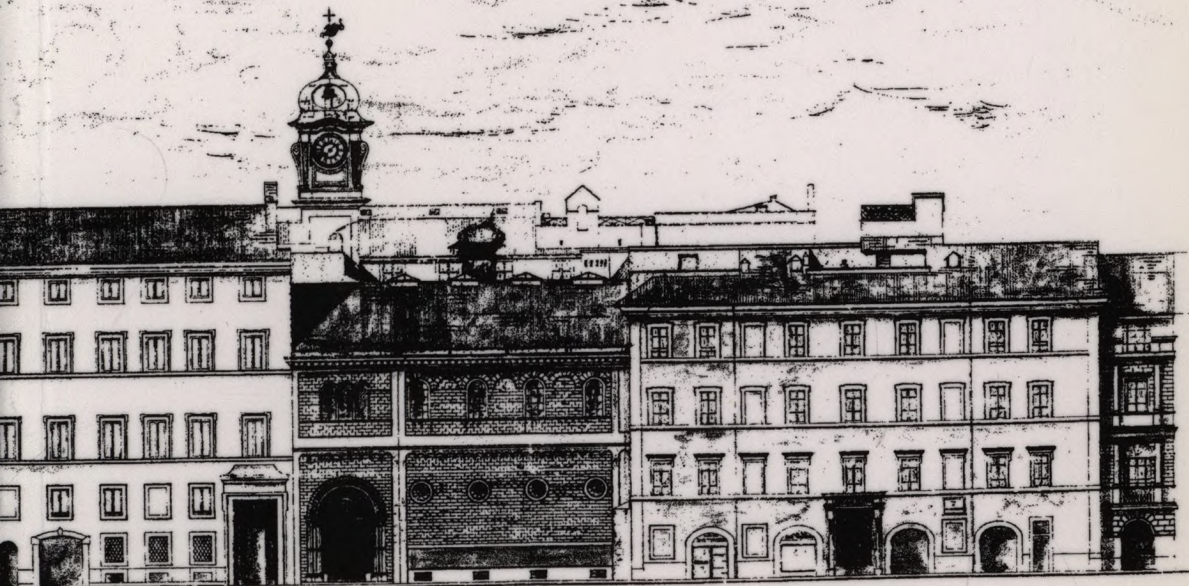


# THE VENERABILE

1996



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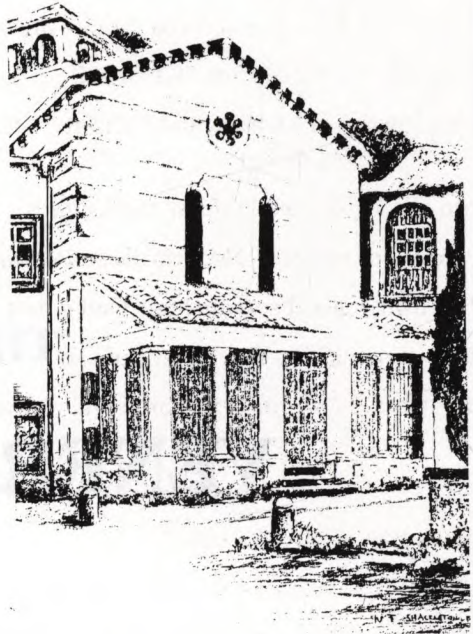
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## THE VENERABLE 1996

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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.

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# Editorial

*Dear Readers,*

**E**ntertainment, erudition, and escapism. That's precisely what I hope you'll get out of this year's Venerable. And more. I can't even try to guess the time it's taken to bring these articles together, which is nothing compared to the care and thought put into their composition. I do hope your perusal brings many pleasurable hours.

Latria, lectures, and leisure. These form the staple diet of the seminarian. Amongst these activities we encounter an assorted variety of people as they come into contact with College life. Their presence contributes substantially to our formation, to our perspective and understanding of the Church today, and to our outlook on the world. To this category of writers I am truly indebted and I commend to your curiosity the following Notes On Contributors. Gratitude is also due to present College members who sacrificed many a moment of latria, lectures, and leisure to get something down on paper for the magazine.

The first time I encountered JO BARNACLE was in the Vice-Rector's boot amidst a forest of flowers. Since then I have come to know her as a lively and committed Chairman of the Friends. (She's also with the Oscott Friends, but betrays no divided loyalties!) Most recently she has been busy with her needle and new Friends-provided stoles, which repeat the design of the cross on the Church wall in the Tribune. We should be, and always are, most grateful for the generous support of the Friends. Their kindness manifests itself in all sorts of areas of College life. So it was somewhat sternly that Jo enquired whether I was responsible for the first prang on the new minibus they had provided. Thankfully not.

Guess how many miles of Roman catacombs there are. Ever made comments about American tourists? Find out what Brits are like abroad. A Friend and a friend, JUDITH CHAMP is often to be seen popping into College. She lectures in Church History at Kings, London, and now also acts as advisor on Pastoral Initiatives in Portsmouth diocese. Add to that her work in "specialist themed pilgrimages" – she denies it's an historical Club 18-30 – and you can see how generous she has been to find time to send in her article.

It's always good to hear news of Old Romans. They jog their contemporaries' memories and they blaze the trail for us youngsters. GERALD CREASEY is from Leeds diocese and is therefore a good egg. He advises me that he is proud to be in "The" Diocese. He reflects on his year's arrival in Rome forty years ago. Meanwhile, MAURICE ABBOTT writes from Macclesfield on the subject of the Year of '35. I am struck by the active and varied ministries referred to by both writers. I am also moved by the dedication of our former students to the on-going mission in England and Wales.



Very familiar faces around the College are PETER FLEETWOOD, PAUL GALLAGHER, and CHARLES SCICLUNA. These are no strangers to Rome and fate has drawn them together in one of the College flats. All three support the spiritual life of the students, come in regularly for community Mass, and are always willing to lend a sympathetic ear, cast a friendly word, and pass the time of day. Peter and Charles describe what they get up to in Rome, whilst Paul records some reflections on the late Archbishop Warlock.

MARGARET HARVEY is a Senior Lecturer in Mediaeval History at Durham University. A regular visitor in recent years, she has busied herself with research that includes our archives. My confidante tells me that Margaret is simultaneously entertaining and witty at breakfast. Taking full part in College liturgical life (she hasn't said Mass yet), she is definitely "on side". Her article coincides with a recent discovery at the back of the clock tower of a small number of the *Venerabile* sexcentenary issue to which she refers.

TONY GRIMSHAW up at Palazzola is as busy as ever. As I write, we students are enjoying this year's *villeggiatura* at the Villa. It precisely because of the industry of Tony and the Sisters of Mercy that we continue to benefit from all that Palazzola has to offer. In this edition we catch up on news from the last two years. As the current Villa Man, I can personally vouch for all their prayer and work that contributes to our time in Rome, not to mention the well-being of their steady flow of pilgrims.

PHILIP HOLROYD is a former College Vice-Rector. 'Nuff said? Not so! He also did a stint up at Palazzola and was chaplain to our Sisters of Mercy during their early days there. His influence continues down the years as documentation still bearing his name gets our battered vehicles into the *Cenfro Storico*. He was recently involved in emptying and cleaning the Villa fountain. The goldfish are thriving. He has kindly permitted the reprint of his article on Fernanda Piacentini. Coming from Leeds diocese, he is another good egg.

At the funeral of Bishop Owen Swindlehurst, HUGH LINDSAY, Bishop Emeritus of Hexham and Newcastle, preached with great affection. His words are recorded in this publication. Bishop Lindsay tells me that Bishop Swindlehurst never lost his life-long devotion to the College and to Rome. He writes: "Bishop Owen would be as delighted as I am that a Hexham and Newcastle alumnus, Martin Stempczyk, is returning to join the College staff this autumn".

MAUREEN MACGLASHAN shares a glimpse into her life as British Ambassador to the Holy See. A Palazzola fan, she is the guarantee of lively chat when she visits the College. Knowledge of the ubiquitous, yet anonymous, College Diarist does not seem to impede this... Tantalizingly, she does not reveal her recipes for lemon risotto or cheese scones. Next edition, perhaps...

The Villa nuns have given me a couple of enchanting poems for publication. These were written by Sr JOAN MCNAMARA, a member of their own order. Those familiar with Palazzola will have plenty of food for thought, I suspect.

Devotees to the House List (printed towards the end of this publication) will recognise a blast from the past: VARGHESE PUTHUSSERY. He arrived at College to pursue higher philosophical studies. He soon swayed to the seduction of power,



defecting to become House Uncle to the residents of our recently established Sherwin House. He offers a lively insight into life in their "pocket-size universal church". We are glad to see him still around a lot - usually reading our newspapers in the students' Snug!

CAROL RICHARDSON will be familiar to regular readers. She's based in Scotland, finally completing her doctoral work. She's well known to many students past and present and helped out in College with our Summer Pilgrims for a number of years. I suspect her familiarity with Palazzola and her envy of our *villeggiatura* there inspired her contribution this year. Indeed, the villa gets more than a passing mention. I'll leave you to evaluate the assessments she offers.

"... students are encouraged after the first semester of their first year to take up some pastoral work either within the college or in the city..." So runs part of the latest draft of the Document On Priestly Formation being drawn up by the College. Over the years a number of students has devoted time to THE SAMARITANS. One such student describes this Pastoral Work and its importance. His concluding remarks should ask all of us whether we adequately support such ventures at home.

I hope this has whetted your appetite. I leave you to get stuck into this year's *Venerabile*, wishing you many hours of happy reading and reflection.

**Gregory Knowles,**  
**Editor**



# Bishop Cyril Restieaux

1910-1996

When Bishop Cyril Restieaux died on the night of 26th February 1996, a significant era in the life of the English College came to a close. Every summer since 1962 Bishop Restieaux had spent three weeks' holiday at Palazzola, and each year since 1969 he had presided at the ordinations held there. The first year there were priests including our new Spiritual Director, Fr John Rafferty; thereafter they were deacons who by 1995 had totalled well over 200. Many readers of *The Venerable*, therefore, are intimately and personally indebted to Bishop Restieaux.

Cyril Edward Restieaux was born in Norwich in 1910 into a large family. His paternal ancestors were Huguenots possibly from Limoges, but Cyril felt himself to be thoroughly English and Catholic. In latter years he spoke warmly and appreciatively of his parents: of their care and love of the children, of their devotion to the Faith, of the sacrifices they made to ensure a true Catholic upbringing for their children. Cyril received his later schooling with the Rosminian Fathers at Ratcliffe College, and it was from here that he was accepted as a candidate for priestly formation for the Diocese of Nottingham, and sent to Rome at the age of 16. Some may argue whether this is altogether too young, but it must be said that the only two students I am aware came at that age both became Bishops! Perhaps it did leave a mark on the young man. For most of his life he remained quite reserved and shy of people – especially women – until he came to know a person well. Then he was revealed in his true colours: a man of feeling and affection, with a sense of humour that revelled in friendly teasing and banter.

Cyril Restieaux loved Rome, the College, Italy (he often recalled happy gitas cycling and mountaineering) and especially Palazzola. It was a love that would endure over the next 70 years. He would often say - in his "declining years" as he called them - that he lived for his three-week holiday at the Villa, and for his chance to ordain men on the path to priesthood. He cannot be said to have loved the Gregorian University and academic study; perhaps he lived too much in the shadow of men like John Carmel Heenan and George Patrick Dwyer, and he was always conscious of not being so gifted as so many of his contemporaries. But although no intellectual giant, he developed a real talent for communicating the faith as something real and warm and attractive. It bore fruit: in a book of talks published in 1949 which was revised and republished in the late 80's under a more descriptive title, 'Dedicated to Christ'.

Dedicated to Christ aptly sums up Fr Cyril Restieaux, ordained priest in 1932. In his book he would write of the apostles: "they knew the sweetness of Our Lord's friendship, and since the day when he called them, and they had been thrilled by



His invitation 'come, follow me', they had been glad to leave all things to be always at His side. They could not imagine any happiness or purpose in life if not with Him." Fr Restieaux had a deep and lively faith, and a true love of the Christ to whom he dedicated his life. He thought no life could be so wonderful or so fulfilling as that of a priest; as a priest, he was a round peg in a round hole. He could never understand how any man could abandon his priesthood; the steady stream of priests leaving active ministry from the late 60's onwards remained painful and incomprehensible to him to his dying day. His own love for Christ and the priesthood found natural expression in his love for the Mass. His genuine sincerity and devotion at the altar was tangible, and continued to impress after 60 years of priesthood.

After a short curacy in Nottingham, Fr Restieaux was appointed Parish Priest in the delightful town of Matlock where he spent the war years. His disciplined approach to priestly ministry obviously impressed Bishop Ellis who after the war brought him back to Nottingham as Administrator of the Cathedral and Vicar General of the Diocese. Here, many decades before R.C.I.A., he delighted in an annual series of talks for non-Catholics on the Faith. They were heady days: many would-be converts flocked to the Church, and Mgr Restieaux urged them towards becoming Catholics: "How miserable would be our lives" he said, "if we had not this steadfast belief. How useless would be our Faith if we could not look forward to a happy and better and eternal life. For if our Creed did not end with the words 'life everlasting', then our religion would not be worth bothering with. It would just end like all other earthly things and life would be an unintelligible foolishness."

In 1955, at the age of only 45, Cyril Restieaux was appointed Bishop of Plymouth. He was to remain for more than 30 years as Bishop of a Diocese that was numerically small but geographically large, stretching from the Isles of Scilly to Bournemouth. There was a moment when he was asked to consider leaving Plymouth to become Rector of the College in Rome; but he had found his niche and wisely declined. He was constantly on the move, and made sure that every parish was visited every third year. His energies went into ensuring a competent administration and encouraging genuine pastoral zeal among priests and laity. There is a common misconception that Plymouth is some sort of backwater where nothing of note ever happens. But Bishop Restieaux was responsible for some genuine initiatives. In a diocese where many children had no access to Catholic schools, he saw the advantage of an annual catechetical camp where, through a mixture of instruction, prayer and fun, children would have a more intensive experience of the Church and realise that being a Catholic was not such an extraordinary thing. These became extremely popular and thanks to the co-operation of the CWL and many teachers the Diocese soon had 12-15 camps for different age groups and areas. Bishop Restieaux visited each one every year, celebrated Mass and encouraged children and helpers alike.

His own love of priesthood made the fostering of vocations one of the principal themes of his episcopate. He not only mentioned it on every parish visitation, but he soon began the annual Diocesan Vocations Retreat where young men aged 15 and over came together for five days of serious prayer and reflection. There is hardly a priest in the Diocese under 55 who has not come through the retreat



system. Each year the Bishop would have an individual interview with each retreatant. He was very shrewd in his assessment of possible candidates - just as he was equally aware of the qualities of his priests, and very perceptive of the most suitable parish in which to place them.

As Bishop Restieaux moved round the Diocese he encouraged a long list of building projects: an average of more than one new Church a year and many schools and presbyteries too. But all was done with a canny eye on the Diocesan budget, and he was proud of the fact that there was no Diocesan debt when he came to retire. But his favourite task was his weekly visitation of the parishes, exhorting people to love and practice the Faith. He led by example; until he grew old, he always insisted on being taken by the parish priest to visit the sick and housebound.

Some obituaries have noted that Bishop Restieaux, who attended the Second Vatican Council throughout, could not be described in the vanguard of the liturgical and ecumenical changes it ushered in. But the Bishop was convinced of the importance of the vernacular, and he pioneered in England the first joint Catholic-Anglican school, Cuthbert Mayne Comprehensive in Torquay. Perhaps it says something about his ability to get his own way that such a school was named after a Catholic Reformation martyr!

The years passed, and Bishop Restieaux went quietly, humbly and generally serenely about his episcopal duties. Although he never became a national figure, and spoke rarely at Hierarchy meetings, his influence was felt. There could still be a story to be unearthed and told about his influence over the appointment of Archbishop Heenan to Westminster. Certainly, Cardinal Amleto Cicognani, the Secretary of State (for whom Cyril as College electrician had done many a job in the 30's), twice called Bishop Restieaux in to talk about this appointment (it was during the Council). Could it be that he swung the debate in Heenan's favour?

In January 1986, Bishop Restieaux ordained Christopher Budd as Bishop of Plymouth in his place, and the Emeritus Bishop retired to a convent at a beautiful location in Torquay. Here the years passed quietly enough: the daily round of prayer, Mass for the sisters and schoolgirls, an occasional visit of priest friends, and the highlight, the annual visit to Palazzola. He remained in good health, though growing frailer year by year. On 25th February this year he celebrated his 86th birthday. Being a Sunday he preached at Mass, with the accustomed zeal, still exhorting sisters, girls and parishioners to be true to the Faith. In the afternoon he gave Benediction, and then entertained Bishop Budd and the Vicar General to supper. They had animated conversation and inevitably many reminiscences. Bishop Restieaux spent the next day quietly preparing for a birthday outing with priests on the Tuesday. It was not to be. As he prepared for bed he collapsed and died instantly. It was a great mercy of the Lord he loved, for the Bishop, despite his faith, had a great fear of sickness and the process of dying. A week later Plymouth Cathedral was packed to say a fond farewell to one of whom the words of St Paul can truly be predicated: "I have fought the good fight to the end; I have run the race to the finish; I have kept the faith; all there is to come now is the crown of righteousness."



Bishop Restieaux also had a great love and devotion to Our Lady. During the four years of the Council he celebrated Mass every morning in the College Chapel at her altar. It was most fitting then, that his final resting place was at the foot of Our Lady's altar in his former Cathedral. May he rest in peace.

*Mgr Adrian T. Toffolo*

## Fernanda Fei Piacentini

*21st November 1930 - 30th September 1995*

The following reflection originally appeared in the *Palazzola Holiday Newsletter* of November 1995.

**O**n the afternoon of Monday, 2nd October, Fernanda was brought into the Church of Our Lady of the Snows for the last time. In a few moving words Fr. Michael Cooley recalled how often Fernanda had entered this Church, for important events in the life of her family, and of Palazzola; at many celebrations, great and small, in the life of the College; bustling through countless times about the business of the villa and its needs.

Now it was a poignant place to pause during her final journey. Family, friends and the College community then set off with her to the Parish Church at Rocca, where she had been baptised, and married. There, in a packed church, we celebrated the Requiem Mass of the Resurrection for Fernanda. Afterwards Rocca di Papa seemed to have almost come to a standstill as the two communities, village and Palazzola, mingled together as Fernanda was laid to rest. Alfredo and his marvellous family gave us a wonderful example of strength, dignity and love in their grief.

Fernanda's last illness came suddenly and was brief. It followed several years in which she had struggled again with depressive illness that she had overcome earlier in her life. She was always a fighter, and a person of great heart and emotion.

She had poured that heart and emotion into her family, throughout the years of enormous contrast at Palazzola; dark, wet winters at one end of a great lifeless building, and then the brilliant summer months when it became a religious community of seminarians. It gave her and the whole family joy and satisfaction when the years of fearing a gradual decline of the College's commitment to



Palazzola gradually was transformed, with the imaginative contribution of the first holiday groups, into a complete renewal and new lease of life for the building. But Fernanda and Alfredo contributed much more than heart and emotion to that process. Their hard work, integrity and expertise has been a vital factor at all stages of the development. How often did the first groups, and then the Sisters and successive priest chaplains at Palazzola say that without the family, it could not have been done. In all that, Fernanda, 'La Voce', revealed great talents and abilities, making the transition from family kitchen to professional catering with ease and brilliant flair, and bringing leadership and organisational skills to the practical running of the house. She was formidably good. Well, she was just formidable. She was not to be trifled with or messed about, but my goodness how she loved Palazzola and all of us. She played a major part in what Palazzola is today, and many thousands of people have cause to be grateful and to remember a very special person. May she rest in peace.



*Anna Fernanda Fei in Piacentini*  
born 21st November, 1930, died 30th September, 1995



# “The Allures of License and Delight”<sup>91</sup>

## *Cardinals’ Villas in the Early Renaissance*

**A**t the very beginning of the Renaissance in Rome in the fifteenth century a sure sign that the papacy was once more firmly established in the city after the Schism and Exile was the cardinals’ keenness to possess both a palace in Rome and a villa nearby. This trend marks the patronage of the cardinals of Pope Pius II (1458-64). Pius recognised the College of Cardinals as an important resource for the papacy – many hands were better than two to rebuild Rome – and consequently his cardinals were willing to invest in the city and the Papal States.

It was very important for a cardinal to have not only an official residence in Rome but also a country retreat, in which to escape the heat of the city. The Florentine humanist, Leon Battista Alberti, had recognised this as important in the life of the Renaissance prince, but most striking about the cardinals of Pius II is that, despite their connections with other diocese and their home states, the cardinals chose to find both sorts of accommodation – official residence and country retreat – in or near Rome. While Pius II’s consolidation of the papal states only served to encourage the already popular practice of the *villeggiatura*, the cardinals’ willingness to participate fully in the life of the city signalled the permanent return of the papacy to Rome.<sup>2</sup>

The duality of Rome’s urban environment, with both town and countryside within the walls, provided an ideal and unique opportunity for the cardinals to seek their leisure close by. Even the more desolate areas of the city, such as the Aventine and the Coelian hills, which had been left empty save for isolated monasteries, were becoming fashionable retreats for the cardinals. According to Alberti, so fundamental a facet of dignified living was a matter deserving careful planning:

*“The villa must be located at no great distance from the city, along an easy and unobstructed route, in a convenient place ... if the villa is not distant, but close to by a gate of the city, it will make it easier and more convenient to flit ... between town and villa, whenever desirable, without the need to dress up and without attracting anyone’s attention ... Then again the villa ought not to be consigned to some deserted, forsaken, and obscure location, but should be situated where provisions are plentiful, and life sweet and free of danger ...; the ideal location would be one that enjoys the benefits of*



*the above, yet where your family life will not be plagued by acquaintances who are constantly passing by.*"<sup>3</sup>

Fortunately the more isolated monasteries in and around the city provided ideal villa settings and consequently Rome's restoration could be combined with the cardinals' private patronage. Pius himself was too busy with other papal agendas, making his reliance on his cardinals' patronage central to his administration of Rome.<sup>4</sup>

Pius' own devotion to the *villeggiatura* is well documented in his *Commentaries*, but unlike earlier popes he did little to provide his own retreats, save for Pienza (his birthplace near Siena which he renamed after himself).<sup>5</sup> As Pope he had to contend with Rome's murderous summer climate like everybody else: in 1450 Pope Nicholas V had had to flee the city to escape the plague which had been brought by the pilgrims of the Holy Year; so worried was he that he forbade any visitors from Rome from entering his haven at Fabriano. Although Pius did construct the Rocca Pia in Tivoli this was really an unsubtle attempt to suppress the natives there "since the city of Tivoli is rated as the second fortification of Rome".<sup>6</sup> He preferred instead to rely upon the hospitality of his cardinals. After the 1462 celebrations of Corpus Christi in Viterbo, a once favoured extra mural centre for the papal court, Pius lunched with the Cardinal of Quattro Coronati, Ludovico Juan de Mila (now buried in Santa Maria di Monserrato) noting the embellishments the cardinal had made to the old papal palace.<sup>7</sup> Other trips into Rome's environs took the Pope to villas and country retreats which the cardinals used as secluded havens from Rome's heat, as will be seen shortly. Many of the cardinals enjoyed more than one possible escape: intermediate between the villa and the palace were the villas within the city walls which were both convenient for business and good for the health.

In April 1463 Cardinal Francesco Gonzaga was granted the house attached to the church of Sant'Agata dei Goti on the Quirinal. He followed the precedent of the older native cardinals, such as Prospero Colonna, in having both a summer residence and town house within the city walls. Although such areas were still too far from the main inhabited parts of the medieval city to serve as permanent residences and in any case lacked the prestige of the urban palace, the suburban villas had other attractions.<sup>8</sup> Gonzaga had been fortunate to acquire this pleasant retreat (which he proceeded to develop) even though he also enjoyed a *vigna* near Tusculum.<sup>9</sup> His experiences as a cardinal whose family had no previous connections with Rome had shown him that the provision of supplies could be a precarious business in Rome. The acquisition of a productive *vigna* could provide an increasingly large household with an independent source of food. There was after all little commerce in Rome that could be relied on outside papal circles.

A cardinal's retreat could provide a focus for their pastoral responsibility as well as providing them with essential supplies. Many of Pius' cardinals acquired monasteries within the walls which they then proceeded to restore. Indeed this form of retreat was keenly sought after by cardinals whose time and resources in Rome might be limited by political manoeuvring. The restoration of an established community and its facilities was much less burdensome than the complete rebuilding of some medieval ruin. Whether or not this was a conscious decision by Pius to extend the city's care from the Pope through the cardinals to



the monasteries is unclear, though the evidence suggests a conscious policy. Berardo Eruli, Cardinal of Spoleto, governed the abbey of Tre Fontane near the ancient basilica of San Paolo fuori le Mura, which he also restored.<sup>10</sup> Francesco Todeschini Piccolomini was granted the little monastery of San Saba on the Piccolo Aventino, which had previously been in the possession of Prospero Colonna.<sup>11</sup> He proceeded to restore and embellish it, altering its facade, adding a loggia above and decorating its interior with frescoes. Piccolomini may not have been entirely disinterested, as the example of Francesco Gonzaga has already indicated. In fact he seems to have used the little monastery as his Roman residence while his palace proper was being constructed where Sant'Andrea della Valle now stands.<sup>12</sup> Whilst in other cities of the Italian peninsula the higher echelons of society were accustomed to having both city palaces and country villas, only in Rome could the cardinals find both of these within the city's walls.

When he died, in 1473, the French cardinal Jean Jouffroy left behind him a *vigna* near the Baths of Diocletian.<sup>13</sup> The land there was probably farmed for the cardinal's household, providing him with a convenient retreat from the city centre, which exemplifies the rural nature of the Rome outside the Tiber bend. These properties were eagerly sought by cardinals increasingly interested in pleasant surroundings to enhance their new Roman lifestyle. Even in the busy centre the cardinals tried to make their own havens. At San Marco the earliest plans for Pietro Barbo's new palace included a garden opening off the cardinal's private apartments at the south end.

The Greek Cardinal Bessarion was well housed in town and country. Together with his relatively modest house next to Santi XII Apostoli, the cardinal possessed a villa just within the city's walls at the Porta San Sebastiano, an area where roads were "hemmed in by the hedges and walls of vineyards".<sup>14</sup> The Casa Bessarione, as it is now called, gives a rare glimpse into these suburban residences, what they must have looked like and the purposes they served. Modest in size and construction the *casina* lies in an area of the city which has never been developed and still holds a bucolic air, removed from the busy centre yet within easy reach of it. Although no documentary evidence substantiates Bessarion's inhabitation of the house it is known that the cardinal had an unspecified place of retreat in the open county with the title of San Cesareo. As the *casina* does indeed share the same ground as the church of San Cesareo and its architectural style is roughly dateable to the 1460s, it seems likely that this was indeed Bessarion's. Inside the loggia which dominates the front aspect of the villa are crescent moons which probably allude to the arms of the Piccolomini pope, though the interior rooms were redecorated between 1468 and 1492 by a later cardinal inhabitant.<sup>15</sup>

Cardinals also sought their villa retreats outside the city walls but still within an easy day's travel. At Grottaferrata in the Alban Hills Bessarion was archimandrite (the Casa Bessarione lies in this direction). In 1462 Pius had given the eastern rite monastery to the Greek cardinal with the express purpose of restoring it and its community.<sup>16</sup> Not only did he stabilise the disrupted administration of the monastery, but he also restored the church and abbey, not simply reconstructing its buildings but restoring its cultural and spiritual life by his patronage. Though it is unclear if the cardinal ever used the monastery to escape the heat of Rome,



its eastern connections must have provided a focus for Bessarion's vigorous determination to unite the two halves of Christendom.

Other monasteries, some devoid of their communities, provided country retreats for the cardinals.

*The chamberlain, Ludovico, had acquired the ruined monastery of St. Paul in Albano, founded by pope Honorius III, and had restored it. The church, which was roofless, he repaired. He erected splendid houses and where once he hunted wolves and foxes he planted gardens and made the place delightful. There is a never-failing spring there but nevertheless he built cisterns from which better water could be obtained. The climate is not unhealthy though the place is exposed to the sea winds which blow from Africa. Ludovico kept animals of various kinds here, among them peacocks and pheasants and goats from Syria with very long ears hanging down and covering their cheeks. The whole aspect of the place was changed under him and the monastery repaired.<sup>17</sup>*

At Rocca di Papa, on the other side of Lake Albano, Prospero Colonna strengthened and restored the settlement of which he was prefect, though undoubtedly for his own pleasure. In the area around Albano the Colonna held considerable sway just as the Orsini did to the north west of Rome at Bracciano. Ancient feudal claims ensured their possession of properties in the papal states but Pius was careful neither to encourage nor remove that power. In fact he studiously avoided seeming loyal to either faction and refused to add any more of these families to the College of Cardinals. While other popes had attempted to reduce the power of the old feudal clans, Martin V encouraging the Colonna (of which he was one) at the expense of the Orsini and Eugenius IV vice versa, these two powerhouses had emerged relatively unscathed and still important landowners around the city. While many of the cardinals seem to have joined this struggle for control of areas around Rome, Pius emphasised by his visits to their domains that they were merely caretakers there.

Close to Rocca di Papa was the idyllic monastery of Santa Maria Palazzola (now villa of the English College) which Isidore used to escape the summer heat. Pius records with delight his visit there:

*Santa Maria Palazzola is an ancient church, not very large, with one archway and a vestibule supported on marble columns...The place overhangs the Alban Lake. The rock has been cut away far enough to give room for the monastery and garden. Grottoes too have been quarried out where abundance of water bubbles up and the clear springs fill the fishponds. It is delightful in summer to see the cold sparkling water thrown high into the air through pipes and it is available for the needs of all the monks. In a corner beyond the beautifully terraced garden is a large natural cave always shady till noon ... Isidore, Cardinal of Ruthen, when he took refuge there from the summer heat, usually had lunch in the grotto...The very narrow approach to the monastery can easily be guarded by a few men. To the right very high precipices fall to the lake, to the left is a towering*



*cliff in which the ancients hewed the path with iron tools. At the left before you enter the monastery there is a high wall-like rock on which according to ancient custom were sculpted the fasces of a Roman consul and twelve axes. Six were covered with ivy, six were still visible. Pius ordered the ivy to be cleared away to encourage the memory of antiquity.*<sup>18</sup>

Similarly, the Spanish Cardinal of San Sisto, Juan de Torquemada (uncle of the infamous inquisitor) presided over the monastery of Subiaco. In the summer of 1461 he invited the Pope there who took the relatively difficult journey south, glad to leave the heat of the city for the hills upon which Subiaco is perched.<sup>19</sup> There, at the monastery above St. Scholastica the Pope met a Spanish monk, possibly installed there by Juan de Torquemada's connections with the monastery.

*When they reached the monastery they found enough level space for a church, cloister, and the offices necessary for a monastery...The Pope noticed a new vineyard heavy with ruddy grapes which had been quarried out of the rock ... He asked who was responsible for this new project and was told that it was a certain Bishop of Silves, a Spaniard of Lusitania, who had grown weary of ecclesiastical pomp and hated the cares of this world...He had built this house and planted this vineyard, which would bring the monks a large income.*<sup>20</sup>

Rodrigo Borgia (the future Pope Alexander VI) later became commendatory abbot of St. Scholastica and built the fortress there which still dominates the town.<sup>21</sup> This benefice was obviously a desirable one, for Rodrigo Borgia had to bargain for it - and its lordship of twenty-two villages - with Sixtus IV, scarcely after the latter had become pope in 1471.

The cardinals of the mid-fifteenth century (like the students of the English College) saw the provision of a means of escape from Rome as important as having an official or workaday residence there. Rome's unique situation allowed both facilities to be found in or near the city. Palazzola today would undoubtedly be Alberti's ideal villa: "Let everything smile at the visitor and greet him when he arrives. And once he has entered, let him be unsure whether it would be more pleasurable to stay where he is or to venture further, enticed by its gaiety and splendour".<sup>22</sup>

**Carol Richardson**

1. L. B. Alberti. *On The Art of Building in Ten Books*, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1988, 294.
2. For a fuller discussion of this central aspect of Roman life see D.R.Coffin, *The Villa in the Life of Renaissance Rome*, Princeton, 1979.
3. Alberti 141
4. Pius II's papacy was dominated by problems in three areas: the organisation of a Crusade against the Turks who had conquered Constantinople in 1453; the consolidation of the fragmented papal states, the establishment of the papacy on the stage of European politics.



5. For example, Nicholas V had restored and enlarged the old palace attached to Santa Maria Maggiore on the Esquiline and had embellished the baths at Viterbo, which Pius himself enjoyed on several occasions. See "Pius II Commentarii: Rerum Memorabilium que Temposibus suis Contigerunt", *Studi e Testi*, Vatican City, 312-3 (1984), 495 and C.Burroughs, *From Signs to Designs: Environmental process and Reform in Early Renaissance Rome*, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 192.
6. *Secret Memoirs of a Renaissance Pope: The Commentaries of Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini*, Pius II, (F.A.Gragg trans), London, 1988, 184; *Commentarii*, 312, 344: "iecit igitur euestigio fundamenta in subliminiori urbis loco, ubi ueterum fuisse ruine adhuc extantes indicabant. duas erexit turre, quarum muri uiginti pedes spissitudinis habuerunt, altitudinis altera centum triginta, altera centum; reliquis muris suam proportionem attribuit. fossam latam ac profundam circumduxit. cisternas duas effodit. portam marmoribus adornauit, in quis hos uersus inculpi iussit: GRATIA BONIS, INUISA MALIS, INIMICA SVPERBIS SUM TIBI; TIBUR ENIM SIC PIUS INSTITUIT. "
7. *Commentarii*, 313, 504: "triclinia et cubicula sunt digna principe; cardinalis cuncta magnifice exornauit. aula inerat altissimi suspensa fornicibus et que lucis multum et gratissimum haberat prospectum, et marmoreum in medio fontem, largas et perspicuas aquas pluribus fistulis eructantem. hunc auro et argento uestiuit. aulea pro parietibus pretiosa suspendit, que memoratu dignas historias conuiuum, quale reges instruere solent, apparauit."
8. Chambers, "The Housing Problems of Cardinal Francesco Gonzaga", *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes*, 39 (1976), 33, n.82.
9. Coffin, Villa, 41.
10. Ciacconio, *Vitae et Res Gestae Pontificum Romanorum S.R.E. Cardinalium*, Rome, 1677, col. 1037.
11. Archivio Segreto Vaticano, Schedario Garampe 113, Indice 556: *Chiese di Roma*, f.142v: "1463 Francesco Card. S. Eustachii commendatur mon. S. Sabe. Urbis de Prosperii Card. S. Giorgii." The church was not held for the first time *in commendam* under Pius II as suggested by P. Testini, *S.Saba: Chiese di Roma illustrate*, Rome, 1961, 14.
12. H.Hibbard, "The Early History of Sant'Andrea della Valle", *The Art Bulletin*, XLIII (1961), 296.
13. The holding is mentioned in a letter dated three days after the cardinal's death on 7th December, 1473 in ASV, Registri Vaticani 559, ff.238r-238v: Chambers, "Housing Problems", 41, n. 140; Burroughs, *Signs to Designs*, 167, 181.
14. D.Biolchi, *La casina del cardinale Bessarione*, Rome, 1954; *Memoirs*, 163.
15. A bull of Boniface VIII of 1302 recorded that the church of San Cesareo was under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Tusculum, a position which Bessarion had acquired under Nicholas V: Coffin, *Villa*, 64-5 and T.E.S.Yuen, *Illusionistic Mural Decoration of the Early Renaissance in Rome*, PhD Thesis, New York University, 1972, 104.
16. *Commentarii*, 313, p.711: "Huic monasterio preuit abbas calaber, homo litigiosus, uerum qui multa per iudicum recuperauit amissa. Romani hunc infestum habuere sepeque ferro perdere temptauerunt, cum possessiones eorum uetustas perturbaret et antiquas sopitasque dudum lites pergeret excitare. Pius eum in Siciliam transtulit ibique fecit archimandritam; Criptam Ferretam Bessarioni cardinali niceno commendauit, qui monasterium ipsum nouis ac pulcherrimis edificiis instaurare cepit." See also A.Grossi-Gondi et al., *La Badia Greca di Grottaferrata*, Rome, 1930, 11.
17. *Memoirs*, 306-7.
18. *Memoirs*, 311-2; see also C.Stinger, *The Renaissance in Rome*, Bloomington, 1985, 76. The fasciae are still visible in the rock face on the north side of the villa. See Fr. A. J. Grimshaw, *Convento di Palazzola*, Rome, 1994, 3.
19. Ciacconio, *Vitae*, col.918; *Commentarii*, 312, 405-8.
20. *Memoirs*, 206.
21. Padre Benedettini di Subiaco, *Subiaco*, Rome, 1986, 3; M.Mallett, *The Borgias: The Rise and Fall of a Renaissance Dynasty*, London, 1969, 83.
22. Alberti, 296.



