

THE VENERABLE



1997

THE YEAR OF JESUS CHRIST



THE
VENERABILE

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THE YEAR OF JESUS CHRIST

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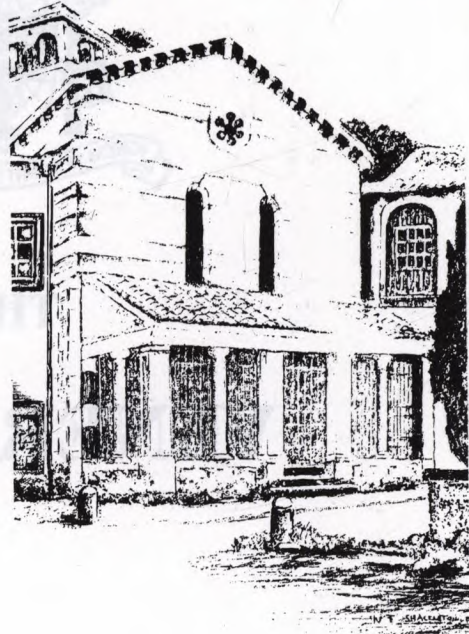
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The cover of this year’s Venerable was designed by Gerard Fieldhouse Byrne.

The Year of Jesus Christ

In 1997, we celebrate the 1400th anniversary of the mission of St Augustine to re-evangelise England; we are also celebrating this year the 1400th anniversary of the death of St Colmcille (Columba). These two saints, who between them take us back to the beginnings of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic Christianity, have much to teach us in the post-modern Welsh and English churches as the third millennium draws near.

Their witness to Christ led them to abandon everything they held dear. Augustine, a monk in the monastery of St Andrew in Rome, left his country at the behest of St Gregory the Great to spread the light of Christian truth in what is now England; many centuries before the arrival of Alitalia 'premium points' and 'breakfast in Rome; lunch in London' daytrips, he would never have dreamt that his call to be a monk would lead him to such a far-off country. Colmcille, born of royal blood in Donegal and the founder of monasteries in Londonderry and Durrow, did not travel quite so far; he left his country to live in contemplation on Iona, 'wishing to be a pilgrim for Christ.'¹

The joy which these two – and their contemporaries from the earliest days of British Christianity – felt at seeing their fellow countrymen and women accepting and living the Christian faith can be summed up in one of Gregory the Great's letters, written after he had received news of Augustine's witness:

For who could tell the joy that has sprung up in the hearts of all the faithful because the race of the Angles, through the grace of Almighty God and the labours of your brotherhood, has had the light of holy faith poured out on it and the darkness of error driven away?

Now in purity of mind they trample down those idols which previously they served in insane fear. They worship Almighty God with pure hearts, and by the rules that they have learnt from the holy preaching they are restrained from falling into evil deeds. With their souls they serve the divine commandments and in their minds they are raised up by them. They bow down continually in prayer, that their minds may not lie prostrate on the earth. Whose work is this, if not the work of him who says, 'My Father is working even now, and I am working'?²

Of course, this is not a picture of England and Wales which many of us would recognise. It is arguable that the situation which the Church faces in our countries today is similar to that faced by Ss Augustine and Colmcille: indifference; irrelevance; division; apathy. Yet, God 'is working even now' - the Church is full of the Holy Spirit and there are many signs pointing to the good: the deep yearning for a spiritual life; a desire for a moral basis for society; a 'tiredness' when faced with the same old solutions to the same old problems. The

witness which Christians give in our society is an inspiration to all people, giving light, hope and sense to a world shattered by despair and darkness.

It is providential, therefore, that 1997 does not just mark the anniversary of two great saints, but has also been proclaimed by the Holy Father to be the Year of Jesus Christ, the One Saviour of the World, as depicted on the front of this year's *Venerabile*. He is 'the same today as he was yesterday and as he will be for ever.'³ In a world of change and superficiality, only he can provide a solid basis for a way of living which transcends selfishness and self-absorption, but which enables us to point beyond ourselves, facing the future with a deep hope.

In his Apostolic Letter *Tertio Millennio Adveniente*, the Pope invites us during this year to reflect on Jesus, the Word made flesh. [1998 will be the Year of the Holy Spirit, 1999 the Year of God the Father and 2000 the Holy Year, emphasising in a particular way the Holy Trinity and the Eucharist.] He calls us 'to a renewed appreciation of Christ, Saviour and Proclaimer of the Gospel'⁴ and a similar 'appreciation of Baptism as the basis for Christian living, according to the words of the Apostle: "As many of you as were baptised into Christ have put on Christ" (Gal 3:27).'⁵

Above all, the Holy Father says,

Everything ought to focus on the primary objective of the Jubilee: the *strengthening of faith and of the witness of Christians*. It is therefore necessary to inspire in all the faithful a *true longing for holiness*, a deep desire for conversion and personal renewal in a context of ever more intense prayer and of solidarity with one's neighbour, especially the most needy.⁶

Faith, witness, longing for holiness, conversion, personal renewal, prayer and solidarity. For these reasons, the Twelve Apostles inspired the earliest Christians to witness to the Lord Jesus to the ends of the earth, Colmille and Augustine abandoned everything to witness to him in foreign lands and St Ralph Sherwin and his companions left home to come to Rome, to be formed as priests, and to return to England and Wales to live out their Christian calling, many of them witnessing to Christ by giving their lives for the glory of his name as martyrs.

Today, the threat of martyrdom for witnessing to Jesus as a Catholic Christian in England and Wales is not the literal threat it once was. Nevertheless, the United Kingdom is mission territory, and we are Christ's witnesses. We cannot afford to rest on our laurels, constantly looking inwards and building a 'fortress Church' for the few. There is real work to be done. We are the witnesses of 1997; we have to be the prophetic voices crying in the wilderness, fighting the culture of death which is prevalent in our society, and working to build the Kingdom.

Nevertheless, we can only convert others if we ourselves convert every day. Each day, we are called to deny ourselves, take up our cross and follow in the footsteps of Jesus Christ so that we may grow in his image and likeness. Catholic Christianity is not a bland 'feel good' faith, but a real way of life, pointing beyond the individual believer to the Lord himself and, by our unity in him, to others.

It is by our witness, by our openness to the Holy Spirit, that others will come to Christ, ensuring that the Kingdom may spread throughout the world, drawing all

people deeper into his love so that the light of Christ, rising in glory, will dispel the darkness of our hearts and minds. It is a hard task, but in our work we have as examples Augustine, Colmeille and the martyrs of the College and, above all, Jesus Christ himself, who 'came to bring fire to the earth,' the fire of God's love for all his people, that all may believe and share the eternal joy of the Kingdom.

**Andrew Cole,
Editor**

1. ADOMNAN, 'The Life of St Columba', Preface II and Book III, quoted in *The Divine Office*, Volume II, p.216*.
2. GREGORY THE GREAT, Book 9,36, quoted in *The Divine Office*, Volume II, p 166*.
3. Hebrews 13:8.
4. JOHN PAUL II, Apostolic Letter 1 *Tertio Millennio Adveniente* (Libreria Editrice Vaticana, 1994), n.40, p.48.
5. *Ibid.*, n.41, p.49.
6. *Ibid.*, n.42, pp.49-50.

Fire to the Earth

Faced with the College Motto, *Ignem Veni Mittere in Terram*, the theologian might ask whether *Ignem* refers to the Holy Spirit, the scripture scholar might ask whether *mittere* fully renders the original text which has more the sense of 'throw down upon' and the philosopher might ask what the nature of *terram* is. Those responsible for priestly formation and those undergoing it must ask also such questions as, How is it going to be carried? How can a person be prepared for the consequences? There is now, therefore, a document at the English College called *Fire to the Earth*. It is a synopsis of priestly formation at the College prepared by staff and students through the course of last year and finalised in November 1996.

The driving inspiration this venture lies in the spirit of Catholic Middlesbrough and the senior management expertise of ICI combined in the person of Dr Jim Whiston. For the past few years, Jim has come to Rome to assist students in developing good leadership and management skills in preparation for the style of collaborative ministry which will be expected of them. It wasn't long before the

staff realised that the more you teach students about leadership the more they expect from their own leaders. The result was an invitation to Jim to facilitate a session with the staff on 'Communication'. One resolution of this session was that there was a need for the staff in consultation with the students 'to set out clearly a vision of priesthood together with the principles and means by which a man is trained to be a priest at the Venerable English College.' (Preface)

The document answers three questions: What is a student for the priesthood training to be and to do? What are the underlying principles and priorities of seminary training for priesthood? How in practice is this done in the VEC?

As staff, we hoped that the process of drawing up the document, as well as the final result, would give staff and students a unity of vision and a sense of broad agreement about the expectations, obligations and priorities of the path of priestly formation.

The Process

Gurus of leadership speak of the need not to be afraid of the iterative process, which is that process of to-and-fro negotiation which refines and clarifies an original plan and enables a whole group, company or community to feel it is theirs. We entered that process and I think the results proved the gurus to be right. Getting started is always half the battle. We discussed the structure and agreed to follow the four headings given in *Pastores Dabo Vobis*, (human, spiritual, intellectual and pastoral formation), preceded by a section on the vision of priesthood. What it lacked in originality was compensated for by clarity and by the fact that there were five members of staff. Each of us took a section and put something on paper. We discussed the results and it then fell to me to put together a first draft, the guinea pig that could be analysed, cut and pasted by the whole House. The students met in small groups to consider it and gave their evaluations in a consultation meeting chaired by Mons. Jack Kennedy, a guest in the College at the time, who no doubt savoured the moment of listening to the comments of the student body without having to respond.

The staff then had the task of responding to a considerable and considered contribution from the meeting. The document was redrafted, the process was repeated and more refinements were made. As a result the section on the vision of priesthood was extended to include more specific reference to the diocesan priesthood in England and Wales, and a section was added on formation in general which dealt with issues such as the internal and external forum, the relationship between rules and personal responsibility and the reasons for having a seminary in Rome. Two appendices were added by request, the first explaining the ministries which students receive on the way to priesthood and the second outlining the programme of pastoral courses and classes.

There followed several offers from eagle-eyed students to correct errors of spelling and punctuation and improve coherency and consistency. Jonathan Leach produced a fine design for the cover and the suggestion for the title. Sr Amadeus made several trips to the printers and all was complete. It just remains to put it all into practice.

The Content

Fire to the Earth begins with a focus on the meaning of the ministerial priesthood set in the context of the priesthood of Jesus Christ and the whole Church. A specific job description for what a priest may be called to do in the coming years would be difficult to write. We did however want to signal, at least in broad terms, what our students are training to become, what attitudes a priest should have and what realistically they will be expected to do. Without this it is difficult to think of what course formation should take.

In the document, the vision of priesthood is centred on the self-giving of Christ, and then, in practical terms, on the three-fold office of the Bishop whose ministry the priest assists, that of teaching, sanctifying and governing. The word 'governing' provoked some discussion since the English word does not convey fully the meaning of the Latin '*gubernare*' which has the sense of 'steering'. Some felt it was too like 'ruling' while others argued that it was important to keep the sense of being responsible for which a priest has to be prepared. In the end we agreed on 'pastoral governance', which signals that a priest's style of leadership should be sensitive to the needs and talents of others.

The second part is about how men are to be prepared for this great venture of priesthood, with specific reference to the College here in Rome. We begin with some points on the process of formation, discernment and assessment in general as already mentioned, and then take up the following four particular aspects. Each section has some general directives. These are the background thinking, principles and ideals that give direction to the way things are done in practice. This is followed in each case by a description of how in practice this aspect of formation is carried out in the English College.

Human Formation: This means the development of those basic qualities and attitudes which reveal us to be a genuinely mature, adult human person responsive to truth and love (n.45).

Spiritual Formation: This means assisting students to grow in their consciousness of God. It requires giving them the opportunity to be moulded in the image of Christ, and helps them to discern their suitability for ordained ministry and prepares them to lead a Spirit - filled life at every level of their being in consonance with the requirements of their vocation (n.62).

Intellectual Formation: A student for the priesthood must face and satisfy his own questions about life and faith in the light of the Gospel and the Church's teaching. This requires study in depth aimed at a critical discernment of what is (and is not) the true teaching of the Church and a pastorally - oriented presentation of it.

Pastoral Formation: This ensures that the whole life of the seminary is directed towards the service of the Church and its mission to the world. It is concerned with an ever - deeper communion with the pastoral charity of Jesus, and then, within the context of this wider formation, there is an area of training which can be distinguished as pastoral principles and skills.

Ignem Veni Mittere in Terram

The English College has a long tradition of preparing men for the priesthood going back to the 16th century, the era of persecution and martyrdom.

The motto of the College reflects the Lord's own understanding of his mission in the world and echoes his impatient desire to see it fulfilled. It links the conviction, zeal, faith and courage of the early students of the college to those of today and the needs of England and Wales as we move towards the next century:

Fire as the original love of the Father, fire as the burning love of the Son, Jesus for each of us, fire as the infectious power of the Holy Spirit is at the heart of the true priest (n.1).

It concludes:

The needs of our time are no less urgent than those of the 16th and 17th centuries. We are called to give the same whole-hearted response as the priests of that time. Like them we need not be daunted by the task. The Lord will surely give us all we need to reap the harvest once we have offered ourselves. It is the time to be a priest (n.18).

*John Marsland,
Vice-Rector*

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FIFTY YEARS ON:

The Years Between

Some sentiments eternally reverberate in the disposition of Roman seminarians. Contrasted with the jolly sprigs and pantomime splashes of Christmas, a diarist bemoans in the morning of 1940, 'Only now do you see the Greg for what it is – something hideous and soulsearing.' The lightning could not yet be seen but the persistent muffled thunder of German ambitions heralded a charged atmosphere of aggression. Great Britain was already at war but the present phoney peace of Rome seemed to promise uninterrupted studies. There were portents: sugar rationed in January; soldiers wielding bayonets throughout the city; and the odd laconic diary entry, 'we noted the invasion of Norway...'

Early summer saw Germany seize Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg in one day's march and organised 'spontaneous' posters decorating Rome, declaring, '*Inghilterra ha perduto l'autobus.*' The College had to make a decision. Precautions including the removal of the archives, the Martyrs' Picture and Venerabile funds to the Vatican had already been taken in the previous year, but going home into exile - an unpalatable pill, only to be swallowed should the recovery of European relations seem impossible. Fleeing the city in 1798 because of Napoleon's triumphal entry had left the College comatose for twenty years. Therefore, present continuation rather than future resuscitation seemed the wisest option; the staff did not wish to return home without serious cause. In May 1940, the Rector, Mons. MacMillian, was in England catching future seminarians before they were drafted; Mons. Smith, the Vice-Rector, who was temporarily in charge, had the Italian government's reassurance to the Holy See that foreign ecclesiastics, in case of war, would be unmolested. Reticent Vatican officials from whom Mons. Smith sought advice admitted, however, whilst the *Osservatore Romano* was being burned 'spontaneously' in the shade of St Peter's, that the reassurance was only a verbal one. Persuaded by this admission and ugly governmental pronouncements, already seemingly framed by Gestapo minds, the Vice-Rector decided, with two days notice, the Venerabile's departure from Rome. In the early morning of 16 May, before the newspaper kiosks had hoisted their daily tirade against 'plutodemocratic England's designs upon the poor but proud Italian people,' the students were driven to Termini. With friends from the German College waving them off and the National Anthem bursting from their mouths, they began their shakey flight across Europe. Journeying to Paris was uneventful, but the bombing of Dieppe, the College's planned departure point from the continent, demanded a delay as tickets were purchased for the ferry at Le Havre. Parisians were to remain free for only a few more weeks and foreign conquest crouched before them as air-raid sirens disturbed the students'

sensibilities and their pockets were emptied by the need of Belgian refugees who covered the station's platforms. And it was on the last, overpacked boat to sail from unoccupied Le Havre that the College arrived in Southampton.

Its future was not certain. After Mass in the Chapel of the English Martyrs at Westminster Cathedral with Cardinal Hinsley, the students simply dispersed to their families. Tradition, even that founded in Ralph Sherwin's days, had not declared on this situation. The continuation of the Venerabile might appear to be adding just one more to the seminaries of England, at a time when the number of students was waning; it could not offer the same unique opportunities it had done so set in the heart of Rome; and English ecclesiastical history failed to clarify the standing of a Pontifical College in relation to the English and Welsh bishops. Resolved to safeguard the present, Mons. Smith, as the Rector was now in Rome, searched for an exilic haven and, with the assistance of the Catholic Holiday Guild, found it snoozing by the cool of Lake Windermere: Croft Lodge, Ambleside. A private residence, still partly occupied by the owner, it became the temporary rented home of the College of St Thomas of the City; a six week sojourn to keep the men together and allow time to make satisfactory arrangements for the future. Bishops agreeing, the students arrived on 17 June, the day of France's capitulation, to discover a house not entirely suited or sized for their needs; but there was a war on, and the peaks of Scafell and Old Man Coniston to distract. The routine of study and prayer was quickly initiated at Ambleside but High Mass had to be foregone as there were neither vestments nor libers. Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament shaped the day as continuous intercessions were offered for Britain's needs. The staid Victorian house could only intensify regrets and affections for the cobbled Monserra' and the palace of delights, Palazzola, but in the voices of familiar orators confidently pronouncing on the same familiar Common Room subjects was founded a confidence that the real Venerabile was not dead.

Comforted by the temporary solution of Ambleside, the Rector quickly discovered that the Jesuits intended to maintain their essential role in College history, even or especially, in its forced exile. Until 1926, when they moved to Heythrop, St Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, had been the House of the English Jesuit philosophy students; for the greater part of fourteen years it had lain empty, but the crisis summer of 1940 saw it under military occupation by some three hundred young soldiers constituting a 'holding force detailed for dealing with enemy parachute troops.' St Mary's Hall was a potentially complete seminary and, with the support of the Jesuit fathers, the Rector pugnaciously persuaded High Command of the VEC's need for it and soon alternative accommodation was found for the military. Mons. MacMillian now wrote confidently to the bishops, hailing the permanently resurrected hopes of the English College, definitively outside the walls, reassuring them that the Gregorian University would recognise studies and examinations conducted by the staff (it did so in June 1941). Following three and half weeks preparatory work by a student advance party, the College arrived at Stonyhurst on 25 September to begin the annual academic assault - the 'Years Between' had truly begun.

Contours altered: the Pamphili gardens exchanged for the banks of the Hodder; climes cooled: dusty Roman *scirocco* dampened by persistent Lancashire drizzle;

possibilities changed: the rugby field now fodder for rationed potato crops - the daily incidents of life for the College were transformed but the spirit of Rome persisted, if at times seemingly strained, undiminished. As one diarist mused: 'What is one play in the centuries of Venerabile History? I cannot say. But this one seemed to whisper "a dying and, behold, we live," to prove that on every soil the Venerabile lives in perpetual spring. Floreat.' All seemed to anticipate the destined return: prayers were still in Italian, the lecture rooms were signed Aula I and Aula II, and, in the summer of '42, at a lively Public Meeting, the House recommended unanimously that the first year be taught Italian. It is not difficult to imagine how those hallowed by Roman life sought constantly in the Common Room to maintain fires of the past and how the faces of the growing uninitiated glowed with the warmth of future hopes. Whilst puffing outlandish pipes, cassocked youth pined for *rosolio* with their coffee and found little solace in the Station Mass celebrated in the College chapel, rather than at Santa Sabina as the missal directed for that day. An experienced Roman recorded one late April: 'Bunches of daffodils by the Lady statue reminded us that May is in the offing, the month of thesis sheets and daily tanks, of the Chiesa Nuova and cherries for supper. The picture thus conjured up made us hug our two pullovers and wonder whether we ought to have a fire.' Some things never altered: the usual academic round, societies and their guest speakers, and an amazing appetite for Gilbert and Sullivan. Ice skating was added to the winter sports of football and rugby, now played against the Stonyhurst teams and local reserve forces; however, the annual cricket match against the Beda was still played. Despite such diversions it was difficult to forget the war as you bent down to collect slimey potatoes from Stonyhurst's fields and whilst the odd bomb fell close by, one blowing out windows. On 5 February 1941, St Mary's Hall received the first news of a Venerabile seminarian casualty of war: Sgt Observer Neville Carlile, missing - presumed killed in action. Such reports became commonplace.

'*Roma non e' Roma, senza i seminari,*' Cardinal Pizzardo confided to Mons. MacMillian on the Rector's first post-war visit to the city in January 1946; it was finally time to come home. The Rector had been assured of the College's structural upkeep during the war by the Knights of Malta who had temporarily transformed it into *Ospedale Principe di Piemonte*. Now in peace, he saw the top floor of the building occupied by lay university students and the rest filled with offices for various American and Pontifical relief organisations. Palazzola had not been so fortunate, suffering from bomb blasts and pillaging forays by victorious German and then American troops. Having driven through a devastated Albano, the Rector was first struck by a *sforza* pitted with small craters and decorated with an Italian tank in the centre. And beneath the apple orchard, he discovered, had been buried some three hundred Germans, killed in the battle around Velletri. Rome had been liberated in 1944 but it was thought unwise to return immediately; food rationing was strict and the devalued lira warned against the expense of such an attempt. But the autumn of '46 promised a trumpeted return with a lively House of nearly seventy students; those who had left Italy for exile in 1940 as first years were to return and complete their course and be ordained in Rome. In April 1946, when the return was announced, some worried whether all the bishops would allow their men to join what so many still regarded as a

hazardous journey; but with such nebulous anxieties quickly dispelled the repatriation of borrowed furniture was organised and theatre scenery was transformed into packing cases for worldly goods. The first party left for Rome on 15 October; the cliffs of Folkestone crowned with defensive barbed wire saluting them farewell – soon broken Italy welcomed them. For one veteran the atmosphere of the train compartment magically changed as they headed south: ‘a former inhabitant of the Greg betrayed his soul by keeping the windows tight shut until the air was dense with smoke’ – the unrecordable smells of life were sweet. All began again at College with lunch on 17 October 1946; the Roman walls were ‘chalked with hammer and sickle and *abassi* to everything from the king downwards,’ but the Roman people, though more cynical and bitter, were something still not unknown to the Venerabile.

