

THE
VENERABILE

1994
VOL. XXX No. 4

Typesetting by: *WHM Photosetting*
David Mews
11a Greenwich South Street
London, SE10 8NW

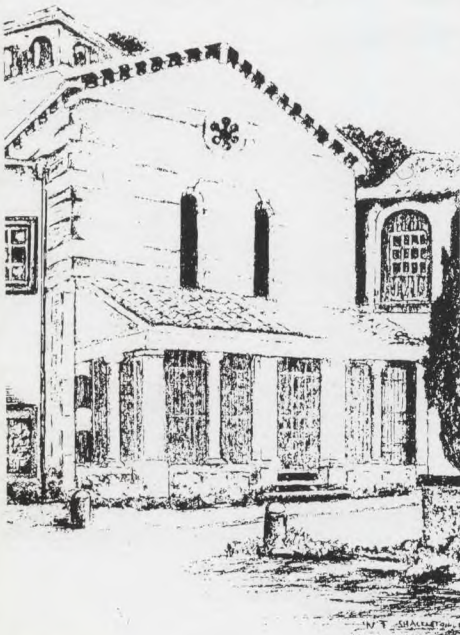
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THE VENERABLE 1994

<i>Editorial</i>	Joe Jordan
<i>Front Cover</i>	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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Editorial 1994

As the academic year draws to a close, it falls to me to try in this, my first Editorial to both introduce this edition and briefly reflect on the year. Last year's Anniversary Edition was generally well received and all copies were distributed very quickly. This year we have increased the print run and hope we manage to reach even more friends, past students and benefactors. In my three years here, I have gradually become more aware of the tremendous support and affection that flows into the College from England. This magazine is an attempt to repay that love, and most of the articles came spontaneously from the students themselves as we continue our journey towards priesthood. To paraphrase Larkin, it is often a frail travelling coincidence and this was brought home to us abruptly both on our return and at the year's end. The loss from active ministry of three highly respected and influential men, our own Michael Gilmore, Jean Luigi Prato and Peter Coughlan was a severe and demoralising blow. As I write, the College reels once more with the news of the death of Arrigo Tagliaferri, well known to many generations of staff and students here. We bade farewell to James MacDonald, au revoir to Stewart Manifold and 'Ad Multos Annos' to Antony Towey as he resumes his pastoral ministry amid the dark Satanic mills of Hallam Diocese after his years here as Theology Tutor. We welcomed a quiet and friendly First Year and received heartening news that our new member of staff was not only a woman, not only a nun, but none other than Sister Amadeus of the IBVM, already well known and well loved by many of us. Our morale was further lifted by the visit of Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger and those responsible for the launch of the new catechism. The year finishes with another round of examinations and the prospect of an enjoyable Villegiatura followed by ordinations to the priesthood of nine of our students.

This vibrant and positive end to the year is reflected in many of the articles in this, a large and full magazine. The pace and verve of the students' articles are matched by the depth of scholarship in several important academic pieces, not least the leading article by Tom Calhoun on the poetry of Cowley thanks to a major discovery in the treasury that is our Archives. Two contrasting articles on Palazzola, past and present and Dr. Margaret Harvey's scholarly research into the history of the Hospice complete this section. The College articles include a highly controversial account of the year in the diary, so controversial in fact, that the Diarist has decided he never wants his identity revealed! William Massie achieves a lifetime ambition and appears in print alongside Cardinal Ratzinger and Joe Coughlan gives us a unique insight into the Administration of the College. There is much more and I feel confident that all our readers will find something to amuse, instruct and entertain! Please send in articles, letters and news at any stage throughout the year so that we can continue to make the Venerabile an important and lively document of College life and interests.

I would like to thank all the contributors for the hours of work that went into their articles, Steve Billington for taking over as Business Manager, J. P. Leonard for NOT continuing as Business Manager, Neil Bromilow and Joe Coughlan for technical help this end and Mary Barratt and Peter Newby for their patience and hard work in London. Finally, thanks to you, reader and subscriber.

As we go to press, we receive the sad news of the death of Tom Colhoun, the author of our lead article. We got to know Tom well during his long stay researching the article that appears in this issue. He was Professor of English at the University of Delaware and dedicated much of his academic life to the research of the poet Abraham Cowley. Not only had he published two volumes of the definitive Collected Works of the poet, but had also directed the release of a CD of the musical setting of "The Mistress" performed by the Consort of Musick directed by Anthony Rooley that was released in January. He loved Italy and his daughter and son-in-law were in the middle of their honeymoon here with us in Rome when they heard the sad news of Tom's death. He died peacefully, aged only 54, but had lived not only to see his elder daughter's wedding and an important reconciliation of his family, but also as the respected author of invaluable research, a taste of which he gave us for the *Venerabile*. He was a gentle and gracious man, an ardent scholar with a keen intellect. We are honoured and delighted to publish his last work in our magazine. We pray for his family and for the repose of his soul.



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Eros in Collegio:

Ex Cowleo Cowleo Digna Revisited

In *The Venerabile*, vol. xxv (no. 4, 1972) Suzanne Gossett reported on the then unidentified *Scrittura* 35:3 in the English College Archives. The manuscript contains copies of or extracts from nine poems published in Abraham Cowley's *Miscellanies* (first edition, 1656), 46 of the 84 poems comprising Cowley's *The Mistress* (1647/1656), and an extract from the "Preface" to the editions of his *Poems and Works*. *The Mistress*, the text apparently most attractive to the scribe of *Scrittura* 35:3, is broadly regarded as the most popular book of love poems of the seventeenth and earlier eighteenth centuries. Many divines, however, viewed the book with suspicion and disdain. Charges that Cowley's verse promoted "Speculative Lust" (at least) were voiced from the 1650's onward. So, the report that a substantial manuscript collection of these poetic purveyors of eros existed at the Venerable English College, where clerics are made (*not* born), came to me as a surprise.

As general editor of the *Collected Works of Abraham Cowley* (1989 --), I was duty-bound to read *Scrittura* 35:3 – but intrigued as well. In January 1994, I visited the College for a first-hand look. Having now read the manuscript, I am able to describe it and to venture an assessment of its significance. In the following exposition, some of the questions raised by Ms Gossett's 1972 article may be answered.

The manuscript is physically comprised of six sheets of paper, each measuring approximately 39 cm x 32 cm. The sheets were stacked, folded lengthwise, and stitched at the fold, thereby creating an oblong folio of 12 leaves. The outer sheet, providing fol. 1 and fol. 12, is uninscribed and serves as a cover. This sheet bears the watermark of a pot, crowned with a *fleur-de-lis*, as Suzanne Gossett notes. The pot also has the initials "W R" within. These initials identify the paper-maker who manufactured this particular "pot-sized" product. Though I have not yet identified the manufacturer, the paper is probably of European origin and was probably made during the later seventeenth century. The pot design itself, measuring approximately 105 mm x 40 mm, is similar to those numbered 3680 (document dated 1657) and 3690 (document dated 1672) in Heawood's *Watermarks*. Sheets two through six, providing fols. 2 through 11, have a different watermark, though they too are probably later seventeenth-century European products. The watermark on these five sheets shows a shield, measuring approximately 80 mm x 50 mm, with a horn inside. A counter-mark shows the manufacturer's initials, "A D", in letters about 10 mm square. The "horn" watermark is similar to those numbered 2674 (document dated 1680) and 2781 (document dated 1675) in Heawood.

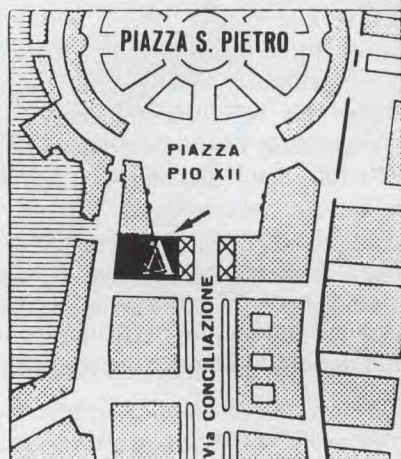
From this information, albeit imprecise, we can infer that whoever transcribed *Scrittura* 35:34 did so some time after c. 1675. It appears that the paper would not have been available for purchase before then. We can also tell, from the way the poetic texts are transcribed on fols. 2-11, that the outer sheet was intended as a protective cover all along, and that the paper was stacked, folded and stitched before the scribe began writing. We are calling the cover sheet #1. Sheet #2, the next up the stack, provides conjugate fols. 2 and 11. The transcription, however, is continuous from fol. 2 recto to fol. 2 verso, and then on to fol. 3, which is part of sheet #3 (its other half being fol. 10). The person who made these copies of

Cowley's poems had prepared a little book of blank leaves, to begin with. The number of lines that could be transcribed would therefore be limited to the space available on these leaves.

From what source were the copies made? The poetic texts contained in *Scrittura* 35:3 are all represented in printed form in Cowley's *Poems* (1656) and in many editions of his *Works* that were printed from 1668 and onwards through the eighteenth century. *The Mistress*, included in these collections, was twice printed independently in 1647. The 1647 editions were not sources for *Scrittura* 35:3, however, since there are too many differences in readings of individual texts and since the scribe copies two complete poems ("Honor" and "The Innocent III") and extracts from two others ("The Gazers" and "The Incurable") that did not appear in 1647; they were first added in 1656. In all printed collections, 1655 onwards, the sections separately titled *Miscellanies* and *The Mistress* appear, in order, as the first and second subsections of the volume. The poems also exist in various manuscript versions. Despite numerous differences between texts in *Scrittura* 35:3 and authorial exemplars in *Miscellanies* and *The Mistress*, one fact and one probable inference make it reasonably clear that the copyist worked from a printed source. First, the sequence of copies and extracts in *Scrittura* 35:3 follows the sequence of poetic texts in the printed editions. Only in one instance – the transcription on fol. 5 recto of three Latin lines, originally lines 240-42 of Horace's *Ars Poetica*, that appear in Cowley's "Preface" to the *Poems* and *Works* – does the manuscript copyist depart from the printed order. Second, this Latin citation was in all probability taken from Cowley's "Preface", not randomly added from memory or from another edition of Horace. The selection of lines, the spelling, and line placement in the Cowley

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editions and *Scrittura* 35:3 fol. 5 recto are identical. Furthermore, to my knowledge, there is no extant manuscript of nor a manuscript tradition for this “Preface”. It survives only in printed form.

There were sixteen editions pairing Cowley’s *Miscellanies* and *The Mistress* printed between 1656 and 1721. A Comparison of readings from *Scrittura* 35:3 with variant readings in the sixteen editions establishes, first of all, that the source was not *Poems* 1656. For example, on fol. 8 verso the manuscript copyist writes:

Thou who dost men (as Nights to Colours do)
Bring All to an Equality:
Come thou just god & equal me
A while to my Disdainfull she;
In that condition let me Ly,
Til Love do’s the favour show
Love equals all a better way then you.

Poems (1656) provides this text of the same lines (15-21 from the poem titled “Sleep”):

Thou who dost *Men* (as Nights to *Colours* do)
Bring All to an *Equality*:
Come thou *just* god & *equal mee*
A while to my disdainful *Shee*;
In that condition let me ly,
Till *Love* does the same favour shew;
Love equals all a better way than *You*.

It is readily apparent that aside from the use of italics in the printed form and aside from a few minor differences in spelling, the passages are the same except for the reading in the sixth line. The printed edition of 1656 reads “the same favour” while the manuscript omits the word “same”. Otherwise, the copyist shows remarkable fidelity to the printed text, even in the matter of layout: line lengths and indentations.

The copyist of *Scrittura* 35:3 is a careful transcriber who usually sustains the level of accuracy demonstrated above. Departures from the printed text are most always deliberate, not careless slips, as we will later see. So it is not likely that his or her omission of a single word in the sample passage, fol. 8 verso, was an untypical oversight. Instead, the copyist probably transcribed the text as it appeared, with the word “same” omitted. The first posthumous edition of Cowley’s *Works*, printed in 1668, omits the word “same” in this line of the poem “Sleep”; so do all other early printed editions. Additional comparisons between *Scrittura* 35:3 readings and readings unique to particular printed sources will help, through a process of elimination, to identify the copyist’s source text.

Scrittura 35:3, folio 4 recto, shows the line “A new-born wood of Various lines there grows”. Editions printed in 1681, 1684, 1688, and 1700 – all reading “A new-born *Word*” at this place – are thus not likely sources. The manuscript reading on fol. 6 verso “It Lodges there & stays” argues that editions printed in 1672, 1674, 1678, and 1680 – all of which read “It lodges and stays” – are not likely sources. On folio 4 recto, *Scrittura* 35:3 reads “And Closely as our Minds together join” – at variance with editions of 1710 and 1721: “And closely as your Minds together join”. A folio 4 verso reading “At an Impossibility” varies from the edition of 1707 reading “At any *Impossibility*”. The second 1668 edition of Cowley’s *Works*, as well as a

duodecimo edition reprinting it (which was published in 1681) and the edition of 1669 are likewise not strong candidates for being the source of *Scrittura* 35:3. For instance, 1668(2) and 12° 1681 read “Love in *Capacities*” in line 14 of the poem titled “Platonick Love”, *Scrittura* 35:3 (fol. 4 recto) and other printed editions read “Love in all *Capacities*”. The edition of 1669 shows a number of idiosyncrasies that are not apparent in *Scrittura* 35:3, such as an erroneous “Haw” in line 5 of the poem titled “Her Unbelief”. All other manuscript and printed sources read correctly: “How”.

Fifteen of the sixteen early printed editions may be eliminated as probable sources for *Scrittura* 35:3. One remains: the first edition of Cowley’s *Works*, published in 1668. In fact, *Scrittura* 35:3 has for over three centuries been housed in the College Library alongside only one other Cowley book, the 1668 *Works*. Suzanne Gossett’s conjecture – “A possibility exists that the manuscript was copied . . . from one of the College’s precious books, *The Works of Mr Abraham Cowley* (London, 1668), now catalogued as Liber 1426 – appears now a virtual certainty. As a copy from this printed source, the manuscript has no independent textual authority. Its variant readings are scribal and therefore not of consequence to the task of establishing Cowley’s text. The manuscript is of great value, however, as it documents the reception of Cowley’s text in seventeenth-century Europe. It may also be of value, should we find other manuscripts with the same unique readings as *Scrittura* 35:33, in documenting the transmission of Cowley’s text.

In order to assess the circumstances under which the manuscript was written and reasons for its being written, we may start with Liber 1426, the College’s copy of Cowley’s *Works* (1668). When Suzanne Gossett examined this book in 1972, it had

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not yet been entered into the archive catalogue. Ms Gossett adds that “we do not know how or when the College acquired this book”. It is likely that the book was originally purchased near the date of the imprint, and it was probably purchased in London. As noted above, there were two editions of the *Works* published in 1668; the College copy is the first of these. This edition, printed by John Macocke and published by Henry Herringman, was made available at Herringman’s shop at the Sign of the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, London. It sold out and a second edition was somewhat hastily set and printed, again by Macocke and Herringman, in the same year. Though many copies of the second 1668 edition were sold, many more unbound gatherings were withheld by the publisher, possibly because errors in the reset type had been noticed. Herringman arranged to correct these in his third edition, published in 1669. Although other booksellers may have acquired the original 1668 edition and kept copies on the market for some years, the major retail outlet for the book was not marketing them beyond 1668. Distribution of the book in Europe, barring the possibility of direct sales in Paris that Herringman may have arranged, would have been by way of individuals who had purchased it in England and brought it to the Continent. Cowley was an extremely popular author amongst readers of English throughout the later seventeenth century. Given his years of service to Queen Henrietta Maria, his friendship with Richard Crashaw, his broadly tolerant religious views, and his strong sense of national identity and patriotism, Cowley’s popularity amongst the English Catholic readership would have been especially strong. It should not be such a surprise, then, that a copy of his *Works* found its way to the English College at Rome. What remains surprising though, to this point, is that the writer of *Scrittura* 35:3 ignored most of Cowley’s overtly religious verse (the *Davideis*, for instance) and concentrated on copying out, sometimes modifying, the love poems.

If the College copy of Cowley’s *Works* was first purchased in 1668, or near that date, the evidence at hand does not indicate the original owner. There are two signatures on the front flyleaf. The first reads “Margaret Cordell April the 3^d 1682”. Her name appears on the back flyleaf and twice on pages of the text, as Suzanne Gossett has noted. Most interestingly, Margaret has drawn a heart with crossed arrows and the initials “E C” next to a poem titled “Friendship in Absence”. There is surely a love story behind this, but we will not know more about it unless Margaret Cordell can be further identified. To this end, it would be worth investigating genealogical records of the Anglo-Catholic Cordells, a family name that belongs to Sir William (d. 1581), who was a member of Queen Mary’s Privy Council, and over a century later to Charles Cordell (1720-91), the Catholic divine who was educated at the English College at Douai. Two matters, however, are clear. First, Margaret Cordell once owned the book. “1682” is probably the year she got it, some fourteen years after it was published and probably first purchased. Secondly, Margaret Cordell is not the writer of *Scrittura* 35:3. *Her signature and the hand of the manuscript are not at all similar. Nor would it make sense for someone who owned the complete collected works to copy out poems from it. If she for some unusual reason had commissioned the copy, surely “Friendship in Absence” would have been among the contents of the manuscript. It is not. But Margaret could well have been the person who loaned her volume of Cowley’s Works to the copyist, a person whom we can assume had no other access to the poems.*

On the evidence of the paper-stock (most of the sheets appear to have been manufactured in the period between 1675 and the early 1680's), we have inferred that *Scrittura* 35:3 was copied after 1675, perhaps up to a decade after. Since it is reasonable to assume that Margaret Cordell's book was the scribe's source, and she herself had the book in 1682, *Scrittura* 35:3 will date from that year and after, say 1683-85. Given the same frame of dates (1675-85) it is also possible that the scribe was the book's original owner, and that he or she made copies of some of its contents prior to selling or giving the book to Margaret in 1682. But the book and the manuscript were together at the time the manuscript was transcribed, and it would appear that they have remained together, at the College, since then. It is most likely that the book came from Margaret, residing outside the College, to someone connected with the College who may have been the scribe. If the book came directly to the copyist of *Scrittura* 35:3, it is also likely that the book was on loan. The scribe would not have taken copies from it had he (or she) believed the book would be in his possession for a long time or a lifetime. Alternatively, the book could have been given to the College (for whatever reason) and then been read and copied by someone temporarily in residence. Readers who also own their books seldom copy out texts or extracts. Instead, they frequently put marks in the margin to indicate poems or passages that especially appeal to them. Given the availability of Margaret Cordell's book at the College, over time, at least two other readers (one using pen, the other pencil) have made marginal "X's" on its pages. See in particular pages 91-120 of *Several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose* for such evidence of the book's continuing readership.

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Suzanne Gossett has observed that beneath Margaret Cordell's signature on the front flyleaf is another name, "Domenico Marcura". This second signature is in a much later hand. It may represent someone connected with the College who kept the book there and read it. A third signature appears on the title page (as does a separate note "Post £0-10-0"). This name, nearly obscured by the signer's idiosyncratic pen-slashes, appears to be "W. Smith". There are similarly drawn signatures elsewhere, but none on the flyleaf or owners' leaf. Ms Gossett notes a William Smith (alias Carrington) in the College between 1713 and 1716. He could be the same man as the "W. Smith" signing Liber 1426, but it is of slight issue as far as *Scrittura* 35:3 is concerned. There is little likelihood that the manuscript dates from 1713 or after, and on the evidence of handwriting alone, "W. Smith" cannot have been the scribe of *Scrittura* 35:3. He may have kept the volume in his room, to read it, but the only certainty is that he used the book as a paper source for practising his signature.

Scrittura 35:3 was not written by one of the owners or signers of Liber 1426. Evidence external to the manuscript allows only one further surmise as to the identity of its author: Margaret Cordell's friend "E. C." If the *Libri di Entrata e Uscita*, the *Pilgrim Books*, or other records of resident scholars at the College list a person with these initials, during the later seventeenth century and particularly between 1675-85, we could construct the romantic hypothesis that he received the book from Margaret and took the manuscript copies from it.

It is somewhat unusual that a manuscript of this size allows no clue as to the identity of its author. Not all manuscript texts are signed or initialed, to be sure, but manuscript commonplace books and copy booklets contemporary with *Scrittura* 35:3 very often designate an owner. We are left, however, with only the contents of the manuscript as evidence that may tell something about the writer and his or her reasons for making these copies. For the sake both of convenience and the attractiveness of the "E. C." hypothesis, in surveying the contents I shall refer to the scribe by the masculine pronoun.

The manuscript contents and the order in which they are transcribed make it clear that our scribe began reading Cowley's *Works* (1668) at the beginning of the texts, that is at signature D, and that he copied out extracts or whole poems as he read along. It is also apparent that, despite the manuscript headline "Ex Cowleo Cowleo Digna," the copyist was not particularly interested in Cowley as an historical figure. He takes nothing from Cowley's signature poem "The Motto", the first text in the initial group titled *Miscellanies*, in order to begin his copy book with stanza 6 from the next poem, "Ode. Of Wit":

Tis not when 2 like words make up one Noise
 Jests for Dutchmen & English boyes
 In which who finds out wit, the same may see
 In Anagrams & Acrosticque Poetrie
 Much less can that have any place
 At which a virgin hides her face
 Such Dross the fire must purge away, 'tis just
 The Author blush there where the Reader must.

The lines make two points about what wit, and poetry, should avoid. Mere verbal cleverness, as one finds in anagrammatic and acrostic verse of the later seventeenth

century, is deemed appropriate only to juveniles and Dutchmen. Secondly, explicit sexual references are inappropriate. Poetry shouldn't make virgins blush. These admonitions, as points of the scribe's initial interest, suggest that he likes advice on thinking, writing, or speaking properly. He has also elected to copy the only anti-Dutch joke in the collection, an unsurprising choice if we assume his Catholic affiliation and consequent animosity towards the Protestant Low Countries.

The next poem in *Miscellanies* are topical, on Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, on Sir Henry Wootton, King Charles I, on the painter Anthony Vandyke. Our scribe is interested in none of these. His next entry is from Cowley's "Ode: Here's to thee, Dick", which he retitles (not insensitively) "The Love-hater". This poem celebrates the pleasures of drinking over the pains suffered by lovers.

He then reads on, finding nothing to extract from Margaret Cordell's favoured "Friendship in Absence" nor anything also on pages 11-26 of the printed collection. His choice of Cowley's "Reason. The use of it in Divine Matters" and "On the Death of Mr. Crashaw" tell us something of his state of mind and theological interests. The arguments establishing a religion based on reason –

And since it selfe the boundless godhead joyn'd
With a Reasonable mind
It [plainly] shows that Mysteries Divine
May with our reason Joyn//

– are in the mainstream of British restoration thought (and not in the spirit of the earlier anti-Dutch joke). As presented by Cowley, the claim is not that reason is infallible (as Suzanne Gossett states, p.255) but that during one's earthly sojourn,



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reason is the best means people have to assist faith. Rather than censoring this poem by failing to copy it all, the scribe (characteristically to this point in the manuscript) has extracted what *he* thinks are the most significant lines and has produced a condensed version – perhaps what he considers his own version.

A reasonable, if not ecumenical view of institutional religion is reflected in Cowley's elegy to Richard Crashaw, his close friend and most immediate connection with the English College. Cowley acknowledges that his "Mother Church" (the Church of England) opposes the Roman Church (to which Crashaw had converted) in "some nice tenets"; but the point is that the love Crashaw bore his creator and the life he led render institutional tenets insignificant:

Ah! Mighty God! with shame I speak't & grief
Ah that our greatest faults were in Belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet
Rather then thus our Wills too strong for it.
His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might
be wrong, his Life I'm sure was in the right
And I my self a Catholick will be
So far att least great S: to pray to thee . . .

This theme our scribe obviously found attractive, a fact of particular significance in light of the fervent religious hostilities following the Popish Plot (1678), the Exclusion crisis (1679-81), and extending through the brief reign of James II during the 1680's. The author of *Scrittura* 35:3 may also have independently known of and admired Crashaw, since of all the topical poems he could have copied (recall his omission of those on Falkland, Charles I) this is the only one he elected to preserve in manuscript. It would indeed be interesting to know more about Crashaw's reputation in Rome following the years of his association with the College and his death in 1649. Was he widely regarded as a saint?

The selections recorded in *Scrittura* 35:3 continue with five "Anacreontic" verses, printed at the end of Cowley's *Miscellanies*. The copyist's focus appears to be on the double-edged quality of Love –

A Mighty pain to Love it is
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss

– and an epicurean version of the *carpe diem* theme:

After death I nothing crave
let me alive my pleasure have
All are stoiks in the grave.

With these on record, our scribe embarks upon a reading of Cowley's *The Mistress*. His reading is systematic and remarkably thorough. At first, his method of treating the texts is the same as it had been during the reading of *Miscellanies*; that is he reconstructs the texts by abbreviating them and occasionally by retitling them or changing some of the words. Yet as the manuscript progresses, we are witness to fewer and fewer instances of such selectivity and intrusive revision. After reading the opening poems in the collection – retitling the second, selecting lines from others and making some changes in the phrases, generally showing his desire to control the texts – the copyist comes to two poems on the issue of Platonic love. These he transcribes *in full*, arriving at the "Answer to the Platonicks:"

So Angels Love, so let them Love for me;
When I'm All Soul, such shall my Love too be.

Rather than manipulating these texts, the scribe is simply taking them in, listening to them fully. Three transcriptions later, on folio 5 recto, he interrupts the course of reading to return to Cowley's "Preface", long enough at least to copy three lines from it:

Ut sibi quivis
Speret idem, multum sudet frustra que laboret,
Ausus Idem — Horace.