# Into the Wilderness

I was asked at the beginning of Lent to give the first of a series of talks on the theme of the “desert”, bringing into focus Jesus’ forty days in the desert linked to the forty-year experience of Israel. These are some of the thoughts I had which are expressed in the poem that follows.

## *The Stones*

We follow His footsteps and they lead into the desert  
Where the shifting sand remembers the manna well measured,  
Enough and a people who turned with murmuring groans  
Back to full bowls in slavery, brick and stones.

“Come Lord and turn these stones into bread  
Provide yourself” the trust tempter said.  
But He in hunger did not hunger and broke instead  
The providing word of God and waited to be fed.

Then comes our turn-these-stones-to-bread temptation  
And we are hungry against our every limitation  
Wanting it all, quantity, quality, variety  
And so we turn and grab at life’s entirety;  
Friends acquired, places logged,  
Feelings satisfied, dreams possessed,  
Plans achieved, persona fulfilled  
And hunger laid to rest.

These bread stones fill our sack, our space  
Resisting room for the God-provider’s grace  
Of wonder, promise, expectancy, surprise.  
Yet He who turned the stone at Easter’s bright sunrise  
Awaits our turning back. Our greedy selves he owns.  
He takes the bread, restores to us our scarcity  
And gives us back the stones.

Jesus’ experience in the desert and the struggles it entailed are representative of the whole struggle of His life and death. It shows us His discernment as to how He was to carry out His father’s will and how the character of His mission was to be shaped. It points to self-giving as the resolution of this conflict for Him and so also for us. He refuses to take certain “short cuts”, suggested to Him by Satan, in establishing the kingdom of God.

Jesus’ conduct in the face of temptation contrasts with the behaviour of the Israelites in the desert who constantly rebelled against the uncertainty and



mysteriousness of God's way of doing things. Our conduct is so often little better as we seek easier, immediate success or panic when our ministry seems barren.

It is interesting to note that the gospel writers portray Jesus as being led into the desert. Mark is more forceful still. Jesus is driven into the desert. This is more often than not our experience. We do not go gladly and romantically into the desert. The desert comes to us in the form of fatigue, lack of results, monotony, hardship and hostility. I noted in the Sunday Times travel section recently an article by James Strachan about the desert around Egypt in which he wryly comments that while one can muse on the romanticism of the desert on a short safari, "the Bedouin nomad, worn down by a lifetime's wanderings ... will tell you that it is a myth. He may make a virtue out of the necessity of independence but then he will complain bitterly of the monotony and the deprivation – no wonder that to the nomads oases are known as the islands of the Blest."

The desert is not somewhere else. It is where we are. The fingers of the desert stretch into our lives without our consent and how we respond to the challenge is a mark of our willingness to conform our ministry to that of Jesus. The poem below takes up the three temptations of Jesus as three desert challenges of scarcity, sameness and sterility. These are all things we do not like to live with in our present day society.

## *The Pinnacle*

We follow his footsteps and to the wilderness he has brought us  
Where weathered rock remembers Meribah and the waters  
That flowed for a people who tested God's mystery  
Unremembering of wonders already woven in their history.

"Come Son of God, throw yourself down from this extremity  
Advertise yourself", is the faith tempter's plea.

He made no exhibition, no thrilling fall, no

"See what I can do". There is no need to test His potency.

It is then our chance, our throw against this high temptation  
And we are bored with our unremarkable station  
Wanting the flight, the show, the spectacular policy  
And so we fly and plunge into life's fantasy,

Dazzling schemes, prestige events,  
Instant solutions and success expand,  
To show the things that God can do  
If he follows my command.

This fine display in one great swoop is such  
That needs no trial and error, no constant healer's touch,  
No daily bread, no suffering, no loss.

Yet He whose only self-display was mounted on a cross  
Accepts our leaps of fancy. He resets us on the height,  
Takes our testing, invites us to dull sanity  
And bids us not take flight.



Scarcity or having barely enough instead of having a surplus or too much is an option that we find hard to take. It applies to many areas of life not just to food and drink. We resist limitation, we fight against waiting for God to provide and want to rush in and provide for ourselves more than we need.

Sameness or ordinariness goes against the tabloid culture of living in headlines and extraordinary events. We are schooled to respect the spectacular, to look for the "miracle", to want success.

Sterility or acceptance of long term unseeable results so often frustrates us. We are tempted to take the short cut in order to see our efforts rewarded. We do not like the idea of the fruit of our labours being in God's hands.

### ***The Kingdoms of the Earth***

We follow his footsteps and in desert lands we tread  
Where the mountain reaches remember the covenant dead  
Almost at birth as the people bowed to a wrought piece of gold  
Ignoring the infinite, and the love their own lips had told.

"Come Jesus, Bow down before me, these kingdoms to possess,  
Just invert your worship " is the love tainters test.  
He made no prostration, no move to change his "Yes"  
To the Father and kept his faithfulness.

Then comes our time to answer the idol temptation  
And we are anxious midst all our frustration  
Wanting results, conquests, favourable statistics and record,  
And we bow low and grovel before evil accord  
With wealth stored, power gained  
Numbers assured and produced at a nod  
Cosmetics and control  
All for good and for God.

This great act of adoration with its solution from above  
Removes the need for graced intent and countless acts of love  
For perserverance, faith-intensive work and living.  
Yet he who only bowed his head in final selfless giving  
Atones our idolatry. He brings us back from the dead,  
Takes the illusion, restores to us our barrenness  
And raises up our head.

***John Marsland***



# A House of variety

Usually a visitor to the *Venerabile* misses a piece of the universal Church inhabiting the former nuns' quarters now called *Sherwin House*. Maybe the old timers still consider this to be a no-go area. I would like to say that the sisters are no more there and so it is no more a no-go-area. But rather it is a must-go-area if only to see a pocket-size universal church. As knowledge is power let me empower you, both the visitors and the inmates, with more knowledge about us.

We are eleven strong now and there is room for one more. Many more knock at our doors looking for places. One thing special about us is the variety. You will surely notice the different skin colours we can present. The diversity does not end there. The eleven of us are from nine different countries. There are two each from India and Poland and the other countries represented are Ghana, Italy, Macedonia, Romania, Slovachia, Syria and Venezuela. For a while we had a deacon from Australia staying with us. Australia, therefore, remains the only continent not represented now in our world. The representative of Malta and the English man, who were with us, have moved into the adjacent flat also belonging to the College. The former continues to be an associate member of the house as he is having his meals in our company.

On the language front there is more variety. The number of languages we together can handle are more than a dozen and a half. Therefore, the general understanding reached is to keep Italian as the working language without ignoring the official language of The Venerabile. An occasional chat in Polish or a small lesson in Arabic or Hindi may sometimes greet the visitor. Spanish and German, Romanian and Macedonia, Slovaca and Russian, French and Ashante, Malayalam and Kannada, Telugu and Tamil are some of the other languages that can be heard though mostly in soliloquies.

We are all Christians but not all Catholics. The Syrian Orthodox, the Romanian Orthodox and the Macedonian Orthodox churches are represented besides the Roman Catholic. To add to the variety, not all the Roman Catholics follow the Latin Rite as the Syro-Malabar Rite has got a representative among us. Next year we may have the Syro-Malankara Rite, the third Catholic rite in India, also represented here. All of us are priests but one, who is a student for priesthood. The visit of the wife and child of the Romanian Priest is to be mentioned here as it adds one more element, married and unmarried priests, to the list of varieties in Sherwin House.

In true ecumenical spirit we use our chapel for the celebrations of Catholic and Orthodox liturgies. The Orthodox Liturgy usually takes place once in a week, filling the place with incense fragrance and captivating chants in Syrian. The occasional house prayer sessions that we have resound with prayers in more



languages than the number of participants. The community Mass on Monday evenings and the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament on Friday evenings are attended by the Catholics. On the few times the orthodox brethren were present for the H. Mass we all felt sad that they could not partake in the H. Eucharist. During the week days, celebration of the H. Mass is left to suit the individual's convenience but most of us use one of the fixed times of 7 a.m. or p.m. As far as possible we make it a point to join the solemn Eucharistic celebration in the College main chapel on Sundays.

As we frequent different universities we have got varied study schedules. This is the reason that sometimes the breakfast table feels neglected, not because we all stick to our own individual time zones. *Pranzo* and *cena* are more often full-house affairs with guests from various parts of the world occasionally making their appearance. Meal times can become spicy with the discussion of various national delicacies and now and then we get to taste some of them courtesy of visitors and guests. We make good use of the tea room and the TV room. There is a panic when the phone system breaks down or when the lift sometimes forgets its *fermata*. Is it not understandable considering the area of the globe we have to keep in touch with? But you may not understand how sometimes we run up phone bills even up to 700,000 Lire for one call. That is our secret. We will not tell you that it was due to the handset being not replaced properly and the un-understanding nature of the *Telecom Italia*.

We are happy to have been given this opportunity to live in this international atmosphere and we thank the authorities of the *Venerabile* for the same. This is a great service rendered to different local churches at the same time and a boost to ecumenism. *Bravo Venerabile!* And so, do not miss this must-go-area next time around.

***Rev. Varghese Puthussery***



# 'The King's good servant, but God's first.'

Following a year without a lenten play, this year's production of Robert Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons* was a welcome and resounding success. Even as we approach June, acquaintances on the street are still remarking on how deeply moved they were ... never before! etc. Without doubt, the whole production was outstanding. Each of the three evenings was memorable for different reasons. So magnetic was the play to the non-acting members of the house that it was difficult on any evening to get an uninterrupted glimpse of the stage from the doorway. What was so special? There have been, without doubt, through the years other memorable and eminent productions. The fascination here, I believe, was the hidden protagonist, the saint himself, truly a man for all ages as well as all seasons. He is a man able to speak to what is most true and noble in the human heart even today.

Thomas More, a brilliant lawyer and scholar, a one-time stage actor, was a man of conscience, a man unwilling to compromise the truth, yet one who sought so conscientiously to seek the good in all things that he moved slowly, thoroughly, through what others may have condemned or even perceived as expedient before making his decision. This is lonely journey for anyone and not an easy one, even for the most integrated of people.

Today we are surrounded by many influences, not all of them for good, and some of them subtly but deeply destructive. We are all very receptive people. What we take in from outside we inevitably and unavoidably filter through our own experiences, opinions, expectations, prejudices and moods. *Nothing can be understood by anyone which has not first been received through the senses.*<sup>1</sup> This Aristotelian principle, well developed by Aquinas and universally held by scientists, at least gives us an insight into the wisdom of the need there is to interiorise by exteriorising. The widely held notion that it is only *the thought that counts*: doing one thing, thinking another, is not for us. Important as thoughts are, actions always speak louder than words, because they speak of the reality as we perceive it.

When subjective preference reigns over objective truth there is nothing left but a degenerate partiality which ultimately develops into a tyrannical disregard for everything except that which begins with *self!* In the ontological order, truth comes before any other quality of being. Within each of us there is a primitive tendency to selfishness which, if not checked, can develop within us a monstrous distortion of reality. Roper recorded a conversation More had with Norfolk: 'By god body, master More, Indignatio principis mors est.' 'Is that all, my Lord?'



quoth he. 'Then in good faith is there no more difference between your grace and me, but that I shall die to-day, and you to-morrow.'<sup>2</sup>

*The eye is the lamp of the body. So, if your eye is sound, your whole body will be full of light; but if your eye is not sound, your whole body will be full of darkness. If then the light in you is darkness, how great is the darkness!*<sup>3</sup>

What is received by the eye, or any other sense, becomes part of us, remains with us and carelessness in this regard can have very destructive consequences.

*Do not delude yourself into thinking God can be cheated: where a man sows, there he reaps; if he sows in the field of self-indulgence he will get a harvest of corruption out of it; if he sows in the field of the Spirit he will get from it a harvest of eternal life.*<sup>4</sup>

The world of fuzzy thought is always with us, and it is important for us to develop the ability to make prudent choices to guide us through the fog. *What does it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his soul? But for Wales!*

It is not uncommon today for people to regard lies, cowardice and even ruthlessness to be prudent, while holding truth, sacrifice, courage and tolerance to be excessive demonstrations of weakness. Aristotle said that *a good man can be said to be good only in so far as he is prudent.*<sup>5</sup> Prudence is a prerequisite for goodness. Good choices help us to discern what is truly at the heart of things, what it is to be fully human, to be fully alive in Christ.<sup>6</sup> They prevent us from marginalising God under whatever plausible guise.

If you like, prudence is a way of sharing in a vision of what things should be. It is the homing-in device, concerned with the *ways and means* of living. It requires openness to truth and is stifled by any prejudicial conclusion which excludes possibility. Rashness, harshness, hesitation, negligence, procrastination, dismissiveness and inconsistency are obstacles to it. It has nothing to do with caution, inactivity or mediocrity, constantly reducing things as irrelevant, or carelessness.

It has a lot to do with prayerful attention and discernment, reflecting upon one's everyday experiences and honestly examining one's motivations. Saint Bernard talks of it as *consideration*. *Con-siderare* meaning *to sit along side, to contemplate, to investigate*. It is an ennobling invitation. *I have set before you life and death, blessing and curse; therefore choose life ...*<sup>7</sup>

It was with great pride that we watched all this being directed, produced, enabled and enacted by men who added something more

beyond their ability to act. These are men of their age, yes, but men of God first.

1. Summa Theologiae I, q. 14, a. 1.

2. Roper, *Life of Sir Thomas More* (London, 1935), p. 71.

3. Matthew 6:22.

4. Galatians 6:7b-8.

5. Nicomachean Ethics, 1099a.

6. Aquinas, for example, tells us that by making a good choice we raise our inclinations and desires to the exalted centre of the *spiritual man*.

7. Deuteronomy 30:19-20.



# Pantomime 1995: The Wizard of Oz

**T**he piano overture eased us pleasantly into a story from which scholars can doubtless wrest profound human themes. Fortunately any scholars in the audience seemed disposed rather to follow the example of the children clustered in front of the stage, and simply enjoy the Panto.

As soon as the curtains parted it was evident that much wizardry had already been achieved by scene designers and painters, by props men, by costume and make-up crews. Throughout the performance we would be in admiration of the imaginative results of their hard work. Dorothy's clearly delivered lines, spoken and sung, introduced us to the plot, and the back-room boffins managed artfully to engineer the disappearance of the house which, together with Dorothy, was whisked away to Munchkinland to come to earth lethally on top of the Wicked Witch of the South.



*Ged Byrne, Chris Higgins, Adrian Tomlinson*

The scenery of Munchkinland created a sense of woodland spaciousness within which the elf-like Munchkins and their lithe king could express their relief at being rid so unexpectedly of the malign witch, while also assuring the bewildered Dorothy that she would find a way of returning home if she were to consult the Wizard of Oz.



Enter at this point that lovable trio, Scarecrow, Tin Man and Lion. Scarecrow, bereft of his supporting poles, collapsed very convincingly centre-stage, while the oiling of the rusty Tin Man was a triumph of synchronised movements and sound-effects. Cowardly Lion's display of bravado was hilarious, and it must have needed no small amount of courage to spend an evening in that splendid but hot costume.

So we were off down the Yellow Brick Road in search of the Wizard who could furnish not only Dorothy with the means of returning home, but also her three new companions with the brain, heart and infusion of courage for which each respectively longed.



*Tom Saunders, David Potter, Paul Fox*

It was not only the children in the audience who were taken completely by surprise at the dramatic entrance from between closed curtains of the Wicked Witch of the West, in her lurid red drapes and pointed hat, with her hideous visage and malevolent cackle. She was determined to take vengeance for the sudden obliteration, by the flying house, of her sister in sorcery, and of course her prime victim would be Dorothy together with her newly acquired companions. However, she was reckoning without the intervention of the Marvellous Witch of the North: this remarkable apparition would prance onto the scene a little later to dispense to Dorothy spiritual direction and a protective pair of magic slippers. These were to prove the undoing of the Wicked Witch; but it must be said that the latter carried off her role superbly throughout: the spot-on timing of her "O yes, yes" repartee had us all shouting back, while her demise (in rapid stages!) further on called for an amazing agility on the part of one who was by no means the youngest member of the cast.



Meanwhile, everyone was startled by the roar of motorbike engines as there swept in through the audience the dread minions of the Wicked Witch, the Winkies, a leather-jacketed Chapter of Hell's Angels who weaved in and out with their noisy machines (at least, with the handle-bars thereof, that each carried). Their menacing song was more of a battle-cry, sung with gusto – especially by the leader, who with his aggressive stance and lacquered quiff looked no stranger to Vice. The quick-fire “which witch?” exchanges were excellently performed, as were their efforts to cope with the Book of Spells (or with any kind of spelling) that would result in their inadvertently transmuting themselves into angels of a quite different hue.

An entertaining entra'act was provided by two other sinister henchmen of the Witch, Al Fresco and Al Dente. They were a perfect foil for each other and kept us chuckling (except when we were groaning at the puns).

After the drama of a kidnapping and a release, of spell countering spell, and after another song from Dorothy (a plaintive plea to be taken home, of such length that she did well to remember it all: the deft modulating of the pianist drew an incredulous giggle from the audience as they realised that there was yet another verse to come), we finally arrive at the Emerald City, abode of the Wizard of Oz.

The sardonic, Welsh-accented gate keeper takes much persuading, but eventually agrees to negotiate an interview with the Wizard for our intrepid travellers so that they may place their petitions before him. Thus they are admitted to the presence, and surely to the *pièce de resistance* of the set designers and their helpers. A computer-like creature confronts us centre-stage, with flashing eyes, a wide mobile mouth and a huge, intimidating voice with which he upbraids the cowering petitioners for daring to appear before him. So this awesome being is the Wizard of Oz. Well, not quite, but rather his mouthpiece, for the real speaker is discovered secreted off-stage, microphone still in hand and, once hauled into the midst, is revealed as a rather amiable little fellow in an Oriental dressing gown, somewhat diffident about his qualifications in magic, and with a tale to tell of how a mishap with a hot air balloon had landed him (literally) in his present role, while tragically separating him from her who had been the love of his life. Scolded by the fearless Dorothy for having occasioned a fruitless journey, he strives to do what he can for her three companions, conferring on them what each lacks and managing to incorporate into his patter a sly dig at members of the C. of E. that elicits a spirited rebuttal from their Rome representative in the audience. But what of Dorothy's need to reach home again? Since this exceeds the Wizard's powers, is all lost? Of course not! At this juncture, enter skippingly the Mediocre Witch of the South West, delivering her lines in tones redolent of Wurzel Gummidge and advertisements for Cornish pasties, with a penchant for inserting ominous asides that must have given the script-writers some anxious moments. She reveals that the magic slippers, tapped together three times, will transport the girl home to the bosom of her family. Well, they do not. The Witch has muddled things slightly, and the outcome is that the family – an aunt and two uncles – are translated to the Emerald City. Earlier, these three had led us in a song lamenting the disappearance of their 'Little Dot', and under interrogation by Constable Haywain had regaled us with an account of the inconvenience that ensues when one's rented accommodation suddenly takes wing.



Now, who should Dorothy's Aunt Em turn out to be but the Wizard's long-lost love! And so the scene was set for a tender reunion and the grand finale when we could all join in "Somewhere over the Rainbow". We had already been treated to a finely choreographed vision of a rainbow by the children, who had climbed eagerly onto the stage on cue, followed somewhat less eagerly on each night by the guest who had been cajoled into being dressed up in full view of everyone as a snowman – the brave victims were two distinguished theologians and a well-known diplomat.

The applause to which the curtain was rung down was thoroughly deserved. We had enjoyed a splendid production, with plenty of audience participation, on which the cast, the workers behind the scenes and not least the Producer together with the Co-Director/Writers are to be heartily congratulated.

*Anthony O'Sullivan*

## ***The Cast***

*Aunt Em:* Richard Walker; *Dorothy:* Jonathan Jones; *Uncle Frank:* Paul McDermott; *Uncle Toby:* Andrew Cole; *Constable Haywain – A Policeman:* Eddie Clare; *Snap – A Munchkin:* Patrick Mileham; *Crackle – A Munchkin:* Philip Miller; *Pop – A Munchkin:* Stephen Wright; *King Munch of The Munchkins:* Hugh Pollock; *The Marvellous Witch Of The North:* Arthur Roche; *The Wicked Witch Of The West:* Bruce Barnes; *The Scarecrow:* Chris Higgins; *The Tin Woodman:* Adrian Tomlinson; *The Cowardly Lion:* Ged Byrne; *Al Fresco – A Villain:* Emiel Abalahin; *Al Dente – A Ruffian:* Paul Rowan; *The Guardian Of The City Gates:* Joe Jordan; *Senior Guard:* Graham Platt; *Junior Guard:* Philip Miller; *Chief Winkie:* John Marsland; *The Winkies:* Steve Wang, Tim Menezes, Andrew Stringfellow, Tarcisio Chiurchiù; *The Wizard Of Oz:* Chris Thomas; *The Mediocre Witch Of The South West:* Adrian Toffolo

## ***Behind the Scenes***

*Stage Manager and Technical Producer:* Stephen Dingley; *Stage Hands:* Chris Howells, Francis Poku, Gerard Skinner, John Udris; *Music:* Gregory Knowles; *Set Design and Painting:* Jonathan Leach, Stewart Keeley, Emiel Abalahin; *Props:* Christian Daw; *Lighting:* Chris Bergin; *Sound Effects:* Richard Whinder; *Costumes:* Philip Caldwell, Victor Ghio, Ged Byrne; *Make-up:* John Pardo, Paul Ross, Martin Boland, Marius Carney, Marjorie Coughlan, Philip Caldwell, Andrew Stringfellow; *Curtain:* Christian Daw; *Prompt:* Amadeus Bulger; *Photography:* Paul Mason; *Video:* Tony O'Sullivan; *Programme and Tickets:* Eddie Clare; *Catering:* Mark Brentnall, Steven Billington, Paul Leonard; *Front of House:* David Bell, Hugh MacKenzie; *Additional Script:* John Marsland; *Produced by:* David Potter; *Written and Directed by:* Paul Fox and Tom Saunders.



# The notaries' archives in Rome and the early history of the Venerabile.

'But what are you doing, sister?'

'I'm working in the college archives. And I'm not a nun. I'm a history lecturer.'

'Oh...'

Conversation over a meal, often repeated during my recent stay in the college, when the Rector kindly gave me permission to work on the archives. By way of saying 'thank-you' to all who made my stay so enjoyable I thought it might be of interest to describe what else I found which concerned the early history of the English community which centred on the old hospice.

Those who have read the *Venerabile* sexcentenary issue for 1962 will know that the students transcribed John Shepherd's will from the Archivio di Stato: Collegio Notarii Capitolini, vol. 849, and that they also quoted an article by Emilio Re in the *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society* for 1923 which had used the same source. In medieval Italy one used a notary for every conceivable transaction: marriage vows were recorded as they were made, sales of wine in advance of harvest were noted, sales of houses, division of one house into two, wills, both death-bed and made whilst well, gifts, rental arrangements...all required a notary. The result in Rome is archives, divided principally between the Archivio di Stato and the Archivio Capitolino (next to Chiesa Nuova), which contain for the late middle ages a vast wealth of notebooks recording all these transactions. In recent years these archives have been receiving increasing attention from scholars and some of the notaries' books are even getting into print. But most are still in manuscript. I have been sure for years that they must contain more information about English people than is in the college deeds, but the question was: how to get at it? There are literally hundreds of closely written volumes for the period before 1500; it would take months to look at them all.

In the end I decided to concentrate on the period from 1362 (when the hospice was founded) up to 1420 (when the papacy re-established itself in Rome after the Great Schism) and to concentrate on the notaries whom the members of the hospice used, which I proposed to find out by looking at all the deeds for those dates, membranes 36 to 192.



My plan worked excellently for the college archives, but my long list of notaries produced only a few remaining notebooks in the state and city archives; a great deal must have got lost. I therefore also looked at several collections by notaries whom I did not think hospice members had used and found, in a few cases, that they did have English (or Welsh) transactions, which add to the information about English residents in Rome during the period.

From the college point of view it will be of interest to know that in the Archivio di Stato, as the students in 1962 already discovered, volume 849 of the Archivio Collegio Notarile Capitolino (a mixed bag including deeds of 1365 by Antonius Goioli Petri Scopte, which Re quoted and Professor Mosti<sup>1</sup> has now published) has quite a lot of English material. Professor Mosti's collection contains (number 111) John Shepherd's will, already published in *Venerabile* (1962, p. 42); the information about Sir Thomas Chandos which Re found (numbers 49 and 50); and the *pacificatio* (number 145) mentioned from Re in *Venerabile* 1962 (p. 47). It adds a will of December 1365, (number 148), made by Amata, wife of the late Henry Orlandi, an Englishman, living in the Arenula area, made in the hospice, with English witnesses and several English legatees, some of whom would need to be added to the list the students made in 1962. The information in Mosti's volume is better than Re's partly because modern ultra-violet lamps are better than any Re had!

Volume 848, of Johannes Paulus Anthoni Goioli, of 1412, has two sales of wine to John Johannis Gilgli, an Englishman, of Arenula district (fols. 184, 186v-187) and further sales to John Lopham, Englishman, living in Parione district, which Gigli witnessed. (234v, 235-5v). I wonder if this is the same man as John Geylot or Giliocti, from the college deeds of 1406, one of the administrators of St Edmund's hospice? (membrani 173, 174). Volume 270 (folios 1234) has the will of the notary Johannes Pauli Alisii of Arenula who left to the hospice one bed, one pair of sheets and three florins for a quilt and one litter (*lectoriam*) for the use of the poor in the hospice, in July 1394. He was the notary for membranes 109 and 110 (1382).

In the Archivio Capitolini the most useful notebooks were those of Paulo de Serromanis (Sez. I, vol. 649, numbers 7-13). No. 7 for 1364 folios 39v-42 has the deed which is membrane 38 in the college archives, and at folios 50-53v membrane 39. In 1366 (no. 8, fol. 131) we find Robert Roberti of Pinea and Henry Johannis of Trastevere, who figure often in the college deeds, acting as proctors to collect a debt for Sir Thomas Chandos, also found in Antonio Goioli Scopte's book. No. 9, for 1368, has what is now membrane 53, a will of Robert Roberti of Pinea. Volume 11 for 1371, as well as including what is now membrane 60 (folios 20v-25), has at folios 18-19, a sale of vineyards in April by an Italian woman in the Biberatica district (near via della Pilotta) to the hospice representatives who are Robert Roberti of Pinea, Richard Johannis of Trastevere and Johannes Roberti of Arenula; in May the letting of vineyards (folios 19v-20) at *Quo vadis* by the *camerarii* of the hospice, given as Robertus Roberti, Guilielmus Guilielmi and Thomaxius Nicoli, and in September a quittance for the labour of vineyards (folios 50v-51), with the officers as Robert of Pinea and Guilelmus Paternostrarius of St Angelo. Volume 12 for 1372, has a further agreement about vineyards, again featuring Robertus de Pinea for the hospice (fol. 5r/7v) and in October that year



Richard, John and Robert, all Englishmen for the hospice, let vineyards at *Quo vadis* to Guilelmo Mantello of Arenula (folios 85-86v) This last is the man mentioned in membranes 82 and 83 of 1375. Number 13 for 1377 contains the first of a series of arrangements resulting from the will of Robert de Pinea, between Thomasius Nicolai and Alicia Roberti, Robert's servant, to whom Pinea left his house for their lives, and his goods jointly. Ffolios 15-19 and 37r/v here have the arrangement by which they split the house, and the goods equally, with the agreement of the executors, also contained in membrane 88 of the college archives. The notary's book has also the division of other property. Serromanis's last book, in the same archives, Volume 650 for 1387 has a copy (folios 20-23) of what is now membrane 118, which completes the story. Further information about Alice is also contained in Volume 138 of the Capitolino archives, the books of Petrus Nicolai Ascallis, now edited by I. L. Sanfilippo (series *Codice diplomatico di Roma e della regione romana* no. 6, Società Romana di Storia Patria, 1989) where no. 80 shows her renting a house in 1368.

One further collection completed my notaries: the series in the Vatican Library known as Archivio della Chiesa di Sant'Angelo in Pescharia, I, nos 1-25. The notary who made this collection was Antonius Laurentii de Stephanellis de Scambis. Volumes 1, 3, and 5 here contain a remarkable series of wills, made between 1363 and 1369 by a woman who calls herself Rosa Ubertini Casarola Anglica, in 1363 the wife of John, an Englishman. She lived in Biberatica region. The series begins in July 1363 with her annulling a gift to her husband of a house she owns, because she says it was forced (1, folios 121v-3). This is followed shortly afterwards (folios 141r/v) by a will, made while she is well, leaving John Bramantis her servant, an Englishman, the right to live in two houses for his life and continue her business. Other legatees include one of her executors, Robert the English oblate of St Julia in Urbe (who is mentioned in membrane 37, as a witness to the deed by which the Shepherds offered their services to the hospice, printed in the sexcentenary edition, p. 41) and various pieces of bed-linen to the hospice, 'newly built in Arenula region'. Other legatees are also well known from the college deeds: Simon *paternostrarius* of Parione, who is also an executor and Robert of Pinea. She mentions as another executor and legatee 'my godfather' (*conpater*) Richard the Englishman of Trevii. A witness is also well known from college deeds: Henry the Englishman of Trastevere. Sad to say, from the hospice point of view, successive wills, in 1367 (3, fol. 9) and 1369 (5, folios 51v-52) cut out the hospice and all other English legatees except Bramante, whom she finally married.

Thus there is quite a lot of material for this early period in the notaries' archives of interest to historians of the *Venerabile*. Thanks to Mgr Toffolo, Sister Amadeus, David Potter and the other members of the college, I was able to start my examination of it in great comfort. I hope that this piece convinces you that it was worth while!

1. R. Mosti ed., *I protocolli notarile di Anthonius Gaioli Petri Scopite (1365)*, Rome 1991, nos 20, 49, 50, 110, 111, 145, 148.

*Margaret Harvey*



# Farewell to the Elisabettine Sisters

**O**n 20th December 1995 the College bade a sad but fond farewell to the Suore Francescane Elisabettine who had served the College so faithfully and well for 75 years. Some of the Provincial Council, together with Suor Angelia who had been cook for several years, came to join the four resident sisters, Suor Laudelina, Suor Gemma, Suor Livia and Suor Maria, in a Mass of thanksgiving and a festal supper to mark the closure of the convent, which in its last year had moved to a homely apartment at no 48.

For many years the sisters, with the help only of a few girls who they were really training in domestic life, had sole charge of all cooking and refectory duties, laundry and mending. Normally there were eight or nine sisters in community, so there was plenty of work for all of them. It was a 365-days-a-year task, which began early in the morning with the preparation of breakfast and continued until well past nine in the evening. As the chorus of one rather trite concert song ran: "Le brave suore, tutto il giorno, tanto da fare, sempre da fare ..."

There was much work to be done, but the sisters had a well-trying and well-oiled operation to make sure that it was all done, with several visits to the chapel in between ironing the shirts and putting yet another patch on numero 60's mutande. Every solemnity and feast had its own special level of culinary and vinous delights: the number of courses, the type of pasta, the quality of dolce, the quantity of wine, the origin of the liquori. Madre's 'liqs' were not her most successful invention, but shrimp antipasto was a winner until that fateful Martyrs' Day in 1965 when the poisoned peas in it threatened half the English and Welsh Hierarchy at one sitting.

Until the revolution of the 1970's when the kitchen door was opened and folk evenings in the guardaroba were enjoyed by the sisters, staff and students, the community had gone about its work behind the clausura, and only occasional visits were made by 'special' people such as infirmarians and sacristans. Most of our conversation with the sisters was carried out over the serving hatch, beginning with some unsuspecting first-year student needing a dish-cloth who had been encouraged to ask Madre Superiora for a bacio. Once the Murphy-O'Connor era arrived, baci there were in plenty; but even these did not help vocations, and as the sisters grew fewer in number but older in age, the days of their continued presence in the College were numbered.

It was very different in 1917 when in Padova there were plenty of novices as well as old sisters. As the Austrian army forced the Italians back to the Piave only a few miles away, the Mother General sent her most senior and junior troops to the



safety of Rome. They came looking for somewhere to stay and Mgr Hinsley offered them the College villa at Monte Porzio. Within a year or two the Elisabettine had accepted his request to come and work in the College, and so began the long years of fruitful co-operation.

The presence of the sisters was a special blessing in 1940 when staff and students had to pack and leave quickly as Italy entered the war. During the next six years the sisters remained and looked after the College, carrying on their duties when the Knights of Malta took over the building as a military hospital. When the College came back in 1946, everything was in order, all ready to drop back into the customary ordered system. Not even a momentous time such as the Second Vatican Council could undermine that system, although with up to 30 bishops and their advisers swelling an already full College, there was much extra work to be done. Often there were two sittings at meals, with guests of the bishops present too.

Apart from all the domestic labour, the sisters brought other blessings: the warmth of a feminine presence, the example of a religious community, and the prayers and sacrifices willingly offered for priestly vocations and pastoral ministries. They were good people, and occasionally there were genuinely saintly people among them: I think of Suor Diomira, who for years went quietly and humbly about her stitching and darning with the most serene disposition. They were the true and faithful spiritual daughters of Elisabetta Vendramini, and what a privilege it was for the College to share the joy of the whole congregation when the foundress was beatified. As the Elisabettine era came to a close at the end of 1995, past and present members of the College could be truly thankful for all the sisters have contributed to our welfare this century.

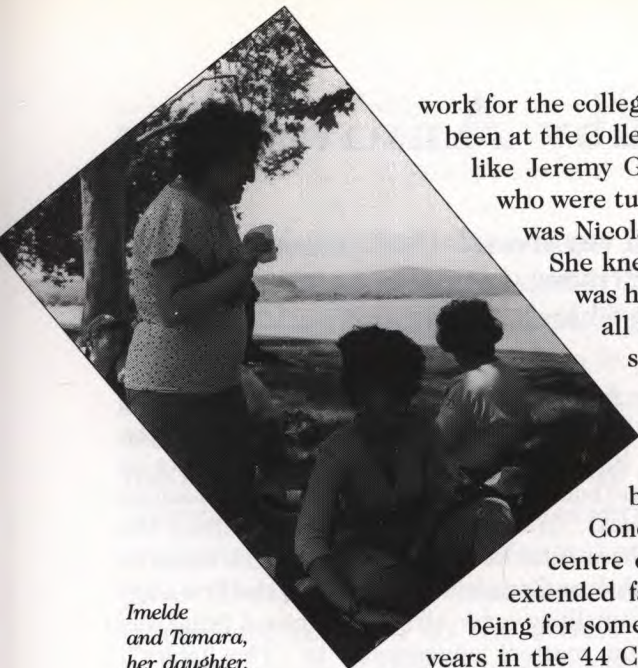
*Mgr. Adrian Toffolo, Rector*

Imelde Ricci

**T**he Rector's dulcet Italian tones were echoing round the medieval monastery of Valvisciolo. From where I sat I could look down on the up-turned faces of the students and personali. It was the Nuns' Gita and the sermon was on community and us as messengers of Christ's message.

