off with dignity unscathed.

24th The Rector speaks to the House before Vespers and reveals that he is to leave next February. In the evening, Christopher Pemberton holds one of his inimitable evenings in the third library. Various pieces are

collected or composed for the occasion and at last we are given the opportunity to hear Edward Koroway on the piano-accordion. He plays enthusiastically and has the audience at his feet.

27th There is a meeting of the British Church leaders in Rome who tonight join us for Vespers and supper. The Primus of the Church of Scotland has been at the College for a few days and in his speech thanks us very much for our hospitality and picks upon the marmalade as worthy of special mention and praise.

29th The elections for the post of Senior Student are held today and at supper the result is announced by the Rector. At this point your diarist deems it appropriate to call a halt, hand on a pen to another scribe and confine his record of events to another journal with considerably more restricted circulation. I could of course go on in these pages but

'Iam lector queriturque, deficitque;
iam librarius, ohe! et ipse dicit:
ohe! iam satis est, ohe! libelle.'

Tim Finigan

OLD ROMANS

Information of the following appointments and changes has kindly been provided by the Roman Association.

Arundel and Brighton

Fr. T. Rice (1961) has been appointed a Canon of the Diocese.
Fr. A. Churchill (1971) is Secretary of the National Liturgy Commission.
Fr. K. Freeman (1978) is working with the Catholic Missionary Society.
Fr. J. Bertram (1979) has joined the chaplaincy at London University.

Birmingham

Mgr. Francis Thomas was appointed Bishop of Northampton in September 1982.

Hallam

Fr. A. Metcalfe (1975) has been appointed Secretary to the Bishop.

Hexham and Newcastle

Fr. P. Fitzpatrick (1952) is a lecturer at Durham University.
Fr. C. Rand (1957) is lecturer in Dogma at Ushaw College.
Fr. J. Tweedy (1957) has retired from the chaplaincy at Durham University.
Fr. B. McNamara (1958) is Officialis at the Diocesan Marriage Tribunal.
Fr. A. Battle (1969) is chaplain at Newcastle University.
Fr. W. Rooke (1970) is working on the missions in Africa.
Fr. P. Carr (1973) is working in the Catholic Missionary Society.

Lancaster

Bishop Pearson (1933) has announced that he will retire in 1983.
Mgr. P. Kelly (1962) has been appointed Rector of Oscott College.

Leeds

Mgr. P. McGuire (1956) is Vicar General and Administrator of the Cathedral.

Mgr. B. Loftus (1958) is Warden of Wood Hall Pastoral Centre.

Fr. H. Parker (1961) has been appointed a Canon of the Diocese.

Fr. J. Osman (1975) is chaplain to Bradford University.

Northampton

Canon Anthony Hulme (1939) has been appointed Provost of the Cathedral.

Plymouth

Rt. Rev. C. Restieaux (1932) celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood in November 1982.

Fr. B. Davis (1957) has been appointed Canon and Administrator of the Cathedral.

Fr. R. Plant (1976) has been appointed Secretary to the Bishop.

Salford

Fr. John Allen (1962) has been appointed Monsignor in recognition of his work in preparation for the visit of the Holy Father.

Shrewsbury

Rt. Rev. Eric Grasar (1937) died in December 1982. R.I.P.

Fr. Vincent Turnbull (1953) has been appointed a Canon of the Diocese.

Fr. Christopher Lightfoot (1955) has been appointed Canon and Vicar General of the Diocese.

PERSONAL

Priests leaving the College during 1983

Francis Coveney (Brentwood) ordained deacon 14th July 1981 and priest 25th July 1982, has studied for the Licence in Fundamental Theology at the Gregorian University, presenting a dissertation on "The Resurrection of Christ and the Resurrection of the Christian in I Corinthians 15:1-34."

Liam Hennessy (Cardiff) ordained deacon 14th July 1981 and priest 24th July 1982, has studied for the Licence in Fundamental Theology at the Gregorian University, presenting a dissertation on "The Fulfilment of Promise as a Sign of Salvation."

John Parsons (Canberra) ordained deacon 14th July 1981 and priest 3rd April 1982, has studied for the Licence in Philosophy at the Gregorian University, presenting a *tesina* on "The Exitus and Redditus of Man in 'De Divisione Naturae' of John Scotus Eriugena."