All this may look easy, Horace offers, but just try to do it yourself. You'll discover the difficulties. This admonition is by no means a final judgement on the poems (see Suzanne Gossett, p.256), but a reflection upon the scribe's attitude and behaviour to this point in the manuscript. So far, he has been trying to do things himself, or on his terms, intruding on the texts, taking what he wants, omitting the rest. He shows an interest in enlightened attitudes, but (like "The Love-hater") keeps passion at reason's distance. From this point in *Scrittura* 35:3 onwards, however, folios 5 verso through folio eleven verso, he is a much more attentive student of the love verses. Of thirty-six poems transcribed on these pages, nineteen are copied in full and fewer lines are omitted from others. On folio 8 recto, he accepts only one stanza from the erotically charged poem "The Injoyment", yet by folio 9 verso he is eager to transcribe all of "Maidenhead" – the most outrageously sexual poem in the collection. By the end, it looks like Eros has a convert.

Who transcribed the poems in *Scrittura* 35:3? We still do not know his name (were his initials "E. C."?), but we can infer some aspects of his character as it was and as it changed, in Rome, at this College, over three hundred years ago.

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The Foundation of the Cistercian Abbey of S. Maria ad Nives Palatiolis in a Historical Context¹

Palazzola celebrated the 750th anniversary of its creation as the Cistercian abbey of Sancta Maria ad Nives on 19th January 1994. In terms of the history of Palazzola the occasion of issuing the Bull by Innocent IV on 19th January 1244 is worthy of being celebrated as a milestone in its long history as a religious house. Palazzola which had seen many forms of cenobitic and eremitic life had been brought into the orbit of the Cistercian discipline as a priory in 1237, seven years later it was elevated to the status of an abbey and became the recipient of the dignity and privileges associated with a Cistercian abbey.

Such progress reflected the experience of many religious houses in Lazio and testifies to the impact and vigour of the Cistercian order in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The impact of the Cistercians on Lazio has been considerable and spans seven centuries. The early period of Cistercian monasticism is of interest not only because of its extent and vigour but also for the circumstances and causes of its expansion. It indicates the vigour of monasticism in a period which has been popularly (if mistakenly) associated with the corrupt and worldly power of the Papacy of the middle ages. Palazzola's foundation and period as a Cistercian house also bears witness to the vigour of a monastic order which at the height of its power had nearly 40 monasteries and abbeys in Lazio. The cause of such vigour and expansion merits some interest in that it reveals the nature of the religious life in Lazio and poses the question "Why was it that the twelfth and thirteenth centuries witnessed such an expansion by the Cistercians in Lazio?"

The expansion of the Cistercian order in a particular area or context can only be understood in the light of the origins and evolution of the order itself. Such an understanding needs to be rooted in the wider context of the social, political and religious background of Europe in the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries. These three centuries are of considerable importance in the development of European civilization, while the eleventh century can justifiably be considered as a turning point in the religious history of Europe.

I. The Background

Socially and religiously the Millenium had come but the anticipated apocalyptic end of the world had not, this left some sense of disorientation. Politically and culturally the Carolingian attempt to recreate the *Pax Romana* with its benefits of peace, prosperity and cultural renewal had collapsed. Furthermore Christian civilization had once again experienced the onslaught of pagan barbarians such as the Vikings, Saracens and Avars. At times it seemed that Christianity itself was threatened. Once proud cathedrals and abbeys were subject to attack and destruction. Moreover the Papacy itself had ceased to be a beacon and point of reference on the European scene, having fallen prey to the petty ambitions of the local Roman aristocracy.

¹ A version of this paper was given on 19th January 1994 as part of the celebration of the 750th anniversary of the creation of Our Lady of the Snows, Palazzola as a Cistercian Abbey on 19th January 1244.

These experiences left their scar on the memory of people and spurred individuals such as the Emperor Otto I (962-973) to create some semblance of order within the Holy Roman Empire and to help regenerate the Papacy. It is from these sorry beginnings that Medieval culture renewed itself and witnessed a burst of creative energy popularly referred to as the Medieval Renaissance. A renaissance which saw geniuses such as Abbott Suger (c.1081-1151) of St. Denis of Paris, and gave us so many splendid gothic edifices which still dot the European landscape despite the vicissitudes of history. It was this flowering of culture and order which gave Europe its feudal institutions and a sense of stability.

For the church it was a time of renewal, the Papacy was gradually raised from the mire into which it had sunk. The renewal of its prestige, beginning with Leo IX (1049-1054) would culminate with the pontificate of Innocent III (1160-1216). The renewed vigour of the church saw the rise of the cathedral schools and centres of theological learning which paved the way for the universities and the theology of the schoolmen.

Perhaps one phenomenon which marks this period as significant, the impact of which was to reverberate through the succeeding centuries was the reform associated with Gregory VII (1073-1085). It was a reform which was eventually to transform church-state relationships. (Perhaps it would be more accurate to describe it as turning church-state relations upside down and the whole of society with it.) The word reform suggests an attempt to correct abuses and to return to a pristine and purer form of christian life and institutions. However, the real goal of the Gregorian Reform was not the restoration of an ancient and purer form of christianity but the establishment of a new order in the church which would enable it to deal with changed circumstances. Of course it is open to debate whether this was understood consciously by the exponents of the Reform, nevertheless it was the implicit intention.

Such a change had wide reaching implications in the realm of politics and affected almost all aspects of church life. The background of the turbulent history of the Gregorian Reform lies in the re-establishment of order initiated by Otto I which resulted in the role of the emperor being changed from his being a secular ruler to that of *rex et sacerdos*, the priestly king wielding semi-sacerdotal power. Such power gave the emperor responsibility to protect and propagate the church and authority over ecclesiastical appointments. Initially the exercise of imperial authority in church affairs was both expected and encouraged. One need only take the example of the austere and pious emperor Henry III (1039-1056) who by the exercise of his will and power in church affairs healed the schism caused by Benedict IX (1032-44; 1045; 1047-48), Sylvester III (1045) and Gregory VI (1045-46) by organising the election of Leo IX (1049-54) and supervised the election of a further three Popes. Leo IX's importance lies in that he laid the foundation of the reform of the church and Papacy (the reform that later came to be identified as the Gregorian or Hilderbrandine Reform), a task taken up and continued by Nicholas II (1059-61) and carried to its zenith by Gregory VII (1073-1085).

The Gregorian Reform had two main objectives. The one covered papal elections, the exclusion of extraneous influence in church affairs and the issue of appointing and investing church dignitaries. The second involved the condemnation of clerical marriage (nicolaitism) and the selling of church positions (simony). Both issues came to the fore in Gregory's pontificate with tumultuous consequences. Gregory's "goal was evidently the total readjustment of Christian society, leading to

an institutional separation of church and state. The objective entailed stripping the emperor of his quasi sacerdotal powers, securing the Pope's extensive and effective jurisdiction over the church and setting a morally purified clergy sharply apart from the world"².

During the reform, which spanned some fifty years, every aspect of church life came under scrutiny. Monasticism was included in this reappraisal not because of corruption or failure on its part but because it had to find a place in a changed society and this apparently when the monastic movement as evidenced by the expansion of the Benedictines of Cluny was reaching new heights.³

Monasticism had become more elaborate in its externals with a manifest concern with the building of splendid ornate abbeys. Abbots had also become increasingly involved in secular affairs while most monasteries had acquired ecclesial benefices, tithes and dues. All these activities were deemed to be incompatible with the Rule of St. Benedict by that formidable reformer monk and cardinal St. Peter Damian (1007-1072). Peter Damian was not the only critic, disaffection with monks can be seen in the decrees and admonitions of various ecclesiastical provincial synods and councils of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The decrees and admonitions exhort monks to observe the Rule and urge them to be faithful to the virtues of poverty, stability and obedience.

Gradually the emphasis on apostolic poverty and the hermit tradition advocated by reformers became more pronounced. The one was a reaction to the material wealth and splendour of many monasteries the latter born of the desire to live the monastic ideal of the Rule in seclusion from the world. These two virtues came to be seen as the twin manifestations of the authentic monastic tradition faithful to the primitive church. Thus the desire for poverty and eremitism and a return to the primitive ideal (advocated by such people as St. Peter Damian) linked to the evolving process of the Gregorian Reform led to a reassessment of Christian life and a renewed interpretation of the monastic ideal and it is in this context that the rise and expansion of the Cistercian order should be seen.

The new ideal as exemplified by the Cistercians was to be a move away from external splendour as seen in ornate buildings, elaborate ceremonials and a life of comparative ease and comfort. Rather the goal of the "new monasticism" was salvation and sanctification of life through simplicity, poverty, manual work and charity.

This in brief is the historical background of the "new monasticism" of which the Cistercians are a part. It testifies not so much to a reform of monasticism and a return to a primitive ideal as to an accommodation to changed circumstances while being faithful to the genuine tradition of the Christian monastic life. However, none of the exponents of the "new monasticism" described it as innovation or accommodation, as with all reforms the cry was return to original principles, in this case the original principles of the Benedictine Rule. Rather they earnestly believed that they were not innovators but faithful interpreters of Benedict's original vision as expressed in his Rule. However, their critics, who normally belonged to the traditional form of monasticism in the Clunaic monastic discipline had no hesitation in describing them as innovators.

² Lekai, *The Cistercians*. Kent State University P., 1988. p.3

³ Although instances of corruption and decay could be found as described in B. Lackner *The eleventh century background of Citeaux*, Washington, 1972. ch 3 "The crisis of cenobitism", p92-112, who asserts that cenobitism entered a period of crisis c. 1050, a crisis brought on to a large extent by material wealth.

Nevertheless, leaving aside medieval monastic polemic what one sees emerging during the eleventh and twelfth centuries are movements and orders dedicated to establishing a life of heroic mortification spent in seclusion from the “world”.

II. Molesme and the Origins of Citeaux

The Cistercians have their origins in Citeaux, yet the roots of the order go farther back to the Abbey of Molesme.

St. Robert's life is rather colourful for a monk constrained by the vow of stability. He spent his life in six abbeys and priories exercising the office of either abbot or prior in most of them. One of these was the monastery of Molesme which he had founded in 1075 with a group of hermits. He was dissatisfied with monasticism as he had experienced it in the Cluniac discipline and desired a more austere solitary life. It was a successful abbey attracting many recruits.

However, success was a bitter fruit for Robert, the monastic ideal was diluted and Molesme seemed destined to conform to the Cluniac model and acquire tithes, benefices and dues. Eventually in 1090 a group of monks disillusioned with the compromising of the founding ideal seceded or escaped from the monastery, among them was their Abbot Robert.⁴ Nevertheless the monks of Molesme succeeded in persuading Robert to return as abbot. Life at Molesme was acrimonious with most of the monks wishing to follow the Cluniac model and the abbot advocating a more radical interpretation of the Rule of Benedict.

Matters were not resolved in Molesme and in 1098 Robert again “escaped” this time with twenty-one like minded monks and with the blessing of the Hugh de Die, Archbishop of Lyons, the Papal Legate in France. The group had secured the donation of property for a new foundation on marshy land unencumbered by any form of feudal dues. The place was called Citeaux, a place described by one chronicler as a “place of horror and solitude”. It was founded on Palm Sunday 1098 which that year fell on 21st March, the feast of St. Benedict, a symbolic choice indicating their avowed intent of returning to St. Benedict's ideal of monasticism.

Meanwhile the monks of Molesme promptly elected a new abbot on the departure of Robert. All seemed well at first, but Molesme quickly became the subject of scandal. It had lost its abbot, a man who was respected for his virtue and asceticism, its reputation fell and it was felt that all was not well, to put it bluntly people felt that the monastery had become corrupt and decadent. The monks wishing to repair the damage sought to bring Robert back to Molesme. In 1099 the monks of Molesme appealed to the Papal Legate to order Robert back to Molesme. The new abbot resigned his post to smooth the way for Robert's return. Initially the Legate was reluctant to intervene but at the resignation of the abbot of Molesme he promptly ordered Robert to return to Molesme, where he remained until his death in 1111. Several of the founding monks of Citeaux opted to return with Robert to Molesme.

Robert's actions in 1089/1099 has led to speculation and bafflement. He was a monk in his 70s who must have foreseen the hardship involved in starting a new monastery in a harsh environment. He must also have realised that his desertion

⁴ This was not the first time Robert had escaped from a monastery or from the position of abbot. The first occasion had been in 1072 when even though he was abbot he had escaped from the monastery of St. Michael at Tonnerre and joined a group of hermits who eventually helped him in founding Molesme.

of Citeaux would endanger its survival. Indeed when Robert left the majority of the founding monks left with him, William of Malmesbury (1080-1143) in his *Gesta regum Anglorum* records that only eight monks stayed on at Citeaux. Some medieval authors along with William of Malmesbury maintained that Robert had planned this state of affairs and had connived at the appeal made by Molesme to the Papal legate, with the aim of strengthening his position as abbot on his return. Indeed the earliest Cistercian chronicle the *Exordium magnum*, written by Conrad of Clairvaux, is less than complimentary in describing its founder's actions, moreover the earliest lists of abbots of Citeaux omit Robert's name. However, this criticism had to be concealed after 1222 when Robert was canonized, leading to the editing of the *Exordium magnum*. It was a chance discovery of an original unedited text of the *Exordium magnum* in 1908 which brought to light the complexity of Robert's actions at the founding of Citeaux.

III. Citeaux

The survival of Citeaux is due to three people, Alberic elected abbot in 1099, Stephen Harding elected 1109 and Bernard of Clairvaux. Alberic's contribution consisted in securing a Bull from Paschal II (1099-1118) in 1100 granting the protection of the Holy See for the monastery at Citeaux. However, of the first two abbots the Anglo Saxon Stephen Harding is the most outstanding figure. It was his organisational skills and vision which laid the foundations for survival and expansion.

He was a Saxon monk who had fled England at the Norman Conquest and had travelled to France and Italy, living in various monasteries. He had been particularly influenced by his experience at Vallambrosa and Camaldoli. These experiences were to be of significance in the evolution of the Cistercian order.

Stephen Harding secured the economic basis for the monastery at Citeaux by expanding its estates. The lands acquired were received on the basis that all feudal dues and tithes were renounced and that the land would as far as possible be cultivated by the monks themselves. he was also a scholar and one of his achievements (apart from writing the constitution of the monastery and setting the order on a sure footing) was the restoration of the text of St. Jerome's Vulgate Bible, a task he completed with the aid of Jewish Rabbis.

Gradually under Stephen's rule the prestige of Citeaux grew. By 1112 it was strong enough to establish its first daughter house at La Ferté. However, it is the arrival of Bernard of Fontaine and his thirty companions which is the turning point in the order's history.

Citeaux's steady growth and the impulse it received with Bernard's arrival can be seen in the rapid succession of foundations at Pontigny 1114, Clairvaux (under Bernard) in 1115, Morimond 1115, Preuilly in 1118 and then in 1119 four monasteries at La Cour Dieu, Bouras, Cadouin and Fonteney.

In 1119 Citeaux applied for and received a new Bull from the Pope Callistus II. it is at this point that the close association between the Papacy and the Cistercians begins. Pope Callistus had been Bishop of Vienne and knew Citeaux personally.

IV. St. Bernard and the Initial Growth

The Cistercians expanded rapidly and it could be claimed that they were the most popular monastic order of the medieval period. They succeeded in attracting vocations from all levels of society. Indeed it could be said that the order burst into flower across Europe and by 1250 they had 340 or so monasteries across Europe (1118-1250, gives 2.7 new houses founded every year for 132 years).

This expansion can be attributed in large measure to one man, Bernard of Clairvaux (1090-1153). He was by all accounts an impressive man and a charismatic leader. He entered Citeaux in 1113 and showed his outstanding qualities to the extent that two years later in 1115 he was entrusted with the task of founding and guiding the abbey of Clairvaux. Clairvaux in its turn flourished so well that in 1118 she was able to establish her first daughter house at Trois Fontaines.

Bernard's skills and influence were not limited to the Cistercian world. He was soon projected on to the European scene (in a capacity that can be best described in modern terms as a roving Secretary General of the United Nations). In 1125 the precarious stability of Europe was shattered by the death of the Emperor Henry V. There was no clear successor and there ensued a messy dynastic struggle for the throne between the Welf and Ghibelline families (it was no ordinary family argument, and involved most of Europe). England was in chaos after the death of Henry I while France was ruled by the boy king Louis VII. Italy freed from the control of a powerful emperor resorted to resolving its problems through violent political struggle. Then in 1130 the church was split by the election of two Popes, Innocent II and Anacletus II. (It is worth noting that Anacletus had been a monk at Cluny.)

The French nobility and church supported Innocent II. Bernard undertook the task of promoting Innocent's claim to the Papacy. The campaign lasted eight years, entailing much travel and writing an archive of letters. This task placed the humble Cistercian abbot of Clairvaux at the centre of European affairs. His diplomatic skill, good will and sanctity secured the eventual success of his cause. It is also stunning that in an age of considerable violence and barbarism violent factions were willing to pay heed to an abbot.

The Cistercians reached new heights when in 1145 a Cistercian monk who was one of Bernard's pupils was elected Pope Eugenius III (1145-53). These factors inevitably brought the Cistercian spirit into contact with Italy, indeed it is the only monastic reform movement of the period which succeeded in extending its influence beyond the confines of the country of its origins.

V. Lazio

In 1120 the Cistercians spread into Italy, a group of monks from La Ferté founded a monastery at Tiglieto in Liguria. The Cistercian reform in Italy led to the foundation of eighty-eight abbeys. As well as founding monasteries the Cistercians reformed many already existing abbeys and monasteries incorporating them into the Cistercian order. One of these was the Benedictine abbey of S. Vincenzo and Anastasius at Tre Fontane, Rome which was reformed in 1136. It had been abandoned by the Benedictines because of malaria, Innocent II had it restored and gave it to Bernard in gratitude for his support during the schism of Anacletus II, this monastery would later give the church its first Cistercian Pope in Eugenius III, and it was also from Tre Fontane that the monastery of S. Maria di Palazzola was reformed.

The period 1134-1342 has been described as the golden age of the Cistercians,⁵ during this period in Lazio thirty-seven houses were founded. They were introduced into Rome by Innocent II who gave them the monastery of S. Vincenzo and Anastasius noted above, it was from this monastery that the future Pope Eugenius III would be elected in 1143. The role of the Popes in the reform of monasticism was a major catalyst in stimulating monastic activity. Their activity was not limited to the Cistercian order, although they do seem to have benefited from Papal patronage at this time. The activity of the Popes in initiating the reform of a monastery was significant, occasionally resulting in a reforming abbot nominated by a Pope being in turn elected Pope, as occurred with Hildebrand who had been nominated to reform the monastery of S. Paolo Fuori le Mura by Leo IX. Several of the Popes of this period had themselves been monks and abbots (e.g. Gregory VII, Eugenius IV, Pascal II).

The thirteenth century witnessed the particular care the Popes had for monastic life in Lazio. The link between the two has its roots in the fact that the relationship between the Popes and monastic orders in Lazio was mutually beneficial, at least initially. The Popes were well served politically, religiously and economically by a close collaboration with the monasteries. While the monasteries requested Papal protection and confirmation of rights at every Papal election, such protection carried with it the obligations of paying a tax of some form to the Holy See. The advantage for the monasteries was that by gaining Papal protection they were considered to be a Papal property directly dependent on and protected by the Holy See. Gradually, in virtue of the Papal protection granted, the Popes acquired the right to intervene in the reform of the monasteries. The development of such a right can be seen in the action of Popes such as Gregory IX who on 26th October 1232 commissioned the Cardinal Arch-Priest of Rome to inspect and reform the female monasteries in Rome. The commissioning of another visitation and reform is recorded on 31st March 1278 when Nicholas III commissioned the Bishop of Fermo to visit and reform the Roman monasteries. The Papal registers of the thirteenth century indicate the impact that Papal authority had on monastic life in Rome and Lazio. They certainly had no hesitation in removing abbots who were found guilty of misdemeanours and excesses. Papal activity in Lazio was extensive and is testified by the abundance of Bulls, privileges and letters sent by the Papal Chancery to the monasteries and abbeys of Lazio. Indeed Lazio outshines all other areas in this respect, being the recipient of particular Papal attention and control.

The situation of Lazio in the history of Italian monasticism is rather curious in that during the eleventh and twelfth centuries it had not produced any native monastic movement. This has been seen as the reason for the success and growth of the Cistercians in Lazio, who were widely used by the Papacy to reform monasticism in Papal territories. Admittedly there was some monastic activity during the tenth and eleventh centuries but it was for the greater part a limited activity and failed to pave the way for an active reform of monastic life.

It is against the wider background of "reform" and Papal policy that the Cistercian expansion in Lazio should be evaluated. The reform of monasteries carried on into the fourteenth century including the period of the Avignon Papacy.

⁵ *Monasticon Italiae*. p.26

It was pursued in earnest by Innocent III⁶ (1198-1216) who vigorously prosecuted monastic reform in the lands under his direct control. It is during his pontificate that the Chapter General of the Cistercians commissioned the abbeys of Fossanova and Colomba (Piacenza) with the task of reforming the monasteries at Falleri, S. Giusto, S. Martino al Cimino and S. Sebastiano at Rome. The process of monastic reform using the Cistercians is further seen in the activity of Gregory IX (1227-1241), Alexander IV (1254-1261), Nicholas III (1277-1280) and Boniface VIII (1294-1303). The last mentioned used his power to break religious communities who opposed him by transferring them to monastic communities obedient to the Holy See, who for the greater part were either Benedictine or Cistercian. Among the Popes of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Alexander III (1159-1181), Innocent II (1198-1216) and Gregory IX (1127-1241) were particularly significant for the Cistercians in Lazio. Alexander III is worthy of note for the canonization of St. Bernard in 1174. He also took precautions to prevent the gradual alienation of the order from its primitive ideals by reminding the order that the privileges granted to them were indissolubly linked to a faithful observance of the Rule. Such a threat of the loss of Papal privilege and favour resulted in a series of measures promulgated by the General Chapters during the years of 1180, 1181 and 1182. The activity of Innocent III, noted above, began with vigour but the relationship between Innocent III and the order deteriorated owing to a sequence of events such as the heavy taxation imposed in support of the Fourth Crusade, the interdict imposed on England which did not exempt the order and the opposition of the Chapter General to the Pope's use of monks in his campaign against heresy. Nevertheless Innocent III was convinced that the Cistercian order, despite its defects, was the perfect model of the Christian life in its combination of action and contemplation.

Gregory IX was involved to a considerable extent with the Cistercians in Lazio and not only for the number of Cistercian foundations made during his pontificate. His activity and interest in the Cistercians preceded his elevation to the Papacy and can be seen by his foundation of the monastery of S. Maria di Monte Mirteto while he was Bishop of Ostia and Velletri. Gregory IX entrusted the monastery to the Cistercian Congregation of Flori (in Calabria), a congregation which received many favours from this Pope. The monastery was one of the most influential monasteries in Lazio which in 1288 gained as its daughter house the monastery of S. Trinità di Cori. Its influence was largely economic and was in turn due to its being granted the monopoly for procuring iron in Calabria by Emperor Frederick II in 1220. The favourable disposition of the Emperor is significant and is one of the contributory factors to the expansion of the Cistercians in Lazio. The active role of the Papacy in promoting the Cistercians can also be seen in Gregory IX's foundation of S. Maria della Gloria, near Anagni, which he provided with a vast endowment of land. The purpose of the endowment may be seen in the fact that the monks of the monastery were required to pray for the soul of Gregory IX and those of his family.

Thus the activity of the Cistercians in Lazio, which was both significant and influential, underlines their links with the Papacy. The support and action of several Popes is much in evidence as is shown by the initiative of Popes such as Innocent II, Eugenius III, Anastasius IV, Alexander IV, Alexander III, Innocent III, Honorius III and Gregory IX in advancing the Cistercian expansion in Lazio.

⁶ U. Berliere: "Innocent III et la reorganisation des monastères Bénédictins au XIII. siècle." *Rev. Bén.* 32. (1920), 22-42, 141-159.

The most intense founding activity of the order in Lazio spans from 1135 to 1246, during which period fourteen abbeys were established or reformed. Their activity falls in two phases the first 1135-1167 when seven abbeys were founded, the second phase spans from 1189-1260 with another twenty-one abbeys being founded. The division of two phases, while being slightly arbitrary is suggested by the fact that between 1167 and 1183 no Cistercians houses were founded in Lazio. Within this second phase the period 1234 to 1260 is reminiscent of the earlier phase in the frequency of the foundations, which suggests a new lease of life among the Cistercians in Lazio.

The expansion of the Cistercians was also influenced by geographical factors. They preferred isolated areas for their monasteries. Such places were usually uncultivated and marginal land, and by going to such places they were instrumental in bringing unused land under cultivation. This process can be seen in their establishing houses in the Marittima region of Lazio much of which was low lying marshland. The result was that they developed much of Lazio's agricultural economy.

There are also other reasons for this new lease of activity by the Cistercians. It appears that in the 13th century the Cistercians enjoyed the support and admiration of most political factions. For example the Emperor Frederick II's Imperial Chancellor was Abbot Giovanni of Casamari (appointed in 1222), thus assuring imperial support and patronage for the order throughout the Holy Roman Empire (which at that period included parts of Italy).

Another factor which is of considerable significance is the sympathy of the Cistercians in Italy for the Communes (which may briefly be defined as the increasing independence and authority of the cities as civil authorities over and against a despot, more usually the Emperor but also including the Pope). In the struggle between Pope and Emperor the Communes lent their backing to the Papacy which was naturally supported by the Cistercians. Their links and loyalty to the Papacy had already been shown to be solid in Bernard's campaign on the behalf of Innocent II. They had also proved their effectiveness in promoting the Catholic cause in the Albigensian crusade in Southern France, where they had helped in rooting out the heresy. Furthermore, the fact of having a Cistercian Pope testifies to the extent to which they had become established within the church. Their loyalty to the church and Papacy would inevitably be acknowledged within those territories under the direct rule of the Papacy.

Another aspect which tends to be overlooked in the political appraisal of their success is the impact they had in the areas of agriculture and the local economy. They were known to be excellent stabilising agents in peripheral or disputed areas (this is testified by the Cistercian experience in such countries as Austria, Castille, Wales and Scotland). These material and worldly factors explain to some extent their success in the 13th century.

Nevertheless in terms of church history the decisive factors are the spiritual motives, which while being the more important are the less amenable to scrutiny. It is sufficient to say that the influence of the Cistercian reform is manifested above all in the spiritual sphere, in their ardent zeal and overriding desire for holiness and penitence which in themselves assured the re-invigoration of monasticism throughout the period spanning the period from the 12th to the 14th centuries enabled them to make a decisive contribution to the church's life not only on a universal scale but on a local scale as can be seen from the Cistercian patrimony of Lazio.

