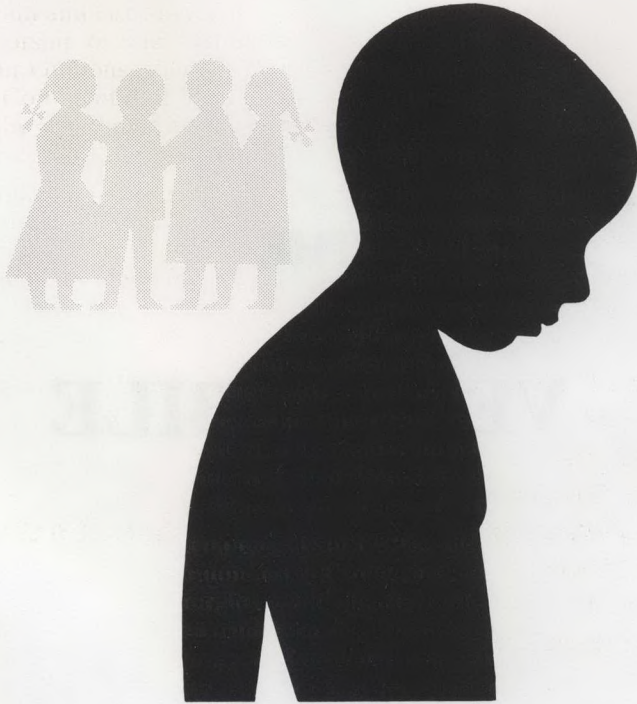


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CONTENTS

Editorial	5
Paschal Ryan and Michael Gilmore	7
The Elizabetines: Seventy years' dedication to the College	9
Englische Germaniker	15
"I don't like flying"	27
The College Justice and Peace Group	33
College Pastoral Work: two examples	35
Hi-Tech for the VEC	37
Poland 1988	39
Nova et Vetera: The Beatification of George Haydock and Companions	43
Taizé: Rome 1988	47
"Birthdays Celebrate"	49
Romanesque: "Not farewell, but fare forward"	53
A Troubled Transition — the Roman Association and the English College	59
Old Romans' Notes	64
Palazzola Report	67
Friends of the Venerabile	69
Obituaries:	
Archbishop Dwyer	71
Bishop Pearson	74
Mgr. Canon Mark Swaby	75
Mgr. Canon Anthony Hulme	76
College Diary	78
College Notes	99

THE VENERABLE 1988

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Editorial

Sometimes one selects a theme for such a magazine as this, and sometimes it is thrust upon one. Occasionally something approaching a theme emerges spontaneously. The latter has happened this year: and that theme is travel. The eyes of the contributors this year have frequently turned away from the City, to adventures and discoveries further afield, be they in the cities of Italy, Germany, Poland or even Finland.

A reversal of the travel theme is also present: Rome is a centre of pilgrimage, and this was brought home to the College in the month of November, when George Haydock and his 84 companions were beatified. Thousands of pilgrims travelled to the City for the event, and many included the College in their itineraries. Thus the effect of such a great occurrence on the College is reflected in this edition of the magazine.

Lest any fear that such expeditions as are described herein detract from the presentation of the life of the College, it must be said that using Rome as an opportunity to broaden one's geographical perspectives (as well as any others) is as much a part of College life as anything else — even if this means nothing more than looking down on the City from the Janiculum or on the Mediterranean from the terrace at Palazzola. The life and history of the College are, however, still presented, with an article celebrating the 70th anniversary of the arrival of the *suore*, a study of one aspect of Mgr. Hinsley's Rectorship, and all the usual 'College Notes'.

The 'Venerabile' is the College magazine, but can only aim to manifest some elements of its life (let philosophers discourse on quiddities and essences), and that only to the best of its abilities; this depends on the enthusiasm of the contributors and the good-will of readers. I would thank all who have participated in either ministry in the past, and encourage those who may do so in the future.

Moving down from the level of generalisations I can say that the state of the magazine's finances and future is healthy; not that this is an invitation to complacency: the perennial editorial cry for advertisers and subscribers must re-echo again. Nevertheless my thanks must be extended to the typesetters and printers for their invaluable assistance in the production of the magazine, and my editorial staff for their help in the preparation (and eventual distribution) of the magazine.

Throughout its history the 'Venerabile' has tried to be a mediator between the College and others; it is my sincerest hope that it may continue in this long after this Editor has joined the long line of his successors, distinguished by a brief 'quondam' . . .

James Manock

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Michael Gilmore and Paschal Ryan

Before we left for the Villa last summer, the Rector announced that he had at last found new Theology and Philosophy tutors. We are very happy to welcome back to the College Michael and Paschal to fill two much needed positions on the staff.

Michael studied here between 1979 and 1985; before he came to the College he had taken a degree in Natural Sciences at Trinity College, Cambridge, specialising in Organic Chemistry. While there, he was secretary of the Fisher Society, a Catholic student organisation, run then by Archbishop Couve de Murville. After leaving Cambridge he entered the College for the Diocese of Shrewsbury. While here, he edited the 1983 edition of this august magazine and studied for a philosophy licence taking Metaphysics and Epistemology as his specialisation, and reading St. Thomas and Wittgenstein. He was ordained priest in England, in the Church of the Holy Angels, Hale Barns, Altrincham, on the 5th August 1984. He left the College in the summer of 1985, and spent two years as a curate at St. John the Evangelist, New Ferry, Wirral, Merseyside. He also acted as Chaplain to Clatterbridge Hospital with particular responsibility for the Cancer department.

Paschal arrived at the College in 1973, having spent his school-years at St. Edmund's, Ware. He studied for a licence in Fundamental Theology, which he gained in 1981. The previous year he had been ordained priest for the Diocese of Westminster. After finishing his Theology licence, Paschal entered the Accademia where he studied for a licence in Canon Law. He then returned to London two years later, and was appointed curate to Our Lady's, St. John's Wood, where he stayed until returning to Rome last September. While at St. John's Wood he taught Theology at the Tite Street Novitiate and Fundamental Theology and Ecclesiology at Allen Hall. Paschal also acted as Chaplain to the Hospital of St. John and Elizabeth, run by the Knights of Malta; as a School Governor and on the Diocesan Liturgical Commission.

Both Michael and Paschal have already communicated their pastoral knowledge to us, and with Harry Parker, formed a coherent pastoral programme for the students. They are both starting doctorates, but with all their other work — giving seminars, marking elaborata and conducting pastoral classes — find little time left over for study. We wish them a happy time here and are glad to have two ex-alumni back in the College.

WALSINGHAM

ENGLAND'S NATIONAL SHRINE OF OUR LADY

“Where shall be had in memorial
The great joy of my Salutation,
First of my joys, ground and original
Root of mankind's redemption,
When Gabriel gave me relation
To be Mother through humility
And God's Son conceive in virginity.”
(15th century ballad of Walsingham)



The spiritual purpose of the Shrine at Walsingham is summed up in these words of the medieval ballad. It is to be a memorial of joy, that joy which Mary had when the angel Gabriel greeted her and announced that she was to conceive in her womb and bear a Son (Lk. 1:31).

The Elizabethtines: Seventy Years' Dedication to the College

This year the College will be celebrating the seventieth anniversary of the arrival of the *Suore Elizabethtine* on the 4th November 1918. The exact circumstances and the reasons for their stay are shrouded in mystery as there is very little documentary evidence in the Archives from this period. In the 1968 edition of the *Venerabile* there is a translation of an interview with Suor M. Diomira de Zotti, who was one of the first of the *suore* to arrive in the College, which sheds some light on their earliest days here¹.

During the Great War, Padua suffered throughout the Winter of 1917 from Austrian bombing, and Suor Diomira recalled that "a bomb exploded near the Mother House which killed almost a hundred people"². Under these conditions the Superiors decided to seek a refuge for both their novices and older sisters. In the May of the following year some of the sisters were sent to the hills outside Rome. Suor Diomira says that "after a short stay in Rome the party moved to Monte Porzio Catone where comfortable accommodation had already been prepared at the Villa of the English College"³. The popular story has it differently, since Mgr Hinsley is reputed to have met them either at the train station or Via di Monserrato, penniless and with nowhere to go, having been defrauded in a potential house sale. At the time of writing I have found no documentary evidence to either refute or substantiate this story. The College folk-history rigidly sticks to the second account — but not without reason, since Mgr Hinsley was a man of vision and in that Summer Monte Porzio was vacant, being in the process of being sold. In that Summer of 1918, the villeggiatura was unique in being held at Montopoli, though Suor Diomira thought that the students were away on military service!

Whatever the true story may be, Mgr Hinsley persuaded the Mother General, Rosalia Petich, to send some *suore* to help him in the English College. Suor Diomira writes that "the immediate kind permission of our Superiors was the definite beginning of our Order in the Eternal City. On the 4th November 1918, while the bells of Monte Porzio and the surrounding churches were joyfully ringing out the Armistice which ended the Great War, six of us left for Rome."⁴

The sudden arrival of the *suore* did not go uncommented by the students, who had been confined to Montopoli till mid November since the Gregorian University had been closed because of the Spanish 'flu epidemic that was sweeping Europe. In R. Meagher's diary of that eventful villeggiatura he writes, "There are going to be some great changes in Rome at the *Venerabile*. Some nuns who have been driven out of Padua by Austrian bombs are going to take charge of the kitchen, ref and biancheria, and certain changes are being made in order to house them in a wing of the Beda. The Morgue (note: the Morgue was the Beda breakfast room at the south end of the garden, so-called because we could see 'corpses' eating their breakfast from the garden) is to be their work-room, and a sort of clausura is to be made between the kitchen and the ref. I wonder how the experiment will turn out. The rest of the exiled nuns are staying in our old house at Porzio at the present."⁵

Another comment on the new arrival of the *suore* is provided by Mgr Richard Smith, former Vice-Rector, and student at the time. To him "the move was a 'res inaudita'

which caused the retrograde to hold their hands to heaven, to prate of protocols and Lehmkuhl, to whisper that these English were as amoral as they were mad”⁶. He concludes on a more sober note: “Today the majority of Colleges have followed suit”⁷.

The arrival of the suore came about through the quick reactions of Hinsley to their providential meeting, in whatever form it took. The idea of sisters for the College, though, was not entirely new. In the Report of the Apostolic Visitors on the state of the College after the death of Mgr Giles, one of the areas for concern mentioned was the bad administrative system. They recommended in particular, among other things, that nuns be introduced to look after the domestic arrangements. At the time of the Report the College was being run, in the words of Suor Diomira, “by laymen who were far from honest”⁸.

Part of Mgr Hinsley’s task on his appointment was the refurbishment of the College fabric. Suor Diomira remembers that “Mgr Hinsley applied himself tirelessly and wholeheartedly to transforming what he called the ‘disastrous’ state of the College into some sort of order. He entrusted the kitchen, the laundry and the linen to the sisters, in whom he had every confidence”⁹. There are no records as to where the sisters stayed originally but in 1927 they moved to the so-called ‘Old Nuns’ Corridor’ which had been renovated in 1924. Here they stayed till the mid sixties when they moved to their present quarters on the third floor overlooking the garden (the former ‘Mayfair’ corridor). A lift connects their quarters with the *guardaroba* and they also have a small chapel on the second floor.

In the first days of their occupation the tasks seemed insurmountable but they were settled in quickly enough as they catered for the centenary of the reoccupation

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of the College (in 1818) on the 18th December. Suor Diomira spoke of the *ambiente* during her first few days: “It is impossible to describe the disorder and filthy conditions of the whole building through lack of cleaning. The curtains were just long strips of dirty material. They had not seen water for three years. And it took us eight days of scrubbing to find out what kind of metal a coffee urn was made of”¹⁰.

Throughout the 1920s and again from 1946 to 1959 the *superiora* was Madre Ildegarda Arese who worked with Mgr Hinsley in the reorganisation of the College. He entrusted the domestic arrangements to her, and Suor Diomira remembers that “the food was well cooked, and adapted to the English taste”¹¹. At least some things never change and the Sisters still cook that unique brand of scrambled egg whose name remains. . . .

On her departure on the 21st November 1959 at the age of eighty, the Senior Student addressed her in these words, which I am sure would be repeated today by all of us in gratitude to all the sisters who have worked in the College: “*Noi, nella nostra umiltà, non possiamo far altro che apprezzare questo Vostro ennesimo atto di sacrificio, che, ve lo promettiamo, come tutta Vostra vita, sarà per noi di guida e di ammaestramento.*”¹²

During the Second World War the suore continued to live in the College and work in the hospice run by the Knights of Malta. Little is known of the conditions during this period, but in a typical example of English *sang-froid*, Fr. Redmond, Chaplain to the Forces and former student, on arrival in Rome in June 1944, could write in his diary: “The sisters are quite undisturbed and carry on with the cooking and the laundry”¹³. After the cessation of hostilities and the departure of the Knights an inventory was made of all the possessions in the nuns’ care; six typed sheets include references to six “tende seta damasco rosso per salotto” and “orologio, grande, uno”, etc.¹⁴

Since the Council the days of laundry-number cast lists are over and there is now more contact with the suore on a day to day basis. Their work remains the same, but its religious quality is much more evident, even down to listening to and understanding our tortuous Italian.

Please pray for all the sisters — both those working here at present, especially Suor’ Norma who is ill in hospital at the time of writing, and all those past suore, living and dead, who have tirelessly worked for the students and the Church as a whole.

Peter Newby

NOTES

¹ The *Venerabile*, Summer 1968, Vol. XXIV No. 3: ‘Suor Diomira De Zotti: The Road to Rome’. pp 188-190.

² *Ibid* p 188

³ *Ibid* p 188

⁴ *Ibid* p 188

⁵ The *Venerabile*, October 1933, Vol. VI No. 3: J. Scarr and R. Meagher, ‘Montopoli’. pp 277-293. pp 290-1.

⁶ The *Venerabile*, May 1943, Vol. XI No. 2: Richard L. Smith: ‘Cardinal Hinsley. An Appreciation’. pp 105-116. p 108.

⁷ *Ibid* p 108

⁸ *Venerabile* Vol. XXIV, p 188.

⁹ *Ibid* p 189

¹⁰ Ibid p 189

¹¹ Ibid p 189

¹² VEC Archives: Scr. 96.19

¹³ M. Williams: 'The Venerable English College, Rome. A History.' p 179.

¹⁴ VEC Archives: Scr. 86.15

Suor Carmela Petich, Superiora	4.11.18	12.02.20
Suor Tacita D'Oro	4.11.18	30.01.19
Suor Olinda Buso	4.11.18	25.01.19
Suor Donatilla Campagnolo	4.11.18	
Suor Diomira De Zotti	4.11.18	13.04.31
Suor Lorenzina Buson	4.11.18	4.11.19
Suor Fortunata Zago	1.11.19	5.04.20
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Suor Ermella Pavani		
Suor Eriberta		
Suor Lorenzia Gava		
Suor Loreta Maria Nale	26.04.26	21.04.57
Suor Firmina		
Suor Lidia		
Suor Rosilda Frez	2.01.30	6.05.31
Suor Letizia Bartoluzzi, Superiora	5.01.30	15.10.42
Suor Santina Taffarel	.32	12.08.66
Suor Estella Dal Brun	.33	.07.40
Suor Corana Vanzan	15.12.36	.04.38
Suor Sigismonda	15.12.36	15.05.40
Suor Vittoriana	15.12.36	15.05.40
Suor Rainalda	15.12.36	15.04.40
Suor Rosalda	15.12.36	15.04.40
Suor Silvestra	15.12.36	15.04.40
Suor Firmina (nipote)	15.12.36	15.04.40
Suor Corinna	15.12.36	15.04.40
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Suor Estella Dal Brun	15.12.40	3.02.49
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Suor Leanizia Stizzoli	.02.43	
Suor Celsa Gallo	.02.43	
Suor Melania Casagrande	.02.43	
Suor Alfonsa Callegaro	8.06.43	19.10.49
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Suor Amelia Vitelli	1.09.43	5.07.47

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Suor Giusta Liberalan	20.10.46	10.07.47
Suor Celeste Rosa	29.06.47	5.12.57
Suor Diomira De Zotti	21.01.49	12.06.64
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Suor Norma Grigolon	21.10.75	
Suor Gisella Pissolo	1.01.75	28.09.82
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Suor Angelia Sigato	10.09.86	

“Englische Germaniker”

In thanksgiving for past hospitality and present harmony

On May 28th, 1986, a pair of English College students rushed off from Community Mass celebrated in honour of Blessed John Shert to take part in a concert in honour of Blessed Robert Johnson at the German College, near Piazza Barberini. On their return little seemed to be known of Blessed Robert apart from the fact that he was an Englishman, an ex-alumnus of the Germanicum, and that he had died at Tyburn on the same day as John Shert. My interest quickened as further research revealed that Johnson was only one of a large number of English, Irish and Scottish students who had studied for the priesthood at the Germanicum in the 16th century before the foundation of their respective national colleges. A list of these men can be found at the end of this article.

But what of Johnson and his compatriots? Who were they? How came they to be studying at the German and Hungarian College and what happened to them when they left Rome? To answer the question immediately one should note that from the foundation of the Germanicum by Ignatius Loyola in 1552 it was always desired that the College should offer hospitality to seminarians from England, Ireland, the Low Countries, Poland, Scandinavia and Scotland, in addition to those from the German speaking world. Lainez, Ignatius' successor as leader of the Jesuits, typifies this openness in a letter to Cardinal Pole dated January 24th 1555:

“. . . You will be glad to hear that things are going better in the Roman and German Colleges. Apart from the sixty who live in the professed house, in the College itself more than seventy are in residence. . . . Those in the German College make most progress in learning and good life. . . . There is one Englishman among them, a man of high talent and good disposition. In our own College there is an Irishman, a man likewise of great promise. If in future you should see fit to send from where you are men inclined by nature and natural ability to study at either College, I am sure they would return after a short while with great advantage for their learning and living, and with a profound respect for the Holy See. . . . We have made it our business to offer to others what the divine love has put into our own souls”.¹

A full account of the lives of most of the *Englische Germaniker* can be found in the articles of the late Klaus Jockenhovel in the German College magazine, *Korrespondenz-Blatt*. This article will attempt to sketch the lives of two of that number: a scholar who had not the ‘spiritual strength’ to return to England, and a future martyr who would seem to have lacked the academic ability to remain in Rome.

John Gibbons.—

John Gibbons is commonly believed to have been born in or near Wells about the year 1544. The Oxford Historian Anthony à Wood says of him,

“In 1561, he being then about seventeen years of age, was sent to the University of Oxford (particularly, as I conceive, to Lincoln College) and there went through a course of logic and philosophy; but being in a manner weary of the heresy of the place, as he called it, he left the University without a degree, and

soon after his country, relations, and the little all he had; went to Rome and in the German College there he spent seven years in philosophy and divinity, in both which he received the doctoral laurel in 1576".²

This testimony is borne out by the archives of the *Collegium Germanicum et Ungaricum* in Rome, though a College record of 1573 in which Gibbons is held to be 26 years old does question the detail of his date of birth. The Jesuit historian Reiffenberg adds that Gibbons came from a rich family which remained true to its Catholic faith; such a statement is supported by the witness of John's younger brother Richard who also studied at the Germanicum, leaving it to join the Society of Jesus. In his youth, John studied humanities at the Bishop of Bath and Wells' school and was expected to take up a post in that diocese until further studies at Oxford brought him into contact with strong pro-Catholic sentiments, not least from the Rector of Lincoln College, John Bridgewater of Somerset, whose name we are to meet once more at a later date. Leaving Oxford, the young man made for Louvain, where he was welcomed by another Catholic tutor, the famous Nicholas Sanders. "Joannes Gibboens, Anglus" matriculated at the University of Louvain along with seven other English exiles on October 19th 1566. Little is known about his studies apart from the fact that he was an acolyte ready to study theology on arrival in Rome three years later. Jockenhovel holds that the influence of Nicholas Sanders was the means by which John Gibbons came to study at the Germanicum. Since 1565 Sanders had taught theology in Rome and from 1559 he had been privy to the confidence of Cardinal Morone, one of the leading lights in the foundation of the Germanicum in 1552. So it was that John came to enter the College on October 2nd 1569 and to take an oath of obedience two weeks later on October 15th.

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John Gibbons entered the College at the time of extreme polarisation between London and Rome. In 1568 a seminary had been set up in Douai for the education of English immigrants, in 1570 Pius Vth excommunicated Queen Elizabeth I and in 1571 Parliament passed an Act against Catholic ‘fugitives over the sea’. Consequently Gibbons’ chances of returning to England grew even more remote; he settled into a period of seven years study at the Germanicum and the Roman College. During those years his new College experienced a crucial phase of development, changing its location four times and finally establishing itself in 1574 in the Palazzo S. Apollinare when Gregory XIII’s generosity freed it from ever-present financial angst. Gibbons belonged to the small group of 23 students who constituted the newly-founded College, the ‘Golden Alumni’ as they came to be known. Gibbons’ contribution to this epithet came in the form of a dazzling *disputatio* in defence of his doctoral thesis, a feat which prompted Pope Gregory to grant him a canonry in the Collegiate Church of Bonn; he left Rome for his new post on September 15th 1576 eulogised by his old College as “*vir pius et doctus et sanctissimus, moribusque et religiosus*”.

John Gibbons’ stay in Bonn was considerably briefer than the Roman sojourn. A long standing urge was confirmed by a revelation in prayer after Mass on December 27th 1577 and he decided to join the Society of Jesus. After a short period in Cologne he entered the novitiate of the Rheinland province of the Order in 1578 in the city of Trier. Having completed a year’s novitiate he took up an arduous combination of posts: professor of Theology and Sacred Scripture, confessor and prefect of studies. The records of the Collegium Trevirensis describe a man both amiable and able, competent and respected, but after five years this new found stability was shaken by a letter to the Jesuit General in Rome suggesting that Fr. Gibbons should return home to England. William Allen, the founder of the English seminaries in Douai and Rome, was the author of the letter. He proposed to General Aquaviva that John Gibbons should accompany William Weston to England in order to reinforce the Jesuit mission there. Robert Persons gives this account of the episode,

“The General had written to them to set out on their journey. But Father Gibbons, though otherwise a very virtuous and zealous man, begged both the General and Dr. Allen to excuse him, praying them not to be disedified by this, because he did not find in himself the spiritual strength that was necessary for such an enterprise. He offered himself, however, to work in other ways for the mission as much as possible. And so he did up to his death, which took place a few years later, and as long as he lived he endeavoured, as far as obedience permitted, to advance the common cause of his country”.³

The evidence for Gibbons’ sincerity can be found in his publications. He wrote in defence of the current Catholic teaching on Holy Communion under one species (1583), the cult of saints (1584), and in opposition to anti-papal Calvinist polemic (1589). However, his most appreciated work is an authoritative exposition to the Continental public of the persecution of Catholicism in England, including a collection of the accounts of the sufferings and sure faith of the martyrs of 1581 and 1582, including Edmund Campion, Robert Johnson and Ralph Sherwin. The study was made with the help of Fr. John Fenn (the brother of the martyr James Fenn) and published in Trier in 1583 as ‘*Concertatio Ecclesiae Catholicae in Anglia. . .*’ Even after its publication Gibbons continued research through correspondence with

England, Louvain and elsewhere; as a result a second edition was produced in 1588 under the authorship of one "Acquaepontanus", the Latinised version of a name familiar to John Gibbons, that of the ex-Rector of Lincoln College who had left Oxford for the Continent in 1574, John Bridgewater D.D. A third edition containing contributions by Cardinal Allen and Dr. Humphrey Ely was published by Bridgewater in 1594 in Trier, shortly before he died in that city.

In 1584 John Gibbons became Rector of the Jesuit College in Trier. He is remembered in the College records not only as a humble and friendly superior whose spiritual influence reached out to the religious houses beyond the city but also as a propagator of the German-language catechism of his contemporary Peter Canisius, and an expert in debating the theological controversies of the day with leading Lutherans. This life was shaken once more, by the plague which struck Trier in 1586 and which had taken eight Jesuit victims by the end of the following year. Gibbons remained in the plague-stricken city with a few of the priests and tutors of the community, but sent the novices away to other Colleges and the elderly to nearby monasteries. It was on a fraternal visit to such a monastery, the Cistercian house founded by St. Bernard at Himmerod, that John himself suddenly contracted the fatal symptoms of the epidemic, dying soon afterwards in his mid-forties.

Opinion is divided over when precisely in 1589 he died; Gillow states August 16th whilst Foley and De Backer-Sommervogel suggest December 3rd. John Gibbons' gravestone in Himmerod cloister, however, clearly settles for September 3rd. After seeing it, I was delighted to meet a modern-day English expatriate cleric called John, an Anglican priest who holds the post of organist at the monastery and has the same ties of friendship with the present Cistercian community as did his earlier compatriot four centuries ago. It was a fortuitous opportunity for us to ponder that other John "lacking in spiritual strength" and remembered by his College in Trier as "*natione Anglus et vita angelicus*".

Blessed Robert Johnson

According to a letter from the Rector of the Germanicum to the Protector of the College at the Vatican, it can be deduced that Robert Johnson was born in 1544. A similar process of deduction has to be employed regarding the place of birth. Challoner maintains that he was born in Shropshire whilst the Douai College diary describes him as *Vigornensis*, from the Diocese of Worcestershire. Anstruther appears to solve the riddle by pointing out that four parishes of Shropshire — Claverly, Hales, Owen and Worfield — were in the Diocese of Worcester at that time.

Little is known of Robert's early life apart from the fact that he was for some time a servant in a gentleman's family. There is no further historical record until October 1st 1572 when, at the comparatively late age of 28 years old, he entered the Germanicum in Rome and was accepted under the recommendation of Cardinal Burali of Piacenza, the reformist *protégé* of Paul IV and friend of Charles Borromeo.

On the day he entered the College Robert signed a handwritten pledge to his superiors that he was prepared to begin training for the priesthood under their guidance, and to be sent wherever they should propose. His statement appears on the same page of the *Juramentsbuch* as that of Richard Gibbons, whose brother John lived to see both Robert's coming and going, and Richard's more hasty departure to join the Jesuits. Like John Gibbons, Robert Johnson is numbered amongst the 'Golden Alumni' who were present for the second founding of the College at S. Apollinare. Unlike Gibbons, however, Robert Johnson was not destined for the academic limelight. In fact quite the contrary.