Stephen Porter (East Anglia) ordained deacon 11th July 1980 and priest 25th April 1981, has studied for the Licence in Theology at the Gregorian University, presenting a *tesina* on "The Image of Christ in Anglo-Saxon Poems."

Anglican Students at the College

Michael Fountaine (St. Stephen's House, Oxford).

Peter Seal (Lincoln Theological College).

Inter Alia

Fr. Peter Fleetwood (Liverpool) arrived in October 1982 to study for a Doctorate in Philosophy at the Gregorian University.

Fr. Patrick McKinney (Birmingham) arrived in October 1982 to study for a Licence in Fundamental Theology at the Gregorian University.

We extend our warmest best wishes to Bishop Agnellus Andrew on the occasion of his 75th birthday in May 1983.

COLLEGES NOTES

Schola notes

John Hodgson noted last year that the flourishing of the schola had attracted the attention of the *Venerabile* editors. It seems that this happy state of affairs continues, as they have again requested 'notes' of the schola master. (Or in this case, of the ex-occupant of the position.) Much of the credit for this lies with John Hodgson himself, who continued in the energetic and enthusiastic direction taken by previous schola masters of recent years. He transmitted his own musical sensitivity to the schola, developing a gentle style of singing, stamped with his own personality.

Musically speaking, the high point of his period as schola master was a concert given on May 8th 1982 in the church of Santa Maria di Loreto in association with Il Teatro Armonico — a group of enthusiasts which promotes concerts of renaissance music in the churches of the *centro storico*. We sang all our old favourites, including of course 'If Ye Love Me' by Thomas Tallis. The most spectacular item was 'Repleti sunt omnes Spiritu Sanctu' by Jacob Handl — a work for two choirs, sung from galleries on opposite sides of the church. It would be perfectly possible for us to perform the same type of music from the tribune of the College chapel. The concert received rave reviews, although it was later realised that at least one had been written by a member of Il Teatro Armonico!

A few days later I assumed the role of schola master, with the two-day marathon at the Chiesa Nuova for the feast of St. Philip Neri as my first task. We had so enjoyed singing from the galleries during the concert that we sang the evening Mass of the feast from the organ loft of the Chiesa Nuova. This is reached not from the church itself, but via a tortuous maze of staircases, corridors and roof terraces, which results in a certain sense of distance from the liturgical action taking place many feet below. However, it did give us the opportunity to escape into the relatively fresh air of the Roman rooftops, and from the traditional long panegyric. There we practised the music for the rest of the ceremony. Consequently, the congregation were delivered a sermon which was punctuated by the distant sound of a disembodied choir singing Byrd's Mass in Three Parts.

The new academic year was in many ways a new start for the schola, as many old members either returned to England or were ordained, thus often being unable to sing with us. Fortunately, a large number of new men joined the schola, and thanks to their enthusiasm and hard work the choral tradition of the College has continued to develop. In addition to the usual repertoire of Renaissance polyphony, we have sung several modern motets specially composed for the schola by Philip Egan, Guy Nicholls and Michael O'Connor. The tradition of home-grown music flourishes.

All this has resulted in much more work for both schola and schola master. I notice with some satisfaction that my successor has a full-time assistant. That, I am certain, reflects the increasing importance of the schola in the life of the College.

Peter McGrail

Cricket report

The start of last season saw the V.E.C. field an extremely strong team with every prospect of success before them. The strength-in-depth was proved by magnificent individual performances throughout the season. This could well have been the result of an indoor cricket course arranged for and paid for by the College under the expert guidance of international class players among them Ian Botham and Bob Willis, but was in fact nothing more than innate skill.

As well as two regular fast bowlers, the intricacies and deviations of the bowling of John Hynd must surely merit a mention. His wry look as he approached the crease, his careful hand-positioning which gave no clue to the batsman as to what the ball was about to do, or indeed whether it would leave his hand at all, left W.G. Grace in the shade as far as style was concerned. In bat, Brian Purfield and Joe Callaghan more than once demoralised an otherwise hopeful opposing bowler. Every team needs strength in the field, although not every team can foil the batsmen with acrobatic catches in the manner of Anthony Towey, nor indeed can provide that when the ball has been bowled and struck, nothing is final when the Kenny factor has not yet shown itself.