Popes between 1130 and 1342 with the number of Cistercian monasteries founded in Lazio during each pontificate.

Innocent II	14/2/1130-24/11/1143	3
Celestine II	26/9/1143-8/3/1144	1
Lucius II	12/3/1144-15/2/1145	0
Eugenius III	15/2/1145-8/7/1153	3
Anastasius IV	12/7/1153-3/12/1154	0
Hadrian IV	4/12/1154-1/9/1159	2
Alexander III	7/9/1159-30/8/1181	3
Lucius III	1/9/1181-25/11/1185	1
Urban III	25/11/1185-20/10/1187	0
Gregory VIII	21/10/1187-17/12/1187	0
Clement III	19/12/1187-iii/1191	1
Celestine III	30/3/1191-8/1/1198	1
Innocent III	8/1/1198-16/7/1216	3
Honorius III	18/7/1216-18/3/1227	3
Gregory IX	19/3/1127-22/8/1241	6
Celestine IV	25/10/1241-10/11/1241	0
Innocent IV	25/6/1243-7/12/1254	6
Alexander IV	12/4/1254-25/5/1261	1

List of Cistercian foundations in Lazio, 1135-1260.

1135	Fossanova	Terracina
1143 (1387)	S. Maria di Faleri	Civita Castellana
1140	Tre Fontane	Roma
1146	S. Giusto di Tuscania	Viterbo
1149/51	Casamari	Veroli
1150	S. Martino al Cimino	Viterbo
1158	S. Maria a Fiume (?)	
1159/81	S. Mamiliano	Montalto di Castro
1167	S. Sebastiano ad Catacumbas	Roma
1167	S. Maria Marmosoglio	Velletri
1167	S. Eleuterio	Cisterna di Latina
1183	S. Nicola	Albano (Laziale)
1189	S. Maria di Sala	Acquedependente
1195	S. Elia Fallerense	Castel Sant'Elia
1203	S. Maria dell'Auricola (?)	Amaseno
1205	S. Niccolò	Tarquinia
1206	S. Martino	Viterbo
1218	S. Matteo di Montecchio	Rieti (1130?)
1219	S. Angelo al Monte Fogliano	Vetralla
1222	S. Maria e S. Domenico	Sora
1228	S. Fortunato	Tarquinia
1228	S. Donato	Tuscania
1234	S. Agostino di Montalto	Dioc. Civitavecchia
1236	S. Pastore	Contigliano
1237 (1244)	S. Maria di Palazzola	Albano
1241	SS. Cosma e Damiano	Vicovaro
1243	S. Pietro di Paliano	Palestrina
ante 1245	S. Giuliano	Tuscania
1245	S. Maria di Ponza	Gaeta
1246	S. Spirito di Zannone	Gaeta
1246	S. Stefano di Valvisciolo	Carpineto Romano
1251	S. Martino	Veroli
1260	S. Angelo	Civita Castellana

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Wyn Thomas

The Abbey of Palazzola

On the 19th January 1994 Mass was celebrated in the Abbey Church of Our Lady at Palazzola by 38 Concelebrants. Later lunch was enjoyed by 94 guests in the Refectory. Whether such celebrations took place in 1244 when Pope Innocent IV declared the Palazzola property an Abbey and its Abbot independent from the Tre Fontane Abbey is only conjecture.

750 years later, the Abbot President of the Cistercians at Casamari joined Abbots and Priors from Valvisciolo, Fossanova, Tre Fontane and the General House of the Trappists in the Viale Africa together with Benedictines, Franciscans, Rectors of Roman Colleges, Missionary and Religious Houses, Sisters of Mercy, Students and old boys of the Venerabile and pilgrims from England. It was a fitting eucharistic celebration as just two days earlier the benches had been put back into Palazzola church after what must have been the most intensive 're-fit' since Godfrey's days in the thirties.

Scaffolding had gone up in November 1993 totally filling the church interior. Boards were laid to cover the top of the scaffolding, just as well, to catch debris which may come from the ceiling during 'rendering'. After initial tapping on the ceiling plasterwork virtually *the whole of the ceiling intonaco* came down. What a noise and what a dust cloud. Fifty years ago during the Allied bombardment of the Castelli and around Palazzola the shock waves of the shell explosions caused the gradual separation of the ceiling surface from the stone base. The gentle gothic shape of the ceiling held all together! A great deal of *intonaco* of the walls came off too. The restoration work had three weeks added to the job. *Belli Arte* were most helpful in advice and our architect Marco Silvestri was frequent in his visits and gradually the walls were re-painted and the sanctuary area prepared for its turn.

Renzo Gallina, the fresco restorer, during his work on the Palazzola frescoes 1992-1993, also did a partial cleaning of the carved **Agnus Dei** which had been sitting on a terrace wall ignominiously for so long. This piece of Carthusian art of the 1360's began to take focus in our minds and in the mind of the architect. With some inspired sketches and drawings and the help of our long-standing iron worker Piero Angelini of Albano and local marble expert Sergio Sciotti of Castelgandolfo, a brilliant idea developed. The Agnus Dei was cleaned totally and moved to the altar position in the Sanctuary of the Church. A splendid arrangement of two upright supports of twisted black wrought-iron was inserted on either side of the marble and these supported a new and slender white marble top. What a beauty! Further inspiration came as the Tabernacle siting was discussed.

The 'nuns chapel' of Godfrey is notable for having all its altars supported by the 1244 former cloister marble columns. A pair of columns was taken from under the main altar moving another pair to the centre to continue its support. This pair was thoroughly cleaned in the garden and then brought to the sanctuary and placed in the centre underneath the reredos and they now support the Godfrey tabernacle. The whole effect is pleasing and proved to be a most exciting exercise in geometry and alignment!



*Above: The newly cleaned frescoes and re-arranged Church.
Over: The "Agnus Dei" rescued from the garden.*



During the repair of the walls of the Church the two small credence tables on either side of the sanctuary were removed as they served only to give bad neck ache to concelebrants in these days! The Godfrey altar was very carefully dismantled and re-used in this manner. . . .The white marble table re-erected on twin stone supports in the Sacristy against the ‘back’ wall; the front of the peperino base was fixed behind the columns holding the tabernacle and a slender peperino surround applied – made form the side pieces of the former altar base; the bronzed cross from the front of the old altar is now on the left sanctuary wall as part of the Sanctuary Light fitting.

The scaffolding came down, the Church was vacuumed, washed and cleaned, furnished and came to life on the 19th January 1994 – 750 years to the day since being declared an Abbey.

During the winter 1990-1991 the Church had already undergone the first ‘stage’ of this re-ordering when the floorboards and tiles of the Godfrey restoration were removed and a new tile floor laid, during which time the Roman and Benedictine mosaic pieces were revealed. It was also a good time to re-wire and bring up to date the lighting system. Luciano Filiponi, his brother Salvatore and his son Paulo did a superb job on this project. The Church had three wiring systems put in – lighting, power and sound. At this time, also, the base fitting for the Stations of the Cross were re-made and now the Stations hang more securely. During the summer of 1991 a “Viscount” state of the art organ was presented to complete that stage of re-ordering.

Bishop Cyril Restieaux, emeritus Bishop of Plymouth, came on Thursday 14th of April 1994 and in the presence of the Rector, Staff, Sisters and student body of the College re-consecrated the Church and consecrated the new Altar during a very wonderful and moving Liturgy. A relic of one of the College martyrs, St. John Wall, OFM, was placed in the top of the Agnus dei part of the Altar along with a signed

document of the details of the Liturgy. New furnishings for the sanctuary, presented by the College Staff, were used for the first time during this ceremony. The Presidential Chair being made in 'savanorolla' style in iron and with a local chestnut seat; the matching deacons' stools in similar materials but without back-rests.

The year of the 750th Anniversary has indeed been celebrated with *son e lumière*. Weddings, First Communions, Confirmations, Ministries and Ordinations are all celebrated in this Old Abbey Church with renewed vigour and enthusiasm. Happy we were, recently, to host a Chapter for Franciscan Vocations Directors. "Have they come to re-possess?" was one of the questions a pilgrim asked! During the winter of this year 1994 another series of celebrations begin – to commemorate the advent of the Sisters of Mercy to Palazzola ten years ago. That is yet another story of joy of this wonderful place so affectionately called '*l'ultimo gradino primo di cielo*'!!

Fr. Anthony L. Grimshaw
Director/Chaplain

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'A Space for All Times:

A meditation given on the Feast of The dedication of The Church 1994'

1. Church

This holy space, this atmosphere
This curtained, cloistered air
Has held the breath
Of ages of men, courageous, who went back
Raising a people to breathe once again
The inner freedom of a worship made rare
And kept here in quiet, readiness and prayer.
Here the mystic emptiness of God present,
Enclosed and reserved,
Has made this place,
A pilgrim home with straying angles,
A priestly home of gathering angels
Who filled this silent space
With song of victory grace
More enduring than Napoleon's armies
And echoing still Te Deum Laudamus.

2. Lectern

This divine word, this re-telling
This proclaimed and whispered news
Has held the hearts
Of passing years, surpassing their fears
Of teaching people to listen in tears
Of true conversion with courage to choose
Their stand in a history woven to confuse.
Here this constant voice of God present,
Given and received,
Has made re-sound
A solemn vow of hope and mission
A testament to faith's tradition
Where beatitudes in mosaic ground
In martyred hearts are found
And these incarnate words of four centuries past
Are practised still: "Potius hodie quam cras".

3. Tabernacle

This sacred hearth, this dwelling,
This lived in, lamplit tent
Has held the food
Of generous men, in endless chain
Of bringing a people to hunger again
For God's living bread and all His blood meant
As on faith's embers their sacrifice was spent.
Here this loved presence of present love
Adored and honoured
Has made this niche
A store of new provision
A source of heavenly vision
Which speaks of harvest feast
For greatest and for least
And bears a flame which burns to tell them
"Ignem Veni mittere in terram".

Columns

These heavenward pillars, these arches
This uplifting, holding span
Has held the weight
Of the dreams of men, 'gainst reason then
Of rebuilding a people's foundation again
Midst the ruins of reformatory plan
On sounder base where the truth first began.
Here these high towers of God present
marbled and flowered
Have made a link
To circled saintly glories
A frame for windowed mission stories
Standing as they arose
Like sentinels in classic pose
Part of church and in part forum
Saying: *Salvete flores martyrum.*

Martyr's Picture

This venerable picture, this canvas
This particular God design
Has held the gaze
Of centuries and has frequently
Inspired a people to open their eyes
To the wonder of three fold life in this sign
Of Son held by Father in Spirit-love divine.
Here this artist's hand presented God
Trinity and family
And has made this sight
A scene of our land's rebirth
A glimpse of promised earth
Confessor and Martyr pictured
Where blood makes earth the richer
And neither pain nor even death shall harm us
Gathered singing: *Te deum Laudamus.*

6. Altar

This consecrated altar, this sanctuary,
This centred, favoured table
Has held His Body
Has held His Blood,
Our Lord and God,
Whenever fresh priestly hearts in generosity could
Give themselves to be held by Him
And seek to repeat the gift of the Lamb
Who stands beside, stays behind and walks in front:
"Beati qui ad coenam invitati sunt".

John Marsland



Interior of the Main College Church.

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Some documents on the early history of the English Hospice¹

The documents printed below throw a little further light on the early history of the English Hospice of St. Thomas in Rome, the ancestor of the *Venerabile*. The first two are extracts from the Avignonese registers of the Papacy and merely illustrate the information given by Williams in his *History of the Venerabile*,² that from the time of Pope Gregory XI (1370-78) the Hospice had a chapel and chaplain with privileges concerning Confession, Communion, and Extreme Unction. This valuable concession allowed the brethren and visitors to opt out of the normal parish system, especially helpful to people in a strange land. The second document is a confirmation by the Pope of the foundation of the Hospice. Both privileges were granted at the request of the members. The date of both is Avignon, 29 April 1373.

A. To our dear sons the rector (called custodian) and the brethren of the hospital of the poor of the Holy Trinity and St Thomas the Martyr in Rome . . . by these present (letters) by authority and of special grace we grant as an indulgence that you and likewise the poor and the pilgrims in your hospital . . . who stay or will stay for a period, can lawfully receive in the chapel or oratory of the same hospital from your own suitable priest who shall be serving for the time *in divinis* the sacraments of penance, eucharist and extreme unction and the same priest may freely administer these sacraments both to you and to the poor and pilgrims.³

B. A petition for you lately shown to us contains that formerly some people born in England, both clerics and lay, desiring by a happy transaction to turn earthly things into heavenly and transitory things into eternal, bought, with the goods given them by God, certain houses and dwellings within the city walls in the Arenula district and there founded, built, and endowed a hospital with an oratory or chapel in the name of the Holy Trinity and St Thomas the Martyr of Canterbury. Therefore a humble petition on your behalf asks us to deign to confirm with apostolic blessing this foundation, construction and endowment. And so we confirm the foundation etc. holding it valid and pleasing by apostolic authority.⁴

The third document is later, dating from 1446. it is from the Muniments of the dean and Chapter of Durham, and is letters patent with the Hospice seal in red wax attached. It was given to Dom Robert Westmoreland, OSB, monk of Durham, declaring that he was a *confrater* of the Hospice and detailing that this allowed him to choose his own confessor for all but reserved sins and once for all sins at the hour of death. The privilege allowing the Hospice to grant this is said to have been given by Pope Eugenius IV for three years from the date of his Bull. This privilege had been granted in 1445.⁵ Westmoreland was almoner of Durham Cathedral Priory in 1446.⁶ There is no reason to suppose that he came to Rome to obtain his privilege, he seems to have been fully occupied at home. It could have been obtained for him or given in England in return for a subscription to the Hospice collector there. Westmoreland's name on the document is written in different ink from the rest, suggesting blanks held for the purpose. Westmoreland's name does not occur in the list of *confratres* under Durham in the English College Archives, *Liber 16*.⁷ The

Friends of The Venerabile

(English College Rome)

AIMS

- To promote the work of the Venerabile for the Catholic Community of England and Wales.
- To foster knowledge of the history of the College and its martyrs.
- To support the students of the College with our prayers and encouragement.
- To provide financial help for the material needs of the Venerabile.

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- Friends are invited to consider legacies and other donations as ways to benefit the College.

For information please contact:

**Mr. Bernard Sullivan, Secretary, Friends of the Venerabile,
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importance of the grant to him would be to allow him to separate himself from the normal monastic confessional discipline, where he would have to go to confession to a fellow monk not of his own choosing.

Documents such as this are very rare. I know of only two others for the Hospice.⁸

C. The chamberlains, custodian and brethren of the Hospital of the poor of Christ of the Holy Trinity and the glorious martyr St Thomas, founded in the city of Rome, to Dom Robert Westmoreland, monk of Durham, salvation and everlasting glory in Christ Jesus.

We are instructed and informed by the witness of sacred eloquence that the more spiritual goods are distributed and spread abroad among Christians the more powerful the good and the richer the fruit produced, without which no one becomes part of the celestial hierarchy, and by which, tossing in spiritual shipwreck, they are brought to the port of salvation to remain with the crowds of saints eternally in the heavenly homeland.

Hence, wishing to share, in bonds of charity, the goods given to us by God with your devoted self, who we believe will be supportive, thankful, and benevolent to the said hospital in future, we take you into the fraternity of the said hospital and number you among our fellows, and as far as we are able with God, we want you to be a participator now and in the future in all spiritual goods with us the brethren and sisters, pilgrims and poor of Christ: the masses, prayers, fasts, alms, and pilgrimages to the Holy Land consecrated by the blood of Christ and to the city of Rome stained by the blood of the Holy Apostles and many martyrs, and all the indulgences granted by diverse Roman pontiffs and especially graces and indulgences from our modern lord, pope Eugenius IV, to the brethren and sisters formerly joined to our confraternity or to join within three years from the date of his bull: that each brother or sister can choose as a confessor a suitable, discreet, secular or religious priest, who, as often as is opportune, having diligently heard your confession, will impose due absolution for sins committed and enjoin salutary penance, unless the sins are such that the Holy See has to be consulted. Furthermore, from the gift of his grace the pope gives by apostolic authority special permission that the confessor whom you choose may give you full remission of all your sins which you truly repent and confess once at the hour of death, as long as you remain firmly in the faith and unity of the Holy Roman Church, so that by these spiritual goods you may have grace and good fortune in the present life and in future remain in glory for ever, by the merits and prayers of the pilgrims and aforesaid poor of Christ. A.D. 1446.

C. (Muniments of the Dean and Chapter of Durham, Locellus I, no. 45):

In Christo Jesu dilecto nobis dompno Roberto Westmorelonde monacho Dunelmen', camerarii, custos et confratres Christi pauperem hospitalis sancte Trinitatis et gloriosi sancti Thome martyris in urbe Romana fundati, salutem et gloriam sempiternam.

Eloquio sacro testante instruumur ac eciam informamur quod bona spiritualia quanto magis distribuuntur et inter christicolos seminantur tanto dona potiora et fructus ubiores gratie et caritatis afferunt et inducunt, sine quibus nemo jerarchie celestis particeps efficitur et quibus mediantibus spirituali naufragio fluctuantes salutis deducuntur ad portuum cum turmis sanctorum in celesti patria eternaliter permansuri.

Hinc est quod devocioni vestre quam piam, gratem et benevolam penes dictum hospitalem credimus affuturam in caritas visceribus in itiamus bonaque spiritualia

nobis a deo collata vobiscum caritative communicare volentes, vos in fraternitatem dicti hospitalis assumamus et inter nostros confratres numeramus vosque quantum cum deo possimus participes esse volumus omnium bonorum spiritualium inter nos confratres et consores peregrinorum et Christi pauperum habitorum et imposterum habendorum missarum, oracionum, jejuniorum, elemosinarum, peregrinationumque terre sancte Christi sanguine consecrate ac urbis Romane sanctorum apostolorum sanguine et plurimorum martirum rubricate ac omnium indulgentiarum per diversos Romanos pontifices concessarum et presertim gratie et indulgentie per dominum nostrum dominum Eugenium papam quartum modernum fratribus et sororibus ipsius hospitalis ab antiquo assumptis et infra triennium a dato bulle in fraternitatem nostram assumendis, ut quilibet confrater et consoror aliquem idoneum et discretum presbiterum secularem sive religiosum in vestrum possitis eligere confessorem qui quociens vobis fuerit oportunum, confessionibus vestris diligenter auditis, pro commissis debitam vobis absolutionem impendat et iniungat penitentiam salutarem, nisi talia sunt peccata que sedes apostolica fit merito consulenda. Ex dono sue gratie licenciam specialem insuper ut confessor quem duxeritis eligendum omnium peccatorum vestrorum de quibus corde contriti et ore confessi fueritis semel tantum in mortis articulo plenam remissionem concedat vobis in sinceritate fidei unitate sancte Romane ecclesie persistentibus auctoritate apostolica indulgere valeat, ut per hec bona spiritualia gratiam et fortunam prosperam in presenti consequi valeatis et in futuro gloriam in perpetuo permansuram, meritis et intercessionibus peregrinorum et Christi pauperam predictorum.

Dato sub sigillo nostro communi ad causus. Anno domini millesmio CCCC° xlii.



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Notes:

¹ I would like to thank Messrs Joe Jordan and Stewart Manifold for their recent help to me in the College Archives.

² M. E. Williams, *The Venerable English College, Rome, 1578-1979 A History* London, 1979, p. 194, quoting a Vatican Register.

³ *Calendar of Entries in the Papal Registers relating to Great Britain and Ireland: Papal Letters*, ed. W. H. Bliss and J. A. Twemlow, London 1893 onwards, IX, p. 513

⁴ (Archivo Segreto Vaticano, Registrum Avenionen' 188, f. 391v)

Dilectis filiis rectori (custodi nuncupato) et fratribus hospitalis pauperum sancte Trinitatis et sancti Thome martiris de Urbe. . . Sincere devocionis affectus. . . The pope inclines to their petition

. . . ut tam vos quam eciam peregrini et pauperes in vestro hospitali. . . qui degunt pro tempore in capella seu oratorio eiusdem hospitalis a proprio et ydoneo sacerdote qui in huius capella seu oratorio pro tempore deserviet in divinis, penitencie et eucharistie et extreme uncionis sacramenta licite recipere possitis ac eidem sacerdoti ut huiusmodi sacramenta tam vobis quam eisdem pauperibus et peregrinis ministrare libere valeat tenore presencium auctoritate de speciali gratia indulgemus. . .

⁵ (Reg. Aven. 188, ff. 391v-392)

To the same: Piis fideleium vocis. . . Exhibita siquidem nobis nuper pro vestra peticio continebat quod olim nonnulla tam ecclesiastice quam seculares persone de

regno Anglie oriunde, cupientes terrena in celestia et transitoria in eterna felici commercio commutare, de bonis eis a Deo collatis certas domos et habitaciones infra urbis menia in regione de Arenula consistentes emerunt ac ibidem unum hospitale cum oratorio seu capella pro recolligendis et recreandis ac reficiendis pauperibus peregrinis sub vocabulo sancte Trinitatis ac sancti Thome martiris Cantuariensis fundaverunt, construxerunt ac eciam dotaverunt. Quare pro parte vestra sit nobis humiliter supplicatum ut huiusmodi fundacionem, constructionem, et dotacionem confirmare de benignitate apostolice dignaremur. Nos atque. . . fundacionem [etc] . . . ratas habentes et gratas, illas auctoritate apostolica confirmamus. . .

⁶ A. B. Emden, *Biographical Register of the University of Oxford to A.D. 1500*, 3 vols, Oxford, 1957-9, III, p. 2023.

⁷ *Venerabile*, XXI, 1962, p. 70.

⁸ H. E. G. Roper, 'A Salopian pilgrim to the hospice in 1448', *Venerabile*, X, 1942, pp. 265-8; M. Harvey, *England, Rome and the Papacy, 1417-1464. The Study of a relationship*, Manchester, 1993, pp. 65-6, and note 193. There is an elaborate parchment in Lambeth Palace Archives, C M XI/59, purporting to be a similar document granted in Worcester, 10 April, 1487 (perhaps by the Hospice's English agent), but there is something wrong with its dates and I suspect a forgery!

Dr. M. Harvey
Dept. of History
University of Durham

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In Search of a Saint

A drizzle of dishwater rain dampened my spirits as I picked my way through the graves in the cemetery at Ashford in Kent. It was eight o' clock on a Sunday morning and the whole area was dead to the world. This, I hasten to add, was not how I normally passed my Sunday mornings, but now that I was in Ashford I could not pass up the chance to search out one particular grave.

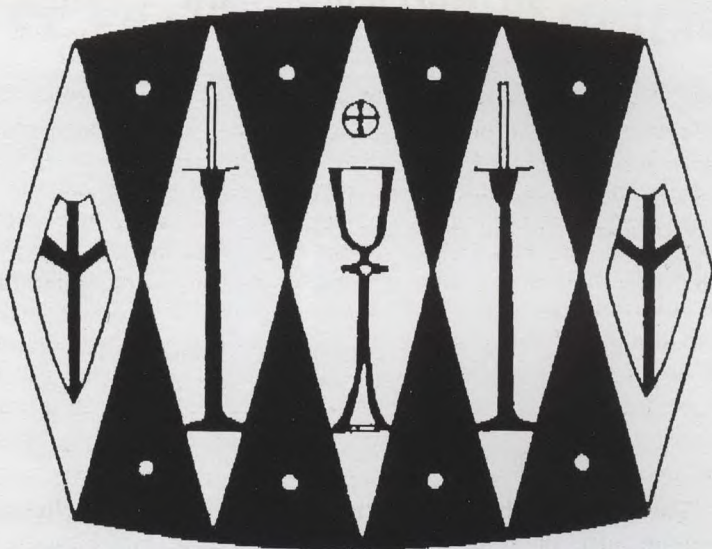
Ashford is an ashen grey town, composed of rows of identical houses which border Bybrook cemetery, composed of rows of almost identical headstones. Life and death are literally neighbours here, separated only by an avenue of semis. After almost two hours tramping through wet grass and scanning the life details on headstones my hopes of finding the burial place of Ashford's little known saint began to disappear. This grave was to prove as elusive as the thinking of its inhabitant when she was alive.

I was certain that this was the right cemetery because I had passed Simone Weil Avenue on the way in and simultaneously felt the heat of expectation. I wondered how many of the residents of Ashford appreciated what a great site of pilgrimage was in their midst. For me Simone Weil had become something of a secret passion in the past years and I felt that to approach her graveside would be, in some way, to make contact with the person herself. The only risk I was taking was that I would be disappointed by what I found there.

Simone spent her last seven days at the Grosvenor Sanatorium in Ashford. She had been transferred there from the Middlesex Hospital in London after being diagnosed as tubercular. She died on 24 August, aged 34. Her death certificate hints that she perished of anorexia nervosa (the slimmer's disease): "[she died of] cardiac failure due to myocardial degeneration of the heart muscles due to starvation and pulmonary tuberculosis." While the coroner's report is more blunt in its conclusions, stating that "the deceased did kill and slay herself by refusing to eat whilst the balance of her mind was disturbed."

Suicide is the savage god and it is tragic that Simone who devoted her intense and brilliant life to the search for a God of love, finally embraced the dark promises of a false divinity. Even in the manner of her death, Simone opted to radically side with the outsider. In one sense, her final days in Ashford reflect the alternating current of faith and doubt which ran through her adult life and thinking. As Malcolm Muggeridge commented, "There is no writing that I know of which at once perfectly expresses the perplexities and ardours of a contemporary saint as Simone Weil."

Simone had flirted intellectually with the notion of suicide through her attraction to the Cathars, a thirteenth century sect. They were philosophically dualist and theologically accepted only the God of the New Testament. A highly disciplined and severe asceticism characterised their maverick spirituality. Seen as a threat to Catholic Christendom, they were wiped out during the papacy of Innocent III, in a violent and brutal chapter of Church history.