Among the faces I could see Imelde, her daughter, and friend Graziella. She looked very smart, dressed for a special day out, and very happy. In the bus on the way we had been talking about the fact that it was her last Gita with the college and I realised that it was a quarter of a century ago that Imelde had started to





*Imelde  
and Tamara,  
her daughter.*

work for the college. We talked about students who had been at the college both as students and then as staff, like Jeremy Garrett, and people she remembered who were turning up as bishops and the like. How was Nicola, she asked, who had left last year? She knew he had gone to America, but what was he doing now? She was concerned that all was going well for him and hoped to see him at the diaconate this year.

If one was to look for someone who quietly personified what being a member of our community should be, then I say that this was Imelde.

Concern for people has always been at the centre of her work in the college which has extended far beyond her job, to friendship, to being for some a second mother. Working in recent years in the 44 Corridor she was always happy to help out, to do more than she needed to. She could be found making lemon teas for Jonathan Leach when he was ill, and telling people how to avoid catching chills, worried when people like Gregory and Philip were wearing T-shirts in what she thought was winter weather, (and some of us agreed).

Imelde has not always had an easy life. She has continued to work at the college when members of the family have been ill over long periods. It is a mark of how much she has become part of the community that at times of pain students have often shared in it with her. The funeral of her father and then of her husband were two such occasions when people joined in her grief, and I hope that when she came back to the college after those occasions she felt that she was returning to a second home.

There are so many students who, over the years, have loved Imelde and themselves benefited from her presence here, that for one person to write this is really a miscarriage of justice, but you would need a whole edition of *The Venerable* on its own if everyone was to write his own thanks. A community depends on people of such gentle strength and self-giving as Imelde and it is always when someone like that leaves that you suddenly realise how much they have meant both to the college and to you personally.

As we were talking on the bus, Imelde jokingly said, 'Don't forget to invite me next year,' and I realised then how great a break it will be for her, how much we owe to her, and how she will always be a part of our community, the community here now and all those students who have known her over the last twenty-five years.

***Hugh Pollock***



# A Ruby Anniversary

**W**e meet annually, but 1995 was special: the fortieth anniversary of "The Year of 1955" arriving to make its mark on The College, on Rome, on the Church and on the world (or so we thought).

Seventeen of us, ranging in ages from "Uncle Harold" Parker to young "Benjamin" Patrick Kelly, set off from England. Thirteen were ordained, but of the four who left before Ordination one has died, so we thought it appropriate to meet for our Ruby Jubilee in Henley-on-Thames (where Anthony Wilcox, Treasurer of the Roman Association, is Parish Priest). After concelebrated Mass we drove the short distance to the hamlet of Bix where John Lethbridge was brought home to be buried after his death in an air crash over Canada in 1968. It was the first time that some of our "Year" had met for over thirty years, although Richard Pring was familiar through his contributions on matters educational in "The Tablet". Richard is Professor of Education in Oxford University.

It was good to be together. On occasions such as these it is not so much what is said, as the awareness that it was good to be together again that really made it so worthwhile. But we wondered about Martin Coyle, the only member with whom we have no contact. If any readers can help, please let me know. Martin had attended Tollerton before coming to the V.E.C. as a student for the Diocese of Nottingham. He left in his second year.

I recommend other "Years" to meet. 1996 is the Coral anniversary of our Ordination. 1997 – the fortieth anniversary of the B.Ph. ' And so the celebrations reach out into the future; there is always something to celebrate!

To jog your memories of the late 1950's those present at our gathering were Gerry Creasey, David Papworth, Peter Cunningham, George Richardson, Richard Pring, Anthony Grimshaw, Brian Dazeley, Bernard Tucker, Michael Cooley, Michael St. Aubyn, and Luke Dumbill. Apologies received from Patrick Kelly, Harold Parker, Roger Daley and John White.

*Rev. G. Creasy*



## Sixty years ago

An article called 'Fifty Years Ago' has fascinated me ever since it first appeared in the November 1941 issue of the *Venerabile*. The author was Francis O'Farrell, a great friend of Bishop Moriarty, who ordained me in 1942. When he died, the *Aldershot News* had a long obituary, 'St. Francis of Aldershot', which was written by a Methodist. In his look-back O'Farrell set out to give an account of the twenty-odd students, the rector and vice-rector who were at the *Venerabile* in 1891. It still makes very interesting reading: one of the students was Cardinal Hinsley and another was the Fr O'Connor who gave Chesterton the idea for his 'Father Brown' stories. One immediate reaction to the article came from Canon Kearney. He suddenly realised that most of his year had died, and he immediately wrote an article called 'Forty Years Ago'.

So, I now follow where others have boldly gone before. I shall give an account of the students of the Year of 1935, when I arrived in the *Via di Monserrato*; and I begin with some details of my own year.

My first encounter with some of the students was at Victoria Station in London. Larry Wells and Sidney Lescher were to act as guides to the party. Larry had made an unfortunate arrangement with Brendan O'Neill to meet under the station clock. The train was due to leave at 10.00 a.m. and as that hour approached there was no sign of O'Neill. Larry made a frantic rush to the platform only to see the train go out with O'Neill and the rest of us, all in total ignorance of what had happened. Lescher said it was typical of Larry to miss a train. In the farewell party was Mr. Keegan, whose son Bernard was with us. He took Larry under his wing, got him another passport and arranged for him to fly to Paris where he was able to join us. We had a pleasant journey and made a break at Pisa. It took me quite a time to get rid of the sensation of being on a moving train. We popped into a church and I was surprised to see Benediction taking place at a side altar. We went to the leaning tower and somewhere I was introduced to Strega.

There was a cousin of Sidney Lescher (Douglas Seward) in the class of 1935, and those with sporting interests were looking forward to seeing him in the rugby team as he was a good full back. However he told Sidney that he did not really want to be a priest and so after consulting Fr Welsby, our spiritual director, he returned home. Two more of our year eventually decided that the priesthood was not for them. One was Thomas Regan known as Rat or Pard Regan. He took a degree in English at one of the London colleges and subsequently taught in the Potteries, in technical colleges I believe. The other Ignatius Clarke was known as Gandhi Clarke. He became an authority on futuristic literature, has written six books on the topic, and ended a varied career in education as the Foundation Professor of English Studies in the University of Strathclyde. Had he known that



Reynolds and Hanlon were at Christ's College, Liverpool, he would have given them a free lecture. I saw a great deal of him after the war when I was in New Brighton and eventually witnessed his wedding to Margaret Barton in Blackburn.

Peter Firth, an old Stonyhurst boy, had an article on St. Mary's Hall in the November 1941 issue of the *Venerabile*. He had a brother who became a Jesuit priest and he himself had been a Jesuit novice. He had also attended Oxford University before his novitiate. He did only two years' Philosophy. He in due course became an army chaplain and was killed in the invasion of France. Michael Elcock, another of my contemporaries, buried him on the seashore.

Leo Alston was a product of Upholland and showed signs of the strict regime which existed under Joseph Dean. He took life seriously and although brainy, always worked hard at his studies. It was not surprising that when he went to Cambridge he obtained a first in Classics. Later he became rector and quite typically said that the students were much better than in his day as a student. He has always been unassuming. Latterly he has had trouble with his health but he is determined to remain at his post as Parish Priest.

Grahame Auchinleck (pronounced Affleck) had been Head of the Line at Stonyhurst and because of heart trouble was given a room somewhere off the first or second floor. He was a very endearing person, always very courteous and ever ready to help. He wore himself out in pastoral work and died aged 50.

Douglas Key, like Regan and Clarke, had been at Cotton. He seemed to be exceptionally healthy. A straightforward character and seized by his bishop to be his secretary after he had completed his studies. During his time as secretary George Andrew Beck had been chosen as assistant bishop in Brentwood but his consecration was to take place in Nottingham. Panic arose when it was realised the day before this was due to take place that the necessary papers had failed to arrive. Douglas bravely rang up the Vatican at 2 a.m. and asked to speak to Cardinal Pizzardo. He was put through and the Cardinal gave permission for the ceremony to proceed. Douglas died aged 41 from hypertension.

Augustine Reynolds and Louis Hanlon were very great friends. They had been at St. Bede's, Manchester together and were to go through the *Venerabile* and Cambridge together. Later when Lou was made principal of Christ's College, Liverpool, Gus was put in charge of the English Department. Lou was very pleased when a government inspector told him that the English Department was in the hands of a genius. When Gus was at St. Edmund's House, Cambridge, he astonished the priests by getting a First in English. His deliberate Manchester accent and the impression of being no great luminary had led to very different expectations. Lou had plenty of practical ability but perhaps had not the same academic ability as Gus. When he had finished at Cambridge he had to do two more years study at Louvain in order to study catechetics. He was highly qualified and highly regarded. It was a great tragedy when after a very short spell at Christ's College he met with an accident on the road at Daresbury which led to his death a few weeks later. Gus was able to retire but died not long afterwards.

Paddy McEnroe was from Ireland and associated with Jim Molloy and another student called Stanley. Stanley was fanatically Irish and the last I heard of him, was living in Ireland. These three refused to stand for the national anthem.



Stanley was eventually told to leave. Molloy's father told me in later years that he rebuked his son and told him that if he wanted to be a good Irishman the first thing to do was to be a good priest. Jim's health broke down and he was dropped by Bishop Moriarty who was very quick to drop students. He had to get a job and was working in Manchester when the war broke out. He was very impressed with the way people coped with the air raids and from then on had a different view of the English. No doubt Fr. Pears, his parish priest in Altrincham, a man of great culture and well versed in music, which was one of Molloy's great interests, also had his effect. Thanks to Canon Donnelly, an old Roman, he was accepted for an Australian diocese and sent to St. Mary's Hall. As there was no chance because of the war of getting to Australia, Moriarty eventually took him on again. Some years later he was appointed to assist Agnellus Andrew in BBC work. He was many years in this position and when he retired returned to Ireland, where he died. The Archdeacon of York – George Austin – pays tribute to him in his book, *Journey to Faith*.

John Bernard Keegan became secretary to John Carmel Heenan when he was Bishop of Leeds. As a very solid character, I am sure he found the volatile character of Heenan somewhat amusing. Sometime after getting a parish he decided to join the Carmelites. He has established himself as an authority on St. Teresa of Avila and published a book made up of his articles in the Carmelite magazine. The foreword is by Rabbi Blue.

Brendan O'Neill became secretary to Bishop Flynn of Lancaster. He was always known as George in case anyone was in doubt about his nationality. He was the son of Patrick O'Neill, O.B.E., Chief Constable of Kendal and had a brother a priest, also in the Lancaster diocese. George was early on a Monsignor and after ten years as secretary became P.P. in Lancaster and then at St. Joseph's, Preston, where he had three curates. He edited the Lancaster diocese year book for many years. He had a very debilitating illness before he died.

As for myself, I too went to university with Hanlon, Reynolds and Alston at Cambridge. I was secretary to Bishops Murphy and Grasar. I also wrote a history of the Shrewsbury diocese and now that I am retired, I act as chaplain at a Home for the Elderly run by Pallottine Missionary Sisters. Their founder, who was born in Rome, keeps me mindful of my brief happy years at the Venerable. I fell ill and had to finish my studies at Oscott. *Et in Arcadia ego*.

**Canon E. Maurice Abbott**



# From the Runcorn Bridge to the Ponte Sisto!

I hadn't heard from Philip Carroll for some time, and must confess wasn't even thinking about him, when the 'phone rang one afternoon in the presbytery in Widnes. "Hello, Peter, how are you?" "Fine, thanks, Phil. What do you want?" I like to believe Phil knows me well enough to realise it wasn't *just* Lancastrian bluntness, but also a bit of humorous cheek. But, as I suspected, it was a 'phone call with a purpose. In no time, I was learning the timetable of trains from Runcorn to London for meetings of the Bishops' Conference committee for dialogue with non-believers. Every so often, the parishioners were puzzled that there was a mass at 6.30 or 7 o'clock one morning every couple of months. But they still came!

Bishop Victor Guazzelli chairs a small committee, whose name has since changed to "The Committee for Faith and Culture". Curiouser and curiouser. What has culture to do with non-belief? Phil had asked me to become the secretary, and very soon afterwards a letter came from the Pontifical Council for Culture, where Father Michael Paul Gallagher sj had heard of this new appointment. I was also informed that the Pontifical Council for Dialogue with Non-Believers (founded by Paul VI after Vatican II) had just been merged with the Pontifical Council for Culture (founded by John Paul II in 1982): in a cynical moment, I wondered if non-belief was now officially part of culture in the Vatican ... But our committee followed developments in Rome to reflect the new organization there.

It soon became clear that the view from Rome was that these issues cannot really be kept apart and that the cultural atmosphere can foster or thwart the spread of antipathy towards religion, or even vice versa. The new "double" council is meant to ponder how best the Gospel can be inculturated and cultures can be evangelized: but all this struck me as quite abstract, until I began asking why evangelizing the culture of Widnes was such hard work but not as hard as working out what it meant for the Gospel to be inculturated there. And that is *not* cynical! Think of your own parish, or chaplaincy, or sector of responsibility.

At our meetings we decided to take a leaf out of Bishop Henderson's book. He chairs the bishops' committee on Other Faiths, which has produced an excellent series of leaflets on "Getting to Know Other Faiths", whose length (4 A5 pages) and style make them useful in all sorts of circumstances. Topics we intended covering included *New Age*, the significance of the Year 2000 Jubilee, and so on. But it is hard to get such a project beyond the "That's a good idea" stage.



All of a sudden – in mid-May 1995 – Archbishop Worlock called me in to see him, and asked lots of questions about the work of Bishop Victor’s committee. He was struck by how important I thought it was, and then read me a letter from Cardinal Paul Poupard, president of the Pontifical Council for Culture: having done some homework, they seemed to think I might be right to step into the shoes of Father Michael Paul Gallagher, who was finishing at the end of September.

So here I am. The work involves a phenomenal amount of reading and fighting with a computer; there are the normal elements of bureaucratic life, like letter-writing and doing things in multiplicate, but it is also necessary to build up data on countries for which one is “responsible”, so that useful information can be passed, for example, to newly-appointed nuncios. They expect *instructions* from every Dicastery in the Vatican. In theory there is also research being done, and currently that is limited to preparation for a Plenary Assembly due to take place in March 1997. Some excellent contributions to those preparations have come from England and Wales, including three very hefty volumes from Arundel and Brighton diocese, the nuns at Hawarden (Ty Mam Duw) and the Royal Navy chaplains. That is particularly encouraging, when the presumption here is that not much would come from what is constantly referred to as “Anglo-Saxon Europe” (which is usually meant to cover even the Celtic bits)!

How long do I stay? Well, the first period of time is a probationary term which lasts anything from 1 year to 2. During this time, no pressure is on anyone to stay or go. After that, the powers-that-be let it be known whether one is welcome to continue, and then one becomes *di ruolo*: a few pence more per week, and a mention in the *Annuario Pontificio* are the most obvious transformations in one’s life. So, with a new archbishop and a few months’ probation to run, I have to weigh up whether it is more useful to stay or to head for home. I suspect that, even with the tax now imposed by the ever-present beggars on the Ponte Sisto, I still prefer that bridge to the one at Runcorn!

It is certainly a privilege to be asked to do this job. Even though, as Cardinal Ratzinger has said, the Catholic Church thinks in centuries rather than decades, it is possible to make a valid contribution; and it is an education just being forced to realise the vastness of the Catholic Church, not only geographically or numerically, but in terms of the variety of cultures to whom the Word is still an unknown quantity. The Pope refers to the Areopagus in connection with our work here, and that incident really does encapsulate the challenges in evangelization and inculturation. Sometimes it becomes obvious just how clear his vision of the future is – keeping up with him can be hard.

*Rev. Peter Fleetwood*



# Coming back to Rome

*22 February 1995:* The Maltese countryside was already feasting on the colourful bounties of the Mediterranean spring. I was talking to the Rector of our Major Seminary in my office when the phone rang. The Archbishop got down immediately to the essentials. "I have received a letter from the Apostolic Signatura ... They want you to work there. ... This time, I cannot refuse ... You will have to go. ... You will start work on 1 September. ... God be with you".

*April 1995:* I decided to start 'phoning the colleges I knew in Rome asking for accomodation. Nothing available. I stopped asking. I started begging. I rang the English College. A cavernous voice answered (it was Carlo). "Il rettore oggi non c'è". I phoned back and talked to the Rector who said there was a possibility which he would discuss with the Vice-Rector who said they had a room available at a place called Sherwin House. I was relieved and thankful.

*28 August 1995:* I left Malta Airport to the silent tears of my parents knowing that a new chapter had begun in our lives. I found Enzo at the reception. Three young students in shorts came to help me with the luggage. A boisterous voice heralding Joyce Hunter resounded through the corridors. She dutifully and purposefully showed me a tiny room at Sherwin House. I was grateful. Only five minutes (or three, if you have longer legs) from the Palazzo della Cancelleria.

The months at Sherwin House have been a memorable experience. The cosmopolitan diversity of the group complemented the universal character of my new ministry. Since February 1, I have been living in a flat at Via Monserrato 48/2 which also belongs to the English College. But I still meet my Sherwin House friends for supper.

*1 September 1995:* It was 8.30 a.m. when I was ushered into my office for my first day of work at the Apostolic Signatura. I knew the place from previous visits when Msgr Raymond L. Burke, now Bishop of La Crosse, USA, was still Defender of the Bond of the Supreme Tribunal. Two files were waiting on the desk: A yellow one contained cases from a tribunal to evaluate and report on. The orange one was an appeal from a nun battling against her dismissal. At 10.00 I was called to the Cardinal's office with another colleague who also started work on the same day. The other members of staff gathered round us and we took our oath of office pledging fidelity and loyalty to the Holy See.

I like my work at the Signatura. This supreme tribunal of the Catholic Church wears a number of hats. It is a dicastery: it has the duty and competence to supervise the workings of the other tribunals of the Catholic world. It is an administrative tribunal: it hears recourses against the decisions of the Congregations of the Roman Curia (priests and parishes appeal to the Congregation for the Clergy first; religious have their own Roman dicastery; so do laity, mission territories and the Oriental Rite Churches). The Signatura is also the highest judicial tribunal: it hears complaints of nullity against decrees or decisions of the Roman Rota. It is at times granted special permission by the Holy Father to decide particular cases of nullity of marriage.



My work so far has dealt with practically all the fields of competence of our tribunal. After a study of the documents or acts of the case I prepare a report or *votum* in Latin stating the law and the arguments for a decision. After the lawyers have seen the report it is discussed at a special meeting of the major officials of the Signatura (called the *Congresso*) presided by the Cardinal Prefect. A decision is taken whether or not to pass on the case to the Assembly (*Plenaria*) of Cardinals and Archbishops who have the final say.

We work six days a week at the Signatura, returning to office in the evening on Tuesdays and Fridays. Sunday is therefore a day of rest and prayer. I am therefore grateful for the festive well-organised Sunday liturgy celebrated by the *Venerabile*. It is indeed a privilege to be able to pray and celebrate God's love for us with a community of young men preparing for the priestly ministry. Having enjoyed my former work as Vice Rector of the Malta Seminary, I feel the Lord has been more than kind to me in leading me to the great family of the friends of the *Venerabile* on returning back to Rome.

*Rev. Charles J. Scicluna*

## The Venerabile Garden

**I**n February 1993 after a two-year sojourn in the Archives the Rector and Staff moved me to the garden. The job was a spring creation and did not pass without student comment. Spring creations of course need to be distinctive. For my part I felt khaki was appropriate and despite comments about being an extra for 'Bridge over the river Kwai' I have retained the uniform.

Step one was consultation with Mgr. Brian Chestle the garden's long-established steward. Together a plan of campaign was drawn up and I went out armed with a request for funds. A 'small' budget was approved.

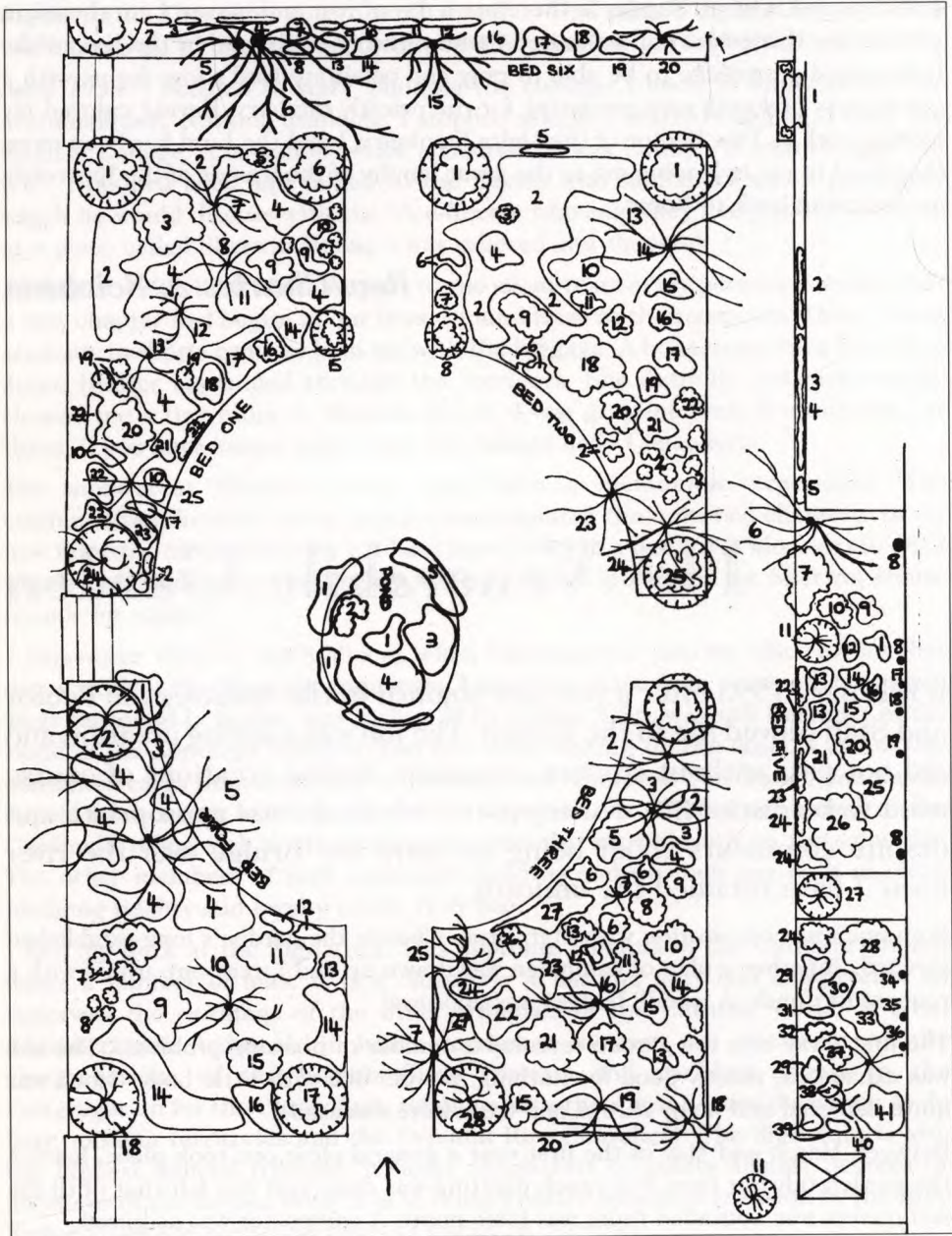
The first foray into the garden revealed a number of pressing problems. The soil was exhausted, mostly good for nothing, powder-like with little body. Stock was quite depleted and many shrubs and trees were diseased.

Between March and May of the first year a general clear out took place, leaving the garden tidy but bare. Not much planting was done as it was felt that until the soil quality was upgraded there was little point. A composter was acquired.



The Autumn offensive began in October with a considerable amount of manure compost and leaf mould from the Castelli. Artificial fertilizers were applied and gradually the colour and texture of the earth improved. The Rector did his bit, transporting half a ton of leaf mould from the Villa.

Now we could begin planting and so the first exciting trip to Eurogarden, a suitably large garden centre behind the baths of Caracalla, one of the very few such establishments in Rome. Expenditure on that day was cautious: Jasminum





polyanthum, Camellia, Apeldoorn Tulip bulbs, de Caen Anemones, and some Galanthus elwesii (Snowdrops), compost and a box of Schnell-Komposter. The latter works wonders on any well chopped-up vegetable matter, producing excellent compost.

Emboldened, I made two more trips to Eurogarden. Bulbs for the Spring, Fritillaria Meleagris, Anemone 'blue shades', Freesia florepleno, Muscari alba, Iris reticulata and an assortment of Tulips. Shrubs were on offer. Consequently, the following were bought: Caeanothus 'Marie Simon'. Myrtus 'tarentino variegata', Nerium Oleander 'Sister Agnes', Viburnum Tinus, and an Arbutus unedo (Strawberry tree). Again flowers and some fungicide to tackle a new problem!

Serious damage was being done to shrubs and trees by Honey fungus. An old Acacia tree stump seemed to be the cause. Eventually it was removed but the problem would recur.

Spring was wet and so not much was done at the beginning of '94. My last act was the transplanting of a dwarf Japanese Maple into the third bed. February and Michael Wheaton is appointed as the new gardener. I am dispatched to the common room!

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2. Purple Splendour
3. Callistemon citrinus
4. Crinum
5. Gladiolus
6. Azalea japonica Pride of Dorking
7. Lagerstroemia indica
8. Koelreuteria integrifolia
9. Pittosporum
10. Fuchsia
11. Viburnum tinus
12. Arbutus unedo [Strawberry Tree]
13. Albizzia julibrissin
14. Anemone japonica
15. Azalea japonica Darkness
16. Bergenia crassifolia
17. Aquilegia mxd
18. Dracaena marginata
19. Digitalis mxd [Foxglove]
20. Fatsia japonica
21. Nerene howdenii
22. Oxalis deppei
23. Datura cornigera
24. Citrus limonium [Lemon]
25. Phoenix canariensis [Palm]

### Bed Two

1. Azalea japonica
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3. Lilium tigrinum [Tiger Lily]
4. Canna
5. Bergenia crassifolia
6. Rosa [Rose]
7. Coreopsis
8. Azalea japonica Joanna
9. not identified

10. Viburnum tinus
11. Dipladenia
12. Buddleia [Butterfly Bush]
13. Eriobotrya japonica [Loquat]
14. Clematis Ville de Lyon
15. Hydrangea
16. not identified
17. Ficus benjamina variegata [Weeping Fig]
18. Myrtus [Myrtle]
19. not identified
20. Romneya
21. Datura cornigera
22. Gaillardia
23. Hibiscus
24. Phoenix canariensis [Palm]
25. Rhododendron Albert Schweitzer

### Bed Three

1. Rhododendron Albert Schweitzer
2. Phoenix canariensis [Palm]
3. not identified
4. Iris tectorum
5. Hydrangea
6. Pieris
7. Hibiscus
8. Ligustrum aureum [Privet]
9. not identified
10. Ilex aquifolium [Holly]
11. Fuchsia
12. Lonicera tellemannia [Honeysuckle]
13. Nephrolepis exaltata gloriosa [Fern]
14. Hemerocallis
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16. Acer japonicum [Japanese Maple]

17. Paeonia
18. Ligustrum [Privet]
19. Chimonanthus fragrens
20. Lilium
21. Fatsia japonica
22. Choisya ternata
23. Phormium
24. Agapanthus
25. Acer pallmatum Dissectum Garnet [Maple]
26. Azalea japonica
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### Bed Four

1. not identified
2. Citrus limonium [Lemon]
3. Phoenix canariensis [Palm]
4. Fatsia japonica
5. Cercis siliquastrum [Judas Tree]
6. Hydrangea
7. Hosta
8. Begonia
9. Acanthus mollis
10. Eriobotrya japonica [Loquat]
11. Nephrolepis exaltata gloriosa [Fern]
12. Helleborus
13. not identified
14. Anemone japonica
15. Ilex aquifolium [Holly]
16. Dracaena marginata
17. Phormium
18. Citrus

### Bed Five

1. Trachelospermum jasminoides
2. Campsis radicans [Trumpet Flower]
3. Jasminum polyanthemum [Jasmine]

4. Hedera canariensis [Ivy]
5. Lonicera tellemanniana [Honeysuckle]
6. Laurus [Bay]
7. Philadelphus [Mock Orange]
8. Bougainvillea
9. Ficus [Fig]
10. Azalea calendulaceum
11. Camelia
12. Callistemon citrinus
13. Hydrangea
14. Oleander nerium White
15. Ceanothus Marie Simon
16. Ficus benjamina variegata [Weeping Fig]
17. Clematis Arthur Markham
18. Actinidia chinensis [Kiwi Plant]
19. Plumbago
20. not identified
21. Phormium tenax
22. Oxalis deppei
23. Iris foetidissima
24. Aquilegia mxd
25. Crinum
26. Nandina [Mock Bamboo]
27. Citrus chinococo not identified
28. Teasal [OE]
29. Arum italicum
30. Dientra alba
31. Hemerocallis
32. Lantana camara
33. Vitis [Virginia Creeper]
34. Solanum seafortianum

### Bed Six

1. Azalea japonica
2. Hedera [Ivy]
3. Berberis darwinii
4. Jasminum mesneyi [Jasmine]
5. Hibiscus mutabilis
6. Jacaranda mimosiaefolia
7. Fuchsia
8. Gladiolus
9. Clematis Ville de Lyon
10. Plumbago
11. Trachelospermum jasminoides
12. Campsis radicans [Trumpet Flower]
13. Lantana camara
14. Gaillardia
15. Koelreuteria integrifolia
16. Canna
17. Bergenia crassifolia
18. Lilium regale
19. Yucca elephantipes
20. Erythrina crista-galli

### Pond

1. Adiantum capillus-veneris
2. Cyperus alternifolius
3. Iris pseudacorus
4. Arum calla
5. Hedera [Ivy]



Michael inherited the problem of the fungus, which various chemical solutions had failed to deal with. Consultation was followed by a decision to take the saw to the problem. April witnessed the departure of the Cherry tree (planted 1960) an Albizzia and a rather undistinguished looking Citrus. Big operations attract attention but eventually the 'wailing and gnashing of teeth' subsided. Stephen Wang is reported to have led a Novena for the Cherry tree.

Autumn '94 and the reassuringly military figure of Michael Wheaton returned to the garden. Much double-digging was executed with style and aplomb, the aroma of St. Bruno keeping off the Mosquitoes.

Major reorganisation awaited the arrival of Gerard Byrne in the garden. The Spring of '95 and a 'grand design'. The previous summer had been hot and the garden had suffered. There had been fatalities. A Buddleia and two new Azaleas had been lost.

Visiting at the time, Miss Jo Barnacle, currently chairman of the Friends of the *Venerabile*, kindly donated a Rhododendron in memory of the school girls killed in the Hagley coach disaster.

The garden wall had trellice-work attached to it at the base and was rewired above, to enable climbers and creepers to take a hold. Nine tons of pea gravel arrived just before the Easter Vigil. A slimmer gardener ventured out to buy a watering system and in May and June it was installed. More planting, thanks to the generosity of I.C.I. Plc.

June '95 also witnessed the demise of the Nuns' garden. The Roman column was moved to the main garden. The re-erection took seven men: two English, two Italian, two Romanian, and a Pole. The Palm trees were also relocated. The Nuns' garden is now a terrace for Sherwin House.

Autumn '95 and more planting and again a concentration on mulching the ground. The composter is proving worth its weight in gold.

February 1996 and a new gardener, Bruce Barnes. An enthusiastic gardener, putting in plenty of hard work. More planting, reorganization and some extremely efficient weeding.

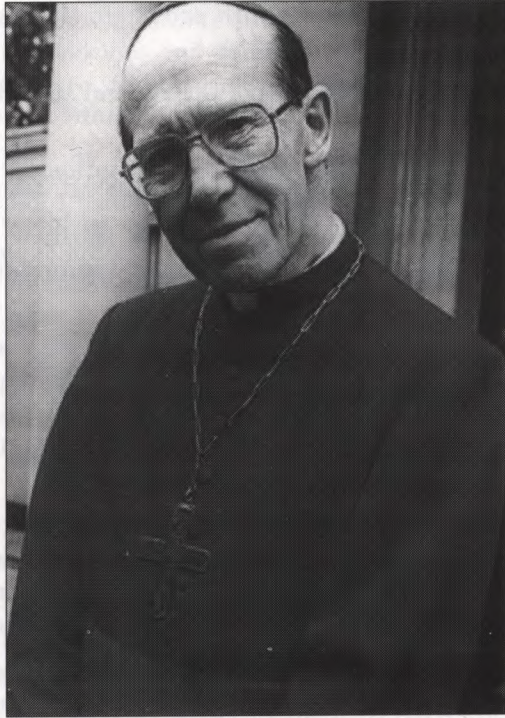
March and some drastic pruning is done to the thirty year old Bourgainvillea. Three months on and it's in elegant form.

So three years on and the garden has undergone quite a transformation, resisting all efforts to turn it into a five-a-side football pitch. Re-stocking must still be the priority, to increase the diversity of shrubs and trees. But for this year the budget's spent so we shall have to wait for next year.

***Mark Brentnall***



# Archbishop Derek J. H. Worlock



**W**hen Archbishop Worlock died in the early morning of 8th February 1996, the news was not long in reaching the College. From that moment onwards he was constantly in the thoughts and prayers of staff and students, and those like myself who live on the fringe of the college community, and this most especially during the daily celebration of Mass. However, it was also thought seemly to plan a special mass of "requiem". Father Arthur Roche, the Spiritual Director, set about making the necessary arrangements and informing English priests and other clergy and lay folk who knew the late Archbishop. I felt honoured to be invited to preside and preach.

The day after the funeral in Liverpool, 16th February, the College Church was prepared and the community and its guests gathered for the liturgy in an act of suffrage and thanksgiving for the life of Derek Worlock.



A goodly number of priests attended; some had strong links with the late Archbishop, like Father Cuthbert Johnson, OSB, a monk of Quarr, whom he had ordained. Others knew the Archbishop over many decades, like Mgr Charles Burns and Fr Joseph Barratt, SJ. A much appreciated presence was that of Frank Doherty from the British Embassy to the Holy See and his wife Noreen. The Companion of Honour was not forgotten.

There was a particular keenness among priests and students from both Portsmouth and Westminster to join forces with and share the loss being felt by the Archdiocese of Liverpool.

For the Liturgy of the Word the readings of the Funeral Mass in Liverpool the day before were used.

Although I had not hesitated in accepting the invitation to preach, the reality proved somewhat more daunting than expected. Since I did not wish to repeat chunks of biographical material, I felt that a spiritual reflection on the Archbishop's life and achievements was the most appropriate form for such a sermon.

The sense of loss, despite the protracted length of what was from early on evidently a terminal illness, was tangible in the College community, as elsewhere throughout the English-speaking world and among Derek Worlock's many other friends. So it was that I began by asserting that "life in the Catholic Church in England and Wales will never quite be the same again".

His administrative talents were well known, but I also wished to pay tribute to him as a gifted "word-smith". His liturgical presence resulted from the assiduous preparation of something which always remained for him a priority, to be "done with a commitment and feeling which many envied, but few could match".