In a letter from the Rector of the Germanicum to the Protector, Robert Johnson is bracketed with a Swiss from Constance and a German from Breslau as having difficulties in study. The Rector, Michael Lauretano, wrote as follows,

“Isti tres dant operam litteris humanioribus, et praeter igenii tardiatem (dullness of mind) non bene tenent grammaticam.”⁴

Similarly, another list puts Johnson under the heading ‘*humanistae*’ with the comment “*parum aptus studia*” (little ability for study), a lighter judgement than that given to the other two students who were rated “*inepti ad studia*” (unable to study). It would appear that Robert’s difficulties were heightened by the ill-health to which the Rector also refers. The conclusion of the problem came in April 1574 with Robert’s departure from Rome with Alexander Creighton, a man older than himself who shared the same problems and who wanted to continue his studies in Flanders. The record of their departure is found in a petition from the Rector to the Secretary of State, Cardinal Galli, for viaticum for themselves, and for the others who knew neither Italian nor Latin and had to return to Augsburg,

“Che espediente si pigharà con Roberto Inglese et Alesandro Scoto, i quali per indipositione et non molta capacita di littere vorebbono partirsi per Fiandra . . . similmente che si farà di Giacomo Frei et Giorgio Selesio, da quali non si aspettra frutto in littere, come si disse nel catalogo passato. . . .”⁵

Accordingly a grant of “*da 15 in 18 scuti per viatico*” was paid to the two students heading for Flanders. A sad departure for Robert, but he was to have better fortune elsewhere. After further studies in Douai he left the College in April 1576 to be ordained priest in Brussels and to spend a period in spiritual exercises with the Jesuits in Louvain before eventually returning to England.

Little is known of Robert’s pastoral activity in England apart from the fact that it included an interval during which he returned to the Continent. When he arrived back at Douai College on June 15th 1579 things had changed; war in the Low Countries had forced the College to change the location from Flanders to the French town of Rheims, and a group of six students, including John Shert, had been sent by Dr. Allen to form the nucleus of a new English and Welsh Seminary in Rome. The Rheims records note his departure on September 28th in the company of a Catholic law student called Henry Orton to make the same journey to the city he had left five years before. The motive for his visit is not clear. Perhaps indeed he looked forward to sharing with Sherwin and companions’ memories of Douai and Rheims and to sympathise with the rigours and rewards of the Roman life, but Robert Persons states that the principal reason for his journey was to make an Ignatian retreat,

“Mr. Robert Johnson, a very good and godly man, who a little before our departure from Rome (Easter 1580) came thither for his devotion out of England, where he had laboured faithfully some years before. Being in Rome with intention to return back to England very shortly, pressaging, as it were, that some great affliction would fall upon him ere it were long, for service of his Master, and for better bearing of the same, he earnestly desired to arm himself with spiritual arms, and requested Fr. Persons that he might retire himself into some solitary place of the Jesuits, for some weeks, to make spiritual exercises and meditations of Father Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the same order, for his better help; and so he did.”⁶

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Though he probably visited the English College no record exists as the College Pilgrim Book only began its existence at this time (cf *Venerabile*, I, p157). Anstruther quotes a very observant spy who dates Johnson's arrival in Rome as November 26th 1579; the same spy goes on to describe him with these words:

“About 40, slender of body, somewhat hard-favoured, his face full of wrinkles, the hair of his beard not cut, a flaxen yellow colour, wanting two teeth on the upper jaw on the right side. He speaketh Italian excellently.”⁷

If there were any doubts regarding at least a casual connection between Robert Johnson and the newly-instituted English College in Rome during the time of his short pilgrimage to Rome, three factors would seem to allay them; the timing of his visit, his status as the archetypal ‘Old Roman’ missionary priest, and his companion on his journey home. Indeed it was on January 9th 1580 that the Bull of Foundation of the ex-Hospice as a Seminary was finally presented to and admitted by the Papal Camera Apostolic. It seems unthinkable that a man who could count both Douai and the Roman College as “*alma Mater*” should not have celebrated the birth of this new foundation. The likelihood of his interest is further strengthened by the probability that he was held in no little esteem by his contemporaries as the first student of the Roman College to enter England as a missionary priest. Although the distinction is claimed for John Shert in an article honouring him in the *Venerabile* of 1923, the Douai Diary records Shert's date of departure to England as August 27th 1578 and Johnson's as the beginning of April of 1576. Though indeed Johnson went from Douai to Brussels for ordination and then on to Louvain for spiritual exercises before returning to England the slight chance of him arriving in England, after Shert, more than two and a half years after leaving Douai, seems unlikely. As for Robert Johnson's second journey back from Rome, the same spy quoted above notes that he left Rome on February 25th 1580 with Dr. Allen, the co-founder of the Seminary in Rome, and other travellers. Dr. Allen wrote from Siena to Agazzari, the Rector of the English College, to advise future travellers to avoid the worries of travelling with an indifferent horse and to opt for a more pedestrian pace as Johnson and a companion were making far better progress than he.

An incident occurred on the way home which was to have a decisive importance later. Johnson was joined on the road by a man named Charles Sledd who had been a servant of the Catholic Dr. Saunderson in Rome and who was now a spy for the English government. He included in his final report the opinion that Johnson returned to England only after failing to find a post in Rome. Sledd gathered what information he could about the seminarians of Rome and Rheims by passing himself off as a devout fellow-believer. He then handed this on to the Ambassador in Paris who in turn made it known to the police on duty at the Channel ports and throughout England. Nevertheless Sledd was less than discreet in his dealings, first driving Johnson to reprove him for his “loose behaviour” on the journey and finally causing himself to be thrown out of the College when his hypocrisy had been revealed. Unfortunately, it was not long before the spy had his chance to be revenged.

On May 2nd Robert Johnson went back to England. A spy's report dated August 18th of the same year states that he was staying in ‘the Spital’ with Mr. Hare, a financier of the Colleges of Douai and Rheims. Fr. Paolo Bombino S.J. gives an interesting account of his fatal reunion with Sledd, the substance of which is seconded by Allen and Persons though the three sources differ over detail. It appears that Johnson was in the company of Catherine Petre, the sister of the courtier Sir John

Petre, on his way to the noted 'Synod of priests' in Southwark. Sledd recognised him and insisted that a passing Constable should arrest his old enemy as a priest and traitor, but the Constable had Catholic sympathies and did little until Sledd threatened to report him. Even then the policeman insisted that Sledd openly assist him, and refused Sledd's suggestion that they follow the couple to their destination in the hope of further arrests. As a result Johnson was arrested just as he was paying a boatman to take him over the river to Southwark. Sledd's treachery was exposed, and Campion, Persons and other priests just escaped instant arrest. Nevertheless the day did contain one further misfortune; by night-fall on July 12th 1580 Robert Johnson found himself once more with Henry Orton, his old travelling companion who now became his fellow prisoner in the oddly named 'Counter in the Poultry'. The list of charges against Johnson upon arrest by "John Smith's officer" (probably the Constable) include leaving the country without licence and for reason of religion, hesitating to take the oath of obedience to the Queen and refusing to attend Anglican services, equivocation regarding Pius V's Bull of Excommunication, and receiving 'viaticum' of 50 crowns from the Pope.

There is no further record of Robert Johnson's imprisonment until December 1st 1580 when the Council of State informed the authorities of the Tower of London that in view of the large number of priests and their sympathisers in the country it was Her Majesty's intention to "make example of some of them by punishment to the terror of others". Accordingly Johnson and his fellow priests Cottam, Kirby and Sherwin were sent to the Tower on December 4th, together with the layman Henry Orton. At Christmas they were joined by another five priests, one of whom kept a diary of his incarceration. From this book and a smuggled letter it is known that Robert was

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“most severly” racked on December 15th, and after that he was thrown into a pitch-black dungeon. Later still he was likely to have been amongst those who were forced to go and listen to sermons by Protestant ministers.

The next reference to Johnson is made on November 14th 1581 when he was brought to the Bar with Campion, Sherwin and companions after almost a year's imprisonment in the Tower. Fourteen priests, and the layman Orton, the absent William Allen, Nicholas Morton and Robert Persons were charged in Westminster Hall with having plotted in Rome and Rheims against the life of the Queen and the government of the realm. The trial took place in two sessions, November 20th and 21st, a treason trial with four judges, three prosecuting lawyers and a jury. The accused of the first session provided their own defence with Campion voicing the major part of their case. During the three hours of examination of the accused, the only part pertinent to Johnson, who had never seen some of his “co-plotters” until they met at the Bar, is the statement of his denial of the Queen's authority over things spiritual, his refusal to commit himself to a firm opinion regarding the authority of Pius V's Bull of Excommunication, and his refutation of the witness Eliot's allegation that Fr. John Payne had vainly tried to persuade him to join him in an attempt on the Queen's life. Johnson categorically denied that such a conversation ever took place. The exchanges ended with a speech to the jurors by Campion which highlighted the weakness of the case for condemnation and called conscience as the defence of the accused and the duty of the jurors. To the surprise of the assembly, who thought that acquittal for Campion at least was certain, all those accused were found ‘guilty of the said treasons and conspiracies’ and were sentenced to be hung, disembowelled, beheaded and quartered. Whilst the assembled crowd gasped, the prisoners' angry protestation of loyalty to the Queen was transformed by Campion and Sherwin into a cry of “Te Deum laudamus” as they accepted their unjust lot with confident resignation. The next day the remaining seven priests faced the same ordeal and were similarly condemned, though a witness then interposed that he had been at Gray's Inn with John Collyton on the day that he had been found guilty of plotting at Rheims. Collyton nevertheless spent until 1585 in prison after which he, like Orton, was banished.

As a result of the sentence of death the prisoners returned to their respective prisons and awaited their date of execution. For Briant, Campion and Sherwin the end came within the fortnight; Johnson had to wait much longer. In the following May he was required by the Privy Council to answer a series of questions regarding lawful authority. His position is summed up by the closing remark regarding the future possibility of military action being taken against England:

“To the last, he saieth that if such deprivation and invasion should be made for temporal matter, he would take part with her Majestie, but if it were for any matter of his faith, he thinketh he were then bounde to take part with the Pope”.⁸

John Shert, by comparison, gave the single answer that he was a Catholic and at one with Catholic doctrine. No matter, both were condemned along with Thomas Ford to be executed at Tyburn on May 28th 1582. Bernardine de Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador, records that the three were drawn to Tyburn, near the present-day Marble Arch, face down on hurdles through the muddy London streets, leaving them half smothered by the end of the journey. Mounting the scaffold as the last to

die, Robert made the sign of the Cross and protested his innocence of conspiracy or any treason at all and repeated his lack of any acquaintance with many of the alleged conspirators. The Sheriff then ordered a falsified version of the Privy Council's questions to be read and Munday (a spy who had lived at the English College in Rome) further accused Johnson of being a traitor; these two attempts to quell the bad publicity arising from the decisions of November both fell flat before Johnson's restrained self-defence. He went on to state that he believed that the reigning Queen had the same authority as Queen Mary ever had, and that the Catholic religion is that of which the Pope is the Supreme Pastor. The accounts of the last few minutes of Robert's life conclude with a picture of a man beset by opponents eager to debate theological niceties. A mood of firmness in belief but weariness of controversy characterises his final moments: first he faces cross-questioning over the absence of a mention of the Pope in the Athanasian Creed and then, finally, over which language, Latin or English, he should use for his last earthly prayers. "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*" were his final words as the cart was drawn from beneath him.

Over three hundred years later, a decree of the Roman Congregation of Rites decided that the forty-four martyrs represented in the frescos by Niccolo Circignani (Pomerancio) in the English College Church were worthy of beatification; weeks later, on the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, 1866, Pope Leo XIII confirmed the decree. Blessed Robert Johnson, despite the fact he never studied at the English College, is most certainly one of those forty-four.



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Notes

- ¹ H. More. *The Elizabethan Jesuits*. ed and trans by F. Edwards, Phillimore 1981. pp 12-3.
- ² Anthony à Wood. *Athenae Oxonienses* Vol 1. Ed 1721.
- ³ R. Persons. Notes concerning the English Mission. *Catholic Record Society* Vol IV. p 109.
- ⁴ *Codex Vaticanus Latinus*. 12159. f38.
- ⁵ *Ibid*.
- ⁶ Ed Grene, *Collectanea*. Stonyhurst, f150.
- ⁷ G. Anstruther. *The Seminary Priests*. Vol 1. Ware, 1968. p 191.
- ⁸ C. Butler. *Historical Memoirs of the English, Irish and Scottish Churches since the Reformation*. Vol 1. London, 1812. p 204.

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Gazetteer of English, Scottish and Irish students who studied at the Germanicum, their dates of entrance and departure, their provenance, and their reference number in the College Archives is assembled from Peter Schmidt's list of students in his history of the Germanicum.

Unknown Student (see Note 1)	c1555	England	Prior to records
Joannes Anglus	1574-1576	Salisbury (Eng)	54
Joannes Harrisius	1560- ?	London (Eng)	70
Joannes Staepull	1562- ?	Cashel (Ire)	88
Wilhelmus Stubbens	1562- ?	Hereford (Eng)	89
Georgius Gayus	1562- ?	Scotus (Sco)	93
Joannes White	1568- ?	Clomaliensis (Ire)	112
Eugneius Cornelius	1568- ?	Hybernus (Ire)	113
Joannes Gibbonus	1569-1576	Bath and Wells (Eng)	123
Nicolaus Sedratus	1570- ?	Dublin (Ire)	127
Riccardus Gibbonus	1572-1572	Bath and Wells (Eng)	143
Robertus Johnsonus	1572-1574	Chester (Eng)	146
Alexander Creighton/Creyton	1572-1574	Aberdeen Dunkeld (Sco)	150/151
Thomas Longolius	1573-1575	Cork (Ire)	152/189
Joannes Albus	1574-1576	Scotus	191
Nicolaus Scered	1575-1580	Anachruannensis (Ire)	291
Joannes Lesleus	1575-1576	Aberdeen (Sco)	300
Matthaeus Cudnerus	1576- ?	London (Eng)	325
Robertus Turnerus	1577-1580	Devonshire (Eng)	330

Guihelmus Grim	1578- ?	Scotus	377
Alexander Bruissius	1604-1607	Scotus	1043
Thomas Rothus	1607-1612	Osor (Ire)	1112

Total of 9 Englishmen, 6 Scots, and 7 Irishmen.

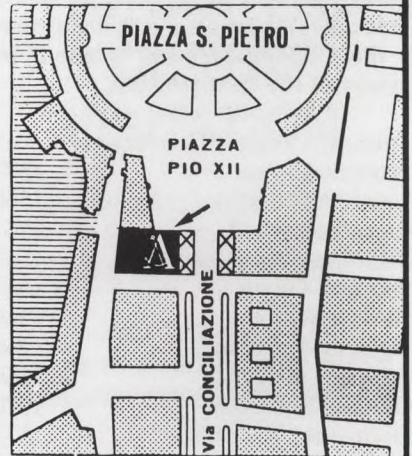
Note 1. The unknown Englishman mentioned in the letter of Lainez already quoted above dated 1555.

Note 2. A second unknown Englishman called 'Rogers' is referred to by Polanco in a letter to Everard Mercurian on 20th December 1564. This English student arrived without means of support and was not welcomed at the Hospice. No record exists of his ordination. One might wonder if there was a link between him and the spy Nicholas Berden, who used the alias 'Rogers' during his time as a servant at the English College and who later assisted Walsingham in the condemnation of Blessed John Lowe and so many other Catholics.

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Whether or not there is any grain of truth lurking behind the above statement, it was as conventional an excuse as any for me to seek adventure on the railroads of Europe on my way home in the Summer of 1987. There may also have been the aspect that I had, in my usual woolly-minded way, neglected to arrange a flight home and so was thrown on my initiative. Having heard that a very economic and accommodating train ticket was available that would carry me from Rome to London by whatever devious route I felt fit, I hesitated not and dived round to the office to book it. This was the first of my problems; efficiency is not to be sought in any Italian organisation. I suppose I should be grateful that it only took me three visits and a total of six hours’ waiting to procure the ticket. This is what the Italians can do with computers.

This ticket was a most convenient affair: I had chosen a certain route, and had two months in which to get from Rome to London, choosing any one of several trains available between various stops. Not that I had planned to spend two months doing it (Italian railways permitting). I envisaged about a week’s journey, popping in on cheerful little spots in Germany and Belgium, and scrounging accommodation with family or friends on the way. Which was about as far as any organisation went. *Deus providebit*, and all that.


Came the day of my departure, and I trundled down from Palazzola with the vague idea of catching the 4.35 afternoon train to Munich. I should have known better. When I had discovered that, despite indications to the contrary in the timetables, no such train existed, I potted back to the College to kill the four hours before the 9.10. My enthusiasm was still strong, however, and as I fought my way back to Termini in the evening I hardly noticed the weight of my suitcase. That didn’t last long. After struggling down what seemed like three miles of platform I was delighted to find my train. Modified rapture: the usual unruly natives were already hanging out of all the windows the train had. Nothing daunted I managed to wedge myself into a corner of a rather dusty compartment; the windows very cleverly simulated frosted glass, using only the mud and grime of numerous summer storms, which somewhat restricted the view. But I was happy. At least until an individual who, to judge by his dress, was either a high-ranking naval official or the guard of the train, started to gesticulate wildly and mutter about ‘first class compartments’. I said I didn’t want a first class compartment, as I had a second class ticket. This seemed to excite him further, and I eventually realised that I *was* in a first class compartment. Hence his agitation. This resulted in another three mile walk up the platform, and a seat in a cattle-truck-like affair, tastefully furnished in dust and faded plastic. Everything comes to him who waits; and eventually we were off. With much shouting and gymnastics the train slowly pulled out of the station, and I sat back in my seat happy that I was at last on my way North.

My companions in the compartment were surprisingly silent for Italians, and the first stage of my journey was quite pleasant. I was soon deep in an Agatha Christie, occasionally glancing up at the various bits of Italy whizzing past the window. I was not due in Munich until 10.00 a.m. the following morning, but had decided against a *couchette*, partly because of a constitutional dislike of the things, and partly because I was confident of my ability to drop off to sleep in practically anything, from an armchair to a Greg. *aula*. And indeed by eleven o’clock I was slumbering gently. This

would have continued until we got to Austria or somewhere like that, but for the fact that I had again forgotten to take the Italian factor into my plans; we arrived at Verona at about three in the morning, at which point something resembling a Verdi chorus or two invaded the train; the Italians seem to have a greater ability to sleep anywhere than I do, judging from the fact that every available square inch of floor space was soon occupied by some dozing son of Italy. It interferes with your sleep slightly when you worry that your every movement brings your foot perilously close to an Italian's face.

The interruption ended as swiftly as it had begun: we arrived at Bolzano (sometimes referred to by its alias Bozen) and the Italians disappeared. This was a pleasant surprise: I had resigned myself to their company well into Germany, but was now left with a compartment to myself. My pleasure was heightened further after a short while when we left Italy, and were soon passing through the dawn beauties of the Austrian Tyrol. The tranquility of the scenes passing before me was suitably soothing, and I soon felt more than refreshed after my arduous night. After a brief stop in Innsbruck we were in areas more and more redolent of the freshness of Austria and Southern Germany — the more so after an unbroken nine months in Rome.

On time, almost to the second, we arrived in Munich (which some people seem to refer to as München) where I had a two-hour wait between trains. I decided to leap at this opportunity of catching a brief glimpse of the city and was soon prowling round the railway station looking for somewhere to deposit my oppressive suitcase. Having done this I whizzed out, ever conscious of my two hours, and after a close shave with a rapidly moving tram found myself in the (pedestrianised) heart of the city. This was my first taste of Germany — and it excited the palate; the city (in a phenomenon I

The logo for St Paul Book & Media Centre features a large, stylized 'SP' monogram. The 'S' is on the left and the 'P' is on the right, both rendered in a thick, blocky font. The letters are white with black outlines and are set against a black background. The 'S' and 'P' are interconnected, with the 'S' having a horizontal bar that extends to the right, and the 'P' having a vertical bar that extends downwards.

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later discovered in many German cities) blended its traditional architectural forms and historical buildings with more modern constructions with a skill and grace that would be hard to equal; the simple exercise of care in observing what already exists on a site before throwing up some concrete and glass affair means that the concrete and glass affair's style is not divorced from that of its neighbour, creating a subtle and pleasing effect. Munich typifies this: pedestrianisation does not mean concrete slabs and plastic seats lurking among faded imitation vegetation; on the contrary, an imaginative use of cobble stones and fountains makes such (usually ghastly) areas a pleasant accompaniment to shopping or strolling. After the cosy claustrophobia of Roman streets, broad well-planned avenues cheer the traveller.

My stay in Munich was necessarily brief, but it still gave me my first opportunity to use my abysmal German: grabbing a rapid lunch in a hamburger joint just outside the station I managed, with a certain amount of inner amusement, to say '*Ein doppelwhopper, bitte*' and retain some degree of self-respect. (Beyond this a hesitant '*kennst du English*' was about as far as I went. The fabled efficiency of the German Nation meant, thankfully, that they did.)

I encountered this efficiency in another field on returning to the train: the dusty FS vehicle had been replaced by some swish German number, which was to take me to Cologne (which they call Köln for some obscure reason). On reflection this was by far the most beautiful stretch of my journey: the line to Cologne travels up the Rhine Valley, and for a great extent of the trip I was travelling next to the slow, broad river, passing through its little tributary-head villages. The charm of this, on a fine July day, well seemed to justify the large number of steamers drifting up and down the river carrying tourists, whose eye for beauty must have been well-developed by the sights of the banks and hills around them.

Eventually urbanisation intruded, and I arrived in Cologne. Here I had an hour's wait between trains, which was just time enough to see the Cathedral. It's one of those Cathedrals that needs no directions to find: it towers over the city and is immediately visible, even from some distance outside the city. In this I wallowed: nine months of Italian Baroque (with an occasional bit of Italian Gothic thrown in) is alright in its way, but give me crockets and finials, long, thin columns and arches (pointed, of course), the whole complexity of vertical parallel lines which carries the eye upwards, all that Northern European Gothic is, and I am ecstatic. Cologne, coming as the first blast of such architecture since the previous September, hit me wonderfully. The size and what some would see as gloomy darkness inside left me in utter contentment. The only point which I found a little disappointing was the stained glass, which definitely tended to the late nineteenth century in places: soft and varied shades of glass cannot, I feel, match the drama of the simple strong primaries of the finest Gothic windows.

I soon had to push on to Aachen (or Aix-la-Chapelle, or Aquisgranae, or what you will) where I was staying the night; I arrived safely, and was welcomed (and dined) by the friend who was kindly accommodating me. The following morning we began trundling round the city, and the charms of it were immediately made apparent; it is a practical city, but practicality does not interfere with its strong sense of history: the two are blended in a way that neither confuses the identity of the two sides, nor creates conflict between past and present. The best example is the Parish Church of St. Foillan; it is next to the *Dom*, and was seriously damaged in the War — in fact one half of the church was destroyed. Rebuilding was undertaken, and the result is, to say the least, curious: One half still has the mottled stone Gothic columns

and walls, but the other has a new interpretation of Gothic in some sort of cement; the two halves stretch up to the roof, where they meet in an irregular line, almost down the centre. The effect is not, as one might think at first, unpleasant, ugly or confusing, but very beautiful, not least because it symbolises the care and concern with which such rebuilding has taken place, and how out of destruction has come a new beauty, a blending and marrying of styles that neither dismisses the old nor makes the new intrusive: they join hands, as it were, for the glory of God in this case. And very effectively, too.

This theme is present throughout the city: here, more so than Munich, pedestrianised areas are planned with thought and imagination; modern fountains and statues proliferate, sometimes combined, and both display remarkable ingenuity and humour. The city is happy and peaceful.

After two days (I prolonged my stay in Aachen, enjoying its atmosphere so much) I left Germany and moved on to Belgium. My first stop there was Brussels (which alternatively masquerades as Bruxelles or Brussel), a city that despite all the worst aspects of modern capitals, still has appreciable beauty and history. I had a full day there, not being due in Bruges until evening, and made the most of it: the Old Quarter is conveniently near the *gare centrale* (getting the right railway station can be a problem in Brussels) and I spent the morning pottering around it; the flamboyant exuberance of the *Grand Place* with its gilt *Hotel du Ville* contrasts strongly with the small side streets that surround it. Tourism is more obvious here — especially round the street-corner fountain called the *Mannekin Pis*, the unsubtle vulgarity of which evidently appeals, if one can judge by the number of badly produced replicas of it available in the surrounding shops. I also fear it distracts visitors from the more appreciable sights to be seen — one of which, the Cathedral (dedicated to some obscure

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saint with an impossible name) was, despite its majesty, practically deserted when I visited it. I fancied a go on the Metro, and so whizzed (there's no other word for it) down to a spot South of the city, where I found a wonderful 'Royal Museum', containing a very well designed section on Imperial Rome. You can't get away from it.

After a fine lunch in a cheerful little *brasserie* discovered in the northern chunks of the city I found another impressive church, where a 3.00 p.m. Organ Recital served as a pleasant alternative to having a siesta on a park-bench. A spot of meandering through the numerous bookshops in the Old Quarter brought me back to the station (again the correct one, *mirabile dictu!*) where I hopped on my train to Bruges.

Here I really got stuck on languages; I could more or less cope in Italian, bad German and memories of 'O'-Level French, but Flemish threw me. I ended up muttering some curious blend of German and French which must have entertained, if not enlightened, the natives. I was staying with my Great Aunt in her convent in Bruges (or Brugge, if you're that way inclined) — I've always referred to her as a great aunt, though she's actually some sort of second cousin several times removed; but the possession of a Great Aunt implies a sort of semi-Victorian respectability that rather appeals to me.

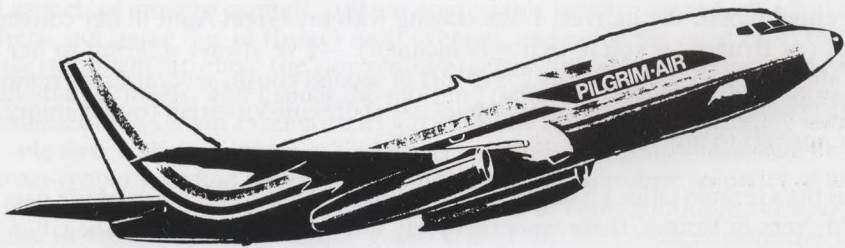
In the German cities I had visited, I was struck by the balancing of the new and the old; here in Bruges, there were relatively few signs of the new — the city might almost deserve a ubiquitous guide-book epithet: 'unspoilt'. My room in the convent was on the top floor, and as the convent was one of the taller buildings in the heart of the city, I had a clear view of the skyline: the rooftops of the smaller buildings were, as it were, pierced dramatically by three buildings: the towers of the *Belfort* and the Cathedral, and the spire of Notre Dame; these three were discretely floodlit, and presided over the dark rooftops of the city at night, undisturbed by more modern towering piles. The winding streets of the city and the canals break it up into an almost confused, maze-like complex; wandering round it is a delight.

