

THE
VENERABILE

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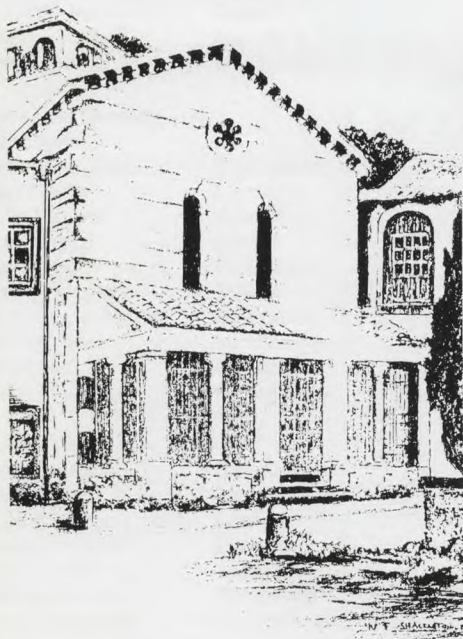
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THE VENERABLE 1993

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Front Cover Cherry &c.

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The Editor welcomes correspondence both on aspects of the College's life and history, and enquiries about subscriptions, change of address and back copies, etc. Please write to:

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Notes on the New Cover

To mark the 70th Anniversary Edition of 'The Venerabile' we have commissioned a new cover. It has been designed by 'Cherry &c.' one of Italy's leading design studios. Our clock tower has been set against an emblematic Rome skyline. The only feature that retains its proper position is the dome of St. Andrea on the top right. Included in the 'skyline' are images of St. Peter's, The Spanish Steps, The Colosseum and Castel San Angelo. Our thanks go to Christina, Paola, Lello and Alessandro from 'Cherry &c.' of Via Paglia, Trastevere. When the new Catechism eventually emerges in English, another of the studio's designs, this time of a lamb and shepherd, will be featured on the cover, as it has been already on all other editions worldwide. We are extremely grateful to the studio for creating such a striking new cover for our magazine!

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John Cornwell: A Frank and Controversial Interview with a Frank and Controversial Author!

John Cornwell!! is one of the most famous contemporary Catholic authors and has particularly strong links with the English College since staying here to research "A Thief in the Night", his account of the death of John Paul I. In the frank and exclusive interview below, the Venerable asks him about his work, both past, present and future.

After junior seminary and sometime at Oscott, John Cornwell worked on the Observer, published two novels and made his name with non-fiction accounts of a West Country murder, "Earth to Earth": a biography of Coleridge, the book on John Paul I, and last year's highly successful "Powers of Darkness, Powers of Light". He writes regularly for the Tablet and his profile of Cardinal Martini appeared in the Sunday Times in April. A new novel, "Strange Gods" is published this summer.

Venerabile: Could you tell us a little about yourself and your books?

John Cornwell: My Juvenilia consisted of two novels, the first "Spoiled Priest" written in 1964 and not published until 1969 which was loosely based on my experiences in the seminary at Oscott, and it lost me a lot of friends! It is a portrait of a seminary trying to cope with Vatican II; it's probably just as well it's no longer available, but to some extent my new novel "Strange Gods" is almost a sequel to it. The second novel was based on my time working on a psychiatric ward. It was called "Seven Other Demons" about violence and repression in these hospitals. I now regret it was written as a novel, at that time we used fiction to say things that ought to have been journalism. This was one of the things that was interesting because it was true. After that work I became a journalist and stopped writing fiction altogether. Then I wrote a large book in 1973 about Coleridge's philosophy of literature from a biographical point of view. After a spell teaching in Canada, I came back to England and became actively involved as a journalist both here and in South America and came back to a staff job on 'The Observer', both writing, managing and editing. My first 'journalistic' book was "Earth to Earth", in 1975: a story of a Devon farming family who were found with their heads blown off. It is an investigation of how this came about and in essence is an examination of the effect of the great farming recession of the late nineteenth century. It was a story of a family that turned in on itself, they shut the gate of the farm, which had become no longer commercially viable, lived off the farm, turning in both socially and religiously. Then as I describe in "Powers of Darkness", I had this strange dream experience in America which prompted me to start work on that book. The book is a combination of a travelogue and 'pop-social-anthropology' field work, stringing together case-histories. By 1987, I was mistakenly angry that the Church hadn't come out one way or another on Medjugorje, so I visited the place and then came to see Bishop Foley about it. Amazingly, Foley said I ought to write about the death of the Pope, and opened doors for me, so I dropped "Powers of Darkness" to do "A Thief in the Night". I met Jack Kennedy through Philip Caraman, and Jack was tremendously helpful, inviting me to stay at the College as I worked on the book.

It took seven months to write! By now, my leave of absence from the Observer had become permanent, because I had a two-book contract to fulfil.

Venerabile: As a regular visitor to the College, how do you think the place has changed over the years you have known it?

John Cornwell: The thing I noticed most of all was the extraordinary Baroque additions to the Salone kitchen! The stove and the loo had gone! Seriously, it is difficult for me to judge that question. I'd be surprised if there had been any great changes in the five years since I've known it. I'm fascinated by institutions though, and this is a pretty unique one!

Venerabile: How does your own personal standpoint affect how you write about the institutional Church?

John Cornwell: What that could mean is my degree of faith. The Church as it was when I was a seminarian in the late fifties wasn't divided into progressives and traditionalists or anything like that. What preoccupies me are much more simple things like trying to say a prayer once a day and grappling with simple yet fundamental things. I'm somewhat bemused by the various factions and antagonisms within Church institutions which is reflected in the Catholic media — as in the letters to the Tablet, for example. I feel it's a pity that institutions can't be a bit more relaxed about the differences between people. I feel slightly sad about it but I feel also I don't want to get clawed into it. I feel the Catholic Church at the moment has got fatter fish to fry than worrying about whether someone is wearing a collar. It's not a cassock you have to worry about — it's the cassock of the mind.

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I find it more than interesting that there are young men who want to go back to those sorts of disciplines who were born after the Council! They don't know what it was like! They've read about it like history, but I find it interesting rather than alarming. If you're struggling to learn how to pray, it doesn't matter very much — and I find this applies to Church politics in general, like the tensions between liberation theology and those who oppose it — I'm sure it's all very important and crucial somehow but I hope I never become as comfortable in my faith again to want to become involved in those tensions, because I think it's a waste of time. After I'd done "A Thief in the Night", I'd get people ringing me up assuming I was terribly interested in Vatican politics — I haven't the remotest interest in all the stuff that goes on over there!

Venerabile: Were you accused of misrepresentation in your use of interview material for "A Thief in the Night" and was it justified?

John Cornwell: I don't think anybody actually accused me of that! I taped almost everything and I still have the tapes — Marcinkus supplied me with fourteen hours! Some people felt I wrote things I should have been more discreet about. I don't think anyone had the faintest suspicion I was going to write the book the way I did. They thought I was going to produce a polemical and combative book heavily dependent on Yallop's thesis that I was going to knock down. My huge journalistic problems were: What are the values of trial by journalism? It is extremely difficult to be fair, you have to be advocate for both sides. It seemed to be the only way to get round that was to allow people to speak for themselves. I wrote it like that because I wanted to give it the feel of an investigative thriller, the sense of continual discoveries. I had to do it that way because Yallop's book was extremely sensational and was already a best seller — my worry was that I would bore people to death. The other problem was I was accused of doing a whitewash job for the Vatican, people thought that as I was staying at the English College and so on, I was probably being paid by the Church to produce a reply to Yallop. As a journalistic tactic, I knew I had to deliberately distance myself from people I was going to defend. Otherwise, the things I had to say about the opposition would have led to the accusation that I was some kind of professional advocate for the Church. I don't think I was unkind to anybody, I think I was more what you'd call mischievous, but that hurt some people and I'm sorry about that. I did get the feeling that the College was divided about it, but I'd rather that than have them all against it! Those who were for it were tremendously warm and enthusiastic, and I knew I'd got it right and would have to suffer the consequences. In my own life story, coming back and spending all that time in the College had a tremendous healing effect on me personally after the 'cri de coeur' of my first novel about my early experience of seminary — but in a curious way, because of the people who were upset about the book, I felt that I was repeating myself, but there were people who were reassuring and fantastically supportive. We have laughed about it since. I also went back to see Marcinkus, and he had no idea I was going to portray him, warts and all, but I knew I had to do it — I had to make him a believable character, so that when he spoke on his own behalf, people could then tell whether he was lying or not. The most wonderful thing that came out of that book was a review in *The Tablet* by Andrew Greeley who was an old friend of Marcinkus who hadn't spoken to him for years, and he used it as an opportunity to heal a breach between them that went back thirty or forty years —

a wonderful piece. Let's not forget that Marcinkus had been named as the Pope's 'murderer', that was what the book was about and that's a tough one to counteract, and whatever the effect of the book in other people's lives, that central allegation was completely quashed and he was grateful for that, even if he was made to look a bit of an ass! When you read back through the history of the Popes you'll find allegations of Popes being murdered again and again, and they have no more substance than this had, the point is once it's said it's always there, it lurks, and thus it's important to counteract it so we know we don't belong to a Church that is still like the Church of the Middle Ages. In a climate of political correctness where you must be careful about what you say about everybody and anybody, people nevertheless think it's permissible to say what they like about Catholics, and this is particularly true of the British media, and I think we have to stand up for ourselves!

Venerabile: Do you feel there is more of John Cornwell in "Powers of Darkness, Powers of Light" than in any other of your books?

John Cornwell: Yes. It's what I would call a confessional book. Writing a travelogue in the first person has legitimate autobiographical content. I stand right back in "A Thief in the Night", but the admissions at the beginning of "Powers of Darkness" add interest and that was all part of the stratagem to try and make that book as absorbing as possible. I think you can only write a book like that if the reader is constantly seeing your reaction to things, as I do at the end of the chapters, coming in to give a reflection and show a shift. I do think some of the finest theologising has been done in confessional writings and I set a lot of store by that kind of writing. There is a theory that you carry around inside yourself all your past narratives, and



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my junior seminary self was powerful and unresolved inside me, because the religious experience you have as a youngster cannot be dismissed as so much gooey piety as Anthony Kenny did in “A Path from Rome”, for me, it’s lain dormant and it signified a loss which was resolved at the end of the book when the adult John Cornwell and the child John Cornwell meet and bury their differences. I was trying to show that the William James approach to religious experience is false, setting up a view of God as an object in the world competing with other objects for your attention — a simplistic model of God’s intervention in the world. I argue at the end of the book that a spiritual “dark night” or symbolic “desert” can be experienced by someone who has voluntarily turned away from God and is living a very secular life. No one escapes the choice that has to be made between two kinds of religion — one is the personal, mystical, dualistic model, the other a scaled-down, human, secular model. Both of them involve a loss, no-one is spared the choice and no-one is spared the repercussions if you go down one road or another. The first model involves self inflicted wounds and the wounding of others and the second a vague sense of spiritual lobotomy and that’s lurked right through my life. Those who stayed with the Church worked through these problems through the sixties and the seventies and felt they’d got it right — I hadn’t and I had to go back and live it all again.

Venerabile: Can you let us know a little about your new novel?

John Cornwell: It’s called “Strange Gods” and it should be out this summer. It’s about the priesthood, chastity, the Eucharist and evangelisation! I think you’ll find it’ll be very controversial! It’s not saying anything new to say the Church is in crisis over sexual morality and what it means to be a priest in the modern world. The book deals with inculturation and to tell you the truth I first started thinking about it in 1982 when I read the French Jesuit letters “Les Relations” dealing with the Huron mission in North America and I spent several years reading the seventy-three volumes that dealt with this fifty year mission. Brian Moore’s ‘Black Robe’ was his solution to the problem, but you’ll find mine very different. There is a wealth of anthropological material in the letters and it is a harrowing story!

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Reminiscences of College Days 1948-55

"Quanto se bella Roma!" the chorus of a panto song (1948?) began like that. The first verse was something like this:

"The old Roman looked at his celebret and his eyes grew dim with tears.

He heard the sound of the second bell through the arches of the years.

Though my socks may be rosso, my heart grows commosso and longs for the days of yore.

Oh, to cross the Farnese as fresh as a daisy, back as the Boss once more."

I think the writer had Cardinal Godfrey (Uncle Bill) in mind.

Uncle Bill came to the College a few times when he was Apostolic Delegate, and then when appointed to Liverpool. Being appointed to Liverpool reminded him of how a former Rector, Cardinal Hinsley, after a stint as Papal Representative for parts of Africa, was made a Canon of St. Peter's. Over the entrance to his Canon's cell where the words: "*NIL RESTAT NISI SEPULCHRUM.*" When he was appointed to Westminster, it was as though being raised from the tomb. "Uncle Bill" now understood how he felt.

I don't think I would have been sent to the English College, had I not first studied at Mount Melleray Seminary, run by the Cistercians, in Co. Waterford. Fr. Ailbe (whose brother was Canon Denis Luddy in our Middlesbrough Diocese, who had studied at the English College) recommended that I should go to Rome, and, thank God, my Bishop agreed. So I was with some of the finest men you could ever meet, and, for seven years. The Rectors, Mgr. McMillan and Mgr. (now Bishop) Tickle, were very kind and tolerant with me — so was Mgr. (now Bishop) Clark, and all the students likewise.

We were much closer to the Holy Land than when in England, so Bill Burtoft and myself decided to go there (deck passage). Wilbur Boswell had gone there during his post-philosophy holiday, two years earlier, we would do the same. Wilbur Boswell had first of all gone to see Padre Pio, who, "with great enthusiasm", blessed his pilgrimage. I was going to see Padre Pio during the Easter holiday. Bill Burtoft insisted that I obtain his blessing for our pilgrimage. Six of us students, three from the English College and three from the Scots College, saw Padre Pio in the Sacristy. I went on my knees and stammered out in my Yorkshire-Italian that I was going to the Holy Land with another student and would he please bless our pilgrimage. "Si", was his only reply, and I felt like Naaman the Syrian — but his blessing worked!

Among the Scots present was Jock Dalrymple. Eventually, three years later, I was ordained priest with him, and with Owen (now Bishop) Swindlehurst and with two others. The names Swindlehurst, Dalrymple and Bickerstaffe were a difficulty for the Italians, but we were able to say "adsum" at the appropriate time.

The three of us had received the sub-diaconate on the same day, some weeks previously. We had first made a Retreat together at Sant Alfonso, during Holy

Week. We attended Tenebrae, the congregation being in the nave before the High Altar, we, unseen, behind the High Altar, in the large Sacristy. We got the giggles — you would have got them too — so much so that Jock Dalrymple had to stuff his mouth with a handkerchief! When I think of him as a Master of Prayer and the Spiritual Life, I take great courage. He died on a golf course a few years ago — may he rest in peace. I feel sure he got his last hole in one — straight up!

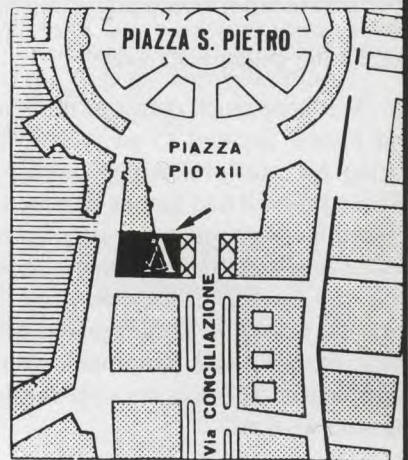
I am not a golfer now; but I played on the Sforza. Having made a drive over a high tree, I went to look for the ball. There was Mgr. Heard, rosary beads in hand “Did you see the golf ball, Monsignor?” “See it! It nearly killed me!” — we might have been one Cardinal less.

George Leonard was in my year. He helped me when doing my practical exercise in Philosophy. Much to my surprise, I was able to choose Gerard Manley Hopkins for my subject, with Blessed(?) Duns Scotus playing a fair part (Haecceitas/Inscap and all that sort of thing). For my little dissertation, George was able to reorganise my attempt, with consummate ease, and put it into Latin that everyone could understand. At his requiem in Westminster Cathedral, Cardinal Hume said that George had “the skill to take the half-formed thoughts of another and develop them into a coherent whole “. . . and I say, ‘Amen’ to that”.

The most beautiful breakfast ever for me was prepared and served by Liam Carson on Tusculum (how’s your Cicero?). Bacon and eggs followed by fresh peaches. We had had an early start from the Villa for the walk to Tusculum for Mass on the altar at the foot of the huge cross. We had earned our breakfast.

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I don't remember the breakfasts, but I do remember the early rise to go to Faete to greet the dawn and see the sunrise. (It was a brilliant idea to have Palazzola for the long summer break and be able to do such wonderful things. . . .)

We had a Holy Year of 1950, with its majestic ceremonies and visits from pilgrims galore, including high ranking members of Church and State. The Irish Cabinet came on pilgrimage and Mr. Costello, the Prime Minister, came to address us after supper.

We all remember Mgr. Giovanni Battista Montini coming to our banquet, celebrating the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in 1953. He represented Pope Pius XII.

On another occasion R. A. B. Butler (Education Act 1944) addressed us in the First Library. It was all done with great aplomb and Mgr. McMillan excelled himself.