The end to the ‘Years Between’ was not purely joyous. Scribbling in the College garden one diarist learned ‘to sympathise with the mournings of the Israelites and to long for the hedges, woods and fields of Stonyhurst and the flower and creeper clad front of St Mary’s Hall.’ Cultivated in bread rationing hunger, wisdom and sadness quickly blossomed after four lectures at the Greg. And Communist rallies, the newest obstructive fad of the Romans, were tedious. But despite Rome’s many sackings, she never exhausts her charms and attractions, enriched by the blood of her martyrs. War-sapped men were soon refreshed by her dishes; a seminarian of 1946 had a whole strange world to explore. And as one wrote, ‘And go we shall, with our knapsacks and staffs, and down the Monserra’, with the sunlight slanting across it, and out onto the highroads of Italy.’

Paul Keane

FIFTY YEARS ON:

From the Shadows of the Past

Insecurity compels us to fasten an iron-tight grip around the world with which we are familiar. The war meant that 1940 was certainly a year of insecurity. It is hard for us to imagine the transition from an existence in which one’s future is laid out in a series of

foreseeable steps, to one in which nothing is certain. Suddenly one can no longer answer the questions, 'Where will I be?' and 'What will I be doing?' This was the transition, however, that had to be made by the staff and students of the English College when war forced them to leave Rome.

For the individual, his own survival, and that of his family and friends in the ensuing years, must have been the foremost concern. The College itself was also threatened, for if it dispersed now, there was no guarantee that it would be re-established. It is not surprising, in these circumstances, that staff and students alike clung to the College, determined to keep it going with as much of its identity as could be translated to a new English home. Hugh Lavery, then a student and author of an article in the 1940 *Venerabile*, expressed typically wartime sentiments, but applied particularly to the College, when he wrote of the French capitulation to German forces on 17 June, 'We heard the news of the catastrophe, as we sat in a stuffy compartment on the westbound train, our destination the Lake District. For we had not capitulated.'

The re-assembling of the College at Ambleside Lodge, after only a month, had taken a huge administrative effort, made in large part by Mons. R. L. Smith, the Vice-Rector. Regrouping, however, was only the first of the College's problems; the Lodge proved too cramped and brought the hitherto protected students face to face with the realities of household chores and a female domestic staff. Matters improved somewhat at St Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, the College's next home. Here, at least, there was space, and nuns were soon found to provide for a good deal of the housework. Despite the inevitable differences, however, of being in another building in another country, incredible lengths were gone to in the name of tradition.

Some of these efforts at preservation were merely practical, designed to ensure that the College would be ready to slot back into its Roman existence with minimum difficulty. Equally, it was necessary to assure the bishops in their dioceses that the College was still able to produce well-educated students armed with Licenciante degrees. Thus, the link with the Gregorian and the need to provide recognised courses of high quality was of vital importance. Provision clearly had to be made, such that degrees begun in England could be completed in Rome. The students would also have to be accustomed to lectures in Latin, and all the other trials of being taught at the Greg. New seminarians, upon entering the College, were taught Italian so as to have a reasonable vocabulary when the return came. Some even found the opportunity to practise the language while supervising Italian P.O.W.s on the Stonyhurst farm.

The folklore and College traditions which were superimposed on life at St Mary's Hall perhaps served a more psychological role. The Rector, Mons. Macmillan, wrote that the College happily obeyed Bishop Marshall's order, 'that we should continue the ceremonies, prayers and actions as if we were still in Rome.' The liturgical routine was thus retained even to the extent of singing the Marian Anthem on the stairs. The Rector also described the efforts made to duplicate, or at least remind, his community of its earlier existence: the layout of the Common Room was modelled on that in Rome, down to the two water colours of Italian

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scenes which hung there. The lifestyle, the timetable, the surroundings, were those, he says, 'consciously chosen by a community determined to remember Rome.'

The Venerabile bears testament to this mood of defending a heritage. Those who had experienced Roman life provided a steady stream of 'Romanesque' and 'Romanità' articles to retain the focus on the College's real home. Indeed, all the articles in *The Venerabile* of these years show a remarkable Italian emphasis, for a magazine composed almost entirely in Lancashire. One example from a 'Romanità' article of 1942 will have to suffice by way of illustration. It begins, 'Since the new Babylonian Captivity, our conversation, our letters, our prayers, the pages of this magazine, have all been full of the resolve to preserve our Roman spirit uncontaminated, undiluted, no matter what may befall.'

How universally popular such sentiments were is difficult to gauge. It must be remembered that, as the years of war went by, the proportion of the College who had spent any part of their seminary life in Rome diminished. There is enough evidence to suggest that not all of the new intake were happy with the nostalgia of the higher years. Such remembrances could never be as satisfying as the reality, to any of the students; for most the return could not come soon enough. When it did come, it was greeted with relief and the hope that this would provide the vital element the College lacked and for which it pined. One student, in an unpublished diary, recorded, 'Rome itself will help to put purpose and foundation into a life which for six years at Stonyhurst was very shaky.'

Returning was the only thing that could vindicate the policies by which Macmillan had run his seminary. In the year he retired as Rector, *The Venerabiles* tribute to him stated,

It would have been so easy to yield to fate and accept what many saw not merely as inevitable but as desirable - the dispersion of the College on arrival in England. It was therefore some reward for the worry and anxiety of decisions made for a future which at the time gave little indication how it was to unfold, when he himself brought back the men of 1946, the tradition unbroken in essentials.

Quite how far Macmillan can be portrayed as the hero here is doubtful. *The Venerabile* Editor's Notebook of 1950 recorded, 'last year when it was thought that the Rector might be going it was decided that if we had to have someone in the Coll. writing on the "Johnny Mac" era, he [a student] was the obvious man to ask, being of some considerable tact.' In truth, after suffering a mild but debilitating stroke in 1943, Macmillan was in little position to govern College affairs. The real work fell, therefore, to the Vice-Rector, Fr Grasar, or 'Crasher' as he was dubbed and signed his letters. Grasar took on these responsibilities at a difficult time when rationing and other shortages due to war meant that providing for the College's needs was enormously problematic. He bore the brunt of enormous student animosity during the war years, but several have left in the archives testament to their repentance over this unjustified judgement. Many of these also paid tribute to the tireless and selfless way in which he worked to overcome the logistical problems posed by the move back to Rome.

The return came just in time, such that the first year which started at St Mary's Hall would have their final year, at least, in Rome. The College Diary of 1947

describes the students arrival at the College: 'Some had seen and most had read or heard of the "wide and lofty corridors," and, 'schooled in exile by "tradition", we parted the curtains for a visit.' The students excitedly began to discover for themselves what, for so long, had simply been folklore. Only the Greg held any surprises: 'Those who were nursed on the nostalgic memories of "Chi Lo Sa?" and Common Room Stories were appaled to find that fact was indeed stranger than fiction, while in accordance with the sealed instructions of our elders we deployed our exiguous forces to seize our place "behind the Germans" and to man the windows.'

It would be foolish to suggest, however, that this re-establishment was without its problems. For one thing, there were only two postgraduate students who had lived in the house before. No matter how detailed the 'Common Room schooling in tradition,' it could not prepare the students for all the rules and ways of a house in which they had never lived. More unsettling than this, however, was the situation immediately outside the College doors. Italy was still in a politically unstable situation; the Greg route could cut across demonstrations, there were strikes and anti-clericalism was prevalent.

The most serious political threat, as far as the College was concerned, came from communism, especially in the election of 1948. The campaigning between the Christian Democrats and the Communists took the form of an incredible paper chase. The streets were littered with leaflets, many dropped from the air, and posters were pasted on top of one another with such rapidity that there were reports of the billstickers lining up behind each other with ladders and paste. The threat of communist violence was certainly a real one. In November 1947 the Literary Society heard a talk from an American journalist of the *New York Herald* which left all with a very gloomy view for the future of Italian politics. Perhaps the most alarmist prediction was voiced in the Public Meeting of March 1948, which warned, 'this may be the last Public Meeting of the College in Rome, or even the last Public Meeting of the Venerable English College.' If the political threat passed without such dire consequences (the Communists lost by 25 seats and there was no violence), the suggestion that the College could not have survived another exodus might well have been correct.

Gradually, on a more secure footing, the College managed to free itself from the slavish obedience to tradition. Again a student diarist, writing during the 1947 *Villeggiatura*, puts the case most succinctly,

At SMH, and again last year in Rome, we forced ourselves to mimic, in externals, the pre-war Roman life; we ourselves were not fitted, circumstances were against us, and the flimsy edifice fell. Here at the Villa a different approach was tried, namely: "here we are, *these* 50 men at *this* time in *these* circumstances let us just settle in, take things gently, naturally as they come." And what happened? The pre-war life was restored – not in all its details, but in the spirit that made it what it was, that made the English College what it was.

The way an institution regards its own history is often a valid criterion by which to judge its health. Between the two extremes of navel-gazing introspection and a rootless identity crisis lies a healthy self image. During the years that followed

its return, the College grew again in confidence and security. Many turned their attention to leaving some record of the years in England. In moving out of the shadow of extinction, the College also moved out of the shadow of its own past.

Anthony Currer

FIFTY YEARS ON:

‘You didn’t have spiritual directors in those days ...’

‘I was a gondolier, a pirate chief, a ghost and a peer,’ said the man who had already been a radiographer in the wartime army and who would go on to be a priest and teacher in Leeds Diocese and Vicar General

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of Hallam Diocese. Monsignor Michael Keegan is currently spiritual director at the Beda College in Rome. In the Beda's lawned garden he reminisced, to an accompaniment of spring birdsong, about his days in the Venerable English College immediately after the war and his first days in ministry. But he also reflected on the nature of priesthood and the need for sanctity. This message came all the more agreeably from a man who has a ready memory for an anecdote and a great capacity for laughter.

The young Michael Keegan joined up from St Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, where he was part of the VEC in exile; he preferred not to seek exemption but to volunteer and 'get on with it.' His war service was as a radiographer. In his work he met many former prisoners of war, shattered by what they had been through. There were Polish soldiers who had fought in General Anders' army; the high incidence of tuberculosis among them meant that many were disappointed in their hopes of emigration to Canada. And then, as he began the work of X-raying new recruits to the army, he noticed how small in stature were the generation that had grown up on wartime rations.

Michael maintained something of his studies with the help and advice of a second-hand bookseller friend, Mickey White. The guidance serves as well today, although might not be approved by every professor devising a 'required reading' list. Mickey recommended always having two or three books on the go, another in the pocket and a readiness to dismiss the uninspiring. As spiritual director today, Monsignor Keegan also recommends that his students share any scriptural text which currently appeals to them, and in return he shares his favourite scriptures with them.

After war, Michael resumed his studies for the priesthood, as 'that was what many people expected me to do.' Now Monsignor Keegan, he has an unromantic and uncluttered recollection of his vocation. It makes encouraging listening for any seminarian struggling a bit today. His arrival at Ciampino in January 1948, for instance, was greeted by Pat Murphy-O'Connor's inquiry as to Michael's availability for rugby; feet were very firmly on the ground from the beginning. At the spiritual level there were some decisive moments. One morning Michael woke up realising that all his motivation up to then had been absolutely hopeless. He spent that day in perfect peace of mind, working out how many lire he could get if he sold his cassocks. But at the rosary that evening the awful thought came to him that if he had got rid of his bad motivation what about some good ones? And again, on the night before his sub-diaconate retreat, and sub-diaconate included taking on the obligations of the office and celibacy, he went to see his confessor ('you didn't have spiritual directors in those days'), the then Monsignor, later Cardinal, Heard. He told the Monsignor that even at that late stage he couldn't see any positive reason why he should go on. His reply was to ask if Michael could see any positive reason for getting out. The memories induce tucks of laughter and an affectionate description of his confessor that may be better left unprinted. So subdiaconate went ahead, 'and here I am still.'

During this time, post-war Rome did not impinge much on the English seminarians, living as they did in a little world entire unto itself except for journeys to the Greg. The College was well back into its rhythm under the rectorship of Monsignor Macmillan. Father Keegan remembers him as a remarkable man, standing out with a certain dignity and earning respect from all in the College. He set a high spiritual standard which he lived out himself, and had a clear ideal of priesthood. Students wanted to live up to these expectations. The Rector's respect for the College, its traditions, and, especially, its martyrs, conveyed what he believed mattered most.

College life was ordered in the ways that served to build the sense of community. Three quarters of an hour after supper were spent in circles in the common room, with students joining the first circle with a space. Thus everyone got to know everyone else and the danger of cliques was reduced. Trips out of the house were always in *camerate* of four and 'you joined the first one you came to, so long as it was going your way.' Central was the tradition of College entertainments. Christmas was celebrated with a trio of three act plays, the pantomime and a repeat of the *Villeggiatura's* Gilbert and Sullivan operetta; hence the gondolier, pirate chief, ghost and peer roles. Michael's expertise was also technical and he was involved in the lights and sound. The illusion of a train leaving a station at the opening of *The Ghost Train* drew spontaneous applause, which must have repaid the efforts of the student in the wings puffing cigar smoke on to the stage. Less happy, initially, was the occasion when Michael as 'film man' saw a jammed reel go up in flames. He got a lot of flak from his fellows over this ... and then met the unamused Rector in the corridor. But, as he retells the tale, the fact that he bore with the telling off patiently, and offered it up, won the sympathy of a Rector who was glad to see the disaster put to spiritual effect. The *Villeggiatura*, the long summer holiday at Palazzola, is something remembered with affection. A group would go ahead for a week to clean and get the place ready, and then the College would follow for a relaxed period of golf, swimming, tennis, handball and walking. Michael was an enthusiastic walker and he and some friends initiated the *Castelli* walk. Starting at Albano, lunching at Rocca Priora and ending up at Rocca di Papa, they walked twenty-five miles in those days, carrying out wine tastings as they went, having a *quartino* among them at each stop and that was, looking back, 'awful'. En route they devised a song that grew to five verses, after which it was all rather 'grim!' One moonlit occasion, on the terrace, some of the students wondered how far out and back from the villa anyone had walked in one day; a challenge that led Michael and his friends to achieve forty miles on a mercifully overcast day.

Listening to Father Keegan one is reminded of how a priest's life is the fullness of what it is to be human. One moment he happily recollects that the 'grub was good', especially at the villa, and the next he is sharing his vision of what the spirituality of a priest must be; people sometimes go wrong in thinking that they are the ones who achieve sanctity with a bit of God's help. They miss the point: the thing to do is hand oneself over completely to God. Monsignor Keegan calls it the 'transfer' that we continue making every day, because we go on getting it wrong. As he says, it is writ large in the Old Testament. But if we remember that God has chosen us to be holy, rather than that we choose God, then things might

not go so wrong. The College was certainly a good preparation for a life of holiness, if not for some of the surprises of parish work. The College emphasis had been on the spiritual and academic side of formation, with no such thing as pastoral classes and development of voice projection skills, and the like, that there are today. So parish life did bring its difficulties. One of the greatest was visiting, when seven out of ten homes would have been very glad not to have been visited. If we remember, however, that the five loaves and two fish that we have to offer in pastoral ministry can be miraculously multiplied by the Lord then we can go on in hope. The most important thing of all, which Monsignor Keegan learnt in time, was that teaching the faith was not the way to start. That teaching depended on witness and proclamation of the kerygma; if that kerygma was the starting point then the teaching could follow to good effect. This was the main reason that Catholic schools encountered great difficulties; the faith of the child depended on the faith of the parent and no amount of teaching could be effective unless the child had met and heard true witness. For this reason Father Keegan used simple, straightforward proclamation of the Church's faith when he taught the last period on Friday, the 'graveyard slot', to a Leeds lower sixth girls' class. While some reluctant pupils battled against it to begin with, it was the toughest of all who in time wanted to talk things through.

As well as teaching in secondary school, Monsignor Keegan worked at Trinity and All Saints College of Education, Horsforth, Leeds, for four years. In the early seventies he was asked to re-establish Corpus Christi College, London, after the original staff had resigned. The re-establishment was effected, but for external reasons it was closed after three years. Returning to the Leeds diocese he became part of the new Hallam diocese at its foundation, and its first Vicar General. After a few years he was asked to serve on the teaching staff at St Alban's College in Spain. Enclosed once more by seminary life in the College at Valladolid, he was to combine his loves for catechetics and priestly formation for six years. On returning he served the Diocese of Hallam as Vicar General, but rather than retiring, in his eighth decade, he has inspirationally embarked on a new stage in his ministry. He is spiritual director to more than twenty students for the priesthood in the city where he himself was formed. For the first week of his return, in September 1996, he stayed at the Venerable English College with six of his fellow students from those post-war days. His visit coincided with those of us who were beginning our first year of formation. The anniversary allowed both parties to reflect on the continuity over the years of the Church in England and Wales. Against the backdrop of the Eternal City, with its ever apparent evidence of the transitoriness of even the greatest of human empires, it allowed the timelessness of the Church's kerygma to be powerfully proclaimed.

So the man of many parts continues in a work which one senses is not a role but rooted in a very real sanctity. The positive reasons for Michael Keegan staying with his vocation are now abundantly clear. Monsignor Heard was obviously a very shrewd old buffer; or at least something that sounds quite like that on your reporter's tape.

Gerard Flynn

FIFTY YEARS ON:

Rome without the College

As part of the search for information on the year 1946, this expedition went completely wrong. Our mission was to interview Ana's mother, Annunciata. For five years she had passed us in the evenings on her way out of the bar and our only conversation had been to ask how her legs were and to commiserate with her on their condition. I had not realised that sadly over the last two years she has found it increasingly difficult to remember things, which at the age of ninety-five is not unreasonable. However it did mean that the conversation began to take on a slightly surreal aspect when students and fascists became confused and events at the Palazzo Baschi, the fascist secret police headquarters nearby, and the College became intermixed.

Ana herself did not remember much because, in the *anni caldi* when the Germans were in control, the family had locked up the bar and moved out to the hills where Ana had a relative who was a nun, near Fiugi. Ana herself remembered her mother telling stories of the rounding up of the Jews and attacks on fascists on the Lungotevere as they fell from power, but her mother could now only say that they were 'times when you cried.'

The family had taken on the bar in 1939 and while they were looking for accommodation they had for a while lived in the same flat as Nella and Germano do now. They had intended to buy a place opposite the bar, but at the time Mussolini had plans to clear the whole area, much as he had for the building of the Via della Conciliazione, and so to buy property close to the Piazza Farnese didn't make much sense. However they did eventually buy a place nearby. But while they were in the College, which was then a hospital, it was clearly a strange existence. The College was in the hands of the Knights of Malta, looking after Italian soldiers who had been wounded on the Eastern Front. It was quite clear in talking to Ana that the mere mention of Russia was then enough to explain how horrible the whole experience had been for those fighting there. Many were suffering from terrible wounds, amputations and the horrors of frostbite. The conditions were totally inadequate with a lack of all those things we would see as normal for recovery today. Ana remembered her mother talking of how they used to shout out in the night and ask for prayers and their relatives were only able to visit them if they lived close enough to Rome. On one occasion there was a royal visit by the then king and queen and their children.

In 1944, the Allies reached Rome and the bar reopened. Two male relatives had been sleeping in the back to look after it. Unfortunately information about the return of the students was scant as they were only allowed into the bar, on Ana's

recollection, early on Thursday mornings for a *collazione* before setting off on a gita. Ana herself did not remember many students until the years of the Second Vatican Council when both students were able to visit the bar more regularly and, in 1965, she began to work there. Her arrival in the bar started on her father's death. None of her eight brothers and sisters had been keen to take it on and her mother was running it alone. Ana was an elementary school teacher at the time and began to help out at the bar bit by bit, or as she said, first one foot, then the other, then an arm etc., etc., and has been there to this day.

During our conversation, the deaf-and-dumb man from the *Bar Peru* walked in. For five years I have passed him and never known who he was. Ana explained that he is now in his eighties and is '*un figlio della zona.*' He has always been known as totally reliable and therefore always been entrusted with jobs in the area. He is called Roberto, and now lives at Monte Verdi, but comes back to the area he knows everyday. He used to work in the Cinema Farnese at one time, and Ana remembers being frightened by him when she was young. He has worked and lived in Via Montoro, and once slept in a little room opposite the College, above the Ristorante Monserrato, cleaning the staircases. A couple of years ago he had heart trouble and so now he makes his way back every night to Monte Verdi on doctor's orders.

In the end we learnt little about the return of the students in '46, but more about those in the the area then I had in six years. On occasions like this one begins to get a feel for the Italian community around the college which we take for granted, but which plays a part in the life of the College in all sorts of different ways.

Hugh Pollock

FIFTY YEARS ON:

A Bottle of Nostalgia

Whilst the 'New Men of '96' discovered, in September, the glories of the Eternal City and pondered Italian verb tables, they were joined by the 'Fathers of '46' who, besides the end of exile and the return to Rome, were celebrating their years of witness and service. At their last shared supper, Canon Thomas Dakin rose and addressed the fresh seminarians, having presented them with bottles of Strega, on behalf of the 'Men of '46':

A bottle of Strega carries an implicit warning against becoming bewitched. After your visit to Palazzola, I was asked if it was usual to serve port at the villa after lunch. Port and Palazzola, were to me so incongruous, that it had to be spelt out – PORT. In our day – pardon the phrase – a festive meal would inevitably have finished with coffee and ‘liqs’; the *liquore* being invariably Strega.

When we were in exile at Stonyhurst we were almost paranoid in shadowing the customs of the house in Rome; on feast days we would go to the Common Room after lunch for coffee and peppermint cordial. Then, in the Spring or early Summer of ‘46, Mons. MacMillian came out to Rome on reconnaissance. He returned with bottles of Strega, and so, on the Feast of Saints Peter and Paul that year, we had our first real taste of Rome. If you could put nostalgia into a bottle, for us it would have to be a Strega bottle.