However, it was to the person of Derek Worlock: the man and the priest, that I wished principally to draw the attention of that worshipping community. He is not someone you can summarise in a couple of glib sentences. He defied categorization, and had a knack of surprising people in the way he rose to the challenge of new and changed circumstances. There was much more to him than met the eye or which superficial clerical classification and journalistic speculation might attribute to one who had enjoyed "remarkable success within the ecclesiastical establishment". This was indicated, I went on to propose, by the way he dealt with the "repeated rejections", which ran parallel to his greatest achievements, and which left "lifelong wounds". In him I see a man of faith, who "clung to the providence of the moment" and I chose to quote from Romans: "We know that by turning everything to their good God cooperates with all those who love him" (8:28).

There were two things to which I felt I should refer: first, his commitment to "the brethren", for it is well known the care he had for his priests and that he "gave special time to the weaker among us. He suffered for those who found they could not persevere, and never forgot them". To this I felt a comment should be added on the late Archbishop's relationship with the College, which I believe to have been characterized by deep affection and regret.



Those who were privileged to know him over many years will, I hope, be in agreement with me when I said that his humanity was "very great indeed". The years in Liverpool and his decline into ill-health seemed to quicken his humanity, revealing unsuspected depths at every turn. Also worthy of note was his championing of the apostolate of the laity, the media in evangelization and the social issues of the day. It seemed appropriate to make mention here of his devotion to the memory of Cardinal Manning, for whom the cause of the poor and underprivileged was so important. However, his Liverpool years will always be remembered for his ecumenical enterprise, commitment and collaboration. He undertook all this in conscious and determined "unity with our predecessors in the College, who strove to vindicate the teaching of the Church concerning the authority of the Roman Pontiff, the sacrifice of the Mass and the Priesthood".

Derek Worlock's life, as his cherished memory, should be a source of encouragement for us. He was able to achieve so much in Christ who was his strength, and "he would be content, if we ascribe to grace and the love of the Father what we cannot quite grasp according to nature". I concluded with an invitation that "we commit ourselves to serve in our day according to Archbishop Worlock's example, that further wonders may be accomplished that the love of Christ may yet shine out: Caritas Christi eluceat!"

The College was kind enough to host the invited guests at supper.

*Mgr. Paul R. Gallagher*

**T**he funeral liturgies that took place after the death of Archbishop Worlock were a reminder to the people of Liverpool of the need and importance of prayer in commending his soul to God, the author of his life, and in asking God to forgive him whatever sins he may have committed and in welcoming him into the company of the saints.

The Archbishop's body was first taken to St Joseph's College, Upholland. The Archbishop had a great love for St Joseph's. Not only had it formed many of the priests in the Diocese, but it was also a centre where many of the Archbishop's pastoral visions could be realised. In the stark College Chapel the Archbishop's body was laid, flanked only by candles and a continuous stream of people coming to pay their last respects.

From there the Archbishop's body was taken to the Cathedral. Over the next three days thousands of people would pass through the doors, all of whom would have some reason to be grateful to the Archbishop. The Archbishop's body was received into the Cathedral on the Tuesday evening. The Reception of the Body was a very beautiful and personal service presided over by the Archbishop's chaplain, Monsignor John Furnival. In this celebration of the Word, our hearts and minds were focussed on the theme of "Christ the Good Shepherd." As Archbishop Worlock, as shepherd of the Church in Liverpool, gathered the people of the Diocese in his prayers each day, so we prayed that The Shepherd may gather the Archbishop to himself, as Monsignor Furnival said in his Homily:



*"The recurring theme of our service tonight - Christ the Good Shepherd is a very appropriate one as we recall our Archbishop's qualities of leadership, compassion and strength. He truly was one who "brought his sheep out, and went ahead of them" (John 10:2) leading them from the front, inspiring by example. We came to know his voice and to follow his lead because he gave us confidence in a sure pasture."*

After prayers asking for God's comfort to the bereaved and for mercy to be shown to the deceased, the congregation slowly dispersed, leaving an immense feeling of peace and serenity in the Cathedral. The Archbishop's coffin was placed at the foot of the High Altar at which he had celebrated the Holy Mass on so many occasions. On the Archbishop's coffin were placed a Bible, the Archbishop's paten and chalice, his pectoral Cross, mitre and, nearby, his crozier. Most central was the Paschal Candle, the sign of the Risen Christ in whose Resurrection the Archbishop now shares. Also on the coffin was the Companion of Honour medal which was awarded to the Archbishop at the beginning of the year.

The following evening, members of the Diocesan family who would be unable to attend the Requiem Mass on Thursday gathered for a Vigil Mass. Bishop John Rawsthorne presided at the Mass and Bishop Vincent Malone preached. Bishop Malone spoke of many aspects of the Archbishop's life, on a local level, especially on:

*"...someone who was single-minded in holding together the timeless Gospel and the realities of the hour."*

Bishop Malone drew on all aspects of the Archbishop's ministry in Liverpool including education, housing, pastoral plans, Hillsborough, the Papal Visit and ecumenical endeavours. The list goes on.

At the end of the Vigil Mass, the Anglican Bishop of Liverpool, David Sheppard, spoke of his great friendship and effective working relationship with the Archbishop. He spoke from the heart about the affection that all denominations had for the Archbishop and how they too had lost "their" Archbishop. So genuine and moving were the Bishop's words that the congregation applauded him. No doubt, he would argue, that that clap was for the Archbishop. Bishop Sheppard urged the congregation to "press forward towards Christian unity and one united witness in this region. That will be his greatest memorial."

Thursday morning was the culmination of all the prayers since the Archbishop's death. Prelates, politicians, priests and lay people from the Diocese and the country descended on the Metropolitan Cathedral to join Cardinal Basil Hume in the Funeral Mass. The Eucharistic celebration was the perfect thanksgiving for the life of Archbishop Worlock, his sacrifice for the Church being offered up as a perfect offering to God, the source and goal of his life.

The music at this Mass was particularly poignant. The service booklet introduction read:

"The Entrance hymn, "Love is his Word" was a favourite of the Archbishop's, and it was sung on many significant occasions in his life. Philip Duffy wrote the Mass of St Nicholas for the visit to the Cathedral by Pope John Paul II, and the setting of Psalm 115 for the Archbishop's Golden Jubilee Mass of Priesthood in 1994 (the



response to the Psalm includes words chosen by the newly ordained Fr Worlock for his Ordination remembrance card. Philip Duffy also wrote the Gospel Acclamation "I am the Way" especially for this celebration, and the tropes of the Agnus Dei for the Chrism Mass, 1981".

The Archbishop was fond of the music of John Rutter, and a special favourite was the setting of Psalm 22 sung during Communion. The hymn "Lead kindly light", with words written by Cardinal Newman was another favourite. The Song of Farewell was written by a priest of the Diocese, Fr Peter McGrail."

The readings for the Mass captured much of the prevailing spirit of the Archbishop. The Cardinal preached a very personal and powerful homily on "the adopted scouser".

After the post-Communion the prayer, Bishop Rawsthorne led the congregation in the Final Commendation. He was flanked by the Anglican Bishop of Liverpool and the Moderator of the Free Church. How strange it seemed not to see Archbishop Derek Worlock in the middle! This was symbolic of the whole Christian family, not just the Roman Catholic one, commending the Archbishop to God.

The Archbishop's body was then taken to the place of Burial - the Chapel of St Joseph in the Cathedral. Only one year earlier, the YCW had come to Liverpool for the Re-dedication of the Chapel, depicting the scenes of St Joseph's life. The Archbishop was laid to rest while Aaron's Blessing was sung. Present in the small chapel were those closest to him, his family, his chaplains, his auxiliary bishops, Bishop David Sheppard and his wife, Grace. We too can join the psalmist and Archbishop Worlock:

*"Quid retribuam Domino? How can I repay the Lord for his goodness to me?"*

**Jonathan Jones**

Since the death of Archbishop Derek Worlock early in the morning of Thursday 8 February 1996, much has been written about the man and his work in the Christian and secular press, both at home and abroad. What follows could in no way attempt to add to the full and splendid obituaries that are to be found there. It is, rather, a brief personal reflection.

Two things in particular which Archbishop Derek said are engrained in my memory.

The first was heard one evening in November 1990, at the Venerabile, where he was staying during the gathering of the European Synod of Bishops. It was a priceless piece of advice, the profundity of which was perhaps not fully comprehended at the time, but one which makes increasing sense as time goes by. "Whenever one is criticised, one should listen attentively and try to learn. If, after careful reflection, one should deem the criticism unfair, one should always



strive to resist the temptation to respond in kind, to defend oneself by leaping on to the offensive - a dignified silence is usually much more effective, unless one reaches the point at which that silence causes more harm."

The second thing was said during those extraordinary final months of the Archbishop's life when countless individuals were abundantly blessed in grace-filled moments at the Archbishop's bedside in the Lourdes Hospital in Liverpool. Archbishop Derek and I were talking of the joys and sorrows of Christian discipleship and of the specific forms that these take in the ministerial priesthood. As we discussed those agonizing parts of the journey when the Lord seems to be absent or hiding, those times when we experience either a searing desolation or a sense of emptiness and nothingness, the Archbishop said: "In those moments one has to keep on loving. One has to keep on doing the things one would do if one was experiencing the real sense of God's presence in one's life. One has to keep on loving one's people, keep on celebrating Mass and hearing Confessions, keep on praying. One has to keep on giving of oneself for the other. God is love and it is in loving, in losing one's life that one gains it, in dying that one is born to eternal life. If one keeps being faithful in loving service, one's sense of God will come back."

These thoughts are echoed by Ronald Rolheiser who writes that:

*The road back to a lively faith is not a question of finding the right answers, but of living in a certain way, contemplatively. The existence of God, like the air we breathe, need not be proven. It is more a question of developing good lungs to meet it correctly. God does not enter our world, or our lives, as the conclusion of a mathematical equation or philosophical syllogism. God enters the world as the conclusion of a gestation process. We must live in such a way that we give birth to God in our lives.<sup>1</sup>*

Towards the end of his homily at Archbishop Derek's Funeral Mass, Cardinal Hume quoted the Liverpool lady who said of Archbishop Derek, "He loved us". The Cardinal concluded, "Would any bishop or priest want any other epitaph? I think not." In the life of the Archbishop we glimpsed something of that to which Rolheiser is referring. Archbishop Derek sought to give birth to God in the world and to echo the life of Christ in his own life by striving to make visible a struggling love. Struggling because none of us is perfect. Struggling love because the Lord gradually teaches each of us to let go of self and live for others. And yes indeed, the Archbishop would need no other epitaph than one which bears witness to his own desire to follow Christ in healing the wounded of the world, having compassion on and solidarity with the suffering and marginalized, having the courage to oppose evil, seeking to reconcile, taking up crosses - and all of these flowing from and empowered by a further imitation of Christ in seeking out lonely places for prayer.

This desire to give birth to God in our world, to be Christ at the heart of the everyday, must be at the centre of all Christian discipleship. If it was particularly striking in Archbishop Worlock's insatiable appetite for life and mission, it has to be the benchmark for all who would try to evaluate that life and mission. G.K. Chesterton reminds us that it is the insane mind which is not "hampered by charity". Such a mind's explanation or evaluation of something,



*if not conclusive, is at least unanswerable ... Perhaps the nearest we can get to expressing it is to say this: [such a mind] moves in a perfect but narrow circle. A small circle is quite as infinite as a large circle; but though it is quite as infinite, it is not so large. In the same way the insane explanation is quite as complete as the sane one, but it is not so large.<sup>2</sup>*

A life lived out in the public eye inevitably leads to different, often widely divergent appraisals of that life and its labours. We saw at the outset of this piece that Archbishop Worlock was magnanimous enough to acknowledge and accept such assessments. His further exhortation to be faithful to our mission of love needs to be heeded lest our perspectives of one another (and, therefore, of the Church herself) become so small that they form an unwitting coalition that acts as a counter-sign to the world.

As we recognize and give thanks for the life and work of this great man and great bishop, may we be led to whisper a sincerer "yes" to the God who invites us to play our part and so continue to reconstruct the Church from within in charity.

1. *The Shattered Lantern: Rediscovering a felt presence of God*, London (Hodder and Stoughton) 1994, p. 170.
2. *Orthodoxy*, New York (Image Books), 1990, p. 19. Originally published: New York (Dodd, Mead & Co.), 1908.

*Paul Rowan*

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Bishop  
Owen Swindlehurst  
10th May 1928 - 28th August 1995

*Bishop Hugh Lindsay preached the following homily  
at the Funeral Mass for Bishop Owen:*

***Happy the one who lives  
in the house of the Lord.***

**T**he Boarbank Sisters' joyful celebration of their founder St Augustine left me with mixed feelings. The sad news that Bishop Owen was dying came out of the blue after first Vespers and, just before Mass next morning, news that he was dead. The sung response to the psalm, 'Happy the one who lives in the house of the Lord', did not match my mood, but repetition helped me to realise that it was precisely for this happiness that Owen lived, worked, suffered and died.

Our Christian faith, the Mass and the sacraments and the Word of God really come into their own at times like this: never to disguise the awful mystery of death and suffering but to help us to give true meaning to those harsh realities.

Isaiah\* faces the suffering, political and religious complexities of his age with the whole truth; it includes God's power over his people's enemies and over death itself. He unconsciously presages the resurrection and heavenly banquet, an image of the day when we shall be reunited with God at the end of life. God is as powerful in our complicated age, not least when we face death.

2nd Timothy\* and Luke\* are primarily directed to church leaders, especially at the end of their earthly life and ministry. We can expect suffering, which must be willingly borne for the benefit of those we serve. But to have died with Christ will be to live with him, to have held firm will be to reign with him. Luke sees us as diligent slaves, always ready to serve, faithful, never disturbing lawful faith and practice in the church community and always ready for the coming of the Lord. These high standards were all Owen Swindlehurst's.

He was always extremely loyal: to his family; to his faith; to his country and more especially to his native diocese. His outstanding qualities surfaced in Ushaw's junior seminary and developed in his ten years, including post-graduate Canon Law, in Rome. It nurtured a new loyalty: his undying love for Italy, and for Rome in particular; but without in any way lessening his other loyalties.

On his return, his talents were put to full use: parish work at Ponteland, later at Denton Burn, as well as in advising Bishop Cunningham on canon law and helping with marriage cases. He was quietly devoted to everyone; he could explore his native Northumberland again and go to St James' Park. He managed to balance



an accurate knowledge of canon law with pastoral sensitivity. 'Low key, incredibly talented and utterly dependable' would be a headmaster's comment. Priests were quick to spot it and, despite his working at Bishop's House he represented them at the Council of Priests and the infant National Conference of Priests.

In 1972 he became parish priest of Holy Name, Jesmond, whose founder, Father Aloysius Johnson, had been confessor and friend to Lady Hume before 1920. The Cardinal recalled this when I saw him last week; he asked me to tell you how saddened he is at Bishop Owen's death and by his own inability to come here today. Lady Hume still lived in Holy Name and Owen was still parish priest when he attended his first Bishops' Conference. The Cardinal told the new Bishop that he had the higher place in his mother's eyes: he was entitled to sit in Fr. Johnson's confessional! Owen had gently introduced the parish to celebrating the liturgy in English. He founded a parish council which helped him to commission a compact parish centre. He also initiated the long tradition of weekly ecumenical clergy prayer in Holy Name church.

No-one was surprised when Pope Paul VI appointed him auxiliary bishop in 1977; his pastoral care of Catholics between the Tyne and Tees meant living in Sunderland. It really was care: his quiet shyness often hid from view all he was doing. The regulars in prison in his area will all miss his frequent visits. He was also a valued member of the Bishops' Conference, particularly well-qualified to represent us on the Ethical Issues Committee shared with Scotland and Ireland.

His shyness and love of privacy had shown itself soon: he had very successfully defended his canon law doctoral thesis in public, but he did not publish it and technically avoided the award of a doctorate in canon law. We often enjoyed his wit and humour. For example, I heard him suggest that a wealthy bishop elect should wear a wooden ring. He used to translate for me when we visited the Roman Curia: I once spoke lengthy thanks to a high official who had helped us greatly only to see the glint in his eye as he merely said, in my re-translation, 'Bishop Lindsay is very grateful' (*Sua Eccellenza è molto contento*).

His illness was merciless to a walker, squash player and conversationalist. It took first the voice, then his strength but, far from complaining, he persevered with treatment and spoke optimistically about the future even in his last days. In his last interview with the diocesan newspaper, he said little about illness and a great deal about his student days in Rome.

Owen and Bishop Cunningham were different yet had much in common: tall, canon lawyers, quite shy, intensely devoted to whatever work the Church assigned them, bearing their last years of suffering so bravely and quietly that death came as a shock to the rest of us. He had followed me at Ponteland, Bishop's House, and as Bishop of Chester-le-Street and Auxiliary Bishop. When I was ill and he was incredibly fit, I assumed he would also die after me now I am privileged to have his example of suffering and death before me.

Owen, may you rest in peace and be happy living in the house of the Lord; and, as in this life, always remember us who love you but are still on the way to God.

***Rt. Rev. Hugh Lindsay***

\* (*Isaiah 25:8-9; 2 Timothy 2:8-13; Luke 12:35-40*).



# Friends of The Venerable

(English College Rome)

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## AIMS

- To promote the work of the Venerable 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 Venerable.

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is invited from:

- Past and present members of the College and their families.
- Participants in pilgrimages and visits to the College and Palazzola.
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## ACTIVITIES

- A newsletter about life at the College and Association events is circulated regularly to members.
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- Local groups of Friends organise events in their own area.

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- The minimum annual subscription is £10. Family Membership £15.
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For information please contact:

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16 Abingdon Road, Kensington, London W8 6AF**



# Sister Joan McNamara (Sister of Mercy)

*Sister Joan wrote the following poems during her Sabbatical in Rome 1994. She spent most of her time at the Angelicum where she enjoyed to the full the rarefied atmosphere of mysticism and poetry.*

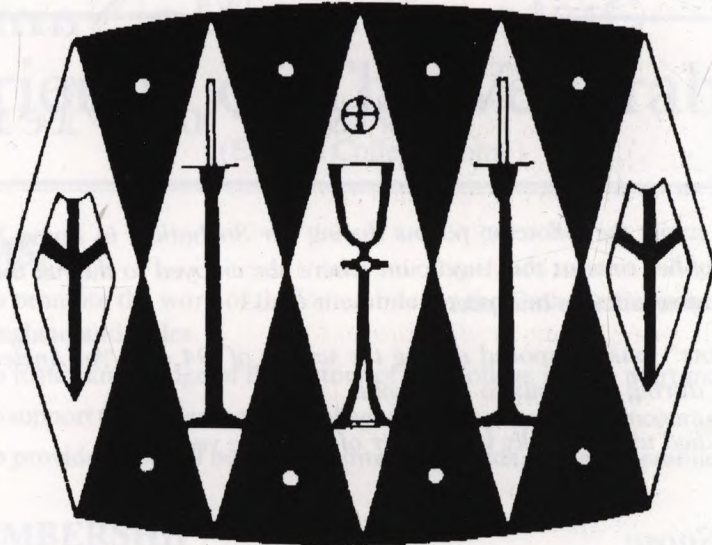
*"Roman Snow" was composed during the winter of '94 and "An Ancient Place" was written during her visits to Palazzola.*

*Sister Joan died unexpectedly in October of the same year 1994.*

## **Roman Snow**

All night the snow had fallen. And now Rome's  
Distinctive silhouette is strangely blurred:  
Domes, towers and campaniles reduced  
To curving contours of unbroken white  
Obliterating the yellow, Roman red  
And burnt sienna of the sunlight city.  
In windswept streets above the Colosseum –  
A Colosseum oddly soft and white –  
Chestnut vendors, pinched and cold, crouch  
Before pathetic braziers in the doorways of shops,  
And blue-fingered proffer unwanted wares;  
Their cries, shrill in the frosty air, mingle  
With the shouts of children in the garden  
Of Nero's Golden House, who hesitant and fumbling  
Mould the unfamiliar snow into balls  
To pelt the wondering Romans passing by.  
Cypress, pine and palm, grotesquely white,  
Line the Appian Way; and orange trees  
Shaken in the wind splash the snow  
With daubs of colour garish and unexpected.  
St. Peter's dome is lost in a grey sky.  
Bernini's columns, striped with white, enclose  
Surprised pilgrims kneeling in the snow  
For the blessing of a white-clad figure  
Alone unchanged in an alien world.





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## *An Ancient Place*

Cradled in the Alban hills,  
crater lakes older than human memory,  
smoothly patterned like watered silk,  
metallic blue – So I saw you first,  
but also know you angry, ruffled and grey –  
and all around, steep-sloped, wooded hills.

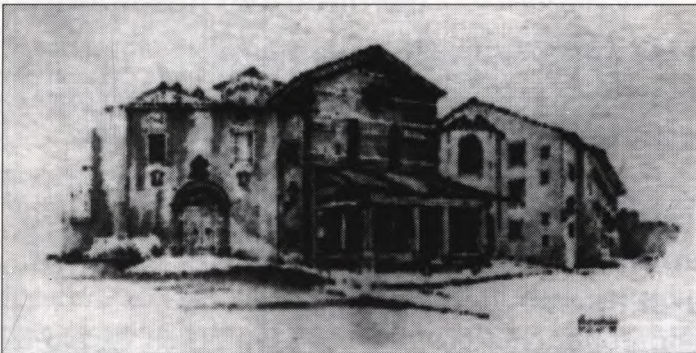
High on the Northern slope, beneath Monte Casso's Sacred way,  
perched among the trees, an ancient place.

'little Palace', remnant of Etruscan Alba,  
and later Roman Villa of Consul Scipio, Nescio Hispano  
– so the tomb inscription says.

And now, Convento de Palazzola  
takes its place in this human story  
absorbing all that has been –  
prodigious etruscan precocity. Roman gravitas,  
and always awareness of Divinity's immensity,  
in this place of Benedictine hospitality and peace  
of austere Cistercian prayer,  
of Franciscan simplicity,  
ambience of popes and cardinals,  
of bishops and priests,  
of pilgrims and faith seekers, saints and sinners,  
a place of fellowship in the joy and pain of vocations tried and shaped:  
a house of prayer and friendship, of service gladly given,  
a house of mercy:  
a garden of tranquility, with small trees and shady corners,  
fragrance of herbs, fountain shimmering in the sun,  
evenings on the terrace, sunset over the water  
– and yet,

and yet,

for those who come with ears to hear, eyes to see and hearts to love,  
a disturbing Gospel place questioning the values of our world,  
calling us together to go out and share God's Word.





# Football News: Year 1995/96



**T**he VEC football side was absolutely grateful to have had 3 newcomers. After last season we felt the need to dip our paws into the transfer market and we came up with three talented players: Francis Poku, Steve Wright, Tarcisio Chiurciù. The contribution from these players has been excellent and with rumours of a large number of VEC students arriving next year, myself and Steve Billington will be scouting around as usual come the beginning of the new academic year.

The VEC side is at present in the process of building and so far it has proved to be a successful exercise, far surpassing our expectations. I would like to thank a number of players who have been in my view at the heart of this process especially in the nurturing of our three new players "right from the off". Starting from the defence I would like to thank Paul Rowan, Andrew Stringfellow, Christopher Bergin, Hugh Pollock, Timothy Menezes, John Paul Leonard, Steve Billington, and Stephen Wang. I am also in a position to say that all but 2 of these will be the



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nucleus of our side for next season and who knows possible winners of a certain Lateran Trophy? "Nough said."

A special word of thanks to York United Football Club and Merthyr Tydfil Football Club for supplying us with this year's team strip. The team was absolutely grateful to 2 members of the side who were influential in striking this deal: Steve Billington and Joseph Jordan.

We would also like to thank the staff at the English College not only for their support all year round but also for the valuable contribution they made towards the purchase of our new football shorts and socks.



Although we did not have as many fixtures this year as we would have liked, we did enjoy some very entertaining fixtures. Among these were fixtures against the North American College, the Mexican College, the French College and the Romanian College.

Most of our fixtures were played at the North America College and it is to them that we would now like to thank for the provision of their sports facilities and light refreshments after all our games. Up until now their stadium ranks amongst the best I have seen since my arrival in Rome and I look forward to some more enthralling encounters with the NAC some time next season.

I have however decided to dedicate this final section to 2 players who will be leaving us at the end of this season: Timothy Menezes and Paul Rowan.

Paul Rowan will be sorely missed especially as I regard him to be the best goalkeeper of all the colleges in Rome. He has a very cool head on his shoulders and is very confident in his own ability. Our defence was forever grateful for his presence and it might take a few years before we establish that sort of confidence again at the heart of our defence. But enough of the football talk, what about the Man behind the gloves and the boots and the jersey? Well, as we would say in my part of London, "ee waz a sound bloke". Great sense of humour although certain members of the Scots College may not agree. After all it was only a few months ago when to our great amusement Paul asked the question to one or two of their players, whom I must admit looked a bit on the heavy side, "whose been eating all the pie"? Thanks Paul for your contribution for all your 7 years at the college. And I am sure in a parish out there, is a team of kids, footballing kids of course, waiting for daddy to return home to train them. God bless you mate.

Timothy Menezes is unfortunately the next player to leave us. I must admit before coming out to the VEC I had seen Tim with his Bishop in the Universe and much as I would like to say that he struck me as one of the footballers at the college, I honestly have to say that he didn't. I saw him rather in the mould of a tennis player or even possibly a golfer on the verge of winning a green jacket. The point I am trying to get at is that he just looks too friendly, out-going, pleasant, laid back, to be the sought of ruthless footballer that I can recall from my early football days who played in the right back position that Tim plays in. Needless to say however that the man is a dark horse. Once those Nike boots hit the green there really is no looking back, he becomes as ruthless as the best of us. The strength of his tackling with 100% ferocity on almost all occasions is but a far cry





from that softly spoken, meditative, spiritual priest that I have to put up with on every Tuesday evening for prayer groups. He shall I be missed especially for his smiles cheeky enough for anyone to feel uneasy about what he was thinking or worse still what he had done. Thank you Tim for all your work this season and all of us will miss you. Someone mentioned you as a possible candidate for team mascot next year. Nick Tucker might have something to say about that.

I also have to announce the sad departure of none other but a legend, a great football enthusiast, the TOP MAN of the college, yes JOSEPH JORDAN. What can I say about the man that has not already been said? He was director of football of our side for as long as I can remember and a football coach to the kids at the Britannica. A great manager with untold teaching qualities. But I have a feeling that the side that will miss him the most may not be as close to home as we might think. Lazio Football club might be worthy successors to that title. In all his years here he was a keen fan almost martyred on a few occasions by Roma supporters wondering what a Welsh taff was doing with a Lazio flag. You shall be missed, JOE. The Bishops of England and Wales will be hard pressed to find another Legend who falls into the same mould. See you back as Rector or better still TOP MAN.

*Francis Poku*

**TAILOR TO POPE JOHN PAUL II**

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# The 'Rediscovery' of the Catacombs

*Paper delivered to the  
Catholic Archives Society in Rome,  
October 1995*

*"The Roman Catacombs – a name consecrated by long usage, but having no etymological meaning, and not a very determinate geographical one – are a vast labyrinth of galleries excavated in the bowels of the earth in the hills around the eternal city; not in the hills on which the city itself was built, but those beyond the walls. Their extent is enormous; not as to the amount of superficial soil which they underlie, for they rarely, if ever, pass beyond the third milestone from the city, but in the actual length of their galleries; for these are often excavated on various levels, three, four or even five – one above the other; and they cross and recross one another, sometimes at short intervals; so that, on the whole, there are certainly not less than 350 miles of them; that is to say, if stretched out in one continuous line, they would extend the whole length of Italy itself."*

**N**orthcote and Brownlow, *Roma Sotteranea*. This work, published in 1869 remains the authoritative English work on the catacombs and reflects a passionate interest in the mid 19th century Church in rediscovering the history of the catacombs. This was pursued with vigour, for emotional and spiritual reasons as much as scholarly ones and reflected a particularly 19th century understanding of the Church. It was an understanding which emphasised continuity and historicity and the centrality of the Roman claim to authority.

It was linked to a tradition of pilgrimage to Rome which had grown up from as early as the 4th century. From the time of Constantine, the three great shrines of the burial place of St Peter and of St Paul and the Constantinian basilica of St John Lateran had become established as pilgrim shrines, but the other main attractions were the catacombs, the burial places of early martyrs. A list dating from 354 gave the names of 32 martyrs revered by the Christians in Rome and a revised list of the early 7th century had added a further 70 names.<sup>1</sup> There were 25 or 26 'parish' catacombs, corresponding to the areas of Rome and at least as many private ones in addition. Many of the names which survive were those of the owners - Priscilla, Domitilla etc. Others, like S Callistus, are named after those who had them constructed. Pope Damasus (366-84), one of the most powerful advocates of Roman primacy among the early Popes, restored the catacombs to



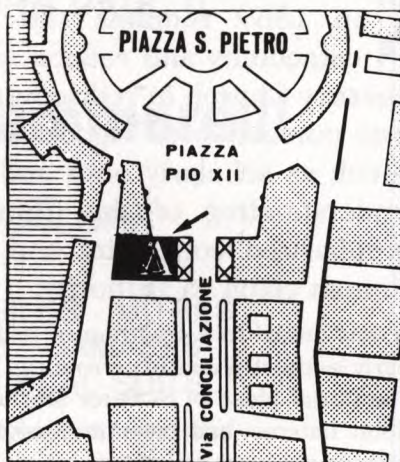
demonstrate clearly that Rome's glory was Christian not pagan. He was also the founder of the church of S Lorenzo in Damaso, where he is buried.<sup>2</sup>

Successive sieges wrecked and pillaged the catacombs and liturgical life in Rome gradually transferred to the great basilicas, as it became desirable to translate the martyrs' remains to the city. By the 4th century churches were springing up all over Rome and the catacombs were falling into disrepair. According to Northcote, the catacombs ceased to be used for burial after the capture of Rome by Alaric in 410. At the beginning of the 7th century, 28 wagon loads of relics were translated to the Pantheon, newly renamed S Maria ad Martyres.<sup>3</sup> This process was accelerated after the Lombard destruction of 756 and by the 9th century there were scarcely any significant saints left in the catacombs.<sup>4</sup> In some cases even the location of the catacombs were forgotten.

Pilgrimage was associated primarily with honouring the martyrs of primitive Christianity, so it too shifted into the city, to become entangled with an exercise of power and Roman authority, which was not necessarily always spiritual. Thus the counter attractions of the city and its basilicas drew the attention of those seeking spiritual aid and ecclesiastical sanction. Pilgrimage became formalised in the circuit of shrines to be visited and in the ritual of departure. The parish gathered at the local church for the celebration of the Eucharist and for the blessing of the departing pilgrims with the recitation of psalms and sprinkling of holy water. Guilds would often accompany their pilgrim members out of town and provide alms for the journey.<sup>5</sup> The familiar pattern of devotions which developed during the mediaeval period was built around the seven principal churches and

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their relics – S Pietro (the tomb of Peter and the Veronica), S Maria Maggiore (the crib), S Giovanni Laterani (the Scala Santa), S Paolo fuori le Muri (the tomb and chair of S Paul), S Lorenzo (the gridiron), S Sebastiano (the catacombs), and Santa Croce (the Passion relics). These seven seem to have been a well established circuit from earliest times, based on the huge importance of relics, but interestingly, only S Sebastiano is a catacomb church. Mediaeval piety was dominated by relics and, “the richness of Rome as reliquary made it a constant festa.”<sup>6</sup> A book on the Seven Churches published in 1694 describes it as “a pilgrimage peradventure the most celebrated after Calvary and the Sepulchre of Christ.”<sup>7</sup>

By the early 13th century the system of indulgences had become established, by which the Church administered the ‘store’ of merit gained by Christ and the saints for the benefit of the penitent. Indulgences became available to those who went on pilgrimage and visited shrines and could become a source of competition and rivalry between Popes, religious orders and sodalities. The system had begun under Gregory the Great and by the mid 12th century indulgences could be obtained at all forty of the Roman Lent ‘Station Churches’. Gerald of Wales gained all the station indulgences on his visit in 1195<sup>8</sup> He maintained that, of all pilgrimages, the Welsh preferred to go to Rome and that having reached St Peter’s they prayed most devoutly.<sup>9</sup> Plenary indulgences (remission of full temporal punishment obtained by a sinner) could be gained by pilgrims visiting the Roman basilicas in a Holy Year. It was the indulgence system which first gave rise to the publication of guide books to Christian Rome. There already existed, for the benefit of travellers, accounts of the remains of ancient Rome under various forms known as the *Mirabilia Urbis Romae* (The Wonders of Rome). This ran into numerous editions and one of its more sophisticated readers was an Englishman, Master Gregory, who visited Rome at the beginning of the 13th century and wrote his own account, *De Mirabilibus Romae*. He was impressed by the classical buildings and the remains of the Roman water system, but did not swallow all that the guidebooks contained and was contemptuous of the unlettered pilgrims who did.<sup>10</sup>

As a result of the shrinking population and extent of Rome and removal of the relics to city churches, the catacombs became neglected and abandoned. The catacombs of S Sebastian were one of the few remaining open and accessible to visitors during the late mediaeval period and they were mentioned by the 15th century English Augustinian writer on Rome, John Capgrave. However, only from the late 16th century were the catacombs ‘rediscovered’ and a famous story is told of the workmen in a vineyard off Via Salaria, in 1578, suddenly losing their spades into a cavity beneath their feet, which opened up into a network of galleries.<sup>11</sup> This was enshrined (somewhat misleadingly) as the ‘rediscovery of the catacombs’. It was taken up with enthusiasm as a valuable piece of Counter Reformation propaganda and a number of scholars began work on the excavations and clumsy reproductions of the frescoes were made. The first real systematic scholar of the catacombs was Antonio Bosio, who worked on them from 1593 (aged 18) until his death in 1629. He bequeathed his papers to the Knights of Malta who secured their publication in 1634 under the patronage of Cardinal Barberini. Bosio was really the founder of modern Christian archaeology –



ie archaeology with the purpose of revealing Christian continuity and ultimately, truth. The growing interest which resulted, led to the catacombs being pillaged all over again – this time by tourists as well as scholars. The mining of the catacombs for relics and artifacts led to a decline in interest in the sites themselves. Much of the archaeology was done in museums and libraries. Neglect and apathy characterised the 18th century and when Benedict XIV opened a museum of Christian Antiquity, while it stimulated interest, it also made it possible to satisfy that interest in more leisurely and pleasant surroundings. The underground galleries still lay largely unexplored and only partially understood.

From the early 19th century Rome figured more vividly in the European and English Catholic spiritual landscape. The French Revolutionary imprisonment and exile of Pius VI and then of Pius VII at the hands of Napoleon wrought considerable sympathy in Catholic hearts for the person of the Pope. The persecution of the papacy and the final reinstatement of the Papal states in 1815 also contributed to a growing enthusiasm for Papal authority and for the vision of Rome at the centre of European peace, maintaining the balance of power and true order. England in the 18th century had developed a passion for Rome, which was frustrated by the wartime embargo on continental travel. The image of Rome was kept alive for the English in the published travel accounts and after the end of the war a stream of English visitors from an increasingly wide spectrum of society headed for Rome along the Napoleonic military roads which enabled quicker and more comfortable travel. The neo Classical sculptor Antonio Canova spent the winter of 1815 in London restoring his contacts in the world of fashionable artistic patronage and on his return was able to obtain commissions for young artists in Rome and did much to rebuild the artistic colony in the city. One of his patrons was the Catholic Henry Blundell of Ince Blundell, Lancashire. He was an indefatigable art collector who spent considerable time abroad forming a collection of paintings and sculpture.