I was very fortunate to have been at the College during those pre-Vatican II years, when Evening Mass, a shortened Eucharistic Fast, and a revised Holy Saturday Liturgy were causing a sensation — crowds were crashing in to hear what Fr. Hurth and Fr. Capello had to say about the New Eucharistic Fast — true!

During Holy Year, Feast of All Saints, Pope Pius XII defined the Assumption of Our Lady. The ceremony was on the top of the steps outside St. Peter's, with crowds filling the square and overflowing well down the Conciliazione. At night St. Peter's was lit up with oil lamps. The Colonnade and Castel Sant Angelo, with its reflection in the Tiber, all aglow with light. Along the outside wall of the Church Tribune in the Via Monserrato, Michael Keegan and Wilbur Boswell had made a beautiful sign in lights: *ASSUMPTA EST MARIA* — a very fitting tribute from the College.

Most of my year were ordained in 1954, the Marian Year — an added privilege.

It was great to be in Rome, to attend the "Greg.," to have such exceptional holidays; but it was the general atmosphere of the College, the friendliness and concern of everyone in it, which made seven years away from home so happy and memorable.

Rev. A. Bickerstaffe

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An Unknown Painting by Andrea Pozzo in Rome

Introduction

This article is a translation of “Ein Unbekanntes Gemaelde Von Andrea Pozzo in Rom”, published in Vienna in 1984 by the Austrian Academy of Science and the Austrian Cultural Institute in Rome as part of a collection called “Roemische Historische Mitteilungen”. A summary of Dr. Kuhn’s finding was published in “L’Osservatore Romano”, German edition, on August 21st 1984.

After sitting in the College refectory, meal after meal, for seven years, gazing curiously but none too enthusiastically at the painting of Christ at the home of Simon the Pharisee, seven years of hearing very little about its maker or the spiritual significance of its presence in our seminary refectory, my hope is that this article might stimulate new debate in the chapels, at the notice-boards, and over the steaming plates of “spaghetti alla niente” (copyright A. Towey). Perhaps we might even think of *restoring* Pozzo’s masterpiece for its Tow Hundredth Birthday? After all, ‘caratteristico’ though it may be, “Digby’s hole” is a later accretion, and it does fail to fascinate after a year or two.

My thanks go to Mrs. Gerlinde Southey of Bromley for the greater part of the translation, and of course, to the author herself for the wealth of her insights and permission to reprint her findings in the “Venerabile”.

Fr. John Kenny: Deptford, London

Brigitte Kuhn — Rome

An Unknown Painting by Andrea Pozzo in Rome

During a research project on churches in Rome, a painting was discovered in the refectory of the English College which is attached to St. Thomas of the English (or of Canterbury).

Hitherto classified in the archives as the work of an unknown painter, published but ignored, stylistic comparisons now clearly point to the painter Andrea Pozzo of the Society of Jesus, who was born in Trent (1642) and died in Vienna (1709). This attribution is reinforced by the existence in the College archives of an invoice for 9 scudi from the gilder Carlo Filiberti, dated December 8 1700:

“for covering in fine gold and yellow staining the frame of a large picture by the Rev. Father Pozzo in the refectory room”.

Andrea Pozzo was better known as an architect and scenery designer to the Sacred Theatre of the Society of Jesus than as a painter. His large scale paintings were unappreciated, even ignored, until the studies of Cerrato, Marini and Kerber, and he is still better known as a painter of frescoes and a master of virtuoso perspective and illusionistic decoration. In collaboration with Giovanni Battista Gaulli called *il Bacciccio* (1639-1709), he painted the ceiling of the Gesù church in Rome (1672-9). He succeeded one of the most important masters of illusionistic ceiling paintings in Rome during the late Baroque period, Pietro da Cortona. His

most important work in this respect is the fresco above the central aisle of S Ignazio (1688-94), depicting *St. Ignatius of Loyola in glory and the spreading of the Faith by the Society of Jesus*.

In sketching out Pozzo's stylistic development, one must point out the importance of his studies in Milan which followed a short apprenticeship in his home town of Trent. His first two masters there are not known by name but Pozzo's first biographer, Francesco Saverio Baldinucci, mentions a rather incompetent master (an *ignorante*), pupil of Palma Giovane. Pozzo then studied under a master who had himself been trained by Sacchi, Poussin and Mola, thereby ensuring the continuation of those classical influences discernible in his later works. It was this second master who took young Andrea to Milan in the early 1660's. There, in 1665, he entered the Society of Jesus as a lay-brother. This enabled him to continue his artistic activities in the service of the Order, journeying to Genoa and probably to Venice and Trent. He took his vows in 1675.

Pozzo's early altarpieces (1671-2) for the Jesuit church of Sant' Ambrogio in Genoa (*The Immaculate Conception with St Stanislas and the Christ Child* and *The Preaching of St Francis Xavier*) are characterised by the mannerist febrility of the figures, and especially by the striking use of chiaroscuro with flickering and random lighting, arbitrarily singling out secondary areas of the composition. The second painting (cf the 1769 biography by Ratti), "the unhappy result of chiaroscuro at second hand", was rejected outright by the Genoese Jesuits and "off-loaded" onto Novi Ligure where it is still to be found today. This episode underlines a close interest in Caravaggio, and caravaggesque elements still appear in Pozzo's later

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paintings (cf the impressive *Flight into Egypt* for the Turin Congregazione dei Mercanti in 1701).

During these earlier years, this influence combined with typically Lombardian late-Mannerist elements. In the disjointed forms, the flickering light and the pale colouring of the earlier works, Kerber recognises the influence of the Lombardian painters Giovanni Battista Crespi, called il Cerano (1575/6-1632) and Pier Francesco Mazzucchelli, known as il Morazzone (ca 1537-1626).

As early as 1959, Marini had spoken of Pozzo's early work as of a "second-hand" caravaggismo, filtered through Cerano and Morazzone. Pozzo certainly knew the work of both artists in Milan, and — through engravings — that of Caravaggio himself. Other influences may be traced beyond these late-Mannerist and caravaggesque elements. According to Pascoli, Pozzo copied Venetian XVIIth century painters during his journey to Venice and Genoa, though this was to influence his fresco rather than his easel painting style. Lanzi had already made the connection between Pozzo's style and that of Rubens whose latest works he must have seen in Genoa. This resulted in a change in the direction of light — now unified and logical — and in a warmer palette.

In 1681, "Brother Andrea", allegedly at Maratta's recommendation, was called to Rome by Father Oliva, the Jesuit General, who gave a fresh impetus to the promotion of art by the Jesuits. Thereafter, in spite of Oliva's sudden death, he received major commissions from the Order: the panel painting of *Sant' Ignazio* and the Ignatius altarpiece in the Gesù, to mention only two. This allowed him little time for easel painting. However, judging by the few remaining pictures, a change of style can be detected from the time of his arrival in Rome, revealing the influence of the classicising trends in Roman painting, as exemplified in the work of Carlo Maratta, and epitomised by the strict Roman monumental style of Raphael, Carracci, Domenechino and Sacchi.

In 1702, Andrea Pozzo left Rome for Vienna, following the call of the Emperor Leopold I. He arrived there in 1703 after stays in Tuscany and Trent. He remained in Vienna until his death in 1709, held in equally high esteem by the Jesuit principals and the court and the aristocracy. Among other works, he undertook the alteration and decoration of the banqueting hall in the Liechtenstein Palace (*Triumph of Hercules*). His illusionistic decorative painting style had a lasting influence in Austria and Southern Germany. As regards Pozzo's easel painting, the development already indicated continued strongly (cf the paintings for the Vienna University Church), showing an increasing realism which paralleled the Jesuit attitude to art, leading towards a realistic "devotional style" (Kerber).

This summary of Andrea Pozzo's easel painting style will facilitate a better understanding of the newly discovered picture. This oil painting on canvas with an arched top and of impressive dimensions (2.2-2.75 x 5.95 m) fits perfectly on the end wall of the barrel-vaulted refectory of the English College, thereby showing that it was specially commissioned for this position. The much darkened colouring and the tear in the right half of the canvas cry out for restoration. Christ is depicted at the banquet given by Simon the Pharisee, with the Magdalen anointing the Saviour's feet (Luke VII, 36-50). Together with the *Wedding at Cana*, this was an especially suitable and popular theme

for a refectory. Pozzo interpreted both subjects several times: *Simon's Banquet* for the refectory of the Jesuits in Perugia, "very flowing in its chiaroscuro" (Kerber); a *Wedding at Cana* for the Clementinum at Prague (both these oil paintings have been lost). There is also a fresco of the *Wedding at Cana* in the refectory of the Convent of S Trinitá dei Monti in Rome (1694), decorated by Pozzo with impressive illusionistic architecture and figures by Philippe Sergeant; a *Simon's Banquet* in the Jesuit Church in Frascati (summer 1681 and 1684) was probably finished by one of Pozzo's pupils, Antonio Colli, following a sketch by the master. Voss attributes the painting to Pozzo, Kerber makes no comment.

Until then, Pozzo had favoured a grandiose "macchina" of complex scenery, a festive design with many figures as in the frescoes for S Trinitá dei Monti in 1694 and the Teatro delle Nozze di Cana (*Wedding of Cana*) of 1685. At this point, his attitude changed completely, he distanced himself from his contemporaries and adopted a different manner. The composition becomes extremely clear and well-balanced, with hardly any development of depth within the picture planes. He foregoes all fantasies of perspective and even of architectural embellishment and favours a literal presentation of the subject. Pozzo now reduces a populated scene to just a few figures emerging from the diffuse and neutral dark brown of the background. In no other easel painting by Pozzo, and in contrast to his former works, is this tendency to clarity, order and balance as obvious as here, the legacy of the classical mainstream within the Roman School.

Unlike the paintings of the seventies, such as *The Preaching of St Francis Xavier* with its dominant "horror vacui", figures entwined in curves, and flickering

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light enhancing the lack of compositional clarity, this painting shows single figures of monumental plasticity and strong contours. Both in the design and in its psychological interpretation, each figure leads a separate existence. The beautiful, glorified Christ holds centre stage not only because of his dignified posture but because of the light falling directly onto him (the main figures in the St Francis Xavier had stood in darkness). Furthermore, the eye is led towards the main figure in the left-hand side of the painting by the two dark figures in the right foreground, a rational use of light in comparison with his earlier work. Light is used as an active element, creating more movement than the restrained gestures of the protagonists.

In the strong chiaroscuro, in the way in which the figures emerge from the darkness and in the dramatic direction of the light, caravaggesque echoes can still be recognised. The two foreground figures — the young servant bending as he busily pours out the wine and glances over at the Magdalen, and the bearded man next to him, steeped in deepest darkness — are used as repoussoir figures behind which the light is streaming. It picks out the two old men discussing Christ's words, and almost illuminates the figure standing behind the table, going on to touch both the seated old men and the back of the Magdalen, finally flowing fully onto the Christ and softly lighting up the face and hands of the old man on the left. A traditionally caravaggesque type stands behind the table in a proud almost defiant stance, a man of the people, with hard features, verging on the brutal. Unlike the two men next to him listening attentively to Christ, he is staring directly at the Magdalen. A peculiar discord exists between him on the one hand and the dignified figures of the old men and Christ on the other. Caravaggesque echoes can also be found in the type and treatment of drapery (so very different with its deep creases and highlighted folds) and in the colour scheme of this figure: pale, cool, in general contrast. He wears a jacket whose tones vary from olive to silvery green with white facings, a white apron veering to silver grey, colours which bring to mind the boy in the *Martyrdom of St Matthew* in the Contarini Chapel (S Luigi dei Francesi). The *Call of Matthew* in the same chapel is brought to mind even though the comparison may be a little far-fetched — there is after all more than a century between the two works — but Caravaggio's masterpieces were known to Pozzo.

The remainder of the colour scheme is limited to a few warm tones gleaming in the darkness: the honey-coloured cloak of the old man on the far right, the yellowish-grey of the turban next to him, the luminous silver-grey of the tablecloth, the dark green coat and red cap of the old man bending forward, the yellow gown of the dignified elder next to him (surely Simon), Christ in a bright red robe with a blue cloak and the dark blonde Magdalen in a light blue robe with a yellow cape. The remaining figures in the shadows are in green and russet.

The little black and white cat in the corner, the dog on the right and the servant figure are purely ornamental, taken over by Pozzo from Venetian School banqueting scenes, rarely appearing in compositions of the Roman School on the same theme. On the other hand, Christ is shown in profile, and his gesture may be called academic; the pose surely originates from Maratta's ideals prevalent in Rome at the time, ideals which, as Pascoli reports, Pozzo espoused. Yet Pozzo both subdues and surpasses the pathos of Maratta's saints.

Does the figure of Christ with its soft modelling and particularly settecento colouring find its source in the work of Maratta? A roseate glow touches Christ's cheeks, gleams like a hazy halo over his head and body, brightening the Magdalen's face as she bends over his foot. In this composition, Christ is certainly the element most in tune with XVIIth century practice.

A specific moment in the Gospels is being depicted: Christ, facing Simon, is telling the parable of the debtors. Looking at the sinner at his feet he says:

“Her sins, her many sins, must have been forgiven her, or she would not have shown such great love. It is the man who is forgiven little who shows little love”. Then he says to her, “Your sins are forgiven”. Those who were with him at table began to say to themselves, “Who is this man, that he even forgives sins?”

Pozzo illustrates with great realism and psychological insight the different reactions to the words of Christ: the lively discussion between the two old men on the right; the indifference of the man standing opposite Christ, looking only at the woman; the attentiveness of the old man next to him, further emphasised by his leaning forward with folded hands; Simon's disbelief, almost rejection, as he backs away from Christ and lifts his left hand off the table in consternation; the minor figures in the shadows whose gestures express surprise. Only the servant in the centre background carries on walking, balancing a platter on raised arms, impervious to the event and looking out at the spectator. Such a figure often disguises a self-portrait, but it cannot be so in this case for the three well-known self-portraits of Andrea Pozzo bear no resemblance to the very young servant (Pozzo was already 58 years old in 1700).



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This lifelike trend in portraiture, this sensitive response to every psychological variation, goes far deeper than mere artistic style. Pozzo's aim was to bring together the religious content of the painting and the observer's personal devotion. One must never lose sight of the fact that Pozzo was a Jesuit, working almost exclusively for the Order. His close connection with the Order, to whom he left all his earnings, has been documented by his biographer. Even in Vienna Pozzo lived at all times with the Jesuits. An important factor for a Jesuit was the schooling in contemplation "directed to the healing process in narrative painting" (Kerber). The theological background of Pozzo's work has been convincingly analysed by Kerber: "Pozzo's art is a means of expression for the spiritual aims of his order. The reality of religious experiences is the most important problem of expression".

Furthermore, as Kerber emphasises, Pozzo's aim was not the stylistic definition of an autonomous artist, but rather:

"to be fully absorbed into the supra-personal teaching purpose of the Jesuit Order. They are pressing on as laid down by Ignatius of Loyola, to the concrete realisation of salvation history".

The increasing realism in Pozzo's artistic development, its usage of space and ever greater monumentality, is — in my opinion — not only in harmony with Jesuit principles of art, but also part of Pozzo's overall development as an artist, which like that of any secular painter was subject to diverse influences.

The deeply religious mood especially evident in the figure of Christ can be better appreciated against this background. More than anyone else, Pozzo was concerned to turn a painting into a devotional aid. It matters little that the commission was for a refectory, for in the same room was a raised pulpit for the reading aloud of edifying texts during mealtimes.

Pozzo's authorship is confirmed by critical comparisons of style. The fact that Brother Andrea incorporated previously-invented figures again and again, as Kerber points out, strengthens the attribution. A Christ similar in physiognomy and modelling can be found in the altarpiece carried out in 1699 for the Gesù in Rome, and also the *Death of St. Joseph*, the altarpiece in St Joseph's Chapel in Vienna University Church (c 1703), where Marini recognised not only the design but the hand of Pozzo.

As far as the distribution of light is concerned, *Simon's Banquet* fits very well into the years of development around 1700. Pozzo's deep interest in the phenomenon of light has been studied in the aforementioned Gesù altarpiece of 1699, where the light streaming in from the side unfolds its rich spectrum upon each area and contour. This development was carried further in the caravaggesque chiaroscuro of the paintings which followed for the Congregazione dei Mercanti in Turin.

A dating of 1700 is corroborated by the fact that the payment to the frame gilder had been made in December of that year and the fact that Pozzo was known to be a fast worker.

None of Pozzo's biographers expressly mention a work for the English College in Rome, apart from Baldinucci. He writes:

“ . . . for as long as our painter remained in the College of the Gesù he strove to make pictures for the other Colleges . . . ”

A connection between Brother Andrea and the English College has been established insofar as the College was entrusted to the administration of the Jesuits by Gregory XIII, after earlier difficulties in 1579 its foundation year. The painting in the refectory is not the only work by Pozzo for the Jesuits of the English College. For the same room, he made a sketch for the ceiling fresco (*The fight of St George with the Dragon*) which must be considered a “workshop painting” because of its inferior quality, though this may be partly due to later overpainting. This is not the case, however, for the ceiling decoration of the College Chapel, exquisitely executed as an illusionistic architectural fresco of high quality, depicting *The Assumption of Our Lady*. In his book, Kerber did not accept Moroni’s attribution to Pozzo, but revised his opinion in 1972 after restoration work had been carried out, announcing a forthcoming publication. The final confirmation came from Williams in 1979 when he published a payment slip for the painting dated 1701, and another for the altarpiece in the Chapel, both found in the English College Archives. Even before this, Pozzo had been employed by the English College as architect. Between 1581 and 1585, he produced an interesting design for the rebuilding of the existing church of St Thomas of Canterbury on a transverse oval plan with an indirectly-lit double cupola. This design was never built. The fact that the English College employed Pozzo not only as a painter of frescoes and paintings but also as an architect bears witness to his astonishing versatility.