And again it was time to move on; midnight of the fifth day of my journey discovered me perched on my (still burdensome) suitcase on the deserted platform of the railway station, thence to catch the train to Oostende to pick up a ferry to Dover; from there but a short hop to London, and then home. That unorthodox seat in Bruges was, in a sense, the end of my journey as a pleasurable experience: from there on it became a search for seats, sleep, trains and tickets: functionalism was triumphant and art got chucked out of the train window.

This was why I had undertaken the (at times arduous) railway journey from Rome to London: I didn't want to ignore what I would have been flying over if I had taken the 'easy' option. Until the ferry-train, travelling had been pleasure in *where I was* — not pleasure at the thought of where I was going, and was a valuable experience because of that; it broadened my outlook and increased my appreciation of many aspects of the life, history and art of other nations. I might even venture to disagree with the famous comment of Horace: "*Coelum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*" Successful travel *does* change the traveller.

James Manock

Italy



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The Justice & Peace Group

At the time of writing, the *Times* has been reporting on the battle for the “moral high ground” in Parliament. On 24th May Mr. Kinnock asked Mrs. Thatcher what biblical text inspired her to cut child benefit and end free school meals:

“Could it have been Mt 27:24 ‘Pilate took water and washed his hands’?”

There was also the following edifying exchange:

Mr T. Clarke (Labour MP): “Pious words themselves do not always represent Christian value.”

A Conservative MP: “Sit down then.”

When such Christian principles are being lived out in Parliament itself, can one doubt the value of the more modest “J & P”?

The College J & P group has now completed its third year but, like many a political party, it is attempting to revamp its image. In its first two years it was a rather penitential affair, meeting during the lunchtime fast on Fridays or on Friday evening for an all-out overdose of “good works”. This year I think we have found the English College wavelength: occasional Sunday evening ‘Forum’-style sessions and free wine!

Also in an attempt to broaden the scope, I devoted the first meeting to looking at the conservative philosopher Roger Scruton. Unfortunately the old guard were out in force and I found myself in the incredible position of playing devil’s advocate, as his ideas on property were shot down in flames. Talking of ‘old guard’, Paul Shaw kindly agreed to give the next talk on ‘economic morality’. The talk was loosely based on a *tesina* by one Raglan Hay-Will (whose departure last year meant the loss of one-third of the group’s ‘hard core’ membership). Happily, there was a large turn-out from the first year, perhaps drawn by Paul’s first hand experience of political events. What was it like to be in on the start of the Fabian Society? How did you feel when Gladstone’s Home Rule Bill was thrown out? We ended up talking about priests and money, “that tainted thing”: will our idealism hold out when Mass stipends start to trickle in?

The highlight of the year was Jonathan Harfield on the Stock Market crash. Jonathan’s merchant banking experience has given him a thorough knowledge of the mechanism that is International Capitalism. It seems you only have to touch one part of this delicate device and currency goes up, trade comes down, budget deficit goes up, investment comes down, etc. The only solution? A cut in social security and the farm subsidy. But this leads us on to VALUES. . . . At this point Esdaile¹ was spoiling for a fight but, like a coward, I intervened to remind people of morning prayer the next day.

Mention of the next meeting merits a Newbyism:² “The trouble with you liberals is you only choose those bits of the magisterium that suit you”. Entirely in this spirit,

¹Footnote for Old Romans: Robert Esdaile, student of the College; the only man in College with a peace poster on his door; the other third of the ‘hard core’.

²Footnote for Old Romans: Peter Newby, student of the College, *Spectator* reader; formerly Chairman of the Cambridge University Fabian Society until he “saw the light”.

the next session was devoted to the new Papal encyclical *Sollicitudo Rei Socialis*, hot off the press. Tell you what: I'll swallow *Humanae Vitae*, if you swallow the social magisterium?

Our final two talks were from Sr. Philomena Morris from 'Movement for a Better World' on parish renewal, and Fr. John Marsland from Young Christian Workers on the See – Judge – Act (and don't forget!) – *Review* approach. Those who attended received more pastoral theology than a whole semester of Prof. Midali (admittedly, not very difficult).

In line with the group's more laid-back approach I imagine the year will close with a 'J & P' pizza and poetry evening' during the villeggiatura and, who knows?, a J & P Real Ale Festival during the summer. Maybe a talk on 'Why I believe in the individual *and* being nice to people, without getting too committed' would help us to regain the middle ground. Any volunteers?

Nicholas Kern



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Pastoral Work

1. Continental Catechesis!

3.20 on a Tuesday afternoon finds a group of five or six students stuck in the traffic on the Via Cassia in that masterpiece of Italian technology — a Fiat Pulmino. Their destination is St. George's English School, which is (on a good day) a forty minute drive from the College, and their purpose is to teach Religion to children between the ages of five and fifteen, and to prepare some of them for the Sacraments of Confession, Communion and Confirmation. These are eventually received at the College, First Communion on a Sunday in May and Confirmation on Pentecost Sunday.

Over the last four years I have been involved in the preparation of children from the Primary School for Penance and Eucharist; in that time I have become aware of both the advantages and of some of the problems involved in such Pastoral work. The two most obvious difficulties with this form of Pastoral Work are, first, the fact that there is no specifically religious ethos in the school (it being non-denominational) and therefore Religion classes are relegated to the status of an extra-curricular activity; and secondly, that the families are spread over a wide area of the Northern suburbs of the City and consequently have very little contact with the College as their Parish Church. While it has to be said that several families attend their own Parish or National Church (the nationalities of the children are not limited to English or Italian) and some attend the Sunday Mass at the College, nevertheless others have little or no contact with a Parish community. This, then, raises the problem of their commitment, and is also a challenge to those who teach their children, in that they have to bring the parents into their catechetical programme, thus helping them to realise that they are, in the words of John Paul II, “the primary educators of their children”. It emphasises the problems associated with a non-parish based Sacramental programme.

Despite all this, teaching at St. George's has provided me with useful pastoral experience: one advantage in trying to put my faith across to seven year olds and their parents is that it has helped me to think more about that faith (notwithstanding the fact that some of the questions the children ask could tax most of the profs at the Greg: for example “Why didn't Jesus use microphones at the Last Supper?”). A further advantage — perhaps a more objective one — is that teaching religion at St. George's is a response to a need that exists. That response is rewarded when we see parents and children join us for Sunday Mass — for some parents a fresh start — or in the smiling faces of the First Communion Mass (English restraint trying to control Italian exuberance — not that this inhibits English enthusiasm!).

After four years I have become aware of the value of this form of pastoral work. At times, and not only when stuck in a traffic jam on the Via Cassia, it may seem either superficial or ineffective, but, in the end, “Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth: but God that giveth the increase.” (I Cor.3,7)

Paul Daly

2. A New Roman Legion?

At midnight on 6th June, 1987, at the hour when the Holy Father inaugurated the Marian Year with the celebration of the Pentecost Mass at St. Peter's, seven members of the College initiated their own Marian undertaking. Six students and one priest recited for the first time the prayers of the Legion of Mary, thus forming the *praesidium* 'Redemptoris Mater'.

Most readers will need no introduction to the work and aims of the Legion; founded to promote the lay apostolate in the Church by Mr. Frank Duff in Dublin in 1921, the organisation was, within a few decades, established throughout every continent of the world. So fruitful was its apostolate that Pope John XXIII was able to say to the Legionaries of France that the Legion of Mary "presents the true face of the Catholic Church". More recently the present Holy Father, in addressing the Italian Legionaries, declared that the commitment of the Legion has become more urgent since the vitality of the Christian laity is the sign of the vitality of the Church.

Sharing in a minor way in this great challenge, the College *Praesidium* has, since its foundation, taken on a number of apostolic works. These have included assisting the Missionaries of Charity in their work for Rome's 'poorest of the poor' at San Gregorio near the Colosseum, and helping in our local parish of San Lorenzo through Parish visiting and Youth work. One of our future plans is to work with Mother Teresa's sisters in their recently opened hostel at the Vatican. We are confident that all these pastoral experiences will better equip us to support the lay apostolate in that future priestly ministry to which we aspire.

This commitment to pastoral work, however, has not hindered in our group of nine the ability to relax . . . there was that pilgrimage/*gita* to Gennazzano, for example!

As the Marian Year draws to its close it is our hope that we can continue our humble venture and so thereby, in the words of John Paul II, "through love for the mother, the Son, who is the Way, the Truth and the Life of every person, will be more known and loved."

Paul Cuff
Terence McGuckin

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In days of old (like Caxtons?) printing was achieved by using individual pieces of type for each character, putting these pieces together to form the whole page, inking them, laying on a piece of paper and taking an “impression”. A blanket term for this process could be “Letterpress” — and this survived until the 1950’s with only the introduction of mechanical composition of the type and high speed presses; but nevertheless the same basic method as used by Gutenberg (1399-1468)!

When Basset took over the composition of *The Venerable* in 1985 “photo-composition” was used for the first time. Basically, a word processor is employed to capture the words onto a floppy disk, thence by way of a negative strip of the correct typestyle, the characters being ‘fired’ at high speed via a strobe light source onto photographic paper, thus producing a bromide. After pasting-up into pages by your editors and incorporating advertisements, etc., the pages were re-photographed and printing plates produced for printing by offset-litho.

Apart from changing its name to WHM Photosetting, Basset have now re-equipped with some of the latest state-of-the-art photocomposition methods. One drawback with negative strips of characters was their susceptibility to dust; this has been overcome now because all typestyles are captured digitally and housed on a floppy disk. One advantage of this is that whereas before we could only ‘mix’ four different typestyles and five different sizes of type in any one job, now we can have 60 typestyles on-line and an infinite number of sizes as we can print (would you believe) from $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch high by $\frac{1}{10}$ of $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch increments to a maximum of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches high! What’s $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch high type like I hear you say —

Digitizing also allows us great flexibility with what we can actually do with the type — electronically. Thus we can **CONDENSE** type from 50% by 1% steps all the way through to an **EXPANSION** factor of up to 200%! While condensing and expanding we can also ‘italicise’ type either *FORWARD* or *BACKWARD*. One can see the possibilities for a graphic designer! Another little quirk is ‘reverse video’:

THIS IS REVERSED VIDEO

In our general typesetting work, one of the most useful features of the equipment is its ruling ability. This enables us to draw lines from very fine to as thick as the client wishes, in both the horizontal and vertical planes. A glance at the advertisements in this magazine shows how often this facility for ‘box ruling’ is required — although most of the advertisements in *The Venerable* come in as artwork supplied by the client ready for pasting-up. Finally, we can produce various ‘boxes’ of interesting design with either rounded or square corners; we finish with a few examples:



Dennis and Mary Barratt

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“Jeszcze Polska nie zginela, póki my żyjemy”

In the gap after the February examination session Peter Newby and Stephen Langridge ventured as far afield as Poland and Finland; this records some of their experiences and thoughts. The title is the first line of the Polish National Anthem: “And Poland will be free, as long as we live.”

The reverential tones of the shrine were startling. Here there was none of the noise and jostling that one expects in a typical Italian shrine. Instead solemn parties of school-children, on a half-term treat, would be led up to the altar rails hand in hand to recite the Hail Mary and listen to their teachers explain the remarkable history of Our Lady of Częstochowa. Crowned as Queen of Poland in 1717 in the face of government opposition, and later Commander-in-Chief of the Polish Forces, she now remains at the ‘alternative’ stage of Polish life. She embodies the great and seemingly unsurmountable gulf that exists between the party and the Polish people.

It was no military figure that gazed down upon the pilgrims as they attended to their devotions. Her countenance was rather one of great sadness at the tribulations of her people. Even the mosaic tear running down the Virgin’s face in Torcello Cathedral does not compare with Our Lady of Częstochowa in melancholy. The two scars on her face add to this sense of grief and are symbolic to most Poles of their struggle for independence.

As guests of the Archbishop we were given seats at the front of the sanctuary for the hourly pilgrim Mass. Behind us the nave was full of pilgrims singing patriotic songs and hymns. The congregation was filled with children who had come with their parishes from all over Poland. In Finland schools close in February for a skiing week; here they spend the week in the care of the Church. At the end of the Mass, to the sound of trumpet blast, the gold and jewel-encrusted covering was lowered over the icon with much grinding of gears and loosening of chains. The pilgrims departed and the shrine resumed its quiet meditation. Meanwhile we were taken off to lunch in the monastic refectory, where we joined a party of industrial chaplains, two from every diocese, who were spending three days at the monastery in retreat. During lunch they were addressed by the Cardinal of Szczecin on their role in the workplace. For better or worse the Church has had to take on the mantle of Solidarity in promoting the rights of workers enshrined in the Church’s social teaching. Brother Simon, our host, showed us round the monastery afterwards. He explained the monastery’s turbulent history, but he seemed hopeful, since it was full of monks and the building fabric had been repaired with foreign donations. The repository did a brisk trade in icons, rosaries and images of Our Lady. Contrary to the religious artefacts available here in Rome, most seemed to be in good taste. Throughout our stay in Poland we were impressed by the high standard of modern church art and architecture. In a state-dominated art world where the only acceptable art-forms are those of social realism and abstract art, the church provides the only opportunity for expression.

Throughout Poland new churches are being built after a thirty-five year break to cater for the increasing urban populations and to compensate for the mass destruction of the Second World War. Until the Solidarity era, new church building was a virtual impossibility, but one of the lasting fruits of that period has been the relaxation of government controls. Throughout the newly built suburbs of Warsaw and Gdańsk new

churches are being built with Western donations. Even our guide thought that some money could be spent on schools.

It was in just one of these churches that Fr. Jerzy Popieluszko preached his monthly Mass 'for the Fatherland'. Since his murder the church has become a Solidarity shrine. The walls are covered with pictures of him and the Solidarity movement. In all these pictures he is wearing the image of Our Lady of Czestochowa sitting and preaching in Churches bedecked with Solidarity posters. Our guide informed us that it was a no-go area for the police, and during the Sunday afternoon drizzle a steady trickle of pilgrims paid their respects at the tomb outside the church. In the choir-loft is an exhibition of the Pope's last visit to Poland, during which he visited the shrine. There are pictures of him praying at the tomb — his head bowed down, rubbing the polished granite surface of the cross-shaped tomb.

To think of Solidarity as simply a Western trades-union in an Eastern country would be a mistake. Rather it embodies the ideals of the nation. Its collective memory remembers those lacunae in the official history of Poland. Nearly every church we visited had mementoes to these lacunae. Here outside the church stands a small bronze statue of two small boys dragging an ammunition box; it is poignant reminder of the Warsaw uprising in which the centre of the city was completely destroyed, and which was watched cynically by the Russians from the other side of the Vistula. Surrounding this statue are plaques entitled 'Martyrologia 1939-1945', recalling the mass slaughter that took place in Poland during the War. It includes such infamous references as 'Buchenwald 240,000', 'Mauthaus 154,000', and of course Katyn. This murder of half the Polish Officer Corps by Stalin after the partition of 1939 has never been officially admitted to by the Russians, though cryptic messages from Mr. Gorbachev about looking at the facts again might indicate a change.



St. Bridget's Church, Gdansk.

The name of Katyn came up again in Gdańsk. After tea in his palace the Bishop, an urbane and cultured man, took us back to St. Bridget's Church where we were staying. As we strolled around the church with him, the Bishop remarked that the monument to the Katyn woods massacre was the most political statement in the church. It seemed an odd choice since the simple black marble tablet looked rather innocuous compared to the contorted bronze body of Fr. Popieluszko lying on the floor. The church itself had been rebuilt as a concession by the Polish government after the 1970 riots outside the Lenin shipyards situated in the Parish. Gdańsk, like Warsaw, had been completely destroyed in the War, but afterwards, when the government started rebuilding the cities, it refused to build any churches. Indeed Gdańsk had no Bishop until 1955, since the Diocese had been in the formerly independent state of Danzig before the War. The rebuilding of the church was the brainchild of Mgr. Jankowski, who is chaplain to the workers of the Lenin shipyards. He recreated the gothic architecture of the Hanseatic League, but such fittings as the Baptistry and Tabernacle have been designed by modern artists. In this way the church has combined collective national memory with artistic freedom, something completely alien and antipathetic to the Communist state.

The evening of our visit coincided with the procession through the dimly lit streets of the Gdańsk suburbs of a replica of Our Lady of Czestochowa. By the time we arrived the procession had reached the church and Mass had begun. Outside the church stood a few hundred parishioners in the bitter cold singing hymns and listening to the sermon. The processional route was delineated by hundreds of flickering candles placed in the windows of the tower blocks that faced the road. These flickering lights outlining the drab modern buildings gave testimony to the depth of



Mr. and Mrs. Lech Welesa with their youngest daughter, Catherine Bridget.

faith here. Every day the same thing would be happening for over a month as preparation for a national pilgrimage to Częstochowa at the end of the Marian Year.

On our return to the presbytery we sat talking, discussing what to ask and say to Gdańsk's most famous son, Lech Wałęsa. One of the reasons for visiting Gdańsk was to meet him, and to take some photographs of his youngest daughter for a friend in Rome. He was due in the presbytery the following afternoon for a meeting with some University teachers.

The police were still there the following morning — two overweight men in a small Polish Fiat. Their continual presence made us feel guilty — of what I don't know. We spent the morning walking round the city. Our Roman training directed us to the Market; it proved to be a disappointment, since there were only some rusty apples and a few decapitated fish for sale, which had obviously not seen water for some days. We passed through the main streets of the centre. The city is a favourite tourist spot for Germans, as the Hanseatic architecture reminds them of Germany before the War. The rebuilding continues, but there is no authentic port atmosphere, since there is nothing either to buy or sell. The morning passed and we returned to the presbytery for lunch.

They were due at two o'clock; neither Lech Wałęsa nor his wife spoke English or German, but providentially a Swedish journalist was due to meet him who spoke a fortunate combination of Swedish, Polish and English. They arrived, followed by a group of Solidarity officials. Greetings were exchanged and the photographs were taken under the ubiquitous gaze of Our Lady. After the photo call he spent an hour talking to us about Solidarity. We asked him various questions; what were its present fortunes? Why had it failed? Who controlled it? What were its inspirations? Throughout the interview officials came up to whisper things in his ear. Suddenly it was all over; the meeting was about to be convened. He said that something big would happen soon in Poland. (In retrospect, four months later, the protests did not last long.) We declined his invitation to the meeting, saying we had a train to catch. It seemed a feeble excuse, but neither of us wished to embarrass our hosts in Warsaw. On the train I felt that we had let him down. Would Fr. Popieluszko have done this? Probably not.

Twenty-four hours later we were drinking beer with the Parish Priest of St. Peter's Church in Helsinki. The contrast could not have been greater. Travel can open the mind, but it is also the ultimate dilettante pursuit.

Peter Newby

Nova et Vetera

1. Beatification of Eighty-five Martyrs of England and Wales — 22nd November 1987

The subject of “The Beatification” seemed to creep into conversations almost as soon as we were back in Rome after the October retreat. At first, there were few real facts to go on — an ideal situation for students wishing to speculate on the possibilities offered by such an occasion. However, idle conjecture gave way to well-founded knowledge as the Vice-Rector began a series of briefings, keeping the House informed of the arrangements being made from London. It became clear that, in addition to taking its part in the various ceremonies, the College would be host to groups of pilgrims from England and Wales who wished to celebrate Mass and visit the place associated with nine of the martyrs.

Preparations began in earnest. Tim Swinglehurst delved into the archives to find documents relating to the martyrs, while an exhibition was organised in the Library by Peter Newby and Dominic Rolls which was to provide a focal point for visits to the College. James Manock produced a concise guide — finished about two hours before the first group arrived! In fact, the days before and after the Beatification were very hectic: sacristans and organists, guest-masters and common room men bore the brunt of the work involved, with others volunteering help to look after groups. In all, over 2,500 pilgrims in more than twenty groups visited the College in the space of a few days. Most celebrated Mass in the Church where Durante Alberti’s painting of the Trinity hangs, a visible link with the time of the martyrs; it was before this picture that the first students would gather to sing the “Te Deum” in thanksgiving for the martyrdom of one of their number. Recognising that for even the most doughty of pilgrims spiritual refreshment alone is not enough, a cup of tea was provided in the refectory before a tour of the College began.

On the Friday before the Beatification, a group of the Friends of the Venerable joined us for a talk by Stephen and Elizabeth Usherwood. Co-authors of a book on the eighty-five¹, they gave a vivid description of those difficult times, reminding us that the deaths of these martyrs spanned nearly a century (1584-1679). There were priests and lay-men, of all ages and positions in society and from every part of the country; all were united in bearing witness to Christ.

The witness given by the martyrs was emphasised by the Pope in his homily at the Beatification Mass on the Sunday. It was the Feast of Christ the King and the Holy Father linked the martyrs’ lives and deaths with the words of Jesus in the Gospel: “Yes, I am a king. I was born for this, I came into the world for this: to bear witness to the truth; and all who are on the side of truth listen to my voice.” Pope John Paul spoke of their courage and joy and recalled their love of the Eucharist and their loyalty to the successor of Peter. The Pope also renewed the prayer that the blood of the martyrs would be “a source of healing for the divisions between Christians”, rejoicing in the “deeper understanding, broader collaboration, and common witness” possible today. The Mass at St. Peter’s was a solemn and moving occasion. On behalf of those present and of all Catholics in Britain Cardinal Hume formally petitioned the Holy Father to grant the title of Blessed to George Haydock and his companions, so that the Church might commemorate them in her liturgy. The sense of historical continuity was highlighted by the presence in the congregation of descendants of some of the martyrs.

Friends of The Venerable

(English College Rome)

Aims

- to make Catholics of England and Wales aware of the work of the Venerable
- to learn about the history of the College
- to join pilgrimages to Rome
- to enjoy spiritual and social benefits
- to help the College in any way

Membership

The following are being invited

- existing donors to the College Appeal
- members of the Roman Association
- all those who wish to be associated in a spiritual and cultural relationship with the English College

Contact

- regular newsletters will be given to Friends detailing College activities
- it is hoped to restart pilgrimages to the College itself and to increase visits to the Villa

Subscription

- the minimum subscription will be £5 per annum
- Friends will be encouraged to pay this by Deed of Covenant so that tax may be recovered
- Friends will be encouraged to give as much as possible to help set up an Endowment Fund.

For information on membership of the Friends of the Venerable, please contact:

Bernard Sullivan, The Secretary, Friends of the Venerable
33 Wilfred Street, London, SW1E 6PS Telephone: 01-834 7586

The Westminster Cathedral Choir made a special contribution to the atmosphere in St. Peter's, singing the Gloria from Palestrina's "Missa Papae Marcelli" and motets by the English Tudor composers Tallis and Byrd. Coping valiantly with the difficult acoustics of the basilica, they provided a pleasing contrast in style to that idiom favoured by the Sistine Choir.

That evening, Archbishop Ward of Cardiff presided at Vespers and Benediction at the Chiesa Nuova. The Oratorian church was full to capacity, with many people standing and the weariest finding a seat in the confessionals! It was very much a family celebration, perhaps the most relaxed and prayerful of all. The Cardinal struck just the right note when he spoke of the martyrs, as it were, looking down upon us, bridging the gap of the centuries and united with those who had come to Rome from all parts of their country. Echoing the Pope's homily, Cardinal Hume spoke also of those other Christians who died for their beliefs, and wondered whether they too might be there in spirit, rejoicing that the bitterness of those days had been put aside. As the long procession, including more than three hundred priests and most of our bishops, made its way back to the sacristy after Benediction, the spontaneous singing of the hymn "Faith of Our Fathers" echoed around the church. There followed a reception at the College for the families of the new Beati and other guests. Thus the inhabitants of the Via del Pellegrino were treated to the spectacle of a Cardinal walking by in full scarlet splendour, not to mention numerous bishops and priests on their way from the Chiesa Nuova.

The celebrations closed the following day. In the morning pilgrims had an audience with Pope John Paul II at which Cardinal Hume thanked the Holy Father for declaring our martyrs Blessed. He assured the Pope that the Church in Britain would continue to be true to the heritage received from them. Monday afternoon saw the celebration of a final Mass in honour of the martyrs at the Basilica of St. Paul's Outside the Walls, at which the Cardinal presided and Bishop Gordon Wheeler preached. Under the able direction of Mark Langham, the College Schola sang a setting of Psalm 115. Composed for the occasion by Michael O'Connor, it brought to mind the martyrs' courage in adversity — "I trusted, even when I said: 'I am sorely afflicted'" — while being firmly rooted in the musical tradition of this second Elizabethan age.

It proved to be an exciting few days for all, if rather an exhausting time for some students. Everyone will have his own memories of the occasion, perhaps especially Russell Wright who sang the Gospel at the Beatification Mass. There was a feeling of being caught up in the continuing history of the church in our land and of the need for witness to Christ today. We thank God for the example of the martyrs and pray that we may always follow it in our time.

David Bulmer
Luiz Ruscillo

¹ Stephen and Elizabeth Usherwood, *We die for the Old Religion*, London, Sheed and Ward, 1987. (£4.95)

Nova et Vetera

2. From the “Venerabile” of 1936: The Canonisation of John Fisher and Thomas More

One of the places on the itinerary was, of course, the English College, and the pilgrims looked forward to the visit keenly. “When are we going to where you live, Father?” they would ask, showing not only their interest in the College, but their great kindness and friendliness towards ourselves. When they came here it was, we need scarcely say, our connection with the Martyrs which interested them most. They touched reverently the books the Martyrs had used, and looked with awe at their signatures in the *Liber Ruber*; and when we showed them the Martyrs’ Picture in the College Chapel, they prayed before it with all that great fervour we have long known to expect from the English pilgrim.