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For Simone, the Cathars represented those who stood on the spiritual margins of the institutional Church – a Church that could at one and the same time be a loving mother and a cannibalistic ogre. It was this disjunction between the spiritual imprimatur of the Church and its often profane activity that convinced this French Jewess to remain outside its fold. She was highly suspicious of all institutions, for she believed that they inevitably put limits on the freedom and expression of the individual. For Simone, if faith meant anything it meant having the liberty to experience the mystery of God in all his magnificent ambiguity. She wrote, “I love God, Christ and the Catholic Faith . . . but I have not the slightest love for the Church in the strict sense of the word, apart from its relation to all those things that I do love.”

In April 1938, Simone visited Solesmes Abbey during the Holy Week liturgies. Though suffering from violent migraines she discovered in the rhythms of the plain chant and the cosmic drama of the Paschal Mystery a balm to soothe her pain. For the first time she experienced an epiphany – a fleeting moment when the supernatural breaks through our hum-drum reality and transfigures it. Later, she wrote that, “The Mass is unable to touch the intelligence, for the intelligence doesn’t grasp the significance of what is there taking place.” For Simone, then the sacraments were potentially epiphanic channels connecting God with humankind.

At Solesmes she was introduced to George Herbert’s poem, “Love”, by an English pilgrim, John Vernon. The poem had a profound effect on her: Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,/ Conscious of dust and sin”, words which reverberated through Simone’s consciousness. During a reading of this poem she felt in an intimate way possessed by love itself – the love of Jesus Christ.

Simone not only asserted the reality of Christ’s presence in her life intellectually, but also emotionally. Though her writing reveals a breadth of intellectual and ecumenical interests which surpass many of her contemporaries, Simone was not a woman defined by the intellect alone. On the contrary, I see Simone as a thinker who could only make sense of her political, social and philosophical ideas by placing them in the spiritual arena. It was only in the light of Christianity that her ideas were lucid and relevant. Without the life force of Christianity her work would have been stillborn. Simone was a radical and idiosyncratic thinker because she was a radical and idiosyncratic Catholic, without actually being one.

At the back of the Bybrook cemetery is the unmarked section for foreigners and it was there that I finally found Simone’s grave. The stone is a simple square set in the ground with her name and details of birth and death cut in French. Another pilgrim had left a bouquet of flowers tied with a ribbon in the colours of the French flag.

Fifty years previously, seven mourners surrounded this graveside including Simone’s landlady and a close friend, Maurice Schumann. The priest who was to officiate at her funeral missed his train and never made it to the cemetery. Fortunately, Schumann had a Catholic missal and from this they performed a funeral.

Simone is often described as the Patron Saint of Outsiders, but for me she has become the Patron Saint of this century – a crooked age where people search for meaning in an agnostic climate. Her life ached with uncertainty and contradiction and yet, standing by her grave, I sensed that she was above all a woman compelled by the demands of Christian love. . . by the way, I was not disappointed.

Martin Boland V.E.C. 1993

Perspectives

(29th December 1993)

A mist lies suspended o'er the land, fine
veiling the Sun-light in silken caress
of gossamer white, unseen by earthen
sight. A shadow-land where contours take on
fractured meaning, given shape in half-light
tones, refracted. Eyes seeing see but pale
images, appearances rendered true
by common accord unwilling to gaze
beyond the haze. And yet in solit'ry
pursuit the brave soul raises eyes above,
from inner stirring, having glimpsed in faint
the power which in silence draws it forth.
Borne aloft the soul makes sense of partial
truths and unifies the symbols, once seen
but dimly, to form a whole. Day-light calls
all to journey through the mist, and yet those
there are who, preferring twilight, fear the
Day. Its panoramic view bears a toll
for weak eyes unaccustomed to a light
shed of half-light's tones, burning burnished bright.

Stewart Manifold

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The ceiling of the Martyrs' Chapel.

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The College Organ Story

THE NEW ORGAN The Venerable Vol. II, No. 2 April 1925

On Sunday, March 15th, His Eminence the Cardinal Protector came to the College to bless the new organ built by Cav. Giovanni Tamburini. Unless put on record somewhere, future generations are likely to be nonplussed by the problem of how the larger pieces ever got through the narrow door of the Tribune. The truth is that the wall of the Computestaria had to be knocked down, but the presence of the Cardinal marked the triumphant issue of this and other inconvenience. After the brief ceremony in the Tribune, His Eminence gave Benediction, when the organ was used for the first time – formally that is. Virtually it had already become portion of the life of the house, which had patiently endured a fortnight of intensive tuning. For the benefit of the three bishops staying in the College, and especially of Bishop Keatinge, who was organist himself here in his student days, a member of the Pontifical School played for some time after Benediction. But the real Collaudo took place the following Sunday when Il Maestro Renzi, Organist of St. Peter's, gave a recital on the completed instrument.

His programme was:

- | | | | |
|----|-----------------------|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. | A. Thomas | Preludio | |
| 2. | Th. Dubois | Canto Pastorale | |
| 3. | Lemmens | Allegretto Cantabile | |
| 4. | Alex. Guuilmart | Marcia Funebre e Canto Serafico | |
| 5. | William Byrd | Pavane | |
| | G. S. Bach | Corale (aus der Tiefe rufe ich) | |
| 6. | Handel | Aria | } dal concerto in Re |
| | | Finale | |
| 7. | C. Franck | Cantabile | |
| 8. | Renzi | Toccata. | |

The tone of the organ is very English indeed, especially that of the diapason. With only fifteen speaking stops, it is marvellous how many combinations can be obtained, due to the *doppo sistema* whereby the pipes apply to both manuals. The motor has been placed in the false roof above the Tribune where perhaps it is a little near. But beyond its reluctant crescendo upon being started, it is barely audible and runs very well, provided the Società Anglo Romana be in benevolent mood. The whole organ is enclosed so that no pipes at all are visible; but a series of shutters turns the case into one large swell box; or as they describe it officially "un organo espressivo". The pedals are fan-shaped after the English system, which is merciful on the organist of short legs: we are assured that these are the first fan pedals in Italy!

Below in the Church proper is a smaller control of one manual only and complete pedals, for choir accompaniment in the Chant and for the purposes of practice.

The following is a summary specification:

Two Manuals: cc to A. 58 notes
Pedals. ccc to F 30 notes

On both manuals.

Principal	8."	
Octave	4."	
Mixture	5	ranks
Euphonium	8"	
Gamba	8."	
Bourdon	8."	
Harmonic Flute	8."	
Voix Celeste	8."	
Flute	4."	
Eolina	8"	
Clarionet	8."	
Oboe	8."	

Pedals

Sub-bass	16."
Bourdon	16."
Bourdon	8."

Accessories

- 11 Combination Pistons on Manual I.
 - 8 do on Manual II.
 - 4 Combinations pedals to both Manuals
 - 1 Balanced crescendo pedal
 - 1 Balanced swell pedal
 - Tremulant.
- } affecting both manuals

Couplers.

- Manual II – I
- Manual – Pedals
- Manual II – Pedals
- Super Octave (from Manual II) on Man I.
- Sub octave on Man II.

(These can be affected both by stops and pedals.)

The action throughout the organ is Tubular-pneumatic, excepting the combination piston and pedals which are mechanical.

The flue work generally is on 3 or 4 inch wind to suit the stops. The electric motor is regulated from the control.

The Rector has asked me to express his heartiest thanks to many generous benefactors, who have by their donations, made this grand instrument an added glory of the Venerable. When the subscription list is complete, and the last touches have been given to the perfection of the organ, a balance sheet of receipts and expenses will be published.

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There have been only two significant changes to the organ from the description of it given in the April 1925 edition of the *Venerabile*. At some point the small console in the body of the church disappeared without trace: it is not entirely clear how and where it was linked to the organ itself, or why it disappeared. Perhaps some readers might be able to provide information on this point; if so it would be gratefully received! The organ motor is no longer in the roof of the Church, but is situated immediately behind and above the organ, in a large wooden box at the head of the residential "44 corridor", on the second floor of the College.

For those who do not know the College Church, it might be useful to explain that both the organ and its console are placed on the tribune gallery at the back of the Church, over the main entrance. Its position is very high up and remote from the congregation, so that the organist almost has to rely on a sixth sense in order to co-ordinate with (or even be aware of) what is going on downstairs!

The article of 1925 is rather effusive in its praise of the College organ. It is a medium-sized instrument, quite solidly built but so designed that routine maintenance is a difficult operation. Far from being quintessentially English in any respect, it is an absolutely typical 1920s Italian organ. The so-called 'dopo sistema' contributes to a highly eccentric console design, which is by turns baffling, amusing and frustrating to the English organist. Its like is unknown in England, but there are hundreds of similar ones throughout Italy.

The tone produced by the various 'stops' on the organ is quite variable in quality, depending on the quality of the pipes producing the sounds. Some individual stops are tonally very good, others are quite ordinary, and one or two are of rather dubious quality. However, the general impression of the organ when heard from the body of the Church is really quite good, being greatly enhanced by the lively, resonant acoustic of the building.

For two or three years the deteriorating condition of the organ had been giving organists and the College administration some cause for concern. This decline was the result of nearly seventy years of almost daily use and relatively little maintenance. Limited restorative work was done in 1981, but since then the attentions of local organ builders had become increasingly sporadic, eventually ceasing altogether. The present author had been doing limited tuning and repair work since 1988, but it was clear that professional attention on a larger scale would soon be necessary.

By the beginning of 1992, very audible wind leakage from the top of the organ was becoming a serious distraction during services, despite the distance between the organ and the congregation. Whilst other faults were irritating for the organists, everyone was aware of the gale blowing in the tribune gallery!

It was suggested that it might be worth arranging for a reputable firm of organ builders from Britain to make an inspection of the organ. Investigations were made, and Nicholson & Co. (Worcester) Ltd. of Malvern, a well-established, eminent firm was chosen. In recent years, Nicholsons have rebuilt and restored the organs of the Anglican Cathedrals of Birmingham and Portsmouth, and two important Catholic Churches: Ampleforth Abbey and the Birmingham Oratory. Very shortly after Nicholsons were contacted, one of the firm's managing directors came to the College for a few days, in order to make a complete inspection of the organ and to assess its overall condition.

It was soon established that the most serious problem, requiring urgent attention, was the wind leakage. The motor, which has always been at a higher level than the organ, supplies wind by means of trunking into a reservoir (which resembles a giant concertina) on the top of the organ. The leather covering and gusset corners of the reservoir had received no attention since 1925 and had almost completely perished. We were told immediately that the organ should receive the minimum of use until this was repaired. If the reservoir were to burst completely, it would have to be completely dismantled, a task involving extensive scaffolding and great expense.

The inspection also revealed why some of the bass notes played by the pedals were not working: an intrepid but luckily localised army of woodworm had chomped their way through the lower parts of five large wooden pipes – each around sixteen feet high and nearly a foot thick!

Other notes, played on the keyboards, were not sounding for a different reason. The ‘tubular pneumatic’ action of the organ follows a design which was popular in the late C19 and early C20: when carefully maintained it works well, but age and extremes of temperature and humidity do not make its preservation an easy task. In many organs where this action was originally installed, maintenance has become such a problem that the system has been subsequently replaced by an electrical or mechanical equivalent.

In the case of pneumatic action, when a key is depressed, a valve is opened, sending air into a long leaden tube. This air then opens a valve at the base of a pipe, allowing air from another source into the pipe, causing it to ‘speak’. Inside both the

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console and the organ itself, there is a huge jumble of what resembles leaden spaghetti! The inspection revealed that the leatherwork on the valves and the lead itself were beginning to disintegrate. Where this has happened, the key is depressed but no sound emerges, except for a very audible 'hiss' from wherever air is leaking.

Although the action problem sounds quite alarming, expert opinion concluded that this could be dealt with at a later date if necessary. Priority was to be given to repairing the reservoir and the damage caused by woodworm, although attention to the action and other desirable but non-urgent restoration work was recommended as well. Many of the smaller metal pipes were clogged with dust, choking them and seriously affecting their 'speech'. The pedalboard was very badly worn and uneven: of a poor design anyway, it had been the recipient of various 'temporary' repairs over the years.

Nicholsons were contracted to take in hand the urgent repairs, for which it was agreed that two representatives from the firm would work on the organ for two weeks, while staying in College; they would also do whatever other restoration work was possible in that time. The work was timed so that the organ would be ready for use on Palm Sunday. For the first part of Lent, the organ was used only on Sundays, and then not at all while the work was in progress.

The two organ builders brought most of their materials with them, including some items which apparently baffled and amused customs officials at Heathrow Airport. Using a scaffold tower they reached the reservoir, some twenty feet above gallery level, and spent a few days repairing and re-facing it with top-quality sheepskin. When the work was finished, the sound of rushing wind had been completely eliminated. Some minor work was done on the motor itself, which is very noisy in its corridor but inaudible in the Church itself. A small and unnecessary reservoir adjacent to the motor was disconnected completely, as its condition was so poor.

The organ builders next turned their attention to the woodworm damage. At the initial inspection, the damaged pipes had been carefully measured, so the new sections could be produced to replace the damaged parts. These were made in the workshop in England and hardly qualified as 'hand luggage' on the flight! Several pots of a woodworm-killing substance had been obtained, which was used to treat all wooden parts in the lower half of the organ. The damaged sections in the wooden bass pipes were cut away, and the perfectly fitting new parts were inserted in their place.

The pedalboard was dismantled and new springs were attached to each pedal, creating a much more positive and even response. At this stage, by the end of the first week, the men were assessing how to clean and tune the metal pipes – several hundred of them. The pipes in the worst condition were those of the clarinet and oboe stops; these function in a similar way to the instruments themselves, the sound being created by a vibrating reed. These pipes – nearly sixty for each stop – were removed completely, thoroughly cleaned and 'tonally regulated'.

A good organ design enables the tuner to walk inside, with access to all pipes. The College organ is basically a large wooden box with shutters on the front and approximately fifteen rows of pipes inside; there is no proper means of access to the pipes at the back of the box without taking out those at the front! Undaunted by this apparent difficulty, one of the men climbed on to the supporting framework in the centre of the organ and, perched on a beam no more than three inches wide, tuned

most of the pipes from there. One false step would have been disastrous, but there was no lack of confidence: "we have to cope with far more awkward situations than this. . .!"

Finally, with only two or three days of work remaining, the men began to examine the pneumatic action, aiming to have the whole organ working perfectly by the time they left. To their alarm, much of the leaden tubing disintegrated on touch, being of fairly poor quality; the problem here was clearly much more serious than originally anticipated.

Fortunately, a considerable quantity of spare tubing had been left in the base of the organ, perhaps from the time of the minor restoration in the early 1980s. Using this, it was possible to replace all the tubing which had disintegrated, so that the whole instrument was working perfectly in time for Palm Sunday.

The organ builders explained that, whilst the repairs to the reservoir, woodworm-damaged pipes and pedalboard would be long-lasting, no such claim could be made for the work done on the pneumatic action. Gradual decay here is inevitable, but regular attention should ensure that the situation does not get out of hand. Within the last year, a few more notes have ceased to sound, confirming the fact that more work will be needed on the action in the foreseeable future.

As for the future. . . in terms of replacement value, the organ is without doubt one of the most valuable items in the College building, and we are acutely aware of its ongoing needs. Forward thinking raises the question of a new instrument of a similar power, which could be more advantageously sited in half of the space occupied by the present organ, and would be far easier to maintain. Unfortunately, in the short term, financial constraints make such an option a dream rather than a reality, so careful maintenance of the present organ must be ensured.

The organists were very satisfied with Nicholson's standard of work, as was the College with the relatively moderate bill it received. As with many of the College's needs, we are indebted to the Friends of the Venerable for their generous donation to make this work possible, especially since they provided it at relatively short notice.

Although the organ builders worked for most of each day and sometimes into the evening, they evidently enjoyed their association with the College. One of them wrote afterwards: 'we are in agreement that the College is the friendliest place that we have ever worked in, and our memories of Rome are very happy ones because of this'.

The author is grateful to Guy Russell, of Nicholson & Co (Worcester) Ltd. for providing an account of the work completed in the recent restoration, details from which have been included in this article.

Philip Denton

Launching a Catechism: Feast of St. Augustine of Canterbury, 1994

In the Church of St. Gregorio *in coelio* in a side chapel there is an altarpiece depicting Pope Gregory the Great entrusting a young Benedictine monk with the mission to evangelize the distant island of Britain. The painting is highly stylised: in the foreground is an escutcheon, of a decidedly 18th century character, of the Royal House of Stewart; across the base of the painting are barely visible the words “Anglia Dos Mariae” – “England Dowry of Mary”. It is an ancient title whose origins lie somewhere in the middle ages. It reminds us how the evangelization which received new impetus with the mission of Augustine bore fruit in plenty and made England one of the most Christian countries in Europe. How appropriate, therefore, to decide upon the feast of St. Augustine of Canterbury as the day for the official publication of the English edition of the “Catechism of the Catholic Church”, a much needed reinforcement in the mission of evangelization in which we are still engaged in the 1990s.

The English College made a significant contribution to the day's events, hosting a press conference in the afternoon and, in the evening, a dinner for a number of cardinals, bishops, priests and lay people who had been involved in the making of the Catechism. The Rector remarked in his speech that to see so many ecclesiastics seated in the refectory took him back over 30 years to the period of the Second Vatican Council during which many bishops stayed in or visited the College. The evening was certainly a powerful experience of the Church universal, with bishops from throughout the English speaking world: England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, America, Australia. It befitted the launching of the Catechism which, as Bishop Konstant reminded us, is “a very special ecclesial document”, having been put together by bishops and theologians from every corner of the Catholic world. The guest of honour was Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, Prefect of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith. Cardinal Ratzinger exercised a key role in presiding over and guiding the work of the Catechism Committee since it was set up in 1987. During the course of the evening he received thanks and congratulations for his own part in the *magnum opus*. One of the warmest tributes was paid by Bishop Konstant who said that his contribution had been “immense – always penetrating, also humorous, kind, gentle and thoughtful” and that “history will prove how central and basic it has been to such a significant project”. Here we print the text of Cardinal Ratzinger's own address. It stands by itself as an explanation of the needs for and purpose of a catechism for the Catholic Church in the renewal of evangelization and catechesis.

“And this is eternal life, that they know you the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom you have sent” (Jn 17:3)

Your Eminences; Excellencies; Monsignor Toffolo; Seminarians of the Venerable English College and of the other English-speaking Colleges in Rome; my brothers and sisters in Christ.

In speaking of the goal and content of catechesis, the *Roman Catechism* of Pope

Pius V states that the height of Christian wisdom is expressed in the words of St. John the Evangelist: "And this is eternal life, that they know you the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom you have sent". The words apply equally to our own *Catechism of the Catholic Church* whose publication in the English language we are gathered here to celebrate. True catechesis is not concerned with any kind of information that we acquire today and set aside tomorrow. Rather it elucidated what faith is. Faith aims at true life and living that is attained in knowledge and love. One might say, life is enriched through their relation to another, to a *thou*, and to the universe, but even these expressions fall short: "And this is eternal life that they know *you*. . ." "The essential task of catechesis is therefore to impart personal knowledge of God and his Son whom he has sent, sent out of love and mercy to accomplish our salvation.

If we call what I have just outlined the personal character of faith, there is yet another dimension which we find presented in John's epistle in its very first verse which describes the experience of the Apostles as a looking at and being touched by the Word who is life and offers himself to touch in becoming flesh. Hence the mission of the Apostles: to hand on what they have heard and seen "so that you may have fellowship with us". "And our fellowship", John's letter immediately specifies, "is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ". Thus faith not only aims directly at the relation to God and his Son, but rather it makes possible the approach to the Father and the Son through the fellowship or communion of those to whom God first communicated himself. This communion is the gift of the Holy Spirit who builds for us the bridge to the Father and Son. Faith is thus not simply a matter of an I and

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a Thou, but also of a We. In this We lives that memory that allows us to find God and him whom he has sent.

To put it again still differently, there is no faith without the Church. The late Cardinal de Lubac has shown that the “I” of the Christian confession of faith is not the isolated “I” of the individual but the collective “I” of the Church. When I say, “I believe”, it means that I go beyond the boundaries of my own subjectivity, in order to enter into the communal subject of the Church, transcending in her the ages and overcoming the limits of time. The act of faith is always an act of participation in a whole; it is an act of the *communio*, a permitting oneself to be inserted into the *communio* of witnesses, so that in and with them we may touch the intangible, hear the inaudible, and see the invisible. Again Cardinal de Lubac has shown that we do not believe “in the Church” as we believe “in God,” but that our belief is essentially a believing with the entire Church and only in such a way is it epistemologically comprehensible and tenable. Whenever one thinks he can more or less set aside the faith of the Church in catechesis, in order to experience it more immediately from Scripture or from reflection on subjective experience, he enters into the realm of abstractions. For then one would no longer live and think and speak out of the certainty of that larger memory in touch with the very depths of things. One would no longer speak with an authority exceeding the powers of any individual, on the contrary, one would descend to another kind of faith: Faith as mere opinion, more or less well-founded, about unknown things. Catechesis would be reduced to one theory alongside others, one technique among others. It would cease to be the learning and receiving of life itself, that is, eternal life.

When in 1985, the Special Synod of Bishops enthusiastically embraced the recommendation of one of its number, His Eminence Cardinal Law, that a Catechism or compendium of Catholic faith and morals be prepared, it was precisely because of the Bishops’ desire to renew catechesis, their desire to make available to our times the faith of the *communio*, that apostolic and baptismal faith in God and his Son Jesus Christ, which St. John tells us is eternal life. It was this spirit that inspired the Holy Father to give his blessing to the immense undertaking; it was this motivation that inspired the various commissions established to prepare the catechism, a number of whose members are present here this evening. This was the motivation that prompted the world’s Bishops enthusiastically to welcome the project of a catechism and to contribute so conscientiously to its elaboration. This was the earnest desire of all who laboured so generously in preparing the English translation. This translation, destined for worldwide use, faced of course difficult issues that did not arise with other language translations. For example, one wanted to be sensitive to all the strong and differing feelings concerning the idiom of translation. While finally, decisions in this area could not prescind from a consideration of the objective merits of the contrasting claims about language and priority had to be given to precision in rendering often very delicate doctrinal formulations, there was never any question that all those engaged in the work of translation and revision had the same urgent desire of communicating to our world the Catechism’s message of salvation.

We celebrate today the great gift of the *Catechism of the Catholic Church* and specifically its publication in the English language. But in a sense, now our work has not ended but really just begun. We must first seek to renew ourselves, absorbing

and living the Catechism's teaching. Then we must renew our catechesis and evangelization in the recognition of the solemn charge given to us to spread the "knowledge of God and his Son" in all its integrity, depth, and challenge. The Catechism of the Catholic Church, Pope John Paul assures us, is "a sure and authentic reference text for teaching Catholic doctrine and particularly for preparing local catechisms. . . offered to all the faithful who wish to deepen their knowledge of the unfathomable riches of salvation."

I began my brief remarks this evening by addressing the Roman Catechism's citation of a passage from the Gospel of John as the key to all catechesis. Let me close now with another passage from the Roman Catechism with which our own *Catechism of the Catholic Church* chose to conclude its prologue:

The whole concern of doctrine and its teaching must be directed to the love that never ends. Whether something is proposed for belief, for hope or for action, the love of Our Lord must always be made accessible, so that anyone can see that all the works of perfect Christian virtue spring from love and have no other objective than to arrive at love.

Thank you.

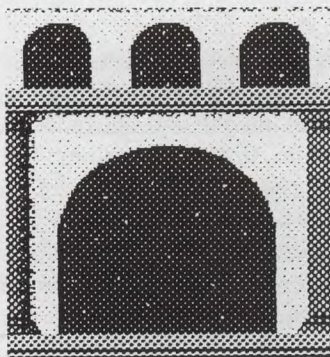
Rt. Rev. Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger

Introduction: **Rev. William Massie**

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“Che pizza . . .!” Administration at the V.E.C 1989-1994

1989 . . . St. Joseph's day

“Ee, Joe, are you free for a pizza?”

With these words from Mgr. Jack Kennedy was to develop my present association with the College. That evening sitting in La Rustichella with Jack and the Vice-Rector, Mgr. Jeremy Garratt, my first thoughts were of whether I had somehow become a problem guest during the time I had been in Rome, completing a book on the Vatican. In a sense the College had already become 'home', it has after all, after my family, been the most consistent element in my life since the age of three. First thoughts not withstanding and before the bruschetta had even got into the oven. . . “Would you be interested in working in Rome?”

– a book on the College perhaps?–

“. . . in being the administrator of the College?”

–Hell's teeth Jack, well, let's at least talk about it, otherwise this is going to be a very long pizza –

“. . . it's a part-time job we have in mind. . .”

Same evening, somewhat later. I knocked on the door to my brother Peter's room, now known as Woolpack III, and suggested a nightcap.

Imagine the scene. A glass of good Macallan, Peter's latest work flickering on one of his computer screens – the light in his room doing the same – I was already starting to see things differently at the VEC

“Pete, glad you like the whisky. Guess what, I've just been asked by Jack and Jeremy if I'd be interested in being the administrator of the College. . .”

“Mmmm, you're right the whisky's very good. What. . . good grief!”

“Thanks, Pete.”

(Parables are good things and my work here to date has, if not a parable as its vehicle, at least a parallel. First, the background. . .)

July, same year, the time of the diaconate ordinations. By then, with a handshake, I had accepted the Rector's invitation. I would be starting at the beginning of the forthcoming academic year and it had been agreed that if space was available then I could be lodged in the fabric of the College, but there wasn't anywhere. It would have been counter-productive to occupy space already rentable . . . so I suggested lunch to the Rector. The idea was that I would guarantee to be able to find somewhere that wasn't presently usable and that I personally would take care of its refurbishment, a bet if you like. Ever a man for this sort of challenge, the Rector was game.

I esconced myself in the Clock-tower, with a sort of map. Within the hour I was convinced. I had to be, the bells were driving me crazy.