Finally, to return to the newly-discovered *Simon’s Banquet*, a comparison of its design (the execution is debatable) with that of the Frascati fresco on the same theme, shows the very high quality of the English College painting, so that, as in the case of the altarpiece in the Gesù, Rome, it can be finally attributed as a masterpiece of the painter Andrea Pozzo.

Dr. Brigitte Kuhn : Innsbruck, Austria

The Story of Palazzola

Palazzola, Palazzuola, etc. — from the Latin *Palatiolis* — small Palace — was constructed close to the Etruscan settlement of *Alba Longa* (the Cricket field — the 'Sforza') about the year 125 B.C. The Roman *Scipio* (of Spain) family occupied the property and one of its members was buried in the *Consular Tomb* visible on the North side of the property in the rock-face. The garden on the southern side is constructed partly on ancient *Roman Arches*, the peperino rock having been excavated from the adjoining rock-face. The arches and the retaining wall support a cultivated garden as well as a number of cypress, bay and fruit trees.

In the St. Edward Cortile can be seen on the lower part of 'the tower' an example of *opus reticulatum* of the 125 B.C. period. This example is an early type which developed over the next two centuries in an effort to decorate outside walls and give some flexibility in seismic stress. The vertical rock-face was chiselled by the Romans to provide the building stone for the villa. A small piece of mosaic flooring also from this period can be clearly observed in the Church (the former Roman villa portico). *Palatiolis* fell into disrepair and was abandoned during the 4th Century.

In 1023 a group of 3 *Benedictines* were told to leave their ruinous Hermitage of St. Michael (built circa 925) and move up to the ruins of *Palatiolis*. A small fragment of the altar stone of this hermitage, describing the relics of the saints, is on the north wall of the cloister. They built a simple Church on the site of the former portico (*Santa Maria de Palatioli*) and a small Monastery over the area of the former villa. The community was under the jurisdiction of the Abbot of St. Saba on the Aventine. In Church, as part of the extant Roman mosaic, one can see the Benedictine *extension* to this mosaic in smaller cream and black stones — possibly *Cosmati work* as the family worked at St. Saba in this period

There is evidence that *Augustinians* (about 1206 A.D.) spent some time here after the departure of the Benedictines.

In 1240 the *Cistercian Monks* of *Tre Fontane* took over the property and built the present Church, and Monastery to the south of the Church, dedicated to *Our Lady of the Snows*. Pope Innocent IV gave it *Abbey status* on 19th January 1244. The buildings were a smaller version of the buildings of *Tre Fontane Abbey* — built in 1226. The Cistercians came to escape the summer heat of Rome, the humidity of the Tiber and mosquitoes!

About 1360 a painting — on dry plaster — of the Virgin Mother Mary with baby Jesus on her right knee, holding an orb in his right hand, was painted above the Altar with two monastic saints on either side — (SS. Benedict (?) in the left with a staff surmounted by a cross in his right hand and St. Bruno or Bernard (?) on the right). Years of neglect and damage have spoilt this painting almost irreparably. The *Tre Fontane Cistercians* remained here until about 1350 when ownership went to the *Carthusians* of *Santa Croce in Jerusaleme*, Roma, who stayed here until 1460.

From 1460 until 1910 *Franciscan Friars Minor* from *Ara Coeli* occupied Palazzola. About 1480 two frescoes were added to the central painting — of Christ

supported by two angels being laid in the tomb, painted, it is thought, by Antoniazzi Romano (?) and members of his school.

In 1730 a Portuguese Franciscan, *Fra José Maria Fonseca* came to Palazzola. With financial help from *King John V of Portugal* he completely restored the fallen garden wall (leaving a Latin tablet and the Royal arms of Portugal on the southern corner). He replanted the garden. The 'restoration' of the Church and Monastery (to the south of the Church) was in the 'baroque' and Portuguese style. The Church's simplicity was lost, all the frescoes painted over. *The small columns in the cloister were removed. Two ornate towers on either side of the front portico were built. The effect, was to make the place a "more splendid form" . . .* according to one of the two Latin tablets he left in the cloister.

Fonseca also built what we call the 'New Wing' to the north of the Church. The Franciscan star ★ is to be seen in many places. His coat of arms, as Bishop-Elect of Oporto, and those of the King of Portugal are over the main portal gate — the arms of the Venerable English College, Rome, in their midst. He was known as the second founder of Palazzola.

A great deal of damage was done during the French occupation of the 1790's when lead was taken from the roof of the Church and the two towers. Simple repairs made in the mid 1800's leaving the 'baroque' interior and much more simplified towers at the entrance.

In 1910, during the Portuguese Civil War, the community of Friars, who were Portuguese, left Palazzola after 460 years. In 1914 a *Signor Arnaldi* purchased the

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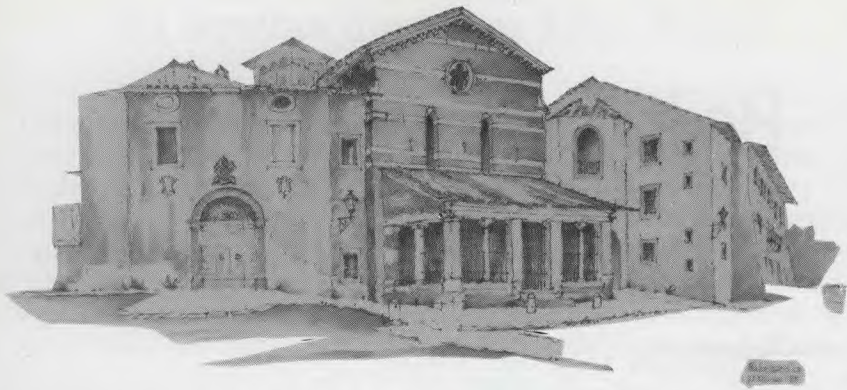
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property and used it as a *Colonia di Salute* for overweight people for three years after it had been used, unsuccessfully, as a *restaurant*. This project was also a failure — as it still is for such a purpose! One of Arnaldi's mottos can still be seen in the refectory — as follows: "*MANGIARE ADAGIO E MASTICARE BENE*" — *eat gently and chew well!*

In 1920, Mgr. Arthur Hinsley, Rector of the Venerable English College in Rome, purchased Palazzola as its summer residence. For 299 years the College had used a property in Monte Porzio for its summer residence. With a great influx of students after the First World War the Monte Porzio Villa was too small. A move was absolutely necessary. From 1930-1935 the next Rector, Mgr. William Godfrey, restored the Church to its original 13th century Gothic style with Romanesque points.

In 1946, following a partial occupancy by *German* medical officers during the early part of 1944, the College returned from England to find the refectory decorated with anti-war frescoes painted by the Germans in camouflage paint! The Allied Forces (British and American) effected the removal of the German medical corps by gentle bombardment — leaving shrapnel marks in the Church ceiling and in the façade of the New Wing and in the St. Edward's Cortile.

During the 1980's the property, still owned and used by the English College in Rome, enlarged Palazzola's use to include Retreats, Spiritual Conferences, Ecumenical Encounters and Pilgrims.

Restoration and improvements to this historic property have been carried out during the past 2,100 years. In these days and over the past three years we have been able, through generous help, to begin work on the Church — *new flooring, lighting, sound system and recently restore the frescoes above the altar*. The New Wing and Church portico have had *new roofs and new paint* — as far as money would stretch.

In the next edition of *The Venerabile* I hope to give in greater detail the story of the post-war occupation and restoration of Palazzola. In this way some gratitude to God can be made in celebrating 750 years, this year, of Palazzola being created as an *Abbey*.

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Yet Another Tusculum Altar Repair

Thursday 25th March 1993, the Solemnity of the Annunciation, saw the latest restoration to the altar on Tusculum. Two members of the party of six, namely myself and Joe Coughlan, were part of the original team that undertook the first repairs on 1st May 1990¹. This repair lasted for two years but by July of last year the vandals had already set about it and one corner was broken away. In January of this year I made a recce to see if the damage had got any worse and was horrified to discover that it was in as nearly as bad a shape as we had found it in 1990. Why had the repair lasted for such a short time? Our amateur — though enthusiastic — efforts were no match for the determined vandal. May 1st 1990 was a very hot day and the cement set too quickly. The fact that it was a public holiday and that by midday half of Rome was on Tusculum with their prying fingers didn't help either!

So how were we to ensure a more permanent repair this time? Two things were needed; first cooler weather which would allow the cement to dry without cracking and which would deter over-inquisitive natives from venturing out; and secondly, expertise. The former nature provided and the latter came from the College builder, Adolfo. Joe had no difficulty in persuading “yer man” to come along and so all was set.

We met Adolfo in the car park below Tusculum at 7.30 a. m. precisely. The sky threatened rain and a chill wind blew — a far cry from three years ago. From his amazing rubber band-driven Reliant Robin-equivalent pickup truck — an Apecar (sic!) — Adolfo produced four 20kg bags of wet cement and a 5 litre demi-john of



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"The magnificent repair"



“...deserves a toast”

The workmen; Mark Harold, Adolpho, James McDonald, Simon Thomson, Joe Coughlan and Paul Rowan.

homebrew. With the cement packed in rucksacks we set off on the half mile climb. Carrying 20kg on your back is quite an experience especially when Pasquina's cooking has already added a surplus 13kg to your body weight over the past 4½ years! However, we reached the summit without mishap and immediately broke out the mega cestino provided by Sr. Angelia. Unfortunately we had not brought a gaz stove so reluctantly we had to break into Adolfo's potion at 8.10 a. m. By the time we had finished our snack Adolfo was already hard at it. There was not really much for us to do apart from the vital task of searching for the various bits of altar. Unfortunately some of the larger stones had been smashed or strewn a long way from the altar but with diligent searching and Adolfo's know-how the altar slowly took shape.

Only an hour and a half after we had reached the summit Adolfo was putting the final touches to a first class job of which he was deservedly very proud. As we were now chilled to the bone we quickly posed for photographs and drank a toast to those “men of brawn” who had been with us in 1990. The day was rounded off with a heroes' lunch at Palazzola and some hefty siesta-ing.

On 30th April I ascended Tusculum once more to see how our professional job had fared over the previous month. It was no surprise to discover that it was looking as solid as a rock. Only a large quantity of Sementex could now inconvenience a dignified celebration of the Mass of the Transfiguration during the *villeggiatura* 1993!

Simon Thomson

¹ Article by Kevin Haggerty, ‘The English College and Tusculum; The Unfolding of Tradition’, *The Venerabile*, Vol. XXIX, No.4, 1990, p.42.

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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.

Handicapped but more complete

He was deaf and dumb and partly spastic. He was 21 years old with a mental age of 3 years. Such was the state of affairs when I first met him. I was the social worker and he the client. We became good friends and I like to think we got to know each other quite well. On my return, having worked abroad for a few months, I wondered what his reaction would be on seeing me again. Would he have forgotten me? Would he need time to remember me maybe? Such questions were buzzing around in my mind.

It was on my return that I found out he had lost his sight. The doctors said his optic nerves had died. Coupled with this, he had almost completely lost the use of his legs. The poor man was riddled with medical deficiencies as it was. Surely to God no more! “Now tell us where your God is” my colleagues said to me, the bitterness clear in their tone. Yes, I was left shattered.

“No”, they said, “he won’t recognise you — how can he?” Taking his hands gently and placing them in mine, I entwined his fingers around mine in the playful way we used to before I went away. He was momentarily bemused. Suddenly the penny dropped. He knew who I was. He had recognised me. He pulled me down to his wheelchair and flung his arms around me with shouts and screams of what could only be described as sheer delight. So, not only had he recognised me, powerful enough in itself, but made it clear how overjoyed he was to have me back. Needless to say I was overcome. We shared a profound joy. A joy that must have been tinged with the divine. For me, a powerful display of God’s spirit at work in a young man mentally and physically riddled with debility, and yet a spirit so alive that it more than compensated for his deficiencies in an overwhelming way.

A powerful moment in my 15 years’ work with handicapped people. Numerous anecdotes can be told, some powerful and rewarding, some not so, some funny, some sad and some hopelessly desperate — leaving you feeling just that way yourself. I came away from this work having been loved, praised, rewarded and needed. Not to mention threatened, intimidated, unnerved, robbed, and hurt.

When I first started the work, I was told I would lose my faith, yet I feel it has grown. I wonder why? The positive by far outweighs the negative? Possibly. Or possibly a realisation that you learn far more from these people than you can ever teach them. They are so very rich in God’s love through their uncomplicated natures, you are left feeling ashamed and wanting to follow their example. And the realisation dawns (at least it did with me) that we are *all* equally graced with God’s gifts, irrespective of our physical and/or mental conditions, as my friend displayed in his recognition and joy to have me back. This article is not meant to be “twee” or over emotionally-charged but in fact just a personal witness of God’s love as shared in even those whose conditions appear to be wracked with brokenness.

As a final anecdote, when I announced to my class (in a school for these children) that I was leaving to come to seminary to study for the priesthood, one lad (who is known to have behaviour problems) called out “Oh sir, why can’t you just

stay and be normal as you are, you'll go off and be all funny and holy, I need you here sir." Another student put her head in her hands and cried out "I'm having a bad dream, I'm going to wake up in a minute, please let me wake up!"

What better accolade, in all truth, could one really ask for? Can anyone really deny the spirit of God here?

Paul Fox



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The USL File

The assignment was handed over by my Italian controller, “il Dottore”, in a green overall in a green room on a green piece of paper. It didn’t sound too difficult:–

“Operation Code Name: RIB. Task: Locate and contact the Ecograph Section in six months time and have them carry out the necessary controls.”

The serene look on his face gave no hint of what was to come. After two weeks intensive treatment I was ready for off and after cleverly concealing the instructions in a Filofax I headed off to Rome.

I went to ground in the English College. Surprise was going to be crucial. The Italian Health Service could so easily detect my approach and prepare its defences. I passed the time checking my “documenti” (passport with duplicate copy, permit to be in Italy, E111, medical card, driver’s licence, birth certificate, O-level certificates, photo of my mother, video shop card, blood donor certificate, Papal blessing, dog licence, Burnley FC season ticket 1961 and a copy of “The Health Service is Safe in Our Hands” autographed by Margaret Thatcher) and spent long hours training myself to stand in front of blank grey doors.

I made my first run in January. I went in fast before the man at the hospital gate could get the barrier down, drove six times round, out again and parked in the street. They’d been tipped off! Someone had filled the car park and removed all the signs to “ecografia”. After several attempts I managed to fool one official into telling me where it was . . . roughly. I slipped into the corridor. Six grey doors and six queues faced me. Here is where experience tells and I didn’t have it. I chose a queue, I wait, I get to the front, grey door opens, granite faced nurse awaits. I narrowly escape a rear puncture, I mutter weakly “Egografia?”, a wave of a needle indicates “Not here”, I try another queue.

Lesson: never ask a question answerable by Yes or No if you want information.

Second time I got lucky. The lady in front had a note marked Ecografia. “Is the right queue?”, I asked, pointing to the grey door and her note. “It was, yesterday”, she said. I said the same thing to the person behind me an hour later. The grey door loomed larger and eventually I was next to it, anticipation tingling my documenti. The door opened. I was taken out from the left by a blur of Italian Mamma barking “Urgente”. The door closed. Deep nationalistic resources drove me on. I waited. Mamma emerged. I was through the door before Return of Mamma could stop me.

On the other side of the door was a corridor and another door, a frosted glass grey door. Momentum took me on and through. A frosty glasses grey nurse sent me back. I held the corridor against Mamma’s renewed assault. Frosty appeared beckoning, “Come.”

Trying to control my euphoria and resisting the urge to kiss her, I produced my assignment note and waited for the necessary controls to get under way. Hoping she wasn’t going to be involved in them. Mission nearly accomplished.

Nearly. Frosty smiled. It was the smile of a sweet shop man to the child with no money.

“Where is your doctor’s note?”

“Here”, I indicated the green paper. The smile grew.

“This is a hospital doctor’s note and you need your own doctor’s note. Then you can make an appointment.” Teeth appeared. “The waiting list is three months. Next please.”

I holed up again at the VEC to rethink strategy. “Don’t panic.” I made enquiries and tracked down the College doctor. No problem. A note was produced. Re-armed I made another run in to Frosty, making sure it was between 16.00 and 18.00 hrs and not a Saturday or a national holiday, or the day after a national holiday or election day or the first Wednesday after the new moon or Frosty’s name day. The door was still there, it was still the right one, son of Mamma was successfully handed off, I was through. Frosty checked my note and then with a chilling sneer tapped her forehead. “Are you daft? This isn’t a proper note. It should be on an official form, an ‘impegnativa’. Next please.”