Cardinal Consalvi, protege of the Cardinal Duke of York, convinced Anglophile and Papal Secretary of State became (in 1814) the first Roman Cardinal to set foot in England since the Reformation. He was also Cardinal Protector of the English College from 1818 until his death in 1824. He became great friends with the Prince Regent and his portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence hangs in Windsor Castle. Part of the achievement of his diplomatic mission to England was that the British government paid the costs of Canova's operation to reclaim the art treasures of Rome removed to Paris during the occupation. The Pope's letter of thanks and the Prince Regent's cordial reply were the first exchange of Royal and Papal letters in centuries. Meanwhile, English Catholics were joining the increased numbers of post war visitors. Consalvi was also to play an important part in the recovery of Rome's archaeology and history and to begin to rebuild the ideological continuity so predominant in the 19th century.

Before the mid and late 19th century achievement of English Ultramontaniam brought Papal and Roman devotion into the heart of English Catholic life, there were many English Catholic families who visited Rome, often for extended spells. These visits were stimulated by a combination of poverty, devotion and artistic interest, and they joined large numbers of their countrymen and women. The Gentleman's Magazine of 1817 reported 1700 English families living in Italy. Two





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years later the Travellers' Club was founded in London, the criterion for membership being that the applicant had stood on the heights of the Capitol in Rome.<sup>12</sup> In the winter of 1818 it was estimated that over 2000 English were in residence – one seventeenth of the total population of the city.<sup>13</sup> The imagination was stirred by the completion in 1818 of Byron's enormously successful romance, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, which may well have played an important part in the popular reclamation of the word pilgrimage. Childe Harold ends his pilgrimage in Rome and much of the fourth canto celebrates the city. Rome for Byron was the climax of all civilisations, embracing Classical and Christian and he mourns the loss of her glory.

*"O Rome! my country! city of the soul!  
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
Lone mother of dead empires!"<sup>14</sup>*

Although Byron was partly responsible for their enthusiasm, the post war travellers drove him to distraction, as he wrote in 1817,

*"I have not the least idea where I am going, nor what I am to do. I wished to have gone to Rome; but at present it is pestilent with English – a parcel of staring boobies, who go about gaping and wishing to be at once cheap and magnificent. A man is a fool who travels now in France or Italy, till this tribe of wretches is swept home again. In two or three years the first rush will be over and the Continent will be roomy and agreeable."<sup>15</sup>*

He was wrong. By 1820 the tide of British tourists to Rome had reached a peak and over the next ten years the literary market was awash with books on Italian travel.<sup>16</sup> Rome, like most other Italian cities had Pensione and Alberghi named 'di Londra' or 'd'Inghilterra' and the Caffè Inglese near the Spanish Steps was more popular than the famous Caffè Greco, despite the fact that the latter reserved a room for the English and served tea.<sup>17</sup> The area around the Piazza di Spagna had already begun to be colonised by the English in large numbers.

Among the most powerful attractions in Rome for this generation was the appearance of its ancient treasury, Pagan and Christian, as never seen before. Classical Rome was revealed in greater glory due to excavations carried out by the French and continued with great determination by Pius VII and Cardinal Consalvi. The Colosseum was cleaned and strengthened and it was freed from the mounds of earth and rubbish that had built up over centuries. The temples of the Forum were dug out to their bases and later buildings surrounding them were demolished. The views of Rome familiar from the Piranesi prints was beginning to disappear.<sup>18</sup> Canova, on behalf of Consalvi, was dispatched to Paris with British support to reclaim the art treasures and the antique sculpture removed from Rome by the French. The British Navy dealt with the transportation and paid the removal bill. A new Vatican Gallery was created to house the returned antique sculpture. Between February 1810 and February 1811, 3239 chests of Vatican Archives had also crossed the Alps, containing an estimated 102,435 registers, volumes or bundles. These too had to be returned and late in 1817 the first wagon train of 174 chests arrived by sea from Marseilles. Other consignments followed



but an estimated one third never made it, and it was possible to buy Vatican documents in the flea markets of Paris until late in the 19th century.<sup>19</sup>

However, the Christian past was being rediscovered in the form of the catacombs, which after centuries of neglect and misunderstanding, began to be excavated and interpreted for the first time by serious archeologists. They were to play a vital part in the recovery of Christian pilgrimage in the 19th century, in the creation of a powerful sense of Roman Catholic identity and in the emergence of Rome in the Protestant Christian imagination.<sup>20</sup> In 1802 the relics 'identified' as those of a Roman maiden Filumena were excavated from the catacomb of S Priscilla. The relics wrought a miraculous cure of a fever in a parish priest from Mugnano who had sought them for his church. After his recovery, he told his travelling companion, the local Bishop, of the circumstances and the Bishop vowed that the relics should be translated back to Mugnano on the front of the carriage. When the relic box was inadvertently placed under the bishop's seat, he received a severe kicking on the back of the legs, which only ceased when the box was placed at the front of the carriage. Filumena was taken up with great enthusiasm and the parish priest managed to construct a pious biography of her based on the symbols in the tomb inscription. She was taken up by, among others, the Cure D'Ars, Gladstone's sister, Wiseman and Gregory XIV and symbolises the direction which catacomb archaeology was to take in the 19th century and the use to which it could be put. The personal link with an individual martyr gave a powerful emotional fillip to faith.

For the generation of English Catholics who were beginning to emerge from the constraints of penal times and to assert their identity, the trend in the European Church of restored confidence and renewal centred on Papal authority was encouraging. Symbolic of the desire to restore Roman links with England after the defeat of Napoleon was the determination to reopen the English College, despite the logic that seminaries were now flourishing on English soil by the end of the Napoleonic wars. Significantly, the English bishops were determined to have the college controlled by English superiors.<sup>21</sup> It took until 1818 to bring about the restoration under Gradwell's rectorship. One of the first students was Nicholas Wiseman, author of a devoted and very personal volume of *Recollections of the Last Four Popes* (1858) recalling the period of his early familiarity with Rome.

He was at the centre of the circle of English Catholics who entered Rome as pilgrims or visitors of longer duration and had considerable influence on them and the ideal of the Church which was formative in England. In the early 1830's he was described by one English observer as "... a young man, rapidly gaining a great reputation at the church Degli Incurabili on the Corso. He was a tall slim man of ascetic appearance, and not promising to be the very corpulent man he was in after years."<sup>22</sup> The reputation he was gaining was as a preacher of English language sermons for the Catholics (and anyone else interested) in Rome.

Wiseman was sensitive to the new mood in Rome and in England and was anxious to see Catholic travel guides to Rome which would counterbalance those already flooding the market and "resonate with proper spiritual and devotional tone."<sup>23</sup> He wrote powerfully of this need in the Dublin Review.



*"If we enter the precincts of the Eternal City, the power of religion, associated as she ever should be with the beautiful and the amiable, lays hold of our mind and heart and encompasses us with an inspiring influence which denotes the presence of the spirit of the place. A marvellous combination of splendid natural scenery, with grey and broken masses of ruins - the emblems of the enduring and of the perishable, of the works of God and of man - encircles and adorns those sacred temples, which seem to partake of the properties of both - erected of the frail materials composing the latter, yet apparently endowed with the immortal and unfading newness which is the prerogative of the former."*<sup>24</sup>

Wiseman's desires to inspire people with the spirit of the place were fulfilled by W J A Sheehy in 1838 (*Reminiscences of Rome: a religious, moral and literary view of the Eternal City*) and in 1842 by Jeremiah Donovan, (*Rome, Ancient and Modern and its Environs*). Works like these reflected and stimulated the growing confidence among English Catholics that the devotional and historical fabric of Rome clearly expressed its apostolic heritage, which was also theirs to reclaim.

During the middle and later years of the 19th century, attitudes to Catholicism in England changed. The tolerant indifference of the 18th century and the often open co operation of the early 19th century disappeared in a more hostile atmosphere. Catholicism for its part became more self assured, more assertive, more distinctive - more Roman. This encouraged a desire among English Catholics, especially perhaps among the new converts of the 19th century, who sought the assurance of Papal authority, to forge even more concrete links between England and Rome. The Oxford Movement in the Church of England, dedicated to restoring the Established Church to its pre Reformation Catholic roots, was a source of division within English Protestantism. To its advocates it led naturally to a positive reappraisal of the relationship between the Church of England and Rome and in many cases led individuals to seek membership of the Catholic Church. However, to the vast majority of Church of England members, supported by the Protestant Nonconformists, the Oxford Movement was a source of danger, undermining Protestantism from within and threatening the overthrow of English Christianity by Papal authority. It did not take long for the latent anti-Popery in the English mentality to resurface. The reassertion of the 'Romanness' of Catholicism and the increased focus on the person and office of the Pope did not help and the furore over Wiseman's Letter from the Flaminian Gate was a prime case of how easily such fury was stirred.<sup>25</sup>

On his appointment as Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in 1850, Wiseman was given the titular church of S Pudentiana, reputed (though along with other claimants) to be the oldest Christian foundation in Rome. It was said to have been built in 154 on or near the site of the house of a Roman senator whose daughters Prassede and Pudentiana had a particular devotion to the Christian martyrs and tradition had it that Caractacus, a British chieftain, was imprisoned there, became a Christian and carried out missionary journeys to his native land. As H V Morton evocatively, if a little romantically, wrote, "In this church Christian tradition goes back to the time of Pius I and the year 154 when old people were still living who had received first hand accounts of the apostles from those who



had known them 78 years previously. St Paul is said to have lived here too and it is claimed the S Mark may have written his gospel here.”<sup>26</sup> To the left of the apse is a chapel containing a portion of a table believed to have been used by St Peter (the rest being in S John Lateran). The growing interest in relics caught Wiseman’s imagination and when he was titular Cardinal he became interested in this tradition and had it compared scientifically with the wood in St John Lateran. It was concluded that both sections came from the same table, which was almost certainly of first century date. Following the examination, Wiseman had the wood enclosed behind glass, where it is now preserved. S Pudentiana was also the titular church of one of Wiseman’s successors at Westminster, Cardinal Francis Bourne.

Later, as Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster he presided over the ‘Romanising’ of English Catholicism and the flowering of passionate Papal devotion. Better known to most English Catholics of a certain age than his *Recollections*, is Wiseman’s hymn ‘Full in the Panting Heart of Rome’. He was a key figure in forging the connection between the rebirth of English Catholicism and the assertion of Roman spiritual authority. “Not since Gregory Martin wrote of Rome in 1581 had an English Catholic been so sensitive to the historical and devotional value of the Christian monuments of Rome. Like Martin, Wiseman saw Rome as the heavenly Jerusalem, “the capital of spiritual Christianity.”<sup>27</sup>

The rediscovery of the catacombs and the attention which this brought upon the history of early Christianity played an important propaganda role. The history of the early Christian community in Rome, the ‘Church of the Catacombs’ was increasingly explained in polemical terms, by Catholics asserting the historic continuity, and by Protestants arguing that theirs was the true heritage of the Early Church.<sup>28</sup> In the face of Protestant writers trying to proclaim the essentially Protestant simplicity of the Church of the Catacombs, cleansed of all the accretions of later centuries, Catholic scholarship (supported by the Tractarians) fought back fiercely and successfully. Wiseman was an important figure in this campaign to reclaim the catacombs. He had been fascinated by them since his early years in Rome and used the evidence of them in his well publicised lectures given in England in 1836. He wanted to capture and communicate the blend of history and devotion available in the archaeology of the catacombs and so turned to the most popular literary form in Victorian England - the novel. He published *Fabiola* in 1858 to immediate success. The first run of 4000 sold rapidly. The novel contains a great deal of Church History and drew upon a wealth of archaeological evidence as well as imagination. A number of real historical figures are woven into the story and Wiseman used a number of individual and composite portraits to demonstrate forcefully the continuity between the Church of the Catacombs and the English Catholic Church of 19th century.<sup>29</sup> Its success spread beyond England and it was translated into 7 Italian editions as well as French, Spanish Portuguese, Hungarian, German, Danish, Polish, Slavonic and Dutch. In England it ran through numerous editions and had widespread and lasting popularity.<sup>30</sup>

Wiseman saw the roots of 19th century Catholicism in the catacombs, but also saw the catacombs in the contemporary history of English Catholicism. What else had the Recusant communities done within living memory, but emerge anew from the catacombs? *Fabiola* marked the peak of Catholic presentation of the



catacombs, provided Catholic apologists with a powerful tool and ensured enduring interest in the catacombs among pilgrims. However, even before the publication of Fabiola, the catacombs wrought a fierce emotional effect on at least one English pilgrim, Pauline de la Ferronays, the 20 year old daughter of a French emigré Count who became British Ambassador in Rome in 1829.

*"We left the catacombs by the stair that had been used by the Christians. When I was on its steps, the different impressions I had received In succession broke upon me in their fullness. The steps were the same as the martyrs trod on their way to death. I longed to cast myself on the ground and kiss their footprints. I longed to stay and weep without stint. I felt there I could have given utterance to the feelings with which my heart was full. Then I thought that the young girls who went up those slopes to die heroically saw me from their height in heaven and prayed for me who was so little like them....I could not resist the satisfaction of kissing those sacred stones before I returned to the church. When again in it, I knelt down and longed to remain there. I had felt emotions never before experienced by me. I owed to them the religion in which, happily, I was born. I felt the need of thanksgiving and of prayer to God that all my life should be an expression of my gratitude and of my love towards Him."*<sup>31</sup>

This overheated emotionalism was to become a feature in Catholic piety in the 19th century and to play a part in the reclaiming of a direct, immediate and personal relationship between the present day catholic and the saints and martyrs of the past.

The archaeological work on the catacombs was in part done by Englishmen, influenced by both Wiseman and the Tractarian search for Christian history and continuity. James Spencer Northcote was educated at Corpus Christi, Oxford, where he formed a lifelong friendship with Newman and eventually became a highly successful Rector of Oscott. After graduation in 1841 he married and was ordained in the Church of England. He worked as a curate in Ilfracombe, Devon, where he became close friends with the other leading Tractarian, Edward Pusey. In 1845 his wife and three sisters converted to Catholicism and he was not long in following. After a brief period as a teacher, he moved to Rome in 1847 and spent three years there, during which time he wrote a series of articles for *The Rambler*. In the first article he wrote of the attractions of Rome and criticised English visitors who never set foot in the catacombs.

*"The history of the Church may record its triumphs; antiquaries and tourist may enumerate its treasures; all its churches and palaces, museums and galleries, may be traversed by the hurrying foot, and scanned by the curious eye; but not all these taken together will suffice to give an adequate idea of the indescribable charm of a residence within its walls, nor even a faithful representation of what it really is. Rome is pre-eminently a place to be lived in, not learnt from books; and in which the longer you live the more you, Learn, and the more you learn, the longer you will desire to live in it; I*



*might add too, if you would not think me too enthusiastic and too tiresome, that the more you learn, the more you will find is yet to be learnt; for when you have exhausted your studies of that Rome which is before your eyes, you have yet an equal task remaining in that Rome which is beneath your feet. Roma Sotteranea is hardly less extensive, and certainly not a whit less interesting, than the Rome in which we live; and if it be true that time and labour are necessary for the understanding of the latter, still more are they required for the understanding of the former ... Yet many of our countrymen - some too who spend a considerable time in Rome, and devote themselves most assiduously to the task of lionising - have been known to go away without having paid even a single visit to these most interesting Christian antiquities; and many more, after a rapid walk through some of the subterranean galleries and an impatient peep into two or three of the principal chapels, having too (it may be) a very imperfect comprehension of the lingo spoken by their guide, come away with a satisfactory conviction that they have done the catacombs, and that after all there is not so very much in them."*

Northcote's ambition was to write a straightforward but thorough account of the catacombs and to this end he accompanied the leading archaeologist John Baptist de Rossi day after day into the catacombs. De Rossi (1822-94) had trained in both Philosophy and Jurisprudence, but in 1841, working as a scriptor in the Vatican Library, he met the archaeologist and Custode of the Sacred Cemeteries, Joseph Marchi SJ. He fired De Rossi's lifelong interest in the catacombs. The younger scholar, trained to handle documentary evidence, was the first to recognise the importance of using literary sources to augment the archaeological evidence. He widened the scope of the investigations by searching later material as well as the galleries themselves and making use of topographical evidence of Patristic and Mediaeval Rome.<sup>32</sup> Throughout the 1860s and 1870s he published a vast corpus of works.<sup>33</sup> Rossi and Marchi were both, from 1851, members of Pius IX's newly formed Commissione di Archeologia Sacra. The Commission both funded and supervised all future work on the catacomb sites. Its existence is indicative of the growing interest in the origins of the Church in Rome by the Pope who was fighting a rear guard action to hold on to Rome for the Church.

Northcote's extensive first hand knowledge enabled him to write creatively an appealing image of the life and worship of the early Christians. His were among the most popular and successful items in the early editions of the Rambler and kept the catacombs in the forefront of English attention for two years. His was the first treatment to take full account of the scientific and scholarly breakthroughs. He created a popular image of the catacombs which would enkindle a devotional response, demonstrating the Catholic character of the evidence and portraying the Early Church as the progenitor of modern Catholic faith. In 1854, in response to demand from the English for tours of the catacombs, Northcote published his *Roman Catacombs*, revised in 1859. This was reworked in collaboration with Brownlow a decade later, and remains the most detailed and scholarly account of the catacombs to have appeared in English.



The Catacombs of S Callisto underwent considerable excavation by Marchi and De Rossi. As late as 1844, Marchi discovered the entrance to S Callisto and determined once and for all that it was a separate complex, not part of the catacomb of S Sebastiano. Among other important finds in S Callisto were the tomb of S Cornelius, identified by Rossi in 1849 and uncovered in 1852, and the Crypt of the Popes, excavated and identified by De Rossi in 1854 and to which he brought Pius IX. This visit reflected the Ultramontane desire to emphasise continuity and historicity in Roman and Papal authority. De Rossi was also able, using his variety of skills and techniques, (ie using 7th century copies) to reassemble the moving inscription to the early popes, written by Pope Damasus himself,

*“Learn that here lies here a whole group of saints. The revered tombs enclose their bodies while the Kingdom of Heaven has carried off their chosen souls: here Sixtus’ companions triumphing over their persecutors. Here the band of prelates who guard the altars of Christ. Here the bishop whose long life was a time of peace. Here the holy confessors sent by Greece. Here young men and boys; here aged fathers and their offspring who chose to preserve their virginity. Here too, I Damasus, I admit it, would like to have been laid, were it not for fear of disturbing the ashes of these saints.”*

Not only the martyrs of the catacombs, but inevitably, the relics of martyrs underwent a resurgence in interest in the 19th century. The Ultramontane Church emphasised the direct relationship which the Catholic Christian could have with the Divine, particularly through devotion to saints. Rediscovered patristic saints like Filumena were immensely popular, but contemporary holy men and women such as Bernadette Soubirous and John Vianney were quickly canonised and visionaries and mystics were popular devotional figures. As part of the Ultramontane development of the Church, the authority of Rome in the discernment and authentication of saints and their relics became increasingly important. Roman approbation of holy people, sites and objects was a vital part of the centralisation which characterised the Ultramontane vision of the Church. One particular controversy over relics reflected the English determination to become part of this vision. The controversy emerged in the early 1860s over the supposed phials of blood which were found at the tombs in the catacombs and were taken as an authentic sign of the martyrdom of the dead person. Thus they were venerated as important relics. When questions were raised over whether this was in fact the case, Wiseman was horrified and Northcote (while sharing some of the scholarly reservations) was concerned about the effect of the controversy on devotional life. The phials represented the cult of martyrs and the validity and necessity of the use of relics in English devotional life. What would be the effect if the faithful thought that they had been venerating relics improperly identified? More worryingly, what would be the effect on Roman authority in relation to the relics which it authenticated and distributed worldwide and on its control of devotional practice? The phial controversy illustrates the growing intransigence and assertion of Roman rule in the face of intellectual advance, and the hostile use to which intellectual advance could be put by opponents of Roman authority, in an effort to undermine it.<sup>34</sup> The anxiety for the faithful may have been



unfounded, as one pilgrim expressed a healthily pragmatic but nonetheless religious attitude to relics, in the light of the controversy.

*"We are also eager to venerate relics, as were the early Christians, even though we may mistake the identity of the relic which we think we possess. After all, what does it matter in God's sight what we venerate, if we sincerely believe the authenticity of what is under our eyes? Be there error in that or not, still our homage is offered to the true object, whatever it may be?"*<sup>35</sup>

Nevertheless, the defensive attitude taken up by proponents of the Ultramontane Catholic view had become the norm. English pilgrims were encouraged to see present day Rome, not only as the heir of the early Christians, but as embattled by hostile forces of liberal politics, Protestant polemic and scientific rationalism. Hence the tone of one typical Catholic guide book published in 1858.

*"The circumstances of the present times render it more necessary than ever, that the journey to Rome should now bear the character of a pious pilgrimage, when the anti-Christian spirit of the writers and so-called foreign correspondents of too many journals, seek to fill their letters with all that is calculated to throw ridicule on the manners, customs and social regulations of the Eternal City. More than ever should she be surrounded with love and respect, for she has more than ever become the stronghold of faith and liberty and the centre of civilisation. The railroads and steamers, and the desire to travel, which seems to be the grand characteristic of the times, have made the pilgrimage to Rome easier and more frequent than in days gone by. A work which will embrace both a religious and a scientific view of the Eternal City, must be calculated to assist the pious pilgrim in his accomplishing his longed for object, and will aid him in his walks through this sacred city."*<sup>36</sup>

Such defensiveness was fuelled by the often hostile attitudes of English Protestantism. English travellers to Rome throughout the century shared something of Newman's ambivalence on his first visit as a member of the Church of England, but without his theological sophistication. As one author has expressed it, "Nothing in the Mediterranean was so enticing, nor yet so repulsive as the religion of Papal Rome."<sup>37</sup> Fascination with the exotic 'foreignness' of Catholic ceremonial drew visitors to St Peter's and the other great churches as to some curious ritual of an alien race. Their behaviour at times embarrassed even their own countrymen who commented on the crassness of English reaction to Catholic services. Protestant authors, however, delighted in telling their correspondents and readers of the horrors of Popery encountered in Roman churches, which in their eyes took on something of the mesmerising horror of Madame Tussaud's. The theatrical style of liturgical devotions and the overtly pious behaviour of the local population both produced distaste. Worst of all was the appearance of English Catholicism in all its enthusiastic Ultramontanist in Rome. One Presbyterian visitor refused to visit the English College, fearing that the Rector would bestow on him "the same help the wolf gives to the lamb."<sup>38</sup>

The desire to enshrine the Church of the catacombs afresh and to build a consciousness of it in the popular mind can be seen in the story of the chapel of



the English Convent of Mater Dei. The Poor Servants of the Mother of God, founded in 1870 by Frances Taylor to work among the poor of London, founded their Roman house in 1887. The desire to have a house in Rome was apparent in many orders and congregations and emphasised the enhanced consciousness of Rome, especially among the English. Frances Taylor published an account of her experiences in the Crimea and also Tyburn and Those who Went Thither - the first attempt at a systematic account of the Elizabethan Catholic martyrs. This brought Frances to the attention of Lady Georgian Fullerton, herself an accomplished writer and published novelist. She was a member of the Cavendish family and married a Guards officer with lands in Ireland. To the astonishment of Georgiana and her family, he became a Catholic in 1843. She followed suit in 1846. Alongside charitable work and her other writings, she collected material on the English Catholic martyrs to aid their recognition and if possible advance the cause of their beatification - hence her interest in Fanny Taylor's book.

The two women met and became firm friends and allies. By 1868 they had begun to evolve plans for a religious institute of women, taking the model of a Polish congregation of Little Servants of the Mother of God. The little community began in London in 1870 in a cottage near Farm Street, where the women took in sewing and laundry to maintain themselves and their work. By 1872 the order had a distinct identity from the Polish root, as the Poor Servants of the Mother of God. The idea of a house in Rome did not emerge till the 1880s, when a chance conversation of Fanny Taylor (now M Magdalen) while in Rome in 1885 sowed the seed. Things moved quickly. A flat in a house in Via San Sebastianello was rented, but Mr Fullerton quickly took steps to purchase the entire property for the sisters. His wife had died in January 1885 but he continued to support the sisters and the Rome convent was in part a memorial to his wife.

M Magdalen and two companions moved into the house in January 1886, beginning with laundry and charitable activity among the poor. Soon after, the sisters began an English speaking school, which at its peak had 600 pupils and lasted for over a century till 1992. The chapel of S George and the English Saints was built as a memorial to his wife by Mr Fullerton and was opened on the anniversary of her death in January 1887. It contains a replica of the earliest known fresco of Our Lady and the Holy Child in the Catacombs of S Priscilla. This picture, given the title of Our Lady, Queen of Prophets, was solemnly enshrined in the chapel on 14 December 1995, since when it has been the focus of particular prayer for unity between Anglicans and Catholics.

Writing in 1863, the distinguished archaeologist of the catacombs, John Baptist de Rossi assessed it thus.

*"Everyone can see that the scene depicted in the catacomb of Priscilla is quite in the classical style and is a work of the best period of art. The form of the clothing points to remote antiquity; the cloak thrown over the nude, the figure of the prophet with the right shoulder bare, and still more the tunic with short sleeves worn by the Virgin. The beauty of the composition, the dignity and grace of the features, the freedom and power of the drawing, give to this fresco the impress of an age so cultivated and flourishing as to the fine arts, that when I first beheld it I seemed to see before me one of*



*the oldest specimens of Christian painting which are to be found in our cemeteries."*

While the 19th century copy cannot imitate the fragile delicacy of the ancient fresco, it is still possible to see from the painting the source of the archaeologist's passionate excitement. For many years, a Jesuit archaeologist from the Gregorian University, Fr Bonavena, had wished to see this oldest known fresco of the Mother of God reproduced and honoured publicly. He first voiced this desire in 1893 and action to find the right church for this was triggered by Leo XIII's letter 'Ad Anglos' of April 1895. The Guild of Our Lady of Ransom had been canonically erected in the chapel of S George at Mater Dei in 1890, to pray for the conversion of England. Thus it seemed an appropriate location for a shrine to Our Lady which was both Biblical and Prophetic. Papal approval of the copy made on canvas was obtained and the picture was solemnly enshrined in December 1895. In 1896 Leo XIII instituted the feast of Our Lady Queen of Prophets on 27 January and the 'English Convent' became widely known as a centre of prayer for the reunion of Rome and Canterbury. These sort of connections with the church of the catacombs naturally have increased the popular awareness of them and reverence for what they represent.

After 1870, the unsettled state of Rome made the work of the archaeologists more difficult. The new secular government controlled the excavations and the previous authority and resources of the Sacred Congregation of the Vatican were greatly curtailed. The unsettled mood made the raising of funds for archaeology more difficult and even the leading excavator John Baptist de Rossi was forced to rely on donations. Northcote helped by publishing a popular work in 1877 'A Visit to the Roman Catacombs', but interest in England in the catacombs was fading from its earlier peak. Many of the English abhorred the determined restoration by the government of works of art, buildings and classical ruins. Archaeologists were blamed for the ruin of the familiar decay and vegetation around buildings which had appealed to the Victorian taste.<sup>39</sup> A new Rome began to emerge - the secular modern city, in which the pilgrim was perhaps less at home?

English Catholic interest and piety shifted towards the cause of the martyrs of the Reformation and penal times, whose stories became part of the popular reassertion of English Catholicism. The cause for beatification by the Church of the first group of martyrs was opened by Cardinal Manning in June 1874, although as early as 1860 Wiseman had petitioned the Pope (unsuccessfully) to institute a feast in England in honour of the martyrs.

The passionate interest in the life of the early Christians in Rome had contributed to a recovery of the close link between martyrdom and pilgrimage. The stories of Roman martyrs again became familiar to Catholic pilgrims visiting Rome (and the armchair pilgrims, through the written word). Martyrdom and pilgrimage were again interconnected and in the English mind took on a new level of interest. Wiseman was not the only one to idealise English Catholic history as a rewriting of the early Church and the stories of Catholic martyrdom associated with the life of the 'Recusant Catacombs' began to be told for the first time. In the second half of the 19th century, English writers including Georgiana Fullerton, Frances Taylor and Bede Camm began to collect together the evidence of the English Catholic



martyrdoms of the 16th and 17th centuries and to tell their stories for historical and devotional purposes. The result was in 1886 and 1894 that interest had reached sufficient level to persuade Rome to beatify the first groups of English martyrs and set them on the road to canonisation. By then, the Pope himself was perceived as the victim of oppression. Martyrdom in defence of faith and in defence of Rome had re-entered the Catholic mind and heart by the late 19th century. The persecuted leaders of the Early Church, the heroic seminary priests of the 16th century and 17th century and the prisoner of the Vatican were all believed to be standing in a great tradition which was the mark of Catholic identity.

### *Judith F. Champ*

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6. Brentano, 85
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20. Much of the material on the catacombs comes from the unpublished thesis of Dr W W Meyer, *The Church of the Catacombs: British Responses to the Evidence of the Roman Catacombs 1578-1900* (Cambridge Ph D 1985). I am grateful to his supervisor, Dr E Duffy, for drawing it to my attention.
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31. Mary Catherine Bishop, *A Memorial of Mrs Augustus Craven* (Pauline de la Ferronays) (1895), 16-17
32. Meyer, 95
33. Dictionary of Christian Church
34. Meyer, *Journal of Ecclesiastical History* op cit
35. Mary Catherine Bishop, 199
36. Rev W H Nelligan, 9
37. John Pemble, *The Mediterranean Passion* (1987), 212
38. J Lethbridge, 'Sheep among the Wolves' *Venerabile* (1960), 343
39. Pemble, 178

## St. Ursula

*(Feast Day on 21st October)*

**E**arliest references to St Ursula give her ten maiden companions when she leaves her father's palace to avoid marriage to a man of his choosing. In their journeyings they were captured by Huns and slaughtered for their faith. Centuries later the eleven maidens became eleven thousand.

Over thirty years ago my old friend, Fr Bob Harvey, passed on to me the following explanation, which no doubt he had received from someone else, who in turn had received it, and so on until you come to a full stop with someone like Erasmus:

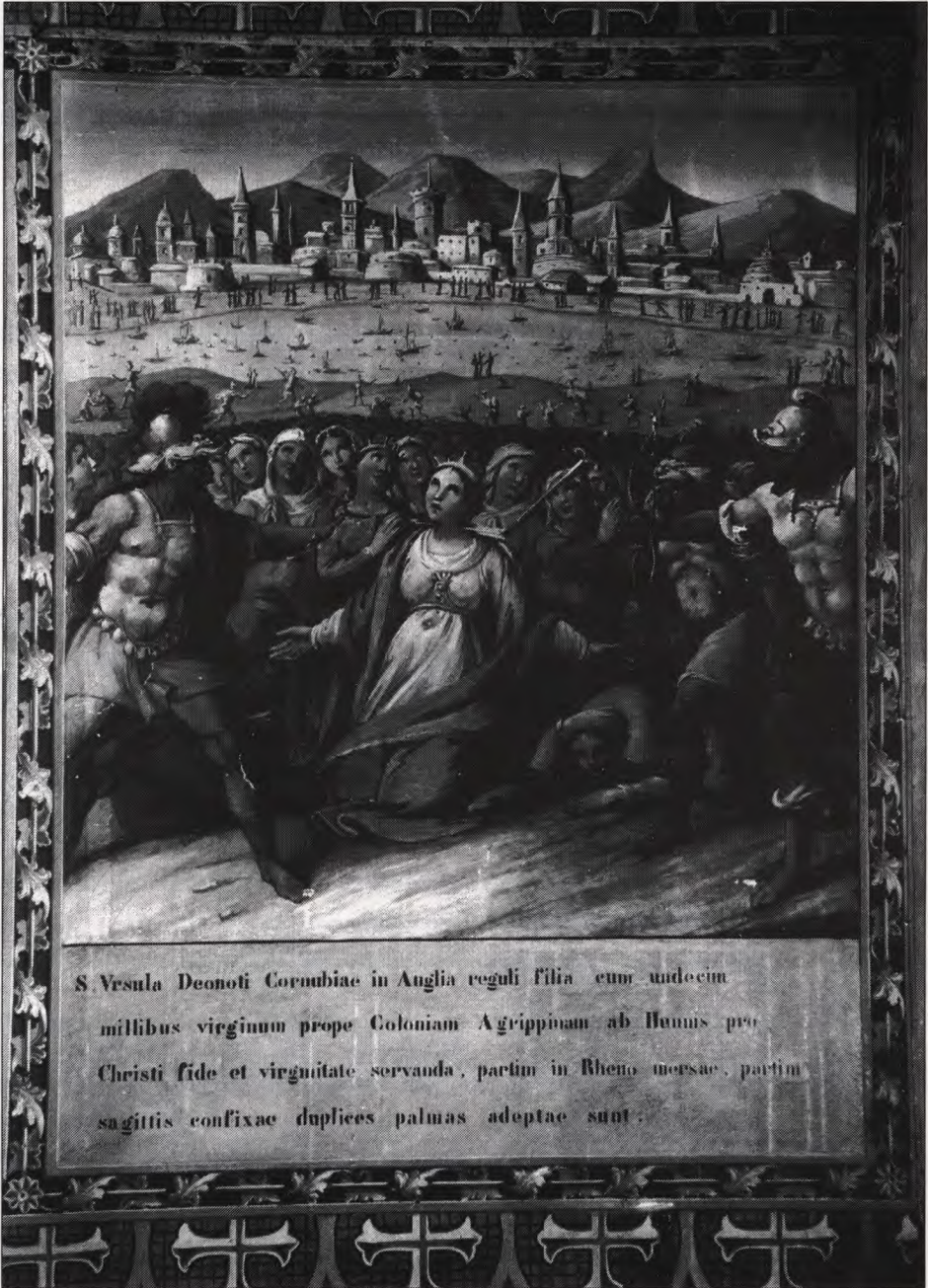
MV	singular: M V
XI MM VV	plurals: MM VV
XI M VV	singular: M, plurals: VV

This looks odd so the singular M becomes attracted to XI and becomes a numerical.

Hence: XI M VV

*Jim Sullivan*





S. Ursula Deonoti Cornubiae in Anglia reguli filia cum undecim  
millibus virginum prope Coloniam Agrippinam ab Hunnis pro  
Christi fide et virginitate servanda, partim in Rheno morsae, partim  
sagittis confixae duplices palmas adeptae sunt.

*Detail from the College Tribune*





# Prayer Vigil for Peace in Northern Ireland

*A new heart I will give you, and a new spirit I will put within you; and I will take out of your flesh the heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh. (Ezekiel 36:26).*

'THE CEASEFIRE IS OVER'. The newspaper headlines of February 10th bluntly reported the sad news that an IRA bomb had exploded in Canary Wharf, London, killing two and injuring many others. After eighteen months of relative peace this next chapter in Northern Ireland's history was one which no-one really envisaged, and one which challenged the hope which the ceasefire had created in people's hearts.

It was this tragic turn of events that inspired a unique event amongst the English speaking community in Rome. On the 19th March, hundreds gathered in the parish of San Silvestro in Capite to offer their prayers for peace in Northern Ireland, mirroring similar events that were taking place throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

From the outset, it was envisaged that preparations for the event should involve representatives from the major English speaking religious communities based in the city. So students and superiors from our own College joined the Irish, Beda and Scots Colleges, as well as the Irish Franciscan Community of St Isidore and the parishoners of San Silvestro to plan the vigil.

It seemed fitting that the event should be truly ecumenical and so the planning committee decided to invite Cardinal Francis Arinze/ president of the Pontifical Council for Inter-Religious Dialogue. He had no hesitation in accepting this invitation to attend the vigil and to preach at it. Members of the Anglican community and the Episcopal Church were happy to lend their support to the initiative. Diplomatic representatives attended too, with the Irish and British Ambassadors to the Holy See playing an active role in proclaiming the Scripture readings.

Beginning with the quote from the prophet Ezekiel (above), the hour-long vigil drew on scripture, prayer poetry and song to emphasise the theme of reconciliation and hope. The rich traditions of worship, music and culture were emphasised in the songs and reflections. For the colleges, it was a rare occasion to come together for something other than study. For the Christian community as a whole, it was a call unite ourselves in the common cause for peace.