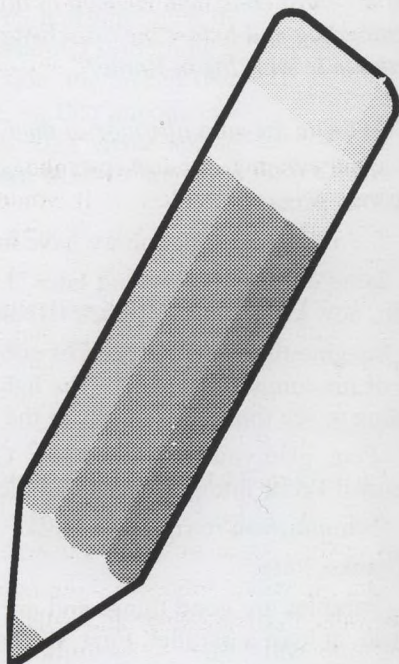
No pizza this time and, July notwithstanding, Jack chose oysters.

I mentioned the location that I envisaged would be where I'd park my boots, the unused part of the attic at 48, Via Monserrato, The absence of the 'r' had not put Jack off his stride,

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“What attic . . . you mean there? You must be joking! But it’s . . .”

Yes it was to all intents and purposes, uninhabitable. I had seen the obsolete, now redundant, leaking water tanks, the pigeons, the dead rats, the evidence of the presence for many years of, probably, chickens. Not only was the air loaded with damp and the odour of you-know-what, every surface was absolutely plastered with it, probably just as well because there wasn’t much plastering left. I had noticed the lack of mains water, electricity, waste pipes, windows; no there weren’t any windows but there were holes and there was junk, *lots* of holes and *masses* of junk.

But it did have its very own *terrace!* That nobody wanted.

Personally I like the sky above me, just the sky. If you can get out under the sky, you’re free. When you can sleep out under the stars, or for that matter the snow, everything else drops away. Few things are really problems and problems exist only to be resolved. The sky and the terrace were there, the attic’s walls and roof were repairable. . . .

The College was there, centuries of it personified in the new men who, arriving the same evening in late September ’89, I discovered an immediate rapport with. The rest was repairable . . . it would just be a question of time, patience, nous, footwork and, now and then, digging-in.

The administration of the College in the late 1980’s had got to a point where the man charged with the task of carrying it forward had been made ill by the very job he was doing. The Vice-Rector had not baulked at trying to see me through the management of a foreign ecclesiastical institution, i.e. the College, in what, in the Italy of the time, had become a fearfully complex legislative environment.

There are only so many hours in each day and Jeremy filled them all.

Kick-off in the College for a manager.

Remembering the still-flickering light in my brother’s room I set off, despite many of the lessons of military history, simultaneously on two fronts:

One, to try to understand the fabric of the College and the services embedded in its walls, floors, ceilings and cellars. (Enter Germano, a Roman version of Andy Capp but a better man, an institution in his own right. he will figure more later in the tale);

Two, to ascertain and, if necessary, clarify, the legal, fiscal and administrative character and infrastructure of the College and what it does. (Enter the ‘I factor’. This shadowy figure will soon demonstrate that what things are, what they actually are and what they really are, differ.)

Understand the enthusiasm of the start, the beginning of things. Understand that despite pan-Europeanism, a shared faith in the holy Roman Church and a common liking for pasta, your average Anglo-Saxon does not axiomatically have the same world view as the creature enflashed in Homo Monserraticus. A search for rules, parameters and legal limits is not necessarily fruitful in the context of a post-Napoleonic republican bureaucracy less than fifty years old.

So, first move out the abandoned furniture stored in what is to be the office. At night and at weekends do the same in the attic.

Next, arrange with Carlo that if there's a phone call put it through to Mary-Jo (a jewel in the College's crown, a paragon of precision in accounting) only after shouting up the stairs to let me know its coming because the telephone company have, despite installing a very nice phone socket in Room 10, actually plumbed the electronics through to the Vice-Rector's bedroom. Six months later there's not only still no phone for the office but the telephone company informs us that they have, half an hour previously, taken the principal phone number for the whole College out of service. Unfortunately we were not told at the time what the new number was to be . . . a blessed quiet descends. Carlo and Enzo in the portineria complete the crossword each day before their mid-morning cappuccino. Shortly, anxious telegrams start to arrive from relatives and Bishops . . . is the College still there? The new telephone exchange arrives and the normality of unanswered phones on corridors reassures everyone. Curious faxes start arriving, readdressed by the Presidency for the Council of Ministers of the Republic . . . so that's where our phone number went. They prove to be very helpful and understanding.

Out of the blue comes a present from a tenant in one of the College's rented properties . . . remembering that there's no such thing as a free lunch, out goes the present, still wrapped, to the local parish.

I realise that I really don't know these people yet. A little later I am stopped on the street and, quite casually, offered ten million lire if a 'friend' can have that shop we're going to rent. I point out, quite casually, that if this is a legal donation to the College it's extraordinarily generous of him and would he like to repeat this in front of the Carabinieri. The College's rewiring fund misses out.

Check out property contracts . . . is it possible that the rates payable by the College for the flat of that nice little old lady actually exceeds the net rental income? Check out the 'Codice Civile' for law on rented properties . . . yes, the law provides precisely that the above can happen and it allows eight years from a tacit renewal until you can even start to think about a change of tenancy, that is of course presuming that the occupant is not over sixty years of age and has no other property, in which case, forget it. Do more research and find that the nice little old lady has property in a very nice part of Rome which she runs as if she was Rachman's granny. We prepare to change the terms of her contract. I get a sledgehammer and take it out on the attic's water-tanks.

Next, find out about lobby groups for changes in property law. . . .

Which brings me to the Ministry of the Interior. Well, to be precise, after seeking diverse legal advice and opinions, exploring at length the network of contacts that needs to be created and finding someone to teach English to the daughter of a friend of the lawyer, who happens to work at the Ministry – that is when business commitments permit – you get to the Ministry, not forgetting that you had to come via the other friend who works at the Civil Tribunal who would like to get married in the College Church because we, 'have such a nice garden for the photographs, you understand?', well, not yet, not really, no. . . .

"Ah, you are from the College of St. Thomas of the Eeeengleesh."

– Are we? – it turns out that not only are we from the above mentioned college but also from the Collegio della Missione Inglese, the Collegio Anglorum de Urbe, not forgetting the Collegio di San Tomasso di Canterbury and, best of all, the

Palazzo di San Tamaso di Camperling. What we are not is what we thought we were . . . I sense a shadow, lurking . . . sure enough the *Venerabile* doesn't *quite* exist, not for the Man from the Ministry. It seems however, after two more years of paper shuffling, that if the local electricity board calls us the *Venerabile* then that's good enough for the Ministry . . . of the Interior. At this point the Rectorship passes from Mgr. Kennedy to Mgr. Adrian Toffolo. Enter the forces of Public Security! They have no problem about Fr. Rector being of the *Venerabile*, because a rapidly produced document from the Vatican says so. When a piece of paper from Public Security hits a desk in the Ministry of Public Order, Mgr. Toffolo becomes Rector of three, possibly four, institutions, none of which is the *Venerabile*, despite the paper declaring him as such. I begin to realise that paper is what determines actuality and acquire another filing cabinet and a bigger bin.

Back to the Ministry . . . in the meantime Germano asks me if I would like to install plumbing in the attic like the system on the '44 Corridor', "you know, the plumbing that goes uphill, like the cars on the road near Monte Cavo. . . ." The outcome of this is not a breakthrough in the magnetic properties of sewage rather that the toilets on the Monserra' have the hot water supply disconnected from their cisterns . . . the corridor's 5 star rating look shaky. I opt for just one tap on the terrace and a chemical loo next to the pigeons.

It becomes clear that the Rector has a college, the right College. And his bathroom works. Things are heading in the right direction:

Shadows. . . .

Some of the domestic staff decide that the labour contract that juridically applies to an entity such as the College is not the one they want. It appears they would prefer that the College called itself a business, apply a different sort of contract and that one day they could thus qualify for a licence to open a pizzeria. Tensions develop. The Sisters soldier on. There is talk of industrial action. Our staff seek the advice of a trade union, the College seeks the advice of an association of ecclesiastical institutions. The employee's union appears as baffled as we are, endorses the contract offered by the College and advises its members accordingly.

Tensions continue. The Sisters continue soldiering on, with a smile for all, although Sr Angelia opines that all this unhappiness is due to the Mafia and the devil. Some of the staff decide to move on. The law pertaining to obtaining a licence to run businesses, including pizzerias, changes at about the same time. In the attic I stick to cooking outside over an open fire by the light of a paraffin lamp.

In Milan the investigations into the 'financing' of political parties starts to clip at the strands of the web of corruption. In Rome we receive astonished thanks from our local tax office when *we* discover there's been a slight miscalculation in our rates payable and pop round, cheque in hand, to tell them so. We wondered whether it might be an appropriate gesture to add the taxman to our Christmas cake list but on second thoughts decided that the cake would have gone off by the time it was realised that the only string involved was the one for hanging it off the Christmas tree.

Having made friends with the tax man we continued the works of improvement and refurbishment in the College buildings. The financial burden of these necessary works have been heavy. The support of the Bishops and the growing involvement of

the Friends of the Venerabile has been invaluable as will be the continuing presence of our summer pilgrim guests.

Gradually we have managed to get the whole College onto mains water, sadly depriving our resident pigeon population of their equivalent of the elephant's graveyard, and to provide most of the student rooms with an earthed wiring system. From various parts of the building one can hear shouts of surprise as the increased water pressure has its effect on people's shaving and showering habits and it is discovered that you no longer have to run the vacuum cleaner from your ceiling light. Ah yes, the flickering light in Woolpack III . . . it seems that this phenomenon does not depend on the number of appliances in use but rather that this particular corner of the College runs off three different electricity meters. It appears that some of our neighbours have also benefitted from this abundance of supply. Enter Germano with toothless grin and hacksaw in hand. As the sparks fly I notice that this faithful servant of the College never seems to be without a cigarette attached to his lower lip. We thank our lucky stars he hasn't been let loose on the gas supply.

As these works have progressed I find that I'm getting to know most of the quirks and oddities of the College's unique brand of utilities and services. The mystery of the damp patch in the ceiling by the organ blower is unravelled when it is found that the wash basin in room 87 drains directly into the wall and seemingly always has done since there is no waste pipe anywhere for it to connect to or, in the words of Michael Gilmore, Vice-Rector at the time, a man of considerable energy and rigorous intellect, 'a clear case of the absence of a necessary connection'. The old bath block, known to many as the Queen Mary, has its cubicles opened to reveal thirty kilos of out-of-date All Bran quietly completing its ecological cycle. I happily discover a coat hanger with my mother's name on it, that my brother must have mislaid in 1958, underneath a pile of rubble. The cellars give up a hoard including Cardinal Heard's prie-dieu, Cardinal Gasquet's collection of the arms of the English Cardinals, the original wind vane from the clock tower, half a dozen broken refrigerators, several hundredweight of nineteenth century floor tiles, a medieval water font, a colony of scorpions and enough rubbish to fill the cortile . . . *twice!* As the strategy for the development of the College takes shape the cellars have become a significant area of usable space.

In the attic I find that a chirpy little swift has decided that he's found an area of usable space and is nesting in the roof tiles, just above where I sling my sleeping bag. My alarm clock becomes redundant and I look forward to his August migration.

It seems that the change of seasons has also been sensed by some of our more fortunate tenants as they too start to take wing. There are those, such as the British and Australian Embassies, that we are fortunate to have as neighbours. In time this will become the model for all our tenancies . . . faint shadows flitting. . . .

Now that countless archives around Rome know that we are the *Venerabile* we have embarked upon the project of ensuring that what the College is corresponds to what it may be thought to be. This has involved not only several ministries but also the Congregation for Catholic Education, the Tribunale Civile, the local fire brigade, the regional tourist office, the office for prevention of accidents at work, the labour office, the local planning office, the town hall, the tax office, the rents tribunal, the Vigili, Municipal Police, Carabinieri, gas, water and electricity boards,

anti-pollution agency, health office, Belle Arte, Beni Architetoniche, refuse disposal department . . . to name but a few . . . not forgetting Anna's bar round the corner which aside from being a seemingly eternally welcoming hostelry-cum-coffee shop for all the College also supplies us with our milk and still is not sure which of these mystery institutions to make the bill out to. Still Roma wasn't built in a day, as I keep reminding myself, and praise be because what a maddening, marvellous place it is!

The work goes on. The focus now is on planning for the future and incorporating any necessary works into the context of that strategy. We cannot of course know what will happen but by providing flexible development it should be easier to adapt to. We're getting there bit by bit. In 1496 one of my predecessors, the 'custos', made a complete inventory of everything and everybody in the Hospice that year. Shortly I intend, God willing, to do the same. It will be interesting to see where we are then.

As I write this it is almost exactly five years since I went out for *that* pizza. In that time I have learnt much about the College and the job and not a little about myself. I am in the attic using a notebook computer, a far cry from the paper and candlelight I started with. There is hot water (which runs downhill!) and all the usual 'necessities'. But I have the same coffee pot, still cook outside on the terrace, still often sleep out there. It's absolutely marvellous!

The College is here, the rest is getting sorted. I cannot say that I have loved every minute but I have certainly loved the five years. Would that God grants me more of the same.

Joseph Coughlan

Trip to Anzio for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Allied Landings

Visitors to Palazzola are often struck by the paintings in the refectory. They were executed in camouflage paint by a member of the German medical team which looked after troops wounded in the Cassino campaign of 1943-44. These paintings express a longing for peace through medieval emblems: a gauntlet lies across a sword; a feathered cap lies on a shield covering a halberd; a downward-pointing military trumpet leans against a harp. Many visitors, however, may not have noticed a second feature of Palazzola which also recalled the Second World War: the holes in the plaster of the Church ceiling and the damaged peperino arch towards the back of the nave. This damage was caused by shrapnel from a shell which landed nearby during the bitter fighting of the first half of 1944 following the Allied landings at Anzio. This year the ceiling was repaired as part of the restoration of the Church's interior, only the damage to the arch remains visible. Of course it is entirely appropriate that such repairs should be done to a place of worship. Nevertheless I am glad that somebody drew my attention to this small example of war-damage while it was still evident: it was quite a poignant reminder of the destructiveness of war.

Indeed I think that I first became interested in the Anzio campaign through musing on these scars in the Church's fabric. It was not until I met a couple of veterans who fought in Italy, however, that I began to appreciate something of the awfulness of those early months of 1944. One, whom I met during a summer pastoral placement, told me he had no sooner disembarked at Anzio than he was ordered to dig a slit trench and then get into it. Soon afterwards the heavy German bombardment began and it lasted for days, seemingly without interruption. All this man could do was to remain in his trench. During the bombardment, the Germans dropped leaflets telling the soldiers that the Fuehrer had arranged for a ship to take anybody who surrendered back to Britain. The offer was very enticing to men who had been subjected to such an unremitting barrage. After some time his contingent was relieved by fresh troops and he was taken off by ship, and then promptly transported to southern Italy, where he later took part in the Cassino campaign. When I expressed an interest in Anzio to the other veteran whom I met, his ordinarily cheerful face darkened and he said that he would certainly not want to go there. I did not enquire further.

Nevertheless, when I heard that a group from the College was planning to go by minibus to Anzio on 22nd January this year for the fiftieth anniversary of the landings, I promptly signed up for the trip. It is rather difficult to identify all the reasons why we wanted to take part in an event like this and I can only speak for myself. First of all, I wanted to join in a public act of collective remembrance for all those who had been killed in the fighting. More importantly, it was an occasion to pray for their eternal happiness. With regard to the British troops, it was also an opportunity for us to express our pride in their achievement, namely that they died to free Europe from tyranny, and to thank God for it. Secondly, I was curious to see what the terrain of the battlefield looks like these days. I think that you can get an insight into a major historical event by being present on the site where it happened



which books just cannot provide. In this instance, I was struck by the complete flatness of most of the landscape and the consequent lack of obvious strategic vantage points: this geographical feature was a key reason why the fighting was so protracted.

The route which we took from the Alban Hills to Anzio traced the advance of the Allied troops in reverse. There is evidence to suggest that the Allies could have seized all this territory and entered Rome in a matter of days if they had made a quick, concerted push immediately after landing. Certainly, there was very little resistance from German troops during the early days of the campaign: the landings took the German Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Albert Kesselring, completely by surprise. In the event, however, the American Lieutenant-General Mark Clark was keen to secure the beachhead before advancing, and as a result the Germans were able to reinforce their positions. After some days British troops pressed towards the town of Campoleone, which is about 15km inland from Anzio and is the last town on the plain before the Alban Hills, but on 4th February they were forced to retreat. After five days of fierce fighting they made a stand at Campo di Carne or Field of Flesh, which is about 10km inland from Anzio. American troops a little to the east met with similarly strong resistance. During the following three and a half months the opposing armies found themselves in a situation of stale-mate, with heavy casualties on both sides but few territorial gains. Then on 25th May the Allied troops broke out of the beachhead, fought their way to the Alban Hills and eventually entered Rome on 4th June.

We began our journey from Palazzola. The first town we passed through was Nemi, perched above the secluded lake which is named after it. It was in this town that the Allies discovered the infamous railway gun, nicknamed Anzio Annie, hidden in a tunnel. This gun, which weighed 479,600 pounds and was 96 feet long, rained down 561 pound shells on the Allied positions. Apparently, answering Allied shells which landed in the lake used to send plumes of water high into the air. It was difficult to imagine what those days must have been like as we drove past its tranquil green waters reflecting its steep, thickly wooded shores.

We passed through Genzano and then turned left into the plain. To our right was the imposing and rather beautiful nineteenth century viaduct called Ponte di Ariccia. In the early days of the campaign Allied troops could see its series of three superimposed arches, but the smoke of battle later obscured them. The retreating Germans partly blew up the viaduct but it was rebuilt soon after the war. We pressed on to Aprilia, passing a sign at a roundabout pointing to the nearby German military cemetery. Aprilia itself is a dreary place its buildings are all modern and look very functional, and its streets are congested with traffic. In fact the town, which was founded only in 1937, was the scene of some of the most ferocious moments in the whole campaign. It was taken by the Allies, lost and then taken again. As a result of this intense fighting, and the bombing and shelling which accompanied it, the town was completely destroyed. However, it was probably never a very handsome place: the Allied troops nicknamed it the Factory on account of some large industrial chimneys. Perhaps it was only because of the emotion provoked by the anniversary, but for me the cheap, ugly post-war buildings which an impoverished Italian people had built over the ruins of the former town themselves communicated something of the sadness of loss. Certainly, we were glad to leave Aprilia behind us

and continue on the Via Nettuense towards Campo di Carne.

We were now travelling through the centre of the battlefield. To the west of us were the Wadis, steep-sided marshy gullies in which tanks were often useless and where bayonets were often the most useful weapons. To the east the land is flatter and was known by the Allies as the Billiard Table. These days much of the road is flanked by small factories and warehouses. The land behind them is still rural, however, and as we passed along the road we could make out some the gullies to our right; now they are just unremarkable dips in the pasture land which connects them.

The feature which we were principally interested in was not a natural one, however: it was a bridge. We passed under several bridges on the route before we reached the one we were looking for: a flat, ugly, concrete flyover with two spans by which another road crosses the Via Nettuense and the railway line which runs parallel to it. A sign on the bridge says: "Campo di Carne : On this site thousands of men fought and died"; the phrase is translated in German and Italian beneath. The road viaduct which stood here was the most crucial point in the entire beachhead struggle. The embankment on either side of it, which I judge to be about 35 feet high, was the last defensive position before Anzio. If the British troops had lost the bridge, which they referred to simply as the Flyover, the Germans would quite probably have forced the Allies into the sea. In fact German troops several times approached to within a few yards of the Flyover and were beaten back only in hand-to-hand fighting. We got out of the minibus and climbed the embankment on to the bridge. A man hoeing his vegetable garden paused briefly to look at us; he was no doubt used to seeing occasional visitors at this spot. From the bridge we had a commanding view across the plain: it was easy to appreciate its military



significance. On its western side somebody had fashioned a crude cross bound together with barbed wire. We stood around it in a group and prayed for those who had been killed there. Behind the cross at the bottom of the embankment there was a large glass factory; its four towers recalled those which had once stood at Aprilia, the other centre of carnage. Besides this evocative coincidence however, there was nothing about the landscape which was saddening, even though the fields which we looked down upon presumably still contain the remains of soldiers who went missing in action.

With a pleasing feeling of having performed a duty, we got back into the minibus and drove on to the Anzio (Beach Head) Cemetery just outside the town: it contains the graves of 2312 members of the British forces. As we arrived workmen were just furling and stowing flags; apparently there had just been a ceremony of remembrance attended by Italian civic dignitaries and among others, representatives from the British and American embassies. A group of Italian junior school children had gathered around the stone cross at the far end of the cemetery: the moment for gravity now having passed, they were playing a guessing game. After a few minutes their teachers led them in crocodile through the graves to the gates, while they chattered and laughed, animated by the unusualness of the morning's lesson. Later on in the day we also visited the nearby Anzio Military Cemetery which contains 1056 British graves. We were all impressed by the beautiful and dignified way in which the British War Graves Commission has maintained these cemeteries. Apart from this, two things struck us particularly, I think. Firstly, many of us were surprised by the youth of those who had been killed. With the exception of Anthony, we are all in our mid-twenties to mid-thirties. Many of those whose bodies lay in the ground before us were teenagers. Secondly, we were struck by the number of graves of unknown soldiers; they bore epitaphs such as "A soldier of the Second World War", or "A Soldier Known Unto God." Sometimes seven or eight graves in a row were of this kind. It was chilling to think that these young men who died in such desperate conditions remained, as far as the world was concerned, anonymous, their graves unvisited by those who loved them.

The most moving moment of the whole trip, however, was when we discovered the graves of three soldiers who had died on the first day of the campaign, exactly fifty years previously. Firstly, there was V.M.P. Dawe, a Private of the North Staffordshire regiment, who was 17 and whose epitaph read "He considered it an honour to be allowed to fight for his country." Nearby lay the graves of T. and V.J. Johncock, both of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment; they were 20 and 27 respectively, and I suppose that they were probably brothers. One of their epitaphs read "Loved by all who knew him Only thou, O Lord, knoweth peace, perfect peace."

Between visiting the two cemeteries we visited Anzio itself. We parked near the beach just to the west of the town and then walked along the sand towards the harbour, where we were to have lunch in a restaurant with a good selection of sea-food. Fifty years before men of our age and many considerably younger had been blown up on these beaches as they waded ashore from landing crafts. We strode along lightheartedly, telling jokes and throwing sticks into the water, glad to belong to a generation which had grown up in peace-time.

The following members of the College made the trip to Anzio on the fiftieth

anniversary of the Allied landings: Fr. Anthony Grimshaw, Administrator of Palazzola, Joseph Coughlan, Administrator of the Venerable English College, Paul Fox, Paul Grogan, Mark Harold, Paul Rowan and Simon Thomson.

Sources:

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Paul Grogan
4th May 1994

More than a Fair Exchange

During May 1992, the area of specialisation for my licentiate was under discussion. My own choice in this matter was Ecumenical Theology; when this proposal was accepted by the College, the Rector asked me to consider the possibility of participating in the so-called 'Anglican Exchange'. Over a period of several years, in a scheme organised by the Church of England, Anglican ordinands have been invited to apply to spend the first semester of the academic year at the English College in Rome, sharing in the community life and following a selection of academic courses at one of the universities. Each year, two such students spend the first semester in Rome, and it is generally considered to be a successful venture both from their point of view as well as from ours. Unfortunately, reciprocation on our part has been rare; in the past there has been difficulty in gaining credited recognition from the universities in Rome for courses followed in England. This has meant that if a College student particularly wished to take part in the 'exchange', a semester or whole year's uncredited absence from Rome has been the result – not necessarily a welcome option in a six or seven year programme!

While making arrangements for my licentiate courses at the Angelicum University, I discussed with the Dean of Theology the possibility of spending one semester at an Anglican theological college in England and receiving credits for courses followed there. He was somewhat taken aback by the idea but was very receptive, agreeing eventually to give me credit for courses taken elsewhere.

The next step was to approach Canon Stephen Platten, the Archbishop of Canterbury's Ecumenical Representative, who is instrumental in the organisation of the 'exchange'; he was delighted, since I was the first potential participant from Rome in five years! Various investigations were made, and it was agreed that I should spend the first semester of the 1993-1994 academic year (the third in the total licentiate programme) at Westcott House, Cambridge. The four courses to be credited there formed a relatively small proportion of my total requirement for the licentiate, so the 1992-1993 academic year proved to be very busy indeed. Nevertheless, the semester in Cambridge seemed an attractive prospect, for I had always considered participating in the 'exchange', being put off only by the thought of having to take 'a year out'.

I arrived at Westcott House with its new first year intake, in September 1993. Whilst I was reasonably familiar with many aspects of the Church of England – I had been organist of three very different Anglican churches before arriving in Rome – I had never really experienced it in an academic environment, and was quite unsure what to expect. Initially, the distant memories of arriving in a new and unfamiliar collegial setting began to return; yet any such fears soon proved to be unfounded.

The welcome I received was very open and warm, both from staff and students, although there was also an element of curiosity on their part: it emerged that thirteen years had elapsed since the last student from Rome had been at Westcott. During the semester I was faced with many awkward questions and drawn into numerous tricky discussions; from these I hope that those who engaged with me gained as much from the experience as I did!

Westcott House as an institution bears some similarities to the English College in Rome, but the range of differences is probably greater. There are fewer students – around fifty – of whom approximately one-third are women. Roughly one quarter of the students are married: some living with spouse (and sometimes children) on site, others returning to the family home at weekends and vacations. The age range seemed to stretch from the early twenties to mid fifties – rather wider than is found at the College in Rome at present. In these respects, the two colleges are very different, but in other ways, I was surprised by striking similarities. Westcott House contains a fairly wide range of ecclesiological stances, but the general mood of the place might be described as ‘modern catholic’ – perhaps the expression within the Church of England which most nearly corresponds to post-Vatican II English Roman Catholicism. In the community’s celebration of liturgies and the office, there was certainly much apparent similarity; before long, I found myself even more involved with liturgical music than I had been in Rome!