Back to Via Monserrato in disarray. Keep calm. I phoned the doctor. Did he know about “impegnativas”. Of course. He knew that he couldn’t issue them. It had to be a doctor belonging to USL (Unita Santaria Locale). I tracked a USL doctor, posing as an Elizabettine nun. Someone had leaked his surgery hours and three hours, three official stamps and three grey doors later I had an impegnativa. In triumph I made an ATAC run at Frosty. With the shrug of a souvenir seller forced to cut his price she produced the appointment book. With pen poised she enquired “innocently”, “And how are you going to pay?” My USL RM1 (the resident’s equivalent of the E111 — but that’s another story) was already pointing at her heart before she’d got the words out. “This shows I’m an agent of the British Government, we have a special agreement . . .”. Her ice-sweet smile froze my words.

“But what about the new law? (Imagine choking noise and crumpling of E111 USL form.) You have to have a special exemption — otherwise you have to pay.” (Imagine nurse choking look.)

“But I’m a British. . . .”

“Right. You give me no alternative. You’ll have to go to Administration”. To a henchwoman “Take him away!”

The queue outside looked at me with knowing pity as I was dragged off to Admin.

I had heard the stories about this chamber of horrors. It was headed by the infamous Tekla known as the Grey Ghost (you never knew when she would appear). I was kept in trembling suspense for an hour. She appeared and disappeared. Could I hold out? They applied the dreaded QB5 ND (Queue behind 5 people with complicated demands — no one at the desk). I used a method known in the trade as PDF (Pretending to be a Dumb Foreigner). It worked. There must have been one of our people on the inside. I was passed a note. There was a word scrawled on it — “Autocertificazione”. It was to haunt my dreams for years.

I was sent back to Frosty. If she was surprised I hadn’t broken she hid it well but the ice mask broke when I whispered “Autocertification”. Was it my engaging charm or was she a double agent or did she realise she was dealing with a desperate man? I’ll never know but the pen trained on my stomach moved to the appointments

book. In went my name. And in went my 50,000 note — “a deposit. Just in case you don’t succeed”.

I was badly bruised and shaken but my training took over. Three whiskies later I resumed the trail, questions spinning in my brain. What was the mysterious “autocertification” and how did one get it? How did one get information about an Italian law and its workings? I tried disguising myself with handcuffs as a member of the Government but nobody thought my questions were serious. In desperation I turned to the Health Service office that deals specially with foreign residents. It was fronted by a man named Signor Pieta, code name Kyrie Eleison.

“Hello, I’m trying to get free treatment at the hospital using my E111 form. How do I go about it.”

“Just take it along and there be no problem.”

“But they said I need an Impegnativa from the doctor.”

“Yes that’s quite true. You do need one of those.”

“So with the form and the impegnativa I get free treatment.”

“Yes. There’ll be no problem.”

“But what about this autocertification thing.”

“Oh well you will need that as well.”

Lesson: Never ask for information unless you already have it.

I played a hunch that he wouldn’t be able to supply me with my autocertification. I was right. Under threat of torture (No No! Don’t send the boys from the VEC round one by one) he revealed the address of the office where they could.

Melon St. . . Collar up and shades on I hit the back streets and slipped unnoticed into the local USL office. Someone had carelessly left a note in the front porch. It was barely readable but I managed to crack the code. Autocerts on first floor. Mon.–Wed. 16h., Thurs.–Fri. 10-12h. It was Thurs. 16h. . . . Bad timing.

Friday 10.35h. Melon St. 1st Floor. Grey door. Queue.

“Why has everyone else got a form in their hand?”

“Next please.” I’m in, facing a rock face on top of a grey suit.

“Where is your form please?”

“Ah, that’s why everyone . . . !” A vision of the queue outside came to me and I made a master move. Before he could face me out of the door I hammered in a question.

“What information goes on the form?” He was taken off guard.

“Just the usual, name, address, fiscal code . . .”

“Fiscal code?” A cold dread seeped into my heart.

“That’s right.” Panic.

“I haven’t got one.” As I spoke I drew my converted E111 USL RM1 form and let him have it. “Kyrie Eleison sent me”, I snarled. He was stunned.

Rock face writhed at his desk. “Never seen one of these.” I could see he suspected an EEC counter expenses plot.

“I’ll have to make enquiries.” He was back in control now but at least I wasn’t back at the end of the queue. He took up the phone. The queue would have started hooting if they’d had horns. To cut a long phone call short . . . there was no deal on.

"You'll have to go and see Mr. Big." He indicated the corridor.

"Just down here?"

"That's right. Down there, downstairs, across the street, catch an 87 bus and get off past the Colosseum, third street on the left, a big grey building, you can't miss it. Next please."

But I had Mr. Big's name. It translated as "Heart of Stone". I wasn't encouraged. I took the 87 and got off early in case they put a tail on me. Then there it was, USL HQ — city of grey doors. There was a guard on the door. I tried the direct approach.

"Take me to your leader." He cracked. "First floor", he croaked. He must have managed to warn them somehow. The first floor was deserted. Row on row of grey doors. Silence. A girl appeared and asked could she help. I suspected a trap. I was right. When I asked for "Stoneheart" she took me too willingly to Door 32. No-one answered her knock. "Wait here" she said and disappeared. I waited. I waited some more. I waited a lot more. No Stoneheart. No girl. A man in a grey suit scurried past armed with a file. "Stoneheart?" A nervous shrug and on he went. I waited a lot more. More grey suits shrugged past. Then I heard it. Voices in Room 30. I went in. There were two of them. They froze. "Where's Stoneheart?" They raised their hands slowly. Classic Roman defence. I countered with an Anglo-Saxon "I could be a nuisance if I really get impatient" look.

"OK. Try third door on the left."

Signor Stoneheart sat behind the frosted grey glass door and a heap of papers like a grey mole emerging from the earth in the middle of someone's lawn, terrified

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of being spotted. He moled a few papers aside.

“Yes?”

“It’s about this new law and autocertification.”

“Ah. Law 102, paragraph 38”, he fired at me. I weaved. “Does it apply to foreign residents?”

“Aha. Of course. It says that unless you can declare yourself to be poor you’re considered to be rich. In which case you pay the following fees.” And he read out a list of millions of lire. I was shaken but at least I had hard facts.

“Can I have a copy of that please?” He was shaken.

“A copy? Of the law?” He nearly disappeared back down his hole.

“Sorry. I’ve only got this one. It’s mine.” And he shielded it with his paws.

“Look. You go and get a fiscal code and go back to Melon St. and we’ll take it from there.” The papers closed over and he was gone.

A fiscal code. “Simple”, said those who already had them with smug self assurance, and a touch of pity. Just go to the Finance Office near St. Peters and present your “soggiorno” with duplicate copy and fill in a form and they’ll give you a fiscal code number. It was so easy that half of Rome had decided that they wanted one too. The Finance Office was like the Stock Exchange on Black Wednesday. The procedure is simple. Stage One: queue up and ask what the procedure is. Then follow it. Stage Two: queue up for application form. Stage Three: purchase biro across road at shop. Stage Four: fill in form and lend biro to twenty other people. Stage Five: queue up to hand in form, checking with others in queue as to what the questions mean. Stage Six: go home and wait a week, not counting public holidays. Stage Seven: return and queue up for fiscal code, carefully observing unpublished opening hours.

Lesson: Simple doesn’t mean quick.

Back to Melon St. with fiscal code memorised by the Gregorian Canon Law exam technique. I approached more carefully, circling as I entered the hall on the first floor. It paid off. I located the forms cunningly concealed under a copy of *Il Tempo*. The fiscal code slotted neatly into place. Rock’s face creviced in surprise. “No one comes back out of HQ” it said. “The game’s up”, I said. “I’ve come for autocertification.” Before he could reach for the phone, put up his occupato sign, go for lunch or start a strike, I had the form on the desk. He was trapped like a tourist on a 64 bus. He signed the form. Now the stamp. “Oh yes, mustn’t forget that, must we.” I backed out slowly keeping him covered with a look of “there’s got to be another catch.” There wasn’t. I had it and it. *Impegnativa* and autocertification. Combined with my E111 USL RM1 they would see me through.

My appointment with the Ecograph came near. I prepared myself for the ordeal by making triplicate copies of my new documents and scanning the small print on bus tickets for any sign of a change in the health laws. I walked in backwards in case they saw the bulge of documents in my breast pocket and suspect me of having too much information. I reached the Ecograph-ere unhindered. I outwitted Mamma and son of Mamma by queuing confidently at the wrong door until the last moment and then ducking quickly into Frosty’s office. She was taken off guard. “Not you! It can’t be”. Two henchwomen protected her but I took them all out documenti blazing, E111 USL RM1 from the hip pocket, *Impegnativa* from the jacket left, Autocertification

from the right, appointment card over the top. Within thirty seconds I was on the couch with the Ecograph at my disposal. Within five minutes it was all over. Or was it?

Flattened against the wall, Frosty slowly slid her hand into the drawer of the desk. I didn't see it coming. I should have noticed that she looked too happy. "About the money" she said. "Ah yes. My 50,000 lire". I reached out my hand. "With your autocertification it would have cost you so much more". I thought she was being gracious in defeat. "Yes, well I was well trained" I said magnanimously. And there in her hand pointing straight at my head was a neat little price list.

"As it is you only owe me 18,000 lire" she smiled wickedly.
"I'm handing you over to Administration. They'll sort you out. I'm afraid we can't let you go without a receipt."
The grey doors closed behind me.

End note. For anyone worried about my physical health as well as my mental state the echoes showed all was well. The injury I sustained playing Rugby last year hadn't caused any lasting damage. Mentally I'm recovering apart from an inclination to bang my head on doors of a certain colour.

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Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem

“Thirty postcards one dollar”. Wherever we went someone was trying to sell us something. Later on we were offered forty postcards for the same price. Even more absurd was being offered leaflets of the stations (for one sheqel) not only at the beginning of the *Via Dolorosa* but also at every point along it. Jerusalem is a city of contrasts, the sacred mingled with the profane, the magnificent juxtaposed to the trivial.

Perhaps I had better start a bit nearer the beginning. In the beginning was the word, and the word was that Father Richard Mackowski, SJ, was running one of his famous Study-Tour-Pilgrimages (otherwise known as S-T-P or even at times Σ-T-II) to the Holy Land and Egypt over Holy Week and Easter week. An ideal way to round off a licence in Biblical Theology I'm sure you will agree, so off Dominic Rolls and I went to the Rector to obtain permission to go to our Bishop (Cormac Murphy O'Connor, Arundel and Brighton) for financial assistance.¹ Having secured both, we were ready to go. Most of the rest of the 52-strong party were American, the only other 'foreigners' being two Irishmen and an Ehtiopian, and we left Rome on Palm Sunday flying El-Al to Tel Aviv.

We began in the region of Galilee, staying in a hotel on the outskirts of Nazareth. Galilee in spring is beautiful; I could have spent a couple of weeks there just walking through the hills and around the lake, passing from town to town as Jesus did. This is the land that, more than anywhere else, speaks of the ministry of Jesus. However, we did not have two weeks, only two and a half days, and so our stay felt very much like Mark's Gospel, where one thing rapidly follows on from another up to the arrival in Jerusalem.² Well, before we knew it, we had been through ('done' as the Americans might say) Nazareth, Megiddo, 'Cana',³ the plain of Battof, the Horns of Hattim, Tabgha (site of the multiplication, and the 'primacy' of Jn 21), a boat ride to Capharnaum, the Mountain of the Beatitudes, Nein (Biblical Naim), Tabor (a candidate for the Transfiguration), the Jordan Valley, Jericho, Qumran, the Dead Sea, and were ascending to Jerusalem. And indeed it is quite a climb, from 1285 feet below sea level to about 2500 above. We recited and sang the psalms of ascent (120-134) as the bus wound its way up into the hill country of Judah.

Jerusalem. There are so many impressions it is difficult to know quite where to begin. I think that, rather than give a blow-by-blow account of our tour, I will describe two experiences.

On the evening of Maundy Thursday we celebrated the Mass of the Lord's Supper in a Franciscan Church only a short distance from the Cenacle.⁴ The experience was enhanced by the privilege of being able to serve as-deacon at this Mass along with Dominic, and so participate in a very moving way in the washing of the feet and the celebration of the Eucharist. We then left the Church and walked slowly to Gethsemane across the Kidron Valley, stopping at intervals to read passages from the Last Supper discourse in John's Gospel.⁵ On the way we stopped at the Church of St. Peter in Gallicantu ('St. Peter of the Cockrow'), the place associated with Peter's denial and where part of a set of first century steps into the Kidron Valley

still survives. Underneath the church is a first century prison, which some believe is the place where Jesus was held. The place breathed the atmosphere of the Gospels. After that we continued on to Gethsemane. The final approach was disappointing at the time, because there was a lot of traffic in front of the Church of all Nations which stands there, and a great deal of honking of horns (the predilection for horn use in Israel makes Roman drivers seem reticent!). I had the feeling that a deeply sacred place was being violated. Yet this is in keeping with the events, since somewhere near that spot the Son of God was arrested as a criminal by a group of rowdy soldiers. Once we were in the Church, however, there was peace. The Church was quite full, but there was little bustle and a very powerful sense of prayer. Doing my hour of 'watching' in the Garden of Gethsemane is an experience I will never forget.

The second experience is that of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Basilica encloses the site of Calvary and the tomb, both of which have a very strong claim to authenticity. Calvary on Good Friday was like a cattle market, with many people pushing and shoving to touch the rock. I was in the queue, but could not bring myself to push my way forward to get to the site. The situation was similar on Easter Sunday, trying to get to the tomb. This time the queue was more orderly, though I still seemed to lose my place a number of times. As I queued and prayed I asked myself more than once why I was there, but once I got inside the tomb where Jesus was buried and from which he rose I knew why, though the answer cannot be put into words. At Mass that evening in the Basilica Fr. Stephen Rooney described the place as absurd, and absurd it is, for there the Muslims had to fix the liturgical *status quo* in the last century to stop the Catholics, Greeks and Armenians fighting over its use, a *status quo* which is in force to this day. Indeed the whole of Jerusalem is absurd, where three religions who believe in a loving God live in constant tension. The city whose foundation is peace but which knows no peace. But then the idea that a Galilean peasant executed as a common criminal should in fact be the Son of God and rise from the dead is also fairly absurd.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem (Ps. 122:6).

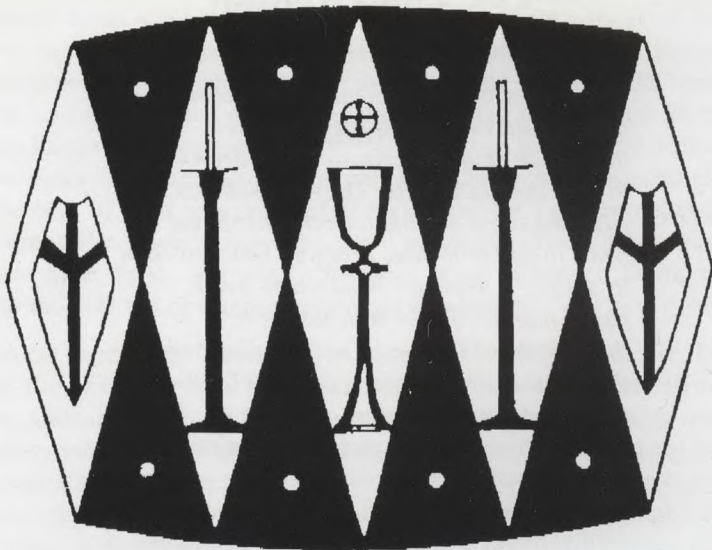
- ¹ If all this sounds slightly familiar to regular *Venerabile* readers, cfr. "The Land of the Morning Calm" Vol 29/4 (1990) p.21.
- ² I hope a Biblical Theologian will be permitted a digression here. Mark's Gospel, more than any other, has a sense of pace generated partly by St. Mark's vivid story telling techniques, but also by his frequent use of the Greek word *euthus* which is translated variously in our versions as 'immediately', "straightaway", etc., in the first chapter of Mark alone the word occurs ten times.
- ³ The 'inauthentic' site of Kefar Kenna. A more probable location for Biblical Cana is Qirbet Qana, about six miles NW of Kefar Kenna and six miles N of Nazareth. 'A pile of rocks', to quote our leader.
- ⁴ Fr. Mackowski is fairly convinced that the site (now outside the walls of Jerusalem but which was within the first century city) is authentic, cfr. his book, *Jerusalem, city of Jesus* Grand Rapids 1980 p.146.
- ⁵ Chapters 13-17 18:1 specifically mentions the Kidron Valley and a garden, though the garden is only identified as Gethsemane in Matthew and Mark.