We are naturally in a nostalgic mood - even without the Strega. When we first met at the airport one of the brethren looked round and murmured, ‘We are relics of the past.’ On the first occasion we took coffee in the salone after supper, the conversation was rather elevated due, no doubt, to the presence of your spiritual director. We were actually talking about the experience of eternity, until someone said, ‘You won’t have to wait long to find out.’ What really destroyed our fragile confidence, was the perception that we must be appearing to you as a student who joined the College in 1896 would have appeared to us, if he had visited during our first year in Rome. He would have been a Giles man; Mons. Giles was a legendary rector. He would have been a Monte Porzio man; Monte Porzio preceded Palazzola. In his day the horse would have dominated the streets of Rome. That was a calculation which floored us completely.

But there is a positive side to juggling with dates. It takes a sequence of only eight students, related as we are to you, and you are back in the College of the martyrs. And if we could hand on to you the wisdom we received, it would be that the advantage of studying within these four walls, does not derive from the nearness of the Vatican, nor the glories of Rome, nor the courses at the Greg., but from the experience of living within a community founded on charity.

We are most grateful to the Rector, staff and students of ‘96, that they have enfolded us within the community - here in the refectory, the Church and the chapel - so that our celebration of fifty years has not been a mere commemoration of the past, but has watered the roots of the spirituality, which formed us in this place, into men and priests. We can, therefore, strongly recommend that those of you who are left should return to observe your own jubilee in the year 2046.

Thomas Dakin

Monsignor James Sullivan: An Appreciation

Introduction

On 8 April 1997, Monsignor James Sullivan, OBE, Protonotary Apostolic, placed the following announcement on the College noticeboard:

Dear fellow students in the Lord,

The present state of my health has led to my making a highly regrettable but sensible decision: to wind up my affairs at the Venerable and bring to an end over twenty-one years braced up by the life of promise the College holds for the future of the churches of England and Wales.

On 16 May, I'll move to and settle in with the Little Sisters of the Poor at Headingley, Leeds. The spirit of the College has entered my bones. It will be with me, I trust, until the Lord calls me. I can do no more than cherish memories of the College's liturgical and prayerful life. Remember me in them. You will be in my prayers: and a prosperous and fruitful priestly ministerial life to you all.

Fr Jim,
8 April 1997

On Friday 16 May 1997, Fr Jim left Rome after many years in the College as a lively and challenging figure, an ardent, loving and faithful witness to the Gospel. He is an example to us all. On Wednesday 14 May, fittingly the Feast of St Matthias, himself called to be an apostle and friend, Fr Rector presided at a farewell Community Mass, which was followed by a festal supper held in Fr Jim's honour.

As a tribute to Fr Jim's great contribution to the life of the Venerable English and Welsh College, and to the formation of those who have passed through it, as staff or students, *The Venerable* presents the following articles: the speeches of Fr Rector, the Senior Student and Fr Jim himself, which were given on 14 May; Fr Jim's own account of how he arrived in Rome; and a personal reflection from a member of the College.

Fr Rector's Speech

On 8 April Fr Jim announced to the College that 'the present state of my health has led to my making a highly regrettable but sensible decision: to wind up my affairs at the Venerable and bring to an end over 21 years braced up by the life of promise the College holds for the future of the churches of England and Wales.'

It is certainly a regrettable decision for all of us: Jim, you will be sorely missed. We recognise that it is a sensible decision for reasons that are beyond your control and our control. For your present needs, and possible future needs, it is a wise decision. But nevertheless we feel deeply sorry that this moment has come. But we must try to concentrate not on the sadness of your departure, but on the celebration of these 21 years which I trust have been as happy for you as they have for three generations of staff and students. In fact it was on Wednesday 22 October 1975 that you arrived here. That exact piece of information was supplied by Mons. Chestle. He also tells me that on Monday 3 November he met the King of Sweden at the Bridgettine Convent, and on Friday 7 November at 3.00 pm Cardinal Heenan died. Fascinating! But I must get back to Fr Jim!

In saying a few words tonight I am very conscious I am not preaching a panegyric! Although you are winding up your affairs at the VEC, you are opening a new chapter on your great pilgrimage of life! You may have been giving away a large number of books - and those of us who have been beneficiaries of your generosity are most grateful - but I believe you are already making lists of new books that



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have to be bought once you are in your new home. The staff, too, want to make a contribution to your ongoing priestly formation - a formation that must encompass the whole worldly reality - and so we have taken out a subscription to *Time*, to be delivered to your new address.

You have given us such wonderful priestly example over the years for which we are tremendously grateful. You've shown us how to keep a Catholic that is - a broad and open - perspective on things. The other day, when *en passant*, I was remarking on how some people always react to anything that is said by moving against the speaker: so that if I say 'yes', they will say 'no'; if I say 'black', they will say 'white'; you remarked, 'ah, but what do you mean by 'white'?' Over the last 21 years, you have kept asking questions, you have kept staff and students open to a broader perspective, but always with a great love of the Church and a deep respect for the Tradition, for the Pope and the bishops, but also a deep respect for everyone and their opinions, for members of this community, and all the guests who have come through its doors.

Respect: I think it is one of your greatest qualities, and I would want to thank you personally and most sincerely for the great respect you have shown to me as Rector. Of course, you know what it's like, having spent so many years as a rector yourself; but the way in which you have always referred your plans to me, never presuming to do anything in the College without my approval, and the way in which you have never interfered with the running of the College or the decisions I and the staff have to make, has been deeply appreciated.

Of course, you have been exemplary in so many other ways. An example of priestly fidelity, never missing Morning Prayer until your recent illness, devoted to the daily celebration of the Eucharist with that solid English devotion which has nothing false about it but which is full of dependence and love. And you have been an example of charity in the community, ready to mix with and chat to whoever you found yourself next to in refectory or garden. A tremendous example, too, of hospitality to the many guests who come through our doors, especially, dare I say, to the ladies! It is our great pleasure to welcome your guests tonight, among whom we are so pleased to see your nephew Michael, who was such a faithful visitor to you through the years he lived in Rome. It's very good to have here tonight Catherine Dewberry, with David too, and we are extremely grateful for the nursing care Catherine has brought you these last few weeks. As for Frank Brittain, we thank him in anticipation of the fact that he'll keep the memory of Jim visually before us when we meet him in Piazza Famese. And Gabrielle Cornwell, with John, who has been committing your likeness to canvas. It's a pleasure to have Mr Garey with us this evening too, whom you have known down these years. From the Beda we welcome our friends Monsignors Dazeley and Keegan, a sign of the two happy years you spent studying at the Beda yourself, and of the fact that the then rector would have gladly had you on his staff!

And so Jim, it's time for us to bid you farewell from Rome. But I can assure you we will not forget you, and when in and around Leeds, we'll be calling on you. And lest you won't have something to offer visitors in your accustomed hospitable manner, we are also arranging for a regular consignment of table wine, so that at least at some meals in the week, you won't be totally teetotal !

Jim, it is fitting to end with a toast. We did - I confess - hesitate to ask whether to a 94 year old one sings *Ad multos annos!* But as you would say, what do you mean by *multos*? What I mean tonight is quality as much as quantity: however many years you will have, our hope is that they will be full years: full of faith and hope and love, full of happy encounters with friends old and new, full of many interesting new thoughts and new questions: and so in this spirit, Jim: *Ad multos annos!*

*Mons. Adrian Toffolo,
Rector*

The Senior Student's Speech

It is my privilege to speak on behalf of the students to wish you, Fr Jim, two things. The first is a sincere 'thank you.' Thank you for everything that you have given to this community over the past twenty-one years. And you have given us much: your time and friendship, your wisdom and opinion, often challenging us to question our faith ever more deeply. So often at the dinner table, you have engaged students in conversation over the latest theological ideas, often putting our own knowledge to shame. Your hospitality, too, has been greatly appreciated not only by the hundreds of students who have passed through this house in your time here, but also by so many of our guests and visitors too.

But above all, I would like to thank you for the tremendous example of priesthood that you have presented to this community. Your humility in service, your dedication to the love of God and your prayerfulness shine out of your whole being. Your work in helping form students for ordained ministry as a seminary rector has been transported and continued here over the last two decades. For those of us who have had the privilege to live in community with you, I am convinced that our vision of ministry and service has been greatly enriched by your example.

The second thing I would like to wish you is 'good luck!' It is no small undertaking for a nonagenarian to move house, never mind move country. But the courage and determination with which you make this move is so typical of your trust in following God's will for you. So we wish you every best wish in your new home. You will be greatly missed. But be assured of our thoughts and prayers. I am sure I do not need to ask you this, but please, remember this community in your own.

Jonathan Leach

Monsignor Sullivan's Speech

A Latin tag will shape my reply to the Rector's toast: *multum in parvo* – pack and compress loads into a small space. Or again, pull out your computer and get an answer in a minute to an enquiry that, of old, would have required days of research and reflection. Here and now I translate it thus: my heart is overflowing with gratitude and appreciation for all the Venerabile has done for me during the last twenty-one years. Weakness of lungs and shortness of breath compel me to be brief in expressing it.

My thanks go to all the members of staff, and in a special way to Fr Rector, who, over these latter months, has shown a personal concern for my restoration to health and for the small comforts that make aches and pains more bearable.

I thank the patient infirmarians who have kept me in pills - and made sure I took them! I determinably attribute to Providence, for Providence watches over each of us, the presence in Rome of my nurse Cathy [Dewberry], and of Dennis [Caulfield] in the community. He and John Marsland came to my room in January, an hour or more after night prayers. By midnight I was in hospital, dimly conscious that something was happening to me. Dennis has occasionally exercised his professional skills [as a qualified doctor] on me. I am able to address you tonight because of what he has done for me.

There are various student groups who have sustained my hopes for the future of the Church, its liturgy, catechetics, scriptural and theological studies. To be brief, and more to the point, let me state this, while doing so with all due caution. My birthday, 13 April, this year occurred on a Sunday. During Mass, you were exhorted to pray for me. Even before the dismissal, I had the experience of receiving a birthday gift from the Lord. It was as simple as receiving Holy Communion, when 'The Lord be with you' becomes 'The Lord is truly with you.' Your prayers have made the Lord's presence a moment-by-moment reality in my life. Death I can predict for myself; life goes on for all of us, with its shadows and kindly light. Mine are the shadows, the mysteries, rather than the kindly light. I borrow from Francis Thompson to express distantly the Lord's answer to your prayers for me: *Shade of your hand and stretched caressingly, and it is a caressing shade*. Thank you all for your prayers.

I thank also the many non-community guests who join me in these goodbye celebrations. They embody dear memories, for example the Bede, as well as the pleasure that begins with acquaintance and leads on to enduring friendship.

Finally, I thank my unobtrusive initiator into the customs and ways of life of the Venerabile. He and I are the 'Other Residents': Bryan, I refer to, who lives across from me on Cardinal Heard's Corridor. Bryan, permit me to wish and toast you *ad multos annos!* and perhaps others will give strength to my hands as I applaud you for what you have done for me and for what you go on doing for the College as it moves into its glorious future. To Bryan!

Mons. James Sullivan

Memoirs

The history of the English College, Lisbon will, in time, come to be written. Packed into a few final sentences will be the story of its closure. Sources can be lengthy. These memoirs will, I trust, be among them. The reader may wonder when I'll get down to the story. Memoirs are personal, can ramble on and on at times side-stepping the main issue. It has to be so with mine. I found myself unexpectedly protecting the rights of British property which were also the rights of the bishops of England and Wales.

For months in 1973 and on into 1974, the streets of Lisbon were constantly reminding me of the streets of Halifax in the latter years of 1914-1918 war. Wounded, disabled soldiers in wheelchairs dressed in their hospital uniforms were being wheeled or aided through the streets of Lisbon, as of old in Halifax. These soldiers were from a war in Mozambique, a war to extend Portugal into Mozambique and keep the native people in subjection: a small example - no native might become a bishop, however great the number of native Catholics. Life, however, went on as usual in Lisbon. There were no protests at what was happening in Mozambique. Yes, one sensed that a break with the Salazar regime and heritage must come.

It did in April 1974. There was an atmosphere of relief about the city. The signs were the poppy revolution: poppies seemed to be on show wherever I walked, but especially behind the ears of donkeys which seemed to have come into the city with their carts to celebrate the occasion.

Within a day or so, on the Sunday, the revolution seemed to be getting out of hand: there were signs of violence in some areas of the city. Yet all was quiet: no extra police, no soldiers about the place. But then the events got a little ugly for me. A letter appeared in the morning paper I took. A group of people from the Conservatory of Music across the road from the College 'proposed symbolically occupying and taking possession of an uninhabited building.' 'Father Horrax and myself were the only occupants.

The letter demanded my immediate attention. I drafted a reply and early the following morning called in Mr Francis Stilwell to put it into more publishable Portuguese. I took a copy up the rickety wooden steps to the seemingly poverty-stricken cramped headquarters of the communist newspaper, which Salazar had tolerated provided the party behaved itself. They were polite in their thanks but did not print it. Of the other two main morning newspapers, the *Diario* printed a few sentences, *O Seculo* the whole of it. Personal delivery of a copy of the letter to the director of the Musical Conservatory would have been the sole reason for my entering the building. In climbing the stairs to his offices, I moved through groups of students I felt to be hostile to me. The British Ambassador must have spotted the letter in the newspapers. Mid-morning he rang me: I was to let him know if he could be of any assistance.

In the 1911 establishment of the Republic, the British Ambassador had undoubtedly defended the English College and its Irish Dominicans from subjection to anticlerical laws. For decades only we and the Irish Dominicans were lawfully allowed to walk the streets, they as Dominicans and we in our cassocks, habits and birettas. But what now seemed to be coming into existence were the preparations for a new political regime, not in any way anticlerical or hostile to the Church. One heard of an interim civil committee of ten in charge of the situation with the backing of the army till such time as free elections could take place; the future leader of Portugal was being named. So, if not the British Ambassador, would it be possible for the present Portuguese law and order to assure us of its support? It was, I think, Mr Francis Thompson, on an evening visit to Fr Horrax and myself, who gave voice to my thoughts: why not explain your problem to the chairman of the committee of ten. And off Francis and I went that very evening to the House of Parliament. We were given entrance to a gloomy silence. After minutes of wandering about the place, someone came along to know our business; and to be told that the committee of ten was in session at army headquarters. There we met with a block of respectful authority and irresistible strength, and to be told that the committee of ten was meeting in the House of Parliament.

We rushed back and arrived just as the session was breaking up. We were taken to the committee room. The chairman was putting together the minutes of the meeting. I introduced myself to him. He came towards me, half sat on the table and listened to what I had to say. He picked up the telephone and gave an order. There seemed to be demur from the other end. The chairman insisted that the order be carried out at once. Then he told me, 'You may go back to the College; all will be well.'

I was not back long when Fr Horrax, whom I'd left in charge, informed me that a soldier or two had put in an appearance, and, at the end of supper, a colonel and trembling soldier wanted me to show them locks and doors, etc. A week or so later, I returned from my evening walk to find two or three soldiers examining the big main entrance to the College yard. The Portuguese army was publicly protecting British property and ownership rights. Months passed by, still in a state of transition, and the sale of College properties at little more than 'give away' prices seemed to lie in the distant future. Fr Horrax decided that his priestly life was to be lived in a pastor in his own diocese. He left me in the Summer of 1974. By Summer 1975, I decided that I too should resign from my Lisbon task; nothing could be done for a few years and I was becoming too old to continue in control of affairs. I let Cardinal Heenan know that I wished to return to my diocese.

My wish was granted. Gordon Wheeler, the Bishop of Leeds, did all he could to enable me to settle into diocesan life. A parish priest was in hospital, and due to retire; I could succeed him. On visiting him, he firmly let me know that he would not be retiring. So too did the second parish priest who even got up from his sick bed and opened the presbytery door!

Then, along came Mons. Cormac Murphy-O'Connor, who wanted to know whether I'd like to spend a couple of weeks at the Venerable; and, yes, it had my bishop's

approval. And so I came to the Venerable for a couple of weeks, which lengthened into months, then into over twenty-one years. For which, glory be to God.

Mons. James Sullivan

A Personal Reflection

From the time I first met Fr Jim almost six years ago, he has always struck me as a man of dignity in all things: correct and proper in his conduct and conversation; always respectful towards others, as well as towards himself. His highly developed, even formidable, intellect never admitted an impersonal attitude towards those he encountered.

What also struck me was his great affection and care for the students of the College, especially his co-diocesans. I have been one of many Leeds students who have benefited from his prayers, support and interest over the years. Yes, this was in all probability an expression of favouritism but always directed towards diocesan solidarity and unity within the seminary as a *praegustatum* of diocesan ministry under the bishop.

I am mindful of an early example of his avuncular concern for me personally. Plodding through the Gregorian integrated course in philosophy, I was greeted one evening by a cheerful and enthusiastic Fr Jim. 'Hello, Gregory! Have you had a wonderful day at the university?' 'No,' I growled. Or was it snapped? 'Very good, very good,' he returned, 'It's important to know your mind and speak it.' And you know what? A few days later when we bumped into each other, he had put together some non-patronising, well-considered words on how I could incorporate this seemingly tiresome philosophy into my theological studies from a previous existence. My point is that he cared for people as people.

This generous outlook expressed itself in material, practical, and spiritual ways: if he could be of assistance, so be it. This sums up his generous *attitude* towards others. Not only did he have an openness towards others, but also towards their opinions, even if strongly out of kilter with his own. This came across so clearly in his love of reading. He loved to share with others news and views of what he had been reading. He wanted to learn from what others thought. He was eager each day to hear what students had been doing at the universities or in their private reading. The cultured man that he was was at ease with discussing almost any subject under the sun. And yet I want to emphasise that this was no courteous exchange of information. Fr Jim was genuinely interested to know what other people's opinions were so that he, too, could benefit from their insights. Limits? Well, when one student cheerfully announced that his forthcoming dissertation was to be 'Metaphors of Intimacy' in some minor prophet or other, Fr Jim looked less in a state of surprise than of bewildered shock. I think he had been expecting to hear about new magisterial guidelines for the incorporation of Holy Scripture into the twenty-first century.

Things were very different from the time when he was rector of the English College in Lisbon. He was very aware of this and, I think, was adaptable without betraying the heritage of his previous era. He was also aware of how rectorial styles have developed over the years. On one occasion he showed me an old passport-style photograph of himself as rector. No, I thought, I wouldn't fancy explaining Morning Prayer absence to *him!* Another time he asked me to go on a small errand. 'You might like to do that immediately,' he instructed me kindly but firmly. 'The old rectorial touch,' I mused, but a few minutes later he recovered himself: 'Take as long as you like, even a few days.'

I have mentioned Fr Jim's soft spot for Leeds students. I have been honoured to feel especially close to him this academic year, particularly after his spell in hospital a few months ago. Over this period of time I have come close to a more private, even intimate, dimension of Fr Jim. What I have experienced is a man of prayer, dignity, respect, honour, of hopes, fears, and disappointments or regrets. That, I am aware, may appear to be an easy list of platitudes to reel off for the benefit of readers. Yet I have to say that I have never known any other man whose Christian heart, with all that entails, permeated his whole life as does Fr Jim's. For me he is a rare example of Christian witness that truly inspires me at the outset of my own ordained ministry.

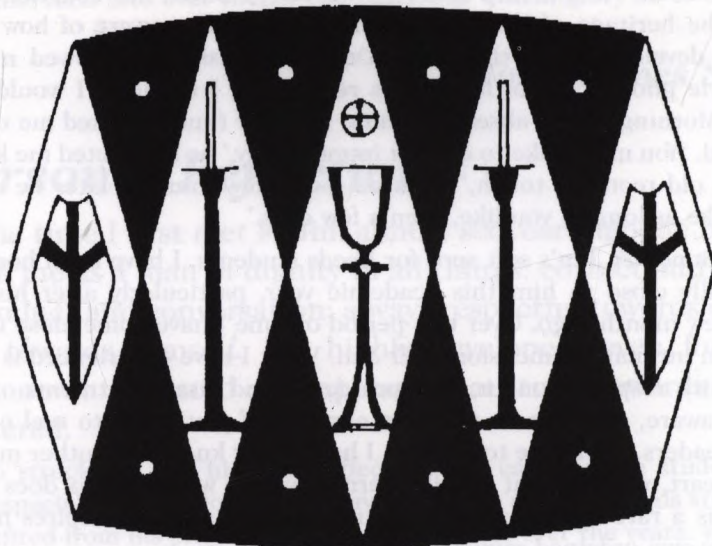
In the interest of sincere balance, by the way, I have struggled for many days to think of just one cross or uncharitable word I have ever heard Fr Jim say in public or in private and I really and truly cannot. The nearest I could come to was when young twins got stuck in the College lift from which they had been banned and on which Fr. Jim unreasonably depended over the last year. 'Now just look what you've done,' he scolded, ever so mildly, as they were retrieved and slunk off to a probable thick ear from Dad and, no doubt, on to their next piece of youthful mischief.

And that is as far as any annoyance of his ever went. He even made generous allowances and excuses when the barber blatantly ripped him off. What humility.

It should also be told that in his final busy days at College he was at pains not to forget to acknowledge in a personal way the cleaners, cooks, and other domestic employees for their own individual contributions to his well-being in the College. What is more, he never ceased to tell of his gratitude towards all those who cared for different areas of his life in ways great and small.

His and his alone was the decision to return to England permanently. I know it was a courageous decision, not only for the dramatic change he was to make in his life after more than twenty years with us – with us! Surely we have been with him! – but also in facing the need to put his affairs in order. Yet again, Fr Jim showed great generosity in passing many, many books to the students. In the vicissitudes of his last weeks in College, he never let up in his interest in, and care for, the students. I was honoured to receive this interest and care on an almost daily basis.

In many ways, Fr Jim's new life in Leeds is the end of an era for the College. And yet I would prefer not to see it as an end or a new beginning. No, it is a continuation. Fr Jim's on-going life of true Christian witness will always manifest itself wherever he finds himself.



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I am all too aware that much of what I have written is in past tenses, necessitated, perhaps, by a reflection of this kind. I am pleased to confirm that Fr Jim is very much in the present tense for me. He has been and is a good friend to me and I look forward to seeing him often back in Leeds. I am confident that he will never be far from the thoughts of generations of Venerable students whose lives have been touched by his during their time in Rome.