The Rector had seen to it that the College should look at its best for their visit. The reception room opposite the Chapel, restored to the ancient beauty it no doubt once possessed, had its walls hung with gold damask and its furniture neatly upholstered in red. The drab yellow curtains in the main corridors had been removed, and new ones with a tasteful colour scheme put in their place. A beautiful carpet stretched along the whole length of the main corridor, and when the glass doors of the garden were thrown open, a neat new shrine of Our Lady was revealed, just beneath the perspectives of Brother Pozzi. The whole College was, therefore, in very neat trim for our visitors, and they appreciated the spectacle very much. Two things at least they enjoyed which were not in the official programme, Egbert the tortoise, and our diseased gold-fish.

Sunday, May 19th, the long expected day, came at last, and all were up betimes and along at St Peter’s well before 8 o’clock. Of the students nearly everybody had a really splendid view of the ceremony: it was for most of us the first we had seen though we had assisted at several. One could scarcely say, however, that the majority of the pilgrims saw much more than the Pope’s entry and exit in the *Sedia Gestatoria*, though their tickets were certainly better than the ordinary ones; and many of them were very disappointed as a result. The offering of the candles, bread, water, wine and birds was made by Archbishop Hinsley, the Rector, Mgr Hallett, Padre Agostino, the Postulator, and the Vice-rector. The small birds (several canaries, and, if we remember rightly, a gold-finch or two) were all jumping about very excitedly and chirping, and the Pope could not help smiling when he saw them coming. Many of the pilgrims thought it was customary to let the birds loose on the spot, and a wild pigeon they saw flying about in the Basilica strengthened them in their belief. The turtle doves offered, and two of the candles, were afterwards sent to the College: the doves were placed under the care of our nuns and accompanied us out to Palazzola for the *villeggiatura*.

The ceremony ended towards 1 o’clock, and the pilgrims gave the Holy Father an overwhelming ovation as he left the Basilica, especially when he turned round at the bottom of the nave and gave his final blessing. He was, after all, as everyone in Rome said, the Postulator General of the Cause. Illuminations at 9 p.m. closed the great day. We saw the pilgrims down to St. Peter’s, but it was too late to accompany them back afterwards, so they all had to manage for themselves, which somehow or other, despite the great crowds, they did.

Chaos at San. Lorenzo

Surprising as it may seem, the title refers not to a College “house function” at our parish church, but to the week-long stay of participants in the “pilgrimage of trust on earth” organised by the Taizé community in Rome at the New Year. In all it was a marvellous occasion, the parable of joyful communion in faith and trust that it was intended to be, but there were moments when the faith of this particular organiser wavered somewhat. . . .

The idea was that we should cooperate with the young people in the parish in preparing the meeting, but unfortunately they both had to work on the days concerned, so four or five students took on the task of preparing a “soup-kitchen” breakfast of chocolate and bread, preparing a service of morning prayer and “animating” the morning meetings of the group (who spent the rest of the day at prayer, meals and meetings elsewhere in the Eternal City).

I must have the word “mug” written in large letters across my forehead or something, for as well as coordinating happenings at S. Lorenzo, I was talked into welcoming two planeloads of English pilgrims at the church of Dodici Apostoli during the night before the meeting was due to begin. Five hours’ sleep on a stone floor therefore served as preparation for a day spent welcoming the parish’s guests, explaining to the assembling company of Poles, French, Germans and a solitary Portuguese that they were very welcome, that I hoped they would be very comfortable, that I was sorry that there were only thirty mattresses between fifty of them and that the others would have to sleep on the stone floor, that I was sorry that there was no heating and that there were only two toilets and a cold tap and a fountain between them all and that I’d see them tomorrow. . . .

Once they’d got over the shock of their new surroundings and decided to make the best of it, the group worked surprisingly well. (I can vouch for just how uncomfortable the accommodation was, having stayed there myself at another Taizé meeting some seven years earlier, by a strange irony.) The only hitch came on the Tuesday night. When it came, it came with a vengeance:

10.00pm — arrive back from the community’s evening prayer (held simultaneously in three basilicas) to unlock the parish rooms.

10.30pm — notice some lost looking Polish girls, who turn out to be locked out of a parish flat where they are staying, three Germans having gone off with the key. To my horror I realise that I haven’t seen the Germans since the previous night. Surely, they can’t have left, taking the key with them?

10.45pm — run round to the College; explain predicament to various members of staff, who can’t see what can be done; explain predicament to various students, who start making up beds in the “lift-room”, the “electrician’s cupboard” and other unlikely places.

11.00pm — arrive back at S. Lorenzo just in time to meet the returning Germans. Start to lock up the parish rooms.

11.10pm — head for home . . . and bump into a group of five Polish girls and three Germans who can’t get into their parish flat, the key having bent and then broken in the lock.

11.15pm — run to the flat of my only contact in the parish. No she’s sure that there is no other key; the only thing to do is to phone Don Augu’ and get him to open the troublesome door.

11.30pm — a seminarian, eight girls, a 75 year old parish priest and his housekeeper (these last two in dressing-gowns) can be seen struggling with a broken lock to the accompaniment of my grovelling apologies. Success at last! Just time for seven hours' sleep before it's time to make breakfast. . . .

But, amazingly, that was the only hitch we had all week. We even managed to get everyone down to the catacombs and back without losing anyone (though I've *never* been on such a crowded bus even in Rome!).

The cynic might say: yes, that's all very well, but what was the *point* of it all, what did it *achieve*? I can't say what effect it had on the young people as individuals, but to see a real community grow from nothing, in difficult circumstances and despite language-barriers, to meet so many young people searching for Christian commitment in their lives cannot be other than a source of hope and a sign of "trust on earth".

Robert Esdaile

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“Birthdays Celebrate . . .”

A Sermon preached by Mgr. Jim Sullivan on his Eighty-fifth Birthday, 13th April 1988

A birthday: the anniversary of a birth. Parents observe the first birthdays of their child. Only as time goes on does the child learn the date of its birth, and is loved and encouraged into keeping it. Birthdays make us the centre of interest: they build up our self-esteem, betoken stages in life's journey. You are a big boy now: now of an age for going to school, for going to church, for making your first communion, for leaving school. Parents and others carry and support us from babyhood into the age of self-reliance, responsible action, and decisions about what we will do with our lives.

Birthdays celebrate an achievement and urge us to look forward in hope. In our declining years, a note of sadness may touch them; a stirring of fond memories; a sigh for the long departed. We may even prefer to let a present birthday slip by unnoticed. Jeremy and the Rector put it to me that I distinguish my present one by presiding at this Community Mass. The suggestion gratified me. I was, am grateful for it. Even to me, an eighty-fifth birthday seems to call for special celebration. It is five years beyond when Cardinals are barred from voting in conclaves; ten years beyond the age when Bishops are invited to step down from their thrones; lesser mortals retire from their professions at even younger ages. I count myself one among them. It is well over ten years since I retired from holding public office and a position of responsibility in the Church. A few months later, I came to Rome to settle into a happy and contented life within this College and community.

At the time of my appointment to be President of the English College, Lisbon, in 1947, I was in my mid-forties. The traditions and customs of the College had ceased to exist. I, together with the other three priests who agreed to join and work with me, had to reawaken them, to breathe fresh life into them. I persuaded myself that if we could plod along till I was fifty, the College would be firmly re-established and take on a new lease of life in a Church that lived by tradition.

Those were the very years during which the highest authority in the Church was patiently and with discerning heart and mind weighing up the worth and spiritual power of some of the most honoured of liturgical traditions: the centuries old ceremonies of Holy Week. A fortnight ago we sensed how intensely and profoundly the liturgy of Holy Week can affect the life of a seminary. In 1951, a decree of Pius XII drastically restructured the Triduum Sacrum, and threw many of us into confusion. We had to put to rest old traditions we in Lisbon were struggling to revive. The unexpected was happening.

By hard experience we had to learn how traditions, that is to say, familiar and accepted ways of going about things — worshipping God, expressing our Faith in public prayer — could lose touch with the values they were intended to transmit; how some traditions could, in the course of time, obscure, even smother to extinction one aspect of a value in the effort to conserve other aspects of much less importance. Trust and obedience enabled us, as the years went by, to perceive how deeply Pius XII had dug into the past of the Church and uncovered some of its forgotten and most precious riches. He made the Triduum Sacrum stand out from other seasons of the liturgical year as the birthday of the Church: a birthday that should become personal to every Catholic Christian by the renewal of baptismal vows. This means that we have

two birthdays each year: one into our human family, the other into the family of God. They intertwine, match one another, each becomes a model for the other. All birthdays recall and gather up our past, select from it and increase our confidence in meeting the challenges the year ahead will bring with it.

In Lisbon, the staff toasted one another as each one's birthday came round. Students had *pasteis* to eat, a little extra wine to drink. The President's birthday was singled out from others by being a *dies non*: no classes, no study, no reading in the refectory. Did I display the same boyish glee as one of my predecessors when two representatives of the student body offered me their greetings? Pleasant and friendly were those feasting and toasting. They came to an end in the summer of 1971. I was back at where I began on being appointed to Lisbon. The future of the College was under discussion, students were withdrawn, and almost certainly the decision of authority would be to close the College. *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*: the passing of the years brings about changes and we cannot escape their influence.

The outstanding changes for seminaries in my lifetime were initiated by the Second Vatican Council in the 1960's. Of set purpose, the Council met to restate the Church's message and reassert its authority within a rapidly changing world. It deliberated on the values it stood for: it reshuffled them, and gave them varied emphases: it clarified and rearticulated much of its teachings. The resulting documents surprised even those who had produced them. The presence of the Holy Spirit had been almost physical. For those who watched the Council from afar and read about it, there was excitement mingled with other feelings and sentiments. *Tempora mutantur*. The Council solemnly affirmed the critical importance of priestly training: there would have to be changes.

We in Lisbon had to take account of this. It created problems for us. After much anxious reflection, we brought them to the notice of our bishops. They consulted among themselves, and in the end advised Rome to close the College. Rome accepted the advice.

Once upon a time I persuaded myself life would run smoothly along after my fiftieth birthday: the regular discipline of a seminary together with correct relations with authority would avert serious problems. We all have to learn the lesson of taking nothing for granted except God's love and mercy. At a snail's pace I move towards real assent, as Cardinal Newman might put it, to the foundational truth: God alone is my security.



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It is otherwise with saints, sages and apostles. They quickly seize hold of and become the reality which another traditional saying enshrines, and they act it out energetically: *stat crux, revolvitur mundus* — the world spins round on its unstable axis, the cross stands erect as the sign of man's safety and salvation. To translate into more personal terms: the world is the self, the brittle, fragile, self-loving self; the cross is the denial of the self-loving self-centred self. The denial is a painful activity, sometimes extremely painful, for the pains are the birthpangs of Easter Joy. The saying has its implications for priests. Remember the words of St. Paul: Behold, I am in labour till Christ be formed in you.

But on a birthday we may also recall Our Lord's words: a woman in childbirth suffers, but when she has given birth to the child, she forgets the sufferings in her joy that a human being has been born into this world. Our birthdays have to do with that joy; they rekindle it, share it. My child, I know not how you were formed in my womb, but by God's help I gave birth to you. They also commemorate a father's pride and joy as he took his new-born baby into his arms, smiled on it, blessed it with a kiss, acknowledged it as his own flesh and blood, and humbly praised God, the Almighty Creator. Birthdays above all bring joy and gratitude to the person whose birthday it is. God said, let us make man to our own image and likeness and put him over all else we have created; and God saw that it was very good. Easter sheds its light on every human birth, on all our birthdays. God loved us into existence: He loved us into eternal life by sending His Son in our likeness and His Holy Spirit to sanctify us. Families and friends feast and toast birthdays. There is an appropriateness in celebrating the attainment of a determined number of years with liturgy and Mass. After all, conception and birth give new-minted, individual, distinctive existence in another human being to God's pledge and promise of joys without end.

Thank you, Father Rector; thank you, Jeremy; thank you, all, for letting me preside on my eighty-fifth birthday at this liturgical celebration. You will all, I know, join with me in the community's praise of God, and in my thanks above all to Him who gave me life and being, together with a promise of eternal happiness in Jesus Christ Our Lord.

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Pupils are prepared for the public schools, to which many scholarships and exhibitions have been obtained.

The Headmaster and Mrs. Ketterer are always delighted to meet parents to show them the school and to discuss the educational future of their children.

Romanesque —

Not Fare Well — But Fare Forward Traveller

(or how the gita-book gets written)

Friday night, in that sempiternal interval when the conversation is flowing between Supper and Visit, last minute gitas are planned:

- Don't you think Rahner's a bit polyphiloprogenitive?
- And the fool was only trying to write from a double-density floppy to a ULA format! Well, I ask you?
- Is that a long word meaning boring?
- You doing anything the Free Weekend? Sorry, I mean Free Sunday?
- But don't the students today think he's sapient and subtle?
- Well, I hadn't planned anything. You?
- It was alright, though; he only deleted the Other Person's Junk File.
- I know this place in Siena. I'll give them a ring. You go and get a *cestino*. (Exeunt two students.)
- I don't suppose anyone reads him nowadays. It is 1988 you know.
- Certainly not!
- O.K. We're in! We're going on a gita! Yippee!

(Though sometimes this turns out as "Oh, I suppose we have to go then.")

- Eee, is that the time. . . .

It is, in fact, the time; the glass is chinked, and with a background noise of crashing china and broken plates we file reverently into the chapel.

Not all gita plans are quite so straightforward. More common are endlessly engaged numbers, *pensione* owners with inadequate English, finding the time, and so on. However, gitas, even the worst prepared, get off eventually, and sometimes even go according to plan.

You might wonder why people go on gitas at all — at least why they go more than once, since all Italian towns are the same. They are all surrounded by medieval walls, which the guidebooks claim to be Roman. The discerning can also trace Etruscan walls, but should be deterred from doing so; it is a long, laborious operation and the walls finally displayed are indistinguishable from builder's rubble. These walls enclose the *Centro Storico* — shorthand for dangerous to walk, frightening to drive and impossible to park. In the centre is the *Duomo*, usually an ugly Gothic building — but they often have attractive Baroque additions (especially altars) from when they were re-ordered in the eighteenth century. The facade either looks like rubble (when it is described as a '*rustic facade**) or is faced with marble in green and white

stripes (when it becomes an 'arresting facade**!'). In either case it will probably have two lions, crudely carved and looking like otters, on either side of the main door.

As well as the *Duomo* there is always another church called St. Barabbas or St. Methuselah, which is 'worth a visit'. It rarely is, but gets one anyway since there's nothing else to do while you're there. If you are really lucky you get another church with a '*Pinturoccio**' (or some other artist quite unknown outside Italy), usually as far as possible from the *Duomo* and for which, if you reach it before the *siesta*, you have to pay 1000 lire to illuminate the dark chapel.

In between the various sights are the charming (that is to say very narrow) medieval streets, whose cars make them just a little more dangerous than Rome.

So much for the run of the mill. What really makes a gita is a 'discovery' or a 'disaster'. A discovery doesn't mean, as you might think, that you unexpectedly come across a church with a Giotto altarpiece that no one else seems to know about. It can't be done. They are all already listed in the standard guides (and are all *in restauro* anyway) and are all visited by hundreds of disappointed visitors with whom the locals commiserate by shrugging their shoulders and saying '*Beh!*' The students wouldn't be interested anyway. If we wanted culture we would visit the Capitoline Museum more often than the current rate of 0.02 visits per student per year. No, a discovery means finding a convent or *casa* or somewhere where no one from the College has been before and where

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This list is, of course, in descending order of importance. After a discovery like this, when you get back to the College and enthuse about it over Supper, you get polite congratulations through gritted teeth from students who have stayed at expensive, noisy *pensioni* in the same town. Then for the next three years students in groups of five or six pile in for every free Sunday or holiday, until the hospitable people lock and bar the gates, put up an 'Infection — do not enter' sign and dig a moat and fill it with pirahna. . . .

Not everyone makes a discovery, but almost everyone has a disaster, and these on the contrary are very well received by the rest of the house on your return. To a practical eye the gita-book is full of signs of little disasters; e.g.:

PLACE: X

ITEM OF INTEREST: None

HOW TO GET THERE: Miss the connection at Assisi (not recommended).

But not all are as subtle as this.

Disaster gitas usually start with some problem with the transport. You miss a connection or your train is cancelled. The next one, a *diretto* (from Naples) arrives one and a half hours late and is already full of peasants or noisy children, chickens, goats and Napoli fans. All the Neapolitans, who have comfortable seats in the compartments, crowd out into the aisles, which are already full, to shut the windows, start smoking and shout at each other *in lieu* of conversation. From time to time the train stops inexplicably at minor stations. The railway officials push their way through the aisles, shrugging their shoulders and saying '*Beh!*' Eventually you arrive just as the *siesta* is starting and all the churches are closing. And then when you start your *cestino* you are joined by a group of Italian schoolchildren with fluorescent jackets and socks who want to practise their English (which consists of 'Hello, my name is Massimo' and a stream of rude words happily disguised by an impenetrable accent). From here on arise the differences; all unhappy gitas are unhappy in different ways.

I'm something of a connoisseur of disasters. (It's probably why I was asked to write this article.)¹ I don't compare with some of the masters of the disaster, remembered in College lore who have now taken their expertise to parishes in England. But one does one's best. One such was the 'Siena gita' — so called because we were supposed to sleep there. In retrospect I suppose it was a mistake to set off for a major tourist centre on a Bank Holiday weekend in Summer without booking a seat on the train or a place to sleep. Retrospect was right (as usual) since we got neither.

¹*It was.* (Ed.)

On the way to Pisa, our first stop, we had wonderful views of scenery from the aisles (since we had our faces pushed against the windows rather frequently). But we arrived safely. The gita-book recommends the leaning tower. Lots of other people must have seen the gita-book because the queue to get in was immensely long. Everyone who goes there climbs the tower, spends about three minutes at the top, says the standard 'Of course Galileo never dropped the apple here — he was in Padua at the time', descends and sits at a safe distance, camera ready, hoping that the tower will fall down. It didn't. So instead we looked at the Cathedral (or *Duomo* — '*facade ***', with green and white stripes) then idly ate our *cestini* while watching the *ragazzi* playing football — using the '*severamente vietato*' signs as goal-posts.

San Gimignano is about thirty miles (or four hours) from Pisa. The best view of the towers (which is all there is to see) comes on the bus on the way there. Still it does get three stars in the guide-book so you feel you have to look around. So do the coach-load of fat and red-faced tourists who like us were heading for the Cathedral, checking each facade in their Baedekers to make sure they were appreciating the right things. In droves they swarmed up to the Cathedral, looking down from the dim frescos to their guide-books and back again, to ensure they had seen it. We would have been pleased to 'respect the silence of this sacred place' if there had been any to respect. In droves they swarmed back down to the coaches, passing the less energetic who sat like lobsters in front of ice-creams in all the road-side bars.

And so on to Siena (ten miles, two hours), where we soon found nowhere to stay. Having made sure of this (which didn't take long) we resigned ourselves to sleeping

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rough, and decided to do it properly. We scouted around for old newspapers and cardboard boxes, stuffed the former down our jumpers, arranged the latter and settled down on a bench outside the church of San Francesco. The night was miserable, cold and uncomfortable and was interrupted only by fifteen minutes of sleep. At 5.30 a.m. the happy occurrence of rain gave us an excuse to get up. Unhappily it continued all day. We weren't in much of a state to appreciate the glories of the city (even one of the stripiest facades in Italy). After a very early Mass and a determined attempt to see at least a few of the sights, we gave up and took the complicated series of trains that connect Siena to Rome.

Back at the College things were much better. News like this flies fast and we were soon surrounded by concerned students commiserating:

- You didn't have to sleep out?
- Not on a public bench, with no covering?
- It must have been awful!
- It didn't stop raining all day?
- How awful!
- And to think you asked me to come!
- Poor things!
- It sounds really terrible.
- You should have stayed at the —— Sisters; they've got a wonderful place by the Duomo and they don't charge anything.

It's wonderful to see how a little disaster will bring out the best in people.

And so another gita form gets filled in:

PLACE: Siena

PLACES OF INTEREST: Any hotel

ACCOMMODATION: Piazza San Francesco; cheap, but basic.

Francis Lynch



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THE UNIVERSE

A Troubled Transition — The Roman Association and the English College 1913-22

Arthur Hinsley was not expected to become Rector of the English College when the post became vacant in 1917. His name was not even on the list of those put forward as suitable candidates, though he was favoured by the out-going Rector, McIntyre, and the Cardinal Protector, Gasquet. His inheritance was an extremely troubled one and he found “a down-at-heels College with a great past, an unworthy present and a problematical future”¹ still reeling under the burdensome legacy of the long Rectorship of William Giles (1888-1913). Many gave Hinsley six months as Rector at most, and certainly he had few supporters at home. Many of the English Bishops doubted his determination and courage, and the Roman Association — set up in 1865 to provide burses for students — were deeply suspicious of the post-Giles administration and its criticism of the previous regime under which most of the Association members had served as seminarians.

Despite the fond memories of Old Romans, William Giles had not been a successful administrator and was clearly only marginally interested in financial matters. The Apostolic Visitation of the College ordered by Pius X in July 1914 spent three years examining the running of the College. The *Libro Mastro*, used for recording financial transactions, had been largely ignored, and while the College ‘*essatore*’ calculated that the College was in credit L5054, the Visitor, Raffael di San Giuseppe, reckoned the accounts held only L2251². Writing in the 1942 *Venerabile*, Richard Smith remembers this Carmelite Visitor daily trudging the Monserra to struggle with the chaos of financial insolvency brought about by the medieval system of accounting used in the VEC up to 1917. Monsignor Prior, Vice-Rector under Giles, inspected the old Rector’s room after Giles’ death and left a rather pathetic memorandum:

“Money found in Mgr Giles’ Room at his death.
In drawer of writing table (Lire905) Lire 1132.40³.
Rest in one of his bags (L227.40)”

From their parishes in England, members of the Roman Association could not appreciate the gravity of dereliction and decay which faced the VEC after the death of their fondly remembered Rector. It was this misunderstanding that generated future opposition.

Canon Aloysius O’Toole was the treasurer of the Association at this time, and his correspondence with the College provides a good part of the evidence for the disquiet and deep suspicion of the Association towards the new order in Rome after 1913.

A good example of this and also of the dire state of the College buildings, appears in the “notes”⁴ O’Toole prepared for Hinsley on the latter’s assumption of office in November 1917. Referring to renovation of property in the Summer of 1916, O’Toole reports that a contract for 25,000 Lire was agreed with a Vatican ‘*ingegnere*’

for the work, to be completed by a fixed date. He then catalogues a series of disasters:

“By 23rd May 1917 the repairs were still incomplete and the cost had mounted to 79,500 Lire. In July 1917 the buildings were still in the hands of workmen. The rents, 20,000 Lire, on which the College depends for part of its income are not yet available. It is said the ‘*ingegnere*’ has selected the best suite of apartments for himself and decorated them to please himself.”⁵

O’Toole and the Association were unambiguous in their condemnation of the College regime. Earlier in the same “notes” he informs Hinsley ominously that, “the administration of the English College has been in the hands of Benedictines of San Calisto for a considerable time”⁶. Gasquet was a Benedictine living in San Calisto, and the sequestration of College funds had been ordered as a part of the process of the Visitation.

Apart from disquiet at the innovations in the College after Giles’ death, the origin of the Association’s grievance in 1917 can be traced back to a series of clashes with Gasquet and McIntyre over the raising and, especially, the handling of funds to restore the fabric of the College. Hinsley himself was to inherit both this grievance and the clash. In 1916 a desperate McIntyre had written to the Roman Association informing them of “the neglected appearance of the College” and that “a complete renovation is imperatively demanded”⁷. Gasquet, Cardinal Protector of the College since the Summer of 1915, had added a much calmer and more collected letter proposing outright “that the Society should hand over to the College the Capital of the burses it has generously contributed for the education of students at the College and that the College undertakes to take the same number of students free of all cost



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and to allow the Society to nominate them in the same way as before”⁸. Amidst protestations of deep gratitude to Gasquet for his interest in Alma Mater, the Association said no:

“If we cannot accede to your suggestion, it is because our funds are held in Trust for a specific purpose. . . . We have ventured to make some suggestions to Bishop McIntyre, which we are convinced will have great practical results.”⁹

The suggestion Aloysius O’Toole made to McIntyre was that the English Bishops should order a collection to be taken at all Masses in England for the restoration of the English College. The hierarchy refused to take charge of a restoration fund themselves, but gave their support to the Association to raise the required amount. It is a tribute to the zeal of Aloysius O’Toole, to say nothing of the generosity of English Catholics burdened by War taxation, that the Restoration Fund had collected some £6,144 by August 1919. This did not include a further £1,100 contributed by the Association members themselves¹⁰. Though very successful and the financial salvation of a run-down College, the Association refused to hand the Restoration money over to the VEC authorities. Gasquet wrote curtly in February 1917:

“. . . you promised to raise a substantial sum from the members of the Association and their friends to be spent on repairs etc of the College. I would ask then, what has been done in this matter, as if the necessary repairs are to be undertaken at the end of this ecclesiastical year we ought to have in hand at least £1000 for the purpose.”¹¹

The ensuing dispute centred on the delicate question of control of the Restoration Fund. O’Toole and the Association not unnaturally claimed that the English hierarchy had given them jurisdiction and that therefore the money was legitimately under their control for the renovation of the College. As such, they would not give a penny to Gasquet, McIntyre or Hinsley until assured that the money would at no time be spent on the restoration of College property as opposed to the College itself. They also considered “it was undesirable to commence the work of renovation on a large scale until twelve months after demobilisation had begun,”¹² no doubt because of fear of the upheaval and uncertainty in Europe after the signing of the Armistice in November 1918. Even if the Cardinal Protector and the Rector accepted the Association’s control of the Fund, which they most emphatically did not, they could not accept O’Toole’s censure on spending money on College property since the rents from such properties were the bread and butter of College income. Nor could they afford to let the College fall into further disrepair just to satisfy the caution and natural conservatism of the members of the Roman Association. The affair brought to the fore all the inherent suspicion of the Roman Association towards the College authorities, and O’Toole wrote to Hinsley in May of 1919 all but openly accusing him of dishonesty and opportunism. After illustrating a number of occasions on which the authority of the Association had been undermined, usually with Hinsley’s connivance, O’Toole concludes:

“I don’t presume to comment on these excerpts. I place them in juxtaposition for your present and future meditation.”¹³

Not many contemporaries, however, considered O’Toole to be rightful controller of the Restoration Fund, including Bishop Amigo of Southwark and Cardinal Bisletti of the Congregation for Seminaries who ordered the Roman Association to release the money in the Summer of 1917. The above letter to Hinsley

of 1919 shows that O'Toole was still very much grieved by the way events had turned out concerning the Fund. It must be added, though, that O'Toole did not sufficiently understand the situation Gasquet, McIntyre and Hinsley faced in these years, and that he most probably let his suspicions get the better of him. He was a loyal and tireless campaigner for the College, but his view of the College had not suffered change since his days as a seminarian around 1885 (see picture of him at the top of the Tea-Room corridor). The Visitors of 1914 onwards, who had uncovered such irregularities, expected Gasquet and the Rectors to reverse the fortunes of the College and gave them every proper authority to do so. The Holy Father himself had taken an interest in making the College more "dignified and attractive"¹⁴, as McIntyre told the Association in 1916, and the same Pope, Benedict XV, wrote officially to Hinsley in 1919 encouraging his efforts¹⁵.