Anthony Milner

The Land Within

*The soft earth rests beneath an autumn sun
and breathes into itself the quiet rays
that fall in shafts of crimson hue, drunk deep
to feed the hidden life. Drawing stillness
from the lilted air that lulls the throbbing
heart in soft embrace, bringing peace to calm
its soul, . . . reposes. Now silent 'neath
russet mantle life lies still, taking in
the imprint of the lone Tree standing bare,
that casts its shadow long over the land
hushed in contemplation. A union
of souls transcending their different rank,
caught up in the silent canticle that
draws them as one in their communion.
Joined by their Song with that of Creation
they offer Life as a celebration,
looking forward to the Spring fruit that yields
not now but awaits the time of Harvest.*

Stewart Manifold (April 1993)



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A Homily Given at Palazzola **by Bishop Cyril Restieaux: 5th July 1992**

Some years ago there lived at the Vatican a well-known prelate named Cardinal Merry del Val who became Cardinal Secretary of State to the saintly Pope Pius X. Towards the end of his life he wrote to a friend, and referring to his wide experience he added: "I have learnt a particular fact which is that one really good priest is of more value to the Church than ten mediocre ones". Certainly, looking back on the last two centuries, few would deny that John Vianney was of more value to the Church in France than many mediocre-priests. The same could apply to John Bosco in the north of Italy, and even to Padre Pio in the south.

Turning, however, to the English College we will at once recall over forty good priests, who by martyrdom, proved themselves to be immensely valuable to the Church, especially in England. But it seemed that there must have been students here in more recent times who were of particular value, and the first name would surely be that of Nicholas Wiseman, of whom the future Cardinal Newman wrote that "he can talk readily in half a dozen languages without being detected as a foreigner in any one of them". He came to the College at the age of sixteen and on reaching his twenty-sixth year he became Rector, and was then asked by the Pope to give sermons in English to visitors who came to Rome. Such were his talents that the gifted Fr. Ignatius Spencer urged him to devote more effort to the conversion of England.

His first response was to compose the excellent Latin prayers for England which were, until recent times, recited every day by the students before their midday meal. They were known endearingly as the 'Starvation Prayers'. Some of you may rejoice that they were discontinued. But while they were being said the yearly number of conversions gradually rose to over 12,000 which, at their abeyance quickly fell to about 5,000. Wiseman then spent a year in England, not on a holiday, or so-called 'sabbatical', but giving lectures on the Catholic Faith which brought many people into the Church. Soon afterwards he became a Vicar Apostolic, and it was at this time that the decision was taken by the Holy See to re-introduce the Hierarchy into England and Wales, and so Wiseman, as first Archbishop of Westminster, was burdened with the task of dividing the country into thirteen diocese. Although he began with an unfortunate act of indiscretion, it was soon forgotten when his intellectual ability and total dedication became apparent. Sadly he died all too soon early in the year 1865. His dying words became well-known: "I feel like a schoolboy on holiday," he said, "Going home to my father".

During the same year that Wiseman died there was born a child in Yorkshire destined to be a priest of supreme value to the Church. His name was Arthur Hinsley. Like Wiseman he spent his early years at Ushaw and then at the English College. As a priest he excelled in his diocese and after a period of pastoral work he was appointed Rector of the Venerabile. While there he was found to enjoy superb spiritual qualities. But he was also alert to temporal improvement, introducing winter heating and a swimming pool, as also a splendid new summer

residence at Palazzola. His loyalty to the Pope was paramount, and in this respect any student who disagreed would quickly be given a single ticket back to England.

Only once did I meet him face to face, and it was here at Palazzola during the summer of 1927. One day in the library he asked me what I was reading, and taking the book from my hands he saw that it was about Antonio Rosmini. He then spent a considerable time in explaining how Rosmini was mistaken in his theological teaching. From that day I felt that nothing really mattered to him except that God's work should be accomplished. But in 1928 the Holy See found new work for him in Africa, where he spent two years impelling the British Authorities to provide schools for the Catholic children.

Returning to Rome Hinsley was put on the shelf as a 'Canon of St. Peters' until the Holy Father, needing a new Archbishop at Westminster, said to him: *Lazare, veni foras*. "Lazarus, come forth." These last years of his life were probably the most difficult and the most fruitful, covering the first four years of the Second Great War. During the war he enjoyed national renown for his brilliant broadcasting wherein he upheld duty to God as duty to one's country. Many of his speeches rang throughout Europe, the most notable of all being when he was selected to broadcast a sermon for Youth Sunday in 1942. For this he received nationwide acclamation.

But at the same time he became worried by Education problems, fearful that religion was being abolished from the schools. He wrote frequently to *The Times* which resulted in his being invited to address 500 teachers in London's County Hall. It cost him many hours of thought and prayer, and amounted to almost 4,000 carefully chosen words.

He continued fervently to struggle for Catholic education and for social justice, both of which had ever been his fatherly concern in England, as formerly in Africa. But the Cardinal was not just an administrator. Before anything else he was a great and loving priest, his priesthood remaining beautiful right to the end. He died in the year 1943.

But I must revert to the year 1930 and refer to a small incident that occurred here at Palazzola. Fr. William Godfrey had been nominated Rector of the English College in succession to Bishop Hinsley. The new Rector decided to make his first appearance on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow (*S. Maria ad nives*). It was August 5th 1930. In the garden after lunch he rose to make his speech, and as the next day was the Feast of the Transfiguration, he quoted St. Peter's well-known aphorism: "*Domine, bonum est nos hic esse*". "Lord it is good for us to be here". I recall after all these years his happiness at being with us as Rector. What a joy and privilege it was for him, and he indicated what a tremendous joy it should be also for us, not only in having Palazzola as our summer refuge, but more particularly for being favoured by God, who had called us to seek the grace of the priesthood. "*Bonum est nos hic esse*," he repeated, and one's thoughts were of Christ's Transfiguration up there on the mountain, and of the joy of Peter, James and John at being given such a glimpse of heavenly glory.

Godfrey, affectionately known to us as Uncle Bill, was a zealous priest of great firmness in religious matters. He had taught Theology for many years and knew that

young men should be idealistic. His principle was that to be content priests must be eager to carry the teachings of Christ to others. Only then would we feel, as the apostles did, that it is good for us to be here. However, the Holy See had long wished to have a Papal representative in England, and in the year 1938 Godfrey was called upon to effect this initiative. It was a difficult undertaking. Not since the days of Cardinal Pole had a Papal delegate lived in England. Many of the bishops regarded it as unneeded. Nevertheless Godfrey wasted no time and soon established a Delegation in London where he served the Holy See with great care for over fifteen years. When the time came to resign he was appointed to the vacant see of Liverpool, and after only two years he was transferred to Westminster at the sudden death of Cardinal Griffin.

The new Archbishop of Westminster had one further task which was to lead the English Hierarchy at the opening of the Second Vatican Council. Soon after our arrival in Rome we went together to the Vatican to greet the Pope. It was his eighty-second birthday. Cardinal Godfrey made a short speech and wished the Pope a happy day. In his reply Pope John told us that each birthday reminded him of the little village — *Sotto il monte* — where he lived as a child. They were very poor, he said, and they possessed scarcely anything, but they had one great treasure, a splendid old priest whom everyone loved and admired. Then he continued: "It was because of the fine old priest, and his wonderful example, that I decided that I would try to be a priest."

Pope John, as you all know, captured the hearts of millions of people. He was greatly loved. But had there been no fine priest in his little village he himself might never have reached the priesthood. One would think of the good village priest as living a life of poverty and isolation. Nobody bothered about him very much, nor did he aspire to any position of honour. Even so he was no mediocrity. He completed happily the modest task that God had chosen for him, and one would think of him as the 'salt of the earth', as someone who, through a long life, kept his priestly ideals ever safe and untarnished.

Let me say, finally, that not everyone of you can be an archbishop, but that you can determine to imitate the dedication and vigour of these three good men, and emulate their fervent Catholic zeal. They all performed definite work for the Church, as did also the village priest at *Sotto il monte*. He perhaps, by humility and love, in God's eyes achieved more than the others.

I therefore, with much affection, appeal to you who are called to be candidates to rise well above mediocrity, remembering that Jesus invites us to strive to be perfect as our Heavenly Father is Perfect.

**Sermon Preached in St. Thomas of Canterbury,
V.E.C., Rome on Wednesday, 19th May 1993
by Mgr. J. Sullivan on the occasion of his 90th Birthday**

The prospect of addressing you at this liturgical celebration of my ninetieth birthday concentrated my thoughts and reflections on happenings of long ago: events, remarks made, sentences read, the example and guidance of others, friendships made and much else besides. They formed me, made me the kind of pilgrim to the Lord I pray to be till the end of my journey. You students to the priesthood will be looking out for signs, be consulting others as you prepare to become in your turn signs and guides to your people. We live in a perplexing and unsettling period of Church and world history. Remember your parents and close relatives: make the most of your years in the seminary.

Memory carries me back to my own first fearful hesitancy about the way I should go. Should I move to the left? Should I go right? I was a toddler of two or three years of age. Next I am sitting on a desk or table and suddenly sense the presence of my mother. She was claiming me from the custody of the police.

I cherish my father's affectionate kiss of goodbye in late September 1919 as the late night train drew into Halifax station and opened its doors to receive Fr. McKenna, me and my luggage. We would be in London on the following morning.



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It would be the first stage of my overland journey to Lisbon. My luggage contained my mother's parting gift: her well-thumbed nineteenth century version of Challoner's *Garden of the Soul*. His and her prayers were to become my prayers. His was the version of the Douai New Testament I read daily until Knox's more intelligible version of the nineteen forties. Public readings of the scriptures in the College refectory were from the Latin Vulgate. It was a mere jumble of sounds. We listened to it in perfect silence. After two or three years, Challoner's version took over. I learned that, compared with his forefathers, Moses died at the early age of one hundred and twenty. The adventurous lives of the patriarchs, the mighty deeds of David, the wonders of God's providence were gradually unfolded to us.

In my first year in Lisbon, a city hostile to religion, students at the College numbered less than twenty. We were scattered through four classes under a president aged 31 to 32 and a slightly younger professor-procurator. The president spent the summer of nineteen twenty in England and Wales persuading bishops to send him students and release to him a vice-president. During September a middle-aged parish priest took charge of us. We spent it at our holiday quinta on the south of the Tagus. A splendid priest he was. He led us in our prayers and our communal life. The older students respected him: Lower House students found a friend in him. He accompanied us in our daily walks through the countryside. On one of them, a young teenager inquired if he understood the Latin of his breviary. His devout, recollected reading of it had impressed us. Not a word of it, he replied. And that was that. We continued our walk along the sun-beaten, sweaty dusty Charneca road. The complexities of subjunctive moods, the subtleties of thought concealed under the ablative absolutes were yet unknown to me. On the spot, I resolved to keep up my Latin for the sake of understanding my breviary. Alas and alack for the hasty resolution of a bumptious youngster! Permission for a vernacular liturgy forty and more years later regarded as a godsend. It enabled me to pray and feed on the breviary as did the priests, monk, and nuns of old whose vernacular had been Latin. That for me was a blessed thing.

The Church in Czechoslovakia has recently come out of hiding. It has suffered much. One can only admire the faith, powers of endurance and heroic pulling together that kept it alive through years of inhuman opposition and persecution. We pray for a solution to present problems that will honour and console the men and women who suffered so much for Christ. I pray for them all the more because out of hiding since perhaps 1921 comes what a fifteen-year-old told me a seventeen-year-old student: that the Hussites of Czechoslovakia desired re-union with Rome, but on two conditions: that they be allowed a vernacular liturgy and married priests. Someone called Myers was his informant.

All candidates to the priesthood practise the rubrics, learn how to perform ceremonies. Someone in the College aroused my interest in the history of the liturgy. Martindale's *Jock, Jack and the Corporal* and perhaps other books of his gave me some idea of the profound effect liturgy can have on one's life. It was after priestly ordination that I read of the spirit of the liturgy. Yet it was stirring within the Church since the days of Pius XI with his emphases on the Mass as worship and adoration, and on Holy Communion as mercy and gift from God and not reward to be earned. His *Graduale* restored the notation of the plainchant Masses as they

were sung before the splintering of Christendom. We sang them with gusto. Sometimes we yelled our heads off as we reached up to the top notes; or again, raced along easy and familiar phrases. We heard of scholarly disputes on how plainchant was to be sung. They did not leave us entirely unscathed.

Priestly ordination in 1929 gave me opportunity to be present at the first conference of the Society of St. Gregory. Its founding father was a monk of Ampleforth Abbey, Fr. McElligott. The singing of Byrd's *Ave Verum* and another of his motets enraptured me. But I wanted to learn from experts how to sing plainchant. I discovered its moods: solemn, worshipful, joyous, sad, dramatic, or just plain and simple. The dots and dashes of the Solesmes *Liber Usualis* came to prevail and to receive official approbation. Priests, religious, laypersons, musicians all, teaching, singing: giving up holidays so that befitting celebration of Mass might be at the centre of the Church's life. It was a new world to me after my ten years in Lisbon.

This new world was opening up for me — no doubt because of Vatican II — when after years of unavoidable absences, I looked in for the last time on a session of the Society. Was Fr. McElligott around? I asked. "Oh, yes, but he will be saying Mass somewhere, in private and in Latin. He lets us get on with the Englishing of things." There was much strumming of what earlier generations would have considered very unliturgical instruments, and one or two jolly hymns were sung. I caught references to a delicate subject from women who with difficulty held back their tears. The men said nothing. It was the summer of 1968, the year of *Humanae Vitae*.

In this too I am remembering what and who formed me: the XIX century manuals of moral theology; canon law; Pius X's encyclical *Casti Conubii*; his theology of marriage and stem ruling for the married; the questioning and discussions during the decade preceding *Humanae Vitae*; Paul VI's nobler, more personal theology of marriage, his compassionate sympathy for married people, his exhortation to pastoral concern for them, and for respect for the individual and responsible conscience. What a distance I was from the teaching of the 1920s. On a more personal level, my own experience had made me want God's mercies towards me to be inexhaustible: it continues to make me want God's Fatherly care for each fleeting moment and movement of my being to remain far beyond the comprehension of any pilgrim of grace. The crucifix, Mass and the Blessed Sacrament proclaim that such is God. He alone is our final security.

There were in the course of my life other advances on the teachings of the 1920s. John Cullen, the president of the College, lectured us in scripture and dogma from standard books published on the whole before 1914. Twice in four years he dropped off-the-cuff remarks into the subconscious places of my mind. They verbally surfaced a decade or two ago: first, it could become necessary to call into question the previously unquestionable authority of an ancient tradition; the second had to do with the relation between grace and nature; let me leave it at that.

I was a student under John Cullen from the age of sixteen till I was twenty-six years of age. He was a busy man: an aloof and kind man. He taught several subjects; led a highly disciplined life; was devoted to duty. His sermons and spiritual

conferences had an incalculable effect on us. To put it briefly:— St. Paul was his master and friend, the Paul who journeyed not so much from place to place as in speed to the heart of Jesus, crucified for our sake and risen from the dead. His quotations from Paul were heartfelt. He threw his phrases or short sentences at us, made them float about in our minds, sink into the depths of our souls. About the year 1927 someone recommended Abbot Marmion's *Christ the Life of the Soul* to him. Books have their day. For John Cullen, it summed up and gave system to his spiritual life and teaching. He devoured it. It enlarged his vision. Marmion knew his St. John as well as his St. Paul: I speak as memory delivers: they became the two sources of Cullen's spiritual conferences:— God is love; God first loved us: God so loved the world; I am come that they may have life; He emptied himself taking the form of a slave.

For my class in 1929, priestly ordination conferred a form of authority, but of authority to be exercised under sworn obedience to a diocesan bishop. We had already solemnly sworn to serve the Church in England or Wales. Apart from a mid-course break of six or so weeks at home, I spent ten continuous years in Lisbon. Information about the Church in England seeped through to us in dribbles. Cardinal Bourne's visit to the College in October 1922 brought it to life and he gave splendour to our liturgy. He preached in the College Chapel to a mixed congregation of students, priests — many of them builders of churches, schools or presbyteries — and of the laity. His subject was accidie in the medieval sense of the term: sloth, apathy, listlessness, boredom, deadly routine. We were to shun these sources of sin. I am a natural somnolent, and that is what I recall of his sermon. But there was a fat volume in the library on the 1909 International Eucharistic Congress held in Westminster Cathedral under his leadership, and words were spoken here and there about his hopes and plans for the future of the Church in England. We had to be up and doing, be courageous, ready to take risks, consider new ways of going about things if the Church was to make progress and develop, and profit God's people.

Four or five years after his sermon another held me spellbound. It gave prominence and lasting importance to an already familiar text from St. Paul:— the love of God is poured out upon us by the Holy Spirit who is given to us. That is happening in this age and date; now, and in this place.

You join me in this Mass of thanks to God for ninety years of gifts and mercies. Join me also in begging God's blessing on all under whose charge and care we prepared or are preparing for priestly ordination: his blessing above all on our parents and relatives who first exemplified the quality of life we should unceasingly aim at making our own: to love as God loves, unselfishly, taking thought for others.

Friends of the Venerable

I am very pleased to report that over the past year membership of the Friends has steadily increased, to a figure in excess of 600. Notwithstanding this achievement our efforts to recruit long-term supporters for the English College continue unabated. For example, we very much hope to be able to persuade many of the 400 Palazzola Holidays pilgrims due to visit the College and the Villa this summer to join our association. With such a large membership to manage we have decided the time has come to computerise our membership records and we hope to have this task accomplished by the end of the year.

Due to the continued generosity of members it has been possible for the Friends to offer substantial additional financial assistance to the College in these troubled times. During 1992 the Friends sponsored three projects at the College. The first was the refurbishment of the students' tea-room, following re-wiring there, and a logical sequel to our refurbishment of the adjoining Common Room in 1991. Secondly, we bought a set of new vestments for the College. Thirdly, in response to a request made by the College students, the Friends funded the acquisition of two high-quality word-processors and a slide projector for their use.