I was made to feel truly part of the community at Westcott House, in that I was made party to the tensions and difficulties which are perhaps inevitable in any community, as well as its joys and celebrations. It was particularly fascinating to observe the process by which a new Principal was chosen for the college – quite different from the manner in which our own Rectors are chosen!

Westcott House is part of the Cambridge Theological Federation, the other collegial members of this being Ridley Hall (evangelical Anglican), Wesley House (Methodist) and Westminster College (United Reformed). These colleges together share an academic programme, participation in which leads to a theological certificate; from the courses available in that forum I chose four for which I would be credited in Rome. Besides these, I was given the opportunity to attend whatever courses I wished in the University Divinity School; this I did as much as time allowed.

At the time when plans were first made for my stay in Cambridge, it was also arranged that I should work as a deacon in a local parish, to whatever extent was possible. This I did in the parish of St. Philip Howard, Cherry Hinton, where I was made very welcome, especially by the parish priest Fr. Henry MacCarthy. I also had a certain amount of contact with the clergy at Our Lady and the English Martyrs, and St. Lawrence’s parishes; they too were very supportive.

Naturally, there were plenty of opportunities for other activities of different kinds in Cambridge. Having been quite active in church music, I soon found myself in the chapel choir at Pembroke College, as well as singing and playing the organ elsewhere. I was persuaded to try rowing for the first time (with a moderate degree of success), as there was a spare place in the Federation boat; and there was the very welcome opportunity to resume cycling - for which the flat Cambridge landscape is conducive, even if the Winter wind is not!

In conclusion, it must be said that my time spent in Cambridge was immensely rewarding and worthwhile. Although as part of my licentiate programme, it made the first year very busy, and at the time of writing (late April) in the second semester of this year, there is still an enormous amount of work to complete, I am glad I took this opportunity. I would warmly recommend it, and hope that another thirteen years will not elapse before an English College student spends a semester at Westcott House.

Philip Denton

Paul VI. The First Modern Pope

Peter Hebblethwaite. 1993. Harper Collins. London. £35.00

It is interesting to speculate what might have become of the writer of this massive biography of Pope Paul the Sixth had he stuck with the priesthood. By now Peter Hebblethwaite may well have been a Bishop, a Cardinal, perhaps even in the running to succeed Pope John Paul the second. As it is this ex-priest and ex-Jesuit (he parted with them amicably according to the blurb on the dust jacket), is content with being a 'Vatican Affairs Writer' for the Kansas City based Catholic Reporter, author of obituaries on Curial figures for British quality Dailies, so-called media expert on anything pertaining to the Roman Catholic Church in Britain, and latterly unofficial biographer of two recent pontificates. Quite a lot even for an ex-Jesuit.

His first biography, a highly readable and anecdote filled treatment of 'Good Pope John XXIII' (Pope from 1958-1963) was undoubtedly a great success. And why wouldn't it be, Pope John was the sort of character that you can tell many stories about. I seem to remember that it was launched just before Christmas and no doubt made many a grandmother, maiden aunt and Mother Superior very happy. With Paul VI, Pope John's immediate successor, it is a different story. Hebblethwaite's biography is not to be found on the shelves of the major book shops which I have visited (perhaps the astronomical price of £35.00 is preventing much interest?) and reached us in the midst of a doldrums period.

Here we have a first admission. Pope Paul the Sixth was not and is not popular reading material, he never will be a 'good read' in that sense. He is certainly of interest to Vaticanoiologists both amateur and professional, or navel gazing Roman Catholics, but I cannot see his appeal reaching much beyond this, and I feel that Peter Hebblethwaite knows this.

And yet Roman Catholics of the Vatican II era have more to thank Paul VI for than his smiling and convivial predecessor. For whilst John XXIII called the Council that would turn the Catholic Church on its head, it was left to Pope Paul to pick up the ball and run. Without him the whole thing would probably have stalled and died.

Hebblethwaite is very grateful to Pope Paul for this and does not conceal his great fondness for him, so much so in fact that he appears to have lessened in his once declared devotion to his predecessor rather in the same way as a person who has found a new love.

In great detail (I've already mentioned that this is a massive biography (715 pages in fact), he charts the rise of a man who sees himself totally in the hands of Divine Providence. In a long 'cariera' (career) this guidance from on high will help him bear the pain of being transferred to the Papal Diplomatic Academy (according to Hebblethwaite he was distinctly unhappy with the canonical approach to life), endure being denounced to the Cardinal Vicar General of Rome, and much later on, a move to Milan minus the customary red hat which would take him out of the court of an ailing Pope Pius XII and certainly out of the 'running' in the race to succeed him.

Permit me here to speculate about two big IF's, especially in the light of the fact that whatever role Divine Providence would play Paul VI was born with a gilded ecclesiastical spoon in his mouth. If Pius XII had made Montini a Cardinal, would

he have been elected Pope in 1958? If he had been Pope would he have called a Council for the reform and renewal of the Church. Secondly, and no less importantly, if Cardinal Guisepppe Siri had been elected Pope in 1958 (not totally unlikely), Montini would probably not have been made a Cardinal and thus it is difficult to see how he could have reached the Papal throne. But that was not the way of the Lord, or at least Vatican and Italian Church politics.

In 19 long chapters Hebblethwaite charts the pontificate of Pope Paul. It started in the autumn of 1963 with, amongst other things, the arrival in the Pope's private apartments of interior decorators from Milan who stripped off the red flock wallpaper embossed with the papal coat of arms and replaced it with beige and grey hessian fabrics and wall coverings. So it was all change on the third floor of the Apostolic Palace. Paul brought the Council back on course and to its conclusion, but even at this early stage could do little to prevent the serious gulfs which were developing in the Church. In his pontificate we see for the first time the open polarisation between traditionalism and liberalism.

He made symbolic journeys to every continent on earth. In Jerusalem he was nearly trampled to death on the Via Dolorosa, and escaped assassination in Manila by the quick reflexes of his private secretary. In all that he was the first 'travelling Pope'. But he is not remembered for that, nor for any of his great and many innovations, achievements or dramatic gestures. What he is remembered for is the encyclical letter that changed the course of his pontificate and public reaction to him. He would never recover from the outcry to *Humanae Vitae*, outlawing artificial contraception. And yet with hindsight the truth of this teaching is becoming all the more evident and history is already beginning to prove the prophetic nature of this truly great and visionary document.

In many ways it could be said that his pontificate ended in 1968. he never did seem to be the same again. The reforms of the Council were taken to extremes never envisaged by the Council Fathers and the Pope seemed powerless to prevent them. The visits abroad ceased, Paul seemed to be becoming a prisoner of the Vatican and in the midst of the turmoil and rebellion thousands of priests and religious sisters abandoned their calling. Hebblethwaite charts this well, and yet often in his assessment of the character of the Pope he is weak. This is all the more glaring as he presents himself as having so much insight into the mind of the Pope. In particular getting us to believe that in some way the Pope was sympathetic to the feminist movement. Perhaps here we see the influence of Mrs. Hebblethwaite who, so we are told, is a Catholic writer (previous publication: *The Motherhood of God!*). Whatever it is, Peter Hebblethwaite seems to lose sight of the fact that by the 1970's Pope Paul was an elderly Italian cleric and he was male. Even in the 1990's it is hard to see how attitudes to women in contemporary Italy could ever accommodate women "priests" or women in traditional male leadership roles.

One of the greatest changes that affected the Church in his pontificate was with regard to the reform of the liturgy. Paul was instrumental in this, taking a personal interest in every stage of its often tortuous progress. It is ironic that it should also be the liturgy that caused him one of his heaviest crosses in the person of Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre and his rebellion over the *Misa Normativa*, or New Mass. Surely one of the reasons why Lefebvre's revolt hurt so harshly was precisely because it was from the French right. Paul's sympathies (personal and intellectual) were firmly with

progressive French Catholic intellectuals and with the Nouvelle Théologie, so Lefebvre's challenge hit a raw nerve. This may also explain Paul's blindness to seeing any possibility of good in the Archbishop's claims. It is unlikely that an indulgence for the celebration of Mass according to the Tridentine Rite would ever have been granted by Pope Paul, as it has been by his successor.

By the end of his painful pontificate Paul seemed ready for death. Hebblethwaite's account of the Holy Father's last days cannot fail to move the reader. The image of the aged and frail pontiff dying, his hand being held by Father John Magee, his Irish born private secretary, bring his pontificate into sharp relief. Here is a man who loved the Catholic Church, who suffered for it, who worked for it. But how many remember him for it? It is perhaps the fate of all Popes, be they popular or not, that their name dies with the euphoria that greets their successors. In the early sixties when Paul had the interior decorators remodel the papal apartments, he had two sculpted images placed in his private chapel. One showed Peter being crucified, the other Paul being beheaded. How often he must have identified with his namesake who had kept faith to the end.

Reviewed by **Fr. Philip Smyth**

Friends of the Venerable

I would start this report by paying tribute to two eminent Catholics and devoted supporters of the English College who have died in the past year, Robin Hood and Brian Godfrey. Requiescant in pace.

Brian Godfrey, OBE KSG died in May of this year, at the age of 82. Educated at Stonyhurst he maintained close links with the school for the rest of his life. A fanatic about rugby he was at one time President of the Wasps RFC. An accountant by profession he was financial adviser to a large number of religious houses and he was accountant to the English College for over 20 years. Brian was Treasurer of the College 1981 Development Appeal which raised over half a million pounds for the *Venerabile* and a long-standing member of the Committee of the Friends.

Robin Hood, KCSG, KCHS died in September 1993 aged 68. For 30 years Robin had devoted his life to the service of Catholic voluntary organisations, principally the Catholic Housing Aid Society of which he was Treasurer, and CAFOD of which he was first projects manager and then chief executive. His involvement with the English College began with the 1981 Appeal which he ran in partnership with the late Louis King. The Friends of the Venerable founded in 1985 was very much their joint creation also, and Robin succeeded Louis King as Chairman in 1987.

The Friends held a Requiem Mass for Robin Hood in the Crypt Chapel of Westminster Cathedral on 19th February. This was concelebrated by Mgr. Jack Kennedy and Mgr. Jeremy Garratt, former Rector and Vice-Rector respectively of the College, and Robin's son Fr. James Hood of Downside Abbey. We were delighted to welcome to the Mass numerous other members of Robin's family.

By a strange irony Robin had died on Brian's birthday and on the very eve of our Annual Reunion. This took place at the Maria Assumpta Pastoral Centre in Kensington, for which we enjoyed an excellent turn-out. At this gathering the College was represented by Fr. Arthur Roche, its Spiritual Director. As well as reporting on the College's past year he gave us an insight into the role of spiritual director in the formation of future priests. Lunch was followed by an excellent presentation about the musical life of the College given by Fr. Philip Whitmore and Philip Denton. The high-spot of an illuminating duologue, ranging from the condition of the College organ to Easter celebrations at St. Peter's was an impromptu performance of a typical Italian "Sanctus"!

At the business meeting the following were elected to serve on the Friends Committee: Jo Barnacle (Vice-Chairman), Ray Beirne, Tom Fattorini, Mgr. Jeremy Garratt (Vice-Chairman), Brian Godfrey, Jim Holroyd, Antony Hudson, Jeremy Hudson (Chairman), Hamish Keith (Hon. Treasurer), Eddy Schulte, and Bernard Sullivan (Hon. Secretary). There then followed Mass celebrated in the Convent Chapel adjoining the Centre, at which Mgr. Garratt was chief celebrant.

Our other gathering in the year took place on a beautiful day in October at Maryvale House, Birmingham and was organised by Jo Barnacle. An entertaining programme started with an introduction to Maryvale given by Fr. Harry Curtis and this was followed by a guided tour of the Institute. There then followed a

presentation about the English College given by Fr. Pat Kilgarriff who illustrated his talk with a large number of slides of the College, Rome, and its environs. After lunch Fr. Kilgarriff spoke about priestly formation and the function of seminary training in effecting a radical reorientation of the whole person. The programme ended with Mass in the Chapel.

These gatherings provide a good opportunity for Friends to meet, to pray for the English College its students and staff, to find out more about the life and work of the College, and to plan future visits there. I hope many members will be able to attend our next Annual Reunion which will be taking place this year at Mgr. Philip Holroyd's new church in Wakefield on Saturday 17th September 1994.

During the past year the Friends have acquired a second-hand computer for which one of our members John Barrie has very kindly written a programme. We very much hope that these will facilitate and speed up our updating of our membership records. We are also in the process of planning this year's Christmas card: last year we sold nearly 5,000 cards in aid of the College. And we are about to move offices: as from 1st July 1994 the Friends' address will be 16 Abingdon Road, Kensington, London, W8 6AF, which is the Presbytery to the Church of Our Lady of Victories, Kensington High Street.

Finally, I am delighted to be able to report that during the past year the Friends have sponsored another project at the College at a cost of £8,000. This donation enabled the College to purchase a job-lot of good quality second-hand furniture offered for sale by a training house in Rome in the process of being closed. The furniture ranged from industrial washing machines (2), beds (8) and wardrobes (6), to waste paper bins (25), and wall light fittings (59). Numerous items including an old pew, two holy water fonts, and a patio sun umbrella were thrown in free. The College was in great need of replacement furniture and this was an opportunity not to be missed: all the right ingredients, therefore, for a spot of help from the Friends of the Venerable!

Jeremy Hudson
Chairman

College Diary October 1993-May 1994

“The smallest initial deviation from the Truth is multiplied later a thousand-fold; what was small at the start turns out a giant at the end.”

Aristotle – ‘On the Heavens’

OCTOBER 1993

Sunday, 3rd: The annual retreat begins under the direction of Bishop Vincent Nichols.

Tuesday, 5th: News of three departures from the Ministry affect the whole College. The general air of depression is not helped by the Bishop’s prowess on the football field, putting to shame the thirty-year-old geriatrics who spend their days wheezing around in the tea-room.

Friday, 8th: As the retreat draws to a close, the Bishop’s youthful enthusiasm finally triumphs. Our optimism is restored, our spiritual lives are rejuvenated: we are ready to begin the year.

The ‘Nuovi’ arrive at Palazzola for their DBL. They seem a decent collection of individuals. I am often amazed how good the College is, like most seminaries, at transforming mature adult men into giggling adolescents, and how irreversible the process tends to be. As each Top Year emerges into the outside world it is invariably composed of grinning, if reasonably benign half-wits.

Sunday, 10th: A splendid celebration to mark the Silver Jubilee of Fr. Rector and Fr. Michael Farrington. The new vestments, commissioned especially for the occasion, perfectly conjure up the spirit of that era.

Wednesday, 13th: William May visits the College to explain the finer points of *VERITATIS SPLENDOR*. All the Proportionalists in the house, still reeling from this encyclical’s publication, are treated with Rottweiler savagery. Moralist and dilettante Paul Grogan looks particularly shaken.

Thursday, 14th: Coca-Cola Kid Tim Menezes breaks a new record by consuming four and a half litres of the unpleasant beverage in Genzano this afternoon. Well done Tim.

Friday, 15th: Deacon Simon Thomson demonstrates that he is still a master of the winning chat-up line:–

THOMSON: (to complete stranger in a bar): “Do you come here often?”

GIRL: “That’s my husband over there!”

NOVEMBER

Wednesday, 3rd: Old man Joe Jordan gathers together with lots of other old men to celebrate his birthday. I am assured that only the music is ‘has-been’.

Manchester United fail to make progress in the European Cup. In the Vineria a certain Liverpool supporter whips up an atmosphere of derisive contempt against the unfortunate Mark Harold (Harry). The disconsolate Harry was last spotted on the roof, staring tearfully into the night, shouting repeatedly in plaintive tones, ‘TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS! TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS!’

Tuesday, 8th: The necessary, but surprising, step is taken to send three of the deacons to help with the First Year retreat. Necessary, because of the staff shortage; surprising, because the three chosen are, as Theology Tutor Ant Towey points out, the three biggest gibberers in the house. (For older readers, 'Gibberer' [pronounced with a hard 'g'] = Homo Pavidus.)

Sunday, 14th: As the temperature drops below freezing, Vice-Rector Johnny Marsland tells us that, due to the impecunious state of the College, we cannot afford £300 a day heating. He encourages us "to fight the cold front", and consoles us with the thought that every teeth-chattering morning will enable us to buy a new chair for the TV room.

Saturday, 21st: Cold, bleak, biting weather. The temperature seems to plummet further every day. Things are becoming absolutely desperate.

Monday 22nd: The mildest day for weeks – suddenly it seems as though Spring is in the air. And guess what? The heating has come on – full blast! All around the cortile windows are crashing open as everyone desperately attempts to expel as much hot air as possible from the building.

Saturday, 27th: Coca-Cola Kid Tim Menezes (who also happens to be the Choirmaster) makes himself the most unpopular person in the House by his unilateral decision to scrap the much loved 'Rorate, Caeli', despite the Community's decision two years ago to retain it for Advent Vespers. It is heartening to see that St. Anselmo is still capable of inculcating its traditional iconoclastic values.

Sunday, 28th: Beda Rector Mgr. Brian Dazeley leads our Advent Retreat. Having brought over three paperbacks with which to illustrate his talks, the hope is expressed that the Beda will be able to manage for a whole weekend without its library.

Monday, 29th: Paul Fox tells us that when he was younger his mother was so concerned by his emaciated appearance that she sent him to the doctor. Must have been one hell of a good doctor!

DECEMBER

Wednesday, 8th: Tonight we enjoyed another 'Cuckoo Auction'. After some unusual and blasphemous entertainments provided by Paul Mason and Ewen Ingleby, we were treated to the auction itself which must be, I think, unique among auctions in that bidders are encouraged to consume quantities of alcohol sufficient to ensure a minimum degree of responsibility. As invariably happens, half the College will now spend the remainder of the Academic Year in debt. It was good to see, however, eccentric evangelical Mark Bratton (Anglican Exchange student from Wycliffe Hall) spending lavishly and without restraint on Mgr. Chestle's opulent feasts. Bratton's bibulous jocularly has certainly provided us with new insights into the current state of English Puritanism.

Sunday, 19th: On the very day of the 150th Anniversary of 'A CHRISTMAS CAROL', Mark Harold and Michael Wheaton present to the world their pantomime version. Immediately hailed as a triumph, this play enjoys full-houses throughout its distinguished three-day run. Notable type-cast parts are Scrooge (played by the mean and irascible Joe Jordan), and a deliciously pathetic and depilated Tiny Tim (the great Tucker).

Thursday, 23rd: With intense excitement we race to the airport in an assortment of careering vehicles. IT'S CHRISTMAS!

I expect that when we have become 'Old Romans' we too shall indulge ourselves in a nostalgic and sentimental attachment to the College Christmas. Then we shall look back fondly at the revolting sticky punch, the jolly japes in the Salone, singing the night away with 'O Bella Roma' and all those wonderful old 1930's hits in the College Song Book. But until we are Old Romans, it seems a nice idea to be going home.

1994

JANUARY

Wednesday, 5th: The aeroplane touches down at Fiumicino and so ends the holiday. At the taxi-rank the Roman genius for chaos and bad-manners is displayed to perfection. Every squat and corrupt-looking person in town seems to be here today, pushing and barging, gabbling and gibbering. O Bella Roma!

Thursday, 6th: A beautiful day of celebration for the Epiphany. In the evening we have lots of high-jinks and fun. Senior Student William Massie finally gets his comeuppance with a custard pie delivered by old rival and arch-enemy Paul Grogan.

A big welcome to Fr. Kieran O'Brien who joins the staff today. Fr. Kieran is from the 'Gin & Jag' Diocese, adding a very necessary touch of panache to the rather rough and ready crew we have at present.

Friday, 14th: At Palazzola Spiritual Director Arthur Roche introduces the deacons-to-be to some Franciscan Spirituality. Roche spends much of the first day searching for hibernating insects. Why? Because his best friend is a scorpion called Clive, whom he lovingly carries around in a jam-jar.

In the evening the students watch with growing fascination and horror as the demented Roche feeds his nasty little friend with the unfortunate creatures. Particularly harrowing, so I am told, was the sight of a grasshopper making a desperate bid to escape: it was not long before the poor hopper was seized and swallowed whole by the evil Clive.

Meanwhile back in Rome the spiritual needs of the College are being met by Ant Towey. In a moving Spiritual Conference Ant tells us of the importance of always acting "filled with the love of Christ". There was hardly a dry eye in the house.

Thursday, 20th: In a football-match against the Brazilian College Ant provides us with a practical demonstration of his theme in a brief but animated confrontation with their goalkeeper. Tonight a hospital spokesman assured us that our Brazilian friend is now 'in a serious but stable condition'.

[At this point there is a lacuna in my diary because I was overtaken by crisis and incipient madness.]

(Exams affect people in different ways. Ed.)

FEBRUARY

Sunday, 20th: The rectors of all the English-speaking seminaries lunched at the College today. A rather spinsterish gathering.

Monday, 21st: Today we are to elect our new Senior Student. The Fifth Year (Messrs. Connelly, Headon, Harold, Menezes, Pardo, Wheaton, Wilson and

Burbidge), not normally a Year to be of a saturnine disposition, slope around the College with gloomy unease while the rest of us discuss their various merits and demerits. With only one or two exceptions, they seem to me to be rather a shabby bunch, and I don't think I'll bother voting.

At supper the news of Bruce Burbidge's election is greeted with rejoicing throughout the House. he is one of the most decent fellows in the College; a popular and excellent choice.

Tuesday, 22nd: We have a repeat performance of yesterday, this time for Deputy Senior Student. Today one or two of the candidates look as though they are in an even more extreme state of discomforture. By evening we hear that victory has gone to the avuncular Mark Harold.

Thursday, 24th: Today sees the publication of Simon Thomson's long-awaited *RIGHTS OF RESPONDENTS IN NULLITY CASES*. Early reviews suggest that its appearance could mark one of the literary triumphs of the year. Thomson's incisive prose style is employed with ruthless vigour to expose the corruption and inefficiency now endemic in tribunals of the English Catholic Church, and follows extensive undercover (and at time dangerous) research of a tribunal somewhere in the South of England. Thomson's tour de force has succeeded in elevating investigative journalism to an altogether higher literary plane. This volume is in every way exceptional and all those interested in Justice will ignore it at their peril. it will remain the standard work for many years to come.

Friday, 25th; After lunch we have a Public Meeting to mark the transition of Housejobs. William Massie and Martin Hardy breathe a sigh of relief as they hand over their onerous responsibilities to Bruce and Harry. Martin has been an exceptionally patient and good-mannered DSS. William too has enamoured himself even among those who initially greeted his election with some reserve. A scoundrel once had the gall to refer to William as a 'Rig' (and as we all know, the Rigs, rather like the Germans, make very good servants but very bad masters), but we have all subsequently had to revise this vile prejudice, and I'm sure that we shall all miss the genial presence of this monkish figure.

MARCH

Tuesday, 8th: Cardinal Basil Hume and Bishop Vincent Nichols kindly agree to address the House on the subject of Anglican clergy seeking full communion with the Catholic Church. The Cardinal has the unusual knack of telling you something you already know, but in a highly interesting and conspiratorial manner – a habit no doubt acquired in the cloister.

Friday, 11th: Fr. Rector delivers a rousing, morale-boosting 'State-of-the-Nation' speech. Of particular concern to him is the sartorial elegance of certain members of the House. It looks as though Middlesbrough and East Anglia have slipped to the bottom of the league, lagging even behind perennial losers Birmingham.

Sunday, 13th: Today is 'TUCKER SUNDAY'. The meteoric rise in importance of this day in the popular piety of the College has surprised many; it may even be destined to become the premier feast of the year. For the benefit of researchers in 400 years time I should add that this feast is always celebrated on the last Sunday before Lent in Room 73, though even now in 1994 its origins are lost in the mists of

time. The official cocktail to be consumed on this sacred day is the famous ‘*Tucker De Luxe*’:- 1 jigger Dry Gin, ½ jigger Lime Juice, ½ jigger Grapefruit Juice, 1 teaspoon Powdered Sugar. Shake well with ice and strain into a large cocktail glass. Top with a squirt of Soda. Traditionally Pickled-Eggs are consumed on this day.

Wednesday, 16th: A crusading sermon from our old friend William Massie. He begins by retelling the charming story of Alec Guinness’ conversion to the Church while playing the part of a French Catholic priest. After a few minutes, however, becoming carried away by his own rhetoric, and sounding like Cardinal Ratzinger on crack, William ends up denouncing the entire bunch of apostates in ‘this evil and wicked generation’.

Saturday, 19th; Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead opened this evening. An ambitious but excellent production directed by Mark Brentnall and Robert George. Any fears that the audience would weary, given the length of the two leading roles, were dispelled by the superb, not to say heroic, efforts of Mark Miles and Steve Wang. A wonderful levity was added by Dominic Allen (Player-King). Top marks all round!

Sunday, 20th: Today we welcome Kevin Walsh into our community for a couple of weeks. Kevin is a professional actor who is going to help us with our speech problems, ironing-out those nasty, muddy little vowels. Northern students are expected to benefit appreciably.

Tuesday, 29th: Oh dear. It looks as though liturgy really is going to be an issue this Easter. The Staff have been collaborating with Kevin in order to plan a ‘unified’ celebration over the coming days. An angered and perplexed M.C. is seen scuttling about with sheaves of notes, barely able to amend them quickly enough to keep pace with the swingeing changes apparently taking place. The Staff are understandably cagey about divulging much at this stage, though Ant helpfully assures us with a smile “The Sixties men gibber about since Johnny Marsland’s famous bean-bag liturgy in 1970”.

Are we really witnessing a renaissance of orange hessian and velcro, or is this just the last dying twitch of the Old Guard?

Wednesday, 30th: All day long the resourceful Kevin is heard out in the garden banging nails into pieces of wood. I go out to take a closer look and admire the new cross he has made for the Church. Taking advantage of my interest, he proceeds to inveigh against those responsible for the present arrangements. Understandably he considers the re-ordering of the Church to have been terribly short-sighted on account of all the fixed props. “Why, oh why, did they ’ave to put a fixed altar smack in the middle of the Church?., he asks in his plaintive cockney tone. “And that lectern is nearly as bad. It really gets right up my nose that does. Why didn’t they use their blinkin’ brains and put in props you can move owt ov the way when they’re not being used? Create opportunities for dramatic space ET CET-ERA.”