I had intended to draw my reflections to a halt there. Shortly afterwards, however, I read the Scripture text for today's Prayer During the Day:

Love is always patient and kind; it is never jealous; love is never boastful or conceited; it is never rude or selfish; it does not take offence, and is not resentful. Love takes no pleasure in other people's sins but delights in the truth; it is always ready to excuse, to trust, to hope, and to endure whatever comes.

(1 Cor.13:4-7)

How very close Fr Jim comes to this love imperative. Surely we can pray the accompanying versicle for his benefit:

Let there be rejoicing and gladness for all who seek you, Lord.

With great affection,

Gregory Knowles

The Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus

In the spirit of 'when in doubt, publish a book', I recently joined forces with a Californian friend of mine, Fr Daniel Kendall, SJ, in celebrating 1997 and the end of the second millennium by putting out a study on Christ's person and saving work, *Focus on Jesus*. Some of the chapters are more theological and exegetical, others are more popular and spiritual. This present article is an adapted version of one of the latter chapters.

The story of Christ's Ascension at the beginning of the Acts of the Apostles may come across as embarrassingly mythological. Jesus takes off into the sky and

disappears behind a cloud. Two angels in white robes show up and speak with one voice, telling the disciples not to stand around any more gazing open-mouthed into heaven: 'This Jesus, who was taken away from you up into heaven, will come in the same way as you have seen him go' (Acts 1:11).

One turns with relief to the end of Luke's Gospel, where the same sacred author reports in a simpler way how the post-Resurrection appearances to the original disciples ended. While blessing his disciples, the risen Jesus 'parted from them' (Luke 24:51). At that point some ancient copies of the Gospel add, 'and was carried up into heaven.' Even if those words actually come from Luke himself and are not added by a later hand, it is still a less vivid and embarrassing scenario than the one we find at the start of Acts. There are no angels and no cloud. If we agree with many scholars that the words 'and was carried up into heaven' have been slipped in by a later copyist, Luke's Gospel does not speak at all of Jesus' going up into the sky.

In this way we might play the end of Luke's Gospel against the beginning of his Acts of the Apostles, so as to demythologise the vivid scenario of the Ascension. This means underscoring the Resurrection and downplaying the importance of the feast we celebrate between Easter and Pentecost.

After all, in the eucharistic acclamations that follow the consecration we say: 'Dying you destroyed our death; rising you restored our life, Lord Jesus, come in glory.' We do not say, 'ascending you restored our life.' The fourth acclamation reads: 'Lord, by your cross and resurrection you have set us free. You are the Saviour of the world.' There is no talk about 'your cross and ascension' setting us free.

Can we be satisfied with reducing the Ascension to the status of a minor feast, a small peak between the towering peaks of Easter and Pentecost? May we explain the Ascension as the close of the risen Jesus' appearances to his original disciples and leave it at that?

This treatment of the Ascension becomes more difficult once we begin to notice other passages in the New Testament that speak of Jesus being 'exalted to the right hand' of God the Father (Acts 2:33; Acts 7:55-56; Rom 8:34; Col 3:1). In confessing that 'he ascended into heaven and is seated at the right hand of the Father,' the Creed reflects the biblical pictures of Jesus going up from our world to assume his rightful place alongside his heavenly Father.

One New Testament hymn speaks of Christ being 'taken up in glory' (1 Tim 3:16). Another hymn expresses his exaltation in terms of his universal authority and divine identity being now revealed: 'God has highly exalted him and bestowed on him the name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father' (Phil 2:9-11).

The pictorial counterpart to this hymn, which St Paul quotes in his Letter to the Philippians, can be found in the 12th century church of St Clement in Rome. When you enter from the street and stand in the aisle, you can lift your eyes high above the altar to a majestic mosaic. It represents Christ ruling in divine glory over the whole universe. At a lower level beneath your feet are the ruins of a

5th century church. You can go down even further to visit a 1st century alley and the traditional site of the house of St Clement of Rome. From under the earth and on the street level this remarkable church invites visitors to look up at Christ surrounded by the stars of heaven and acknowledge him to be the glorious Lord of the whole world.

Unquestionably the early Church speaks more of his Resurrection than of his Ascension when stating what happened to Christ himself after his death and burial. Nevertheless, the New Testament does talk of his going up into heaven. Christians are faithful to the Scriptures when they follow up Easter by celebrating the Feast of the Ascension. In the Creed they confess that Jesus not only 'rose again' but also that he 'ascended into heaven.'

In what ways do these two beliefs relate to each other or else differ? The thrust of the first is more 'horizontal', that of the second more 'vertical'. Let me explain. Even if Christ's Resurrection bursts the normal bounds of history, there is still something unmistakably 'horizontal' about it - a 'before' and 'after' to it. Before the Resurrection he first died and then was buried. After that Christ rose again on the third day. The movement suggested by the Ascension is not so much 'horizontal' (and historical) as it is 'vertical'. From the depths of humiliation entailed by his death on the cross, Christ has gone up into the glory of heaven.

We human beings absorb and express events in terms of time and space. The first Christians took in and stated what had happened to the person of Jesus in terms of time (the Resurrection) and space (the Ascension). He had risen again on the third day and ascended into heaven. Inevitably the earliest Christians reached for this language of time and space when communicating what they knew to have happened to Jesus after his crucifixion.

Admittedly Jesus' Resurrection from the dead remains the central claim. Defenders of Christianity have written books with such titles as *Who Moved the Stone?* I have never heard of any book of Christian apologetics entitled *Did He Ascend?* Nevertheless, belief in Jesus' Ascension has its own special function.

One way of making this point could be to compare the mosaic of St Clement's with Michelangelo's statue of the risen Christ to be found in another church in Rome, that of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. As in so many Western paintings and statues of the risen Jesus, he is triumphantly alive again, yet there is not much sense of his new, transformed existence. He has returned to life and, if one may put this way, looks a splendid athlete. But he does not come across as living now in transformed glory.

Like Christian art, the very language of 're-surrection' itself can wrongly be taken to imply a mere 'return' or 'coming back' to life, as if Jesus were simply resuscitated or reanimated after his death and burial. That would be to forget how his Resurrection meant his entering into a new state of glory (Luke 24:26).

We need St Clement's majestic mosaic of the gloriously transformed Christ to remind us that the Resurrection was much more than a mere coming back to life under the normal conditions of our present existence. We need also the language of the Feast of the Ascension: Jesus went up into heavenly glory to sit at the right hand of the Father.

That language and those images speak of Jesus sitting, not near God's throne, but at the Father's very right hand. He has now assumed his true place. During his earthly life Jesus spoke to God and of God with astonishing familiarity - even scandalous intimacy. He had every right to do so. He is now vindicated and shown to be truly the divine Son of God at the right hand of the eternal Father.

To be sure, the beliefs in Christ's Resurrection and in his Ascension converge in maintaining that even death did not finally defeat him. But these two beliefs differ or at least distinctively fill out the total picture for us, as the statue in Santa Maria sopra Minerva and the mosaic in St Clement's do. As a sign of victory over death, Michelangelo's risen Christ carries his cross. That is a useful reminder of the before and the after - of the horizontal, historical level. Jesus died and was buried and then rose victoriously from the dead. The mosaic in St Clement's reminds us that Jesus' victory was much more than the mere reanimation of a corpse. He has entered into his final glory to be acknowledged for what he truly is, the only Son of God and divine ruler of the universe.

In brief, Easter remains the major feast of the year. But it is at our peril that we ignore the Ascension and what it clarifies about Christ's true and final state.

Gerald O'Collins, SJ

*Gerald O'Collins is Professor of Systematic Theology at the Pontifical Gregorian University. His latest book, co written by David Kendall, SJ, is **Focus on Jesus**, published by Gracewing.*

All Flesh is Grass

You have been born anew, not of perishable seed, but of imperishable, through the living and abiding word of God.

1 Pet 1:23

Tilda's turning London's burning
Hyde Park glass show grassy now:
Entered new her Roman tomb of turfing ...

Mortal flesh remains so enigmatic;
All proud life is plucked to perish plain;
Yet safe divine deposit seems dogmatic –
Breaking out and waking without pain –
Ever transparent to Him whose seeds are sown.

10 June 1996

(For Tilda Swinton, after her
The Maybe, Museo Barracco)

Philip Miller

To

*Glory and loveliness have pass'd away; ...
But there are left delights as high as these.*

Keats

*As in water face answers to face
so the mind of man reflects the man.*

Prov 27:19

Jostling not with Romans, nor their visitors or cars,
Or even grander graves as Shelley's heart,
Here lies one whose name in water writ, the quiet grass
Now showers praise upon, the stones apart.

Kindest corner, keeping calm the memory of him
Eternal, not in water, stone, but mind:
Adonais we weep for, whom by Caius Cestius' whim
The tearful tides a fertile fondness find ...
Shadowed but not weathered; loved, and lives no swoon
to death.

23 February 1996

(Keats's 175th death anniversary)

Philip Miller

Augustine

Rome

&

Gregory

Canterbury

*The Archbishop of Canterbury's Visit to Pope John Paul II
3-5 December 1996*

There so many churches and shrines in Rome that bear eloquent testimony to important figures and moments in almost 2000 years of Christianity. Among them are some that speak of our own English Christian history. On the Coelian hill is San Gregorio, the Church of Saints Andrew and Gregory. Standing beside its monastery at the top of a long flight of steps, surrounded by greenery and trees, it seems the centre of an oasis of tranquillity, almost as if there were no traffic rushing along the busy road separating it from the Palatine Hill. Augustine of Canterbury and Pope Gregory the Great were monks there. From monastic life in that place Augustine and his fellow monks set off on the mission given them by Pope Gregory, to consolidate the Christian faith in England. Their journey to Kent 1400 years ago, and its consequences for English Christianity, has been celebrated in various ways during recent months. In Rome, the choir of Canterbury Cathedral, accompanied by the Dean and some Chapter canons, celebrated Evensong at San Gregorio in April as part of the Cathedral's celebration of its first bishop. In May a group of English pilgrims set off to follow in Augustine's steps, arriving in Canterbury for his feast day.

It is not surprising, then, that the official visit Archbishop Carey made to the Holy Father at the beginning of December last year culminated at San Gregorio when they celebrated the Evening Prayer of the Church together. Seven years before there was a similar celebration during the visit of Archbishop Runcie. An instinct was perhaps being expressed, that in San Gregorio we have a place in Rome with an abiding significance for Anglicans and Catholics together. The liturgy symbolically spoke of a desire to look back beyond the history of division to a tradition which Anglicans would also like to claim as theirs. There was a certain poignancy in seeing Archbishop Carey, the President of the Anglican Communion which looks to Augustine's See of Canterbury as its focus, joining in prayer with the successor of Pope Saint Gregory, who had given Augustine the mission which led him to Canterbury. As they lit candles together in Saint Gregory's Chapel their prayer surely also looked forward in hope, to another time beyond division

when Anglicans would be in full communion with the Catholic Church. The Common Declaration they signed after the service said as much: 'We have remembered with gratitude the common heritage of Anglicans and Catholics rooted in the mission to the English people which Pope Gregory the Great entrusted to Saint Augustine of Canterbury.' Symbolic gestures do not accomplish everything but they can fire the imagination and stir consciences, especially when accompanying prayer.

Pope John Paul placed great emphasis on the importance of ecumenical prayer in his Encyclical Letter on commitment to ecumenism, *Ut Unum Sint (UUS)*, not as a minimal gesture or a last resort but as 'the soul of the whole ecumenical movement' (*UUS*, 21). 'When Christians pray together,' he writes, 'the goal of unity seems closer. The long history of Christians marked by many divisions seems to converge once more because it tends towards that Source of its unity which is Jesus Christ' (*UUS*, 22). The Holy Father underlined this point in his homily at San Gregorio:

Ecumenical prayer such as this reveals the reality of our brotherhood in Christ, and impels us to entrust to his merciful love the future of our unity, the strengthening of the bonds which already unite us... . In shared prayer we stand before our one Father, acknowledging and giving thanks for our real, though not yet full, communion. We become more aware of how much unites us, and we gain the courage to work ever more assiduously to overcome our remaining divisions.

The significance and importance of their prayer together was stressed again by the Pope and the Archbishop at the beginning of their Common Declaration.

When he received the Archbishop on the evening of his arrival, the Holy Father said: 'Even in our sad separation, Anglicans and Catholics have not ceased to be brothers and sisters in the one Lord.' Many commentators were to express surprise at the warmth with which the Anglican visitors were greeted and the courtesy shown them despite the setbacks and obstacles - members of the Archbishop's party were given a special dinner in their honour by the Cardinal Secretary of State, and on the final day the Holy Father unexpectedly invited Archbishop Carey and his wife and the Anglican Archbishop of Cape Town to a small private luncheon. Human courtesies, they nevertheless were based in that opening remark of the Pope's, expressions of what follows from saying Christians are in a real but not yet perfect communion, that they have rediscovered a brotherhood which all their divisions have not destroyed.

This was the context for a sober appraisal of the thirty years since Archbishop Ramsey's historic visit in 1966. 'Some of the fruits hoped for have begun to appear,' said the Holy Father. He pointed to a new spirit of co-operation in some parts of the world. The results of the ARCIC dialogue's first phase, gathered in the 1981 *Final Report*, were acknowledged, and the statements from the current phase commended for analysis, reflection and response. In particular, Pope John Paul called the 1994 Statement, *Life in Christ*, 'a timely encouragement to Anglicans and Catholics to engage in further theological reflection about the moral life, so as to resolve existing divergences and ensure that new areas of divergence do not arise.'

At the same time, there was honesty about the difficulties Anglicans and Catholics face in progressing along the path to unity, as the mention of 'divergences' shows. The Common Declaration, indeed, speaks of 'a new situation' because it has become 'increasingly evident' just how much of an obstacle to reconciliation the ordination of women priests and bishops in some parts of the Anglican Communion is. Further consultation about how the relationship is to progress was called for. In this connection the importance of other words by the Holy Father can be understood. At his principal meeting with the Archbishop, he spoke of the need 'to reach an understanding of how the Church authoritatively discerns the teaching and practice which constitute the apostolic faith entrusted to us,' and the Common Declaration underlined that unless there is such agreement 'we shall not reach the full visible unity to which we are both committed.' The Pope also explicitly recognised that for Anglicans and many other Christians, the ministry of unity of the Bishop of Rome still constitutes a difficulty. At San Gregorio, for his part, he prayed for the 'hastening of the day when, without renouncing in any way what is essential to this ministry in accordance with Christ's will, we may together discover the forms in which it will be accepted by all Christians as a service of love.'

Crisp cold weather and unrelieved blue skies allowed a sunny light to fall on all the events of the three-day visit when some had expected there could only be dark clouds. Visits of Church leaders do not substitute for the slow and painstaking work of dialogue and deepening relationships. But they can point the way. They can show that prayer and perseverance are especially important when things get difficult. They can also indicate the 'agenda', continuing the theological dialogue but also strengthening bonds at the local level. The latter is especially important. Unless relationships are changing on the ground and this feeds into other levels of Church life, effective common witness remains an empty hope and dialogue will be theoretical and its results untested.

There was little spare time in the Archbishop's packed programme. He met the Pope on four occasions but also visited St Peter's Basilica, the *Scavi* and the Archive, as well as spending time with the Anglican communities in Rome. Through all the coming and going, and caught up in quite a lot of it, was the Venerable. The Holy See chose wisely in once again arranging for the guests to stay there. They found not only accommodation, but a warm welcome and genuine English and Welsh hospitality. Through a visit that wrought havoc on normal routine, the staff, students and domestics supported what was going on, not least by prayer. So, last but not least, thanks to them for all they contributed.

Timothy Galligan

Timothy Galligan is a priest of the Archdiocese of Southwark. Currently, he works for the Pontifical Council for Promoting Christian Unity.

During the first week of December, the Archbishop of Canterbury, as head of the worldwide Anglican Communion, made an official visit to Pope John Paul II. He is the fifth Archbishop of Canterbury to have made such a visit, the first being Geoffrey Fisher, who met Pope John XIII in 1960. Like his predecessors, Dr Carey visited the Pope to express his unwavering commitment to the search for unity between our two communions, and to discuss matters which are of great concern within them both.

Those of us who had the privilege of accompanying the Archbishop during his visit were deeply touched by the warm welcome we received everywhere in Rome, not least at the Venerable English College, where the delegation stayed. The applause which greeted the party at the College on our arrival, followed by the short time of prayer and worship in the Church, seemed to set the tone of the whole visit, which was characterised by the joy of true friendship and, above all else, a genuine desire to offer our longing for unity to God.

The Archbishop was accompanied by Mrs Carey, and his delegation reflected the global dimensions of the Anglican Communion. In addition to members of his personal staff, he was joined by the Archbishop of Cape Town, the bishops of the two Anglican jurisdictions in Europe, the Bishop of Birmingham (co-chairman of ARCIC) and the Secretary General of the Anglican Communion. At the heart of the visit was the private meeting between the Pope and the Archbishop on Thursday 5 December, which was followed by discourses and the exchange of gifts, in the presence of the whole delegation. After this, and quite unscheduled, the Holy Father invited the Archbishop and Mrs Carey, and the Archbishop of Cape Town, to lunch.

In addition to his official conversations with the Pope, Dr Carey met with students from both the Beda College and the Venerable English College, and preached at Evensong for the two Anglican parishes, held at St Pauls-within-the Walls. He visited the Vatican Secret Archives, and the *Scavi* under St Peter's, and, with his delegation, was entertained to dinner by the Cardinal Secretary of State, in the Apostolic Palace. He also delivered a lecture at the *Centro Pro Unione* under the auspices of the Anglican Centre in Rome, and the visit ended with Solemn Vespers with the Holy Father at the Church of San Gregorio, after which the two Church leaders signed a Common Declaration.

Whilst in Rome, the Archbishop also took the opportunity to announce that during the coming months, the Anglican Centre will be moving to bigger, better premises within the Palazzo Doria Pamphilj, thus providing him, and all the primates of the Anglican Communion, a far better 'embassy' in the city, and a more accessible library for, amongst others, students of the colleges and universities of Rome.

The Common Declaration in many ways sums up the mood of the visit, which was consistently warm and friendly. It is marked by a spirit of thanksgiving for so much that we already share, and a refreshing honesty and realism about the issues which still divide us. It affirms the work of ARCIC, and emphasises the need for its documents to be more widely known. It also looks forward to the Year 2000 as an opportunity 'to proclaim afresh our common faith in God.'

There were no expectations that this would be an epoch-making visit, resulting in some great breakthrough in the dialogue between our two communions. However, it is quite clear that the Vatican, and indeed the English College, 'pulled out all the stops' for the Archbishop, and whilst obstacles still lie between us, in my view, the willingness to overcome them has been deepened and strengthened through the meeting of these two men.

By far the greatest obstacles and enemies on the path to unity are *lack of will* and *fatalism*, and they are enemies which roam quite freely in some parts of our churches. During this visit, there was no sign of such things, amongst those involved, and if there was new ground broken, it was definitely in the personal relationship between the two Church leaders which in the past has perhaps been slightly 'chilly'. In their meetings together, they showed spontaneous affection and deep respect for each other, and throughout those three days one felt that the prophets of doom were being 'put to flight' by the sheer commitment to prayer for unity which the Pope and the Archbishop share in common.

That wonderful day when we will all receive the body and blood of Christ at the same altar may be further away than most of us would like. However, I believe that last December in Rome we took another step along that road, and it was a great joy to be part of it.

Bruce Ruddock

Canon Bruce Ruddock is Director of the Anglican Centre in Rome, representing the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Anglican Communion to the Holy See.

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From Rome to Kent: The mission of Saint Augustine.

Very few readers of *The Venerabile*, I suspect, could be unaware that this year, 1997, marks the 1400th anniversary of St Augustine of Canterbury's arrival in England, sent by Pope St Gregory the Great to convert the pagan islanders to the Christian Faith. Apart from the church services and newspaper articles which have marked the event, even the stamps on British letters have reminded us of St Augustine and the work he did among us. Nevertheless, though the story has been told in many places this year, it is fitting that it should find a place in *The Venerabile* too, as a reminder that the path which St Augustine took so many years ago is one which the students of our College also took, take now and will take in the future, as they go on carrying out the work which Augustine and his monks began, of spreading the Christian faith among people who have a great need to hear it.

We know, of course, that St Augustine was not the first evangelist of Britain at all. Christianity had already come to British shores several centuries before. How exactly it came, on the other hand, it is somewhat more difficult to say. According to the frescoes in the tribune of our College church, the first evangelist of the British Isles was no less a person than St Peter himself, the Prince of the Apostles, who also consecrated the first British bishops, as the paintings show. In considering this story, we need to remember that most countries in Europe in the Middle Ages claimed some sort of 'apostolic' evangelist. The French, for example, chose Dionysius the Areopagite, mentioned in Acts 17:34, who as well as writing some celebrated works of philosophy, also became the first Bishop of Paris, lived to be several hundred years old and, after being martyred by beheading, walked several miles with his head held under his arm before dying. Compared with such a tale, the British claim to have been visited by St Peter is not perhaps so far-fetched after all. Sadly, however, we are forced to admit that it is a highly improbable story, and the story that St Joseph of Arimathea was the first to spread Christianity among the British also lacks very much reliable evidence. All we can safely say is that Christianity must have come to the British Isles some time during the Roman occupation, aided in its propagation by good Roman roads and perhaps carried from place to place by Christian Roman legionaries. We have the testimony of the Church Father Tertullian that there were at least some Christians in Britain by the beginning of the third century, and Origen, writing later in the same century, confirms this. According to tradition, the first British martyrs were St Alban, a native of Verulamium, which is now called St Alban's, and Ss Julius and Aaron, who came from Caerleon in Monmouthshire: these were

all martyred in a persecution of Christians, in about 304. Finally, we know that there were bishops in Roman Britain, for three of them attended the Council of Arles in 314, and another three went to the Council of Rimini in 360. So, whoever was really the first evangelist of the British was evidently successful. There must have been quite a flourishing Church by the time the Romans left in the fifth century.

Now we come to the reasons why St Augustine's mission was needed at all. Why had the Church in the British Isles, apparently flourishing less than two hundred years before, become so diminished that the Pope had to send a band of missionaries to begin the work of evangelisation all over again?