This year the Friends are contributing nearly £14,000 for the refurbishment of the tennis court at Palazzola which has fallen into disuse in recent years. The refurbishment entails complete re-surfacing of the court and replacement of the surrounding wire fence, to create a multi-sports arena for use by the students and also by the many visitors to the Villa over the summer months. At the time of writing this report it is hoped that the work will have been completed by the start of this year's *Villeggiatura*. Last but not least on the projects side the Friends were pleased to be able to come to the aid of the College organ when this broke down early in the year. A donation of £6,000 paid for a repair of the bellows and numerous other works required to stave off a much more expensive overhaul. Happily the repairs were completed in time for the Easter celebrations.

Both of our main gatherings over the past year took place outside London. The Grimshaw Room at St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham was the venue for the Fifth Annual Reunion of the Friends, in September 1992. We were very pleased to



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welcome Archbishop Couve de Murville for the first half of the programme, which the Archbishop concluded with a short address. There was the warmest of welcomes also for Mgr. Adrian Toffolo, attending his first Friends gathering, who reflected enthusiastically on his first year as Rector of the English College. His predecessor Mgr. Jack Kennedy was doubly present at our Reunion: his universally acclaimed portrait, by Geraldine Thompson, was formally presented by the Friends to the Rector for addition to the collection in the College Library.

An excellent buffet lunch was followed by a presentation given by architect John Day, who has for some years been consultant to the College. By reference to some very helpful plans he identified those areas of the College premises of particular concern to him. He went on to outline his comprehensive (but also costly) plan for refurbishment of the premises over the course of the next few years. At the business meeting the following were re-elected to serve a further term of office on the Friends' Committee: Jo Barnacle, Ray Beirne, Tom Fattorini, Fr. Timothy Galligan (Vice-Chairman), Brian Godfrey, Robin Hood, Jeremy Hudson (Chairman), Hamish Keith (Hon. Treasurer), Eddie Schulte, and Bernard Sullivan (Hon. Secretary). After the business meeting and while everyone enjoyed a cup of tea, the Grimshaw Room was reconverted to a place of worship and the Reunion concluded with Mass celebrated by the Rector.

Towards the end of last year former Vice-Rector Mgr. Philip Holroyd completed the construction of his splendid new church — Saints Peter and Paul, Wakefield. This was the venue of a highly successful Friends' gathering one stormy Saturday evening in January arranged by Philip and his brother Jim Holroyd. A record turn-out of 85 members and guests attended the gathering, many of them members of groups from the Wakefield and Bradford areas which had recently visited Palazzola. It started with Mass in the new church and was followed by a very convivial social in the Parish Hall. After an excellent supper, prepared by parishoners, the Chairman said a few words, Mgr. Holroyd and Fr. Russell Wright sang a couple of duets, and then everyone joined in with several more of their Italian favourites.

These gathering are an opportunity for members to meet, to pray for the students and staff at the English College, to find out more about the life and work of the College, to reminisce about past visits there and to plan future expeditions. I hope that very many members will be able to attend our next Annual Reunion which will be taking place this year in London, at the Maria Assumpta Centre, Kensington Square, on Saturday 25th September 1993.

Finally, mention should be made of the presentation by the President of our association Bishop Cormac Murphy-O'Connor of the "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" Award to Stephen Primavesi, which took place on 3rd February 1993 at Archbishop's House, Westminster. The Award recognises Mr. Primavesi's many years of excellent service to the English College as Administrator of the 1981 Development Appeal and (until Septemebr 1991) as Honorary Treasurer of the Friends of the Venerable.

Jeremy Hudson
Chairman

Old Romans' Notes

Our sincere thanks go to all the diocesan representatives of the Old Romans' Association for the time and effort that they expended in providing the information that we requested.

We kick off in *Hallam* where John Metcalfe has moved from Wanswell, indeed from Yorkshire, to the Church of the Annunciation in Chesterfield. Michael Keegan, Michael Killeen, Kevan Grady, John Ryan and Ant Towey ("how much longer must you suffer?" asked the Diocesan Rep.) are all as last year. Not much to report from *Menevia*, although Clyde Hughes Johnson is now in St. Benedict's, Swansea.

In *Salford*, still celebrating (though hardly daring believe it in case they wake up and find out it has all been a dream!) United's first title win since the Liverpool-Manchester Railway Line was built, James Manock (his calligraphy is missed at the VEC, no offence to Jonathon Leach) has stepped into Ian Farrell's shoes at St. John's, Chorlton, Manchester, and is keeping his head down and tramping the beat! Ian has moved to Wimbledon, London, where he is now Under-Secretary to Archbishop Luigi Barbarito. Paul Daley is enjoying life as assistant at St. Edmund's, Little Hulton, Worsley, including his chaplaincy work at St. Anne's Hospice. He is also the new Secretary for Salford VEC Old Boys — please give him your support (061-790 2104). Nicholas Paxton is chaplain with the Franciscan Missionaries of St. Joseph in Moss Side, Manchester, and is working hard with a small team of Salford priests to form a 'Theology Option' at Salford University. Christopher Lough is Parish Priest at St. Columba's, Middleton, and highly involved in the Salford Catechetical Commission's work. Peter Kitchen is Parish Priest at SS. Peter & Paul, Salford, and frequently commutes to the Chancellor's office at the Cathedral! Anthony Grimshaw has just finished five years as capo at Palazzola — leaping up and down with joy at the New Wing's new roof, the Portico of the Church's new roof, the Church's restored frescoes (come and see them, better than the Sistine!) and the new tennis/5-a-side court, completed thanks to the Friends of the Venerable. Tony has been asked to continue at DOP for a further five years, until 1998! Robert Lasia is living, dining, wine-ing and working at the Cathedral and the adjoining curial offices, while John O'Connor is Parish Priest at St. Anthony's, Bolton, following the tradition of former Roman Nobby Barre. John Carroll-Abbing is as happy as ever, involved as the Padrone of Boys' Town and Girl's Town and many other youthful agencies — he is remembered dearly by all the Piacentinis at DOP. Bernard Jackson is at St. Bede's College, Manchester. May he reign for aye . . . and sell his own peculiar brand of braces to the dwindling number of boarders!

Off to *Shrewsbury* next, where Canon Maurice Abbott has moved from Hoylake to be chaplain at Ince Blundell Convalescent Home outside Liverpool. Canon Vincent Turnbull has gone from Chester to be P.P. of St. Catherine's, Hoylake. Simon O'Connor is assistant priest at St. Patrick's, Wellington.

We are informed that in *Southwark*, Anthony Barratt (Cathedral Parish) has been put in charge of in-service training for Permanent Deacons. There is a certain

family spirit about this venture since his father, Dennis, joined the ranks of the Permanent Diaconate last August. Charles Briggs has gone to Lewisham, Timothy Finigan to Sydenham Parish and Simon Peat to Tooting Bec Parish. After completing his year at Louvain, Nicholas Hudson has taken over the reins of the Diocesan Christian Education Centre. After teaching at Womersley for a number of years, Timothy Galligan has been appointed to the Pontifical Council for the Promotion of Christian Unity. David Gummett has been made Parish Priest at Sydenham Kirkdale.

Finally to *Westminster*, who now numbers an Old Roman among her team of Bishops. In accord with her tried and tested tradition, Westminster looked north and found just the man in Vincent Nichols, who was episcopally ordained on 24 January 1992, and now serves as Bishop in North London. Keith Barltrop is now Rector of Allen Hall and Terry McGuckin is Dean of Studies at the Beda. Two new Parish Priests are Terry Phipps at Northwood and John Arnold at Enfield. March saw the publication both of Paul McPartlan's doctoral thesis, *The Eucharist Makes the Church* (T&T Clark, Edinburgh) and also of a book he has edited on Catholic-Orthodox dialogue, entitled *One in 2000?* (St. Paul, Slough). Those contemplating ecumenical travel to the Holy Land may like to know that Frank Wahle, now in Queensway, is the Catholic representative on Inter-Church Travel, which specialises in such things. Finally, Shaun Middleton, alias Father Jerome OSB, has written of the spiritual odyssey that has recently taken him 'From Ammersmiff to Ampleforth'. Having known the Yorkshire community since 1985, he was clothed by Abbot Patrick Barry on 21 August 1992, and reports that, though the experience has been tough, "this year has been one of the most formative of my life".

It behoves us to extend our sincere congratulations and thanks to our Jubilarians: Charles Acton (Westminster), Michael Farrington (Galloway) and Fr. Rector, Mgr. Adrian Toffolo (Plymouth), who celebrate their Silver Jubilee of Ordination this year; and Canon Anthony Cotter, Dennis Fahy, Joseph Holland, Hugh Lavery and Anthony Storey, who celebrate their Golden Anniversary of Priestly Ordination. To each and every one of you, *'Ad Multos Annos'*.

Finally, it is our sad duty to report the death of Canon Bernard Grady of the Diocese of Southwark. *Requiescat in pace.*

The Editing Team

College Diary 1992-93

26th September: Students arrive back in Rome. 1st and 2nd Theology spend the whole week unpacking: first their suitcases, then catechetical jargon. 3rd Theology and 1st Licence receive liturgical instruction. Deacons “share” a counselling course (Kevin Dring admits at breakfast, “Last night I was even role playing in my sleep!”). Rome hit by a sensational scirocco — large pockets of hot air reported over Piazza Farnese.

October 1992

2nd: First Sunday Mass. Andrew Brookes startles the congregation with a newsflash intercession for peace in Mozambique. Students speculate if missing personali have emigrated there?



Something to do with Andrew Brookes' Intercession during silent retreat.

7th: Fr. Jim O'Keefe gives an excellent retreat at Palazzola. Simon Thomson has his vocation confirmed when Fr. Jim states that “You can be the randiest man in the Western World and still have a call to celibacy!”

12th: Deacon Dring and Cantor Jordan select “Morning Has Broken” for Morning Prayer. It is indeed the first day, not of creation but the Greg!

21st: The new men begin to make an impression. Stewart Manifold, he of bassissimo voice provides the College with a new Gospel acclamation! Paul Fox provides banjo accompaniment for the Magnificat (355, Hymns Old and New). Is there no end to innovation?

21st: The “Nuovi” evening. The new students display a worrying willingness to conform to VEC student stereotypes of women or cassock-wearers! Tim Swinglehurst exorcises the ghost of Mgr. J. Kennedy with a Shakespeare cameo. Joke of the evening: Q. What is the VEC equivalent of a blind date? A. A George Gorecki oral exam.

22nd: Leeds, Hallam and Middlesbrough come together for a Beverley Diocesan gita. Liverpool beware new Archdioceses!

23rd: Schola sing at St. Peter's. The Holy Father seems to be doing a good job of contradicting the *Sunday Times'* speculation that his retirement is imminent!

November

3rd: Bishop John Crowley announced as new boss in Middlesbrough. College abounds in jokes about clerical shirts. William and J.P. laugh until they are black and blue.

11th: At Morning Prayer, Adam (Exchange Student) prays that God may be present at today's Anglican Vote on women priests. Is it possible that Adam will be replaced by Eve?

21st: The College is rocked by Jim Creegan's return to England.

22nd: Tony Milner wears a new jumper for a House meeting. Arthur announces that we are to undergo psychological tests! To find where our energy comes from (?).

30th: Joe Coughlan has an exploratory operation on his back. We pray that he will soon be returned to us. John Conneely warns us during a homily of the dangers of "adult cot death": the students continue the custom of daily siesta, irrespective of the risk! Pantomime is announced: Treasure Island, not 101 Dalmatians! Cardinal Hume arrives to attend a meeting at HQ.

December

1st: A truly Catholic Martyrs' Day. Fr. Rector preaches an excellent homily. Flower man Smolly excels in providing 44 red roses for the relics beneath the altar.

2nd: Eddie Jarosz preaches on the Messianic Banquet. "One which will never finish, certainly not one which will be followed by Morning Prayer and a hangover!"

5th: Fr. Phil Rosato supervises analysis of our Myers-Briggs results in an excellent day's reflection. The College (and especially Simon Thomson, whose Canonist's mindset likes black and white categories) is full of J, P, I, E, S, T, F, N.

7th: James MacDonald is ejected by the footballing crowd from the Blue Room, guilty of gross ignorance. During the Merseyside Derby he inquires, "What colour are Liverpool wearing?"

10th: Holly Cam: Stewart Manifold excels. Neil is serenaded to the tune of Gloria in Excelsis Deo, but the lyrics have changed: "Alitalia, Off to Fiumicino".

16th: Simon Madden comes of age. No longer can he be accused of being a young fogley.

17th: In an act of deep generosity, Bishop Cyril Restieaux funds the positioning of the new plaque (in English) commemorating the 44 outside the Martyrs' Chapel.

18th: George Gorecki's door goes missing.

20th: Andrew Brookes is ordained to the Diaconate by Bishop Michael Fitzgerald.

23rd: The College is closed for Christmas — the first time for 400 years.

January 1993

Fr. Rector welcomes his returning students. Joe Coughlan also returns to the College in time to celebrate the Epiphany.

6th: Rector's Party. Philip Whitmore steals the evening with 'Nina from Argentina'. Kevin Dring performs an Irish medley for the last time?

14th: During a Thursday skiing gita:

Michael Gilmore: "It's wonderful being in Italy. You can ski in the morning, and be on the beach by the afternoon".

Paul Mason (Northerner): "That's nothing. In Newcastle you can be in the Metro Centre in the morning and the Pub by lunchtime."

22nd: Mgr. Chestle repeats an excellent Spiritual Conference first given 13 years ago. A mysterious small furry figure dressed in 'sooty' black with apparently orange fur appears at a Visit. Andy Headon is advised to come to Visit alone next time.

23rd: Chris Higgins betrays a certain impatience with the intercessions for Christian Unity with a prayer for the Holy Father and his Church at Wednesday's Morning Prayer.

25th: Adam Dickens, Anglican Exchange, plays two blinders over the weekend. The first in providing stout defence against a hostile Urbaniana College. Fr. Dave Smith, visiting referee, is involved in a 'diplomatic incident'. The second, a talk during Ecumenical Vespers, although he did pick up a booking for relevatism.

February

10th: Exams finished students go off on gita. Neil Bromilow leaves a Paris address (L8). Surely too soon for the Pré de l'Arc de Triomphe!

19th: William Massie becomes the Senior Student. Is this a first for the Diocese of Middlesbrough?

20th: Martin Hardy (East Anglia) is voted Deputy Senior Student to complete this year's dream ticket.

21st: Tucker Sunday. Nick Tucker throws an open invite to the College to attend his first DBL in two years.

23rd: William Massie presents himself to the Staff and Students as Mediator and Pontifex. Fr. Rector reminds William that this role is Pontifex Minimus to Fr. Rector's role of Pontifex Maximus. The hierarchy is established.

28th: A rejuvenated Philip Whitmore is prevented from enjoying his first cup of coffee in 5 years by Senior Infirmarian Boland, who is fearful of the consequences.

27th: Blue Room. Manchester United v Middlesbrough.

Hugh Pollack: "Why are the players wearing black armbands?"

Chorus: "Because of Bobby Moore".

Hugh Pollack: "I didn't know he was dead".

Steve Wang: "Who's Bobby Moore?"

Exit Steve Wang.

March

1st: The emotion of St. David's Day is too much for Wyn. He retires to his bed serenaded by a stirring rendition of Bread of Heaven during Mass.

5th: Mgr. Jim Sullivan enters hospital for 5 days.

Fr. Henrici, Dean of Philosophy at the Gregorian is appointed Auxiliary Bishop of Chur, Switzerland.

10th: Mgr. Sullivan is restored to the College. His doctor had advised Mgr. Jim to "think less talk more". Few in the College would have received a similar diagnosis with impunity.

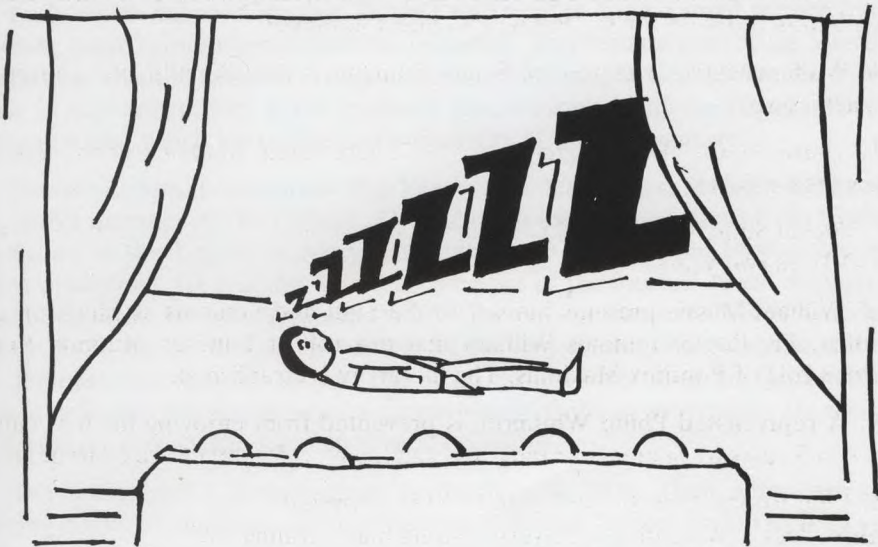
14th: House Meeting. A possible TV documentary produced by Hugh Scully of Antiques Roadshow fame is discussed. Andrew Brookes appears anxious to confirm it will be filmed before he leaves. Kevin Dring asks mischievously if students may have their possessions valued during the filming.