At supper it is announced that we are to have Sir Alec Guinness as a guest for Sunday lunch. An extraordinary coincidence in view of William’s recent sermon. The great Thespian is apparently coming to Rome in order to celebrate his eightieth birthday and will be joining us for the Triduum.

Thursday, 31st (Maundy Thursday): Ant gets the ball rolling with the Mass of the Last Supper. Tonight’s special feature concerns the foot-washing ceremony. In fact

there isn't a foot anywhere to be seen. Had St. John had just a little more imagination he might have recognised the vastly superior symbolic value of a hand-washing ceremony. It has certainly got me thinking – I reckon there's something really 'deep' going on here.

APRIL

Friday, 1st (Good Friday): Having spent much of the night in meditating on the hand-washing ceremony, I think I've cracked it. It's obviously supposed to point us towards Pilate's hand-washing in this afternoon's Passion, all part of the unified celebration. Very clever.

Johnny Marsland keeps up the momentum in this afternoon's Good Friday Liturgy. At long last we have managed to escape the mournful Victorian solemnity that so often ruins this day. All the long boring gaps are filled with a series of colourful dramatic tableaux to the accompaniment of electric guitars, tambourines and rattles. A particularly fine surrealist touch (reminiscent of the third part in John Cage's 'Piano Trio') is provided by Joe Jordan whose task is to howl out periodically through the commotion, "WHAT THE SILENCE!?" (to the venerable tone "C'm on you Reds"). A final touch of spice is added by the figure hanging on the cross, who on closer inspection turns out to be a young lady called Niki. The brightness of the occasion was marred only by a rather stuffy piece sung by the Schola.

Saturday, 3rd (Holy Saturday): The Rector presides over the Vigil. I witnessed tonight's performance with growing dismay. Over the last few days we have all felt a tremendous sense of liberation from our narrow-minded Western, patriarchal and thoroughly misogynistic prejudices. Having looked forward all day to hearing the Herstory of Salvation, we didn't in the event have so much as a single line of scripture re-written, not one rubric broken. All the usual power structures of oppression and gender discrimination are at work as the Rector slams on the brakes. I can see he is becoming something of a problem.

Anyway at least we can all wish Sir Alec a happy eightieth birthday.

Sunday, 3rd April: A long festive lunch. The mirth of the last three days reaches its natural crescendo with Fr. Rector's speech: a fine example of his unique personal style.

Once more, we are off on our hols.

Sunday, 10th: As students return from gitas all over Italy there are, as usual, groups of friends not speaking to each other. It normally takes a couple of months for the wounds to heal, though I am reliably informed that some people haven't spoken to Paul Grogan for over four years.

Thursday, 14th: The entire House goes to Palazzola for the day to celebrate the consecration of the altar and re-dedication of the Church. The patrician figure of the Emeritus Bishop of Plymouth presides over the happy occasion, and most aptly too considering the hordes of deacons he has ordained there. In fact Uncle Cyril is in sprightly form, rejuvenated after a week tormenting students with his notoriously waspish humour. Tony Grimshaw and the Sisters really made it a wonderful occasion for us all. A tremendous day.

Saturday, 16th: Had my interview with the Rector this afternoon. The Staff's latest

wheeze is to make life uncomfortable for us by means of a self-assessment programme. The idea is that they give us a sheet of paper with a series of rather impudent questions which we are supposed to reflect upon. We are then expected to report it all back to the Rector, providing him with details of all our foibles and misdemeanours. he must be absolutely crackers if he thinks he's going to get behind my goggles that easily. If anyone is mad it's him not us.

Monday, 18th: Dom Bernard Orchard addresses the College on 'The Synoptic Problem'. What a wonderful old campaigner he is. Years ago the academic world wrote him off as an eccentric for championing the priority of Matthew; today, not only does he have quite a following of disciples, but his opponents themselves fell the need to defend 'Q' and the Two-Source Hypothesis. Dom Bernard stands in the finest tradition of the British amateur and has singlehandedly given the German University Establishment a bloodied nose. Well done!

Friday, 29th: After lunch I spot that frightful cad Roche limping about with a stick. Apparently he fell down the stairs yesterday. he assures me ruefully that he hasn't 'touched a drop' for days. Hm.

MAY

Sunday, 1st: Fr. Rector informs the House that the English College has been chosen to host the reception for Cardinal Ratzinger and all the Vatican big-wigs following the launch of the English edition of *THE UNIVERSAL CATECHISM* on 27th May. Interesting that they have chosen us to do the honours. People will no doubt say that it's because our New World friends made such a foolish song and dance about inclusive language, or that we have a little more distinction. But there we are; they did and we do.

Monday, 9th: Absolutely nothing of interest at the moment.

Thursday 12th: Fr. Rector flies home for ten days. For us that means its PARTY TIME and ten days of rule-breaking, at least the more idiotic ones like having to be up by 7.15 AM every day.

I wonder what criteria the Rector uses for choosing new members of staff (the pupose of his trip). Jack Kennedy was rumoured to have had a Master-Plan when assembling the present team, though I can't see it myself. One would be hard put to find an odder bunch of chaps, friendly and likeable though they are.

Today is also the 'Nun's Gita'. Because our parsimonious Vice-Rector Johnny Marsland took part in the recce for this trip we suspected there might be a bit of cost-cutting this year: a donkey ride along the front, half an hour in the amusement arcade and fish 'n' chips on the way home in the charabanc. You know the sort of thing. As the coach brought us to a scruffy little beach on the WRONG side of Lake Bracciano our worst fears were confirmed – or so we thought. For while one gang of students unloaded the tea-urn, and another got to work building sand-castles, we looked-up startled at the sound of a ship's horn. I was reminded of the scene in Fellini's *AMARCORD* where the great ship, symbol of the Italian Dream, steams majestically across the water, the onlookers staring longingly at its gleaming white form, its long row of funnels and its myriad port-holes of light. Like them, we could only stare in wonderment as the ship, its orchestra now audible, gently docked at a nearby pier. "Right lads this way," a Burnley voice cried out, "we're going aboard."

Up the gang-way we trooped, eager to be the first to the bar. Quite what the other passengers made of forty-five seemingly adult men carrying buckets and spades, I don't know. At least the presence of Nuns and the Personale must have lent to our appearance some modicum of normality.

And what a day it was. The ship steamed round and round the lake and the orchestra played and we drank and we sang and we danced. Much to our delight Maria-Grazia even developed her own highly individual version of the 'Horn-Pipe'. The sun shone and sparkled on the blue water, and here and there were flecks of white foam whipped up by the cooling breeze. Everyone became lost in the giddy glow of conviviality. "You know, some day 'Formation' is going to end," I sighed sadly to myself while William kindly fetched me another G&T.

And so day turned into night and the ship began to pitch and roll. "We are on a lake. How can this be?" I thought as I weaved my way into the First Class Saloon. To my surprise I saw Arthur Roche conducting the jazz-band. before I could work out the logic of the situation I was accosted by Cardinal Ratzinger who was just getting the next round in; "What's it to be, Bass or Kilkenny? he asked in Latin. By now utterly baffled I tottered over to the Roulette-Wheel where William May and Dom Bernard Orchard were spinning the ball round and discussing the Laws of Probabilism in the 'Sermon on the Mount'. "The Law is not in doubt, the licitness of the action is," asserted May forcibly. "No," retorted Orchard 'how can it be licit if there is no Markan parallel. The ball will not stay on the wheel; every time it will come off." Just then the Pope stood up and began a Polish rendition of 'Rule Britannia' banging a wooden spoon on an empty teapot, and then the lights also began to spin . . . round and round and round and round and round. . . .

Anon.

The Nuns' Gita – Thursday, 12th May 1994

It started off as a gentle pat on the back to the Elisabettine Sisters for all that they give to the life of the College. In the early seventies, when men and women began to talk to each other, the first trickle of students accompanied them. Now, as well as still being a special 'thank you', the "Nuns' Gita" has become a bit of a jamboree, the only day of the year when the *whole* College community can get together just for the sake of being together.

The day itself brings all the risks and excitement of an office Christmas party: daily rituals forgotten; familiar territory left behind; tensions released or discovered; those who wanted to talk – able to do so; those who wanted never to talk – having to; all the distinctions of status and salary dumped in the portineria until our return. The Rector cunningly avoided such anarchy: he circulated his Spring Manifesto ('Communicate! Meet! Accept!') and escaped to England at the crack of dawn.

It was a great turnout – nearly all the students, staff personale and their husbands, wives, children, extended family . . . with Suor' Angelia blasting from the past. Tradition demanded that the secret destination would somehow involve 'High Culture' and 'Water'. Rumour had it that we were heading for the Greg Bar via the Mexican College swimming pool.

We arrived at the famous Etruscan town of Tarquinia, and celebrated Mass in the ancient Church of S. Maria del Castello. The liturgy students were heart-broken not to make use of the jacuzzi-like octagonal baptismal font and the towering stone pulpit. But the Vice-Rector was thrilled to find the 'stand-up-comic' microphone that he'd always longed for. Always one to practice what he preaches at sermon classes he gave a skilful demonstration of the spontaneous use of visual aids: a New Age homily based upon the mosaic circles of the church floor, 'separate . . . but connected. . . .' This annual day-out was put in its proper perspective. We are, he said a Christian community united in prayer. It hasn't been an easy year; there have been some unexpected and difficult problems but now is a time to look forward; and being together for this Mass reminds us that our common task is simply to bring the love of God to others. No jokes, no stories, just the simple truth.

The mosaic circles seemed to provide more than enough High Culture for one day, and in that great Catholic tradition the bar filled as quickly as the church emptied. The lager louts huddled together in their strategic 'Brits Abroad' positions; the ice-cream eaters meandered around the piazza. Most people would have had lunch if they'd known how long it was going to take to get to Lake Bracciano. But we boarded, starved, and arrived at a sleepy 'end-of-the-line' beach bar. Picnic lunch provided by a team of students, was lavish and delicious. But by 3.30 – with the clouds darkening above and not a swimming costume in sight – the disappointment was almost tangible: 'Was *that* the Nuns' Gita?!

No. There was a boat, an ominous shape in the montage of sand and sea. The conversation veered towards, 'Wouldn't it be great if . . .' until the Deputy Senior Student astutely observed, 'Well, it's *there* isn't it . . . It's just *there*. . . .' Suddenly it took on a new light: It was ours! And before we knew it we were taken for yet another ride in the mischievous hands of Captain Marsland. There's a lovely scene



in the film *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*: Jack Nicholson escapes from an insane asylum with his fellow inmates and takes them on a boat-trip – a brief, glorious taste of freedom. The only difference here was that the Vice-Rector's maniacal half-smile seemed natural.

The band struck up and the dancing took off. At last the barriers began to drop – limbs and hearts loosened by the liquori. Dance, according to Professor Babolin, is the highest form of human culture. I'm not sure what he would have made of this. The 'Conga' inspired a raucous procession through the bowels of the ship; 'Let's Twist Again' swept the elder ones back to their teenage fantasies; and when the inevitable request for a waltz came the only song in 3:4 that the band could muster was 'edelweiss'. It was all slightly bathetic, but in a touching, homely way: a nostalgia for something lost, something beautiful; a promise of the angelic dance of heaven. Meanwhile, an ex-Senior Student, high on the euphoria of not having to organise this year's Gita made the mistake of binning someone's baseball cap, and received a plate of tiramisu in his face for the trouble. A delicious moment.

We landed at Trevignano, a charming little town with idyllic backstreets for those who wanted a peaceful stroll, and a bar and football-table for those who didn't. The lake-trip back was shorter and quieter. Fuelled by a noxious yellow

liquor, long-term rivalries spent themselves in a macho pull-ups competition. Conversation mellowed with the late-afternoon – like Christmas Day after the Big Film, people too tired to make an effort, too tipsy to care; communicating without saying much, meeting without a thought, accepting – the Rector would have been delighted.

The last ritual that had to be performed was the traditional division into an ‘interesting’ coach and a ‘boring’ one for the return journey. The ‘interesting’ coach was entertained by the very worst of popular music in its own ‘Euro Lack-of-Vision Song Contest’. Football chants, fresh from Arsenal’s Cup Winner’s Cup’ victory, vied with the unselfconscious warblings of our prima donnas. The College identity crisis deepened as one Polish student after another took to the microphone. The ‘boring’ coach was bored.

“The best Nun’s Gita since Ralph Sherwin and his companions visted Luna Park . . .” so they said. The risks had been worth it – a beautiful, memorable day. The Senior Student breathed a sigh of releif. Everyone was happy; no-one had done anything that couldn’t be forgotten; the College united and at peace.

The rain started as we drove into Rome, the Lungotevere was blocked, the horns blared, the air thickened with rain and fumes – but it mattered little. The chanting started up again; ‘One-nil-to-Joh-ny-Mar-su-land. . . .’

Stephen Wang

Old Romans' Notes

Edited by Joe Jordan from contributions from Old Roman Association Representatives. Many thanks to all who sent in their news.

Pride of place this year as usual goes to those celebrating their Golden Jubilees. Many congratulations to Mgr. Bernard Chapman (Westminster), Rev. Edward Holloway (Arundel & Brighton), Rev. Ian Jones (Plymouth), Canon Maurice O'Leary (Westminster) and Canon Terence Walsh (Portsmouth).

Last Year's Jubilarians Anthony Storey and Hugh Lavery are pictured below.

This year we are focusing particularly on Old Romans in the dioceses of Brentwood, Leeds and Plymouth, in the hope of continuing an in-depth "directory" of Old Romans in future issues.

BRENTWOOD – Supplied by Francis Coveney and Philip Denton

ASHTON, Richard (30.10.1966): PP. *Our Lady & St. Joseph, Stanford-le-Hope* since 1989. He built a new church there 1992-93, as he did in his previous parish (*Holy Trinity, Basildon*).

BROOKS, Christopher (24.7.1983): PP. *St. Anne Line, South Woodford* since 1992. He is also Diocesan Director of Ministry to Priests.

BRUXBY, Paul (Canon Law, VEC 1987-88): PP. *SS. Thomas More & Edward, Waltham Abbey* since 1991, working also part-time at the Tribunal in Brentwood.

BUTLER, Michael (27.10.1963): PP. *St. Sabina, Brightlingsea* and Chaplain, *University of Essex* since 1980.



CORLEY, (Mgr.) Michael (27.10.1963): PP. *Our Lady of Light & St. Osyth, Clacton-on-Sea* since 1992. Last year he donated a kidney to his brother Denis; both recovered well.

COVENEY, Francis (25.7.1982): PP. *St. Basil the Great, Basildon* since 1992.

DOE, Anthony (10.4.1981): was Asst. P at *SS. James the Less & Helen, Colchester*, until 1986, when he was appointed to the Chaplaincy Team at the *University of London*. He was subsequently incardinated into the Archdiocese of Westminster.

GRAFFY, Adrian (Biblical studies, VEC 1974-79): Member of staff (Tutor, then Dean of Studies) at *St. John's Seminary, Womersley* since 1982.

MANSON, David (28.7.1985): Administrator *Cathedral Church of SS. Mary & Helen, Brentwood* since 1993 (Asst. P 1991-92, Pro-Administrator 1992-93). He is also Chairman of the Diocesan Liturgy Commission.

McKENNA, (Mgr.) Michael (19.3.1932): since retiring in 1987, he has been resident at *St. Francis' Home, Bocking* which is run by Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. He was in the same year at the VEC as was Bishop Restieaux.

PAPWORTH, David (29.10.1961): PP. *St. Dominic, Harold Hill* since 1990.

STOKES, George (11.4.1976): Diocesan Director of Education (and resident at *Our Lady Immaculate, Chelmsford* since 1991, and Director of the Brentwood Religious Education Service since 1983. He was Administrator at *Brentwood Cathedral* 1986-91.

YOUNG, William (28.3.1980): PP. *SS. Mary & Ethelburga, Barking* since 1991.

LANCASTER

Lancaster has lost Fr. Adrian Towers to Ushaw, seconded to do something there morally. The Diocese's loss is also Ushaw's! Peter Clarke is ordained on 17th July at St. Mary Cleator and Fr. Larry Wells has moved to the Little Sisters of the Poor, 228, Garstang Road, Preston.

LEEDS – introduced by Gerry Creasey

Perhaps, you and your readers, would be interested to know that, under my prompting, my Year meets annually. We have done so for many years and enjoy the event. Our 1993 meeting was held in the presbytery of John White: St. Thomas of Canterbury, Waterloo (Liverpool). Present were myself, Harold Parker, Roger Daley, Luke Dumbill, David Papworth and John White. Michael Cooley sent apologies – he had church refurbishment taking place – as did Bishop Patrick Kelly, and of course Brian Dazeley (Rector of the Beda) and Tony Grimshaw (Palazzola). In past years George Richardson has attended and I have recently heard from Richard Pring (Professor of Education at Oxford University and a frequent contributor to *THE TABLET*) and Bernard Tucker (Lecturer in English at Southampton).

In 1995 we hope to mark the Ruby Jubilee of our starting together at the VEC as First Year in 1955! The only person with whom we have lost contact is Martin Coyle – does anyone know anything about Martin?

The news about the Diocesan “Romans” I will give in order of ordination as they appear in the Leeds Directory.

1929 Pride of place goes to Mgr. Jim Sullivan – top of the diocesan list, who is well known in the College and enjoys his annual visits to Bradford in the summer.

1935 *Ted Wilcock* – retired, but looking fit and still very much interested in matters financial and cricketing.

1950 *Michael Buckley* now has his centre in Bath – famous for its healing waters. Michael appears at various places to conduct his Healing Services.

Peter Walmsley is now PP of Sowerby Bridge, which made the headlines some time ago when a lorry out of control careered down a steep hill and killed a number of people. Peter probably holds the present record for the number of appointments he has held.

1954 *Bill Burtoft*, after many years on the staff and as headteacher of St. Bede's School, Bradford is now PP of Ackworth and Kinsley.

1956 *Peter McGuire* continues as Administrator of St. Anne's Cathedral and Vicar General. But the kudos of that rank has been somewhat tarnished since the appointment of seven Episcopal Vicars!

1958 *Basil Loftus*, having weathered the storm of controversy concerning the re-ordering of the church in Clifford, now enjoys a quieter existence and fosters local ecumenical ventures.

1959 *Billy Steele* – one of the above-mentioned Episcopal Vicars, for ecumenical matters – has been involved in the initial planning and consultation period concerning reorganisation of parishes in certain cities and larger towns.

1961 *Harold Parker* reigns supreme in the most northerly parish in the Diocese and continues to entertain and enthrall his congregation with his visual aids.

Gerry Creasey shares the chaplaincy work at St. James's ("Jimmy's") Hospital, Leeds. Also a member of a team caring for two inner-city parishes. Met Chris Lightbound, Denis Marmion and Frank Kearney when they came to St. Patrick's for the funeral of Bernard Gilmore, a friend of their Ushaw College days.

1965 *John Kelly* is "our man in Peru". John left his comfortable Bingley parish some seven years ago to join the Diocesan Mission near Lima; he frequently writes for THE CATHOLIC VOICE – the Leeds Diocesan newspaper.

1968 *Peter Nealon* leads his congregation in the local Catholic school, following the demolition of his church. Peter has been on a course on evangelisation in the United States and we hear of great things in his parish in Leeds.

1971 *Philip Holroyd*, obviously very experienced through his building and restoration achievements as Vice-Rector and then at Palazzola, sold off two churches in Wakefield and built an entirely new one. He and his parishioners – and his church – appeared on a televised Sunday Mass not long ago.

1977 *Kevin Frith* quietly and efficiently tends the needs of the people of Huddersfield.

1984 *John Clarke*, to date the newest of the Leeds (Roman) parish priests. John resides in a caravan while the church and house at Howarth (Brontë country) are repaired.

1986 *Andrew Summergill* continues as Secretary to Bishop Konstant and is as tall!

1990 *Mark Jarmuz* is making his mark (!) on the Leeds Diocesan Religious Education team. He is now in Brighouse (famous for its Brass band – perhaps John Clarke should have gone there?).

David Bulmer, after two years enjoying beautiful Wharfedale, is now studying theology at Oxford University.

1991 Timothy Swinglehurst resides in the town of Harrogate, famous for its Spa and Conference Centres, not to mention the many residential and nursing homes. We hear many interesting programmes have been initiated in the parish.

PLYMOUTH – Canon Bede Davis supplies us with the full list of the Plymouth Brethren

Bishop Christopher Budd (1962): has just returned from a visit to our priests in Kenya and he also took the opportunity to visit Ethiopia to see the work of Cafod there. he is very busy and keeps us similarly busy. He has now been our Bishop for 8 years and does not let the grass grow under his feet. Much of his time is also spent on business for the Bishops' Conference.

Father Edward Carey (1931): He has now been Parish Priest of Saltash for over 40 years, and is now into his 80's. He is in very good health. it is only very recently he had to cease playing a regular round of golf.

Father Anthony Cornish (1967): He is Parish Priest of Barnstaple in North Devon and a member of various Diocesan bodies. A member of the National Conference of Priests and also a Diocesan trustee.

Canon Bede Davis (1957): He is Parish Priest of Falmouth and Dean of Cornwall. He is a member of the Cathedral Chapter and a Diocesan Trustee.

Father Michael Downey (1957): Parish Priest of Sherborne.

Father Robert Draper (1981): Parish Priest at Launceston and Director of the Diocesan Religious Education Team.

Mgr. George Hay (1959): Parish Priest at Okehampton. He is a Diocesan Trustee and has just been appointed to the Cathedral Chapter. He has the responsibility for the more recently ordained priests of the Diocese.

Father Ian Jones (1944): He has just celebrated his Golden Jubilee and is living in semi-retirement in St. Mawes, Cornwall. Physically he is not in very good health, but otherwise very alert and content.

Father Philip Pedrick (1938): He is living in retirement with his sister in Plymouth, and gives a helping hand at the Cathedral. He has come through several operations successfully.

Father Robert Plant (1976): he is Parish Priest at St. Austell where he built a magnificent new church. He is Director of Vocations for the Diocese.

Canon Kevin Rea (1949): He is Parish Priest at Torpoint and Chancellor of the Diocese and is a member of the Cathedral Chapter and Episcopal Vicar for Religious in Devon and Cornwall.

Father David Rossiter (1953): He is not in good health and has had to retire from Dorchester to look after the much smaller parish of Shaldon.

Father Mark Skelton (1988): He studied at the VEC for only a short time and is now Parish Priest at Helston where he looks after not only the parish but also the Naval Air Station at Culdrose.

Father Christopher Smith (1960): He is Parish Priest at Dartmouth, Dean of

Torbay, Diocesan Archivist and Editor of the Diocesan Year Book.

Mgr. Adrian Toffolo (1968): You know all about him!

Father Michael Koppell (1993): Currently curate at Sacred Heart, Exeter, where he was ordained last July. Half of the dynamic duo of Doyle/Koppell that is currently taking Exeter by storm.

In *Shrewsbury* Diocese, *Fr. Chris Lightbound* has moved from Wilmslow back to his native Wirral to the Parish of St. Mary of the Angels. *Fr. Peter Morgan* heads for St. Vincent's, Altrincham after eight years as Head of RE in the Diocese. he is succeeded by *Fr. Rod Strange* with assistance from *Fr. Paul Shaw*. Old Romans the pair of them! Their Anchor Man *Fr. Stephen Coonan* is now Parish Priest at St. Werburgh's, Birkenhead. Congratulations to *Vincent Turnbull* nominated Monsignor on his 40th anniversary. *Canon Frank Pullen* is now administrator of the Cathedral. We mourn the loss of *Canon Jim Fraser*, so long a faithful Old Roman who died in the autumn RIP.

Hallam are wondering if *Ant Towey* will ever surface from the Monserrà. There are tales, rumours and theories abounding! Does he want to come back? Does anyone want him back? There are actually some who do not know who he is; indeed that he IS! *John Metcalfe's* blessing of gypsy caravans provided a much needed and appreciated DBL for the *Venerabile* staff! Well done John!

In *Southwark* *Leo Mooney* has moved from Catford to the leafy suburb of Southborough in Tunbridge Wells. is recovering well from his recent illness. *David Gummatt* has moved from Dartford to become PP at Sydenham Kirkdale. *Tim Finigan* has moved on to become parochial administrator in Thamesmead South, part of the ecumenical team there. *Simon Peat* is lecturing at the Fransican Study centre in Canterbury and assisting at Tooting. *Charles Briggs* has swapped busy parishes, Lewisham for West Croydon, and *Stephen Boyle* is assistant at Camberwell.

In *Westminster* *Paul McPartlan* has exchanged the leafy groves of Kensington for the leafier groves of *Academe*, and is now teaching theology in Cambridge as a research fellow of St. Edmund's joining the staff of Allen Hall in September, where he will be tutor in Moral Theology. Of course the Rector, *Keith Bartrop*, is himself an Old Roman, so we anticipate the introduction of gitas, siestas, and pantomimes. . .

The musical talents of *Philip Whitmore* have landed him the post of Precentor at the Cathedral, where he strives after those English College standards that put him in your cassette player. *Dominic Byrne* has moved to Osterley, where he helps Bishop O'Donoghue administer the parish.

Congratulations to *David Barnes*, who, thanks to a boundary change, is the first Parish Priest to reside in the City of London since the Reformation. Congratulations also to *Canon Maurice O'Leary*, who celebrated his Golden Jubilee in January. *Alastair Russell* has retired from Pimlico, and is now working harder than ever as curate in Chelsea. A sad piece of news is the recent death of *Ronnie Cox*, Parish Priest in Rickmansworth.

Please keep your diocesan news of Old Romans coming in. Any representatives who would like their diocese featured in 'Directory' style next year should contact the editor.