The answer, we can safely say, has something to do with the coming of the Saxons, the *adventus Saxonum*, as the mediaeval authors called it. However, exactly what the effect of the Saxons was, we cannot be precisely sure. At one time it used to be assumed that the coming of the Saxons was a violent conquest by a brutal and bloodthirsty people, who carried out pillage and mayhem on a huge scale, killed all the natives (except those who escaped to the West) and destroyed everything civilised they found - including the Christian Church. Thus the Church survived only in scattered fragments among the remaining Celtic British on the western fringes of the land, and since these remaining Christians were too frightened of the brutal invaders to do much evangelising themselves, there was nothing for it but to send a fresh mission from Rome, to try and bring round the Saxons to the Faith.

Nowadays, however, historians are not so keen as they used to be on attributing dramatic changes in society to violent things such as invasions and bloodshed, and they tend to look for longer term causes instead. Many feel that it no longer seems very likely that the Saxons killed all the Britons and completely destroyed their culture by fire and the sword. The archaeological findings do not seem to support such a thesis. More likely, the ascendancy of the pagan Saxons was a slower process, though no less certain. The Saxons lived among the British as a dominant people, if not exactly as conquering tyrants, and gradually the British, those who did not migrate to the West, simply adopted the ways of the ruling class, a thing which is apt to happen in every society. Thus they gradually lost their Christian faith and so, as St Bede the Venerable says in his *Ecclesiastical History*: 'Among other unspeakable crimes they added this - that they never preached the Faith to the Saxons or Angles who dwelt with them.'

So it came about that Britain, once Christian, was now again pagan, at least the greater part of it was, particularly that part of it which we can now justly call 'England', the 'Land of the Angles' wherein the Angles and the Saxons had planted their pagan ways. But, to quote St Bede again: 'God in his goodness did not utterly abandon the people whom he had chosen; for he remembered them, and sent this nation more worthy preachers of truth to bring them to the Faith.' One of these, as we have also been reminded this year, was St Columba (he has also appeared on our stamps). This saint preached especially in the North, and died in the same year that St Augustine first landed in the South. Columba was a noble witness to the Celtic tradition, just as Augustine was to the Roman, continental tradition, and it is good that we should remember them both this

year, as both preached the one true faith to the English. Some have tried to pretend that Columba and Augustine were in some way enemies, or that their two traditions were so diverse as to be completely rival forms of Christianity, but this would be to give a false picture. It is true that the traditions held some different customs, which each strongly wished to defend, but there was never any doctrinal question in dispute, and when at last the Synod of Whitby in 664 decided that the Roman ways should prevail, all but a handful of the Celts accepted this, for they never considered themselves to be a separate Church.

Now we come at last to St Augustine. The mission of St Augustine was very much the project of one man, Pope St Gregory the First – or Gregory the Great as history knows him. Gregory certainly deserves this title, for few popes can have surpassed him in his reforming zeal, his skills of organization or his enormous literary output. To all this he added missionary fervour too, and gained for himself the title ‘Apostle of the English’.

St Bede records the tradition that Gregory had originally wanted to lead a mission to England himself. This is based on the famous story that one day Gregory, at this time still a monk and not yet pope, came across some Anglo-Saxon children for sale as slaves whilst walking through the market-place of Rome. Moved by their sorry plight and angelic faces, but most of all by being told that these children and their whole nation had never had the Gospel preached to them, he enquired what they were called. ‘They are called Angles’ was the reply, upon which Gregory replied, ‘Rightly so! For they have angelic faces, and it is right that they should become co-heirs with the angels in heaven!’ and straight-away he sought permission from the Pope to lead a mission to England himself. The Pope, however, would by no means hear of it, for he needed Gregory too much to help him in Rome. But Gregory did not forget about the English, and when in due time he became Pope himself, he resolved to send someone to bring them the Christian faith.

The person Gregory chose for this difficult task was of course Augustine, a monk of his own monastery of St Andrew on the Coelian hill. This monastery still exists today, and with its quiet cloister and little gardens it is still quite a retired spot. It must have been much more secluded still, free from the noise of modern traffic, when Augustine was suddenly summoned from this quiet place and asked to lead a mission to the English, a people of whom no-one knew very much, except that they lived on a remote island at the furthest edge of the world, and had a great reputation for ferocity. It is not very surprising then, that Augustine and his fellow monks had rather mixed feelings about the duty they were undertaking. Obedient to the Pope’s command, they seem to have set off in reasonably good spirits, but as they got closer and closer to their destination, they became more and more disheartened, for, in the words of Bede ‘they were appaled at the idea of going to a fierce, barbarous and pagan nation, of whose very language they were ignorant.’ Augustine therefore returned to Rome to ask the Pope to excuse them their dangerous mission. St Gregory, however, rejected their appeal, kindly but firmly, and wrote to them to encourage them to continue, ‘for it is better never to undertake any high enterprise than to abandon it when once begun.’ The missionaries were reassured, and set off once more for England.

They arrived on English soil in 597, at Thanet, in Kent, in the kingdom of King Ethelberht. Ethelberht had already married a Christian wife, Queen Bertha, who had permission to have a chaplain and practise her religion, so his kingdom was a good place to begin. Augustine and his monks approached carrying aloft a silver cross and an image of our Lord, and, chanting the litany of the saints they met King Ethelberht seated under an oak tree. No doubt much to their relief, he greeted them kindly, and gave them permission to preach freely in his kingdom, although he said he would not become a Christian yet himself. The king also gave to them the old Roman church of St Martin in Canterbury, which Queen Bertha used, and here Augustine and his disciples began their work. However reluctant as missionaries they may have been before, the monks evidently made up for it now, for before long, as Bede records: 'numbers of the heathen, admiring the simplicity of their holy lives and the comfort of their heavenly message, believed and were baptised.' Soon the king, his initial doubts removed, embraced the Catholic faith as well, and where he led, almost his entire kingdom was quick to follow. Augustine hurried across to Arles in France to be ordained a bishop by Etherius, the archbishop of that city. From here he sent a messenger to Rome to bring the joyful news to Pope Gregory: the Church in England was alive again.

We can conclude as we began, by remarking that the story of St Augustine and his mission has a special relevance for the students of the Venerable English College, and all those who support us. In the first place, our very presence in Rome is a reminder of those special links between the Church of Rome and the English Church which go back to Pope St Gregory, and which our College martyrs laid down their lives to defend. But the mission of Augustine also has a particular relevance for those of us training to be priests at the College at the present moment in history. Like Augustine and his band of monks, we are preparing to return to a country which, if not exactly a 'fierce, barbarous and pagan nation' is nevertheless one with a great need to hear the Christian message. The need is great and the task ahead is great as well. But if it ever seems like a daunting prospect, we have the example and the prayers of St Augustine to guide us, and we can remember the words of encouragement with which St Gregory encouraged those first evangelists, and with which this article ends:

Do not be deterred by the troubles of the journey or by what men say.
Be constant and zealous in carrying out this enterprise which, under
God's guidance you have undertaken: and be assured that the
greater the labour, the greater will be your eternal reward.

Richard Whinder

Make Music to the Lord

The College Organ

When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
Th' Immortal Pow'rs incline their ear.
Alexander Pope (1688-1744)
Ode for Musick, on St Cecilia's Day, c1708.

I had heard about Roman organs before coming out here, and what I had heard was not encouraging. Indeed I could vaguely recall seeing the College's instrument when I had come to Rome back in 1983 with the choir of St George's Cathedral, Southwark. I certainly remember that their organist had some difficulty in working out how to play the instrument. Every organ is laid out differently; even if the names on the stops are the same as another instrument that you know, there is no guarantee that the sounds will be the same. A further complication is that English organs are built in a very different way to Italian instruments. When I arrived in August 1995, I was not too keen to discover the College organ. After seven years of intensive musical training I wanted a rest, which was just as well, because when I eventually did try to play the instrument, it took me some time to work out how to turn it on. But when I did I was pleasantly surprised. The tone is rather English, but by a comprehensive system of couplers, a very full sound is possible. I found a good variety of colours, a large dynamic range and, although one or two notes were a little slow in speaking, I was rather pleased. Behind the organ console I found an account of the instrument's inauguration taken from *The Venerabile* of April, 1925.

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

The organ is used almost every day in the liturgy, adding splendour and dignity to the services. We have always been fortunate here, having at least four very capable musicians among the student body including former cathedral organ scholars, other trained musicians and yet others who could have been had they not followed other careers. The state of the organ is now causing increasing alarm and the

longer we leave it unrepaired, the more the faults (which are caused by the out of date mechanisms) will manifest themselves until eventually the instrument will become unplayable. It is thanks to work done in 1992, funded by the *Friends of the Venerabile*, that the organ has lasted this long. But the work done then was not comprehensive, and the action (which is over seventy years old), was left more or less untouched. Those slow speaking notes, which I have already mentioned, now no longer work at all. In a recent survey of the instrument, Stephen Dingley, one of the College organists, enumerated some thirty-eight faults. Indeed only two days after his survey the crescendo pedal broke (a mechanism that allows fast changes in volume and tone colour). Whilst the House was away at Palazzola for Palm Sunday, the kind lady who played at the College found, to her dismay, that of the chord of four notes which started and occurred continuously in the hymn that she was playing, only the bottom two notes sounded! It is only the skill of the organists that is making the instrument sound acceptable, and the various options for being able to do that are ever decreasing as other parts of the mechanism become worn and break. Perhaps the very fact that the organists do work overtime to avoid the faults is possibly not a good idea as the congregation is lulled into a false sense of security regarding the instrument's health.

There seems to me to be something quintessentially English about appeals for the restoration of one's church organ. If the vicar is not appealing for the organ, then it is probably the church roof (which, judging by the buckets in the tribune of the Church and the scaffolding in the Martyrs' Chapel, is probably Fr Rector's next

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target!). There is something rather Wodehousian about it all, even here in Rome. But romanticising about the problem will not solve it; only hard earned cash will do that. So if you are approached or receive a leaflet asking for your support, please respond generously. The liturgy, which the organ serves, is at the heart of our priestly formation. I hope that you will be able to help us now so that we will be better prepared to serve you in the future. The College community looks forward to being able to echo in the not too distant future the concluding words of the scribe of 1925:

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

Gerard Skinner

For the Peace of Jerusalem, pray . . .

Four sisters of Sion, one from Canada, one from Germany, the others from Italy and Australia, with the Anglican ex-bishop of Edmonton, Canada, and his wife, a rather distraught woman who eventually does start crying, and the Arab gardener, the Swiss Cenacle sister, and me. Its the Saturday evening supper at Ein Kerem, where we met for prayer and then something to eat. The Arab gardener, Joseph, is Muslim but the atmosphere is so welcoming that he has no inhibitions about joining in the prayers and making some intercessions himself. He is staying overnight because he can no longer easily get home to Bethlehem and his pregnant wife due to the problems at the check-points.

The old cliché, 'a land of contrasts,' does not usually carry any pejorative sense and for that reason I don't think that it is wholly suitable to describe the Holy Land today. The differences between Arab Bethlehem, now part of the Palestine Autonomous Authority, and the burgeoning suburbs of Jewish Jerusalem, ugly but

wealthy and with all modern facilities, are clear; so are the less contentious differences between the bustling quarters of Jerusalem and the peaceful countryside of Galilee.

Perhaps if one is on an organised tour, some of the undercurrents of feeling are not so obvious. But even in the hotel or hospice, if you talk to the woman cleaning your room, if she is an Arab, you soon sense the unease. You don't need to read a paper to feel the anxiety after a confrontation with the Israeli army in Hebron, more deaths at the funeral the next day. If you go to Bethlehem in a Sherut taxi, if you are all clearly tourists you get waved through the check-point at Rachel's Tomb, otherwise it can be a lot more uncomfortable. In the city the main square is peaceful; streets away the young armed and poorly trained police force are very jumpy, and not sure how to deal with pilgrims. Why aren't you on a bus? Where is your bus? You soon realise that the police station is not the usual place for enquiries such as 'Where is The Shepherds' Field?' However wet it is, and however lost you are, it is better to find it yourself. In the back streets the U.N. are quietly handing out food.

The bus to Galilee from Jerusalem now goes around Jericho to avoid entering Palestinian areas, but as you pass the side roads there are regular sights of Palestinian cars being stopped and searched. The girls' school trip at Masada has an armed guard with them after recent outrages by Jordanian troops and other incidents.

The psalmist wrote:

They have oppressed me cruelly from my youth
– let Israel say -
they have oppressed me cruelly from my youth
– but have not put me down.
Upon my back the plowmen have ploughed
long and deep furrows.
But the Lord who is just
has shattered the yoke of the wicked.

To start with such a negative view of the Holy Land is perhaps to give the wrong impression, for I thoroughly enjoyed my time there. But I think that the violence and worry that forms the lives of many of the people, probably unconsciously for some of them, is part of the country and was part of the country in the time of Jesus. The beauty of the place and the drama of the religious sites takes place within this atmosphere. Today it is being woven into the history as ever before. Go into the museum by the Dome of the Rock and the first exhibit is of clothes of people shot by Israeli troops. At Yad Vashem, the monument to the Shoah, the anti-Jewish role of the Mufti of Jerusalem is not forgotten.

I found that I was confused by my own prejudices. Gut-feelings said the Jews were oppressing the Arabs, yet that the Jews had the right to be there, deserved and had earned the land. My first encounter with the Middle East, in the Muslim Quarter of Jerusalem, was exciting, but after going through it many times I began to feel uncomfortable in it. So I would cut through the Jewish Quarter instead, which was more Western and more peaceful, but I felt a little guilty at avoiding the suk, and finding the Jewish Quarter easier to handle. I was surprised at the

ugliness of the new city of Jerusalem and the city of Tiberias. The way in which these necessary urban blots had grown up around sites that I had imagined as more beautiful made me critical of those who had settled the land, but that the Israelis realise this with jokes like “the builders” crane is the national bird of Jerusalem’ softened my attitude towards them. I began to put prejudices aside and just see what I experienced.

Distance was one of the greatest shocks. The walk from Bethany to Bethphage, up to the Mount of Olives, with Jerusalem coming into sight, took such a short time. I didn’t realise that you could easily do it in part of a morning. But the walk from Jericho to Jerusalem would take days and be a considerably less comfortable experience. Egged Buses get you to Galilee in just over two hours, provided the soldier’s gun that falls off the rack doesn’t knock you out. After three days in Jerusalem, and then finding oneself sitting quietly by Lake Galilee, the sense of the difference, not only in time but atmosphere, is really striking. The bustle of Jerusalem must have been even more surprising in Jesus’ day to those from farming and fishing communities. The size of Lake Galilee becomes even more apparent when you start to walk round it as I did one Sabbath, as Egged Buses of course don’t run on the Sabbath. I got as far as Kursi, to the Church of the Miracle of the Gaderene Swine, and that had taken me a good afternoon. But sitting in the evening light at the little chapel on the hillside looking over the lake to the Horns of Hattim, the size gives you a sense of peace, with dramatic hills on the other side. At this time of year it was also covered in red and yellow flowers. When I told someone that it reminded me of the Lake District they were rather upset, but in fact it was a great compliment. It is not hard to see why Jesus would climb up into the hills away from the busy lakeside to pray and look over the water.

I once wrote a short paper on Joshua’s invasion of the Holy Land, which I then bored the seminar with. But of all places that had stood out in my mind was Hazor, which Joshua is meant to have razed to the ground. To find oneself standing in the few excavations uncovered was an extraordinary feeling. Knowing that this city with Mt Hermon in the background had been a great centre of trade and military power. Then catching a lift with a German tourist, going over to Sepphoris, the Hellenistic city built by Herod in Jesus’ time: was it possible that he and Joseph would have worked on it, or that Jesus might have seen Ezekiel’s plays on Old Testament themes performed there? Then hitching to Naim, just a small empty church with an altar covered with holy cards, watched over by the woman next door and her many children.

Back in Jerusalem, when you enter the Temple area, and remember not to take the copy of the Jewish scriptures you have bought for a French student, taking your shoes off you enter the Dome of the Rock. Why should you be surprised that there really is a huge piece of rock in the middle of it? The carpets underfoot are beautiful. There is a great sense of calm and reverence, people walking round quietly or sitting and praying. A woman’s group praying together. There was a sense of peace and reverence yet easy use, which perhaps we have lost in some of our churches.

When you travel on your own you tend to meet many more people, and some of

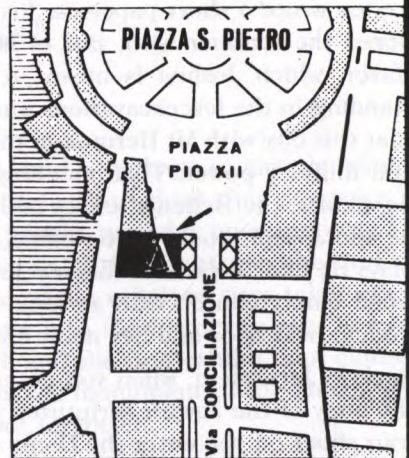
the chance acquaintances stick in my mind: to find Sr Bosetti from the Greg in the Holy Sepulchre and thirty IBVM provincials on the top of Mt Tabor; to share a bus trip to Masada and Qumran with a woman thinking of joining Charles de Foucauld's Little Sisters of Nazareth in Bristol; to be made very welcome by Sr Anne Lee at Ecce Homo, and then wade through Hezekiah's Tunnel in the dark with the volunteers from there; to be given a lift all over Galilee by someone just happy to share the experience of seeing it all for the first time; ratty Franciscans guarding the churches, and Australian tourists complaining about the cleanliness of the buses.

But of all the experiences I had, two stand out for the peace of them; standing in the dark looking over Lake Galilee in the garden of the hospice on the Mt of the Beatitudes watching Hale-Bopp overhead and the lights of Tiberias in the distance; then sitting in the garden in the evening at Ein Kerem on the outskirts of Jerusalem, watching the sun going down over the Church of the Visitation after having heard the Sisters of Sion sing Vespers in Hebrew. A Jewish woman staying at Ein Kerem said she came for the peace even though not a Christian. Peace is not always easy to find in Palestine, but when it is found I think it is truly valued. This can be true for the tourist, it is much more so for the people who live there.

Hugh Pollock

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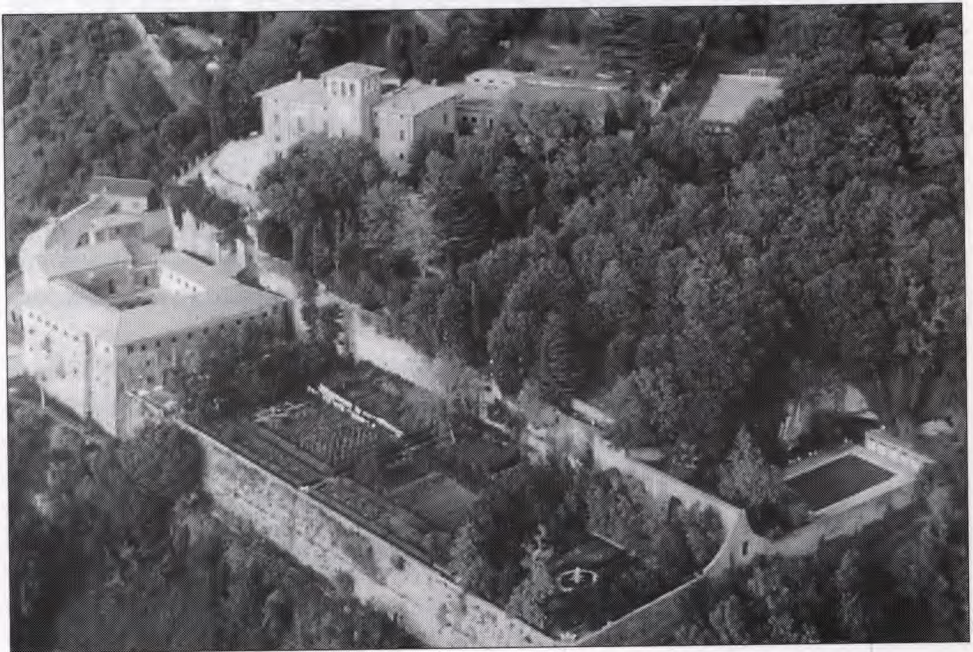
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What strikes any visitor to Palazzola is the view - the lake, Castelgandolfo, the sea, the city of Rome. Speechlessness and wonder. The word 'gobsmacked' often comes to mind! I must say that I was left 'gobsmacked' on the morning of 7 January 1988 when Mons. Jack Kennedy asked me bluntly 'to take over the running of Palazzola.' A great deal of water has flowed down the Mersey as well as the Tiber since that day. I remember being told by Silvano, at the Chorley Adult Education Centre in my second re-training week, that my Italian was getting worse than it was when I arrived! Such was the result of my attempt to improve my Italian in a 'professional' way. By the end of two weeks at Palazzola I was able to converse with ease concerning the topics of sewerage, toilet seats, house cleaning, electrical circuits and the many vicissitudes of the cash 'n' carry at Metro!

I chose to come to Palazzola for seven rather than five years - an option being given - in for a penny in for a pound, I thought. When the present Rector, Mons. Adrian Toffolo, came I gently suggested that as the five years had flown by and that in two years he ought to be looking for a replacement, the outcome resulted in that he and my bishop (then Patrick Kelly) conspired to ask me to do another



Aerial view of Palazzola.

five years! Thus a ten year period was the order of the day. This is now coming to an end and so I offer a few thoughts of ten years with the Lakeview from my window. Talk of a 'Room with a View' - I reckon no other room in Europe has such a stunning view. To this day I have never ceased to thank God for it.

To have had such a long experience of living in community with Sisters of Mercy without whom the Palazzola story could not have evolved, let alone be told, is really the basis of my review of these past years. Before the English and Welsh hierarchy came up with the expression, here at Palazzola we had been living as well as using the words 'collaborative ministry' from the very outset of my time here. This lively spirit of togetherness had been established and passed on by my predecessor, Philip Holroyd of Leeds Diocese.