15th: Jed Byrne, costume man for the Lent Play, is one of five students hit by the latest outbreak of flu. Anxious doctors hope Jed has not been struck by the Vietnamese strain which troubled his namesake Dominic 2 years previously.

18th: An excellent dress rehearsal of Twelfth Night is almost ruined by the refusal of Paul Rowan to continue to wear his costume of yellow tights and crossgarters, particularly when asked what his father would say if he could see him now?

23rd: Director Tim Swinglehurst is acclaimed for a definitive performance of Twelfth Night.

John Laurent Marie (Fool), Hugh Mackenzie (Aguicheek), Jonathon Leach (Viola) head an all star performance.



"Mmm, now try breathing from the diaphragm"

25th: Candidates-to-be retreat. Arthur reintroduces retreats of the Ignatian variety. "Sharing" is at a minimum except with God.

26th: Fr. Tony Grimshaw gives his first Spiritual Conference to the students since arriving in Rome five years ago!

April

1st: Tim Menezes is April Fooled by a letter apparently sent from his Archbishop recommending he should continue his studies in Louvain.

2nd: William Massie announces to the House that George Gorecki has returned to England to continue his formation. Our National Hunt correspondent Neil Bromilow returns to England in time for his parents' "25th wedding anniversary" and the Grand National.

Leavers' Notes

David Barrett

Just how old *was* David Barrett when he first came to the English College? Some say 8, some say 18? Whatever the exact truth, he himself has been boasting this last year that he has served more time in the College than any other student. Could it be he is just a slow learner?

David was often on the stage during his "long stint". He doubled up as a French lapidary and Keeper of the Madhouse (how appropriate) in "Sweeney Todd," was Helena in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and had several pantomime roles in which his jovial gaucherie always endeared him to the audience.

His first House job was that of Junior Librarian — possibly a Rectorial ploy to force him into an environment more conducive to study; then Sacristan, Common Room Man and Electrician, and finally back to the Sacristy as its capo. It was during his term of office that the College experienced something of a baroque revival.

David was also a founder member of the Legion of Mary — an initiative during the Marian Year 1986-1987. One unofficial House job, notable for the irony with which his particular tenure was viewed, was that of Clockman. For David was never the best at keeping his early morning appointment in chapel.

After a Licentiate in Dogmatic Theology, David will return to the Diocese of Northampton. We will miss his unsuppressible cheerfulness and good humour.

Stephen Boyle

I am not sure if it is still there, but among the Arsenal posters and pictures of Our Lady which adorned Stephen Boyle's wall used to hang a small picture frame enclosing some rather complicated mathematics. This formed part of his Master's dissertation which he handed in only days before arriving in Chorley for the Italian course in September 1986. It was probably this, combined with the rather intensive language study, which led to Stephen's discovery of the 'mega-siesta'.

However, despite occasional Rip Van Winkle tendencies, Stephen has been a very active member of the College. One of the founding members of the College *praesidium* of the Legion of Mary, his devotion to Our Blessed Mother became almost proverbial. He was also a faithful member of the football squad through its lows and its highs. He was captain in 1988-89, the year we lost to the North American College (0-2), but he was also a member of the undefeated 1990-91 squad. He has also demonstrated thespian talents, one of his earliest roles being the blacksmith in "Sweeney Todd". His South London accent was particularly convincing. He also did stalwart service as a stage hand on several occasions.

Stephen gained a baccalaureate in theology in 1990. Then, after one year studying dogmatic theology, and having been ordained deacon, he left us for a year to exercise his ministry in Bromley, Kent. He returned this year, already ordained priest, and completed his licence.

Stephen's dedication to his priestly formation, and his evident love of that ministry, will stand him in great stead in the years to come. We wish him every blessing for the future.

Andrew Brookes, Archdiocese of Birmingham (Oct. 1987 – June 1993).

One is never under oath in making lapidary inscriptions, so says the old saw, however, writing obituaries while the subject is still in the land of the living does impose constraints, not that Andrew would take strong exception to what follows. Indeed it was one of his traits that he was easy going and open to different points of view and cultures. Something, perhaps, that was born of his Scottish and English origins.

His career at the VEC started well, endearing himself to the Philosophy Tutor by his free choice to do the two year philosophy course at the Greg. His taste for the unusual (but laudable) was further exemplified by his decision to participate in an exchange programme with a Capranica student, and a constant stream of up-to-the-minute bidding prayers! This trait was further testified by his accomplishing *da solo* the Castelli walk in 1991. The opportunity to walk alone for 30 miles afforded the chance to reflect on life's deeper mysteries. This accidental link between travelling and philosophising was made substantial when his bishop asked him to move to Louvain for a philosophy licence. In some respects to leave before completing his licence may be seen as breaking with tradition. However, his final year at the V.E.C. was taken up with theology, Italian gitas and more mountain climbing.

Outside the College his pastoral work led to his being involved with the *Comunità di San' Egidio*, whose apostolate extends to the poor and the needy of the city of Rome. Showing that arcane philosophical thought is not of necessity divorced from the harsh realities of life.

Peter Clarke

When our year began its Venerabile career at Chorley most of us tried to hide the apprehension we felt. Peter, never one to follow the crowd, in a spirit of if you feel it flaunt it, proclaimed to all by means of his sweatshirt that he was one of *Les Misérables*. Having already spent two years at Upholland he was the only one with seminary credibility. This was a great help to the rest of us and during those first few months his wise advice saved many from embarrassing *Follies*.

Although Peter is good *Company*, the *Sound of Music* from his CD system has not always been appreciated by his immediate neighbours on the Monserrà. All would agree, however, that as Choirmaster he made a great contribution to the College's musical life. Indeed, after his first choir practice the common view was that *A Star is Born*.

Peter was *Candide* about the Greg. — when it came to encouraging an interest in theology its teaching methods were *Assassins*. As an example, he often cited the course on the theological virtues. This taught nothing about faith or hope and only some *Aspects of Love*.

In his spare time he enjoyed getting out of the College on gita. Although never keen to hike *Into the Woods*, he would happily spend an afternoon *On the Town*. On free weekends he looked forward to *Sunday in the Park with . . .* a bottle of Frascati.

Peter now returns to Lancaster diocese as a deacon to a yet to be decided parish. Perhaps he'll strike lucky and get a first appointment near to his diocese' answer to *Sunset Boulevard* — Blackpool's Golden Mile.

Fr. John Conneely, Diocese of Westminster (Oct. 1991 – June 1993).

After two years of the *'dolce vita'* Fr. John returns to Westminster Diocese fully versed in the finer points of Canon Law, disputes in marriage cases, where to get the best seafood pasta, the relative merits of various record stores, the ideal combination of people for roof-top D.B.L.'s, the latest live shows by Peter Gabriel and Bruce Springsteen and the debilitating effect of Roman water on coffee machines. His career at the College was marked by a spectacularly unsuccessful football team. C.I.C. Warriors, in the V.E.C. Fantasy League, due mostly to his coach's inability to pick players who weren't injured, transferred or dead. There was less acrimony between Alan Sugar and Terry Venables at John's beloved Tottenham Hotspur than existed at the noticeboard between John and Nick Tucker after a humiliating defeat at the hands of the Spiritual Director's team of old lags, tax-exiles and pensioners.

John's happiest memories will include the evocative view from his tower room roof, the feeling of relief after four lectures in Canon Law, the reformation of The Velvet Underground, taking days off from lectures fully aware that Simon Thomson will delight in giving him a verbatim report of every word said and more, bringing the house down as an obnoxiously evil Blind Pugh in 'Treasure Island'. We shall miss his 70's aviator glasses and his sense of humour, his bad Lou Reed records and his authoritative pronouncements on which particular Canon Law someone's outrageous behaviour is violating. So if you're wandering round Enfield and you glimpse a steely reflection of sunlight on silver specs and hear the unmistakable drone of "Walk on the Wild Side" and catch the aroma of pickled mushrooms and freshly brewed coffee, you know young Father J. Conneely is not far away!

Kevin Dring

Kevin must be the only man in the history of the College to have been thrown out of an oral exam (by a right loon, I might add) and still be given a 9,0! He's just that kinda guy. Kevin's endearing charm and sensitivity will not easily be replaced — but we're working on it! Mind you there have been a few occasions when his niceness has nearly been his downfall, like the time after his Reformation History exam during the World Cup when he wished the best of luck for Fr. Vercruyssen's national team in the match that evening: Fr. V. "My team?". KD, "Yes Father, Holland are playing tonight." Fr. V. "I am *Belgian* !!!!!!!".

It was certainly Kevin's mild manners that lumbered him with the onerous — but he would admit enjoyable — office of Deputy Senior Student. After a number of years of Draconian rule in the Ref, Kevin's much more gentle hands-off style was much appreciated.

On many occasions Kevin has shared with us his passion for Irish Folk Music. Unfortunately when asked to play something at the Irish College on St. Patrick's night this year his mind went completely blank so he struck up "The Streets of London" then diplomatically reminded his hosts that St. Patrick was an Englishman

after all! After a two year sentence on the Council Estate (formerly the 44 Corridor) Kevin moved up to our beloved Monserrà where he has stayed from thereon always keeping a watchful eye on his flock and ready with a cheery greeting come rain or shine.

After four years at the Greg. Kevin trod the now well worn parth to the Alphonsianum to take up the challenge of a Moral Theology Licence. Two years of hard slog have paid off, so much so that Kevin's career in higher education may only be postponed rather than over! Kevin returns to A and B Diocese and his beloved Brighton with our very best wishes for his future ministry. The Monserrà won't be quite the same without him.

Edward Jarosz

Eddy's career at the College almost never got 'off the ground' as he nearly missed the plane that was to bring him to Rome in September 1987!

Despite this 'setback' Eddy quickly settled into College life, being an enthusiastic, if not particularly successful member of the College football squad. He was involved both on and off stage in dramatic productions. He will probably be best remembered as the old waiter in Goldini's *The Servant of Two Masters*, although he says that the dramatic achievement which gave him most satisfaction was being Producer for *Henry V*.

Although Eddy rarely dabbled in culinary matters (except of course for the (in)famous Polish evenings) he once offered to make the mulled wine on Christmas Eve. As the remains were still being disposed of the following morning he was heard to say, "Well, I thought 50 litres would be just about enough!"

Eddy completed his study in Rome by doing a Licence in Dogmatic Theology. He now returns to the Nottingham Diocese to begin his priestly ministry, and also to lend his personal encouragement to the attempts of Nottingham Forest to return to the Premier League at the first attempt!

Michael Koppel

Michael left a career in accountancy to come to the College in 1988. He has since distinguished himself with excellent results in both Philosophy and Theology Baccalaureates in the space of three years, going on to do a Philosophy licence with a tesina on Kierkegaard.

His professional skills were soon to be put back to use as the ever-efficient clerk, then manager, of the VEC *Totus Meus* Bank Plc. He seemed most in his element during his term as Master of Ceremonies, never without a touch of Bromptonian flare and precision. Invisibly but invaluable, he was also prompter for many plays and pantos.

None of us dared to ask whether his regular Thursday gitas, with the *Guida Rapida* under his arm, might be the cover for an exciting second life . . .

Michael's dry wit and quiet presence will be missed by his survivors, but will no doubt be greatly esteemed in the diocese of Plymouth which he goes to serve.

Tony Milner

Cometh the hour, cometh the man. The VEC was thrust into the world of high technology when Tony Milner unveiled the first computer ever to enter the College. With the help of the Friends his expertise was also used in setting up a computer room for the use of all. Many students owe much to his generosity in helping with tesinas, elaboratums, drinks bills, etc. Indeed, he wishes to leave his computer to the College (at a high price which he said had been confirmed by the Antiques Road Show).

Tony's talents were not just limited to electronics. The College was shown what safe hands it was in when Tony gave a memorable fire-blanket demonstration. A stalwart division one guitarist, his style of playing will be missed by all (including the residents of Via di Monserrato and Piazza Farnese), especially on Friday nights as week in week out, year in year out, he dedicated himself to "prayer and praise". Similar dedication was seen in his regular visits down the years to the San Lorenzo youth centre. His acting abilities were eventually recognised with his role as Queen in "Snow White," where he had the honour of being the only member of the cast not to be type-cast. Nor must one forget his behind the scenes work in lighting and stunning sound effects. His photographic talents were displayed in brilliant slide shows of his trip to Korea and the Holy Land. Unfortunately, his penchant for photographing midnight revellers, bleary eyed, and his willingness to show such sights publicly has rendered it imprudent to comment on his Harold Macmillanesque shirts (he was Prime Minister when they were in fashion).

After finishing his S.T.B., he spent a year in England before returning to Rome to start his licence in Biblical Theology. Acknowledging himself as a man of many talents Tony has made it known that when he hits A & B, after his ordination in July, he wants to do more than just rearrange deck-chairs on Brighton beach. We wish him well.

Michael Robertson

When Michael arrived at Chorley, complaining about the excessive cost of rail fares and demanding greater availability of O.A.P. reductions, two things immediately became clear. The first was that, although a student of the Clifton diocese, Michael was of Scottish descent; secondly, he was marginally older than most of the staff members of the College, never mind the other students.

Michael quickly became a member of the College student catering team, although he was handicapped by an inability to cook anything more than a boiled egg without adding several glasses of red wine. His contributions to the Pantomime and Lent Play catering ensured that an appropriate quantity of *Courvoisier* was always on hand to lace the egg mayonnaise.

Having been one of the only people in the history of the Gregorian University to have enjoyed the course on the *Credibility of Revelation*, it came as no surprise that Michael chose to specialise in Fundamental Theology for his Licentiate. Consequently, he was allowed to recommend new books for the Library in that specialisation, although to his chagrin *The Penguin CD Guide* was not considered to be a suitable text. He has just completed a tesina on "Michael Polanyi's Theory of Knowledge and its Relevance for Fundamental Theology". Sounds gripping.

Returning to Clifton diocese, Michael will no doubt avail himself of the joys of the West Country: scrumpy cider, Cheddar cheese, and the local CD shops. It is worth recording that *Michael Robertson* is an anagram of *He on Bristol Cream*. . . .

Tim Swinglehurst

Picture a desk in the College Library that is stacked ceiling-high with Hebrew and Aramaic lexicons and buried under them lies a dog-eared copy of a Virginia Woolf novel. Now, try to imagine the kind of person that this desk might belong to . . . well, it must be the desk of a Scripture scholar and someone with a passion (Ms. Woolf can only be digested by passionate people!) for the English language. That someone could only be Tim Swinglehurst.

Apart from his studies and love of literature, it would be true to say that no first year party during the past seven years would have been complete without a Swinglehurst turn. Tim's sketches became infamous for daring to skit all sorts of giants, including John Keats, William Shakespeare and Monsignor 'Jack' Kennedy. The latter often played the stony-faced 'straight man' to Tim's comic capers on stage!

Tim's acting talent in pantomimes and plays gave him many useful insights when it came to directing people in three play productions: "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Sweeney Todd" and in the past year, "Twelfth Night." These productions lifted the spirits of students and gave great pleasure to countless guests and visitors.

But this catalogue of activity pales into insignificance when one considers Tim's real gift. Unlike the above talents, this is a hidden treasure that Tim rarely talks about. For Father Tim Swinglehurst is above all a man of prayer. He is a lover of the word of God, not just as an exegete but as one for whom scripture is to be understood in the chambers of the heart, as well as in the head. One cannot fail to be deeply impressed by Tim's commitment to a life of prayer. We hope that Tim will return to the people of the diocese of Leeds and share with them something of this rare gift.

Philip Whitmore

Soon after Philip's arrival he published a book entitled *Unpremeditated Art: The Cadenza in the Classical Keyboard Concerto*. Now it is true that Philip has manifested a great deal of art in his life at the VEC whether wiggling dexterously as Coward's *Nina from Argentina* or skilfully manipulating the pinball machines at Anna's Bar. But, is 'unpremeditated' the right word to describe the precision and dedicated thought with which he has approached all aspects of his work in College. Philip lives music; with gentle discernment he has nurtured the musical talents and understanding of others, particularly during his two years as Schola Master. His achievement was made public in three concerts, reviewed in the Communist daily *L'Unità* and immortalised in that chart hit *If Ye Love Me*. For the last year Philip has been Senior Student. His successor has neatly summarised his approach to the job — firm but fair in representing students to the staff: in a word, he is caring, caring about students. Indeed caring is a good way to describe Philip himself.

Perhaps though, one final image of Philip a few years ago at the Feast of Christ the King — the power and exultation of his conducting the sound of Haydn's *The Heavens are telling the Glory of God*. No better epitaph to him.

Twelfth Night

The rumour that Tim Swinglehurst first started thinking about a production of 'Twelfth Night' in his mother's womb is perhaps a typical English College exaggeration, but it would be true to say that 'Twelfth Night' had been in gestation for some time (some of us feared that a Caesarian section might be needed if this production were ever to see the light of day!). Meanwhile, Tim spent his days apparently pouring over dog-eared lexicons of Hebrew and Aramaic in preparation for his tesina, while all the time fantasising about Shakespeare, dark houses and yellow stockings!