Undoubtedly the resistance and stubbornness of the Association had created quite untrue suspicions of disloyalty to the Holy Father among powerful curial officials, such as Bisletti and Sinibaldi, who knew nothing except that the College's Roman Association were refusing to release funds ordained for the restoration of the College by the highest authority. As it was, the Association took matters into their own hands, and petitioned Monsignor Prior, Vice-Rector under Giles, and then Dean of the Sacred Roman Rota, to present to the Holy Father a hand-written account of the Association's aims and constitution, and of its contribution to the Restoration Fund for the College¹⁶. Pope Benedict wrote a letter of congratulation to the Association, and bestowed on them his Apostolic Blessing.



Cardinal Hinsley.

By 1922, when the Association met for the first time in Rome at the cordial invitation of Monsignor Hinsley, relations had been remarkably restored between Association and College authorities, thanks mainly to Hinsley's great tact and diplomacy. Many of the members of the Association held little love for the old College Villa at Monte Porzio, and O'Toole's correspondence with Hinsley shows how enthusiastic the Association was over the purchase of Palazzola¹⁷ and the Sforza-Cesarini property adjacent. They were probably impressed too that a Rector who was meant to lack courage and determination had made such good use of the Restoration Fund money to give the College central heating, to purchase new furniture and to open up the Salone, and also to take on the Elizabetine Sisters to look after the domestic arrangements of the College (see Peter Newby's article). Hinsley's invitation to Canon O'Toole and the members of the Association was thus a well-timed move to end an unpleasant feud. J. O'Connor of the Association wrote of the Rector in the "Venerabile" of October 1922:

"He had . . . brought the College and the Roman Association into a wholly new and intimate relationship which it is to be hoped may be permanent."

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NOTES

- ¹ Richard L. Smith in "Cardinal Hinsley", *Venerabile* Vol XINo 2 (May 1943) p106.
- ² See note 8 of Chapter 8 of Michael E. Williams' 'THE VENERABLE ENGLISH COLLEGE ROME'. Assoc. Cath. Pub 1979.
- ³ VEC ARCHIVES. *Scrittura*. 81.12
- ⁴ Ibid 86.2
- ⁵ Ibid 86.2
- ⁶ Ibid 86.2
- ⁷ Ibid 84.12
- ⁸ Ibid 84.12
- ⁹ Ibid 84.12
- ¹⁰ Ibid 86.2
- ¹¹ Ibid 86.1
- ¹² Ibid 86.1
- ¹³ Ibid 86.1
- ¹⁴ Ibid 84.12
- ¹⁵ Ibid 86.2
- ¹⁶ Ibid 86.2
- ¹⁷ Ibid 86.1

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Old Roman Notes

“Would you write the Old Roman Notes this year”, the Editor enquired. I replied that I could but try, so may I thank all those who replied to my letters giving me information of the work of those numerous Old Romans on the Mission. If I may start with my own Diocese of Westminster, Terry Phipps has been made National Chaplain to the Guild of Catholic Doctors, Derek Jennings is now a curate in Chiswick, John Arnold is Chaplain to Westminster Hospital, and Terry McGuckin has been appointed as Theology Tutor to the Beda.

From South of the river, Southwark has reported the highest number of Old Romans since it was divided from Arundel and Brighton. The total now stands at 18 including the Archbishop. Things are different in Southwark! David Gummatt became assistant priest at Dartford whereupon the Parish Priest promptly retired, a case though of *post hoc sed non propter hoc*. Paul Hendricks continues as curate in Tooting but is also teaching philosophy part time at Wonersh where Tim Galligan has been made Vice-Rector. Charles Briggs, Nicholas Hudson and John Kenny, all of recent memory, have been appointed curates to Tunbridge Wells, Canterbury and Bromley respectively.

Moving Southwards to Arundel and Brighton, we were saddened to hear of the death of Mgr. Canon Timothy Rice. Requiescat in pace. Canon Ernest Wake now lives in retirement in Bognor Regis. Richard Ingledon has returned from Geneva to become Parish Priest in Haslemere. Michael Jackson visited the College recently in his capacity as Secretary of the Bishops' Conference's Committee for Christian Unity. Bernard Longley is now teaching at St. John's Seminary, Wonersh on completion of a Licence in Dogmatic Theology. Rags Hay-Will has been appointed curate in Hove after leaving the College.

Out of the depths of East Anglia, we hear that Michael Griffin has been appointed Parish Priest of St. Lawrence in Cambridge, and Eugene Harkness has become Judicial Vicar and chairs the Diocesan Commission on Married Life. From the depths of Wales, both Canon Clyde Johnson and Michael Burke, our men in Menevia are expecting to move. Both still practise their Italian on the local community — what is Italian for lava-bread? From Cardiff, of the three Old Romans, these two are about to embark on further study, Liam Hennessy to study Canon Law in Canada and Patrick Coleman to study for a Theology Doctorate in Germany. This leaves only Robert Reardon as Parish Priest of Christ the King in Cardiff.

From the West Country, we have heard with sadness of the death of Rt Rev Louis Farrow. He studied his theology at Stonyhurst while the College was in exile and returned to Rome with the College to study Canon Law. Requiescat in pace. Bishop Mervyn Alexander has convened a year-long Diocesan Synod of which Joseph Buckley is the General Secretary and to which all the 'Old Romans' contribute. Tom Curtis-Hayward has taken a sabbatical year in a Christian ashram in India while Brian McEvoy is promoting the R.C.I.A. as Director of the Diocesan R.E. Centre.

Our sole news from Birmingham is that Mgr Kieran Conroy has finished his work in the Pro-Nunciature and has returned to his Diocese. Moving to the green fields of Shrewsbury, we have heard that Canon James Lowery has been made a Monsignor in recognition for his work as Diocesan Treasurer. Denis Marmion has

moved to Our Lady's Birkenhead, Frank Pullen to St. John's New Ferry where Michael Raiswell was sent after leaving the College. John Rafferty has recently moved to St. Peter's Hazel Grove as Parish Priest and Chris McCurry to English Martyrs, Wallasey. Back from across the pond, Ernie Sands now acts as 'plenipotentiary liturgical adviser'. David Long has moved to St. Teresa's, Wilmslow as curate to join Chris Lightfoot and maintain a Roman tradition. Stephen Coonan is now on the Diocesan R.E. team. Finally it is with sadness we report the recent death of Mgr Kelly, the former Diocesan Treasurer and Fr. Jack Gannon. Requiescant in pace.

Across the Mersey, we are happy to report that Mgr Leo Alston has been made a Protonotary Apostolic. Brian Murphy is now working full-time on the Metropolitan Tribunal along with Paul Robbins, while acting as Chaplain to Thingwall Hall for the Adult mentally handicapped. Gerald Anders is assistant priest at St. Clare's, Francis Marsden at St. Aloysius and Peter McGrail at Christ the King, Childwell.

To Salford, home of our Editor: Mgr Michael Quinlan is now Vicar General as well as Chancellor, Mgr John O'Connor has given clergy retreats for the Plymouth Diocese over the year while Nicholas Paxton has been caring for and cataloguing the Gradwell Library at Upholland College. After teaching philosophy for many years in the Beda, Mgr Michael McConnon has returned to Salford and become Parish Priest at St. Mary's, Heaton Norris. Mgr John Allen celebrated his Silver Jubilee this year by receiving James Anderton into full communion with the Church. Tony Grimshaw has left the bucolic landscape of Longridge for the delights of the Alban Hills as Director of Palazzola. Lastly it is with great sadness we hear of the death of Archbishop Dwyer. Requiescat in pace. (Please see Obituary.)

Our Lancaster agent informs us that there have been few moves, but that Thomas Smith has been made Parish Priest at Fernyhagh, the Walsingham of the North — in case you live in the South! Michael Murphy has moved from Barrow to become Chaplain at Lancaster University, and Canon Dakin is Chairman of the Liturgical Commission and Diocesan M.C. Bishop Pearson, Auxiliary to Bishops Foley and Brewer sadly died last Spring. Requiescat in pace. (Please see Obituary.)

From Hallam we can report that the *Venerabilini* are few in number and stable in their appointments and activities ('clergy-speak' for keeping their heads down!). The only news is that the 'redoubtable' Anthony Towey has been appointed curate at St. Bede's, Rotherham having left the College last Summer. Thomas Whelan, a former student, now studying Law at Durham, is seen in Wanswell Catholic Club where his grandmother lives! Matters are not so stable in Leeds. William Burtoft has retired as Headmaster of St. Bede's, Bradford and has become Parish Priest at Our Lady of Grace, Kinsley. Mgr Michael Buckley now works at the 'House of Healing' in Scarborough. Mgr Billy Steele has moved from Wakefield, having been succeeded by Mgr Philip Holroyd, so starting a new Roman tradition, and is now living in 'a vast and hospitable' presbytery in Bradford as the Diocesan full-time Ecumenical Officer. Gerald Creasey has moved as Parish Priest from Cleckheaton to St. Francis, Morley.

Southwards into Nottingham, we were saddened to hear of the death of Mgr Mark Swaby, head of the Pontifical Mission Society. Requiescat in pace. On his return from Rome, Liam Kelly has been appointed curate in Mansfield and is Diocesan Information Officer, where to all accounts information is hard to find. Finally in Northampton, we heard of the death of one of the great College figures, Mgr 'Dad' Hulme. Requiescat in pace.

Like the marriage feast at Cana, the best wine is served last. In the case of the Old Roman Notes, these are our Golden and Silver Jubilarians. To Lawrence Wells, Mgr Louis Ashworth, Philip Pedrick and Gerard Swinburne, *Ad Multos Annos*. Lawrence Wells, ordained 17th July 1938 is still active as Parish Priest of St. Cuthbert's, Blackpool. His first appointment was to Our Lady, Star of the Sea, Preston, and he served as Chaplain during the War. Mgr Louis Ashworth now lives in retirement in Boarbank Hall, Grange over Sands, where he served as Chaplain after returning from Tokyo. He served there as Secretary to the Apostolic Delegate having studied at the Accademia after the War. Philip Pedrick, a devoted member of the Old Roman Association, now lives in retirement at Totnes, Devon. Finally Gerard Swinburne is now in charge of a small congregation at St. Herbert's Crozdale Hall. He was sent to Cambridge after leaving the College and spent many years teaching at St. Mary's Grammar School in Darlington.

Francis Duggan, Rt Rev David Cashman, Francis McKeever and Donald Wilkins unfortunately never saw their Golden Jubilees. Requiescant in pace. In their lives they did outstanding work for the Church on earth. Bishop Cashman, originally a student for the Diocese of Birmingham, was first appointed to Our Lady of the Angels, Stoke. He later became Secretary to Archbishop Godfrey, then Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain. In 1956 he was appointed Parish Priest to Arundel, and two years later was consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster. Later in 1965 he was translated to the newly created Diocese of Arundel and Brighton which he served till his death in 1971. *Pie Obiit*. It is reputed that during the Second Vatican Council he mentioned to Cardinal Godfrey his desire to return to England but was told by the Cardinal that "We may need your 'non-placets', David"! Francis Duggan taught for many years at St. Bede's, Manchester before retiring to Chipping where he died after a long illness four years ago. Francis McKeever, the 1936 Editor of this magazine, was a priest of the Diocese of Birmingham, who was appointed to St. Mary's in Burton on Trent after leaving the College. Finally Donald Wilkins of the Diocese of Southwark was first sent to St. Mary of the Angels, Worthing, who through ill health had to retire early. To all these Venerabilini, *requiescant in pace*.

With little information on the Silver Jubilarians, we can but wish Michael Butler, Rt Rev Peter Cookson, Rt Rev Canon Corley, Richard Dearman, David McGarry, Brian Newns, Michael Sharratt, Michael Tuck and Michael Tully, *Ad Multos Annos*.

Obviously, though some things never change, as the 1964 Diary makes abundantly clear. "July 23rd, Tuesday. Both company and conversation down at the tank are not nearly so engrossing today but Bishop Restieaux who has returned to England assures us that we will see him again."

Palazzola Report

Looking over the past year at Palazzola one's immediate response is one of praise and thanksgiving to God, "For He who is mighty has done great things for us". After a wonderfully happy Villeggiatura, when everyone experienced a sense of community and belonging, there was the joy of the Diaconate ordinations of Russell, Thomas, Alexander and Simon. It is a privilege to be part of a support group that helps and encourages a young man towards this day.

The Golden Jubilarian Sisters of Mercy spent a happy two weeks with us and showed their usual zest for life with its daily round of prayer, activity and recreation. Of them one can truly say that "the joy of the Lord is their strength". The Summer Groups brought their own special spirit to the Villa, joining in the prayer life of the community, sharing meals, fun and sometimes serious discussions over a cup of tea on the terrace. Again during this time it was wonderful to meet so many "Old Romans" who have a deep love for Palazzola and are always interested in the developments and are most encouraging and supportive.

The highlight of the summer was the visit of His Holiness, Pope John Paul II, when he came to meet the members of ARCIC. It was a great day for Palazzola, and at short notice, everyone worked hard to ensure that the church, cloister, garden, dining room and food were worthy of the occasion. To sit and share a meal with Our Holy Father reminded one of the Last Supper when the disciples ate with their Master. It was one of those occasions that one would like to re-live in slow motion. However, it was not without its agony as well as ecstasy and I am sure that the incident of the tablecloths had reached England before the ink was dry on any resolution ARCIC may have passed!

Around this time, too, the Irish Hierarchy came to breakfast and spent the morning at the Villa. This was an opportunity for Fr. Philip to do one of his commercials, which resulted in two outstanding priests from Down and Conor joining the Priests' Renewal Programme. This course was a great success, not in its numbers, but in the quality of the priests who joined. They were great community people and entered whole heartedly into every detail of the six weeks — study, prayer, liturgy, relaxation and fun. Their departure was a mixture of sadness and joy — sadness at their loss to the life of the Villa, and joy that they were returning nourished physically and spiritually to continue to give Christ to the world through the gift of their priesthood.

The end of the summer brought the retirement of Alfredo, who has become a legend in his own lifetime. The Palazzola Holiday Groups marked the event by a visit from Frs. M. Cooley, T. Atthill, T. McSweeney and Anthony Coles and Bridget Murphy. After a beautiful Mass in Italian there were drinks on the terrace and a celebration meal, but when it came to saying the grace the guest of honour was missing and after an awkward silence it was announced "Alfredo has gone to feed the chickens". This is the sort of thing that gives Palazzola a touch of "other worldliness". For Alfredo nothing has changed as he can still be seen tending the garden with the same calm devotion. May his great spirit live on in future generations.

The Beatification of the Martyrs brought many visitors to the Villa and it was a special joy to welcome the Friends of the Venerabile, without whose help Palazzola would never have been restored.

Christmas 1987 was an historic occasion, in that Midnight Mass was celebrated at Palazzola for the first time in about seven years. Since this Feast is all about sharing it was lovely to open our doors and hearts to six Canadian priests who came to celebrate with us.

Of course everyday at Palazzola is not like the day the Pope came or other special occasions. It has its own share of difficulties — the isolation of the location, especially in winter, together with the psychological demands of living one's life with a floating population. However, we try to meet each day with faith, knowing we have been missioned to witness to Christ's love by offering welcome, support and friendship to all who come so that no one feels a stranger.

Mgr. Philip Holroyd, who was Chaplain for three years, returned to England in March. His going was a loss and personal sorrow to the Sisters to whom he was a real brother. His care and attentiveness to all expressed itself in a most sensitive and unobtrusive manner; he was always available with a listening ear and a word of counsel, yet giving everyone complete freedom and space. Philip is a man of great vision fired with enthusiasm for the future of the Villa and is gifted with exceptional qualities which made him an excellent Retreat Giver and Spiritual Director. He guided many priests, students and religious on individual retreats and also preached other more formal retreats during his three years as Chaplain. The thing that stands out about Philip is his priestliness; his manner of celebrating the liturgy was always meaningful and his breaking of the word showed his love and knowledge of the scriptures. There are many things around the Villa which will remind us of him, not least the fountain and herb garden! Everyone who came to Palazzola will remember Philip for something different, but whatever that may be, all will remember him as being *molto simpatico*. We wish him well at Sandal and we know that he will be a great shepherd to his flock.

Fr. Anthony Grimshaw, who has succeeded Fr. Philip, has brought his own special giftedness. We welcome him and support him during the settling in and adjusting to a new life style, different from that of a busy parish priest. Leaving familiar things is always a challenge, but Fr. Grimshaw is no stranger to challenge and his six years in Africa as a missionary will help him in his ministry at Palazzola.

If we were to evaluate the success of Palazzola by the numbers of people who come and stay, we would conclude that it is a very worthwhile project; in one week we had people from eleven countries in the world. But what happens in the human heart is more important and judging by the letters we receive and the things people freely share there is no doubt but that each one finds Christ in a very powerful way.

We pray that we can all go forward with great hope working for the glory of God and the spiritual upbuilding of all who come. Catherine McAuley, Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy, when asked about the growth of the Order said "If it is God's work it will succeed without me, but if it is mine the sooner it folds up the better". When reflecting on Palazzola we can all learn from this maxim.

Sister Maria Assumpta Walsh

Friends of the Venerable

In last year's *Venerabile* I mentioned that the Friends had been set up in 1985 following on the successful Appeal for the College started in 1981.

Since then our membership has risen to over 400, but this is only a start. We are looking for a substantial increase if we are to carry out the purposes of our being set up. A small executive group of the Committee met in May for a day and a half's workshop to reassert our commitment to making the Friends a success. We must strive to make the Friends "Catch Fire". The aims are:

To promote love for the Venerable English College.

To disseminate knowledge of its history and purpose.

To support the College in the training of priests.

To foster involvement of the laity in the preparation of men for the priesthood today.

If we are to pursue these aims we have the following objectives. Financially we want to be able to help the College in a number of ways, a long term endowment, assistance with maintenance of the fabric and the funding of special projects. The Friends has also a vital role in undertaking spiritual and social activities. There is a need for formation of local groups who could disseminate these aims. Members should be encouraged to pray for vocations and take an interest in local students who are training for the priesthood and arrange Masses in memory of local Martyrs.

We have already realised the value of Pilgrimages to the College and Palazzola. In last year's *Venerabile* the 1986 Pilgrimage was reported on. In November 1987 Anthony Coles organised a week long visit to Rome to coincide with the Beatification of the '85 English and Welsh Martyrs. A number of Friends were among the group and some of those who were not joined. The Beatification Mass was a moving experience which all those who were present will remember for the rest of their lives. Visits were arranged in Rome and to the Villa where Mgr Philip Holroyd, then Chaplain, greeted us warmly with the Community.

Our last evening there was a memorable visit to the College where the Rector, staff and students entertained us to dinner after Mass in the Chapel. Earlier in the week there had been a visit to the College where we were able to see the commemorative exhibition organised by the students. A highlight was a talk in the Chapel by Stephen and Elizabeth Usherwood, historians of the recently beatified Martyrs. Hearing this in the Chapel where they would have worshipped whilst at the College was particularly moving. A further pilgrimage to Rome, the Villa and Assisi is programmed for late August and early September.

We started in May a new Newsletter for the "Friends": *Venerabile View*, which gave College news and the activities of the Association. This is one way of our communicating with our public and assisting in getting over the message. The Video made available last year can be purchased at £20 a copy either VHS or Betamax. The annual meeting will be held at Northampton on Saturday, 24th September.

What we can do will be limited if the membership is not increased substantially and rapidly. Our target for the near future is 1,000 as a start. We hope that all former students (Old Romans), the College and existing members will strive to find other members. Our

slogan is "Catching Fire". If it does not catch fire it will die and the College will suffer. The continuance of this unique training centre need not be emphasised. If we want priests we have to have seminarians and they need seminaries such as the Venerable where they can train.

The subscription is only £5 per annum as a minimum. We hope, however, that those who can afford more will give more. A covenanted subscription with Bankers Order increases the value to the College by 33% at no extra cost to the donor. All enquiries about subscriptions and the Video to the Secretary: Bernard Sullivan, 33 Wilfred Street, London, SW1E 6PS. He will be waiting to hear from you.

Robin Hood
Chairman



Interior of College Church.

Archbishop George Patrick Dwyer

Sermon preached by the Most Rev. Derek Warlock, Archbishop of Liverpool at the Requiem Mass for the late Archbishop George Patrick Dwyer, formerly Archbishop of Birmingham, St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, 24th September 1987.

Just at the moment I am remembering the unmistakable figure of Archbishop George Patrick Dwyer, looking flushed and bulky in an inadequate Roman-style chasuble, moving slowly and rather unsteadily across the perilous wastes of the sanctuary at Westminster Cathedral, en route to the lectern where he was to preach the panegyric for his friend and apostolic partner, Cardinal John Carmel Heenan. That was nearly twelve years ago now. And I can still see that sad but wry near-smile on his face as he told us that the late Cardinal would not forgive him any attempt at premature canonisation. All he would ask would be our prayers, and he would not wish the preacher to detain the congregation too long. I suspect that these are my starter's orders too.

Archbishop Dwyer did, however, leave behind his wishes concerning both the manner of his death and the conduct of his funeral. "I accept and embrace willingly" he testified to his executors "whatever death God wills for me. I offer it up for all the people of my diocese, especially for the children. I wish to die in the faith of the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church in obedience to which by the grace of God I have never wavered". That was, I suspect to be expected. His instructions for this Mass were more unusual but typical. He requested the Mass in honour of the Most Blessed Trinity. "It was" he wrote, "the one I read every Sunday in my childhood annis circa 1917 to 21, it being the only one in my prayer-book." Its choice says much of George Patrick's piety, as well as his intellect. He made his request "out of devotion to the Blessed Trinity and thanksgiving to God for the gift of the Catholic faith and out of 'pietas' towards my parents who gave me the prayer book". The readings are from the Douai Version, as he wished. "They seem to me" he added "to sum up all there is to be said about Man and God and the Catholic Church".

These several years later, we have of course added, as a first reading, the epistle from the Mass *Salve sancta parens*, for today's feast of Our Lady of Ransom. For it was on this day exactly thirty years ago that George Dwyer was consecrated Bishop of Leeds, the day before his forty-ninth birthday. No one had been surprised when, with cheerful and exuberant faith, he had taken as his motto "*Spe gaudentes*". But you had to understand the man to appreciate how those words still fitted the spirit of that stocky, rather battle-scarred Archbishop, standing at the lectern in Westminster Cathedral twelve years ago to pay tribute to the memory of the brother-Bishop with whom he had so long been associated.

It would not be fair to present George Dwyer within the shadow of his great friend's brilliance. I am confident that history will remember him amongst our Church's "greats" in his own right. Twelve years ago, however, he had himself no personal illusions. So great was the esteem in which he was held, especially by his episcopal brethren, that he recognised the danger and did not hesitate soon afterwards to let it be known that he had taken the usual course of informing the Apostolic Delegate that this time he felt too old to step once more into his friend's footsteps. But he did not altogether escape. He remains the only non-Archbishop of Westminster to have been elected President of the Bishops' Conference — this for a

three year period whilst Cardinal Hume was in the delicate period of “running in” his unexpected steed.

But I must go back. John Carmel Heenan, three years his senior and ex-Ushaw, had been at the English College in Rome for a couple of years before in 1926 George Dwyer arrived from St. Bede’s, Manchester, as a student for the Salford Diocese. If the former clearly possessed star quality, the latter, a brilliant theologian and gifted linguist, was regarded by many as the best student of his generation. In fact they were very different characters and, although a perfect foil for one another — especially later on in a double pulpit — the constant comparison which they endured for many years did not necessarily do either full credit.

Undoubtedly both owed much to the influence of their Rector, Monsignor Hinsley. Both had phenomenal memories, as evident in later years where they would recall student companions, hilarious escapades, and college concerts. If Doctor Heenan was unrivalled as a communicator, Doctor Dwyer possessed a directness which left his listener in no doubt as to his meaning. Yet just as later on, Cardinal Heenan exercised a rapier-sharp perception and clarity, Archbishop Dwyer’s expression of his second opinion on a matter under discussion was customarily brilliant and left nothing more to be said. Both, on different occasions, gave me identical advice about the other: under no circumstances to raise any matter of consequence with the other before eleven o’clock in the morning as he was quite “impossible”.

What mattered most was that both were great priests, utterly devoted to their priesthood and to the people they were called to serve: more than able for any intellectual, and totally at ease with the simplest folk fingering their way around their rosaries to paradise. Neither had any time for humbug and, for slightly different reasons, neither had much time for some of the post-conciliar crises with which others were afflicted. On one I watched Archbishop Dwyer glower his way through a couple of hours’ torment as a conference of clergy discussed the latest identity crisis. “Fatheads” he said to me afterwards. “Don’t they realise that a priest has to be a sign of Christ’s suffering, death and resurrection”. He was absent from the next session. I found him in the library with a book on Etruscan inscriptions.

George Patrick Dwyer was too big, too great a man that I should attempt any detailed curriculum vitae. After Rome and two doctorates, and Cambridge where he was a Lady Margaret Scholar, it was back to St. Bede’s to teach French and Religious Studies for ten years before being invited by Doctor Heenan to help him re-start the Catholic Missionary Society. “He was more than ready” wrote the Cardinal later “to exchange the teacher’s gown for the preacher’s stole”: not the whole truth, I suspect. But the next ten years were the glory years, when the C.M.S. carried out the General Mission, the Catholic Enquiry Centre was started and he wrote the course for converts to the faith. He succeeded Dr. Heenan as Superior and produced on demand brilliant apologetics to meet the challenge of the day. Television followed. Initially he was brilliant, but on one occasion a producer forgot the “not before 11” advice and he was humble enough never to venture back.