The welcome I received from Srs Assumpta, Annunciata, Philomena and Anselm gave me more than ample joy to continue with the other Sisters of Mercy like Srs Aidan, Joan, Anne and Baptist and, presently, Srs Madeleine, Gertrude - coming 6 months after me - and Antonia. What happy teams and times we have had. All the inspiration of the first team of Mercy with Sisters di Pazzi, Angela and Madeleine being brought to its present fullness here at Palazzola.

Close to me and vital to this Palazzola story is the family, now in its fourth generation of service to the English College - the Piacentini family. I well remember Luigi in my first and second years of philosophy and his son Alfredo who still keeps the house and its spirit in good order - the water, the drains, the gardens, the tank, the cellar and its wines; his son Giuseppe from the outset has been and still is the true and invaluable administrator of Palazzola. Now fully computerised, faxable, phonable and economically supplied from the local markets and traders, in Giuseppe we have a true *sine qua non*. His two sons Riccardo and Daniele, according to their school reports, will vie with each other in succession to their father!

Over these years, Palazzola has been cared for by a team of ladies whose presence and existence are for the most part hidden from view. The ladies' who come each morning and afternoon in squads of two, four or seven singing and chattering, look after us and the house 'as their very own.' The ladies are truly part of the family, the collaborative ministry with whom I have had the joy of living. Their names reflect the sizzling warmth of their Italian origins or connections - Annita, Clementina, Eufemia, Julia, Mara, Miriam, Paola - and with their cloths and buckets, pots and pans, kitchen tools and smart uniforms they give to Palazzola their all.

From my earliest days at Palazzola - back to October 1955, when with the Senior Student, Chris Lightbound, our year of 17 students came to visit Palazzola - there occurred during my recent time here a sadness which, to this day, we still find hard to fill. I mean of course dear Fernanda, the wife of Alfredo and mother of Luigi, Roberto and Giuseppe. She, in a very deep and tender way, was the *madre della casa*. I learnt so much from her firm yet motherly example. Her passing to our Maker in September 1995 was an occasion I shall never forget. I owe so much to her.

During these years of life at Palazzola, the involvement of men and their sons whom I had known during my student days when my House job for five years had



The Lake from Palazzola.

been electrician has made life here so enjoyable. The electricians, Luciano, his brother Salvatore and son Paolo, have done all the work in the Old Wing, upstairs and downstairs, the Church, the New Wing and the newly restored St Edward's Wing and currently in St Edwards Chapel. What professionalism they show, what interest they have and what fairness they practise. We could have no better collaborators.

The house could not operate without heating engineers and those who know the water peculiarities of this old Roman residence. Juliano, his brother Armando and son Paolo for years have given, and continue to give, thorough and immediate service to our system which they installed to bring Palazzola into the all-year round facility which it is.

Ernesto knows our hot and cold water pipes and water cistern secrets and, being a little man in stature, he can crawl deep along the Roman tunnels to check and keep in order the flow of water from Rocca di Papa and ... from who knows where!

Work in our Refectory and also in St Edward's Chapel has meant, over the years, the expert involvement of carpenters Nello and son Massimo from Albano in the strengthening of the chairs and tables of the refectory, and Claudio and family from Rocca di Papa for the 'rood screen' constructed in the St Edward's Chapel. They also saved us, recently, from a near disaster when the main supports of all the refectory tables were found to be consumed, below ground, by termites! The supports placed *in situ* on 6 June 1939 by Guercino in the XVIIth year of the Fascist era - as written under a table - had been eaten by the little animals according to the motto above the door - '*Mangiare adagio e masticare bene*'.

Above all, it must be said that this great band of collaborators in their various specialities are second to none in responding to 'emergencies' which occur from time to time in such an old house. I have been constantly amazed at the prompt response to a telephone call for help.

It was during the Summer of 1991 that Marco sought a date for his wedding to Paola. The fee, towards the 'Church Restoration Fund', wasn't questioned but the 'restoration' was. Questions were asked by Marco, and I replied truthfully that we had applied for permissions to get started but to no avail. He offered help, saying that he was a local architect and archaeologist and a member of the Provincial Fine Arts Commission. And so began a story and a relationship with not only Palazzola but with the Venerabile. Not only did Marco and Paola celebrate their wedding here but, two years later, the baptism of their firstborn, Francesco. So Marco helped us with all the formalities, the tiled floor, the electrics; he introduced us to Renzo Gallina who painstakingly restored the frescoes. Marco came up with the drawings for the re-ordering and painting of the sanctuary and nave. He has done likewise for the St Edward's Chapel, built during Mons. Godfrey's rectorship. This chapel, now adapted and enlarged, is in use as a modern heated conference room with chapel facilities. Through Marco we have been assured of a handsome amount of 'Millenium aid' by the provincial committee. This will pay for the restoration of the garden wall and pathways (so close to the heart of my former rector, Mons. Tickle) by the Fine Arts Commission - as well as the cleaning and restoring of the Roman consular tomb. What more could I say than - *viva Marco!*



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Before and after the restoration of the main Church in 1994, and the celebration of its abbatial 750th anniversary, the Church has been quite a favourite place to be wedded. The local Bishop, Dante Bernini, has given me and my successors the faculty to delegate clergy to officiate at weddings here. Thus suitable care can be exercised over the couples who must bring with them a priest who actually knows them. Weddings are generally allowed on Saturdays and Sundays throughout the year, but only on Saturday mornings in summer when the College is not in *Villeggiatura!* Thus the knowledge of Palazzola has become somewhat diffused and there is a genuine response to Sunday Mass celebrated in Church from Spring through until Autumn in five languages - English, Italian, Greek, Latin and Hebrew!

Such is the heart of dear old Palazzola.

What of her flesh and bones? We find the true beauty of Palazzola in her use for spiritual as well as recreational needs by the English College and by many other Colleges in Rome - Scots, Irish, Beda, North American, German, French, the O.M.I's, the Benedictines, Franciscans, Dominicans, Columbans and many congregations of Sisters. Vatican commissions and congregations, parochial groups, and, in the ecumenical world, Lutheran and Anglican synods as well as annual Anglican retreats. Palazzola is always a welcome hideaway for the British Ambassador to the Holy See and others! Our winters are kept alive and warm by groups of the Focolare Movement who come during a four month period each year and stay for b&b during their conventions at our neighbouring town of Castelfandolfo.

Such are the flesh and bones of Palazzola, when we have or have not present pilgrim groups. Thanks to the total devotion of Anthony Coles, groups of true English pilgrims come year by year and month by month and, in summer, week by week to Palazzola to spend a week or so in true English Pilgrim style in the 'modern' setting of the old English Hospice. During term-time there is often a wonderful gentle social mix with the pilgrims and with whoever, and whatever group might be sharing the house. I think my cup was filled to overflowing when, this year in February, we had a small pilgrim group and, during a four day period, students from the English, Irish, Scots, Beda, German and American Colleges. I am sure that the dear soul of Arthur Hinsley was more than comforted by this sweet mixture of folks. At this moment we have just entertained a three day gathering of men and women involved in the Samaritan movement. No calls came for them during their Conference !

What shall I miss? The tank. Especially now it has been tiled and beautified.

The letters and cards sent to Palazzola are ample evidence that Palazzola fills a deep need for many people. Peace, tranquility and quiet can all be found here, all enhanced by what continues to 'gobsmack' me - the Lakeview.

Anthony Grimshaw

Anthony Grimshaw retires this year after 10 years as Director of Palazzola. The Venerable wishes him well on his return to the Diocese of Salford. Ad multos annos!

A Visit from the 'Speech Trainer' ...

Regular readers of the Venerable Diary may have noticed mention of visits from Tish Nicoll, 'speech trainer', and wondered just what such a person was doing in a College where the students can be described as most articulate! Others may have visions of elocution, and exercises about 'brown cows' or 'pecks of pepper'! Perhaps this is why I have been asked to write an article for *The Venerable!*

First of all, to set the record straight, it is not elocution I teach, and it is not about getting rid of accents. I, myself, have a Scottish accent and I would not want to lose that, but I like to think that I can be easily understood by any English speaking person, which means taking care of diction and clarity of speech while retaining my own natural accent. I tend to describe the subject as Vocal Communication, which gives scope to work, not only on clarity of diction, effective vocal projection and range, but also on appropriateness of language and voice for various types of situation and location.

Reading in church, proclaiming the word, leading prayers, giving a talk to a youth group, speaking at morning assembly in a large school, working with small groups of very young children or of elderly people, making announcements or appeals, recording a 'pause for thought slot' for radio or television, interviewing or being interviewed, giving an after dinner speech – not to mention giving homilies – these are just some of the types of vocal communication which are part and parcel of the work of a priest as we head towards the twenty-first century.

When we stop to think, we realise the great importance of voice, and how so much of the personality may be reflected in the voice. It has been said that the eyes are the window of the soul. I wonder if it would be too extreme to suggest the voice may be the doorway to the soul? Perhaps this may sound what people of today might call 'heavy', yet it is the voice which so clearly reflects emotions such as joy, anger, sorrow, excitement. In working with voice, I have noticed that the main block to effective use of voice, whether in speech or singing, is not so much lack of technique, though that is obviously an important factor, but also lack of confidence and being overly self-conscious about sounding silly or over-dramatic. It is very difficult to know how we sound to others and perhaps that is where my job begins.

As well as teaching at the VEC, I also work with the students at Allen Hall, the Dominicans in Oxford, and with parish groups, as well as being an examiner for The English Speaking Board. Life is varied and often quite hectic! Much of my time is spent on giving feed-back in a way that is constructive and helpful. There is little point in simply saying, 'I can't hear you', or, 'Your voice sounds dull and

boring;’ this will certainly not boost confidence and gives no help as to how these problems may quite easily be overcome.

So what to do? Whether at the VEC or working with a parish group, I normally begin with work on reading in church, and it is this aspect of my work which I intend to concentrate on in this article. A good reader will be able to bring the reading to life as if it were a story of their own. There are, I would suggest, three types of reader. First, the one who puts no expression into the reading, keeps their eye firmly glued to the print, and sounds as if they had little or no understanding of the passage, let alone a belief in the words. Then, there is the overly dramatic reader, who sounds as if they had just come from reading a child’s bedtime story or from *Jackanory*, where the story may be exciting or moving, but we are fairly sure it is not true! The third type of reader is the one who has a real understanding of the passage, who uses all their talents of expression to bring the reading to life, and who has the sincerity and truth in their voice which shows genuine belief in the words. Someone who recognises this as a ministry, and who could tell the meaning of the reading in their own words if necessary. This latter type of reading is very powerful, and what every reader should aim to achieve.

A typical course for readers would include discussion on why we have a reader – it is amazing how many people believe the reason we have a reader is ‘... to help Father’! We would consider the role of the reader, ways of controlling nerves, voice projection, preparation of a reading (the reading has not been fully prepared unless it has been read aloud several times). The course would also include ways in which the full meaning and impact of the reading may be communicated to the listeners, and of course, constructive feedback.

If a reading (or indeed any type of vocal communication) is to sound convincing, it must sound confident. I know only too well that a reader (or a speaker) may be nervous; indeed many of the best communicators are! The secret is in the ability to control the nerves and use them to energise the voice. Control of nerves and good vocal projection both stem from correct breathing. There would be a real feeling of expansion of the lungs as they fill with air, but the shoulders should remain relaxed and down. It is this form of breathing that gives a solid base for all voice projection and prevents damage to the vocal folds, and it is vocal exercises to encourage this that may be heard echoing round the VEC to announce ‘Tish is back!’ (I hope some of these exercises may be heard when I am not around, too!)

A very different (yet in many ways closely related) aspect of my work in Rome is encouraging students to sing! I have to say I feel confident that the vast majority of people can be trained to sing – not to sound like Domingo or Pavorotti, of course, but to sing as themselves. It was Frank Sinatra who said, ‘It was my idea to make my voice work in the same way as a trombone or those instruments.’ If we think about it, this is something everybody can do – to some extent! I firmly believe that anyone can be trained to use their voice more effectively, whether in speech or singing.

A Reflection for Readers

Be still, and listen to God's voice within you ...
His are the words you read,
His are the words you proclaim,
His are the words you enflesh,
As you speak he will uphold you.
As you read He will enfold you,
Trust in His unending love.

Be patient as you wait on Him,
Concentrate upon His word,
Use the talent He has given you,
Speak His word in confidence and with love.

As the Prophets spoke to the people in days long gone,
So you now speak their words as if your own;
Cherish the moment, nurture the gift which he has given,
Pass on the gift in the reading of the Word.

He gives His Word to you,
Through you He gives His Word to all humanity,
For this instant and for eternity.

Tish Nicoll

The Prejudice of Being Human

Sexuality and Celibate Chastity Weekend, 2-4 May 1997

Without doubt, human sexuality is a paradoxical gift; at times it can be a heavy burden and at others an immense joy. Carl Jung described this gift as the 'prejudice' of being human. In many respects, our weekend workshop on sexuality and celibate chastity was an attempt to explain a little more of our own unique prejudice. For the Christian, Jung's concept does not fully explain the paradox of who we are in the light of revelation, but it is an appealing attempt. Jung places this 'prejudice' firmly in the context of humanity's inner religious needs, i.e., the human psychological need for 'a' god. Jung is not the Christian psychologist that some would have us think he is, for he attempts to deconstruct our need of God in purely psychological terms, offering us a distorted understanding of humanity's real needs; therefore he offers us only half the picture of human nature.

As someone interested in psychology I am intrigued by the idea or the 'knowledge' of my need for 'a' god figure, but in the light of my Christian faith and calling to priesthood, it offers nothing of substance to my life. On the other hand, Brother Sean Sammon, FMS, is indeed a Christian psychologist who offers some insights into the full canvas of human nature and the gift of sexuality. From the outset, Sean placed the weekend in the context of prayer and spirituality. His instruction had an echo of St Catherine of Siena's insight, that all discernment for the Christian should be in the context of prayer and through the eyes of God. From this context of intimacy with the Lord we will be encouraged and enabled to go beyond ourselves to others in the sure knowledge of who we are, and how we have been formed. In essence this was the thrust of the weekend. Sean's input was on what could have been 'dry' psychological facts and theory, but his easy style and engaging manner made the subject easy to listen to and discuss. This was clearly reflected by the way in which the House entered into the discussion and sharing sessions. In our context this whole area is a potential mine field, but without doubt the general reaction was very positive and productive.

The weekend's aim at looking at our human development was supported by the spiritual input of Father Dermot Power from Westminster Diocese. Dermot carries his learning and deep spirituality with such ease that it is immediately accessible and relevant to the needs of his listeners. Over the weekend, his insight and presence added to the psychological input in a way which helped us to see that our human development is caught up in the reality of the incarnation. Part of the 'prejudice' of being human is, indeed, that mark of Christ which each of us bears, and Dermot enabled us to have some insight into the humanity of Christ and how this relates to each of us.

Sean and Dermot both stressed that any response to a life of celibate chastity has to be made in the context of human sexuality and prayerful intimacy with the Lord. We are better able to live out this life commitment by continually growing in the self-knowledge of our unique way of being human. Being celibate and sexual are not at odds; they should be the essential realities of priestly life. The facts of problems in priestly life were highlighted and shown to have their origin in these fundamental areas of human development.

In many respects, the weekend offered all of us a clear witness to the need for those charged with the pastoral care of others to be, first and foremost, pastorally caring 'to oneself', not in any introverted, self-centred way, but in the reality of a liberating self-knowledge of areas of strength and weakness. Only by understanding who I am as a human being can I fully accept the Lord's challenge to be a shepherd after his own heart, and this is a lifelong process. There are no short cuts to this journey of self-realisation, and no easy answers to many of the fundamental questions which 'I' need to have answered. The weekend stressed the on-going nature of the human life cycle and its development for each of us, as individuals, called to be celibate and sexual.

In short, the weekend was a great opportunity for all in the House to be informed and challenged. The 'prejudice' of being human is, indeed, a paradox, but is one founded in Jesus Christ, the eternal paradox.

Gerard Fieldhouse Byrne



Tom Saunders, Paul Keane, Paul Moores, Joe Silver, Chris Higgins, Dominic Howarth, Paul Fox.

Cinderella The Pantomime 1996

The First Year Party had revealed an abundance of thespian talent. Seldom has a year been so forward in going backwards. It was therefore somewhat of a surprise that the 1996 panto should turn into a *tour de force* by the old trooper himself, Fr John Marsland. For years, like an aggressive cuckoo, the 'bit in the middle' has grown in size and pushed its fellow residents to the edge. Indeed this year it could be said that it appeared to have eaten the 'other bits on the side' to emerge triumphant as king of the nest.

Paul Moores, the youngest student in the College, accepted his fate gracefully, and performed delightfully as Cinderella, with a lightness of touch but without falling into silliness. Paul Keane, fresh from university footlights, and Dominic Howarth, scourge of the choirmaster, were the most ugly of ugly sisters. Their banshee laughter and strident voices made you question the matchmakers, Paul Fox and Tom Saunders' wisdom in arranging their own match. All four I think deserved each other. Paul and Tom, both from Brentwood Diocese, would appear to have a bright future as the large and larger comedy duo of many a clerical revue. My only note of caution would be to insist they don't wear their costumes in the parish! Derram Attfield excelled himself in providing excellent costumes



Co-writers and Directors Andrew Stringfellow and Andrew Cole.

for the whole cast. Christ Higgins, the wicked stepmother, wore a stunning *femme fatale* black dress. Chris once more showed his great acting ability, and a rare opportunity to be evil was not wasted!

Ged Byrne, continuing the success of the lion in *The Wizard of Oz*, 'harrumphed!' his way through his role as king, and created a good paternal relationship with Prince Charming, Joe Silver. Joe, the happy bachaelor, prematurely aged for his



The Cast.

part to allow several good jokes at the Beda's expense, looked suitably smitten by Cinderella and provided a memorable duet of the classic *Grease* song, 'You're the one that I want'.

Congratulations to Andrew Stringfellow and Andrew Cole for a good script and good casting from a sea of talent. The oscar would have to go to our beloved Vice-Rector; finding inspiration from a convent not a million miles from the College, he produced a fairy godfather/godmother capable of instilling fear into any audience or congregation. Ably supported by his hoodlum gang, alabaster complexion and pseudo-Dominican habit, he would have had St Catherine turning in her grave – if she had one to turn in – and Mother Angelica reaching for the off button! John Marsland – the legend grows, and the spirit of '68 will never be lost while he draws breath.

John Paul Leonard

The Cast

Vice-Narrator: Chris Thomas; *Narrator:* Gerard Flynn; *Cinderella:* Paul Moores; *Adriana Entwhistle:* Paul Keane; *Marslandia Entwhistle:* Dominic Howarth; *Medusa Entwhistle:* Chris Higgins; *His Majesty the King:* Ged Byrne; *Grand Duke:* Richard Walker; *Guard 1:* Jonathan Leach; *Guard 2:* Stephen Wright; *Matchmaker 1:* Tom Saunders; *Matchmaker 2:* Paul Fox; *Prince Granville:* Joe Silver; *The Godfather:* John Marsland; *Assistants:* John Rafferty, Martin Stempezyk; *Gangsters:* John Connelly, Tony Currer, Andrew Downie, Jonathan Leach; *Crocodile:* Andrew Downie; *Lion:* Patrick Mileham; *Horse:* Gregory Knowles, Hugh Pollock; *Master of Ceremonies:* Tony Currer; *Flunkey 1:* Chris Bergin; *Flunkey 2:* Stephen Tighe; *'Alleluia' Chorus:* Emiel Abalahin, John Caherty, Dennis Caulfield, Jonathan Jones; *Cardinal Riviera:* Adrian Toffolo.

The Production Team

Choreography: Joyce Hunter; *Costumes:* Derram Attfield, Tomàs Creagh-Fuller; *Door:* Tarcisio Chiurchiu, John Paul Leonard, David Potter; *Front-of-House:* Christian Daw, Viliam Litavec, Anthony O'Sullivan, Steve Wang; *Lights:* Richard Whinder; *Make-Up:* Dominic Allain, Chris Bergin, Philip Caldwell, Chris Higgins; *Music:* Patrick Hough; *Photography:* Paul Mason; *Props:* Blaise Bradley; *Refreshments:* Kevin Colfer, Carmelo Lupo, John Paul Leonard, Adrian Tomlinson; *Sound:* Philip Miller; *Set Design:* Emiel Abalahin, John Connelly, John Field, Shaun Harper, Patrick Mileham; *Stage Manager:* Joe Gee; *Stage Crew:* Steven Billington, Blaise Bradley, Chris Howells, Francis Poku, Gerard Skinner; *Tickets and Programmes:* Chris Thomas; *Video:* Jonathan How; *Additional Script:* John Marsland; *Producers:* Mark Brentnall, Stephen Dingley; *Written and directed by:* Andrew Cole, Andrew Stringfellow.

'Death' by Woody Allen

The Lent Play 1997

One act; a minimal set; a couple of props; and enough life, humour and angst to compete with a whole season of lesser plays. Woody Allen's 'Death', a little known play from 1975, was chosen at the very last minute. The Entertainments Committee had

decided that the ambitious front-running proposal for the Lent Play was too controversial for a Catholic seminary to put on. Dominic Allain offered to find something simpler, but had to return unexpectedly to England for a few days. This left us hanging, and forced a tight schedule when he came back: two weeks from photocopying the script to the final curtain-call. Dominic was unfazed, and turned the circumstances to his advantage. As he said afterwards: 'I happen to think that it is the way forward for Lent plays - far more simply produced and with more emphasis on the acting than the spectacle.' We had two evenings instead of three, both of them full. Drinks in the snug to loosen up the audience; an hour's marvellous theatre; sandwiches and profiteroles in the refectory afterwards - the first time the cast and backstage crew have been able to relax properly with the guests. This could set a precedent.