Finally, the rumour became a reality but with a typical Swinglehurst twist — he wanted to set the play in the 1920's. On first hearing this, my heart sank. I have sat through numerous attempts to make Shakespeare 'contemporary' which is a bit like making thermal underwear 'sexy'. Why can we not let Shakespeare be Shakespeare on his terms? He *is* our contemporary because he is Shakespeare not because we dress him up in the fashions of our age. However, it soon became clear that Tim had chosen the 1920's not because he needed a novelty on which to hang the play, but because it perfectly matched the temperature of the play.

Twelfth Night traditionally marked the end of the Christmas celebrations and Shakespeare's play, as the critic, Russell Jackson points out, 'unfolds in a country of disguises and illusions, where dreams are realised and looked for good fortune is achieved'. 'Twelfth Night' is the party-goers play — it is light, colourful and funny but beneath all that Shakespeare suggests that 'in Nature, there's no blemish but the mind; none can be called deformed, but the unkind' (III.4). The puritanical Malvolio is sick of self-love but his punishment begins to look like the punishments enjoyed by sadists rather than those played by practical jokers.

Tim Swinglehurst recognised in the 1920's trends which fitted this vision of the play. The '20's are characterised by champagne cocktails, the Jazz age and the cult of the party. But underneath this sensuous glitter existed a darker reality festering in its own decadence. In the 1920's Tim Swinglehurst found a perfect arena in which to play out Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night'.

This atmosphere was conjured up with music, choreography and artistic design. Special mention should go to Peter Clarke who directed the music; Timothy Menezes who choreographed the Charleston and Black-bottom and Gerard Byrne for his costumes (particularly the flapper dresses!) and help with the set.

BUt there would have been no play without the actors and Tim had the support of a confident and intelligent cast. These were actors who enjoyed their characters, relished the richness of Shakespeare's language and delighted in entertaining a packed house. The rapturous applause each night was an excellent indication of their success. It seems inappropriate to single out any actors from such a superb ensemble performance . . . but I cannot resist the opportunity to mention Paul Rowan's Malvolio and Jean-Laurent Marie's Feste for communicating the comedy and tragedy of the play.





All involved, I think, would agree that without the diaphragm there would have been no Lent play this year. Tim Swinglehurst, perhaps more than any play producer of recent years, has a genuine love for the spoken word and where it should come from (somewhere below the rib cage and not the chest!). Above all, Shakespeare is the master of the word — the playwright who incarnates sound in a living language and without a doubt, he was well served by Father Timothy Swinglehurst and his cast.

Martin Boland

“Madam, . . . Tell Me Why?”

Cruelty and Indifference in Shakespeare’s *Twelfth Night*

“About suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position; how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along.”

W. H. Auden: “*Musée Beaux Arts.*”

Twelfth Night is a glorious comedy of an unruly Epiphany romp, of a final fling of light-hearted revelry. It is a determined evasion of the inevitable — a return to the dull routine of the ordinary year. Play is a dominant motif: there is the full-blooded, uninhibited play of the drinkers, the dancers, those for whom “care’s an enemy to life”; there is the witty and revealing play of those who “corrupt” words and ideas; there is the mischievous play of those who delight in dressing-up, in putting on new identities — the shipwrecked, defenceless Viola dresses herself as a boy; Feste the clown disguises himself as Sir Topas the curate; the war-lord Orsino takes on a new role — love-sick suitor; Countess Olivia pretends to be a chaste “cloistress” but quickly yields to the boyish charms of the disguised Viola. The story itself seems a species of play; the subtle patternings of an intricate party game lie behind the plot: Orsino loves Olivia, Olivia loves Orsino’s messenger Cesario but “Cesario” is really Viola in love with Orsino. Only the introduction of a new player breaks the stale-mate: Viola has a twin-brother, Sebastian. Thus at the end of the evening Olivia can marry Sebastian, Orsino can marry Viola, disguises can be removed, true identities can be revealed and everyone can live happily ever after.

— Or nearly everyone. The fun of parties is often artificial, its friendships insubstantial. Once the distraction of play passes a deep melancholy (never far from the surface glitter) returns:—

“Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypress, let me be laid:
Fly away, fly away breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid:
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it:
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.”

The party has its dark side; its games can be cruel — they can play upon the frailties of the weak leaving them crumpled and comfortless. There are a lot of people who get hurt in *Twelfth Night*. Olivia, the “fair cruelty”, hurts Orsino but Olivia herself is hurt in her turn by Viola; Viola innocently hurts Sebastian’s friend Antonio when he mistakes her for Sebastian but on the other hand Sir Toby Belch, Olivia’s kinsman, hurts intentionally. Toby is most cruel in his treatment for Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a foolish knight whom Toby tricks into wooing Olivia. He controls Andrew throughout the evening, persuading him to drink when he wants to go to bed, to fight although he’s a “coward”, above all to remain and to continue to

provide the financial backing for Toby's dissipation. But at the end Andrew is of no more use to Toby and so he reveals his true opinion: Andrew is "an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave: a thin fac'd knave, a gull." The party is over, its brittle illusions shattered. Andrew is left alone to face the greyness of another day.

At the heart of the cruelty of the party lies Malvolio, Olivia's steward; he hurts everyone he meets. Malvolio does not enjoy the fun: to survive so alien an atmosphere he separates himself from the other characters — he regards them all with bitter scorn. "Sick of self-love", he is convinced of his own superiority, of his innate better-ness. He engages Feste, the professional word-parrier, in a verbal battle to prove himself more of a wit than the "fool"; he looks with contempt upon "Cesario" (a man of "very ill-manner") considering himself a more suitable candidate to win Olivia's hand: in his dealings with Toby and his companions he assumes an artificial virtue — as a "kind of puritan" he distances himself from them and establishes their moral inferiority. Others are "idle, shallow things"; Malvolio is different, a person set apart, someone not of their "element".

And now we see more clearly how Malvolio lies at the heart of the cruelty — he lies about himself. In the first scene Orsino introduces a major theme of the play: "So full of shapes is fancy, that it alone is high fantastical." Malvolio dressed in yellow stockings and cross-gartered is the most "high fantastical" of all the characters. He is a man of idle dreams and little understanding who "hath but ever slenderly known himself" and "slenderly" known others, known the way they are or the way they behave. And so he falls an easy victim to the game played upon him, to the pretence that Olivia loves him, and wants to see him in yellow stockings, to the pretence that he is mad while he remains poignantly sane.

Because Malvolio is unable to distinguish the truth from his own "fantastical" imaginings he finds the plot against him incomprehensible. He cannot understand Olivia's behaviour so he turns to her for an explanation ("Tell me why?") but Olivia can only be of limited help. She does not mean to be cruel but Malvolio is not her main concern: her love must first be devoted to her husband. She can pity Malvolio ("Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee?") but Malvolio, isolated and facing the cold horror of the truth, is on the edge of the abyss; Olivia's pity is of little consolation.

And so the party ends. It ends with the exclusion of Malvolio, shut out alone to face the wind and the rain, the monstrous un-care of the new morning — its chilling indifference.

But is it so wrong this indifference? Isn't it the way the world revolves beneath the heavens, where day follows night and "the rain it raineth every day"?

Timothy Swinglehurst

Schola Notes

Looking back over 1992, the bulk of the Schola's work came between the months of April to July. The first major event was Holy Week.

On Good Friday the Schola sang Byrd's setting of St. John's Passion transposed to a more comfortable key, as had been done the previous year. At the Vigil we sang Mendelssohn's *Lift thine Eyes* which people in College probably know quite well by now; it's one of those enjoyable pieces where the Schola lift their heads even if only fractionally.

The Schola's contribution to the Easter Sunday Papal Mass at St. Peter's Square was facilitated by good organisation by the man at the Vatican. On paper we had three slots. We were to sing the Guy Nicholls *Easter Canticle*, Mendelssohn's *Lift thine Eyes* and *Christ Rising Again* by Shepherd. There was some doubt as to whether we would get a slot for our third piece due to lack of time and an ever zealous German College Choir, but in the end we did. It is always a privilege to sing at St. Peter's and I hope this invitation continues to be extended to the College in the future.

May saw the visit to Rome of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Carey. The Schola was asked to contribute two pieces to Sung Evening Prayer at the American Episcopalian Church of St. Paul's within-the-walls. The Schola sang *I give you a new commandment* by Shepherd and *Let the words of my mouth* by Purcell. They sang extremely well and I was proud of their effort: this impression was confirmed by the Anglicans who seemed pleased and perhaps even surprised!

The College Pentecost Mass was broadcast live on BBC Radio 4 this year. During it the Schola sang a setting by Victoria of a verse from the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, *Accende Lumen Sensibus*. I think more skill was actually required in getting into position quietly, due to the live wiring of the event, than in the singing itself.

Later in July the Schola sang some pieces for the conferral of Ministries given during the Villeggiatura. At his farewell Mass, Fr. Pat Kilgarriff, the outgoing Spiritual Director, requested the piece *Let the words of my mouth* by Purcell which he had clearly taken a liking to when he heard it sung at the Ecumenical Evensong in May. We sang it gladly as a small tribute to a very good man.

For the rest of the year I took advantage of the music books that Philip Whitmore had ordered. The book of Fauré's music had proven very useful; there are several motets which we have learnt and performed at various Masses. Although I am deeply prejudiced in the love of Romantic music, I nonetheless like to justify it on the grounds that it is full of tantalising dissonances which highly suit the acoustics in the Church.

In short, it has been a great year — I have thoroughly enjoyed working with the Schola. Thanks to them for all their hard work and a special thanks to Philip Whitmore, first of all for leaving me a top rate choir and secondly for his continual encouragement in my new House job.

Mark Miles

Football Report 1992-93

During the close season Fr. Arthur Roche, Spiritual Director to the team, negotiated successfully a new sponsorship deal with Mr. Terry Forbes, Director of WW Group, a Leeds manufacturing company. The old Liverpool strip was laid to rest, to be replaced by a splendid Marseilles kit with a yellow away option. Emblazoned across the shirt is the new sponsor's logo, and the College motto.

Sadly it was not a season where we rained down fire, more a season of intermittent showers. The departure of Ruscillo, O'Leary, Cahill, McCormack was unlikely to be compensated by the new intake, and so a process of rebuilding was required.

There was some hope after the first practices at Doria Pamphili. Ewan Ingleby, long of leg and Alan Gowling hairstyle, Adam Dickens a stopper of Roy McFarland reliability, Steve Wang, a converted rugby player, James MacDonald, a converted rower of incredible fitness, Manny Gibbens, a good liturgist and pianist.

Resplendent in our new strip we opened the season against the Mexican College. Ninety minutes later a 3-0 defeat confirmed our worst fears, our resources were diminished, it was going to be a hard season.

A thrilling 3-4 defeat against the Swiss Guards suggested that Lady Luck had also in her fickleness decided to abandon the team. A timely hat-trick by Andy Doherty, in a 5-3 victory over the German College steadied the team, but only a week later the VEC suffered a further defeat at the hands of the Urbaniana.

News of the decline of the VEC fortunes spread rapidly through the Greg bar. The Scots College foolishly sensed an opportunity to kick their 'old enemy' when he was down. However, on a day of torrential rain we returned to our very highest standards, and annihilated the Scots 13-1. "Nearly as many goals as Scots Students" somebody quipped as we pulled away into the sunset.

This result was sufficient to deter our other regular whipping boys from requesting a fixture. The North American College in fact this year has shown the organisational skills last associated with President Carter. The Irish College sadly no longer appears to take football seriously. Surely the most damning criticism of the future of the Irish Church this year.

We therefore replayed several of our pre-Christmas opponents, a sure means to assess our progress. A draw with the Mexicans, yet another close match with the Swiss Guard indicated improvement, and sure enough in a bad tempered game against Urbaniana we won 2-1.

Special mention should be made of Fr. David Smith who flew out to referee this game from England. He displayed diplomatic skills worthy of Lord Owen, in explaining to the Africans that when the ball goes over the lines by the side of the pitch it is a throw-in. This radical piece of information could revolutionize African football.

Before Easter, the true test of the team was applied when the Legionaries of Christ provided the opposition. Sadly we gave our most hapless performance due to

injuries, sickness, and inexperience and were beaten 7 – 2.

The following players require special mention:

Stephen Boyle — in his final year re-established himself as first choice full-back. Under threat of physical injury from JP, he has learnt to attack the ball more ferociously, and head the ball more frequently. He has played well going forward in the time honoured Arsenal manner.

Mark Harold — switched from Right-back to Sweeper. This year's Player of the Season. His perceptive reading of the game has allowed him to 'nip in' where angels are unable to tread, particularly if they are two stone overweight.

Ant. Towey — last year's leading Goalscorer has converted into a midfield terrier. Concern about his 'engine' may be justified, an M.O.T. is certainly due.

Adam Dickens — a further break with tradition, a footballing Anglican! His gentle off the pitch manner was at times evident on the field, but with encouragement from the team he showed he could foul with the best of them. Adam receives foul of the year for an assault on a Swiss Guard in October.

Andy Doherty, Hugh Mckenzie and Paul Rowan, three senior players of the team have striven manfully to provide another glorious season for the VEC, but sadly we have had to conclude we are two players short of a full team. We anxiously await news from the Vocation Scouts before the 93–94 Season.

<i>Results</i>		<i>Scoring Players</i>		<i>Non-Scoring</i>
V.E.C. v Mexicans	0-3	Andy Doherty	7	Paul Rowan (goalkeeper)
v Swiss Guard	3-4	Anthony Towey	6	Steven Wang
v Germans	5-3	Mark Harold	4	Adam Dickens
v Urbaniana	0-2	Ewan Ingleby	5	Hugh Mckenzie
v Scots	13-1	Paul Leonard	3	Andrew Headon
v Mexicans	1-1	Stephen Boyle	1	Nick Tucker
v Swiss Guard	1-2	Paul Grogan	2	Emanuel Gibbens
v. Mexicans	3-1	George Gorecki	2	Edward Jarosz
v Urbaniana	2-1	James Macdonald	1	Timothy Menezes
v Legionaries of Christ	2-7			Dominic Rolls
v Mexicans	1-1	<i>Goals</i>	+31	
			-26	
			<hr/>	
			+ 5	
			<hr/>	

House List 1992-93

Third Cycle

Pascal Guezodje
Sebastien Maheshe

Benin
Zaire

Second Cycle

David Barrett
Stephen Boyle
Stephen Brown
John Conneely
Vili Danca
Kevin Dring
Edward Jarosz
Michael Koppel
Anthony Milner
Michael Robertson
Timothy Swinglehurst
Philip Whitmore

Northampton
Southwark
Leeds
Westminster
Rom.
Arundel & Brighton
Nottingham
Plymouth
Arundel & Brighton
Clifton
Leeds
Westminster

Andrew Brookes
Isidore Chinez
Peter Clarke
Philip Denton
Emmanuel Gribben
Paul Grogan
Martin Hardy
Timothy Hopkins
Adam Kostrzewa
Dariusz Kuzminski
Jean-Laurent Marie
William Massie
Dominic Rolls
Robert Taylerson
Simon Thomson

Birmingham
Rom.
Lancaster
Brentwood
Lancaster
Leeds
East Anglia
Salford
Pol.
Pol.
Brentwood
Middlesbrough
Arundel & Brighton
Birmingham
Portsmouth

First Cycle Theology

Third Year

Bruce Burbidge
Paul Connelly
Andrew Doherty
George Gorecki
Mark Harold
Andrew Headon
Timothy Menezes
John Pardo
Michael Wheaton
John Wilson

East Anglia
Southwark
Leeds
Lancaster
Salford
Brentwood
Birmingham
Gibraltar
Plymouth
Leeds

Second Year

Martin Boland
Edward Clare
Mark Hackeson
Michael L'Estrange
Hugh MacKenzie
Mark Miles
Paul Rowan
Wyn Thomas
Nicholas Tucker

Brentwood
Birmingham
East Anglia
Brentwood
Westminster
Gibraltar
Liverpool
Menevia
Southwark

First Year

Mark Brentnall
Stephen Dingley
Joseph Jordan
Gregory Knowles
Paul Leonard
Simon Madden
Hugh Pollock

Nottingham
Arundel & Brighton
Plymouth
Leeds
Middlesbrough
Leeds
Lancaster

First Cycle Philosophy

Second Year

Neil Bromilow
Jonathan Leach
Simon Tierney

Liverpool
Shrewsbury
Arundel & Brighton

Integrated/First Year

Gerard Byrne
Paul Fox
Christopher Higgins
Ewan Ingleby
Stephen Lawson
James MacDonald
Stewart Manifold
Paul Mason
Stephen Wang

Salford
Brentwood
Hallam
Hexham
Birmingham
Clifton
East Anglia
Southwark
Westminster

Other Residents

Mgr Bryan Chestle
Mgr James Sullivan

Staff

Mgr Adrian Toffolo
Fr Michael Gilmore
Fr John Marsland
Fr. Arthur Roche
Fr Anthony Towey

Rector
Vice-Rector
Pastoral Director
Spiritual Director
Theology Tutor