Cardinal Arinze exhorted the congregation to carry on praying and striving for peace. We are not to become despondent with the breakdown in the peace negotiations, rather we must re-double our efforts in prayer, the most simple and fitting way that we can join with those who work actively for peace.

The message, then, was of hope - a real and living hope that peace will once more be restored to the troubled country of Northern Ireland, a hope that confirms our Christian role to be instrumental in restoring that peace:

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God."(Mt 5:9).

## *Jonathan Leach and Christopher Higgins*

# Friends of The Venerabile

I have just reread the Friends' contributions to the last eight editions of The Venerabile written by three different Chairmen. We have all worked towards increasing our membership but our efforts to "Catch Fire" have not yet resulted in the major conflagration that we hope for. Despite our efforts and our fervent hopes we retain a steady membership instead of growing apace.

The membership that we do have are very generous and we are able to give around £10,000 to the College for some project each year. Just think what we could do with double the membership As you probably know last years donation was to be spent on a new vehicle for student use. Communication between Rome and England is spasmodic to say the least. Each time I met anyone from College my first question was "Has the bus arrived?". Perhaps it is sufficient to say that supplying a new vehicle was a good idea but one never realized that it would prove such a difficult task.

At last it is here and I have seen it. Let us hope that it now stays trouble free. The Friends also provided a set of 30 cream stoles for use in concelebrated Masses, these too had a rather long gestation period. We hope that it will be noticeable that the design is taken from the wall in the Chapel.

As I write this no decision has yet been reached on what to fund this year. We did rather balk at another vehicle although the need is there. One of the Friends visiting Palazzola was worried about the back of life belts at the Pool and so kindly paid for these to be purchased.



St George's Cathedral, Southwark was the birthplace 10 years ago of the Friends of the Venerable so it was fitting that about 50 of us should return there for our Eighth Annual Meeting which took place on September 16th 1995. We mounted an exhibition of photographs recording Friends events over the last 10 years and some of the projects we had helped to fund.

After Opening Prayers led by Deacon Dennis Barratt our first Speaker was Sister Amadeus who gave us a most interesting insight into her own experiences at College in her first year as a member of staff. We heard that although the place was infuriating at times, she had found much inspiration from the Martyrs' tradition, the close link of her Institute's first sisters with the English College, the prayerfulness of the whole College community, the goodness and concern of her fellow staff members, and the perseverance of the students.

Sister Amadeus brought us up to date with what had been happening at the College and at Palazzola. The Friends are always very interested to hear about life in the College.

A very good lunch followed prepared by Mrs Smith and her UCM. Our second Speaker was Father Eddie Clare who told us about the pastoral work undertaken by the students in Rome. This is an aspect of student life that most of us had not thought about. He told us how students undertook pastoral work outside the College helping with the homeless and with refugees. Giving RE classes in the English Schools and even working as volunteers with the Samaritans.

He told us of the pastoral training given by College staff and of their structured pastoral work in England during the summer holidays.

Everyone enjoyed his talk.

Eddie's talk was followed by the business part of our day. Two stalwart members of our committee sadly had to retire for family and business reasons. These were Eddie Schulte and Jim Holroyd they were thanked for their past services. The following were elected to serve on the committee for the following year:

<i>Chairman:</i>	Jo Barnacle
<i>Vice Chairman:</i>	Mgr Jeremy Garratt
<i>Hon Secretary:</i>	Bernard Sullivan
<i>Hon Treasurer:</i>	Hamish Keith
<i>Committee Members:</i>	Judith Champ, Tom Fattorini, Antony Hudson, Jeremy Hudson, Agnes Melling, Elizabeth Usherwood.

Our secretary Bernard Sullivan told us of his intention to retire at our next Annual Meeting. We have found an able volunteer to replace him.

Our Reunion concluded with Mass concelebrated in the Lady Chapel of St George's Cathedral by Fr Anthony Barratt and Fr Eddie Clare accompanied by Antony Hudson on the guitar.

Our next Annual Meeting will be held at the Catholic Chaplaincy, of Oxford University on September 28th 1996. All are welcome.

Many Friends were able to attend the Martyrs' Masses.



A very interesting day for the Friends was held at Oscott College on March 2nd organised by Judith Champ. The speakers were Eamon Duffy and Fr Michael Williams. Their excellent talks provoked much thought and discussion.

Mgr. Jeremy Garratt is holding what promises to be a very good day for the Friends in Hampshire on May 4th whilst I am in Rome delivering this report so more of that in the next edition.

*Jo Barnacle,  
Chairman*

## The English College and the Rome Samaritans

**T**he Samaritans, renowned in England and throughout the world as an organisation to help the suicidal and to preserve life, opened a branch in Rome about 12 years ago. Its purpose was specific, its scope limited.

The purpose of such a branch – to provide a source of consolation specifically for English-speaking people in Rome, whether residents or sojourners – is supported by the fact that it takes as its model the English framework. It is twinned with the Guildford branch in England – the busiest Centre in the country – and there is regular contact regarding statistics, events and information that pertains to both places.

The scope of such an operation in Rome is limited by the shortage of English-speaking volunteers who are able to devote the time required to render the service tenable. A marked difference between the Rome Samaritans and a branch in England is that the service in Rome is only offered from 1 p.m. until 10 p.m. each day, rather than the customary 24-hour Samaritan helpline.

Out of 50 volunteers involved in the Rome Samaritans at any given time, a reasonable percentage is provided by the seminaries of Rome: at present, the English College, the Beda and the North American College contribute to the work of the organisation. For those training for a ministry often involving *directive* counselling, it is an interesting discipline to learn the skill of *non-directive* counselling. The Samaritans' theory is that the 'client' (the person on the phone



or in the Centre) is one's concern and whatever they tell you is the only information you know. The aim of such counselling is to lead the client to reach their own conclusions to their predicament, by re-phrasing and re-wording their own words, in order to make the situation clearer. Thus, offering advice based on received information can be, at best, misguided and, at worst, dangerous.

An extra link between the Rome Samaritans and the English College is that the annual Rome Samaritans Weekend Workshop is held at Palazzola. This is an opportunity for the volunteers to meet informally both for social and educational purposes. Input for the weekend is provided by members of the Rome branch, as well as Samaritans from England and others Centres around the world.

Participation in the Samaritans for students from the college has a variety of benefits: as well as developing counselling skills, it is obviously a privilege to be associated with such a well-known international organisation, serving the needs of the suicidal and helpless people in the city of Rome. It is a possibility to offer pastoral care to people who find themselves in Rome as refugees, those who suffer from depression for many reasons and, often, those who simply need someone to talk to.

It is seldom the case that we share the problems of those who phone or visit the Centre, but the common ground for volunteers and clients, the foundation upon which the Rome Samaritans stands, is that all of those involved are distanced from their homeland. Very few English College students would look back over a year and claim that at no time did they long for home, family, or friends. The clients of the Rome Samaritans are generally people who through marriage or work have arrived in Rome and who, at some time, suffer loneliness: separation from family and friends in different parts of the world, or perhaps rejection by those in whose environment they live.

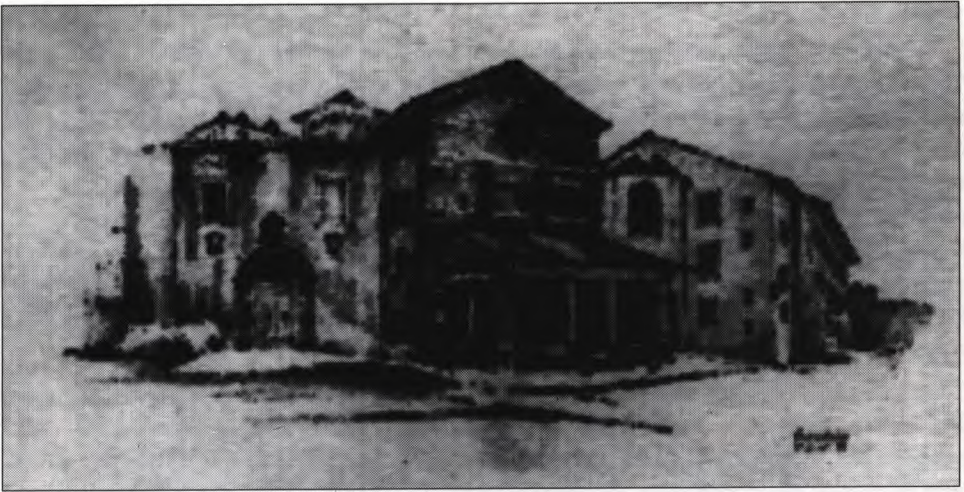
It is very humbling to sit and listen to someone who really believes that the best solution is suicide. In some cases the client is unable to go through with it because of family or friends, however distanced – geographically or in relationships - they might be. It is a difficult but worthwhile preparation for the reality of loneliness, rejection and helplessness that will face us in parish ministry.

Perhaps one of the most valuable comments given to Samaritans in their training, a source of consolation for the volunteers on days when no-one phones or visits, is a reflection once given by a potential victim of suicide:

*I didn't really feel like phoning today, but I knew that if I wanted to speak to someone, they would have been there.*

*a student*





## Palazzola Up-date

**1**994 saw the Thanksgiving Mass in Palazzola Church commemorating the 750 years since the Church and monastery had been declared “an abbey” in its own right. 38 priests – Benedictine, Cistercian, Trappist, Franciscan as well as Diocesan, Missionary and other religious concelebrated. That was on 19th January - precisely to match the original date on which the new status of the house had been decreed by Pope Innocent IV in 1244.

Later that year Bishop Cyril Restieux responded to our invitation to re-consecrate the Church and consecrate the new altar after all the new furnishings and re-ordering had been completed. This was a beautifully conducted “House Function” attended by the whole College and a few specially invited guests.

In the late summer we had a holiday visit from HRH Princess Margaret. The Royal visit was for just over three hours and included an extensive visit over all the property, DBL's, Lunch and coffee on the terrace. The Princess was greatly impressed and spoke with deep interest in not only the buildings but also in the various uses the house is now put to. She left after signing our Visitors' Book and we gave her a selection of our 'Palazzola Pottery'. Two days later we received a delightful hand-written letter of appreciation from the Royal visitor.

The winter of 1994 being quite a mild one up to Christmas gave us the opportunity of attacking and re-pointing and re-building the garden retaining wall on the road down from the Via dei Laghi. Not only that, a double sided metal gate was installed in this wall to give easy entrance to service vehicles which come from time to time to attend to our sewerage arrangements. While this work was in progress the whole of the “sewerage area” above this wall was cemented and tidied up making the whole area some what attractive.



1995 came and went with Palazzola taking a bit of a 'breather' and taking stock. ... Though ... prompted by the firm booking of a Group called D. T. (Disabled Together) and in full consultation with our architect, Marco Silvestri, firm estimates were made and received for what our latest fund was called '*TIRA MI SU*' - yes, a LIFT in Dear old Palazzola! Where? That was a problem. It was decided to use the area where the old growling and rumbling potato-peeling machine was as the ground base, up where the mezzanine 'deposito' is and arrive on the '2nd' floor where room 18 was - opposite the Rock-face showers! A clean job was accomplished in three months. An hydraulically operated lift silently and ever so smoothly transported persons, luggage, goods and things for the deposito - what a joy.

The Tira mi su was blessed and solemnly opened on 25th March 1995. The actual lift cabin deserves an article to itself, wood-panelled, illuminated, and resplendent with the College coat of arms engraved on a near full length mirror, and to cap it all, a speaking announcement to all the floors! True *tira mi su* and spumante assisted the 'christening'. A brilliant addition to D.O.P. The D.T. Group came - twelve seriously handicapped with two 'minders' each and they had one of the best weeks of their lives in Rome and at Palazzola.

The Common Room was re-decorated in May and during this thorough process the decorator, Rudi, called me in to help him scrape a particular section of the wall just inside the entrance. What was revealed in this section was a painting of the Passionist Monastery which, prior to 1913, occupied the summit of Monte Cavo! Two Passionist clerics are on the picture standing in front of a huge oak tree. This tree, according to Alfredo, was struck by lightning and died in the winter of 1913 when the monastery was sold and became a restaurant!

Spring-cleaning saw more bedrooms re-painted in the old wing and more white plastic chairs bought for the terrace. Pilgrims came in good numbers throughout the year and the atmosphere and beauty of Palazzola continued to cast its spell on all visitors.

After a somewhat gentle year in respect of re-decoration this year, 1996 saw a resumption of activity. The rooms and corridors of the old wing were completed and the whole of the cloister was rendered, treated with an anti-damp preparation and then re-painted. Pictures have not been re-placed on the walls but hung elsewhere. The cloister looks splendid now in its simplicity. The corridor to the Tea Room (*old Queen Mary*) and the Tea Room had similar anti-damp treatment and re-decoration. The ground-floor of the old wing, one has to remember, was built around 125 BC and though the builders were rather keen on *opus reticulatum* in the 2nd Century B.C. they had not thought of rising-damp courses! The foundations are so broad it would be of a prohibitive cost to put in an effective damp-course today.

Whilst this decoration was going on from January to March the St Edward's Wing (formerly the Elizabettines' Wing) received grave attention from the builders. All the upper floors were ripped out, the rubble being used to tidy up the rock-face end of the terrace. The floors were re-placed and the four rooms received h&c water, central-heating, new wiring and fittings and a second bathroom was made



and a small well equipped tea-room. Thus we now have an almost self-contained wing with two double and two single rooms. All very nice and most attractive.

This area now being tidied brings us to the prospect of next year's dream ... the restoring, re-ordering and re-painting and heating of the *St Edward's Chapel* - formerly the Chapel which Mgr Godfrey built for the Elizabethine sisters.

The raising of the terrace at the rock-face end gave Alfredo an idea which Jock Tickle would have warmly applauded and offered *free tabs* all round. Why not start a fund for the completion of the garden paths - by the washing lines and by the rock-face? No sooner said than done. The area was measured and divided into one meter square blocks @ 40, 000 lire or £20 per square meter. This design was put into our new computer and a print out is made each month of the donations and we are just about half-way to the 10 Million lire which is required. So soon we hope to have the garden paths all paved.

As I write the *Sforza* is being re-fenced and, hopefully, made secure from weekend intruders. The fence extends from the gate on the via dei Laghi down towards the quattro strade then at right angles to the road following the stone C A Collegium Anglorum stones down to the rock face to the right of the Tank. A big job indeed and one which had not really been done since Hinsley's time.

So, here's to next year - and the next, and the next! The basic team with Alfredo and Giuseppe is composed of Sisters of Mercy Madeleine Searson, Gertrude Standring and Antonia Doyle and yours truly,

*Anthony Grimshaw*

## Il Forese (The Maybe):

### *Tilda Swinton Asleep in the Museo Barracco*

**F**or six days Tilda Swinton lay 'asleep' (was she asleep?) in a glass casket by a window overlooking the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, three minutes from the College. Apart from Film and Football, nothing else that could loosely be termed 'art' has brought VEC students out in such numbers. I'd wanted to see her in London last summer, when she lay in a gallery full of quirky historical relics such as the stub of Winston Churchill's last cigar.

Here, the museum was packed with seeds: each given its own meaning (a weighty adjective or phrase taken from a Victorian compendium of plants and their



significance) and a price (the present day cost of the seed in ECU). Each seed was placed next to one of the ancient exhibits of the permanent collection - statues, masks, mummies. The biggest seed of all was dressed in plimsoles, sailor's trousers and an untucked shirt, as if she'd just finished her toast and surrendered to a nap on the sofa.

She was the calm of a tiny child; the measured stillness of an anaesthetic. She was St Catherine of Sienna, held in her sculptor's fourteenth-century marble, or Christ laid out on that cold stone somewhere in Jerusalem before his burial. We were the doting relatives, the bewildered mourners. Where else, apart from birth, death, sickness, sanctity, do we attend on a body so devoutly?

I can't be bothered to work out whether this was art, fraud, vanity, or a running joke - I'd like to think it was a bit of everything. I was gobsmacked. In the morning I huddled for hours in a corner of the room - watching, wondering; and after vespers I skipped supper and rushed back to catch the evening show. By this time Tilda had become an issue, and everyone in college felt obliged to take sides on the Emperor's New Clothes. (Even tonight, as I proof read this text at Palazzola, Tom sips his coffee and says, 'I hope you explain how those of us who didn't go thought it was a load of old rubbish, and those who did were just afraid to admit it because they'd wasted money on their tickets'. Steve, who enjoyed the show, accuses me of being too wordy and asks me why I don't narrate the simple truth! 'we paid our money and just gawped at her'.)

When I first entered the place, I couldn't stand up. I had to find somewhere to , plant myself so I could sit with her instead of looking down onto her. No matter how much she had been turned into an object - elevated on a table, isolated in the middle of the room, labelled - I felt I had to preserve some kind of equality and not allow her soul to be snatched away. She had her back to the place where I sat, and I didn't dare move round to see her face. I had been told that she turned in her sleep every now and then, and I wanted to wait for her to stretch her way round to facing me - as if my moving would be an invasion, and hers a gift.

Others were less preoccupied by their own scruples, and went to take a good "get-your-money's-worth" look. An arty-looking student took some snaps with an eight-inch telephoto lens three feet away from her nose. Only one person, a young boy, was curious and unselfconscious enough to press his nose against the glass. A middle-aged couple who obviously couldn't cope with the experience walked right round the outside of the room examining the books and paintings on the walls, their backs to the sleeping beauty they'd paid to see, and hurried away. Why not? There was a lovely symmetry about their being as oblivious to her as she was to them.

Lost in my own thoughts, I half nodded off - and for one flash of a moment we were on a level: both dazed in sleep, vulnerable, forgetful of each other, and because of all this very, very close. True - she was exposed in a glass box and I was hidden to one side; she was a film star acting out a childhood plan to curl up in a field of strangers, and I was one of a thousand punters, 10,000 lire short, not sure whether I was paying homage or being robbed. But sleep, even half-sleep, blurs the edges, and without the words or gestures necessary to re-establish them they all but disappeared.



The last time I slept so close to a woman was on a night train from Rome to Paris last year. She must have been nervous, alone in a compartment with three strange men - but the ritual of travel gave her some security. I was on the top bunk, three feet above her. Did she fear I was an axe-murderer? Could she guess I was trying to remember a psalm, any psalm, to salvage some piety for a makeshift night-prayer? Has she thought of me since? (Did she even pass a thought for me then?). Unless she had peeked, Tilda Swinton didn't even know I was there. I thought of all the other occasions when I've been in another's presence without claiming their attention: in a crowd, a game of hide and seek; the pick-pocket, the voyeur; the lover, yawning away to the edge of the bed; the mother, so near the child yet still unknown. How many times has a hospital visit gone unnoticed by a sleeping patient? How many times have our prayers been invisible nudges for a wayward friend?

She may have been falling asleep (the way she twitched made me think she really was); she may have been cursing the day she agreed to lie through this Roman heat-wave. It didn't matter. The ambiguity of thoughts and motives only reinforced the certainty that two lives had fallen together just by virtue of their bodies' being a breath apart. She didn't know me from Adam. I could hardly separate her from the transsexual time-traveller she played in the film 'Orlando'. But there we were, with all the others, our unconnected pasts crushing us into this single room.

There is no love without the body, and when there is only the body, without words, we lay ourselves open to incomprehension, ridicule, domination, lust. That's why in this risky encounter between her dumb body and our dumb gazes we needed all the formality of tickets and museum curators and plate glass. The brutality of a late-night punch-up, the confused intimacy of a one-night stand - these wordless encounters were ruled out from the beginning, and all that remained was the stark fact of being with someone. Is that why Jesus slept in the back of the boat? He didn't tell them off for waking him, but for not believing that his useless presence somehow contained everything else that they were seeking.

I thought about sleep a lot. Have you ever wondered about the two billion people who are asleep right now? Most of them couldn't give a monkey's about you, and most of them will die before you have a chance to miss them. But they are there; and, so I have heard, they know someone who knows someone who knows someone who knows someone who knows someone who knows you - there are only six degrees of separation between nearly anyone and nearly everyone else.

Her sleep was no different from that of the beggars I'd stepped round in the Campo. She was only noticed because she was sleeping at an odd time in a funny place with a fifteen foot banner outside advertising the exhibition. It's all a bit artificial. But then I've never met anyone without the help of at least some engineering. Every encounter has involved some road or building or meal - some structure, however random, which threw us together to that moment just before we said our first word and which gave us a space to whisper it in. And I can't think of one relationship I have which doesn't depend on a previous one - right back to my parents' love. Even when I am stopped by a street peddler, or caught in a traffic jam behind a stranger, our tenuous proximity only comes about because I



was on my way somewhere: mysteriously, my longing for one person's company brings me to another. Here in the Museo Barracco, for reasons beyond me, we had ended up in the same room - she on a white mattress, me on a stone ledge - reasons as convoluted and dubious as have brought me together with everyone else I've met since then.

The next day was Corpus Christi. We were gathered round another silent body at the convent of the Little Sisters. The ambiguities of the museum hovered in the church - doubts not about art but faith. For everyone tenacious enough to be there perhaps a hundred had stayed away, too cool to be duped by this medieval sham. The Blessed Sacrament had first pulled me towards the Catholic Church, and here I was, ten years later, in another world but the same place. I don't usually have much to say at Adoration, and worry that I am not sufficiently devout. This time his body - and ours around it - was enough.

*Stephen Wang*

# The History of the Gregorian Pontifical University and statistics on its students

*All English College students undergo some sort of academic formation at the Gregorian Pontifical University. The following article appeared in Italian in La Gregoriana, a new publication which aims to bring attention to the university's activities.*

**T**he Centre for Calculation was instituted in the academic year 1994-1995 at the Gregorian University. All offices (Registrars, Bursars, Library Offices of Deans, Presidents and Directors) were connected together on a net, forming an internal network with the possibility to take advantage of and use the information available from each, and develop its own mission.

Amongst the information it is possible to draw from on the data bank, there are student statistics from the end of the scholastic year 1829-30 to today.



The management of the *Collegio Romano* (the name *Gregorian Pontifical University* has only been used since 1876) in 1773 at the time of the suppression of the Society of Jesus, had been handed over to the clergy of the Diocese of Rome.

After the restoration of the Society of Jesus in 1814, Pope Leo XII returned the *Collegio Romano* to the Jesuits. The first statistics conserved in the data bank date back from the first years of the return of the Society of Jesus.

There were then two faculties: theology with 112 students and philosophy with 149 students, making a total of 261. Taking a look at the change in statistics, you can catch a glimpse of historical events both ecclesiastical and political, Italian and international. When, in the statistics, you note a sudden fall, there is always some troubled political background, local or international, which obstructs the normal operation of the university.

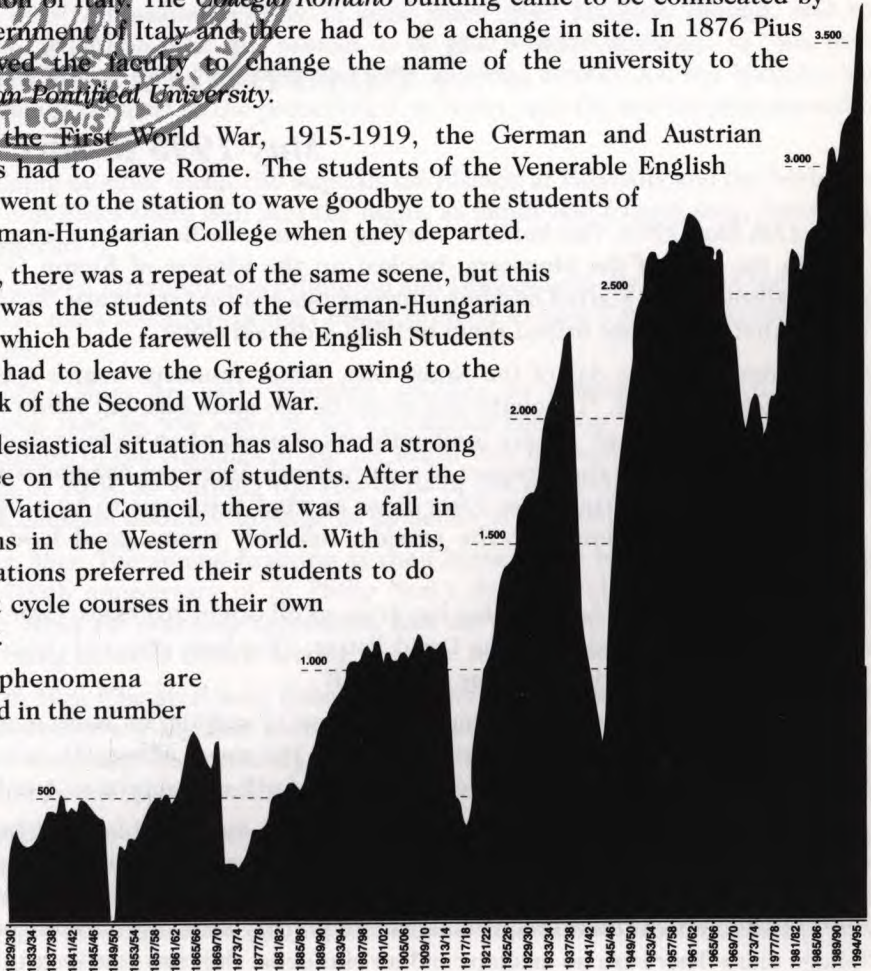
You can note the closure of the university in the years 1848-49 and 1849-50, when Pius IX was forced to leave Rome and go in exile to Gaeta. There is a large fall in the years 1870-76 owing to the new political situation emerging after the unification of Italy. The *Collegio Romano* building came to be confiscated by the government of Italy and there had to be a change in site. In 1876 Pius IX allowed the faculty to change the name of the university to the *Gregorian Pontifical University*.

During the First World War, 1915-1919, the German and Austrian students had to leave Rome. The students of the Venerable English College went to the station to wave goodbye to the students of the German-Hungarian College when they departed.

In 1939, there was a repeat of the same scene, but this time it was the students of the German-Hungarian College which bade farewell to the English Students as they had to leave the Gregorian owing to the outbreak of the Second World War.

The ecclesiastical situation has also had a strong influence on the number of students. After the Second Vatican Council, there was a fall in vocations in the Western World. With this, many nations preferred their students to do the first cycle courses in their own country.

These phenomena are reflected in the number





of students. The beginning of new programmes involve an increase in numbers, for example, in 1994-95 when the Faculty of Canon Law doubled its numbers thanks to the inauguration of a new programme of jurisprudence for lay lawyers.

.The statistics which we have examined do not show the regional and national origins of students. The number of nations, diocese, religious congregations, associations and movements which send students to the Gregorian is continually growing and demonstrates in a visible and concrete way what St Ignatius wanted in the foundation; that is, our university should be truly a *Universitas Nationum*.

*Translator: Christopher Thomas*

## Venerabile Diary

*May 1995 to May 1996*

*Weds, 17th May 1995:* The builders working on our new fire escape have broken through the roof of the Monserra, bricked up the window of Kieron O'Brien's tower bathroom and started building a mysterious slanting structure. We can only assume that Kieron has bribed them to build a dry ski-slope.

*Thurs, 18th May:* The day of the Nuns' Gita. Sister Amadeus boards a bus and immediately regrets it. "I thought this would be the quiet bus, but I didn't notice the Rector was on board". There is an outbreak of panic when we hear that we are going to Fossanova, as the prospect of a day's South American dancing with Suor Gemma is a bit of a frightener. After mass at what turns out to be a beautiful monastery, we enjoy lunch at the seaside: tolerably sunny, good food, drink, football and swimming.

*Fri, 19th May:* The Gita-day sunshine has given us all bright red faces. Over supper, a respected female academic asks David Potter, "You look very red. Is it sore?". David replies, "No, I didn't take my clothes off".

Mark Butlin OSB (the monk who has taken a vow of stability on every continent) gives us a farewell conference on friendship and the power of love. He has been a good friend of the College for some 17 years, and will now return to Ampleforth.

*Sat, 20th May:* Wedding day for our Administrator Joe Coughlan and his bride Marjorie - a day which will go down in College folklore as "Three Weddings and a Barbecue". Marjorie is C of E, but the planned wedding in her church has fallen foul of Italian bureaucratic requirements and so they exchange vows at our 7am College mass. There are no mishaps and no blunders - they are married in the eyes



of Holy Mother Church and the Italian state. There follows a festal breakfast in the refectory, including a rare treat of muesli and spumante.

At 11am we witness a "Service of Thanksgiving" at All Saints C of E church. The bride is beautiful, the church is beautiful, even the schola is beautiful. What can go wrong? A good start to the hymns and readings means the green light for Johnny Marsland to preach, but only three minutes into the sermon it looks as though he has committed the faux pas of the year when he likens married love to the College heating system. We all know that the first outstanding characteristic of the heating system is that *Joe Coughlan doesn't have a clue how it works*. Johnny skirts around this fact and points out how much heat goes into it, and how temperamental the old boiler is.

Luckily, Canon Geoev Evans, the C of E celebrant, is in on the joke: the second outstanding characteristic of the heating system is that *it can be going all day from first thing in the morning and no one would know it*. He jumps into the wedding vows again under the guise of "blessing the rings". Canon lawyers exchange raised eyebrows with sacramental theologians all along the right-hand side of the church as the good Canon makes a game attempt to force the happy couple into transsexual bigamy. A good glare from Marjorie though, and he corrects "Wilt thou take this woman to be your wedded husband" to "You have taken this woman to be your wedded wife". Luckily, neither Joe nor Marjorie has had a change of heart in the preceding four hours, and the service goes smoothly from now on.

For wedding number three, the nuptials are blessed at Palazzola and the barbecue revelry continues there well into the night, as family and friends sing, dance and drink merrily.

*Sun, 21st May:* Although only Billington and Dingley actually watched yesterday's Cup Final, many members of the College pretend to have a superior knowledge of the match.

*Mon, 22nd May:* An early morning shocker as deacon-to-be Wyn Thomas announces that he will leave to try a religious vocation. Wyn functions like a caged canary in the trenches of the 1st World War: he keels over at the first whiff of a bug or virus, so warning the rest of us of the impending plague. Let's hope that his decision does not presage an epidemic of monastic fever.

*Fri, 26th May:* The annual function at the Chiesa Nuova is special this year, as it is the 400th anniversary of St Philip Neri's death. Sadly, the celebration is a disaster. After the entrance procession, half the College is left standing while boy scouts bring on extra chairs, setting the tone for the whole shambolic liturgy.

*Sat, 27th May:* The staff have gone to the villa on the pretext of celebrating the 75th anniversary of the first meal in the refectory there. There are rumours that they are watching the recordings from the new security cameras which monitor our comings and goings in the main corridor and the cortile.

*Sun, 28th May:* The College again pretends to be a parish by holding a confirmation mass. Bishop Kelly confirms thirteen young people, including some girls who have chosen to wear clothes of a scandalously short cut. Bishop K encourages us to revise for the impending exams, and warns us that Joe Public is fed up of ignorant priests.



*Thurs, 1st June:* The exam season commences. This year's diversion from the hard grind of revision is provided by the "make the longest and most sarcastic comment in the refectory suggestions book" competition. The kitchen plays along by providing some of the worst meals in living memory. Eddie Clare forges a couple of glowing tributes to the high standard of cuisine, thus causing a torrent of scorn and derision to fall on his victims.

*Sat, 3rd June:* The new security cameras are not, we find, equipped with a recording facility. Carlo and Enzo are using the video screen to watch TV in the Portineria.

*Fri, 9th June:* The powers-that-be cave in to popular pressure, and send Joyce "Battle-Axe" Hunter in to sort out Bibos the caterers. All her key objectives are met in full: a) more chips; b) hot plates; c) more complaints from the students.

*Sun, 11th June:* Trinity Sunday means the Vice Rector's big day to entertain. His eminent luncheon guests include the architect who has designed our new fire escape. Ms McGlashan, the new Ambassador to the Holy See, turns down the Venerable's traditional gin and tonic before lunch, and asks for a can of beer instead. A student, one who already has a reputation for requiring anonymity, suggests we offer her a bottle of cider. So much for his hopes of a career in the Vatican diplomatic corps. The rest of us warm to her straight away.

*Mon, 12th June:* Some attribute the quivering walls to poltergeists, others suspect a malfunctioning lift or the DT's, but in fact the College has been struck by a minor earthquake.

*Sun, 18th June:* The house function we actually enjoy: Corpus Christi at the Little Sisters of the Poor. A surreal, but much appreciated, touch is the feast of spumante and Easter eggs afterwards.

*Weds, 21st June:* Something is wrong. Have we woken up deaf? Where is the 6-50 am alarm call from the concrete mixer and the 7-20 am "Snooze-Buster" electric grinder? Apparently the work on the fire escape has finished only three months over time. The unusual design has raised the level of the roof by a foot and does not include stairs. We suspect that the workmen have "done a runner" before any of us have had a chance to use it and so come to an untimely end.

*Thurs, 22nd June:* The "hot plates" promise from Bibos has resulted in several nasty injuries to our hands.

*Fri, 23rd June:* The diarist realises that at some point in the preceding month the legendary Ant Towey successfully defended his doctoral thesis on amicitia in St Thomas. Well done, Ant!

*Sat, 24th June:* The Villegiatura begins - after a fashion. With only twelve students, three staff and an inflatable rubber turtle, we are certainly an elect bunch. The turtle gets the better of the Rector in the swimming pool.

*Mon, 26th June:* As late examinees and retreatants begin to drift in, the Villa goldfish also try drifting - motionless on their sides. The source of this cyprinoid



sickness is unknown, and all attempts to resuscitate the pond life fail dismally. Monsignor Chestle imposes a cordon sanitaire around the College pond.

*Tues, 27th June:* A miracle! Simon Madden speaks! At first only by gestures, later by fax and finally via his tonsils. Simon has spent three months in enforced silence with a serious throat condition, and has had to take his (oral) exams by white-board. The good tidings is later tempered by the news that he will require a year's break from studies in order to convalesce.

*Sun, 2nd July:* Messrs Allain, Bergin, Billington, Higgins, Keeley, McDermott, Miller and Potter are made lectors.

The Rector holds the last formal meeting of the year. He announces that Bishop Cyril Restieaux will make this his last year to ordain our deacons at the Villa. After some 34 years on the trot he has earned an honourable retirement from this office.

The Rector further informs us that we are to watch our drinking, but not to watch each other's sexual orientation. We cannot help but notice that Joe Jordan has exchanged his Torquay United strip for the garb of Cardiff City to match his move from the diocese of Plymouth to the archdiocese of Cardiff. Can cynical diocesan politics really be less important than football to him?

Mindful of the Rector's words, our bar this evening is the venue for a cultural evening of chess playing, soft drinks and recitations of Macbeth.

*Mon, 3rd July:* The lake gita is cancelled because of foul weather. Despite attempts to create a jolly "Officers' Mess" in the tea-room, a picnic lunch on dry land is no compensation for the loss of a day's gratuitous violence.

Arthur Roche returns after a lengthy convalescence.

*Tues, 4th July:* Bishop Cyril reveals his real reason for quitting: "That Toffolo is too noisy".

*Weds, 5th July:* Tusculum happens.

Nick Tucker declares a belated Independence day. We celebrate his departure from the College to the US for a "pastoral year" with a poolside curry party.

*Thurs, 6th July:* Messrs Brentall, Dingley, Knowles, Madden and Pollock are made acolytes.

*Fri, 7th July:* The North-South cricket match is the occasion for an upset. The North's unbeaten run "since the Council" was surely too good to last, but the details are too awful to be reported.

The leavers' supper marks the end of the line for deacons Mark "Harry" Harold, Andy "Essex" Headon, Michael "Johnny Walker" Wheaton and John Wilson and priests Bruce Burbridge, Sean Connolly and Malachy Larkin (a man whose exploits would have filled many an uncensored diary entry).