Kleinman is the Everyman figure at the centre of the play, dragged by vigilantes from his bed at two in the morning into a plan about which he knows nothing. There is a homicidal maniac on the loose; the police can't handle it; New York is baffled and terrified. According to everyone he meets, Kleinman the salesman has a part to play. Through a series of frantic, bizarre encounters he is revealed as an unwitting neighbour, gang member and loner; a prostitute's client and suspected murderer; and ultimately the victim himself. He is an outsider always on the brink of understanding and responsibility whose only role is to remain ignorant of his role and to meet his death. Pretty heavy stuff. He is also, thank goodness, unintentionally funny and philosophical - Woody Allen purified by the restrictions of stage and time - and this is what made the play such a success.

Kleinman could have been played as a ridiculous Mr Bean-type figure. Paul Keane made him much more subtle and sympathetic. He was a foil to a host of exaggerated New York characters without becoming bland. The 'forgotten man' in the midst of fixers and movers, Paul made Kleinman's lack of heroism seem heroic. His persistent shrug-of-the-shoulder doubts formed the only philosophical certainty in Allen's universe. 'I don't know what's going on and I'm going home.'

The American accents did not prove a problem for most of the cast, and Chris Higgins won the North American College prize for authenticity with his sassy, Brooklyn-Jewish neighbour, Bette Midler on a bad day in rollers. Emiel Abalain and Tom Saunders played the vigilante leaders with an edgy power - small men taking full control of the little they knew. Chris Bergin's Doctor represented the same misguided control in the field of science.

The character of Gina, a lady of the night with a taste for astronomical speculation, called for particular sensitivity. John Caherty, who had never played a large part before, brought the house down without slipping into pantomime farce: pink-mink scarf, head tossed back, hands pressed close to his tight leather mini-skirt. He made the '*h-u-n ...*' of 'Orion the *hun*-ter' sound like the primaeval longing of a thousand desperate hearts. Hugh Pollock was close, but not too

close, to his King of the Munchkins triumph from 1995: the same wide-eyed sincerity was needed for his pivotal 'I was dead once' speech - and we believed him.

Starsky and Hutch, and every other American TV cop from the 1970's, made an appearance with Dominic Howarth's no-nonsense Policeman, dressed in period fur-collared leather jacket. Chris Thomas and Gerard Flynn paired up as Spiro the Clairvoyant and his Assistant and brought the latent surrealism of the play to the surface. Philip Miller drew on his natural character traits to play the Maniac: just this side of Werewolf; eyes focused three-feet beyond you; very logical and very mad.

Twenty people acted, and the line between 'got to have a mention' and 'slightly smaller' part is impossible to draw. At least I can name the rest of the cast, and point out that the success of the play depended on the characterisation and energy brought to the smaller roles. They were: Jonathan Leach, Tony Currer, Shaun Harper, Dennis Caulfield, Patrick Mileham, Paul Moores, Andrew Downie, Adrian Tomlinson, Blaise Bradley.

It was obvious that the director had a clear vision of where Death was going. The play could have fragmented into a number of set pieces since many of the characters were involved for only one scene. Not only did Dominic Allain draw out so many careful, confident performances, but also gave a sense of unity and movement to the action - a difficult task, especially once we had left Kleinman's apartment and begun to drift through the New York streets. The lead-up to the confrontation between the two rival gangs was genuinely tense: a sure sign that the large cast had been well-drilled. And the constant shift of mood (from humour to Tarantino-violence to 'what's it all about anyway?' poignancy) showed that Dominic had understood the genius of Woody Allen and had enough genius of his own to transfer this short text to the stage. We should be grateful to Dominic that we have had a Lent Play at all this year, and even more grateful that it was done so well.

Stephen Wang

The Cast

Kleinman: Paul Keane; *Hank:* Jonathan Leach; *Al:* Emiel Abalalin; *Sam:* Tony Currer; *Hacker:* Tom Saunders; *John:* Shaun Harper; *Victor:* Dennis Caulfield; *Anna:* Chris Higgins; *Doctor:* Chris Bergin; *Gina:* John Caherty; *Man:* Hugh Pollock; *Cop:* Dominic Howarth; *Bill:* Patrick Mileham; *Frank:* Paul Moores; *Don:* Andrew Downie; *Henry:* Adrian Tomlinson; *Assistant:* Gerard Flynn; *Spiro:* Chris Thomas; *Abe:* Blaise Bradley; *Maniac:* Philip Miller.

The Production Team

Costumes: Derram Attfield; *Front-of-House:* Paul Fox; *Lights:* Stephen Dingley; *Make-Up:* Philip Caldwell, Andrew Stringfellow; *Photography:* Paul Mason; *Props:* Christian Daw; *Refreshments:* Ged Byrne, Andrew Cole, Kevin Colfer, Patrick Hough, Jonathan Jones, Francis Poku, Joe Silver; *Sound:* Richard Whinder; *Stage Crew:* Chris Howells, Stephen Wright; *Tickets and Programmes:* Chris Bergin, Shaun Harper, David Potter; *Video:* Joe Gee; *Producer:* Mark Brentnall; *Directed by* Dominic Allain.

Every time I hear that word,
I reach for my pistol!

People tell me that that is what one of Adolf Hitler's mates - was it Hermann Göring? - used to say when the word *culture* was mentioned. I have a certain sympathy with him, which is inconvenient, since the Holy See employs me as an *official* in its *Pontifical Council for Culture*. There seems to be such a gap between the way the word is used in the countries around the North Sea and in Mediterranean societies. Northern European convention seems to reserve *culture* for fine arts and a high degree of learning, whereas in Romance languages it covers a whole variety of things. Another tendency has emerged, probably from across the Atlantic, which has broadened the concept in such a way that it is possible in English to speak of a *youth culture*, or a *drugs culture*, and much more often of things like *Afro-American culture*. Some say this is a cheapening of the concept, but many contemporary sociologists find it an excellent shorthand for drawing attention to the cohesive element in some sector of some part of some society. Besides, we of the Roman persuasion have to bow to the fact that the Holy Father has put his signature to the phrase *A Culture of Death* in several recent documents.

Culture is usually limited to human beings, and is most often used to denote a pattern of belief and behaviour, which includes language, ideas, beliefs, customs, taboos, codes, institutions, tools, techniques, works of art, rituals, ceremonies, and other related components. There are literally hundreds of (more or less) accepted definitions, but in this Pontifical Council we tend to avoid definitions. The down side of that is that we seem to include all the things listed above, and more, within our scope; so George Orwell would not only sneer at this 'Ministry of Culture' - he would be tempted to laugh at what can look like the 'Ministry of Vagueness'!

He would not be alone. Many a group of bishops on an *ad limina* visit has included someone who says: 'just what do you expect of us?' Some of the answers have revealed, amongst other things, the real difficulty there is in answering that question. The wiser question, which is sometimes asked, and indicates an answer which is probably equally wise, is: 'What does your work here involve?' So when the editor of *The Venerabile* threw down the challenge of explaining what this office is all about, I decided to take refuge in a description of the areas we cover from day to day, or even in the longer term.

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The twin task Pope John Paul II gave the Pontifical Council for Culture when it absorbed the Pontifical Council for Dialogue with Non-Believers in 1993 was *evangelising culture* and *inculturating faith*. These fine-sounding words speak to me of the links between what people call Gospel values and a whole variety of human situations, but they allow for a phenomenal breadth of interpretation. Perhaps Bishop Colm O'Reilly, of Ardagh and Clonmacnois, put it well in last February's *Furrow* when he referred to some of the people he has met on a painstaking journey around his diocese as 'committed to their faith but confused. That word confused is probably the one I have heard used most often to describe how people feel about being Catholic in Ireland today.' There is an uncomfortable slippage in the relationship between being Irish and being Catholic, or at least a less comfortable relationship than there once was. And this is echoed, far more dramatically, by bishops who visit this office from other continents where Christians are very much a minority. How are they to be faithful to their Catholic identity and, at the same time, to the society to which they belong? It is far from an easy question to answer, but I find myself paying more and more attention to juridical and educational developments in all sorts of countries, to see how a nation's moral self-image is politically adjusted and what effect this has on the atmosphere, or culture, within which the Catholics and other Christians of those countries have to live. Thus, when instructions are required for a new Nuncio, hopefully there will be a clearer image of developments which can have a very positive or negative effect on living the faith. No doubt this is clearer when there is an uncomfortable relationship between Church and state, but it is equally true when there are subtler forces of opposition at work, like apathy or extreme examples of relativism, often disguised as tolerance or acceptance.

The Council has tried, over the last few years, to collate information on Catholic cultural centres throughout the world, and has produced a handbook listing those known. It is a very peculiar book, because many of the entries are not cultural centres in any sense, and many more were missing. The Archdiocese of Milan has about 200 cultural centres (Italy has at least 800), while England and Wales appear to have 2! Once again, there seems to be a terminological problem, and in our situation there is the added ecumenical dimension in much of British Catholic life, which does not always fall naturally into place here in Rome. So I suspect there are more than 2 centres - 1 in Oxford, 1 in Lostwithiel - but it will take some research to find out. Perhaps the readers of *The Venerabile* know of initiatives in their own areas where the Church is trying seriously to engage in culture ...

Obviously, fine arts are part of this office's concern, inasmuch as the plastic arts, music, cinema, dance and so on are often the best way we humans have of expressing our deepest selves and our highest aspirations and values. In what ways, if at all, is the Catholic Church a part of that world in England and Wales, or wherever else Venerabilini find their mission takes them? In past centuries there were more obvious links through patronage or the general dominance of religion in the old world, but it seems foolish for people like us, who speak so often within our 'holy' world of transcendent realities, to leave others with very different values to steal the show. Answering the question 'how?' is the tough part.

Universities and higher educational institutions are important to us, as well. It may sound as élitist as being interested in fine arts, but many of those who will shape tomorrow's culture are today's students. And they are not in a moral or ideological vacuum. All sorts of people want to influence them and win their minds and hearts. What more pastoral work is there than nourishing the faith of a doubter or patiently listening to an eager young mind, wanting to know which is the best way forward in life? So we try to encourage the work of teachers and chaplains, and others involved in higher education (although we have to be careful not to step on the toes of Cardinal Laghi's Congregation).

The area of work here closest to my heart is what used to be called dialogue with non-believers. In an attempt at removing awkward-sounding names, that whole title has been removed, but the Holy Father still thinks it happens. There is not much face-to-face dialogue, but we keep an eye on all sorts of things, particularly some phenomenally well-organised secular humanist and atheist societies all over the globe, whose Internet offerings will reveal to you just how important it is to be confident in presenting our own beliefs and values. We are backing a British-based WebSite, which will soon come on-line, and we work with another Pontifical Council on keeping tabs on sects and new religious movements. *Evangelium Vitae* §82 sums up this side of our task: '... by making the newness of the *Gospel of Life* shine forth, we can also help everyone discover in the light of reason and of personal experience how the Christian message fully reveals what man is and the meaning of his being and existence. We shall find important points of contact and dialogue also with non-believers, in our common commitment to the establishment of a new culture of life.'

To this end, the Pontifical Council for Culture's next Plenary Assembly, in the year 2000, will concentrate on what Christ offers men and women - a genuine Christian humanism. The document from the recent Plenary Assembly, which had a very respectable input from England and Wales, will probably be published in a few months: it is on a pastoral approach to culture. Other major projects go on in the background, like a symposium due to take place in Nairobi later this year for English speaking African Catholics to discuss the wisdom they can offer the universal Church.

I hope this helps clarify what the Pontifical Council of Culture is about. It may be infuriating to Nazis and others, and it may be a vague (because vast) area, but it's never really dull!

Peter Fleetwood

Peter Fleetwood is a priest of the Archdiocese of Liverpool. Currently, he works for the Pontifical Council for Culture.

Campo de' cuori

And Jesus entered the Temple of God ... 'It is written "My house shall be called a house of prayer" but you make it a den of robbers.'

Mt 21: 12-13

Do you not know that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit within you?

1 Cor 6:19

Banter and bartering, bustle and barking,
Buying and selling – a flourishing trade;
But afternoon, shopping and shouting subside
in the brushing aside
of the market: a meeting-place made.

Temple traders, too, were thrown
When midday met with Jesus' ire,
Cleansing Israel's heart, alone,
a place apart for meeting;
space for strolling peace and private prayer.

Daily tensions – distractions fit – inside my mind
And barely resolved, is the fate of mankind,
If Thou, O Lord, don't come and quickly clear
The field of false flowers and freeing
Make meeting with Thee as we mingle our tears
With a mention of busiless being ...

Et Angli et Angeli – slaves in the Campo
Of heart's spacious silence for Thee.

2 March 1997
(3rd Sunday of Lent)

Philip Miller

Earth Stood

*He sends forth His word and it melts them
At the breath of his mouth the waters flow*

Psalm 147

Snow has kept falling, on snow faintly snow;
Both living and dead fear its fall.
Souls have kept swooning beholding below
The smothering sinfulness settled on all.
Low is now swooping on wings of the wind,
Mid-blizzard, a greeting to bless.
Lo, in the maiden, and thus all our kind
~~Descendeth the Word~~ with its warming caress.
His is the breathing from which freedom flows –
Our stony hearts melting in bliss;
Hers is receiving as one flesh and blows
A mothering worship to God with a kiss.

Need He not see in our eyes ardour first,
Sending us Gabriel's Joys in our thirst?

15 January 1995

[written for the (unlikely) Christmas wedding
of Christina Rossetti and James Joyce]

Philip Miller

Corrections

The poems in *The Venerabile*, Vol. XXXI, No. 1, 1996 edition, entitled *In Nomine* (p.114), *Latens Deitas* (p.114), ΠΑΝΑΓΙΑ ΤΡΙΑΣ (p.124) and *Passione immolatus* (p. 127) carried no author's name. They were all written by Philip Miller.

In *Passione immolatus* (p.127), verse 9, line 1, for 'O Call of love' read 'O Gall of love'.

Apologies for these corrections.

Convergent Paths: Laity and Seminararians at the Gregorian?

There are many paths to the Gregorian University. Often on my way there, I run into students from the VEC as they stride through the Campo dei Fiori, heading across the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, and then up the Via del Gesù. The pace accelerates on the Piazza Collegio Romano, when a quick glance at their watches indicates that they have less than two minutes to get to their 8.30 class. Taking their lives in their hands they quickly cross the Via dell'Corso, usually *not* on the crossing! A few seconds later, they sprint past Piazza Ss. Apostoli, alongside the Biblicum where the multi-lingual beggar greets them. Then they circumvent the gypsies on the steps of the Greg and, finally, they breathe a sigh of relief as they slide into their seats, hopefully, before the final bell.

On the way to the Greg, these VEC students may find themselves being passed by Bill Brownsberger, a lanky 6'8" student from Kansas (home of Dorothy in the *Wizard of Oz*, but Bill does *not* have ruby shoes!). Or, they may pass Eunmee Park, a lay woman from Seoul, Korea. Lisa Buratti, a Swedish Lutheran theology student, *may wave to them from the bus*. Yes, Lisa leaves so late that she actually takes the bus to get there on time!

Bill's path to the Gregorian, where he studies systematic theology, is quite extraordinary: after a gigantic bowl or two or three of cornflakes consumed around 8.10, Bill leaves the Lay Centre at Foyer Unitas in Piazza Navona with a few breadrolls in hand plus half a litre of milk which, *to my horror*, he drinks on his way. This summer, Bill will marry Francesca Ciaravino, a graduate theology student from Catholic University of America, so, fortunately, his days of 'breakfast on the go' may be numbered. In the next academic year, maybe you will see Bill heading to the Greg with Francesca instead of with his breakfast.

Eunmee prefers a more dignified and tranquil path to the University. She stops for Mass at the local parish before she makes her way to the library where she steadily works on her doctorate in philosophy. Lisa may arrive by bus, for which she gets a lot of grief from the other fifteen students who live at the Lay Centre, but once she gets there, she takes every opportunity to learn as much as possible about Roman Catholicism and especially about Ignatian spirituality, even to the extent of actually doing the Ignatian retreat in daily life. She wants to bring the fruits of this year of study back to her own Church, where she is preparing to be

a pastor. Bill, Eunmee, and Lisa represent the growing number of lay women and men who study at the Gregorian. In fact, more than one-quarter of the student body is composed of laity.

The presence of laity in pontifical universities raises three questions. First, should lay women and men study theology and, if so, what sort of formation will prepare them best for their mission in the Church and in society? Second, what happens once they finish their degrees? Third, what impact will they have on the Church in the twenty-first century, especially with regard to its vision of ministry?

Should laity study theology and, if so, what sort of formation do they need?

This first question has been around for a while. In fact, as long ago as 1859, John Henry Newman wrote an article for *The Rambler* about the theological education of the laity. Typed in small print and buried in the back of the issue, Newman raised the volatile question for his historical period: *How far is it allowable, or desirable, for laymen to study theology?* At that time, he probably could not have imagined laymen and even lay women with doctorates from the Gregorian, but he did manifest a prophetic insight when he argued that a well-educated laity would be better prepared to go out into the world and speak intelligently about their faith. In another place he explains his vision for the laity:

I want a laity ... who know their religion and who enter into it, who know just where they stand, who know what they hold, and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account



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of it, who know so much of history that they can defend it. I want an intelligent and well-instructed laity. I wish you to enlarge your knowledge, to cultivate your reason, to get an insight into the relation of truth, to learn to view things as they are, to understand how faith and reason stand to each other, what are the bases and principles of Catholicism.¹

Newman's views on the education of the laity and especially on consulting the laity were not popular to say the least. One of his critics, Mons. George Talbot, in a letter to Cardinal Henry Edward Manning complained that the laity 'are putting into practice the doctrine taught by Dr Newman ...' Talbot continues,

What is the province of the laity? To hunt, to shoot, to entertain. These matters they understand, but to meddle with ecclesiastical matters they have no right at all.... Dr Newman is the most dangerous man in England²

Today, no one would seriously deny that laity are allowed to study theology. The 1983 Code of Canon Law explicitly recognises the right of the laity 'to acquire that deeper knowledge of sacred sciences which are taught in ecclesiastical universities or faculties or in institutes of religious sciences by attending classes and obtaining academic degrees' [Canon 229, par. 2]. A more pressing question is about what type of formation would better prepare them to serve the Church and the world.

Not enough attention has been given to this question. Just as it is not sufficient for seminarians to simply attend classes at pontifical universities in order to prepare for their future ministry, so lay people also need a formation programme (even if it is not explicitly called that) to prepare for their future mission in the Church and society. This is one reason why *The Lay Centre at Foyer Unitas* was started ten years ago. Located in a seventeenth century palazzo owned by the Doria-Pamphilj family, in the historic Piazza Navona in central Rome, the Lay Centre began with the simple aim of providing a family-style atmosphere for twelve students annually. As it developed, both in size and scope, it became evident that lay women and men sought opportunities for developing a sense of community, encouragement in deepening their life of prayer and support in their commitment to the Church.

Through prayer, common meals, discussion groups, retreats and other activities, the Lay Centre aims to challenge residents to grow intellectually and spiritually. It also regularly sponsors well-attended public lectures on various themes pertinent for Christians today. For example, on 14 April 1997, the distinguished Scripture scholar, Raymond E. Brown gave a lecture entitled *The Beginnings of the Church in the Book of Acts*. Because of the many requests, a second Lay Centre was opened in 1995 in the property of, and next to, the Venerable English College. This addition of five more spaces brings the yearly capacity up to 16 students.

Within the last ten years, more than seventy theology students from seventeen countries (Argentina, Austria, Australia, Canada, Colombia, Chile, Ecuador, Germany, India, Japan, Korea, Lithuania, Mexico, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey and especially from the United States) have lived at the Lay Centre. Students experience first-hand the challenge of unity within diversity, a challenge which faces the universal Church.

Though the majority of the students are Roman Catholic, some Orthodox, Anglicans and Protestants have been part of the Lay Centre over the years. Consequently, the Lay Centre makes special efforts to promote ecumenical dialogue and understanding as specifically encouraged by the *Directory for the Application of Principles and Norms on Ecumenism*, published by the Pontifical Council for Promoting Christian Unity in 1993, where it states that 'with suitable guidance, they [Catholic and other Christian students] can learn... to live together in a deeper ecumenical spirit and be faithful witnesses of their Christian faith' (89,e).

What happens once lay women and men finish their degrees?

Like seminarians, lay theology students *eventually* finish their degrees and return home. They try to serve the Church and society in a variety of ways. Surveying some students of the Lay Centre, several teach in universities and seminaries, one serves as an ethical advisor for a major healthcare organization, one is a director of a marriage tribunal, some are administrators in parishes, six are in diocesan positions, and two are working for bishops' conferences. Two civil attorneys from the United States try to integrate their former profession with spirituality.

The statistics go on, and they include other dedicated women and men from various countries. Ana Maria Celis, a civil attorney from Chile, is combining canon law and civil law. Irena Vaisvilaitė, a Lithuanian with a doctorate in art history from the University of Moscow, is now completing her doctorate at the Gregorian in Church history. While in Rome, she works at Vatican Radio to pay for her studies. Next year, she will begin teaching full time in Lithuania. Catherine Stevenson, an Episcopalian, left Rome two years ago with an STL in spirituality. Now she is completing her second year of medical school in the United States. Renu Silvano, the first Indian laywoman to receive a doctorate from a Roman pontifical university, now teaches seminarians and laity, and is co-director of the Catholic Biblical Institute in Mumbai. In a certain sense, these women and men serve as both a leaven in the Church and a leaven in the world. Some will be dedicated to full time professional ministry within the Church; others will use what they have learned for so-called 'secular' vocations.

Similar to seminarians who have left all to embark on a path towards the priesthood, many lay theology students, though taking a different path, have also risked much to follow a *road less travelled*. They have often done this at great personal expense and sacrifice. Most of the students pay for their education themselves, either by working for a few years before coming to Rome in order to save up money, or by part-time work during the academic year and full-time work in the summer. They do this because they believe that they are called and gifted by God, and that, through a solid theological education, they will be better prepared to share their gifts with others.

What impact will they have on the Church in the twenty-first century, especially with regard to its vision of ministry?