And so, thirty years ago today, to Leeds. To calm the so-called “cruel” see, he did not actually have to walk upon the waters, but his energy, zeal and learning did much to doughty Yorkshire for the Church’s call for renewal which was at hand. It was the time of expansion and extension, of “never had it so good”, and before the North/South

divide had opened up. When the 2nd Vatican Council convened, the new Bishop was elected to the Commission for the rule of diocese, where his polyglot prowess and pastoral common sense proved of great value. So did the noisy gusto with which he regaled those of us staying together at the Venerabile, as each night in the refectory he gave us colourful accounts of the day's play in his Commission.

It was about this time that he became known as 'Instant Wisdom'. When Cardinal Heenan learned of this he decided to tease his friend with this nickname. To no avail. "That's nothing" replied the Bishop blandly. "I have a relative who is a headmaster, and they call him God". On form he was unsurpassed.

It was no surprise when, near the end of the Council, he was appointed Archbishop of Birmingham and was installed in this Cathedral just before Christmas 1965. I will not patronise you by telling you about yourselves or what he did with you. When the other day I enquired of one of your priests what he saw as the Archbishop's major achievement, he replied simply, "It was all across the board". We, his brother Bishops, knew of his courageous leadership, especially following the I.R.A. troubles in this city. We knew of his intense loyalty to the Church and of the admiration, which became deep affection, in which he was held, especially by the priests.

Archbishop George Dwyer — George Patrick to match my predecessor, George Andrew — was a great teacher. He taught by speech, by his writings and by his example. As with ill-health he became less mobile, so he maintained his role by little notes, the writing steadily became miniscule. How I treasure the card, which arrived amidst some stormy quasi-political entanglement saying simply: "Auguri as you ride towards the sound of the guns".

All of you have known the splendour of his example in retirement, his loss of movement and ultimately his speech. When I saw him just a month ago he managed a few words and then rested again, his pudgy right fist lying on the sheet. I took it and said to him "So you still have your ring on, George, that mighty fist which wielded authority and power and became the hand of compassion". The squeeze and the smile were adequate response.

In his famous Statement on Moral Questions, Archbishop Dwyer wrote: "The crown of a Christian life is a Christian death. We have a traditional spirituality which looks towards 'a happy death', by which we mean that we die at peace with God, fortified by the sacraments of the Church. It is the part of the Christian to help others in their last hours, to surround them with care, to encourage them to put their trust in God and to give them confidence in the eternal life to which death is the awakening". We are thankful to the Sisters at Selly Park and the Brothers in Manchester for ensuring just that.

I have failed to be brief, just as he failed to be brief twelve years ago. Will you be in danger of canonising him, or will you pray for his eternal rest? We know which he would choose.

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Obituaries

Thomas Bernard Pearson, Bishop in Cumbria

Preston (Priests' Town), the most Catholic town in England, was in the Archdiocese of Liverpool when Bernard offered himself for the priesthood as a lad of twelve. He entered the Junior Seminary in September 1919 for what proved to be the last term of St. Edward's College, San Domingo Road. In January 1920 the transmigration from the heart of Orange-land Liverpool to St. Joseph's, Walthew Park, Upholland, took place. There "Bunny" Pearson was to spend six years as student and one as minor professor.

It was mainly during that last year that he and the then Prefect of Studies, Dr. Tom Flynn, came to know one another. Apart altogether from their academic responsibilities, I think they were drawn to each other by a kindred zest for English prose and poetry.

As boys "Bunny" and I spouted reams of poetry on the shore near my home. His favourites were Shelley and Swinburne: mine Francis Thompson. We visited one another during the vac. He had the edge on me! His father had a car! Quite something in the early '20s . . . !

Our ways parted; he to Rome, I to Spain. We met again in Rome in 1933, the year we were both ordained. He was at the Venerabile, I at the Beda.

I invited him to tea at the Beda. He came with hungry confederates who cleared my meagre provision in no time flat.

After Rome he served in St. Cuthbert's, Blackpool, as Curate, later Parish Priest and finally Bishop Auxiliary. In 1966 he moved to Our Lady's, Windermere. Three years later he moved to Carlisle.

The news of his appointment as Bishop Flynn's Auxiliary came when I was giving a Mission for an old Upholland classmate somewhere in Menevia. We marvelled as we concocted our telegram of congratulations. He was only at the beginning of his forties. Clearly a kindred zest for literature can lead to higher things!

His fame as a mountaineer was no surprise. He had cultivated high and dangerous places in Italy. The Achille Ratti Club will always I hope stand as the memorial of his love for the Pope, the young people and the heights.

My most vivid memory that has just come back to me belongs to our time in Lower Line. It was vacation time. He had come to spend a day with me in my native village of Churchtown.

After dinner we went down to the shore and marched along the edge of the tide. Showing off, as usual, I lit a cigar pinched from my father's drawer. Bunny excoriated me for polluting the sea air "with that filthy weed". If I hadn't got rid of it, I am sure he would have taken off immediately for home and the high hills.

Thankfully he was not himself averse to a taste of high life. Was it not he who guided so many of us to that fantastic Albergo on the Italian-French border where they serve you platter by platter something like a score of *ante-pasti*?

At Bishop's Conferences he was a stalwart supporter of all that put the North into the picture and the action.

My last view of him was at his and my last Westminster gathering for the funeral of Bishop Butler. He was ahead of me on Ambrosden Avenue carrying a heavy bag. Time after time he had invited one up to Carlisle. ("We are practically next door to the station.") Alas . . . !

He took hard knocks gallantly in his day. May his reward in heaven be great — with room perhaps for the odd chance to board the celestial equivalent of the Hispano-Suizor where no speed-limit intervenes and the skyline forms a frieze of high peaks.

There's a tomb in the little graveyard of Our Lady of the Snows at Gavarnie which bears this legend: "He left us for the eternal hills never having known the shadow of the valley." I should think all Bunny's shadows were chased from his life by that truly remarkable event, the Silver Jubilee of his episcopal ordination celebrated in Carlisle in 1974. What a day — how splendidly the Church and the City rallied to the event!

May the *futura gloria* which clears all shadows already illuminate the Bishop *in Montibus Fidelium*.

+ **Thomas Holland**
Bishop Emeritus of Salford

Mgr. Mark Swaby

Lincolnshire has been described as a county with a great deal of sky. Perhaps people born there are able to combine a pragmatic approach to life with the ability to see clearly. Mgr. Mark Swaby, born in Lincolnshire, was a man of vision who had his feet firmly on the ground.

Mark was educated at Louth Grammar School, the English College in Rome, and at Nottingham University where he read mathematics. After a short period at Nottingham Cathedral he was appointed to the staff of St. Hugh's College, Tollerton, a newly founded boarding school for boys who aspired to the priesthood.

There were twenty-six of us when the school opened, and we were not much interested in the finer things of life. The young Fr. Mark taught maths, accountancy, and science — but he also introduced us to the joys of cricket, squash, athletics, music and drama. Every Sunday evening he carried his home-made hi-fi down to the library so that boys could enjoy classical music if they wanted to. His own hobbies included trout fishing, opera, Gilbert and Sullivan — what a splendid Pooh-Bah he made!

He eventually became headmaster, but always lived a simple life. Brevity of speech was characteristic. On one occasion a boy rushed into the staff dining room, shouting that the tower was on fire. Mark calmly replied, 'Then ring the fire alarm,' and went on to finish his cup of tea.

These were things we noticed at the time, but as we became older we were more aware of the deeper influence he had on us by his life of prayer. It cannot be coincidence that 30 boys from such a small school are now ordained priests. There was a balance in his life between leisure, pleasure, hard work and prayer which is thoroughly Catholic.

After 22 years at Tollerton, he was appointed to Grantham as parish priest. Vatican II had confirmed his vision of the Church and the world, and the years in Grantham were marked by his conviction that all people are equally important. He recognised that the Church's work must include the search for Christian unity, and that we are all called to work for an environment that will help people to discover Jesus Christ — which is another way of saying Go and teach all nations. Fr. Mark and his parishioners increasingly involved themselves in practical missionary work. This led to his appointment in 1980 as Director of the Pontifical Aid Society. He brought his own skills to the task to ensure that the best use was made of available resources. His main effort was to improve the environment in which people lived so that they might discover Jesus Christ.

Two events of recent weeks will have given him particular pleasure: the memorable centenary cricket match at Lord's, and the striking commitment made at Swanwick by Cardinal Hume and other Church leaders to work for Christian unity at every level.

Let Mark have the last word. 'One hopes that every day we are conscious of our privilege and duty to announce Jesus Christ to all people by what we say, by what we do, by the lives we lead, and even by the kind of people we are.'

Mgr. Anthony Hulme

On 20th October, 1909 James and Alice Hulme became the parents of twin sons — Anthony and Gerard. They were baptised on the same day and not only did they survive but were destined to become two priests. They began school life at St. John's Primary School, Salford and continued their secondary education at St. Bede's College, Manchester.

Anthony Hulme on leaving St. Bede's embarked on a banking career and it was during this period that he felt called to the Priesthood. He was adopted by the Diocese of Northampton and in 1934 began his training at the English College, Rome and was ordained priest in October 1939. When the War broke out, he returned to England and was appointed curate at the Cathedral where his life followed the pattern of a newly ordained priest. Tony Hulme enjoyed every day of his life as a priest, the Mass, Divine Office and devotion to Our Lady came first in that life, for him, there was no crisis of identity. He had a penchant for working with young

people. Perhaps it was just coincidental that a number of young men entered seminaries during this period but it was no coincidence that the Young Christian Workers which he set up in Northampton continued to grow and flourish. Well ahead of his time in the ecumenical field, he laid down a foundation for the future. As well as the pastoral work he set time aside for study and such was his discipline, and so well did apply himself, that he gained a BA from London University. At the end of the War, he returned to Rome for further studies after which, he came back to the Diocese with a DD from the Gregorian University and a DCL from the Lateran — no mean achievement.

Tony was then to begin a new chapter in his life — that of the Travelling Mission. At that time, there was seven counties in the Diocese of Northampton, and many Catholics lived in isolated hamlets and villages from which there was no Sunday transport; for most of these people there was no opportunity of attending Sunday Mass and in those far-off days there was no evening Mass, no Saturday Mass for Sunday. The travelling mission served a very useful purpose in keeping the Faith alive where otherwise it might be lost in isolation. To cover those many villages throughout the seven counties of Northampton Diocese was a daunting task which Tony Hulme undertook with joy and gladness. Each day, Mass was offered in a different place and a record was kept of those distant villages where Mass had not been offered for over 400 years. As well as this, he frequently returned on Sunday evenings to Northampton to speak in the Market Square. This was well advertised, and so a crowd would gather to hear him speak, after which he would invite questions. He was quite fearless and was at his best when dealing with hecklers — they were no match for his innate intelligence and wit.

The last chapter of his life began when he was appointed as parish priest to the parish of St. Joseph and the Holy Child, Bedford, where he was to spend the remaining years of his life. He was responsible for the building of schools, and the Church of St. Philip and St. James at Brickhill. By nature he was inclined to a frugal way of life which could make life a little difficult for some who lived under his roof, and who at times may have regarded him as being parsimonious; but not so, Tony could be generous to profusion. He was well known and respected in Bedford — a town he had come to love and where he is remembered especially for his delightful sense of humour: just to give one example — when the Pope was preparing to visit this country, Tony wrote to him asking him to bless Bedford as he flew over it on his way to Coventry, afterwards he ruefully remarked that the plane was going so fast, the Pope missed Bedford and blessed Northampton instead.

On May 6th Anthony Hulme offered his last Mass — a concelebrated Mass. He died in his sleep that night at the age of 78. His Mass of Requiem was concelebrated by the Bishop and over 80 priests, and he was laid to rest in the local cemetery. A fitting Epitaph for him would be:

SACERDOS PIUS

HOMO ERUDITUS

AMICUS FIDELIS

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College Diary 1987-1988

May

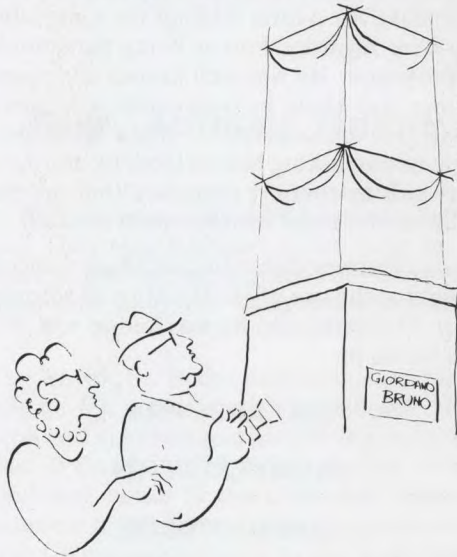
Friday, 15th. Returning from S. Giorgio in Velabro (and the annual Mass for the beatification of Cardinal Newman) — your diarist is distracted from his inner ruminations (viz., how to begin the diary) by the sight of a group of highly agitated members of first-year, buzzing around the notice-board: “Have you seen who’s giving the spiritual conference this evening?!” . . . asks a bulging-eyed neophyte rather breathlessly, “It’s Mother Teresa!” Passing by, Andrew Summersgill (*ex-bambino*, now *doctorandus* and well on in College years) remarks, with all the *insouciance* of an old lag: “Again . . .?”

The cynics, however, are silenced that evening as we are addressed in terms both daunting and inspiring on the gift of the priesthood (for the text see last year’s *Venerabile*). How holy we must be. . . .

Saturday, 16th. First Theology set off for the Alban Hills along with Canon Parker and the *Vice*; purportedly to reflect on their forthcoming institution as lectors. The real reason, however, is that, tomorrow being . . .

Sunday, 17th. First Communions’ Mass for St. George’s, we need more space in the Church for the video-cameramen and bodyguards. The children all look lovely, unperturbed by the formality their *parenti* obviously feel the occasion demands, and an expensive day is had by all.

In the evening, out-going and in-coming Schola-Masters (Philip LeBas and Mark Langham respectively) entertain the rank and file as the traditional Schola Party, complete with traditional gate-crashers, takes place in Peter McGrail’s room — with wine and song we are promised two-thirds of an unforgettable evening.



“I guess he was suffocated for his beliefs.”

Meanwhile out in *Campo de' Fiori*, Giordano Bruno is enfolded in scaffolding and green netting; will we ever see him again?

Tuesday, 19th. The Cardinal arrives for a few days' business; he is content to leave us in the dark about the precise details of his activities.

Wednesday, 20th. Only twenty-four hours to the Nuns' *Gita* and the skies continue to rain down a thin solution of sand: fingers are crossed.

Thursday, 21st. Thankfully the *scirroco* does lift during the night, though it need not have made such a hasty departure: one of the coaches is late and so half our number set off a little behind schedule. Unfortunately, the other coach is very late: the second half follow on after three-quarters of an hour spent studying the traffic on the *Lungotevere*. On arrival in Tarquinia they find that the others have not been idle; some of the chaps have been studying the fine architecture of *Sta Maria in Castello*, the Sisters have been admiring the beautiful gardens and the liturgists have been clucking round the octagonal font.

After Mass we head down to the beach at Santa Severa for lunch, accompanied by exquisite Italian madrigals to be followed by soccer, swimming or sun-bathing, all degrees of athleticism being catered for. The Rector drives back to Rome early to accompany the Cardinal up to S. Anselmo where he is to receive an Honorary Doctorate from his fellow Benedictines.



Canon "Canute" Parker and two courtiers.

Friday, 22nd Bishops from the Northern Province begin arriving today; their *ad limina* visit begins on Monday.

Sunday, 24th. Jeremy speaks at the House Meeting: anxious to bolster our flagging street-cred, we too are to have green netting and scaffolding all over the front of the College. This is to enable the long-overdue repairs to the Monserra' roof and the sprucing-up of the street-side of the building. In answer to comment about the scaffolding and burglars, the *Vice* assures us that Germano will be standing guard.



Work begins on the Monserra roof.

Tuesday, 26th. The Feast of *San Filippo* and we all pay our tribute to the Roman Socrates with Solemn Mass at the Chiesa Nuova. The sermon, Cardinal Baggio's reflections on his own episcopal ordination in the same Church many moons ago, is the only disappointment. Our Pastoral Tutor, Harry Parker, concerned lest we should imitate such poor homiletic technique declares that it was "too long and irrelevant". Later that evening Thomas Wood returns from England where he was having medical checks. He has been told that, though treated for it a number of times in the past, he's never had hepatitis. We are left guessing as to what he really has!

Wednesday, 27th. The Feast of St. Augustine of Canterbury, and Archbishop Worlock presides at Community Mass. The sermon is much better received — could it be due to quotations from *1066 And All That?* Different sounds of Old England fill the church after supper as Bernard Longley and Stephen Shield fulfil a CUCU contract with an evening of Handel.

Saturday, 30th. The *ad limina* concludes with a Papal Mass. During the photo-session afterwards the Holy Father asks how many Bishops there are in England and Wales. Anthony Towey is the first in: Too many! (Does Hallam Diocese have a mission in Siberia?)

June

Monday, 1st. Chaps return after a refreshing weekend away to dedicate themselves to study — for the exam session has begun. Work on the roof also got underway today — any connection?

Thursday, 4th. The DSS puts on his estate agent's hat for another round of 'room-change'. Extra windows are in great demand.

Saturday, 6th. Over the river the Pope presided at the Pentecost Vigil, which also serves to inaugurate the Marian Year. In whimsical mood Fr. Reggie Foster is heard to refer to this sacred function as the "St. Peter's Nuremburg Rally"!

Sunday, 7th. Pentecost Sunday and 10 young people are Confirmed during the Sunday Mass at College. The presiding Bishop is a Pole, Zenon Grochelewski whose thorough treatment of the seven gifts of the Spirit elicits the following rhyme from one wag:

"The Holy Spirit is of incredible strength,
and must be preached at incredible length."

Winding his way through tanks and jeeps, for today is also *Repubblica* Day, Jeremy eventually gets to the airport and the plane taking him to Blighty for the Old Roman AGM.

Tuesday, 9th. Community Mass this evening is at St Mary Major's as we assist at the Novena for the Marian Year. Tonight's chief celebrant is the Cardinal Prefect of the SCDF (who looks a lot shorter in real life!). In the sacristy afterwards he charms us all with his gentle repartee. "I don't think I know your Bishop", he tells David Barrett of Northampton, adding with a smile, "but that's perhaps not a bad thing". Stephen Potter takes advantage of the Cardinal's good spirits, increasing the value of his copy of "The Ratzinger Report" with the author's signature.



Repairs to the College roof.

Sunday, 14th. Trinity Sunday, and the *Vice* recently returned from England presides. His recent trip seems to have made him more sensitive than ever to the shortcomings of *Romanità*. Complaining about the demands of Roman bureaucracy during his after-dinner *discorso* he triumphantly proclaims, "We now have a photocopy of the Bull of Foundation with a hundred signatures testifying that it is in fact a photocopy of the Bull of Foundation!" The speech concludes with a toast to Avvocato and Signora Spani whose 29th wedding anniversary occurs today. *Ad multos annos!* Carlo replies, intent on dispelling the myth that "lawyers only speak when they're paid", thanking God for many blessings of married life, and reminding us of the tremendous privilege of our own calling.

Monday, 15th. Finals-day for those in second cycle at the Greg. All seems to go well despite the fact that Fr. Prato is asking for thumbnail maps of Israel on the tablecloth.

Wednesday, 17th. The Public Purse commits itself to the 20th century as the students vote to purchase a new Video Recorder. Coming soon to the Blue Room. . . .

Thursday, 18th. *Nova et Vetera*: the *cortile* resounds to thunderous applause and outrageous hoots as Richard Thomas and Jim Sullivan are driven off to Fiumicino. The former to seek the Lord's will as a layman, the latter for his summer holidays in Bradford. We will certainly miss Richard whose cheeky cheerfulness contributed much to the College 'ethos'. . . .

Friday, 19th. Further demands are made of the Public Purse from the entertainments industry, this time for the stocking of a bar during the *villeggiatura*. From deep within exam-time nothing could be more attractive and the motion goes through with ease.

Sunday, 21st. The longest day of the year, and Father's Day, is also the Solemnity of the Body and Blood of Our Lord, and we pay our annual visit to the Little Sisters next to S. Pietro-in-Vincoli. The celebration is both solemn and joyful, and we return to College reminded of one sure truth, that smiling is contagious.

Tuesday, 23rd. The Official Opening of the 1987 *Villeggiatura* — is in fact a bit of a let-down since most of the chaps are still in the thick of exams. Perhaps they'll make it by the weekend.

Saturday, 27th. The first 'villa-injury', Francis Lynch prangs his ankle on the volleyball court. Amidst cries of "call an ambulance", Sister Edmund Campion, our own self-appointed physiotherapist, says she will have him walking in three days. Francis capitulates.

Sunday, 28th. We now have a quorum for the 'Inaugural Mass' and the Rector, drawing our attention to the birdsong, announces the 'theme' of this year's villa, "Love is in the Air". He goes on to explain, "the *villeggiatura* is a time of *krisis*, in the Greek sense of course".

Monday, 29th. Bishop Foley joins us for a few days' holiday. There is of course no connection to the fact that Bishop Brewer is trying to persuade him to make more of his Golden Jubilee.

As the sun sets behind the palace across the lake, we gather in the church beneath the medallion that reads 'pro Petri fide et pro patria', for sung vespers of SS Peter and Paul; *O felix Roma, O felices nos!*

Tuesday, 30th. The Villa-bar has its first customers tonight, Bishops Foley and Restieaux. "Just a small Martini, please, we don't want to set the students a bad example. . . ." Indeed, how could they!

A few rounds later, Pat Kilgarriff and the *Gran Sasso* mountain-climbing *gita* return exhilarated and pink-limbed.

July

Wednesday, 1st. Umpires give the go-ahead for the clergy versus the laity cricket match (all part of formation for ministry in the modern Church). Despite the top score from the Rector, the clergy don't have the breadth of experience to cope with the laity's variety of charisms, and another nail goes in the coffin of the pyramid model.

Down in the garden Francis is now walking without assistance — in the absence of a statue of St. Edmund Campion, he now adorns Our Lady of Lourdes with his votive crutch.

Thursday, 2nd. Pollution warnings have frightened off the cautious; the lake Gita is kept afloat by a mere two boatloads of heedless matelots. However, old traditions are faithfully observed, the cream-cheese missiles fly off fore and aft, and the livelier of the two crews, led by Admiral Anwyll, entertains the stay-at-homes hundreds of feet above on the Villa terrace with a stout rendition of "Rule Britannia".



"Of course, this rumour about the lake being polluted is a lot of nonsense."

The weather is beginning to be the cause of some concern; over the last few days it's been very heavy and overcast, and today there is even a drop of rain in the evening. We need a storm to clear the air. . . .

Friday, 3rd. Alfredo himself joins the British in discussing the weather, "*Non ho mai conosciuto una stagione così*". And what do you think the reason may be? "*Sono troppi i satelliti*"!

Saturday, 4th. The East-West football match takes place this morning. The crowd of five is disappointed in the safe tactics adopted by the West under their stolid captain David Blower. But the Italian methods pay off as their forwards grab a number of opportunist goals to bring the final score to 4-2. Sr. Edmund blows a fine whistle.

Sunday, 5th. During the Mass this morning, David Blower, David Bulmer, Paul Daly, Mark Jarmuz, Nicholas Kern, Philip LeBar and Luiz Ruscillo were admitted as Candidates for Holy Orders. The events of the rest of the day led to some speculation as to whether a mistake had not been made somewhere along the line.

A storm which had been gathering throughout lunch eventually broke over the terrace during *liquori*, rending the olive and stripping the bay-trees bare. For about fifteen minutes thunder and lightning are simultaneous; the waters rage and foam; the telephone lines go dead; then as if by some divine decree the storm retreats and withdraws. Then there was silence on the earth for about half an hour.

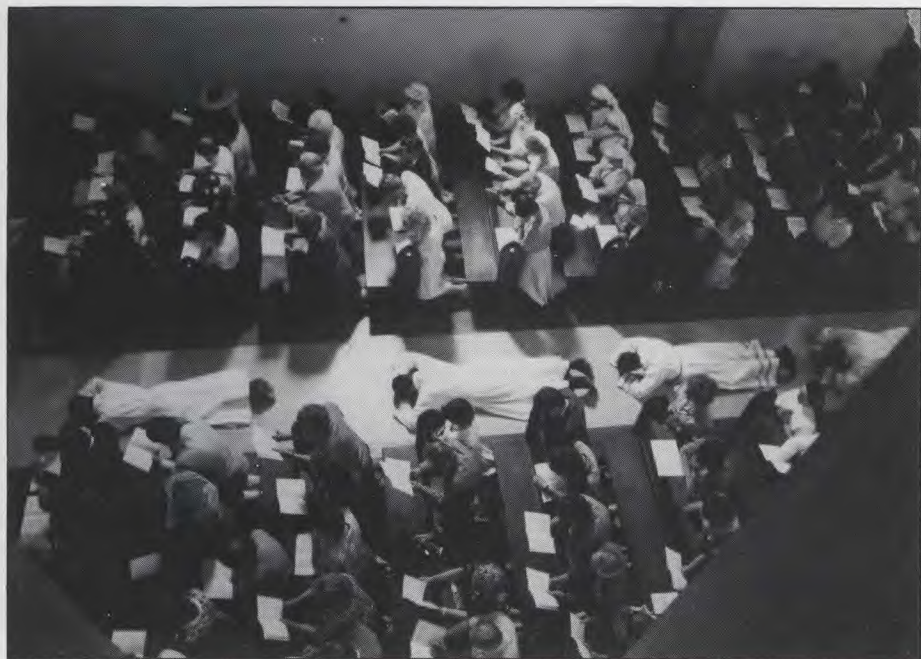
Monday, 6th. North-South cricket match takes place this morning; Simon O'Connor scores a triumphant 70 leading the North to sure victory. As if that were not enough excitement for the day, we have Top-year Tea this evening. The Rector, in epigrammatic mood, tries to describe the distinguishing features of each of our leavers, viz; Charles Briggs, "smiling contentment"; Rags Hay-Will, "uniqueness"; Nick Hudson, who canted his last Vespers yesterday, "mellifluous and angelic"; Liam Kelly, "*sang-froid*" (not "Derby County" as one fellow Nottingham student ventured); John Kenny, "impish humour", the House concurs; Mike Raiswell, "unfailing equanimity"; Andrew Summersgill, "practical sagacity"; Anthony Towey, "passion". Offering *tante belle cose* on behalf of the Parish, Don Augusto apologises for having to speak in Italian; should he make any mistakes, would Liam please correct him. Rising to reply Mike Raiswell says that he'd like to be able to thank the Rector sincerely for his words but he's not sure what 'unfailing equanimity' means.