By way of an example, we may record the day on which this ability was displayed to the full. At the *Campo Massimo* in E.U.R. on a torrid Sunday afternoon, the 'British Leyland' team were disposed of rapidly, with Anthony O'Rourke taking 3 wickets for 7 runs and John Hynd taking 2 wickets for the loss of 9. 'BL' miserably eked out an innings of 43 runs then trembled before the determined look upon the faces of our openers. Only one wicket was lost by us that day — Joe Callaghan's. This is nevertheless understandable when we recall the horrifying flight of an

enormous six hit out of the farthest corner of the ground, landing in a pram in which a baby was asleep. The baby was unharmed and did not even show interest enough to wake up but the effect upon a chap's nerves must be allowed for and he was out for a respectable 11. With Brian Purfield taking up the crease, it was all over bar the shouting.

It must be admitted that the season did have its darker moments. They were very dark and very many and it would be both monotonous and unpleasant here to speak of them all but for the sake of honesty, we should try to present the other side of the picture.

Gottfried Kuster, a German student, keen anglophile and lover of cricket played with us often and enthusiastically. It would be unfair to comment on his performance save that he never mastered anything remotely approaching a bowling action. This would have been no problem since our depth of talent in the bowling meant that we were never tempted to call upon him during a game. Mark McManus however, had the temerity to stand before him brandishing a bat during the warm up before one of the matches. Gottfried's arm eagerly jerked forth and the unorthodox action totally deceived Mark who batted according to the text book. When we finally managed to bring him back to consciousness (it's true!) we were worried that his left ear might have been permanently damaged but he recovered after a few days.

We would be less than honest if we did not also mention our second match against 'British Leyland.' Furnished with a new player who had formerly appeared in Lancashire minor counties cricket, they managed a rather better score with 77 for the loss of 9 wickets when their overs limit ran out. After going in to bat, we discovered that their new player was more renowned as a bowler. He used that unsportsmanlike trick known in the trade as a 'yorker' to devastating effect. Fortunately, he did not appear until Anthony O'Rourke had scored 11 runs otherwise we would have been bowled out for 2. Down they went, one after another in rapid succession and at one point five in a row. The death was mercifully quick and we consign it to the dustbin of history having gone through the catharsis here.

Top of both bowling and batting averages was Brian Purfield — avge. 28 runs in 4 matches and taking 5 wickets for 57. Anthony Towe had a batting average of 15.75 over the season and Anthony O'Rourke 13.28. Also to be mentioned for bowling are John Hynd, taking 9 wickets for 105, Nick Bowen 7 for 45 in the 4 matches he played after arriving in the autumn. Openers Anthony O'Rourke and Tim Finigan were 8 for 123 and 8 for 147 respectively.

The following also played for the team this season: Mike Raiswell Joseph Sowerby, John Kenny, Chris Beirne, Gottfried Kuster, Paul Robbins, Paul Neilson, Keith Barltrop, Rags Hay-Will, Denis Nowlan, Simon Peat, Andrew Hulse, Peter Seal, Russell Wright, Simon O'Connor

and Alexander Sherbrooke, the last six being new men in the autumn. Tim Finigan captained the team.

Anthony O'Rourke and Tim Finigan

Rugby

This year there were no 15-a-side games, but the French College kindly organised a seven-a-side tournament (set for 1 May) which the College was invited to play in. Training sessions were arranged, and the painful process of preparing for the games began.

Then came the big day. In the first round we were drawn against the Scots College, and it was with trepidation that we took the field. The game was played in a friendly atmosphere and the College came out victors by 12-0. However in the next round we were deservedly beaten by a strong North American College team who played some good attacking rugby. The final score was 14 points to 4. The American team went on to the final, where they were only beaten in extra time by St. Patrick's.

Overall, the College was placed third, which was very satisfactory. Our thanks must go to the French College for organising the tournament, and to the North American College for the use of their pitch. My thanks must go to the team who played so well; to Francis Coveney who was the College-provided 'ref' for the tournament; and finally to the supporters from the college who came.

Scores: T. Phipps (try); J. Arnold (try); S. O'Connor (2 penalties: conversion).

The Team: T. Phipps; A. Hulse; H. Curtis; A. Sherbrooke; T. Finigan; S. Peat; S. O'Connor (capt.); J. Arnold; A. Towey.

Simon O'Connor

Marathon report

(Editor's note: - The Rome Marathon took place on 24th April 1983 on a course which took the runners through the Rome suburbs and the *centro storico*. Simon Peat was sponsored to participate.)