*Sat, 8th July:* The day of the mountain gita and the rescheduled lake gita - a choice which grieves those who cannot decide whether to please the Rector or to have fun. The mountains are rocky and the lake is wet.



*Sun, 9th July:* Candidacy for Byrne, Fox, Knowles, Leach, Mason and Wang.

The Palazzola Folk Festival is an overblown title for an event which is little more than an excuse for Johnny M to play "Sloop John B", but it is great fun.

*Weds, 12th July:* The Big Day for Boland, Hackeson, Leonard and Miles, our new deacons.

We return to the UK.

*July, August and September.*

The Collège is handed over to pilgrims and their "helpers" for the Summer.

The Pulmino is written off in an unfortunate accident which is not the fault of the driver. The serious injury to the other party is almost enough to lead to an automatic prosecution under Italian law. Our man escapes, but will spend the next year lying low just in case the police call.

Michael Wheaton calls off his ordination in the last few days beforehand. Whatever the reason for the cancellation, it does not have two legs.

The Reverends Clare, Harold, Headon, MacKenzie, Menezes and Pardo are ordained priests.

*Mon, 25th September:* The old hands return to find a motley crew of new boys has taken command of the good ship Venerabile. Last year's policy of quality rather than quantity of intake has happily been reversed. The new men come in all shapes and sizes, except small and thin, and there are clearly several future "characters" among them. The Welsh contingent is unusually numerous and pushily nationalistic.

We also welcome the new philosophy tutor, Tony O'Sullivan.

*Tues, 26th September:* A new event, the "Student Consultation Day" will feature in this year's College calendar. A promising development perhaps, and to prove that he is in earnest, the Rector canvasses our views on whether or not to allow a film crew from "Everyman" to visit us. Popular opinion is tentatively in favour of the filming. Paul Rowan has already made contacts in the TV world by giving an off-the-cuff interview to Margi Clark of "The Good Sex Guide". Apparently she would like to "kiss his face off".

*Weds, 27th September:* The first years are pushing their (rather considerable) weight about by eliminating a customary pause between lines in the morning Benedictus. Most of them seem to have no higher aim in life than to go window-shopping at Gammarelli's.

*Sat, 30th September:* A Mr Roger Childs from the BBC tries to calm our concerns about the possible documentary. He denies that there will be an undue emphasis on current problems of child abuse etc, and insists that the film will portray us honestly. This causes great unease.

The annual intensive pastoral courses come to an end.

Fernanda Piacentini, wife of Alfredo, passes away.

*Sun, 1st October:* A final decision by secret ballot: 26 consider Everyman to be an opportunity, 22 a risk: not enough in favour to proceed.



The House retreat begins at Palazzola under the care of Archbishop Ward, who celebrates the 15th anniversary of his ordination as bishop today.

*Mon, 2nd October:*

Fernanda's funeral.

Our silent supper is accompanied by obscure Russian quasi-classical music with blaring trumpets. Abp Ward cannot resist commenting: "It sounds like Adrian blowing his nose."

*Tues, 3rd October:* The Benedictus pause controversy is temporarily resolved by including both the traditional and the innovatory pauses.

Supper is accompanied by two musical novelties thanks to a malfunctioning CD player: Schubert's unfinished violin concerto and the Reader's Digest condensed edition of Mendelssohn.

*Thurs, 5th October:* Still at the villa. Swimmers are alarmed by Ged Byrne striding alongside the pool, sickle in hand like the grim reaper. Inspired by yesterday's feast of St Francis, Victor Ghio has taken Lassie the dog for a walk, but Lassie doesn't care for his company, has run off in pursuit of Pouncer the cat and has become stranded on a rocky ledge, trapped by brambles. Ged frees Lassie without bloodshed.

*Fri, 6th October:* Joseph Jordan is enministered as Acolyte by the Archbishop.

On returning from the villa, we find that the Everyman scheme refuses to lie down and die: Roger Childs is pleading with the Rector to make us think again. We are angered by his refusal to take "no" for an answer.

*Sat, 7th October:* The annual ordeal of the Greg Academic Mass falls today. Afterwards, Paul Fox remarks to the Schola Master: "The Greg mass was much better than usual this year: I thought the Schola's *Ubi Caritas* was superb." As the *Ubi Caritas* was performed by the French College, Foxy gets one of Stephen Dingley's very blackest glares.

*Sun, 8th October:* The '44' holds a grand tea-station reopening DBL. In the evening, Johnny M announces that the Fire authorities will not permit tea stations.

*Mon, 9th October:* Imelde has broken her arm.

Breakfast table places are distributed to the new men. They are not told in advance that they will never be allowed to move from their allotted places.

*Tues, 10th October:* The Benedictus controversy is re-resolved. It is now traditional, if not official, to omit the first pause.

*Weds, 11th October:* It is announced that the Elisabethine nuns will be leaving the College for good, probably before the end of the year. Tim Menezes admits, "It will be a pity". Sincerity was never his strongest card.

*Fri, 13th October:* The panto writers, Fox and Saunders, knuckle down to it. Paul has spent his summer watching videos of more than three hundred 1970's TV sitcoms to collect jokes.



*Tues, 17th October:* First round of student discussion meetings. The proposed College policy amounts to little more than saying our prayers, going to the Greg and being kind to animals and nuns. Not the stuff of intense controversy, in fact the only positive amendment is likely to be a request for Johnny Marsland to buy a paper clip to file the pastoral formation records properly.

*Weds, 18th October:* A week or so after the 150th anniversary of Newman's reception into the Church, Archbishop D'Arcy of Hobart, who seems to know something about the subject, gives us an informative talk on Newman in place of the usual Deacon's homily at evening community mass.

*Thurs, 19th October:* Seminarian X relives his prep school days in a daring midnight raid on the kitchen: and all because the Monserrà loves milk in its coffee in the morning.

*Fri, 20th October:* Papal Academic Mass at St Peter's. The Pope appears tired, but surely must be pleased by the excellent music, for which much credit to Stephen Dingley, who has stolen the baton from the Capranica.

*Sun, 22nd October:* We are joined by a group of jubilant priests who are on a tour to celebrate their 40th's. They include Jack Kennedy. What better excuse for Ad Multos Annos and a bottle of spu at lunch?

*Tues, 24th October:* The College lives in fear of a double plague. The Killer Flu virus is vying to chalk up more victims than the Monster Tummy-Bug. The corridors are littered with the sick men's discarded food trays - no-one dares to take them back to the kitchens for fear of contamination. All the infirmarians have been laid low.

*Weds, 25th October:* The first-year party means time to judge the comic and artistic talents of the new arrivals. Chris Howells repeats last year's "hell" sketch. Emiel Abalahin and Adrian Tomlinson produce a witty variant of the song "What a swell party". Adrian Bell, Chris Thomas, Andy Cole, Patrick Mileham and Richard Walker enact a cautionary tale which involves Patrick chewing peoples' legs. Bruce Barnes is eerily convincing as an "Old-fashioned nun". We are subjected to the traditional death-by-folk-song torture in the second half.

Several new men deserve a public reprimand for not taking part, but the Editor refuses to let me name these anti-communitarian types.

*Fri, 27th October:* Paul Mason's Friday-night arty film club has now become a regular fixture. Tonight's offering is "Scarlet Runner", a classic film noir (et blanc). Only Wango could, without irony, ask "So, this Edward G. Robinson ... is he quite famous then?"

*Sat, 28th October:* A consultation meeting to discuss the College policy document is refereed by Jack Kennedy. The proposals are so tame that only Mark Brentnall is spoiling for a fight.

*Mon, 30th October:* Monsignor Jim, feeling the cold perhaps, takes to wearing a black woolly hat wherever he goes.

The Rector at supper admits "Some days I feel like a banana."



*Tues, 31st October:* Community mass for the vigil of All Saints'. Jim is still wearing his woolly hat, but he reverently removes it for the Gospel and the consecration.

Three students in hallowe'en fancy dress - Knowles, Ross and Stringfellow in ascending order of outrageousness - are very nearly arrested by the Carabinieri on the Via Giulia, perhaps because another Greenpeace attack on the French Embassy is expected.

*1st-2nd November:* Welcome free days. The house disperses.

*Sat, 4th November:* The first cold spell of the winter sets in and the hot water system bows out. Many of the first years have recently chosen to have very short haircuts, but the older and wiser men will grow their hair long until the central heating is started up. An exceptional first year is Marius Carney, whose hair has now been declared a danger to air traffic.

*Sun, 5th November:* An arsonist has attacked the empty button shop on our property.

*Tues, 7th November:* Hot water returns.

*Weds, 8th November:* With no advance warning, Morning Prayer is dedicated to "All Saints of Wales". Despite the suspicions of most of the house, it does appear to be a genuine feast day, at least in the Welsh Ordo. Fortunately we do not possess a Welsh Missal, so the holy sacrifice of the mass remains blessedly ferial.

*Thurs, 9th November:* Francis Poku dislocates his finger playing football.

The Memorial of the Manx Martyrs is declared a hoax.

*Mon, 13th November:* The first year depart for a week's retreat. The rest of us are grateful for the chance to live in peace and quiet and to get the use of the washing machines.

*Mon, 20th November:* There is much interest in Princess Diana's interview on television. The year's most popular programs (excluding soap operas) have been the Eurovision Song Contest (4 slobbish viewers) and Princess Diana (40 slobbering viewers).

*Thurs, 23rd November:* Bishops Brewer and O'Brien arrive. The food perks up noticeably in quality.

*Fri, 24th November:* After Bishop Brewer turns up to breakfast in an overcoat, the central heating is finally turned on.

*Weds, 29th November:* This year's CUCU charity auction is a quiet event. Organisers Stringo and Chris Thomas provide a moderately entertaining night, but they lack the heavy-handed blackmailing techniques that Joe Jordan used to raise so much money last year.

*Fri, 1st December:* In his usual style, the Rector bases his Martyrs' Vay speech on a Venerable Diary entry from the good old days. In his chosen year of 1965 there was intense excitement at the end of Vatican II and Martyrs' Day was notable for an episode of violent food-poisoning which affected staff, students and bishops alike. If you are Rector in 2025, you will be disappointed to learn that you will have to find some original material for your speech. Today is rather low-key: not



a hint of radical reform in the air, not a whiff of disinfectant, not even a bishop in attendance.

The first casualty from the first year, "Wee Willy Winky", returns quietly to Britain.

*2nd/3rd December:* Advent begins with pleasant weekend of recollection in the hands of Prof Donna Orsuto. It is one of those times when a small detail sticks in the mind. Who will forget the name of Melinda Turbeyville in a hurry?

*Tues, 5th December:* Stephen Wright admits to using an unauthorised heater in his bedroom, "The chap who had my room last year really had things sussed - he left behind a marvellous little gadget which heats the room without tripping the fuses - you just plug it in." Suspicious that Nick Tucker could have left behind anything of value, we discover that the gadget is only a 5-watt mosquito-repellant hot-plate. The rest of us are cold enough to resort to leaving our lights on all day.

*Thurs, 7th December:* The Hollycam tradition undergoes a partial resurrection, but remains less popular than simply staying in bed.

*Fri, 8th December:* The Immaculate Conception mass is adorned with a glorious imitation of the Mighty Wurlitzer. Why do the College organists think that being hidden from sight up in the tribune exempts them from the constraints of good taste?

*Sat, 9th December:* Just as we enter the last mad rush into Christmas, buoyed up by the expectation of returning home soon, the whole College is deflated and shocked by the sudden death of Dominic Allain's brother.

*Mon, 11th December:* Stocks of midnight oil and double-ended candles run dangerously low as the painters work ceaselessly to make this year's panto scenery even more spectacular than ever. The entire stage is gift-wrapped in green and gold.

*Weds, 13th December:* The night for the big corridor Christmas parties has arrived. The Monserra opt for curry and surfing. The '44' on the other hand make the Blue Room feel like the departure lounge of an old folk's home, but they are not quite the saddest in College: Arthur Roche is discovered alone ironing his breviary ribbons.

Meanwhile the Venerable is being portrayed in a very unflattering light in the Scots' College Christmas production.

*Thurs, 14th December:* Dominic sends us a touching fax from home - it is his diary for the preceding few days, to be published in the Catholic Times.

*16th-18th December:* The Wizard of Oz makes a successful transition from screen to stage. Bambino Jonathan Fones makes a charming Dorothy on-stage, while off-stage he could be arrested for cruelty to Toto. The Scarecrow (Chris Higgins), Tin Man (Adrian Tomlinson) and Cowardly Lion (Ged Byrne) are their boisterous selves, while our Spiritual Director and Rector gamely participate as the Marvellous Witch of the North and the Mediocre Witch of the South-West. Johnny Marsland's "bit-in-the-middle" has everyone in stitches. Stewart Keeley's scenery designs - stun the eye, while Chris Thomas' rendition of "Just One Cornetto" paralyses the ear. Bruce Barnes as the Wicked Witch almost hospitalises himself



with mock asthma attacks. Emiel, Paul Rowan and Wango vie for the honour of being the snarliest bad guy.

*Weds, 20th December:* We say farewell to Suore Livia, Maria, Gemma and Laudalina. Their future apostolates are not announced to us, but they will leave over the Christmas holiday period. There are tears and speeches to mark the occasion, and a remarkable rendition of "When the Saints Go Marching In" by the first year and Suor Gemma.

*Thurs, 21st December:* Despite traditional threats of air-traffic control strikes, we brave the skies of Europe to return to our loved ones. Paul Connelly leaves the College to bring God to the people of Southwark. He goes quietly but he will be missed.

*Sun, 7th January 1996:* Our return is marked by a party in the Salone, where the Rector shares some of the edible goodies he has received from friends of the College. We drink, snack, sing and play parlour games. Who says TV has killed the art of entertaining oneself? Everyone does.

Two members of the College have decided not to return to continue formation. Others are believed to be nearing the top of the staff's hit-list.

*Mon, 8th January:* The nuns have been replaced in their breakfast-time jobs by two nice (but not quite so nice as to be a threat to our vocations) ladies in the kitchen. We also have a new coffee machine: the benefits of drinking "Gemma-Lax" will be denied to future generations.

*Fri, 12th January:* The two Anglican exchange students have moved out, for reasons which are no doubt clear to them but obscure to us. This year's exchange has gone badly.

*Fri, 19th January:* The College is suffering from a distressing crime-wave. Two electric radiators have vanished, three pieces of chicken breast have been taken from a hot oven, and the lift has been used in place of a less convenient facility.

*Fri, 26th January:* Yet more serious crime. Pope Gregory and another portrait are stolen in the night, as are two clocks from the Salone. The pilfered pontiff is later found, without his frame, in the corner of the cortile.

*Thurs, 1st February:* Monsignor Jim is welcomed back after a short stay in hospital.

*Sun, 4th February:* The student tea-room has been fitted out with new cupboards and hob. Unfortunately, the drains have been installed with uphill pipes.

*Weds, 7th February:* Rome receives a warning of heavy snowfall ahead. We gleefully look forward to cancellation of the Greg timetable and a snowball fight, but no snow arrives.

*Thurs, 8th February:* Archbishop Worlock's death is announced. Out of respect, all rumour-mongering about his successor will be suspended for a fortnight.

*Fri, 9th February:* The kitchen is broken into and the burglar cooks himself a meal. A tramp is blamed, but certain tell-tale clues suggest it could have been an inside job.



*Sun, 11th February:* Crimewatch update: the perpetrator of Friday night's kitchen break-in has been thrown in the path of a combine harvester and served up for Sunday lunch under the guise of "lamb".

*Fri, 16th February:* A requiem mass for Abp Worlock is presided over by Mgr Paul Gallagher. The College was represented at the funeral by the Vice-rector, Paul Rowan and Jonathan Jones.

*Sat, 17th February:* Bibos celebrate 10 years trading by serving up a special anniversary lunch. It includes antipasta left over from their first day in business.

*Mon, 19th February:* Hugh Pollock is elected as our new Senior Student, a cautious decision on our part. No man has ever looked as happy as the outgoing SS, Martin Boland.

*Tues, 20th February:* John Paul Leonard is chosen as Hugh's deputy. Gregory Knowles almost looks disappointed not to have been elected.

*Weds, 21st February:* We have our first use of the new College vehicle, a Nissan Serena bought by the Friends of the Venerable.

At the Ash Wednesday mass, Johnny M causes consternation among the first-year philosophy students by referring to the previously unknown "God is dead" philosopher Nyetsky.

*Fri, 23rd February:* New house jobs are assigned. The most unexpected appointment is Steven Billington as guestmaster. The job involves smiling at people.

*Sat, 24th February:* John Pardo finishes enough of his studies to return to Gibraltar.

*Tues, 27th February:* We hear with great sadness that Bishop Restieaux died suddenly last night.

*Mon, 4th March:* The last ten minutes at the end of supper are often used for spontaneous muttering and murmuring. Tonight it's official: polite conversation is out, murmuring is in, and the result is recorded for use as a sound effect in the play.

*8th - 10th March:* The Lent play, "A Man for All Seasons", is a triumph for directors Chris Bergin and Mark Brentnall, the whole cast and crew, but above all for Dominic Allain who carries off the role of Thomas More with powerful conviction. After last year's cancellation fiasco, the future of the Lent play could have been questioned, but this production has put College drama back on track.

*Thurs, 14th March:* Francis Poku, our football supremo, humiliates the Scots team. They are left fuming on the touchline when he cancels a match without telling them.

*Sun, 17th March:* It could surely only happen in Italy. A professional footballers' strike upsets the plans of the College's hardcore Lazio supporters.

The venerable tradition of DBL concerts is revived after a lengthy hiatus. Emiel and Patrick recite poems, Mark Miles plays the piano and John Udris sings the scurrilous "Sr Josephine". Gregory and Paul Fox also entertain. The



Entertainments fund is flush with money for refreshments thanks to profits generated by the work of David Potter, our vigilant panto and play producer.

*Mon, 18th March:* Arthur puts up a note giving advance warning of a Chastity Workshop to be held in May 1997. Quite how we will survive the next fourteen months, we do not know.

*Tues, 19th March:* We join the Irish College, the Beda, the Scots, the Community of San Isidoro and many others at San Silvestro for a prayer vigil for peace in Northern Ireland. Cardinal Arinze presides.

*Fri, 22nd March:* There is now a total of five noticeable dents in the new vehicle. The dents have been meticulously numbered by writing in the dirt on the vehicle's sides.

*Tues, 26th March:* Despite the current "mucca pazza" scare, we eat beef for the third night in a row.

*Sun, 31st March:* On Passion Sunday we are at the villa for a few days of recollection with Bob Ombres OP. He begins each session with the prayer "Lord, let these words be yours and not mine, and let them be of use to someone". The prayer appears to be answered.

*Mon, 1st April:* Our silent lunch is again accompanied by the rogue CD player. Today, it turns a violin concerto into a high-tech machine gun noise.

One seminarian celebrates his official birthday by getting locked in the WC at the Mimosa.

*Thurs, 4th April:* It is Holy Thursday and our Easter guests begin to arrive.

*Fri, 5th April:* Good Friday. Tony Grimshaw preaches against public nudity, but somehow fails to make the connection.

*Sat, 6th April:* The Easter vigil is celebrated in a successfully conventional fashion. Martin Boland is less than convincing as the voice of YHWH and a rooky sacristan blows the fuses.

*Sun, 7th April:* Easter Sunday. Mark Miles deacons for the Pope at St Peter's, and the Schola do their usual good job there. At the festive lunch, the Rector welcomes our guests, with a special mention for Mary-Jo because "this is the last Easter she will be with us, living." At the end of the meal, Mr Wang, aka "Top Dad", replies on behalf of the guests.

*8th-14th April:* The holiday period coincides with fine weather this year.

*Tues, 16th April:* Guest star Sr Agatha IBVM gives a delightful evening talk. If the Queen Mum had a cabaret act this would be it. As the Rector put it, "Sr Agatha needs no welcome."

*Fri, 19th April:* It could surely only happen in Italy (2). We have a choice of political demonstrations this evening: Fascists in the Navona and Communists in the Farnese. Our political correspondents investigate and are able to report that the Fascists are the nicer class of people.

*Tues, 23rd April:* The celebration of St George's day is reintroduced to compensate for St David and All Saints of Wales. According to Chris Howells, the



accepted legend is untrue the dragon in fact killed St George. He learned this hagiographical gem from Blue Peter.

*Sun, 28th April:* Philip Caldwell preaches that "The grace of God is like syrup of figs - it leads to self-emptying." The dippy sermon competition has been hotly contested ever since JP Leonard suggested that the man in the wickerwork shop on the way to the Greg might be the next Philip Neri.

*Mon, 29th April:* The deacons-to-be swear an oath of fidelity. Chris Bergin makes a suitably ominous thudding noise with the blotter on the signatures.

*Thurs, 25th April:* The College has been connected to the Internet. This is a controversial novelty, indeed many suspect that the vote in favour of making the connection was rigged by Hugh Mackenzie. Chris Thomas has taken upon himself the task of ensuring that we can access worthwhile information without being swamped by vile pornography. So far he has received 6000 e-mail messages from Neil Bromilow, and found a Catholic Media Office press release which gives a fictional version of Arthur Roche's response to his new appointment as Secretary to the Bishops' Conference.

*Fri, 26th April:* The year's great liturgical controversy rears its ugly head again. Arthur and the speech trainer Tish Nichol instruct us to reduce the length of pauses between verses in the Office.

*Sat, 27th April:* The evening "visit" to the blessed sacrament is always an odd affair in which the prime objective seems to be to elicit a fit of giggles. This is achieved by the use of not-quite-right translations in the scripture reading, quirky intercessions and pithy litanies of the saints. This evening the effect is topped by Monsignor Jim gamely leading the singing of the Regina Coeli.

*Tues, 30th April:* We bid farewell to Mary-Jo Lorello after 24 years service to the College. She goes in style, with a rousing send-offmass, a substantial supper and a jazz night. Steve Wang excels himself on saxophone, outshining the professional musicians. Johnny M sums up the evening with the immortal song: "We love you Mary-Jo, Please don't go, back to New Mexico."

The jazz night takes place in the new "Garden Room", which is the old guardaroba without the ironing boards.

*Sat, 4th May:* Another round of student consultation meetings in the afternoon. By now, we are quibbling about nothing.

*Fri, 10th May:* The increasingly independent first years organise their own gita to Fossanova and the beach. Quite why this is paid for by the College on a day when they should be at the Greg we don't know, but it sets a good precedent.

*Sat, 11th May:* The students' television has packed in. Desperate football fans borrow the staff TV only to find that the Cup Final broadcast has been replaced by a chat show.

*Sat, 18th May:* Sr Amadeus describes how good it is for religious orders when their foundresses are canonized: "it gives them a whole new impotence." Did she really want to have the last word in the diary?

*a student*



# The Roman Association

*President:* Rev. Gerald Creasey

*Treasurer:* Rev. Anthony Wilcox

*Secretary:* Rev. Paul Daly

*Assistant*

*Secretary:* Rev. Philip Gillespie

**A**s is now customary, the Association met at different venues to celebrate Martyrs' Day. The customary gatherings took place as follows:

At Tyburn for Mass and Our Lady of Victories, Kensington, for Lunch, organised by Peter Newby and due to the kindness of Canon Adrian Arrowsmith, on December 1st. Those who dined were: Dick Ashton, David Barnes, Charles Briggs, Christ Brooks, Dominic Byrne, Paul Clark, Anthony Conlon, John Conneely, Francis Coveney, Frank Davis, Martin Edwards, Ian Farrell, George Fonseca, Andrew Headon, Paul Hendricks, John Hine, Mark Jarmuz, Mark Langham, Peter Latham, Gary Lysaght, David Manson, Jean-Laurent Marie, Paul McPartlan, Peter Newby, Vincent Nichols, Michael O'Connor, John O'Leary, David Papworth, Anthony Pateman, Philip Pedrick, Terry Phipps, Dominic Rolls, Alastair Russell, Michael Selway, Alexander Sherbrooke, Simon Thompson, Peter Tierney, Francis Wahle, Philip Whitmore and Thomas Wood.

Martyrs' Day was celebrated on 29th November 1995 in Coventry, organised by Gerry Murray and hosted by Pat Kilgariff. Those who took part in the celebrations were: David Blower, Patrick Broun, Mark Crisp, Patrick Kilgariff, David McLoughlin, Louis McRaye, Tony Meehan, Gerry Murray, John O'Brien, Dominic Round, Mervin Smith, Mervyn Tower, Jim Ward and Anthony Wilcox.

On Monday, 4th December Old Romans gathered in Preston, courtesy of Michael Taylor and Stephen Shield, who were joined by: Bob Abbott, John Allen, Leo Alston, Tony Bickerstaff, Jack Brewer, Wilfrid Buxton, Joe Callaghan, Peter Clarke, Peter Cookson, Gerald Creasey, Paul Cuff, Tom Dakin, Tony Foulkes, Mark Harold, Tim Hopkins, Bernard Keegan, Michael Keegan, Jack Kennedy, Nicholas Kern, Christopher Lightbound, James Manock, Denis Marmion, William Massie, Michael McConnon, Thomas McKenna, John McLoughlin, Frank McManus, Terry McSweeney, Shaun Monaghan, Michael Murphy, Francis Pullen, Frank Rice, Luiz Ruscillo, Alan Sheridan, John Short, Michael Smith, Marcus Stock, Peter Storey, Tim Swinglehurst, Vin Turnbull, Peter Walmsley, Thomas Walsh and Thomas Wood.

And at Salisbury, courtesy of Thomas Atthil, joined by: Tony Cornish, Tom Curtis Hayward, George Hay, Crispian Hollis, Richard Inledon, Brian McEvoy, John Nelson, Brian Scantlebury and Michael Selway.

In all 108 members celebrated the College Martyrs with two keen members attending two celebrations each.



# Old Romans

## ***Birmingham***

News from Birmingham of the Old Romans working in the diocese, nearly thirty in number and in all parts of our large diocese. Interestingly the vast majority in the younger range of the diocesan age spectrum.

Starting in the north at Stoke-on-Trent, we find Mervin Smith (1984) at St. Mary's, Norton and very actively involved as Secretary of the National Conference of Priests. Paul Watson (1974) is at Our Lady of the Angels in Stoke, busy with spirituality, teaching and writing. In Staffordshire, too, are Jim Ward (1966) at Eccleshall and Kevin Dunn (1976) at St. Austin's, Stafford, caring for the religious of the diocese as Vicar General. Over in Wolverhampton at St. Michael's is John O'Brien (1984) who plans to minister in Kenya from summer 1996 for a few years. In nearby Shelfield is Vaughan Lloyd (1952) the *doyen* of Old Romans in the diocese and parish priest there for 28 years. In St. Peter's, Bloxwich we find Marcus Stock (1988), who is also beginning to get involved with the workings of the Diocesan Schools' Commission.

In Birmingham, having escaped from the toils of the Vatican is Kevin McDonald (1974) at English Martyrs', Sparkhill, and further down the A34 at Our Lady of the Wayside, Shirley, is Gerard Murray (1974). In Birmingham too is David Blower (1990) at Kingstanding. He is not far from Oscott College where we have a *quartetto* of Old Romas ordained in the same year, 1978: Pat McKinney (Rector), David Evans (Vice Rector), David McLoughlin (dogma), Mervyn Tower (scripture). Mervyn has recently moved to St. Thomas More, Kidlington, in his beloved Oxfordshire, and will teach at Oscott part time. At Oscott too are Tony Meehan (1981), teaching Morals and Bruce Harbert and Peter Harvey, temporarily working in the diocese. At the Birmingham Oratory are Paul Chavasse and Guy Nicholls. At the Maryvale Institute we find Danny McHugh (1967), the Director, involved in Catechetics and R.E. since 1980. Harry Curtis (1984) living at idyllic Avon Dassett and based at Coleshill heads up the Schools R.E. Team. Petrock Howell (1959) is at St. Patrick's, Dudley Road, much involved with hospitals and prisons and is Diocesan Archivist.

In the mini diocese of Redditch, Dominic Round (1966) heads the team looking after the town and six out stations. Nearby in Stourbridge is David McGough (1970) with a similar vast area to cover. Meanwhile over in Coventry there is Pat Kilgarrieff (1966), former College Spiritual Director, at the city centre parish of St. Osburg's, while former assistant Patrick Vianney's, also in Coventry. Mark Crisp (1991) lives at St. Osburg's and wears several hats as Vocations Director, Priests' Training Fund Organiser and School Chaplain.

In the deep south of the Diocese at Dorchester-on-Thames we find John Osman, a sojourner in the diocese. Finally, known to all at least as the indefatigable Treasurer of the Old Romans, is Tony Wilcox (1964) at Sacred Heart, Henley-on-Thames.



We have held a Midlands Martyrs' Day gathering for several years now in the Birmingham area with about twenty Old Romans attending and enjoying the Mass and celebrations. There we have been happy to enjoy the company of Mr. Tom Murphy, former student of the College.

### ***East Anglia***

Bishop Clark has retired and is living in the village of Poringland, near Norwich.

Simon Blakesley is the Parish Priest of Beccles, in Suffolk, and also in charge of the Marriage Tribunal.

Michael Griffin is the Parish Priest of St. Laurence's in Cambridge, and Eugene Harkness is in the next-door parish, at Our Lady and the English Martyrs.

Bruce Burbidge and Martin Hardy are both assistant priests in Norwich: Bruce at St. George's and Martin at the Cathedral.

Sean Connolly is in Great Yarmouth, where the Diocese have recently taken over the parish from the OSA's.

Tony Philpot is at St. Mark's Ipswich, with a swathe of town and a large country district to keep an eye on.

### ***Hallam***

Hectic days for the Hallam Old Romans! Michael Killeen celebrated his 50th anniversary of priesthood with the fresh faced glee of a 25 year old. One of the most popular priests in the diocese, we're still wondering if Michael sends a set of envelopes to his most influential parishioner – the bishop.

Meanwhile Ampleforth's gain is Hallam's loss – John Metcalfe, for so long our main consultant on *Romanità*, has joined the Benedictines under the soubriquet Brother Fabian. We miss him. Another exile, John Ryan is completing his stint in the Rainbow Nation busy dodging snakes, fires and the odd burglar! Despite his arterial illness, Peter Kirkham is as brave and big hearted as ever in Wombwell while Ant Towey is ensconced in the newly founded Chaplaincy at Hallam University. Completing the survey, Kevan Grady continues to shoulder a goodly burden of parish work in Beauchief whilst promoting the cause of Hallam Youth. *Floreat!*

### ***Hexham and Newcastle***

Diocesan comings and goings are: Philip Carroll released from a sentence as Secretary to Bishop's Conference is back in the Diocese. Martin Stemczyk is being sentenced to a term of corrective punishment at the Venerabile. God bless him.

### ***Lancaster***

Larry Wells (38 vintage) is now a patient in the Little Sisters, Garstang Road, Fulwood, Preston. Although slow on his feet he is still quick in his mind.



Mgr. Canon Wilf Buxton (45) who has now moved from Keswick to Our Lady of the Wayside, Grasmere, is still working hard on the Matrimonial Curia and Diocesan Chapter and is in good form.

Mgr. Canon Shaun Monaghan (46) lives in happy retirement at the Willows, Kirkham.

Canon Tom Dakin (51) at Thornton, is much involved in the Liturgical Commission as Advisor on Art and Architecture.

Mgr. Michael Kirkham (52) of Great Eccleston, near Preston, who claims to have lived with more priests in his life than anyone he knows, fronted the Emmaus in the Diocese. He still has pearls of wisdom to offer anyone who wants advice.

Tony Foulkes (54) is still in Blackpool and his classmate Vin Smith, at Fernyhalgh, was recently awakened by a barn owl playing with his burglar alarm during the night. He has since recovered, the owl I mean.

Michael Taylor (55) is now in his umpteenth year at the English Martyrs', Preston. This is the venue for the Roman, Northern, Tyburn Event, when he seats 45 in his dining room.

Tom Walsh (59) still claims that he has more sheep than parishioners in Penrith.

Michael Tully (63) dispenses Matrimonial advice from Scorton, near Lancaster.

Terry Rogers (71) has the best view in the Diocese in Appleby.

Michael Smith now lives in Torrisholme, near Morecambe.

Michael Murphy (78) is Chaplain to the F.E.F.C. Cardinal Newman College in Preston, and Adrian Towers (81) is living morally in Ushaw.

Manny Gribben (84) is due to start work at Ushaw in the summer.

Joe Callaghan (90) has become the youngest Parish Priest in the Diocese at St. Teresa's, Preston.

Luiz Ruscillo (90), when we can find him, is at St. Anthony's, Preston and supports Preston North End.

Stephen Shield (91) has been promoted to Our Lady and St. Joseph, Carlisle.

Peter Clarke (94) is still at St. Joseph's, Preston, awaiting a new Parish Priest.

None of this information is worthy of print, but at least it tells you where all the Romans are, in case you get lost in our car in the Premier Diocese in England.

## **Leeds**

A detailed report was published two years ago. As regards recent news: *Kevin Firth* responded to an appeal for Priests by Bishop Conti of Aberdeen and volunteered to work in that Diocese for a few years. His address is: The Presbytery, Commerce Street, Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire.

We welcomed *John Wilson* to the Diocese. John was appointed to St. Joseph's, Pontefract.

On 21st December, 1995, *Mgr. Edward Wilcock* celebrated his Diamond Jubilee. He was in excellent form.



A former Leeds Priest, *Michael Killeen*, who was ordained in St. Anne's Cathedral, Leeds in 1946, celebrated his Golden Jubilee in April this year in his home parish of St. Francis, Sheffield. It was a very joyous occasion.

*Peter Walmsley* is President of the Yorkshire Brethren, a Society formed under Blessed Nicholas Postgate in the mid seventeenth century to care for the clergy in the north. We hope that Peter imitates the founder in sanctity but not in martyrdom.

*Timothy Swinglehurst* and *Paul Grogan* combined to organise a challenging Religious Formation programme for adults in the Deanery of North Yorkshire. *Peter McGuire* will celebrate his Ruby Jubilee in October of this year, and *Philip Holroyd* his Silver Jubilee in December.

## ***Middlesborough***

Fr. Anthony Storey has retired as the parish priest of Holy Cross in Cottingham, Hull. His brother, Mgr. Peter Storey, has been ill with heart trouble, suffering two major angina attacks recently. He is now on the mend, and recuperating nicely.

Mgr. Anthony Bickerstaffe is retired but is helping out and resident in the parish of St. Charles Borromeo in Hull.

Fr. William Massie continues to develop his interests as Asst. Priest at St. John's, Beverley. He is now Diocesan Liaison Officer (or some such title!) for the Guild of St. Stephen.

Fr. Sheridan (me) is still Assistant Priest in St. Francis and working part-time in the Tribunal as the Defender of the Bond.

## ***Northampton***

We begin with news of our two most senior Old Romans, Canon Brian Frost and Fr. Wilbur Boswell. Brian has recently retired from the active ministry after many years of distinguished service to the diocese. He has now retired to Suffolk. Bos is still very active and is managing to look after three churches in deepest Buckinghamshire! John Koenig is now well settled in Kettering and has the dubious distinction of still having two curates! Paul Hardy has had a dreadful time this year with a bad back, but it is hoped that a recent operation will solve the problem. Paul is parish priest of St. Edward's, Milton Keynes. Sean Healy has left Milton Keynes this year and been appointed to Burnham on the edge of Slough. Paul Donovan continues his chaplaincy role with the Royal Navy. Mark O'Donnell is keeping the Bishop and the clergy in check in his role as Bishop's Chaplain. Kevin McGinnell, as well as continuing as Director of the Religious Education Service, has recently been appointed as Parish Priest of Christ the King, Milton Keynes. Finally, David Barrett continues in his first curacy in Kettering.

## ***Portsmouth***

Bishop Crispian Hollis, Bishop's House, Edinburgh Road, Portsmouth, Hants., PO1 3HG.