And to cap it all there is wine on the terrace.

Thursday, 9th. Today is Lectorate Day and, during Mass, Bishop Restieaux institutes Dominic Byrne, Benito Colangelo, Robert Esdaile, Kevin Haggerty, Francis Lynch, James Manock, Stephen Potter, Alan Sheridan, Stephen Shield, Timothy Swinglehurst and Brendan Whelan to the Ministry of Lectorate.

Friday, 10th. A new day, a new Ministry. Today the Bishop institutes Michael Booth, Patrick Broun, Philip Gillespie, Peter Harvey, Stephen Langridge, Michael McCoy, Shaun Middleton, Peter Newby, Michael O'Connor, Simon O'Connor and Mark O'Donnell to the Ministry of Acolyte.

Sunday, 12th. Today the year reaches its climax; the College experiences its *raison d'être*; the Church rejoices as by prayer and the laying on of hands, Simon Peat, Alexander Sherbrooke, Thomas Wood and Russell Wright are ordained as Deacons. College and families seem to merge into one as the celebrations unfold over the course of the day. After the corn, new wine and oil, there are gasps as a huge cake is produced for Alexander's father who is 70 today — *ad multos*, happy birthday, *tanti auguri*; each in its own language as the Spirit gave them utterance. — "and by water", Simon Peat makes the foolish mistake of going down to the tank during the afternoon when, as he knows, right moral decisions are not so easy to determine. Totally dressed he is thus totally immersed; 'Boys will be boys' is the only solace



The Diaconate: The invocation of the Holy Spirit.



The newly ordained deacons with Bishop Restieaux, Gary Lysaght and Michael Selway.



Suor Pia receiving flowers from Alexander Sherbrooke.

offered. — “and of fire by night”, Chris Beirne is our compere for the traditional camp-fire party, the usual sing-song material augmented by some of Mark Wood’s poetry, and especially poignant, Andrew O’Neill’s songs from the Welsh valleys. And yet a little while and the transport arrives to carry some of the guests back down to the City; as the coach heaves its way up the drive your eye is drawn across the lake, beyond to the many lights like fireflies in the plain below, rising thence to gaze upon the stars.

The New Year

New faces around the place, new laundry numbers in the *lavanderia*, appointments with the *Questura*: the new men have arrived. The College welcomes among its number thirteen new students (including two for the OND: Tony Bridson and Adrian Towers): Andrew Brookes, Stephen Brown, Peter Clarke, Kevin Dring, Eddy Jarosz, John O’Leary, Michael Robertson, Dominic Rolls, John Sargent, Andrew Scurr and Christopher Sloan. The Anglican Exchange is made flesh in Robert

Beaken, from Cuddesdon, Oxford, and Andrew Patterson, from Queen's College, Birmingham; they are invited to make themselves at home.

Other arrivals are less fresh-faced: Paschal Ryan and Michael Gilmore return to fortify the Via di Monserrato, for breakfast on centre table as theology and philosophy *ripetitore*.

Also to be seen around are the Cardinal, Archbishop Worlock and Miss Pat Jones, who along with *Monsignori* Alston and Nicholls form the English/Welsh representation to the Synod on the Laity currently in session. Unfortunately we are unable to offer them hospitality at the College (the effect of the scaffolding has been to plunge the *salone* into deep darkness) but the *Casa del Clero* seems to provide a satisfactory second best.

Tuesday, 6th October. Having dribbled back over the last week or so, the rest of the house heads for the hills where the retreat is to be given by Fr. Colman McGrath, currently Spiritual Director at Chester's College in Glasgow. His combination of serious simplicity and gentle humour gives us much to think about, and the days pass with an air of tranquil reflection. Fr. Colman encourages us to deepen our acquaintance with the English Spiritual tradition; particularly searching is his lucid exposition of St. Aelred's teaching on friendship.

Sunday, 11th. With the arrival of the new men for lunch the College is at last a fully constituted reality. The fact is celebrated with DBLs in the cloister.

The post-prandial volley-ball continues well beyond tea-time before all en-bus for the trip back down to the Via di Monserrato. Affectionate farewells are bidden to the sisters who by their quiet solicitude have enabled the week to be such a success.

Sung Vespers sets the final seal. *Aptissime.*

Monday, 12th. "And to make an end is to make a beginning": San Ignazio is packed with representatives of the four corners of the globe, gathered to inaugurate the Academic Year at the Greg. In his prolusion the Magnificent Rector proudly announces the highest inscription figures ever: the University of the Nations now has little short of 3,000 students. (By some miracle of ergonomics, *everyone* has a seat for Mass.)

Back at College, work has begun on the replacement of the third floor street-side windows. They are all to have double-glazing installed. One consequence is a full-scale exodus of the entire population of the Monserra — to the lift room, to the Gestetner room, but most to the *salone*. That the experience was good for relationships is testified by all: after a week sharing a room with Peter Newby, Russell confides: "I think I now understand Peter a lot better." Mike Booth has gone furthest afield, having taken up residence back at the Villa, i.e. just across the lake from Albano.

Friday, 16th. The Spiritual Conference is given by the Rector, in which he reminds us that we are a community both redeemed and unredeemed: over the year ahead we must attend to the teaching of the Apostles, the fellowship, the breaking of bread and the prayers (Acts 2, 42). The House is left breathless at this adroit piece of old-wine-in-new-skins (viz., "go to the Greg., and don't miss Lauds or Community Mass!").

Sunday, 18th. We are joined this morning at Mass by the Catholic Animal Welfare League, who listen as attentively as the rest of us to Canon Parker's trip round ancient Eastern Empires, the whole knit into one by the succinct motif: "Three coins in a fountain, each one bringing happiness."

At the House Meeting that evening, the Rector announces an experimental programme for the Christmas holiday period; one wag tries to sum up the dialectic involved: tiredness versus tradition, St. Thomas versus trips. (But what will they say back home?)

But the other main feature of the meeting is Jeremy's description of the arrangements for the forthcoming Beatifications. Armed with a blackboard and multi-coloured chalks he talks us through the two-week period of pilgrim visits to College, Papal Liturgies, guidebook printing, chair moving — otherwise known as the ministry of hospitality. Although none of us can remember the details, we are all very impressed with the use of modern media communications resources.

Wednesday, 21st. The First Year Party! And Mark Langham is your compere for a cabaret of daunting proportions, the entertainment ranging from a spoof on "Space Oddity" to Cole Porter's "Alphabet Song", taking in on the way Robert Esdaile's "Morning Prayer Stakes", and the "Restaurant Sketch" where Michael Robertson is ceremoniously drenched by Robert Beaken. And all is deliciously accompanied by "Persian Lamb" and "Chicken McCoy".

Thursday, 22nd. Shaun Middleton leads a *gita* south to Monte Cassino. After lunch in Aquino, fired by pious devotion, they set off for Roccasecca, to pay homage at the birthplace of St. Thomas. On arriving, however, their requests are met with an amused, "Ah, you want Roccasecca *in provincia di Frosinone*; this is Roccasecca *in provincia di Latina*"! *Distinguendo progreditur.*

Friday, 23rd. Miss Pat Jones gives the Spiritual Conference this evening. Her theme is the relationship between theology and "daily life"; it is the one Christian Faith which animates both. The implications for those engaged in (heavily theological) formation for the priestly ministry are obvious.

The talk is well received, as was Miss Jones' intervention in the Synod Hall earlier this week: which of the two, one muses, was the greater achievement?

Saturday, 24th. The College football team, in merciless mood, puts eleven goals past the Beda this afternoon (Simon O'Connor getting six of those), up at NAC; in the final minutes of the game the ref. allows a goal to the other side, although the scorer was clearly offside. It was then that they remembered the Scripture: "My Son, support your Father in his old age . . ." (Sir.3,12).

Sunday, 25th. Before lunch we are treated to a recital of Handel's Flute *Sonata* played by Philip LeBas, with Peter Clarke at the *fortepiano*. ("I do think *live* DBL music is so much better than canned.")

Off to San Lorenzo, *en masse*, as it were, for the closure of their Quarant' Ore. The canons turn out in full force too; one of them, Fr. Habets, adds appreciable support to the top tenors in "Panis Angelicus".

Wednesday, 28th. Having successfully completed and defended his *tesina* at San Anselmo, John Kenny dons the chief celebrant's chasuble for the last time. In paranetic mood, John advises us to maximise the opportunities before us, despite the

bewildering array of factors that present themselves. Our love must not be like Holy Water: drying up on our forehead as soon as we leave the church.

After Community Mass the beaks pack off to Palazzola to reflect on *their* vocation. We are asked to “be good” while they are away.

Thursday, 29th. The drizzle descends on chaps gathered in the *cortile* to wish John *buon viaggio*. His plan is to follow the route taken by Sherwin and Co., back in 1580. After farewells had been said, and the last of these is from little Lucinda McDonald, applause breaks the drizzly air and John, with Michael O’Connor as Sherpa, sets off. Stage one, to the Ponte Milvio, is actually accomplished on (very wet) foot, whence the bus is picked up for Viterbo. Ah, so much *Romanità* in one so young.

Saturday, 31st. Wondering why the voluntary after Vespers seems a little hurried, we discover that Dominic Byrne and the team are out for an organists’ binge this evening. Indeed this is only the Prelude to a somewhat Chromatic Fantasia, concluding later that night with a solo on the Vox Celeste. The next day, fortunately a free Sunday, sees the tempo set at *adagio, non molto sostenuto*.

November

Monday, 2nd November. Election day at the Greg. for the Third Theology year rep. Our man, Jonathan Harfield, with an excellent campaign team (Nick Kern and Luiz Ruscillo) has a landslide victory, and looks very pleased with himself at lunchtime. The trouble is, he didn’t even know he was standing. . . .

Tuesday, 3rd. Ruggeri’s in the Campo sees a rush on the spicy sausage and dry Red Wine, for Prayer-Groups begin tonight. (Sorry, can’t say any more than that, they’re *internal forum*.)

Saturday, 7th. Third Year Theology pack Bible and Breviary and set off for the Villa (after last lecture, of course) to reflect on their forthcoming Acolytate.

Thursday, 12th. With the Beatifications only a week and a half away, James Manock mercifully provides us with a “Brief Guide to the Venerable English College for the Use of the Historically Aware Student.” One or two historically aware students, however, question the legitimacy of asserting that George Talbot, the “dynamic force” behind the re-building of the church, was ever “shipped off to the looney-bin.”!

Meanwhile the first year and Pat Kilgarriff have gone up to the Villa for their retreat having been prevented from joining the College retreat at the beginning of the year by the pressing need to eradicate the Chorley accent from their otherwise faultless Italian.

Saturday, 14th. Another victory for the football team: 2-1 away at the Scots College; their Rector has threatened to expel the whole team if they lose again.

Tuesday, 17th. Great numbers stumble in late for Lauds this morning, not, however, by reason of the natural torpor of the Sons of Adam, for today is the Feast of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, patroness of the *suore*, and the Nuns’ Mass attains the dizzy heights of solemn festivity.

Later that afternoon, we are all treated to buns and a *brindisi* in the *guardaroba*. Most of us are left floundering, as Nella and Gemma start up all the old songs (“they didn’t teach us that one at Chorley”), but Paschal arrives to save the day (“*non voglio dottore, non voglio dottore*”).

Wednesday, 18th. Do you need a typewriter without the letter ‘e’? Or a *zimarra*? Or perhaps a Chinese meal for four? Or a pile of Greg. philosophy *dispense*? Yes, once again, it’s time for CUCU.

But who are the auctioneers? As the lights dim, there is at least one very obvious gap in the audience. Then suddenly, taking up a now well-worn theme, in burst three of the characters from the last Panto (I mean ‘most recent’, of course) viz., a Selfish Giant (Tim Swinglehurst), a Fairy Princess (Russell Wright), and a Has-Beanstalk (Mark Langham). Griselda, the Fairy Princess, complains that she has been abandoned by Jack (for a thinner woman); the giant is only too willing to give her succour and the relationship is consummated with a “MasochismTango”, sung by the Beanstalk. After such a performance, a “DBL Kit — do I hear Ten Thou” is all rather tame.

Meals are the dominating feature of this year’s CUCU — there’s an *agape* offered by the Liturgists, a Greek meal from Basilius (the evening’s biggest seller), together with the traditional “Rock ‘n’ Squalor” evening. Once again the takings are a record — but when you consider Italy’s frightful inflation rate. . . .

Thursday, 19th. Peter Newby and Dominic Rolls have assembled an exhibition of “martyralia” in the First Library of letters, prints, *libri rubri*, in time for the first group of pilgrims who arrive today. Over the next two weeks we are given something of an idea of College life as it might have been at its beginnings: welcoming Catholics from all over our country, taking them to the great shrines of Rome, sharing the memory of the martyrs, and drinking together from the cup of salvation. For us, present *Venerabilini*, to speak of the martyrs is to allow them to determine our identity, to be seized by their memory. It is to assume our past. But what might have been and what has been point beyond themselves. Tradition is more than a matter of names and dates, and our remembering gives shape to our hopes; and hopes inspire our attitudes and our actions. These days will be remembered for the intensity and confidence with which we prayed: for the unity of Christians in our land, that old scores may be laid aside, that the reconciliation won by Christ may shine out with a new clarity, so that the world may believe, *potius hodie quam cras*.

Friday, 20th. Sadly, we hear today of the death of Bishop Pearson, a former student of the College and devoted friend. *Requiescat in pace*.

Tuesday, 24th. The sound of flying masonry fills the second floor as the *muratori* begin work to fit a door across the entrance. This “barricade” has been found necessary to contain the noise from the corridor, and to prevent disturbance to those passing a peaceful evening studying the notice-board.

The noise inside is barely greater than that outside: the monsoon season continues apace (apart from the one let-up on Sunday) and the level of the Tiber is just short of the conduit of the Ponte Sisto.

Thursday, 26th. The weather constrains everyone to stay indoors and listen to the radio and think of the *gita* that might have been. The news reports from Lazio announce that the Tiber has already burst its banks; and further North the swollen

Arno is threatening to give Florence a severe (and doubtless expensive) sousing. With Advent just a couple of days away, many wonder about the propriety of the deprecation “Drop down ye heavens from above”.

Friday, 27th. The elections for the post of Senior Student are held today and after counting the votes Thomas Wood considers it appropriate that the diarist be the first to hear the result. And why not: the Senior Student’s job has everything to do with communication.

Monday, 30th. Philip Gillespie is elected as Deputy Senior Student.

December

Tuesday, 1st, Martyrs’ Day. Again the College resounds with activity as we gather together to celebrate Martyrs’ Day. James Manock is seen with a bunch of red roses for those who wish to decorate themselves! Mass as usual is celebrated with great dignity, and the Rector reminds us of the ecumenical significance of martyrdom.

DBLs and lunch follow; special guests include Cardinal Poletti, Vicar General of Rome, and the daughter of the American Ambassador to the Holy See, Miss Shakespeare, who challenges the Rector to a game of tennis. . . .

Three hours later lunch ends, and you can tell you’re at a ‘Catholic do’ because people launch into drinks after lunch. . . .

9.00 p.m. at last — the moment we have all been waiting for, when we gather together to sing a new Litany incorporating our College *beati* and the *Te Deum*.

Wednesday, 2nd. At a public meeting the new S.S. and D.S.S. take over from Thomas Wood and Michael Selway. Mike O’Connor thanks them for their work over a term of office longer than usual. Tonight at supper *dolce* is provided by the year of ’62, who are all here, together again for the first time in twenty-five years to celebrate their Silver Jubilee. Among the notable we have John Allen, Tony O’Sullivan, Chris Budd, John Hine, and our very own Bryan Chestle. *Ad multos annos!*

Saturday, 5th. Paul Daly takes a little band of hopefuls to the Vicariate for their exam — who said living in Rome was easy?

Friday, 11th. An important part of our Advent preparation takes place tonight with the Penance Service; unsuspecting English-speaking priests from all over the city are called in to help Pat Kilgarrieff celebrate Rite Two. Shy-looking students are seen stalking the corridors looking for spiritual comfort.

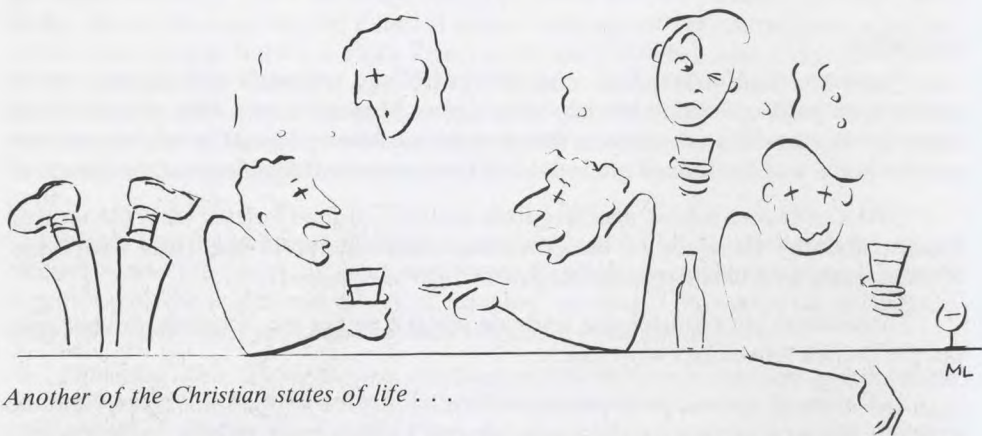
Saturday, 12th. Sr. Catherine Hughes leads our Day of Reflection and shares with us some Advent thoughts.

Tuesday, 15th. Damien McGrath celebrates his twenty-first birthday with College DBLs; Madge, his mother . . . and Betty (this year’s companion) are found weeping in a corner. “Oh, Damien, luv!”

Thursday, 17th. Once again the students go up to the Villa to enjoy the Holly Cam. Second philosophy as usual are sent up early to pick Holly for the decoration of the Church. Sadly David Barrett is the only member of the said year. We hope his hands will heal in time for Christmas.

Wednesday, 23rd. The Greg. finishes. Fr. O'Donnell is forced to quit his explanation of von Balthasar's *States of Christian Life*, since just as he gets to the important bit the sound of '... Five gold rings!' is heard from the bar. A big thank-you to our Scots brethren.

GREG BAR



Another of the Christian states of life . . .

Thursday, 24th. Jim Creegan and his team complete the preparation of the turkeys and the Schola are primed. The day passes, and incoming calls from loving relatives occupy the phones, until the clock strikes twelve and we begin our most solemn celebration of Mass. In his sermon the Rector gives a primary place in his theology to the Incarnation, much to the chagrin of Mark O'Donnell. Afterwards differences are forgotten over mince pies and mulled wine in the Common Room, while the gentle lull of Christmas Carols is heard in the background.

Friday, 25th. After a late night we all get up to celebrate Mass together. Those who haven't had enough go to the *Urbi et Orbi* blessing at St. Peter's. Everyone is back in the College for 1.15, when lunch is served. The head waiter this year is none other than the Rector, ably assisted by the *Vice*. A 'scrummy' lunch is had by all.

After supper the staff entertain us to drinks in the *Salone*, "with songs and sketches and jokes old and new — with Jack about you won't feel blue."

Saturday, 26th. As part of an experiment giving students a little more holiday-time after Christmas, the College decided this year not to produce a pantomime. Thespian talent though cannot be restrained and Mark Langham ably produces a 'vaudeville' entertainment, starring 'Tex' Parker as 'Cowboy Jake'.

Sunday, 27th. As part of the new experiment the brethren leave on their various *gite*. The most popular place this year is, as ever, England.

Tuesday, 29th. Though the College is on holiday, those who remain in the building celebrate St. Thomas as usual; despite depleted numbers the Feast is kept with due reverence for our principal patron, and the Sisters provide an excellent lunch.

January

Thursday, 7th. Fresh-faced *Venerabilini* are seen making their way back into the *Centro Storico*, refreshed after an extended break.

Friday, 8th. The Greg. starts again, and we remember the advice of our staff — that it's a major part of what we're here for. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*

Saturday, 16th. The priests-to-be have a few hours together at the Villa.

Monday, 18th. The day we have all been waiting for; our beautiful Church celebrates its dedication and centenary. At Mass in the evening we are able to welcome Cardinal Baum, who admits Jonathan Harfield, Mark Langham and Charis Pattichi to Candidacy. After supper, to mark the centenary, all the students are asked to append their names to that most sacred tome, the *College Visitors' Book*. Our resident member of Second Philosophy inscribes his name above that of a certain 'William Wakefield Baum'. Ah, youth!



Cardinal Baum and the new candidates.

Tuesday, 19th. Now we can really get down to the business of the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity, with the help of Robert Beaken and Andrew Patterson, our two Anglican guests.

Wednesday, 20th. Fr. Duprey of the Secretariat for Christian Unity comes to say Mass for us. We listen very carefully to his words. (*Ici on parle français.*)

Thursday, 21st. Fr. Duprey has become a very popular figure in the College.

Sunday, 24th. Rev. Bevan Wardrobe, from All Saints Anglican Church in the Via del Babuino, comes to preach at Vespers. Robert 'Olivier' Beaken renders unto us the Word of the Lord with his customary clarity.

Saturday, 30th. Old places in the Library are reclaimed, and the House is very quiet. Exams start at 'the greatest Catholic University in the World.'

February

Monday, 1st. Russell Wright goes out on a fact-finding lunch, and discovers that Rome has its very own English language Ecumenical Library in the Piazza Navona.

Thursday, 4th. Gary Lysaght returns to the College after six months pastoral experience as a Deacon at Southwark Cathedral.

Sunday, 7th. The Rev. Lysaght decides to have a little break in Umbria. For the good of his health, of course.

Saturday, 13th. Exams end at the Greg. John O'Leary gives a College DBL to celebrate not only this but his twenty-first birthday as well. Prevailing winds do not deter the students from gathering on the Monserrà roof.

Monday, 15th. Andrew Patterson — one half of our Anglican team — says farewell.

Tuesday, 23rd. Philip Holroyd says Mass for us a last time before taking up his appointment as Parish Priest in Wakefield. At supper the Rector thanks Philip for his work in the College and at the Villa. Vale!

Wednesday, 24th. The Rector flies to Spain for the Rectors' Conference. '*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*'

Thursday, 25th. This morning we say goodbye to Jonathan Harfield, who leaves the College after three years. We wish him every success for the future.

We are also able to greet Fr. Tony Grimshaw, Philip's replacement at Palazzola. Tony is a priest of the Salford Diocese, with a motto of which the student body approves: 'Villa means relax!'

Saturday, 27th. Jim Creegan breaks his arm after an evening at the Scots. Any connection?

Sunday, 28th. Life among the purple-people recommences as the Bishops of the Westminster Province arrive for their *ad limina* visit.

March

Tuesday, 1st. This evening your humble diarist is instituted as an Acolyte by Cardinal Hume.

Wednesday, 2nd. The smell of *sangria* and the sound of Flamenco dancing issues through the College; the Rector is back! In the evening, in a most moving and beautiful ceremony, the Cardinal ordains Marcus Stock of the Diocese of Birmingham to the Diaconate. *Ad multos annos!*



Cardinal Hume and Shaun Middleton amongst other Acolytes.



Cardinal Hume and Marcus Stock.

Thursday, 3rd. Pat Yates greets us again: it's time to get those diaphragms working once more!

Friday, 4th. Today we wish Robert Beaken farewell as he returns to Oxford to complete his training for the Anglican ministry.

In the evening the College plays host to English-speaking priests from all over Rome, who have come to celebrate the Sacrament of Reconciliation.

Saturday, 5th. Skull-caps are packed, and sashes rolled up, as the Westminster *ad limina* ends.

Thursday, 10th. Scenery is being constructed and lines are frantically being learned in preparation for the College play: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday, 19th, 20th, 21st. Three very good performances were given. The scene between David Barrett (Helena) and Andrew Scurr (Hermia) established itself as a favourite. On the last night Tim Swinglehurst, the director, told us of how one of the Brethren at the North American College had said to him: "I'm so sorry that you're not producing a comedy this year."



Scenes from Midsummer Night's Dream.

Wednesday, 23rd. Those who were in any way involved in the play tonight went to the Play Party in the Common Room. A good time was had by all and a few scenes were performed again. Bryan Chestle, whose rooms are directly underneath, must be a man of great patience.

Sunday, 27th. Fr. Brendan Soane, spiritual director at the Beda, gives us an excellent Day of Recollection.

Tuesday, 29th. Kevan Grady and a band of hearties clean the tank. Summer must be on the way . . . but Bryan's barometer is not convinced.

Wednesday, 30th. Spy Wednesday; students' families arrive.

April

Friday, 1st. Good Friday. Many visitors come to share the various ceremonies of Holy Week with us. Today was a bit of a squeeze, when a party of thirty turned up at five to three to ask what time the service started. However, the guestmasters did a splendid job in accommodating them. The ceremony itself was once again a worthy attempt to commemorate in the liturgy and in music the Crucifixion of the Lord.

Saturday, 2nd. Time just seems to vanish, and before any of us knows what has happened we find ourselves gathered in the garden to begin our celebration of the Easter Vigil. Prayerful and joyous are the only adjectives that can be used to describe the effect that the Vigil has on the House.

Sunday, 3rd. Easter Sunday. Rain! We all expect to get soaked up at St. Peter's. However, for the first time since Pope Paul VI the ceremony is held indoors. Those practised in the art of *Romanità* do not approve. Personally I side with the common sense view and am glad not to be wringing out my cassock between the hymns. We come back to an excellent lunch provided by the Sisters, and then the community disperses on its various *gite*.

Tuesday, 5th. A few of the students and their families go on a *gita* to Assisi. Whilst they are away word reaches us of the death of Bishop Emery of Portsmouth. *Requiescat in pace.*

Sunday, 10th. The *gita* period ends and the students return to College. Those who are here say farewell to Stephen Potter who leaves the College after two years to try his vocation at Pluscarden Abbey.