59 Not Out

(Musings on age, cricket and priesthood)

It has not been the most memorable innings on record: indeed some are surprised that he is still there at the crease, “not out”. Certainly there were moments of promise of exhilarating things to come, moments when the sun shone and he was meeting the ball in the middle of the bat and occasionally even reaching the boundary with consummate ease. But the bowling had become tighter, the self assurance wavered and the struggle to survive became the main preoccupation. Watching from the other end of the wicket batting looked absurdly easy. There was elegance, style, confidence in those other batsmen. How he envied them. All he seemed to be doing was to be a foil for their superior skills, and yet now he realised they were no longer there. Over confidence might have been the downfall of one or two; the ill advised cavalier shot when playing down the line with a straight bat would have seen away the danger leaving braver things for later occasions. Had there been a hint of irresponsibility in the dismissal of another? That player had enjoyed, indeed revelled in the rapturous applause of the crowd as he plundered the bowling. But when the time came for thinking about the team, for helping the less gifted player he had little to offer and when he departed there had been a sense of disappointment at the talent not used to the best advantage both for himself and for the team.

He had, he mused, been more than surprised at his own selection: others seemed more capable and gifted, and yet he had been chosen while others had either drifted away from the practice nets or had been gently told that they were not really suited. Fifty-nine had been a year to remember. In fifty-nine John XXIII was Pope; a new team policy had been announced. There was to be a fresh, new approach; there was excitement in the air and the pads were strapped on with tingling anticipation. Fifty-nine seemed a wonderful year, so many people seemed to be fired with a new enthusiasm. Certainly the crowds were large. But now at fifty-nine and still batting, the crowds have dwindled. The few who remain are certainly loyal and probably more knowledgeable but they are also severe at times in their criticism. Yet there is a sympathy for the trier, for the batsman who is giving of his best despite his limitations. It may well be that because he is acutely aware of his limitations that he is still there, “not out”. Watching more talented players depart he had been hurt by the remark that “the best have gone, we are now among the rabbits”, but he still remembered the times when batting had been relatively easy and wondered which he preferred – an easy existence or one which demanded total commitment, no letting go of concentration. He recalled with a shudder that foolish rush to the head when his judgement had let him down, but mercifully he had not been run out.

Now he has a new role to play, again nothing particularly glorious or spectacular, the role of anchor man. There were new batsmen to help. He would have to be careful not to give the impression of patronising them, but he could give them a smile and words of encouragement, together with his calming influence gained from weathering the battery of some ferocious overs earlier in the innings. Perhaps there was a revival taking place. Certainly the prospects looked more promising even though he himself might not still be at the crease to witness the glory.

Fifty-nine “not out” was quite a reasonable score; he hoped that it would not end there but he was beginning to feel slightly weary. The blessed rest of the pavilion after it was all over now held out more attractions than when he first strode to the wicket so full of confidence and naively trusting in his as yet unproved skill. Yes, the pavilion would be sheer bliss; he never thought he would long for it so much.

Fifty-nine might be a good omen. England won in Barbados, the first victory there for fifty-nine years. So while he is at the crease he had better offer some advice to the young man at the other end about the change of bowlers. He probably feels relieved that the fast attack has ended, dodging bouncers and the like. But the slow bowler uses guile. We musn't be lulled into a false sense of security. Each opponent has his own technique and subtle approach; we must both be alert and watch carefully. Don't do anything silly which might ruin this recovery. he would have settled for fifty-nine when he began his innings but it would be nice to pass the big 'six O' – better not be too ambitious, but the captain said that he was doing a good job for the team, and he should know, he chose him.

My God! He's declared!

Fr. Gerry Creasey

Football Report 1993-94

Before talking of the season just past, I must mention a couple of things just too late for last year's *Venerabile* but too important in the annals of College football to go without a mention: firstly I cannot emphasise enough how grateful we are to the *Friends of the Venerabile* for the refurbishment of the old tennis court at Palazzola. There have already been many memorable moments of 5 (or even 10!) a-side football up there. Even some golden oldies such as Vin Nichols and Rick Lohan have been back and shown their twinkling footwork. The villegiatura of 93 was also noted for a wonderful club dinner at the Palazzola kiosk. Some teams invite stand up comedians for these occasions and we could probably afford one next year from the fines for bad jokes from our very own Ewan Ingleby. A special thanks must go to Tim Swinglehurst, who after eight years detestation of all things sporting, agreed to be our guest after-dinner speaker; in the lion's den. Tim emerged truly triumphant.

We returned in October eager as ever only to discover that our resources were depleted by the loss of Andy Doc, missing in action over the summer. However, reconnaissance missions suggest he may yet re-appear to display that renowned left foot in a V.E.C shirt sometime in the future. We were, on the other hand, boosted by the enthusiasm of 2 of the first year, Steve Billington and Chris Bergin who were immediately, if inevitably, named "Billo and Bergie". No doubt like us, dressing rooms the world over were exercising their incredible wit and repartee at the start of another season.

A "pre-season" match against Champion School from Essex proved great fun and saw debut goals for Tim Menezes and Paul Mason. However, when the real stuff began it was slightly more difficult than a stroll against 14-year-olds. There were early season rumblings that God was more important than football in seminary life when the first year were whisked off for retreat thus missing our first major fixture. Well, you can tell Arthur Roche that I spotted an old bearded figure score a couple of goals that afternoon so God couldn't have been at Palazzola!

The period up to Christmas proved frustrating in that we were unable to get a consistent series of fixtures but we did enjoy some very close-fought matches with the Swiss Guards, the Mexican College and the German College along with a comfortable win against the N.A.C. Our final match before Christmas was memorable for the fact that the referee, Tony McCaffery was forced to abandon it after about 35 minutes due to the refusal of the Urbanianum College to accept any of his decisions. We hope to be able to re-establish diplomatic relations in time for next season!

Between Christmas and Easter a couple of matches stand out which have now traditionally become two of the most enjoyable and entertaining days on our fixture list; the return visit to the pampas grass of the Mexican College was a truly marvellous day when despite the absence of a few players we were able to call upon the likes of Jean-Laurent Marie and Simon Thomson for their first appearance for several seasons and in this, their testimonial year. Jean-Laurent even came off the subs bench to equalise at 2 - 2 and we would have held on for a famous draw but for the referee adding mythical injury time. Another day out to the German College Villa at Palestrina was highly rewarding and uplifting. Indeed, the whole team returned bubbling with the spirit and warmth of the welcome which we received.

Immediately after Easter we entered in a 4 team tournament held over a period of 4 Saturdays. It was great to be involved in an organised event and we established some good contacts for the future. There were some bizarre events along the way such as a particularly loquacious forward from the Carabinieri; a 7 – 7 draw against R.A.I sporting journalists, which we won on penalties; a referee, the image of Demis Roussos, who forced the captain of San Tarcissio to substitute himself rather than send him off; the sight of Hugh MacKenzie about to cuff an opponent round the ear, while Chris Bergin and Paul Grogan were well and truly on the receiving end of some action more suited to the wrestling ring; and finally another penalty shoot-out for third/fourth place which we won with ease – we could teach Stuart Pearce and Chris Waddle a thing or two!

The season was rounded off with our best football of the year; a 2 – 0 defeat against the Swiss Guards did not do justice to a great team performance that day where everyone played their part.

The traditional swansong to the season was the 7 a-side tournament at the Scots College. It is always a lovely afternoon with a warm atmosphere of inter-College banter, family fun and exciting football. Due to one team dropping out we were reduced to just 2 group matches to attempt to qualify for the final. We started with all guns blazing and defeated the Irish College 4 – 0. However, we then saw our next opponents, F.A.O., beat the Irish 7 – 0. Undaunted we made a brave change in formation, bringing Paul Rowan out of goal and engaged in what was a great match. Unfortunately, we lost 1 – 0 to a tremendous strike worthy to win the tournament itself and indeed F.A.O. did go on to beat the Scots in the final. We were, however delighted that Paul Leonard was judged the player of the tournament, a deserved award for the way he has played his heart out for the team and the College over the last 4 years.

With the close of the season there are those who are hanging up their boots as they leave the College this summer. For Ant Towey this is his second retirement from the College football team and he has enjoyed a truly Indian summer in his second spell with the team. In all, Ant has played 10 seasons for the College. I would dare to say that he is probably the highest goalscorer in College history and I'm sure he could tell exactly how many and describe them in great detail like the modest man he has always been! his enthusiasm, banter and skill will be missed by us all if not by the referees! Paul Grogan, Ant's striking partner also bids us farewell. "The Predator", Grogie, will always be remembered for that incredible spell of 18 months when every time he touched the ball it seemed to end up in the back of the net and we didn't lose a game. We will also find it difficult to forget his plastic carrier bag and his line in mackintoshes. Dominic Rolls has played for the team at some point in each of his 7 years at the College and bowed out with a vintage performance against the Swiss Guards this year.

Finally, I would just like to say thanks to all the lads for keeping a great spirit and maintaining the football team as one of the largest cross-section of characters within the College. We have players from every area of the community; students from every year group, priests in the house and the staff. It plays a big part in building up the community through its fun and laughter as well as through its frustrations and disappointments. Roll on next season!

Mark Harold

Leavers' Notes 1994

Philip Denton

Philip arrived at the College in the Autumn of 1988 with an English degree from Hull University and a year's lack of experience in chartered accountancy. An incurable explorer, he explored every corner in the centre of Rome 'between lectures' in his first year, then at every opportunity would head for Stazione Termini or an obscure bus stop, leading to the investigation of yet another hill-town – or more importantly, its local pasta.

In College, he spent one year as a sacristan, and developed a reputation for tending sick photocopying machines, but it was probably in the area of music that he made most impact – if that describes the liberal production of thunderous organ voluntaries. As well as playing the organ (not always thunderously) he also served as a choirmaster and even wrote the odd psalm setting (actually, several odd psalm settings. . . .)

He experienced philosophy and theology at the Gregorian then, armed with its STB, ventured up to the dizzy heights of the third floor at the Angelicum gaining an STL in Ecumenical Theology. In an ecumenical spirit, he spent a thoroughly enjoyable semester at Westcott House, Cambridge (see article) in his final year.

Vincenzo Greco and Gianluca Romano

This year's College community enjoyed the addition of two Sicilian students – Gianluca Romano and Vincenzo Greco (trans: JonhLuke the Roman and Vincent the Greek). They joined us, while finishing their respective licences in Spirituality and Moral Theology.

But perhaps more significantly, the Sicilian duo arrived as deacons but leave us as priests, having been ordained together at the Cathedral of Marsala on the 8th of January, for which a group from the College were given permission to attend and enjoyed true Italian hospitality and hangovers (trad: . . . ospitalità Italiana e “dov'è l'aspirina?”).

They endeared themselves to the College when they sang at the first year party: Quant' é laia la mé zita (trans: my old man's a dustman). Overnight, they became the Lennon and McCartney of the community or was it Laurel and Hardy (due buffoni nel film bianco e nero), because they soon became infamous for a particular flavour of Sicilian humour (un sapore particolare d'umore Siciliano), e.g. dead bodies (cadeveri) in bedrooms and water-pistole fights. None of us dared retaliate for fear of the consequences (abbiamo proprio paura della mafia!!!).

Ma sinceremente, tutti noi preghiamo perché Gianluca e Vincenzo, quando ritorneranno in Sicilia, siano buoni *padrini* dell'amore di Dio per gli uomini di quel paese.

Paul Grogan

So farewell then, Paul Grogan,
You who brought humour to the dullest moments
With so little effort.

Your perseverance led you to a Cambridge Honours Degree,
Your reward – a roving reporter for ‘*The Universe*’.

Directing plays was your forte: Henry V and The Servant of Two Masters:
Acting came a close second . . . Row, row, row!

A late developer on the football scene,
But you joined the ranks of the VEC goal-scoring greats.

Your nose-blowing at Morning prayer,
Bettered only by your unique Alleluias.

Russian roulette was your hobby:
Did you never regret those open-invitations for gita companions?

So farewell then, Paul Grogan,
but tuck your shirt in!

Martin Hardy

Few (except perhaps Sig. Berlusconi) have achieved such swift rises to positions of power as Martin Hardy. He enjoyed three years as infirmarian followed by choirmaster and then, rounded off this glorious career as Deputy Senior Student. His apparently unflappable nature served him well while he served his community.

His six years were also punctuated by numerous theatrical roles, most notably his interpretation of Dick Whittington and his directorial debut in ‘Oh What A Lovely War!’ He has also contributed generously to the musical life of the College and his great musical gifts will be sorely missed, particularly his rendition of Irish ballads. Martin has a love of all things Irish: the only collar he’s interested in is the one around a pint of Guinness.

After four years of theological pedagogy (surely shome mistake. Ed.) at the Gregorian University, Martin decided to study for a licence in Morals at the Alfonsianum, where he is completing a tesina on Albert Camus.

The College will remember Martin as a generous, gentle and profoundly kind man and we are sure that these attributes will help him as he scales the pastoral peaks (the only peaks!!) of his home diocese of East Anglia.

Tim Hopkins

A fresh-faced Mancunian arrived at the VEC having completed a classics degree. A keen photographer, one of the less striking but more interesting snaps featured in his ever-growing Rogue’s gallery is that of rowing days at Cambridge. Realising that his image was not fitting the established pattern of ‘Salford in Rome’, he decided to let his belt out a couple of notches and throw caution to the pasta!

Tim’s sojourn in Rome was never boring, as his outgoing personality continued to entice endless Italian friends, and the staff of many embassies to the College, most of them at the same time . . . on the second night of the Christmas panto!

A talent that always manifested itself was efficiency. Most of the time the right thing happened at exactly the right moment: Wyn Thomas was in position as Prince Charles’ pricipal bodyguard; and then there was the ice machine that only worked

for the second and third weeks of February! Tim's generosity was something that never diminished, and was extended in a special way to the College Sisters and domestic staff. This altruism will surely be noticeable in his ministry back in the diocese.

Jean-Laurent Marie

One of the things for which Jean-Laurent will certainly be remembered in the College is his contribution to the arts. He has captivated members of the House at the now traditional pre-lunch Sunday concerts during Lent as he has executed piano pieces for which any other man would require four hands; he has communicated the pathos of life in song as Feste the Jester in Shakespeare's Twelfth Night; and he has shaken tambourines at impromptu dances on lake shore during the annual outings for College employees. He has also composed some haunting pieces for the liturgy. Perhaps these accomplishments are not surprising given that he graduated in Music from Dartington College of Arts in Devon and then taught the piano and composition before coming to the College.

On the academic side "JL", or "Frank", "Steve", or "Jeff", as he has been variously called, has just finished a licence in fundamental theology, for which he wrote a tesina on the *sensus plenior* of the bible. On the pastoral side he has been a stalwart visitor of the elderly residents of a home run by the Little Sisters of the Poor in Rome. With regard to House jobs, he peaked as head sacristan.

Jean-Laurent's ordination marks a first for the College: he is the first black student to train for the priesthood at the *Venerabile*. Born in Mauritius, he has spent most of his life in London; he returns now to serve as a priest in Brentwood Diocese. His few faults include demonstrating his enjoyment of an evening out by falling asleep during it, and laughing uproariously and at length when he feels that the situation merits it.

William Massie

William Massie arrived at the English College in September 1988 after spending a year at Cambridge and four previous years at St. Andrews, where he studied Medieval History. Many felt that his early type-casting as the back-end of a pantomime horse during the College production of Aladdin sowed the seeds for his future development and fame in the VEC. Certainly, Fr. Fisichella, who vowed never to come to an English College pantomime again, never forgot the loving attentions he received from the horse, for which William was a little more than half responsible.

College traditions were always important to William, which meant that he was never far from the centre of College life. This keen interest, combined with gifts of gentleness, courtesy and tact made William a popular choice for Senior Student – a difficult task which he carried out with great dedication and responsibility. His other jobs included Archivist, Greg. Delegate and Guestmaster, and he was particularly involved with the Legion of Mary, which he ardently sought to promote under the slogan taken from a speech of Pope John Paul II – as a vocation "live, impelling, stimulating and relevant".

William leaves the College with a licence in Dogmatic Theology having written a tesina on "Christological Anthropology in Gaudium et Spes and Karl Rahner". His

departure will be a loss to the College but a gain for the Diocese of Middlesbrough whose faithful will benefit from an ardent but gentle servant of the Gospel.

Dominic Rolls

When Dominic Rolls arrived at the English College he brought with him an English charm and mildness of temperament which even seven years of stressful Roman living have failed to ruffle. One of the reasons for his survival could be his apparent ability to drift through difficult situations oblivious to the difficulties: Dominic is the only student in living memory known to have fallen asleep between psalms at Morning Prayer, and this when he was cantor.

But when he was all there, Dominic made a generous contribution to community life. He was often on the stage: Oberon in “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*”, the genie in “*Aladdin*”, an evil Arab henchman in “*Dick Whittington*” and the German General Moltke in “*Oh What A Lovely War*”. But he scaled the heights of sick-making charm as Orsino in “*Twelfth Night*”: “If music be the food of life, play on”. The nuns were crying in the aisles.

Dominic played football for the College, from time to time, and also turned out loyally for the south during every *Villeggiatura*. His pastoral work was mostly in San Lorenzo parish, while from his first year in the College he drove to the Missionaries of Charity every Monday morning, first taking a priest to celebrate Mass and lately to celebrate it himself. Dominic’s Licence was in Biblical Theology. He completed his *tesina* on “The Image of God in Job”.

Rob Taylerson

Rob came to the English College as a priest in October 1992 and leaves us after completing his Licence studies in Spirituality at the Angelicum. Rob was a student at the Beda College from 1985 to 1989. He was ordained a priest in July 1989.

Before studying for the priesthood at the Beda College Rob had worked as a lecturer at an agricultural college. After ordination he spent some time in a parish in Banbury, and as a chaplain in schools, a polytechnic and a hospital in his diocese of Birmingham.

Unbeknown to us at the time, Rob’s arrival here at the English College was quite sedate in comparison to his arrival at the Beda. His first trip from England to the Beda had been by bike! Having cycled across America before this, the trip to Rome was nothing.

In his time here Rob has been an example to us in prayer, good humour, kindness and sincerity. he has been a witness that our spiritual lives as priests will be founded on our relationship with God, and lived out in service to others.

He has continued the tradition of “very fine” Birmingham priests who have lived and worked in the College over the past few years. We wish him well as he returns to the diocese, with the likelihood of taking the position of Spiritual Director at Oscott College.

Simon Thompson

E is for Extrovert. Thompson was a big E (big in everything else too). The life and soul of the party, Thompson’s irrepressible humour and ebullient personality

found expression in a ceaseless stream of babble which never showed any sign of drying-up in the five years that I knew him. He was a man who once admitted, "I speak in order to think" – must have done a hell of a lot of thinking. These strange cognitive processes did, however, bring much delight to those around him.

S is for Sensate. It must be said that Thompson was a man of facts rather than ideas. For him the ATAC timetable was essential bed-time reading, he was a natural canon lawyer.

T is for Thinker. Thompson liked logical clarity and precision. His frustration with woolly-minded Feelers was evident from his daily rants. Often I saw this Fawltyesque figure with his face contorted in apoplectic rage, his lanky frame writhing uncontrollably, eyes rolling, teeth gnashing, veins protruding, emitting an agonized whine on account of someone's trivial error – as he probably is now for I have deliberately mis-spelt his name throughout O.K. Thompson?

J is for Judge. Life for Thompson was a neat and orderly progression of events; everything planned, nothing left to chance. If only the world could have got its act together, everyone would have been so much happier. He was also a man of fastidious personal habits and waged a whole series of campaigns to bully his fellows into conformity with his own undoubtedly high standards. He met with varying degrees of success: sadly his five-year long pursuit of the 'Elephant C....r' must now be marked-down as a failure.

Thompson was a big-hearted friend and always larger than life: in a grey world we need men like Thompson. He will be greatly missed.

Anthony Towey

I must admit my heart sank when I first heard that our new Theology Tutor was both charismatic and football fanatic. However, despite this Ant turned out to be a man of great wisdom and keen learning. His seminars were widely acclaimed as the most enjoyable and informative in Rome, combining solid scholarship with zany humour.

Ant created singlehandedly the current terminology used in College formation: 'Gibber' (to have a crisis), 'Low-Flying Chick' (eligible spinster) to name but two. He also bequeathed to us an entire vocabulary of surrogate swear words which helped produce within him that unique personal blend of pugnacity and conformity to the Third Beatitude.

He was always a notable eccentric in appearance, and never seems to have acquired a sartorial maturity that extends beyond the 'Baby-Grow'. On one occasion at Palazzola he became so enraged at the elegance of Jack Kennedy's new silk dressing-gown that he pushed the unfortunate dandy into the swimming-pool. Being a Maltfriscan, Ant possessed one of their peculiar blue jackets: luckily he never wore jackets.

He was a legend on the football field. Among Latin Americans he will always be remembered as the Englishman who did NOT turn the other cheek. Ant was a chap who, by 5 PM on a Saturday afternoon, always looked a bit sheepish.

He was responsible for introducing a new theology into the College: instead of the old effete sort based on 'female archetypes', we now have full-blooded

Patriarchalism, otherwise know as 'Hairy Man Theology'. I think this will certainly prove to be the way forward into the next century.

Some people, perhaps Ant above all, would be surprised how influential he was, and personally I would say that of all the priests I have known in Rome, he certainly had greater influence on me than any other. Deep down, beneath the 'Hairy Man' exterior, Ant was a true Christian gentleman and the College, sadly, will be a much poorer place without him.

Enrico Tagliaferri (1918-1994)

On 21 May 1994 Enrico Tagliaferri, always known as Arrigo, died at the age of 76. He had worked for the College since long before the war and was porter, until his retirement at 65. He was born at Colleparado in Southern Lazio, in the Province of Frosinone, the son of Vincenzo Tagliaferri, a local *guardia forestale*. He was not the first member of his family to serve the College: his father's brother Giuseppe appears frequently in the College Diary. The entry for 13 July 1932 (THE VENERABILE, Vol. VI) speaks of a Sforza gita: "On the Sforza Giuseppe appeared in an alpaca jacket to perform the necessary butlering. As apostrophized by the Rector (Mgr. Godfrey) during dinner he trails about the aura of Tusculan tradition, but to this he is indifferent. In fact, he is bearing this week of country life with manifest ill ease, and views with some austerity any attempt to break his reserve. . . ."

15 July, Friday: "A brilliant day of blue and gold. First game of cricket. Doctor Charlier arrived, and Guiseppe left for home, making his first spontaneous remark as he crossed the threshold: '*E finita la settimana magra*'".

How did the family become connected with the College? Perhaps it was Bishop Giles (Rector 1888-1913) who met the Tagliaferris on his painting expeditions in Lazio: as the Spiritual Director remarked after Arrigo's funeral in Colleparado on 23 May, the Giles paintings strongly recall the local landscapes.

When Italy entered the War in 1939 and the College went to England, Arrigo was conscripted into the Army and sent to North Africa. There he was captured by the Eighth Army and sent to a prisoner-of-war camp in India. He caught typhus, and was transferred to a camp in England. For some of the time he was at Oadby, Leicester. His job in the camp was to cook the meals, while the others worked on the land. When asked what it was like at Oadby, he replied with the ghost of a smile: "It rained every day". That remark was made in English. Few students realised that his English was quite fluent after his wartime experiences. He preferred not to let it be known; but he was very good at dealing with English visitors to the College with no Italian.

After the War Arrigo returned to the College and married Rita, also Tagliaferri and also from Colleparado. They had two children, Enzo named after his grandfather Vincenzo, and Simonetta. Enzo is now one of the two College porters and is married to Carla Danna. They have a son, Ricardo. Simonetta is married to Carlo Benvenuti, the second porter, and their children are Barbara and Mauro.

On Monday 23 May, Arrigo's body was brought from Santo Spirito Hospital to the College. The main door of the Church was opened to receive the coffin. The shops in the street closed, the traffic was stopped and large numbers of the locals came to pay their last respects. After a prayer-service led by the Vice- (the Rector being absent in England on College business), the funeral cortège left for Colleparado, where the Requiem Mass and burial took place. A party from the College attended and after the ceremonies was entertained with great kindness by the Tagliaferri family.

Bryan Chestle

House List June 1994

SECOND CYCLE THEOLOGY

Vincenzo Greco	Italy
Emmanuel Gribben	Lancaster
Adam Kostrzewa	Poland
Dariusz Kuzminski	Poland
Malachy Larkin	Leeds
Antonio Panico	Italy
Gianluca Romano	Italy
Mirosław Skrobisz	Poland
Dominic Rolls	Arundel & Brighton
Robert Taylerson	Birmingham

Bruce Burbidge	East Anglia
Sean Connolly	East Anglia
Philip Denton (2nd Sem.)	Brentwood
Paul Grogan	Leeds
Martin Hardy	East Anglia
Timothy Hopkins	Salford
Jean-Laurent Marie	Brentwood
William Massie	Middlesbrough
Simon Thomson	Portsmouth

Paul Connelly	Southwark
Mark Harold	Salford
Andrew Headon	Brentwood
Timothy Menezes	Birmingham
John Pardo	Gibraltar
Michael Wheaton	Plymouth
John Wilson	Leeds

FIRST CYCLE THEOLOGY

Martin Boland	Brentwood
Edward Clare	Birmingham
Mark Hackeson	East Anglia
Michael L'Estrange	Brentwood
Hugh MacKenzie	Westminster
Mark Miles	Gibraltar
Paul Rowan	Liverpool
Wyn Thomas	Menevia
Nicholas Tucker	Southwark

Mark Brentnall	Nottingham
Stephen Dingley	Arundel & Brighton
Joseph Jordan	Plymouth
Gregory Knowles	Leeds
Paul Leonard	Middlesbrough
Simon Madden	Leeds
Hugh Pollock	Lancaster

Gerard Byrne	Salford
Neil Bromilow	Liverpool
Paul Fox	Brentwood
Robert George	Southwark
Ewan Ingleby	Hexham
Jonathan Leach	Shrewsbury
Paul Mason	

FIRST CYCLE PHILOSOPHY

Christopher Higgins	Hallam
Stephen Wang	Westminster
Dominic Allain	Southwark
Christopher Bergin	Arundel & Brighton
Steven Billington	Leeds
Stewart Keeley	Lancaster
Paul McDermott	Westminster
Philip Miller	Westminster
David Potter	Liverpool

Other Residents

Mgr Bryan Chestle
Mgr James Sullivan

Staff

Mgr Adrian Toffolo	Rector
Fr John Marsland	Vice-Rector
Fr. Arthur Roche	Spiritual Director
Fr Anthony Towey	Theology Tutor