Rev. Michael Feben, Parish Priest, St. Edmund Campion, 481, Castle Lane West, Strouden Park, Bournemouth, Dorset, BH8 9TN.

Rev. David Forrester, still at the Catholic Chaplaincy, The Old Palace, St. Aldates, Oxford, OX1 1RD.

Monsignor Jeremy Garratt, (ex Vice-Rector of the English College), has recently been made Vicar General of the Diocese and is at present, Parish Priest at St. Joseph's Presbytery, St. Michael's Road, Basingstoke, Hants RG22 6TY.

Rev. Alan Griffiths, is now parish priest at Ringwood and his present address is The Presbytery, The Close, Ringwood, Hants BH24 1LA.

Rev. Paul Haffner, Pont. Coll. Portoghese, Via Nicolo V, 3, 00165 ROMA, Italy.

Rev. Peter Hart is still at Bracknell and his address is 202, Ringmead, Bracknell, Berks RG12 7AT.

Monsignor James Joyce, is parish priest at St. James's Presbytery, Forbury Road, Abbey Ruins, Reading, Berks., RG1 3HW.

Canon Brian Murphy-O'Connor, parish priest, Sacred Heart Church Presbytery, 1 Albert Road, Bournemouth, Dorset, BH1 1BZ.

Monsignor Canon Cyril Murtagh, parish priest, 12, Station Road, Petersfield, Hants., GU32 3ED.

Rev. John Nelson, parish priest, Wash Common, Warren Lodge, Warren Road, Wash Common, Newbury, Berks., RG14 6NH.

Rev. Canon Brian Scantlebury is still parish priest at St. Swithun's, 105 Waverley Road, Southsea, Portsmouth, Hants., PO5 2PL.

Canon Terence Walsh (retired), 9 Janson Road, Southampton, Hants., SO1 5FU.

Rev. David Watson, Chaplain, De Aston School, Willingham Road, Market Rasen, Lincs., LN8 3RF.

## ***Shrewsbury***

Not a lot to report about the Old Romans in Shrewsbury Diocese this past year. Most of them are in their parishes or jobs as in '94/'95. There are a few snippets"

After a sabbatical in the U.S.A. researching into Lonergan, Fr. Philip Egan is now teaching at Oscott College. Fr. Michael English, parish priest of Our Lady of Lourdes, Partington, has retired from the active ministry; Fr. Denis Marmion and Chris Lighthouse, celebrating 40 years since Ordination, visited the Holy Land and Rome last October, together with seven others of the '55 Ordination Year, staying (as you may remember) at the College and at the Villa.

## ***Southwark***

Old Romans in Southwark have been fairly immobile since the last issue of the Venerabile with one notable exception being John Kenny, who, apart from taking part in five marathons around the world, now finds himself in Greenwich as parish priest of St. Joseph's, whose boundaries include the millenium site! Stephen Langridge has returned to London from the county town of Kent and is now



assistant priest in Balham. Moving in a reverse direction, from London to Kent was Stephen Boyle who went to Strood from Camberwell, where he was replaced by our newest old Roman, Paul Connolly.

## **Westminster**

There is a decided academic note to the progress of several of our Venerabilini. Allen Hall continues to thrive, in difficult times, under rectorship of *Keith Bartrop*. Although *Tony O'Sullivan* has been translated from Allen Hall to the Venerabile, *Terry Phipps* remains at his post, teaching Moral Theology and, of course, how to Get the Most out of Life. Still in the groves of academe, *Paul McPartlan* is lecturing at Heythrop College, in Kensington, while *Dominic Byrne* has headed to Louvain to study for a Canon Law doctorate and to brush up his Flemish diphthongs. *Peter Newby* is chaplain to Oxford University, while *Dermot Power* has no less a daunting task, keeping the young ladies in order as chaplain to St. Mary's school, Ascot.

A few Old Romans have made it to parish life. Canon *Maurice O'Leary* has recently retired from Harpenden Parish. *Alastair Russell* has characteristically declined to retire, and serves as curate in St. John's Wood. *John Arnold* is in charge of the large parish of Enfield, where he has recently completed a major building programme. *Alexander Sherbrooke* has recently moved to Twickenham after a successful stint as Chaplain at St. Charles Sixth Form College, and *John O'Leary* has gone as curate to Tottenham, where the Church maintains an uneasy relationship with the football authorities. *David Barnes* has recently launched an appeal to restore St. Mary Moorfields, the only Catholic Church in the City of London. Finally *Philip Whitmore* and *Mark Langham* labour on at the Cathedral, coming to the end of a wonderful, but intensive, year of centenary celebrations. *Charis Piccolomini* has moved as curate to Enfield.

## Sacred Cows

*I am grateful to Fr Jim Sullivan for the following reflection found, I believe, somewhere at the back of his drawer! It appears to have originated in Stockholm. I wonder whether the current Mad Cow controversy might give rise to further definitions. G.K.*

**SOCIALISM:** You have two cows and you give one to your neighbour.

**COMMUNISM:** You have two cows, the government takes both of them and gives you milk.

**FASCISM:** You have two cows, the government takes both of them and sells you the milk.

**NAZISM:** You have two cows, the government takes both of them and shoots you.

**BUREAUCRACY:** You have two cows, the government takes both of them, shoots one of them, milks the other and pours the milk down the drain.

**CAPITALISM:** You have two cows, you sell one of them and buy a bull.



# In Nomine

*I have called you by your name, you are mine (Is 43:1)*

JHWH was of old the great unused.  
Emmanuel, instead, was known by name:  
Strung upon the cross, by one abused,  
Until the other's "Jesus" with no shame  
Showed open paradise no empty claim.

(Think how much by name is love profused! –  
How "Mary" broke the Easter morning blame –  
Ending what is far-off and confused.)

Calling is a Godly thing indeed –  
He knit and knew and named us in the womb;  
Renders, though, a freedom in our need:  
In naming children; ... choosing, too, of whom  
Should calling as a priest be found agreed.  
Therefore I shall trust my silent room.

*3rd October 1994  
Dear Old Palazzola*

# Latens Deitas

*Truly God of Israel, the Saviour, you are a God who lies hidden ...  
They shall take themselves off in dismay, the makers of idols.*

(Is 45: 15-16)

*My beloved ... there he stands ... looking through the lattice.*

(Canticle of Canticles 2:9)

The longer the loving, the rawer the raving,  
And starker the trusting that's needed.  
The signs of believing all sink in the boring,  
But holes aren't what's hiding Who's heeded.

The devil makes use of the hands of an idol,  
No sense, though, is felt by such semblance;  
But aching, refusing to humble the idle,  
God opens His hands as the emblems  
Upraised from the earth for the nations to gaze on,  
And drained of their blood by the nails;  
Still white, but unbloody, He now can emblazon  
His glory which hiddenness hails:

Through a glass darkly, this hole, is my Host,  
He whom my hands feel His whole at no cost.

*12th March 1995  
Venerable English College*



## One year on

**I**t is almost a year to the day since I arrived in Rome to assume my charge as Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to the Holy See. I came expecting to enjoy my time here, and to find the job intellectually and personally rewarding: the reality has exceeded even those expectations.

The one thing I can certainly not complain about is lack of variety. In the week in which I write I have (apart from the hours spent at my office desk) hosted a dinner to mark the presentation of a religious prize, attended a beatification, a couple of national day parties, a concert, a lecture on British excavations at Pompei and the opening of the new Versace boutique, lunched with a Knight of Malta and supped with the Dominicans, shown off my personal stretch of Roman wall to a student of "standing remains" and visited a couple of Rome's less-known palazzi. I have taught my cook to make cheese scones and lemon risotto, have taken delivery of the garden furniture in which I intend to laze away the summer and have started, yet again, making an inventory of the odd assortment of goods and chattels which was my Villa Drusiana inheritance. And I have read, endlessly it seems, from the piles of newspapers, magazines and books, open at the ready, that stand in piles all over the house. I have not visited the Sistine Chapel, the School of Athens, the Raphael Tapestries, Hadrian's Villa or the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, nor have I had house-guests – otherwise the week has been typical.

OK, you will say, but what does a British Ambassador to the Holy See actually *do*? One thing I do not do is represent the Church of England or the Archbishop of Canterbury. I am here as representative of Her Majesty the Queen, for the politics, not the religion – otherwise I would not enjoy the job or be credible in it. And I also do my part in support of ecumenical efforts particularly, though not exclusively, between the Anglican and Roman Churches. But the job for which I am paid is to promote the case for British policies where our national security and our major political and economic interests are at stake, and to ensure that the Holy See fully understands, and where possible supports, our national and foreign policy objectives, especially in areas where the Holy See has influence. This means keeping the Holy See fully informed of our role in seeking peaceful political progress at home in Northern Ireland and further afield in the Balkans, the Middle East, in Hong Kong and China etc. It also means keeping an eye on the Holy See's policies in these areas. As British Ambassador I do not seek (nor could I hope) to change the Vatican's stance on questions of moral absolutes (such as abortion) but I hope I can help to shape their perception of our policies and those of our allies in areas where political judgement is often shaped by moral concerns, areas such as ethnic cleansing in Bosnia, UN sanctions in Iraq, development aid and population programmes.

I hope I do not fit the time-worn description of an ambassador as "a man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country". Honesty is a much better policy and my



instructions on leaving London could have been (but were not) much the same as those given by Thomas Cromwell, when Henry VIII sent Sir Thomas Wyatt off on a diplomatic mission to the Holy Roman Emperor Charles V:

... Your part shall be now like a good orator, both to set forth the princely nature and inclination of His Highness (Henry) with all dexterity, and so to observe the Emperor's answers to the said overture ... as you may thereby fish the bottom of his stomach and (advise) His Majesty how he standeth disposed towards him, and to the continuance of the amity between them.

So, at the heart of the matter is getting to know people, giving them the chance to get to know me, and coming, over time, better to understand the context in which I have to work. Hence the pattern of my life as described above. And an important part of that pattern has been the relationship I and my colleagues in the Embassy have been able to enjoy with the English-speaking Colleges in Rome. One of my predecessors commented (and I had no idea what he was talking about) that "the Colleges were the best bit about Rome". Now I do have some idea what he meant, and would certainly agree that they are one of the best bits, offering the comfort of an extended family where one can be at ease (what a haven of tranquility is Palazzola), and the chance to observe at close quarters the process, so crucially important for the future of the Church, of forming its priests. A particularly moving manifestation of the sense of family was the Vigil for Peace in Northern Ireland, organised by the Colleges, in which so many of us participated – a real high point of the year.

I have spoken of the Colleges collectively but each of them, of course, has its own character. Whether one can still say of the Venerable, as did John Murray in his Guide to Rome of 1881, that the "order and neatness that reign throughout contrast in a remarkable degree with all similar establishments in Rome" I leave readers to judge. But I enjoy it with or without the order and neatness.

*Maureen MacGlashan*

## Leavers' Notes

### *Martin Boland*

A native of Glasgow and resident of Chelsea, Martin Boland arrived at the VEC in 1990 as a student for the diocese of Brentwood. On his voyage from Scottish roots to the oldest Sassenach institution outside the British Isles, Martin had stopped off at places as diverse as the University of St. Andrews (as a student) and the Ursuline School for Girls in Ilford (as a teacher). His odyssey over, he stayed six years in Rome and made a significant impact on the life of the English College in the meantime.



Many dramatic productions benefited from Martin's artistic gifts and love of theatre. His paint-stained blue overalls bore the mark of hours spent preparing stage sets for pantomimes and Lent plays, and, after directing *Oh What A Lovely War* (the Lent play of 1992) he contributed to the success of three subsequent pantomimes by offering some acute comments on performances at the dress-rehearsal stage.

In terms of housejobs Martin was fully stretched. A year as villa man in 1994-95 provided some respite between the rigours of being Head Infirmarian and the demands of the Senior Studentship. Martin began his term as Senior Student with a moving tribute to the gifts and talents of his fellow seminarians, and ended it with an equally gracious "Thank you" for the support he had received during the year. It was characteristic of Martin to express openly his appreciation of what others had done for him: he always recognised and gave thanks for the creativity of man, and the beauty of God and the world.

Martin's legacy to the college also includes more than one item of practical value. Not only a sensible subdivision of the notice-board, but also three handy hints on how to avoid preaching bad sermons: never reveal which licence you are doing, never ride your favourite hobbyhorses, never end by quoting a French existentialist!

Martin's future ministry will doubtless be all the better for this and for everything else that he has gained from his years in Rome. Those whom he leaves behind will remember an impressive preacher, an entertaining table-companion, and a witty and much-loved friend.

## *Eddie Clare*

After a run of good films in Hollywood (under the pseudonym of 'Chevy Chase'), some time exporting giant snails to Africa, and two years at Oscott, Eddie arrived in Rome in 1991. With his cheesy grin and open-necked floral shirt he looked (and still looks) as if he had just stepped off a plane from Hawaii.

Eddie is from a fading generation of liberals who believe that 'structures' and 'institutions' inhibit personal relationships. He embodies all the ambiguities of this position: he has railed against fuddy-duddy customs and formal dress (flip-flops in the sanctuary?) – but been the first to establish alternative formalities and invest them with his own brand of heartiness (e.g. as the avuncular figure on the table-for-ten breakfast club, the heartbeat of community life); he has always preferred the college when it wasn't 'The College' (as pilgrim guide, pantomime director, guest-master) – but his election to DSS gave him a place in the College hierarchy which he seemed to relish (and which allowed him to guide the left-over pasta dishes to his table).

The greatest and most threatening Roman institution is, of course, the Greg – and Eddie left in the shortest possible time. He has always enjoyed putting together theory and practice (hence his reputation as a Mr. Fixit, and his versatility with the spoken word), and two years of moral theology at the Alfonsianum enabled him to bring the abstractions of Greg-speak down to earth. His pastoral concern led him to become one of the first VEC students to



specialise in the theology of marriage and family life at the John Paul II Institute; and his scientific background and an eye for a contemporary issue produced a cutting-edge tesina on pre-natal diagnosis.

He has been a leading advocate of the 'parish' mass on Sunday morning – even to the extent of instituting parish-type bulletins. He was a pioneer of the College's First Holy Communion programme when it moved to the VEC from St. George's School (with which he was also involved). Its present format and vitality come from Eddie's zeal. It's a shame that as a consequence he also had responsibility for the childrens' masses: these gave him the opportunity to turn his private devotions into public liturgy (he is someone who takes the psalmist's request for hand-clapping literally, and has a taste for late 70's hymns you had hoped to forget).

Eddie has huge hands. Normal priestly gestures are magnified into liturgical dance. His arm span is wide enough to embrace the altar, and the congregation with it. He brings the same expansive welcome and warmth and open-heartedness to the celebration of mass which he has always brought to friends and to the College. I'm sure he'll take these back to Birmingham.

## ***Mark Hackeson***

Few students have enjoyed the treasures of Rome as much as Mark Hackeson – the people ... the restaurants ... the historic culture ... the windows of Gammerilli's. For Mark, the past six years have been an ecclesiastical trolley dash (well, gentle saunter). His wardrobe would put Pius IX to shame. Out of date – well, yes it is. Does he care? – care he does not. Because Mark's liturgical hobbies are intelligently balanced with a real pastoral sensitivity, sense of mission and, most importantly, sense of humour. He is the first to laugh at himself and the first to proclaim the gospel to our modern world.

This is the man who led a victorious "brush when you flush" campaign in the College. This is the man who can list diriment impediments at the drop of a biretta. He can conjour up five hundred sandwiches out of a tin of tuna for a College Pantomime and the next moment he will be found solemnly processing around St. Peter's. He can't stand political jiggery-popery but becomes more excited than a Take That fan at the purr of a Pope-mobile. A man of contradictions? All the best are ...

Above all, Mark loved the people who worked in the English College. He was often to be found with the sisters and domestic staff simply chatting and listening to their needs. He had a way with them and that way was love. He loved them and they loved him. He was committed in a practical way to the community life of the College (many of us are committed mainly at the level of the head!) and still mourns the decision to return home at Christmas. Through his house jobs and example he made an enormous contribution to this College.

Two words spring to mind when I think of Mark Hackeson: "generous" and "kind". He is generous with his time and spends it with people however trivial their concerns may at first sight appear. His advice is always considered and kind. He is a man of the Church and of the people – these are not simply qualities but great graces. The people of East Anglia are indeed blessed.



## ***Hugh Mackenzie***

Hugh trod, the by now, well-worn path from St. Andrew's University to Rome. His route may have been circuitous, stopping off at Allen Hall and Watford, before enjoying five years in the warmer environment of the eternal city. Three years' theology was followed by a Philosophy licence at the Greg. During this time Hugh's studies were never far from his mind. To have allowed Hugh to study Philosophy was rather like allowing Imelda Marcos to work in a shoe factory.

Hugh did endear himself to the House by his much loved contributions to house meetings and other impromptu speeches. Pantomimes and most particularly the Lent plays allowed Hugh to rekindle his acting talents from childhood. Not only could he jump a caper as Andrew Aguecheek, but he could provide a falsetto rendition of Summer Night City or Candle in the Wind on a Nuns' Gita or Folk festival.

A sign of his equanimity and openness was his faithful acceptance to appear on the left wing for the College football team. A more educated left foot is unlikely ever to grace our side again.

His final legacy to the College was the introduction of Internet and E-mail and a student fax machine. Hugh Mackenzie: the man who brought the Venerable English College into the 21st Century. There's a thought.

## ***Timothy Menezes***

In the continuing maelstrom of recommendations for the modern profile of a seminarian, it is often ventured that 18 is too young an age to enter Seminary, a more worldly wise and soiled applicant being preferred. Let Timothy Menezes please be called forward to give evidence.

He arrived Autumn 1990, already a veteran of seminary life, having studied for two years at Oscott. Several features were immediately evident: his complete lack of clothes sense (is this compulsory for Birmingham students?); his preference for coca cola *senza ghiaccio* above all other drinks; his musical ability (to be recognised by two years in the Choirmasters team); his musical taste (recognisable by Dan Schute and Estelle White compact discs and John Denver concert ticket stubs); but most importantly his generosity in allocating time to fellow students.

Tim's solidity in his own vocation to priesthood, helped by an outstanding catholic family to keep him in touch with reality, enabled him to support many students who were finding life tough. His pastoral approach included frequent trips to Anna's *Choccolato con panne*) or MacDonaldis (filet o' fish *per favore*) or cans and chocolate in his room.

After completing his theology baccalaureate at the Gregorian, he studied Liturgy at San Anselmo and spared himself and the College from the aggravaions latent in such a topic.

He was a loyal member of Schola and was transformed from being a valued squad member to a cornerstone of the college's football team. At a time when College functions were poorly attended, he could be relied upon to attend. Although



prone to stage fright, he took part in several Lent plays and Pantomimes. His final performance as Chapuys in 'A Man For All Seasons' was a fitting climax.

The presbyterate of Birmingham will benefit from Tim's return. They will have a Priest who will value the friendship and support of other Priests and bring liturgical excellence within the parameters of common sense and the Catholic tradition.

## **Mark Miles**

Mark Miles, also known as *Piccolo* for some arcane reason, came to Rome six years ago after a spell of pre-seminary formation at the Gibraltar Yacht Club and the Guildhall School of Music. He decided to graduate from the nautical and musical to the religious after pondering his future (and teaching English) in the Dominican Republic for a year. It must have been quite a wrench, given the limited opportunities for water sports in Rome! Music, however, is more adequately catered for, and Mark will long be remembered for his involvement in this side of college life. Listeners were invariably impressed by the purity and clarity of his singing voice, which was employed on many liturgical and non-liturgical occasions. Amongst the most memorable was his rendering of the tenor solo in "The Heavens Are Telling" from Haydn's *Creation*, and he was three times asked to be the psalmist (*Haec dies quam fecit Dominus*) for the papal Mass of Easter Sunday morning. The college liturgy also benefited from Mark's talent in his two years as Schola Master and one year as Choirmaster.

Thanks to an outgoing personality Mark was a confident actor. He played the leading role in *Cinderella*, the pantomime in his first year, and notably co-starred as Rosencrantz (or was it Guildenstern?) in the Lent play of 1994. In other productions he took charge of the make-up department, a task for which he said the only prerequisite was a fair share of common sense.

As a friend Mark was sympathetic, generous and intuitive. His playful sense of humour was balanced by tact and perceptive eye, and an innate conscientiousness channelled (but never dampened) his naturally excitable temperament. Overall he gave an impression of energetic enthusiasm. This was never more apparent than when he helped to organise the music for an ordination at a time when he was not only unable to sing but had been advised to rest his voice completely. Somehow he pressed on with the aid of gestures and a notepad!

Mark returns to augment the sixteen-strong presbyterate of his diocese as the last English College student on whom the late Bishop Cyril Restieaux laid hands. He will take with him a licence in moral theology, a keen concern for the sanctity of human life, a deep love of the Lord, and the prayers of all his friends. Gibraltar will be well served by his apostolate. *Ad multos annos vivat!*

## **John Pardo**

John arrived in Rome on a September Sunday in 1989. He was not at the Chorley language course as he was completing his Master's dissertation in Radiation Physics.



Thespian talents reached their zenith as the infamous “druid”. A grand entrance John would make (in real panto style) which had to inevitably occur when the rest of the cast were taking their final bows, only to be *booed* off by the cast and *ah-ed* by the audience. Naturally, the druid had no connection whatsoever with the plot and of course, the audience loved it, and so did John.

But being a druid is not all there is to John. What of his undying passion for his beloved *gelato*, his ice-cream (hence *gelatibus*)? Indeed, it is rumoured, and vehemently denied by John, that during some of his lectures, the notes he would take, in no way appertained to the lecture itself, but were ice-cream orders from Giolitti's! If you couldn't find John at the VEC, then look there, in Giolitti's.

John must be one of the few men of our time, who having changed rooms in the college and looking to see who the new occupant was, was somewhat amused to find that his former room had been converted to a toilet!

John was ordained to the priesthood last August in Gibraltar and is presently pursuing his Doctorate in Canon Law. This obliges him to spend some time in Gibraltar and some in Rome. He is focusing on the church's role in education.

John has always been a good friend to me and to numerous others. He is the kind of person who does good things and does them quietly. I have no doubts that in this sometimes miserable world of ours we could do with more people like John. You shall be missed by the college, John, and we all raise our *gelati* to you and wish you *ad multos annos* and every happiness in your future ministry.

## ***Paul Rowan***

*In the beginning was Paul Rowan, and Paul was with C. S. Lewis and Paul was C. S. Lewis.*

*No one at the VEC has ever seen C. S. Lewis, only Paul Rowan has made him known.*

As bereft as Warrington without finesse, so will the English College be at Paul's departure. His presence among us for seven years has been legendary.

A leading figure in every way: acrobatic on the football field, energetic in treading the boards in both serious and comic roles, persuasive in his convictions on prayer and evangelisation and ... first to reserve his place on the terrace when the summer sun breaks through the clouds!

Paul's sense of humour and story-telling never fail to impress, as his ability to communicate life in its richness makes him attractive for all age groups.

His loyalty to family, friends and the Church is evident from the way in which his face appears, with at least some of the above, in each of the 368 photos on his bedroom walls.

What better way to wish Paul well in his ministry to the people of Liverpool than with the words of Lewis:

*... in a good Friendship, each member often feels humility towards the rest.*

*He sees that they are splendid and counts himself lucky to be among them.*



## **John Udris**

It seemed strange that with the shortage of priests in England, John's services could have been dispensed with for two years. Then we realised why: he had arrived to do a Spirituality Licence. But it wasn't what we suspected, he wasn't here for a rest. He had a desire to grow in his knowledge of Catherine of Siena, John of the Cross and Thérèse of Lisieux – figures that had meant a lot to him in prayer in his ten years of diocesan ministry.

Far from being a *Holy Joe*, John's interaction with the students has contributed to the idea that a priest is not only a man of prayer, or simply a nice guy, but can be a healthy combination of the two. By his own admission, returning to seminary has taken 10 years off his life which – by the look of him – must make him about 55!

His tesina on the concepts of confidence and trust as expressed in the life of St. Thérèse is written as the Church prepares to celebrate the centenary of her death. More importantly, the work will help him to show to the people of God in a deeper way, the fountain of love that is open to them through prayer.

## **Mary-Jo Lorello**

Mary-Jo Lorello seems to have first set foot in the College some time during 1971. She was then a Benedictine Sister of American-Sicilian descent, who worked as a hospital accounts manager, on sabbatical from a community in Yangton, South Dakota. Little did she suspect that she would leave fully twenty five years later having inaugurated the transformation of the old *Guardaroba* to the Garden Room, accompanied by a Jazz quartet for her farewell party in the 'Garden-Platz'.

Mary-Jo was, and is, about transformations! She came to assist the then Rector with some unresolved filing, resolved it and ended up seeing the Vice-Rector's work on the Breviary on a plane over to Dublin. There are few people around the College now who can have known the extent of the work that M-J was involved with in her early years. In early 1975 Mary-Jo was asked to take over managing the College's accounts – surely there must be hundreds of Old Romans who remember the refrain of 'You bet!!' in response to a fudged excuse about the absence of a bus ticket to support an expense claim. Precision of the old school was very much M-J's style – though she would point out that precision doesn't have fashions, it either is or it isn't, promptly following up with a line from a show, film or musical. The smile, the charm, the stylish dressing – all backed up by steel on the precious 'journals'. Mary-Jo consistently worked over the years to bring a certain rigour to the College's accounts. The changes currently being implemented in this area are largely the result of her groundwork – and grit.

Outside the office – and to Mary-Jo outside was outside – there was this unexpected jazz singer bursting out of the accountant's shell. M-J's petite frame belied the energy with which she could whisk off a group of students on her famous Jazz-CUCU evenings – how many people would have expected their host



to be invited to accompany the star turn of the evening – and then have the grin and the glare the next day when they'd be late with a promised payment ... for books, travel, whatever!

Home was very important to M-J and she liked to be able to invite people round (for spectacular catering and company) and then, afterwards, close the door, sit on her beloved terrace and, in the moonlight, watch the cactus grow. This, she said, always reminded her of the desert of the U.S. Southwest, somewhere where she felt her spiritual home to be and maybe one day her own home would be.

Mary-Jo Lorello packed a lifetime's work into twenty-five years. She was utterly reliable, trustworthy – and when necessary, as hard as nails! In the desert they forge 'em tough ... Mary-Jo has 'retired' to Carlsbad, New Mexico where I hear they have some seriously large cactus that have just been waiting for M-J to come along – latest news is also that this desert dynamo has just started working in a doctor's surgery and has been auditioned for the lead in the local show – but the desert is where her spirit is and I hope she is enjoying the moonlight there as much as we have been blessed for her time here ... You bet!!!

### *Arthur Roche*

There are many ways of getting people to “volunteer” for jobs. One tactic is to invite them to do one thing and then spring something else on them. To this strategy Arthur fell victim. Having served the Diocese of Leeds as parish priest, Bishop's secretary and as Diocesan Financial Administrator, he imagined he was coming to Rome, in autumn 1991, to do a Licence in Spirituality at the Gregorian University. God (with some collaboration from the staff at the English College) had further ideas. When Fr. Patrick Kilgariff, the spiritual director, returned to his Diocese, Arthur was the right man in the right place at the right time doing the right thing. This he continued to do. As spiritual director he combined practical pastoral wisdom with a deep spirituality and intelligent critique, and finished the Licence with a top grade. Finally his talents were redirected this year to serve the Bishop Conference of England and Wales as their Secretary at national level. He was a “marvellous” member of staff, colleague and friend. The latter we know will endure.

The ancient VEC archives contain this fragment of epic poetry relating to the legend of Arthur ...

### *Morte D'Arthur (by Tennis 'Un)*

So all day long the noise of battle rolled  
Along the corridor near the library  
Till all King Arthur's table, man by man  
Had fallen on their knees before the Lord,  
King Arthur: then because his thought was deep  
And bold Buon Vivere uplifted him  
Buon Vivere, outlasting all his knights,  
Still saw him in the chapel. His lips were sealed  
No broken confidence his talk would cross  
Who stood there ever straight in barren land.



On one side lay emotion and on one  
Lay such great thought not prone to bull.  
Then spake King Arthur of Buon Vivere  
“The secret of this way embolders all  
The goodliest fellowship in Rome delights  
Whereof I broke the record.” Much was deep  
Way deep – this word he loved. I think that we  
Shall never more at any future time  
Delight our souls with talk of rightly deeds  
Walking Villa gardens or the halls  
Of Monserrat, as in the days that were.

## ΠΑΝΑΓΙΑ ΤΡΙΑΣ

*We can know that we are living in Him and He is living  
in us because He lets us share His Spirit.*

(1Jn 4:13)

Two's company, they say, but three's a crowd,  
Reasoning, they think, that love excludes.  
Instead the Godly They as One have vowed  
“Never shall they rest: such love deludes.  
In Our own image have We made their lives,  
Tenderly to find in friendship fruit:  
As Our communion's bond, the Spirit, thrives,  
So this same Spirit should their loving root.”

*Pentecost, 1995*

*Venerable English College*





# House List 1995 -1996

Emiel Abalahin (Leeds); Dominic Allain (Southwark);

Den Bruce Barnes (Portsmouth); Den David Bell (Westminster); Christopher Bergin (Arundel and Brighton); Steven Billington (Leeds); Den Martin Boland (Brentwood); Mark Brentnall (Nottingham); Gerard Byrne (Salford);

Fr Philip Caldwell (Salford); Marius Carney (East Anglia); Tarcisio Chiurchiù (Italy); Fr Edward Clare (Birmingham); Andrew Cole (Menevia); Fr Paul Connelly (Southwark);

Christian Daw (Cardiff); Stephen Dingley (Arundel and Brighton); Fr Adam Domanski (Poland);

Paul Fox (Brentwood); Gordon Fyfe (Anglican Student);

Fr Victor Ghio (Gibraltar);

Den Mark Hackeson (East Anglia); Christopher Higgins (Hallam); Christopher Howells (Cardiff);

Jonathan Jones (Liverpool); Joseph Jordan (Cardiff);

Stewart Keeley (Lancaster); Gregory Knowles (Leeds);

Jonathan Leach (Shrewsbury); Den John Paul Leonard (Middlesborough); Fr Carmelo Lupò (Italy);

Fr Martin Mikolasik (Slovakia); Fr Hugh MacKenzie (Westminster); Paul Mason (Southwark); Paul McDermott (Westminster); Paul Meechan (Westminster); Fr Timothy Menezes (Birmingham); Den Mark Miles (Gibraltar); Patrick Mileham (Birmingham); Philip Miller (Westminster);

Peter Packer (Anglican Student); Fr John Pardo (Gibraltar); Graham Platt (Westminster); Francis Poku (Westminster); Hugh Pollock (Lancaster); David Potter (Liverpool);

Paul Ross (Liverpool); Fr Paul Rowan (Liverpool);

Thomas Saunders (Brentwood); Gerard Skinner (Westminster); Fr Jacek Skrobisz (Poland); Andrew Stringfellow (Salford);

Christopher Thomas (Nottingham); Adrian Tomlinson (Hallam);

Fr John Udris (Northampton);

Richard Walker (Birmingham); Stephen Wang (Westminster); Richard Whinder (Southwark); Stephen Wright (Birmingham).

Mgr Adrian Toffolo Rev. John Marsland Rev. Arthur Roche Sr Amadeus Bulger Rev. Anthony O'Sullivan Mgr James Sullivan



# Diaconate Sunday



My son, be attentive to my words;  
incline your ear to my sayings.  
Let them not escape from your sight;  
keep them within your heart.  
For they are life to him who finds them,  
and healing to all his flesh.

*Prov 4:20-22*

Please pray for

Mark Brentnall  
Stephen Dingley  
Gregory Knowles  
Hugh Pollock

Ordained Deacons  
Sunday, 14th July, 1996  
at Palazzola

*Prayer card and ordination booklet cover (above) designed by Jonathan Leach*



# Passione immolatus

(Inspired by the Ponte S. Angelo angels of Bernini)

*But the angel said to him, "Do you remember the words with which your father commanded you to take a wife from your own people? Now listen to me ... for she will become your wife; and do not worry about the demon, for this very night she will be given to you in marriage. When you enter the bridal chamber ... then the demon will ... flee away and will never again return. And when you approach her, rise up, both of you and cry out to the merciful God, and He will save you and have mercy on you. Do not be afraid, for she was destined for you from eternity. You will save her, and she will go with you ..."*

(Tobit 6: 15-17)

O Pillar of Love, to which Our Lord was bound,  
Which tied the Son of God to earthly ground,  
And married His own life to ours for good.

O Scourge of Love, mankind's most wounding hate,  
Rejecting Him who 'lone restores our fate,  
Whose back bears stripes which our proud shoulders should.

O Crown of Love, those thorns which painful pressed  
Now pierce the head, whose members, self-obsessed,  
Shall break this body giv'n to them for life.

O Cross of Love, to carry and to crush,  
Which through the ages shines to show man's rush  
Pre-nuptially to kill as demon-wife.

O Veil of Love, true icon of that face,  
For whom to serve leaves in our lives the trace  
No longer of the demon but the bride.

O Clothes of Love, that seamless garment wove  
'Tween man and God, for which untorn they strove:  
The soldiers lots decide and still deride.

O Nails of Love, that spread the hands to hang  
The weight of sin; while yet the angels sang  
That God should e'en with darkness deign be one.

O Scroll of Love, which sweetly names the King,  
But bitter turns in death's consuming sting:  
The swallowed nest, the headrest of the Son.

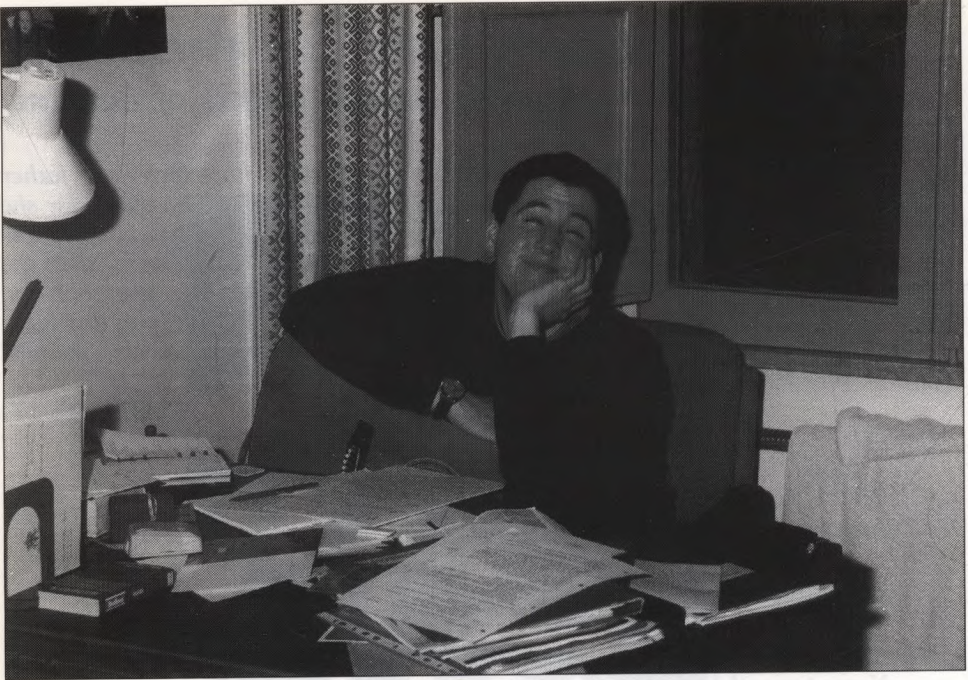
O Call of Love, the cup He willed to take,  
As from a sponge is wrung the thirster's slake,  
In whose last breath is drained the older wine.

O Lance of Love, the death to quite ensure,  
Yet opens up the Christ to all as pour  
The water's Spirit-life – so sprouts the Vine.

Amen.

June, 1995  
Venerable English College





*Even for the brighter student, exams can be just too much ...*





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