Monday, 11th. The Greg. resumes lectures. Meanwhile the College receives the news of the death of Bishop Hitchen, Auxiliary in Liverpool. *Requiescat in pace.*

Thursday, 14th. A few of the brethren attend the North American College Diaconate Ordinations at St. Peter's. Three and a half hours later Michael McCoy is seen exhausted on the steps of the great basilica.

Saturday, 16th. The students of the Leeds Diocese decide to go public; they have been advised that cookery and computer courses will be provided for them in the summer. Just think — David Bulmer could be another Delia Smith!

Sunday, 17th. They've changed the music for Eastertide Sung Vespers. *O tempora! O mores!*

Wednesday, 20th. Fr. David Forrester of the Diocese of Portsmouth gives a talk on AIDS. We are all made more aware of this terrible problem.

Thursday, 21st. Splendid fireworks over the city celebrate the birthday of Rome.

Friday, 22nd. A public meeting was held tonight to discuss the College's use of the Villa.

Saturday, 23rd. We are saddened to learn of the death of Robert LeTellier's mother. *Requiescat in pace.*

Sunday, 24th. Paschal Ryan returns from a pilgrimage he made to the Holy Land. Shalom!

Monday, 25th. Simon Peat, Luiz Ruscillo and Kevan Grady run and complete the Rome Marathon. After Supper the House meets to discuss the issue of holidays and the keeping of St. Thomas's day.

Wednesday, 27th. Paul Daly cracks the code and gives every single House job appointment correctly. He takes up his job of College Soothsayer immediately. The rest of the House jobs change after lunch.



“Yes, yes you look lovely. Now will you get out there and play.”

Thursday, 28th. The football team are awarded a trophy for being the *squadra più simpatica*. One of the Snug wits says that nothing like that would have happened in Ant. Towey's day.

May

Sunday, 1st. On the Feast of St. Joseph the Worker, John Marsland, National Chaplain to the Young Christian Workers presides at Mass and in the evening gives an informative talk on the work of the organisation.

And now I lay down my pen. What is written is written.

Leavers' Notes

Paul Bruxby

"Where has that nice Father Bruxby gone?" wonder the faithful of Brentwood Diocese. Fear not! He will be back among you soon. Paul arrived here two years ago to study for a licence in Canon Law at the Angelicum; and he certainly has been diligent, combining the activities of absorbing the Church's stern precepts, and explaining lectures to his fellow students. Paul's expertise on Marriage Tribunals benefited a pastoral class or two, and in a similar line, his *tesina* raises the question of divorced people and the Sacraments.

A master of dry humour, Paul is always ready with a put-down. "Put that down!" he would always cry, as I went to help myself to another gin. Mind you, an invitation to Paul's room was never to be turned down, for the lavish fare, and, more to the point, the abundance of news of the previous day's events in England, usually first-hand. Indeed, now that he is leaving us for good, a question in everyone's mind is how Britannia Airways will stay in business.

However, Paul's soulful looks and engaging wit will be a sad loss to us in College, enriched as we were by his common-sense and insight; and our final question as he leaves is, "When will you come back and see us?"

Anthony Conlon

Anthony Conlon, a priest of the Diocese of Westminster, arrived at the College in 1985, complete with little blue car (soon nicknamed 'Baal' when it was seen what care he lavished on it). During his three years in the College Anthony found outlets for a taste for 'megaglit' (whence arose his nickname) both on the sanctuary and on the stage (and are they really that different?). His most stunning role in the latter capacity must have been that of the King in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, complete with crown, orb, sceptre and ermine.

Despite not being allowed to write a *tesina* on the theme of the Restoration of the Papal Tiara, Anthony has studied for a licence in the Faculty of Ecclesiastical History at the Greg; a licence that was (unjustly, I'm sure) once referred to in this polished organ as 'a slow death listening to the half-dead reminiscing about the dead'. (Vol. XXVIII, No. 4, p 74.) We trust that Mega has brought as much life and colour to the Church History Faculty as he has to the College.

David Manson

Edmund Burke once noted, "It is hard to say whether the doctors of law or divinity have made the greater advance in the lucrative business of mystery." It may have been in order to explore this conundrum that David Manson ended his five year career as a solicitor and came to the College in 1980. His quest has taken him into Dogmatic Theology, took him perilously close to Canon Law, and has reached its apogee in that most mysterious of sciences: Liturgy.

Both professions are mostly acting. The College has provided David ample scope in this field, in no less than four pantos, four plays (including *Lady Bracknell* in *The Importance of Being Ernest*), Italian liturgies (as Master of Ceremonies) and house meetings (as Senior Student). The latter inspired a set of witty memoirs entitled *Proposed Procedural Guidelines for Public Meetings*.

The College, as many have noted, is a great broadener. From one who only used to listen to Mozart, David has now roamed as far afield in his tastes as Haydn and Handel, with a particular penchant for hunting trumpets and the bassoon in the slow movement of Haydn's 93rd Symphony.

David is from Brentwood Diocese. Throughout his time here, and against such odds, David has been a perfect gentleman. A gentleman, it has been remarked, is one who is never unintentionally rude.

Shaun Middleton

Shaun arrived at the College in 1984 for the Diocese of Westminster fresh from studies at Allen Hall. During his time in the College he has taken part in several dramatic productions with roles as varied as 'Betty, the wood-cutter's wife' and a memorable 'Little John' (both in College pantomimes) and 'Diana' in Terrence Rattigan's *French Without Tears*. Known for his love of food — both preparing and eating thereof — and for his 'notorious' (his word) sense of humour, he has also appeared as the Cucu auctioneer (in the presence of his own Cardinal Archbishop) in the guise of A. Not Merryweather, the black negro-spiritual singer.

After gaining his S.T.B. he spent a year studying for the M.A. in Pastoral Theology before returning to his Diocese to minister as a Deacon.

Simon Peat

Simon Peat left his job with Bird's Eye to come to the College in 1982 — as fresh as a pea out of a pod. Who would have recognised him without the white beard and crowds of children eating fish fingers? In any case the nickname 'Captain' has stuck: not only because he has been captain of the cricket, rugby and soccer, organised 5BX training and squash rotas and run two marathons, but for the zest with which he has tackled most things — from Moral Theology to chatting up *au pairs*.

The Captain also went for pairs of plays, directing *Cahoot's Macbeth* and *The Real Inspector Hound* one year, and *After Magritte* and *French Without Tears* the next. But in 1985 he displayed hidden resources: his acting role of Maid 'Marilyn Monroe' Marion in the panto *Robin Hood* got him a mention in the Catholic national press and won him the accolade 'Miss Universe'.

Another highlight of the Captain's College career was when he taught a psalm response with the psalm attached to a clip-board. Simon goes to bear the ubiquitous clip-board in the haunts of Southwark Archdiocese.

Michael Selway

Michael Selway arrived at the VEC in September 1982 having completed a Classics degree at Birmingham University. A student of the Clifton Diocese, Bof to his friends, he was ordained to the Diaconate in the College on 8th December 1986 and to the Priesthood in St. Bernadette's, Bristol, on 7th August 1988. Michael has had a wide and varied career in the College. He has been excited at least once — on his Ordination day! His first house-job was as Car-man; a year followed in the Sacristy, then a further year as M.C. Just when he thought it was time to retire, he was elected Deputy Senior Student for an 18 month stretch to cover the move in the time of House job changes.

A life on the boards looked a possibility since Michael co-scripted two pantomimes, *Babes in the Wood* with Chris Beirne, and *Robin Hood* with Nick Kern.

He acted in both — the second at only a few hours notice! He did write it. Now no perfect *gita* is possible without consulting his Lazio bus timetables — a feat of compilation that has so far eluded the bus company itself. Amongst all these labours, Bof has completed a Fundamental Theology licence and written a *tesina* on Raymond Brown.

Marcus Stock

Not only has Marcus Stock had to complete his licence in Dogmatic Theology this year, but he has also had to find time to be ordained as a Deacon on 2nd March and to the Sacred Order of the Presbyterate on 13th August. Indeed, the prospect of the first Ordination presented him with the opportunity of writing his *tesina* on the Diaconate itself!

All this has left him little time to cultivate his garden on Old St. Joe's but somehow (is it the grace of Orders?) he's managed to produce a creditable set of blooms. It's just as well that he's not had to contend with his former house-jobs of Car Man and Photocopier this year as well!

Marcus leaves the College this year after five years but his future appointment is, as yet, known only to God and the Archbishop of Birmingham.

Thomas Wood

“From *Bambino* to *Decano*”; this could well sum up the College career of Thomas Wood who arrived in September 1981, for the Archdiocese of Liverpool.

By no means a stranger at the Vatican, he was more than adept at getting people through doors that were normally kept shut. A renowned guide at St. Peter's Basilica (to those with equal stamina) he was well-versed in the knowledge and customs of the city, acting as *capo* during summers for College pilgrims. In St. George's English School and the Junior English School, he prepared children for the Sacraments of Reconciliation and the Eucharist.

Having been librarian, he was considered brave enough to face the ordeals of the *Segreteria* at the Greg. He was then elected to the post of Senior Student in which capacity he served the House for seventeen months.

Ordained a Deacon last July, he will be ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Worlock on 11th September 1988. His licence was in Canon Law with a *tesina* on “Confirmatio: De aetate discretionis, Can. 891” in part defending Bishop Kelly's initiatives from a canonical standpoint. He was awarded a *Summa cum Laude*.

He will be missed by *Gammarelli*; meeting him there once, Billy Steele remarked that it was like going to Mecca and meeting Mahomet!

M.C.'s Notes

The Marian Year and the November Beatifications contributed to a very interesting and enjoyable year from the M.C.'s point of view.

Archbishop Grocholewski came to the College for Pentecost Sunday to Confirm 12 *ragazzi* from St. George's School who had been prepared by College catechists.

It was a much smoother operation than that at the Chiesa Nuova two weeks earlier. Not only did Cardinal Baggio himself turn up late, but his mitre also got held up in the traffic. After a 15 minute wait I finally persuaded him to go on without it. Not wanting to be left out, it turned up during the procession; the Cardinal's secretary, disguised as one of the faithful, made as if to kiss his ring, and then quickly side-stepped and thrust the mitre, box and all, into my hands. Cardinal Baggio settled quite nicely once he had his mitre on his head and Mass and the procession to the Saint's tomb was as solemn and as dignified as one could have wished.

We were very privileged to be asked to take part in the celebrations which made up the opening of the Marian Year, by providing the choir and servers at Santa Maria Maggiore for Mass presided over by Cardinal Ratzinger. This was certainly an occasion to be remembered. The threat by the Rector to throw one of the basilica's M.C.'s off the Sanctuary if he did not sit down quietly and be a good boy, did not take anything away from the beauty of the ancient basilica, brightly lit, with the Magnificat echoing round the classical columns, entering the triumphal arch over the high altar, and filtering into the magnificent mosaic of the Annunciation. We met and chatted with the Cardinal afterwards in the Sacristy, over buns and lemonade.

Less than two weeks later we were once more out in force for Corpus Christi at the Little Sisters of the Poor. A beautiful summer's day added to what is always a wonderful occasion: The Mass, procession and benediction(s) were enjoyed by all, *anziani* and students alike. During the procession, at the altar in the garden, Canon Parker averted certain disaster by nimbly leaping across the multi-coloured pebbles scattered on the pavement, and bravely throwing himself between the Blessed Sacrament and the falling banner, caught by a slight gust of wind. His lightning-like reactions prevented the banner from toppling onto the Blessed Sacrament itself!

The new academic year brought new blood to the College, and on the 25th October Eddy Jarosz made his debut as a server in the basilica of San Lorenzo in Damaso at the Quarant'Ore. From that day we could not keep him off the Sanctuary, and he served more times outside the College at house functions than he did in his own church. His greatest moment was surely leading the relic of the true cross held by Archbishop Noe around the *cortile* of the same basilica during Lent. Holding firmly onto his thurible, Eddy led the procession out into the Piazza della Cancelleria, only to find his way back to the basilica blocked by cars. He found a space, squeezed through, and was back onto the Sanctuary before the Archbishop had even realised what was happening. The faithful helped the M.C. push the Archbishop through a different space, and the parish acolytes, holding the red *ombrellino*, ran round the long way to meet us at the back of the Church. We regrouped and carried on our solemn procession.

On the 22nd November the Holy Father beatified the 85 martyrs on the Feast of Christ the King. Russell Wright sang the Gospel, and Benito Colangelo and Dominic Rolls served at the Mass.

That evening thousands of English pilgrims and over 300 priests gathered in the Chiesa Nuova for Exposition, Solemn Vespers and Benediction. It was a wonderful occasion, and the sound of “Faith of Our Fathers” ringing around that great church will never be forgotten. On the evening of the 25th Bishop Murphy O’Connor presided at Mass in the College to celebrate our own nine *beati*, and we were joined by the pilgrimage of the Friends of the Venerabile. This meant that it was only possible to send a ten student contingent to the church of Santa Caterina to assist at their feast. The Archconfraternity of Saint Anne, Don Cecchi our Parish Priest, and the priests of Opus Dei, were all disappointed not to have a larger representation from the College, but they hope that in years to come we will be free to attend this traditional House function, which goes back even further than Don Cecchi can remember!

Another ancient tradition which saw changes this year was the Mass of St. Thomas on the 29th December. Many students were either in England or visiting other parts of Italy, making the most of their holiday extended by two days. Pat Kilgarriff and a team of servers did make the Mass a solemn occasion, as befits this College feast, though the congregation was smaller than usual.

On the Feast of the Dedication of the Church, Jonathan Harfield, Mark Langham and Charis Piccolomini-Pattichi were admitted to Candidacy during the Mass presided over by Cardinal Baum. Two months later Shaun Middleton was instituted as Acolyte and, the day after, Marcus Stock was ordained Deacon by Cardinal Hume; both Cardinals delivered challenging and encouraging sermons to the College. Cardinal Baum’s secretary enjoyed himself so much that he joined us for all the Holy Week Services.

My final act as M.C. was to force Don Franco Gismano, an Italian priest staying in the College, to say a Community Mass and to preach in English. This he did, and unlike many of his Italian confreres, he kept his sermon under eight minutes. Soon afterwards I handed the job over to David Blower.

Luiz Ruscillo

Schola Notes

I think it important to have a base experience of terror in life, against which all others may be put into perspective. Mine took place on the feast of S. Philip Neri last year, at the Chiesa Nuova, where scarcely a fortnight after becoming Schola Master, I was on display for the first time. Even as I mused upon these thoughts, I was prodded in the back, and told to start conducting. That's the thing about being Schola Master; you have to pity yourself, for no-one else will.

In fact, the first weeks of the job provide little time for reflections of this sort, as feasts and the villeggiatura crowd the calendar. I got off to a gentle start at Pentecost, with *Veni Domine* by Mendelssohn — a composer new to the Schola repertoire. A more monumental sound came at Trinity, with Gabrieli's stately *Te Deum Patrem*, while the traditional *O Esca Viatorum* provided a lighter touch at Corpus Domini.

We had, meanwhile, assisted Cardinal Ratzinger at the opening of the Marian Year at S. Maria Maggiore, processing in to the Magnificat, and then singing Duruflé's *Ubi Caritas*, and Monteverdi's *Ave Maris Stella*. By popular clamour, we repeated the Monteverdi for Candidacy at the Villa, including this time the instrumental ritornelli. Here I boldly went where no Schola Master had been before, by conducting from the 'cello. The Schola sang superbly; a bow makes a threatening baton.

The year saw the traditional Tallis favourite *If Ye Love Me* — performed at the Diaconate — challenged in popularity by his weightier *Hear the Voice and Prayer*, at Acolytate, and for S. Edward the Confessor. Who would dare to choose between these two masterly works? I did, in fact, and had *Hear the Voice and Prayer* at my own Candidacy later in the year, on the feast of the Dedication of the Church.

Even before Christmas, the Beatification of the English and Welsh Martyrs in November entailed much extra work for the Schola. For Vespers on the Sunday evening of the celebrations, I was somewhat daunted to find the Schola drawn up facing the Westminster Cathedral Choir.

However, we gave a fine rendition of Tallis' *Lord Send Thy Holy Spirit*, caught up in the crowded, intimate atmosphere of that peculiarly English celebration. For Mass next day, at S. Paolo fuori le Mura, I had asked Michael O'Connor to compose a motet for us, and despite difficult circumstances, we sang his setting of Psalm 115 brilliantly. Even if Michael had had a few problems in wording the dedication correctly, there was nothing wrong with the notes of this haunting and atmospheric piece. The Schola repeated it in better conditions in College, a week later, on Martyrs' Day.

Christmas, you may imagine, was a mere trifle after that. For Midnight Mass we sang the luscious *Shepherds' Farewell* by Berlioz, and next day, Wilcox's setting of *Resonemus Laudibus*, and Walton's chirpy *All This Time*. Christopher Tye's anthem *O Come Ye Servants* made two appearances before Easter at S. Maria in Campitelli, and at Mater Dei.

For Palm Sunday and Good Friday, the Schola sang two of the painfully beautiful Vittoria Responsories, *Una Hora* and *O Vos Omnes*. Tempi and dynamics were stretched to breaking point, without becoming over-dramatic, and the effect

was exquisite. Maundy Thursday heard the Palestrina favourite *Sicut Cervus*, while as usual, the Byrd *Passion* was sung on Friday. I fear that over-familiarity is blunting the effect of this piece, however, and wonder if a change is not in order. The motet for the Easter Vigil was anything but familiar, though; the singing of Byrd's fiendish *Haec Dies* is an experience comparable to driving top speed in a Lamborghini at night, when you cannot find the headlamp switch, but daren't stop. We repeated it, with measured exhilaration, at S. Peter's in the morning, amid scenes of chaos caused by the weather. Unbowed, we threw in Shepherd's *Christ Rising Again* — but why am I telling you all this? You saw it all on T.V.!

Sadly, on that occasion we did not have a chance to perform the popular *Reading Abbey Carol*, but did so at College soon afterwards. My final act as Schola Master was another personal triumph — on Jim Sullivan's 85th birthday, the *Ad Multos* lasted a breath-taking, record, 93 seconds!

The Schola has a unique and important role to play in the College, a role perhaps under-explored. Certainly, I have been aware of the danger that we become too specialised, situated on the outskirts of College life, and necessarily associated with only a few, traditional, performances. To this end, I have sought to extend membership, and to broaden the repertoire, but the effect can be but limited if the Schola is seen as eccentric, and not integrated into life here. It is a task facing all future Schola Masters, and all those who live and worship in the College.

In what has been a busier year than usual, I should like to thank the members of the Schola for their dedication, toleration and humour, and, above all of course, their wonderful singing.

Mark Langham

Library Notes

This year the Library has undergone, and will continue to undergo, some major changes. Perhaps the plaintive cry of a former librarian as to where to catalogue *The Celestial Visions of a Jesuit* and a volume entitled *The Cat* will be answered. The changes in the Library consist of dividing the pre-1920 book collection into two parts: those books printed prior to 1790, and those printed afterwards. The pre-1790 volumes are being moved to the mezzanine floor in the second library which is being turned into a secure-zone by the addition of grilles and doors to each of the metal staircases. The books are all being cleaned in the process of moving them, and it has become apparent that the older books will need to be fumigated in the near future, though most of them are in good condition. At the same time we have begun to integrate the large number of unclassified books that have been languishing upstairs for many a year. The whole process is fairly time-consuming, but we have managed this year to move all the old books from the bottom of the second library, and have catalogued several hundred nineteenth century philosophical and biblical volumes.

The removal of these older books from the right side of the ground floor has freed the entire space for the modern collection. This part of the Library has expanded rapidly in the last seven or eight years and the extra space is needed for a proper shelving of the books. It will allow us to combine our Art and Travel books with those of Bishop Foley to form a coherent collection, and we will be able to expand the philosophy section to include Fr. Bob Maloney's bequest. The aim of the re-ordering has been to divide the Library into three parts: a pre-1790 section which will be locked away; a nineteenth century collection which will occupy part of the second library mezzanine and the entire third library; and the post-1920 collection occupying the ground floor of the second library.

All this has only been made possible through the kindness of my assistants, especially Stephen Shield, who gladly wielded a giant paint brush many an afternoon, dusting ancient tomes. My successor, David Bulmer, and his team have been carrying on this work with great diligence, so that one day every librarian's dream might be answered — a fully catalogued, bookworm free Library. Yes, even *The Celestial Visions of a Jesuit*.

To assail any fears that antiquarian interests may have taken over in the Library, may I say that the modern collection has not been forgotten. Over the past year both the Philosophy and Theology tutors have assisted in the ordering of two hundred books, including *The Encyclopaedia of Religion* by Mircea Eliade. As always the Library is very grateful for the kind donations of books and Papal documents from Mgrs Jim Sullivan and Bryan Chestle. May I also thank Frs. Nicholas Hudson and Ant. Towey for their donations of history and biblical books.

Finally I would like to thank those who worked under me: Jonathan Harfield, Stephen Shield and David Barrett, and wish David Bulmer and his team many happy hours in the Library.

Peter Newby
Senior Librarian

Play Review

Visions, dreams and the insubstantial formed the content of this year's "fond pageant" at the Venerable: for some time my plans to give them temporary shape on our stage seemed equally illusory — the product, no doubt, of a badly formed phantasm.

Nevertheless, the College rose to the challenge of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and succeeded in giving to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name" — and is to be congratulated. Because, though the incarnation of "things unknown" is now an event of the past, something indelible remains. "Are you sure that we are awake?" Demetrius enquires. "It seems to me that yet we sleep, we dream."

This is not technically a review. Those who did not see the play will have to content themselves with a re-reading and the use of imagination — how would "A Midsummer Night's Dream" work at the V.E.C.? Well, I think it "worked" for some of our audience, for example for one teenage Australian girl in front of me who laughed aloud at one of the programme notes: "love and marriage is the central theme: love aspiring to and consummated in marriage". . . .

Many people deserve high acclamation for their hard work (which is why I print the programme credits in full). To single out a few: Pat Yates (for her enthusiasm and professional eye), the musicians (for nourishing the action), Mike McCoy, Damien McGrath and Tony Milner (for doing so much that I could not begin to do) and Mark Langham (of whom I can justly say "without whom . . ."). I do not wish (nor do I think it is my function) to single out any one member of the cast but I do want to thank them for the enjoyment of rehearsals and to praise them for the quality of their performances. They well beguiled our "lazy time" of Lent "with some delight".

THE CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY (in order of appearance)

Theseus, Duke of Athens	<i>Mark Langham</i>
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus	<i>Martin Stempczyk</i>
Egeus, Hermia's father	<i>Nicholas Kern</i>
Hermia, in love with Lysander	<i>Andrew Scurr</i>
Lysander } young courtiers in love with Hermia	<i>John O'Leary</i>
Demetrius }	<i>John Sargent</i>
Helena, in love with Demetrius	<i>David Barrett</i>
Peter Quince, a carpenter; Prologue in the Interlude	<i>David Blower</i>
Francis Flute, a bellows-mender; Thisbe in the Interlude	<i>Christopher Sloan</i>
Nick Bottom, a weaver; Pyramus in the Interlude	<i>Russell Wright</i>
Robin Starveling, a tailor; Moonshine in the Interlude	<i>Stephen Boyle</i>
Tom Snout, a tinker; Wall in the Interlude	<i>Kevin Dring</i>
Snug, a joiner; Lion in the Interlude	<i>Edward Jarosz</i>
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, Oberon's jester and lieutenant	<i>Luiz Ruscillo</i>
A Fairy, in Titania's service	<i>Simon O'Connor</i>
Oberon, King of the Fairies	<i>Dominic Rolls</i>
Titania, Queen of the Fairies	<i>Mark Jarmuz</i>

THE CHARACTERS BENEATH THE PLAY

Production Team *James Creegan, Michael McCoy, Timothy Swinglehurst*
Stage Manager *Damien McGrath*
Stage Crew *Benito Colangelo, Kevin Haggerty, Peter Harvey, Peter Newby*
Lighting (and typing) *Anthony Milner*
Costumes, Props, etc. *Ludger Kintzinger, Marcus Stock, Pat Yates*
Prompter *Mark O'Donnell*
Programme Design *James Manock*
Catering *David Bulmer, Philip Gillespie, Michael McCoy, Stephen Potter*
Michael Robertson, Paul Shaw, Stephen Shield
Music composed by *Peter Clarke, Michael O'Connor, Stephen Shield*
Musicians *Andrew Brookes, Peter Clarke, Paul Cuff, Robert Esdaile*
Antony Hudson, Philip Le Bas, Simon O'Connor
Most of the above, and much more besides *Mark Langham*



The final dénouement

Football Report

What better way to start the season off than with an 11-0 victory over the Beda College; proving once again that walking-sticks and wisdom are no match for youth and brawn. Especially with the five first years brought in to strengthen the squad.

Feeling very proud of ourselves with this first victory, we went on to make 'history' once again by beating the Scots 2-1 in a well-earned 'battle of the fittest'.

The *Italia Coppa* — which is the Church's answer to a World Cup — brought all the Seminarians and Colleges together in a knock-out competition. The only disadvantage was having to rise early on our only free day (Thursday) to make our way to the far side of the city (E.U.R.) and play on a cold, hard pitch. Having managed to survive the preliminary rounds we were eventually 'knocked out' in the Quarter Finals by the Mexicans (2-0) who went on to win the championship.

Our next big event was the 'sevens' (held at the Scots College). With a fairly strong team we won our first match against the Scalabriniani 3-1, the consequences of which were devastating. Our goalkeeper, David Blower, broke his collar-bone, and our central attacker, Simon O'Connor, seriously damaged his hip. After such a blow we fell in the next round and were out of the tournament.

Looking back over the year we seem to have had only a few moments of glory. The season did not live up to our expectations, especially after our initial victories. Injuries seem to have plagued us all the year round, which hindered any consistent play.

We praise Simon O'Connor, who was our top goal scorer, and welcome back Michael Gilmore after three years away. This year we are to lose Simon Peat and Michael Selway; we thank them for their contribution to the team and wish them every joy in their ministry in England.

Benito Colangelo
Captain

The Team

David Blower
Stephen Boyle (Vice-Captain)
John Cahill
Benito Colangelo (Captain)
Jim Creegan
Paul Cuff
Michael Gilmore
Kevan Grady
Peter Harvey
Antony Hudson

Edward Jarosz
Michael O'Connor
Simon O'Connor
John O'Leary
Andrew Patterson
Simon Peat
Dominic Rolls
Luiz Rusillo
Christopher Sloan