A year previously, I'd promised myself "never again," following the London Marathon. I was hoping to get within 1½ times the winner's time; in runners' terms you are only a jogger if you take longer. The start at E.U.R. was clear and sunny: God had not rewarded my rain dance.

The start was crowded; all Italians want to be the first to start. I missed the friendly conversation about glyoxalate conversion, greasing nipples and the 'wall' — when suddenly it is not possible to go on. Italians seem to train by running 50 yards in expensive tracksuits and resting for ten minutes in the Doria Pamphili, but many of these people must have done more. The starting gun went off ten minutes late and we began at a pace a demented tortoise could match. The first three miles were spent passing slow-moving hordes until St. Paul's Outside the Walls. "Would he approve? Probably not, although St. Ignatius might have done."

I passed the College at target speed, 14 km. per hour, and made for the Borghese Gardens, thankful that Rags and I had pounded round the Doria Pamphili Gardens so often. There were drinks every 5 km., cold water, and towards the end hot orange squash. After the Borghese Gardens the course went through North-East suburban Rome, the sun reflecting off the tarmac, good for the sun-tan; but then the trouble started, my left foot began to hurt, until I was reduced to walking and trotting — and being passed by many of the horde I had swept through in the early stages. I was too uncertain about my Italian to stop, I was sure to end up with my foot amputated!

I finished at a painful sprint in three hours fifty minutes (again), and so could gather the sponsorship money; 263,700 lire was sent to Mgr. Carroll-Abbing and Boystown, a community of boys from delinquent or disturbed backgrounds.

Next year...

Simon Peat

OBITUARY

Father Gerard J. Mitchell

When I entered Upholland College, many years ago, Gerard Mitchell was one of the bright boys in the 4th Form. His academic prowess was of no special interest to us little boys; but we did admire his athletic ability, for he was an able competitor in the sprints in College races. Strange how one remembers the way he balanced himself on the starting line, rather than take the normal crouching position! He went on to study his Philosophy in Upholland, and showed good ability, so that he was sent out to the Venerable and the Greg. for his Theology, in 1934. He was ordained in the Lateran on December 18th, 1937, one of a large year which gave us Bishops Grasar and Foley, the lively trio of Jacko, Gags and Lesch (who will pardon me their stage-names), George Ekbery whose death we mourned recently, among others.

Gerard spent a few months of extra study after his Licentiate, but was then recalled to his Diocese of Liverpool (perhaps because of the gathering war clouds), and placed as curate in St Bede's, Widnes. This post was very brief, as he was appointed in 1939 to the Staff of Upholland, to teach in the Junior Seminary. He had a talent for languages: later in life he could pick up enough of a new language to go and supply in a foreign parish during his holidays — I think Norwegian was the last! So he taught mainly French for nine years. In 1938 there was a vacancy in the Dogma faculty of the senior seminary, and he was appointed to this position, sharing the Dogma teaching with another member of Staff. This was his work for some fourteen years, a period when our Seminaries enjoyed unusual stability, happy years, I think, for students and Staff, before the inevitable upset post-Vatican II. Gerard Mitchell taught as he had been taught himself, accurately and conscientiously.

He was always a loyal Roman. When foreign travel picked up in the '50s, he regularly accompanied groups of pilgrims to Rome on behalf of the Catholic Travel Association: no easy work, but he took it in his stride.

His long years of teaching ended in 1962, when he was appointed to the parish of St Brendan in Liverpool. Two years later he was moved to St Hugh's. He had a period of illness around this time, a presage, so I was told, of his final complaint. Leaving St. Hugh's in 1973, he was appointed to the "country" parish of St Agnes, Eccleston. "Country" is something of a misnomer: our part of Lancashire has hardly any villages of the old type. However, Eccleston is a small place, relying almost exclusively on one textile mill — which was to close during Fr Mitchell's time. He must have had to help many a hard case. But the situation otherwise is pleasant, and the parishioners as good as gold. He was happy in his ministry.

Some six months before his death (January 4th, 1983), he was told that he had a terminal disease. Without anxiety he put his affairs in order, then retired to Ince Blundell Hall, where the Sisters of St Augustine look after many of our retired and infirm clergy. There he prepared quietly for his passage from this world: a preparation we can only admire and envy, which I am sure he deserved. Gerard Mitchell made no headlines; but he was a devoted priest of strong faith and principle. If you still remember the second stanza of the "Iste Confessor," ponder over it for a few moments.

J. Leo Alston