Without doubt, the presence of qualified laity in theology and other related fields is an invitation to recognise that collaboration and interdependence are a way forward for the Church in the twenty-first century. This is nothing new. Already in the fourteenth century, Catherine of Siena considered interdependence in the Church as part of God's providential plan. In *The Dialogue*, which takes the form of a 'dialogue' between God the Father and Catherine, the Father says,

In this mortal life, so long as you are pilgrims, I have bound you with the bond of charity.... the cleric and religious have need of the layperson, and the layperson of the religious; neither can get along without the other.³

The deeper theological reasoning underlying this passage occurs in one of my favourite passages:

[The Father says] I have distributed them all [gifts and graces] in such a way that no one has all of them. Thus have I given you reason - necessity, in fact - to practice mutual charity. For I could well have supplied each of you with all your needs, both spiritual and material. But I wanted to make you dependent on one another so that each of you would be my minister, dispensing the graces and gifts you have received from me.⁴

In order to be credible witnesses to Christ in the twenty-first century, we need to embrace this vision of mutuality in ministry. This brings me to my final point. St Paul's favourite description for those who aided him in his ministry is not brother, deacon, or apostle, but co-worker. Paul was proud as a peacock to be an apostle - and he liked to mention it at the beginning and end of almost every letter he wrote - but

It would be a dreadful misunderstanding to think of Paul and his ministry as some solitary colossus standing astride the early Church as a *lone ranger* moving fearlessly and alone across the map of the Mediterranean world, planting the seed of the Gospel without dependence on or connection with others. Paul worked within the context of an extraordinary network of co-workers.⁵

The famous concluding passage in Romans 16 is one of the best sources of evidence for this:

As Paul concludes a letter to the Church he has never visited, but one that obviously had great importance to him, he signs off his letter with a series of greetings to Christians in Rome that gives a breathtaking insight into the range of his contacts and his non-possessive spirit, as well as testimony to the mobility and the networking of the early Christians themselves.⁶

Of the twenty-nine Greek and Jewish names, ten are women, and they are drawn from all sectors of society, everyone from nobility to freemen to slaves. Paul was

convinced that this mutuality and interdependence in ministry were part and parcel to what it means to be *one in Christ*, called and gifted to build up the Church for the spread of the Gospel to the ends of the earth.

Donna Orsuto

Donna Orsuto is a professor in the Institute of Spirituality at the Pontifical Gregorian University. She is also the director of the Lay Centre at Foyer Unitas and the Vincent Pallotti Institute. She lives at 'Lay Centre II', at Via di Monserrato 48, next door to the Venerable English College.

1. Newman, J. H., *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England* (Longmans Green, 1924), p. 390.
2. Cf. Coulson, J., 'Introduction', in Newman, J. H., *On Consulting the Faithful in Matters of Doctrine* (New York, 1961), pp. 41-42.
3. Catherine of Siena, *The Dialogue*, translated by Suzanne Nofke, OP (New York, 1980), p 311.
4. *ibid.*, chapter 7.
5. Cf. Donald Senior, 'New Testament Vision of Women and Men Called to Mutuality' to be published soon in the *Proceedings of the Colloquium on Women in the Church and in Society*.
6. *ibid.*

A Tour of the Roman Ghetto

*Each day I stretched out my hands to a rebellious people,
who follow a way which is not good. (Is 65:2)*

This text, in Latin and Hebrew, is inscribed above the door of the Chiesa di San Gregorio in Lungotevere Cenci, five minutes' walk from the English College. The church faces Rome's old Jewish Ghetto, and the Hebrew inscription was intended to act as a constant reproach – a constant insult – to the city's Jewish community.

The Jews were confined to the Ghetto from 1555 until it was opened in 1870, on the unification of Italy. But this is only one chapter in the two-thousand year history of the Jews in Rome. This year, I learned something of this history on a tour of the Ghetto led by Sr Margaret McGrath, of Rome's SIDIC Centre (the International Jewish-Christian Documentation Service), based in Via del Plebiscito, 112.

Judas Maccabaeus sent envoys to Rome in 161 BC, seeking an alliance. By 59 BC, there was a prosperous community, centred on Trastevere, the area 'across the Tiber' where many immigrant groups had their quarters. The Jews enjoyed mixed fortunes under the Empire; some emperors imposed taxes and persecutions, others allowed them freedom and citizenship. However, once Constantine (emperor 325-337 AD) established Christianity as the official religion of the Empire, discrimination became entrenched. Civic society and social life became centred on Christian observance, and so the Jews were automatically excluded from the feasts, the activities of the guilds, and so on. The Church's teaching seemed to legitimise such discrimination. The polemical rhetoric of the disputes between Judaism and the early Church reflected the theological language of the time, but it served to fix and enshrine an attitude of anti-Judaism which led to persecution of the Jews themselves. St Augustine wrote that the humiliation of the Jews was a sign of the triumph of Christianity; he also taught that the Jews would be saved at the end of time. But it was the 'teaching of contempt' which made an impression on uneducated people, afraid of whatever seemed alien and looking for a scapegoat for the misfortunes that they suffered.

Perhaps the most pernicious of the popular beliefs about the Jews was the 'blood libel', the story that they kidnapped Christian children and used their blood to make passover bread. Simon of Trent, a child who disappeared in 1475, was alleged to have been martyred in this way, and was venerated as a saint in Rome, until the cult was suppressed by the Church in 1965. The same story was current in England; paintings in the tribune of the College church depict William of Norwich and Hugh of Lincoln, Christian children supposed to have been crucified by the Jews.

The same popes who decreed anti-Jewish legislation and allowed baiting of the Jews by the carnival crowds might, pragmatically, consult Jewish physicians and scholars who were the experts in their fields. However, as the Reformation forced the Church onto the defensive, Pope Paul IV withdrew all the privileges allowed to the Jews and confined them to the Ghetto in 1555. It was a small area on the banks of the river Tiber, opposite Isola Tiberina. The houses remained in Christian ownership, but the owners were required to let them to Jews at fixed rents. They soon fell into disrepair and overcrowding, with up to 8,000 people living in the Ghetto. The gates of the Ghetto were locked from sunset to sunrise, the keys held by a Christian family. The Jews were forbidden to leave the Ghetto without a distinctive badge; a major concern was to prevent intermarriage or sexual relations between Christians and Jews. From 1572, the residents of the Ghetto were compelled to attend weekly sermons by specially-trained Dominican preachers, aimed at converting them to Christianity; the Jewish authorities had to ensure the attendance of their people.

The Jews of the Ghetto spoke Giudaico-Romanesco, a mixture of Italian, Roman dialect and 13th century Hebrew which still survives. They worked at occupations which were forbidden to Christians, such as money-lending, and also as tailors, carpenters and pedlars. They were permitted only one synagogue building – so they fitted five synagogues into it.

By 1823, the ghettos of most European cities had been opened, but Rome's remained. A visiting member of the French Rothschild family, shocked by the

overcrowded conditions in which the Jewish residents were living, petitioned Pope Leo XII to allow an extension of the Ghetto. Permission was granted, and land was bought between the Via di Pescaria and the Fontana delle Tartarughe. The houses of that time still stand there, the only surviving buildings of the Ghetto.

In 1870, with the end of the Papal States, the Ghetto was opened. The Jews obtained equal rights and could live where they wished. In 1904, the present synagogue was inaugurated, an impressive Byzantine building. However, within a lifetime, the Jews again faced persecution.

Mussolini's fascist regime was not, at first, explicitly anti-semitic. Racial laws were not introduced until 1938, and were enforced half-heartedly. However, after the Allied landings at Anzio, and the surrender of Italy in September 1943, Rome came under German control. The SS demanded fifty kilograms of gold in place of two hundred Jews who would otherwise be deported to Germany. The Vatican offered a loan, but the Jews were able to find the gold from their own resources. The deportation went ahead anyway. The raids started before dawn on 16 October 1943. A plaque on the wall of a mediaeval house in Via del Porto d'Ottavia, in the old Ghetto, marks the place where the round-up began, in which more than a thousand Jews were captured. During the German occupation, over 150 religious houses and parish churches hid Jews from the searches – many on the Isola Tiberina. They lived in cellars or attics for months on end. Young men would be disguised in seminarian's cassocks and sent to lectures at the Greg. However, by the end of the war, 2,091 Roman Jews had been deported; most were to die in Auschwitz. Seventy-three Jews were among the 335 Romans massacred at the Fosse Ardeatine caves on 24 March 1944, in reprisal for the killing of German soldiers by Italian partisans.

After the war, derogatory references to the Jews were removed from the liturgy, and Pope John XXIII sought understanding with Judaism. The SIDIC centre was founded in 1965, following *Nostre Aetate*, the Second Vatican Council's Declaration on the Relationship of the Church to Non-Christian Religions. Run by the Sisters of Our Lady of Sion, its aim is to promote understanding between Christians and Jews through information and education. In 1986, Pope John Paul II made the first visit by a Pope to Rome's synagogue. It was said that it had taken two thousand years for a Pope to make the journey of two kilometres.

Andrew Downie

College Diary 1996 - 1997

Sunday 19 May - Solemnity of the Ascension: The Church is full to bursting as nineteen children receive Holy Communion for the first time, following preparation classes in the College. It's all rather chaotic, but the children and their families are happy and excited. It's amazing how angelic some of them seem when they try!

Tuesday 21 May: Months of speculation end as Patrick Kelly is announced as the new Archbishop of Liverpool. The Scouse students seem to have mixed feelings: happiness at the appointment, but a tinge of sadness – what was there to gossip about now? The Salfordians mope around, like sheep without a shepherd.

Thursday 23 May: An English College innovation: the first Nuns' Gita without the nuns! Sr Amadeus was with us, however, even if she surely counts as one of the boys by now. The College and *personale* set off for a day of sun, sea and sand – but first Cistercians, as we stopped off for Mass at the recently de-baroqued abbey of Valvisicolo.

Then, following more innovation (the coffee stop at Latina), it was south to the beach at Sperlonga, for a glorious afternoon of eating, drinking, swimming, football ... Nella benefited from leaving the skipping rope behind, whilst even Sandro managed to escape injury this year! Spies even noticed Gerard Skinner remove his hat at one point!

Friday 24 May: Third theology return from the Greg in great excitement as one of their professors storms out of his class halfway through. Even more amazing is the fact that they were there to witness it.

In the evening, the Rector gives a Spiritual Conference on the dangers of alcoholism. The carafes are hardly touched at supper.

Sunday 26 May - Solemnity of Pentecost: Cardinal Cassidy, President of the Pontifical Council for Promoting Christian Unity, confirms six children at a dignified and prayerful Mass today.

The College is saddened to hear that Jacek's father has died suddenly in Poland. Jacek returns home with our thoughts and prayers.

Monday 27 May: St Augustine of Canterbury gets a late start as the excitement of Ordinary Time overtakes the Apostle of England at Morning Prayer.

The new spiritual director, John Rafferty from the Diocese of Shrewsbury, arrives – but no one's seen him yet! Arthur, meanwhile, begins training for his new job as Secretary to the Bishop's Conference – though quite how long it'll take to learn how to pour drinks is anyone's guess.

Tuesday 28 May: The Office. Problems, continue as we; experience some unusual. Antiphon pauses with. Sr Amadeus this week.

The new SD surfaces around lunchtime.

Wednesday 29 May: John Marsland returns home for nasal surgery. Seems to be a VEC staff member's occupational hazard.

Tony Grimshaw comes from the northern hills to preside at Community Mass.

Francis Poku wins the *Weirdo Friends of the Year* award following a rooftop party.

Friday 31 May - Feast of the Visitation of the BVM: The last day of lectures! It'd be a joyful occasion did it not mean that exams were just around the corner.

Sr Amadeus gives the Spiritual Conference on Mary and reveals that she wasn't a devotee of the Rosary until her novice mistress told her to give it a try - for two years! 'It worked!,' she enthused, 'I was hooked!'

Paul Ross announces that he is to pursue his vocation in teaching after the summer. He returns to Merseyside with our prayers and support.

Sunday 2 June - Solemnity of the Holy Trinity: Well we've had a Nuns' Gita without the nuns, now the Vice-Rector's feast without the Vice-Rector. It's to be hoped that some deacons turn up on 14 July!!

Tuesday 4 June: They say fashions always come back. But that's surely no excuse for Paul Fox's *Hawaii-Five-O* look.

Wednesday 5 June: Showing his pastoral roots, John Rafferty announces that he is going to start visiting students in their rooms to get to know the community. Stewart Keeley heads straight for the Hoover!

At Mass, Timothy Menezes commemorates St Boniface by outlining his missionary zeal. 'Proof of what a man from the South-West of England can do when given a bit of authority in Europe,' he quips.



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Friday 7 June: ICEL holds a knees-up in the garden. For a group often concerned with the correctness of inclusive language, it is a decidedly exclusive affair. We are at least offered the remains of the refreshments.

Saturday 8 June: The TV makes it back in time for Euro'96, after repairs. England's 1-1 draw with Switzerland make us wonder if it was all worthwhile.

Sunday 9 June - Solemnity of the Body and Blood of Christ: In blistering heat, we make our annual pilgrimage to the Little Sisters of the Poor to celebrate Mass and the Blessed Sacrament procession with great joy. Paul Rowan has his seven year dream of finally getting into the Maronite chapel dashed as they claim there is no room for concelebrants!

Meanwhile, Christmas comes early for the exam-bound crowd animating the Mass at College. Choirmaster for the day, Paul McDermott, proves that *Guide Me, O Thou Great Redeemer* could be sung to the tune of *Hark, the Herald Angels Sing*.

Monday 10 June: Arty pseuds Steve Wang and Philip Miller rave about Tilda Swinton, the actress, who has been lying in a glass case in the Museo Barrocco just down the road. Never one to miss such an opportunity, Wango manages to get himself invited to the 'post-installation' party, as these things seem to be called. Beats revision, I suppose.

Thursday 13 June: The new fire alarm goes off, but despite the fact that we can now hear it, nobody seems too bothered, and the Fire Assembly Point in the Piazza Famese is dumped for the more convenient notice board. In this heat no-one would notice a fire anyway. Emergencies – false or otherwise – are evidently best held outside of siesta hours.

Friday 14 June - Solemnity of the Sacred Heart: Choirmaster Stephen Dingley offers a novel twist to the 'clapping' Gloria in tonight's 'wotnokids' children's Mass. Tambourines, maracas and bells all put to good use. 'Much more dignified than clapping,' was the opinion of smiley-badge celebrant, Eddie Clare.

Meanwhile, Graham Platt tells us that he is heading home to 'continue to witness to the Gospel as a layman.'

Saturday 15 June: It's Final Exam day for the theology licence students at the Greg.

Monday 17 June: John Udris – rarely out of the tank since he finished his spirituality licence - gets caught out by a freak hail stone storm; they were the size of golf balls! So his smugness was put on hold for a while. Those still battling through exams relished the prospect of cooler weather – but the sun was shining again within a couple of hours!

Tuesday 18 June: Joe Coughlan celebrates the big 4-0 by cooking for us in the evening ... garlic bread, curry, spumante and ice cream all on the menu. He can have birthdays more often!

Thursday 20 June: More culinary delights: it was always going to be a close race, but 7.30am Mass loses out to Mark Hackeson's generous offer of cooked English breakfast for early risers in the ref. The more holy brethren are rewarded, however. Spiritual food is sustained further by the mountains of bacon and sausage still sizzling away!

Wednesday 19 June: The Rector advises us that watching TV until 3am isn't only a bit late, but also disturbs others. However, the screams of despair later resounding down the Via di Monserrato apparently could be traced to the Woolpack, mysterious home of the staff TV. The cause? Italy is out of Euro'96. It's a game of two 'alfs, Father.

Thursday 20 June: The philosophers, Steve Wang and Hugh MacKenzie, breeze through their final exams. Or should that be transcend?

Friday 21 June: Rome's such a cultured place – but we do wish they'd kept the percussion concert, currently booming around the Piazza Farnese, until after the exams.

Saturday 22 June: Will come to be known as *Black Saturday* in the philosophical world as Frs Biolo and Pangallo inflict their inimitable styles on the first year.

England beats Spain 4-2 in Euro'96. The music festival carries on ...

Sunday 23 June: In the Campo a new shopfront bears the name 'Salone'. We half expect to find Sr Amadeus in there reading the newspapers, but it turns out it is just being used as a hairdressers in a film set.

Monday 24 June: Film director Peter Greenaway is taking over the Piazza del Popolo with a light and sound spectacular. So what? He should see what we do for the Easter Vigil!

Tuesday 25 June: The *Villeggiatura* begins... but exams carry on, too, for a few unfortunates. Archbishop-Elect Patrick Kelly arrives with family and friends ready to receive the pallium from the Pope on Saturday. One of his new subjects, Jonathan Jones, falls victim to his firm handshake.

In the *Telegraph*, an article calls for the next pope to be Italian, prompting supper time predictions. JP Leonard: 'I think we need another Pius XII.'

Wednesday 26 June: 1966 fever is gripping England and the College. No, not John Marsland bean-bag liturgies, but the Euro'96 semi-final between England and Germany. The tension is high - 'This is worse than a final exam!' (Steve Wang). We lose 6-5 on penalties.

Friday 28 June: Richard Whinder narrowly beats Chris Thomas to the 'Last Exam of the Semester' award.

Saturday 29 June - Solemnity of Ss Peter and Paul: Archbishop Kelly receives the pallium from the Holy Father. Jonathan Jones is the psalmist.

Meanwhile, we all finally reconvene at Palazzola. Early contender for *Uomo Villeggiatura* '96, Chris Howells, is worried that the extra numbers will destroy the peaceful balance of the early arrivals. The new arrivals wonder how anyone could call Chris Howells 'balanced'!!

Sunday 30 June: Archbishop John Foley comes from the Pontifical Council for Social Communications via Blackpool, Merthyr Tydfil and Philadelphia to institute Tom Saunders, Richard Walker and Stephen Wright as readers.

In the evening, Archbishop Kelly presides at Sung Vespers for us. He is serenaded with the first *Ad multos annos!* of the *Villeggiatura* at supper.

Tuesday 2 July: We spend a morning in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. It's

a chance to reflect on the year now past and also an opportunity to set our minds on the summer and whatever lies ahead.

Thursday 4 July: Eight brave men set off for the mountain gita – although three of them manage to find a lake in which to while away the hours.

Saturday 6 July: While the more sensible snooze on, other hardy fools set off at 6am for Tusculum for Mass and breakfast. It's worth the walk there, and the prospect of DBLs and L itself make the walk back worth it too!

Sunday 7 July: Bishop Michael Fitzgerald admits Chris Bergin, Steve Billington, Chris Higgins, Philip Miller and David Potter as candidates for Holy Orders. At lunch, we congratulate them and also offer our thanks to dear Imelde who joins us to say goodbye after twenty-four dedicated years as College cleaner and Italian teacher!

We have a House Meeting in the afternoon, which is really just the Rector's Review of the Year. 'Application to tasks' seemed to be his key phrase for some reason. Our minds are set thinking about the much discussed prayer room idea. We also hear the happy news that next year's first year will total at least seventeen. What vocations crisis?!

In the evening the stage is set for Palazzola International Folk Festival... despite the howling winds! There's a lively mix of old and new songs, the usual John Marsland crowd rabbling numbers and much more besides.

Monday 8 July: The staff head off for their Magical Mystery Gita. The gale force winds make us wonder if they'll ever come back.

The weather does at least give us an opportunity to discuss the prayer room options, but, predictably, no-one can agree. Steve Wang is after some sort of naturist colony - doubtless some deep spiritual yearning, but off-putting to say the least.

Tuesday 9 July: It's lake gita day, and thankfully somewhat calmer than the previous couple of days. It's a fairly civilised affair this year - even the post-prandial battle is relatively dignified!

Wednesday 10 July: The North-South cricket match seems desperately in need of some new talent. The North wins (of course) by (ahem) 10 runs to 9. Hardly worth the walk to the *sforza* ...

In the evening it's Top Year Tea, and farewell, too, to Arthur, who is presented with, amongst other things, a photo of himself in full panto dame gear... hardly the sort of uniform called for by the Bishops' Conference. In much more generous manner, Arthur offers us thanks for 'some of the happiest years of his priesthood' and presents us all with a copy of Herbert Alfonso's *The Personal Vocation*.

The ensuing *dolce*, *spumante* and so soften the blows of the exam results which, thanks to the Greg's whirlwind efficiency, are finally released today.

Thursday 11 July: Bishop John Brewer joins us for the weekend's ordination and also for today's Mass, in which Ged Byrne, Paul Fox, Jonathan Leach, Paul Mason and Steve Wang are instituted as acolytes. It's a jolly affair, with great words of

wisdom from the Bishop on poverty and freedom: 'You may give up your better half, but you get to live in better quarters!' The acolytes spend the rest of the day insisting on being termed 'acolytes' and not 'deacons-to-be'.

In the evening, Chris Bergin and Philip Miller host a quiz night, a gently competitive affair with some *terrible* questions - Q. How many frescoes are in the ref. at Palazzola? A. None, they aren't frescoes. Billo, Steve Wright, Chris Howells and Tony O'Sullivan are victorious.

Saturday 13 July: It's a 'quiet' day at the Villa as everyone prepares for the ordination.

Sunday 14 July: Mark Brentnall, Stephen Dingley, Gregory Knowles and Hugh Pollock are ordained deacons by Bishop Brewer in a moving and enjoyable Mass. Joined by family, friends and the staff of the College, it's a fitting end to the College year. Gregory and Mark give a joint speech – though somebody really should have told Gregory that his bit was supposed to be in Italian and not French ...

Before we know it it's time for home – the *Brutta Figura Express* as healthy as ever.

Monday 23 September: Nineteen 'new men' have the relative peace and security of three weeks of Italian lessons shattered by the return of thirty-two 'old men'. Thirty-two 'old men' have the peace of familiarity shattered by nineteen new faces and names to learn. Will we all survive each other?

Tuesday 24 September: Pastoral courses commence at a respectable 3pm! Pity the new men who still have Morning Prayer timetabled.

At Mass in the evening we discover that these new chaps can sing.

At O'Connors pub, later on, several *nuovi* are surprised to discover that the Rector was only joking about the 11pm curfew ...

Saturday 28 September: After a productive few days we conclude the pastoral courses with Mass – in which John Marsland reminds us that we'll never all always be perfect communicators, teachers, counsellors or liturgists. He's living proof!

We pray for Patrick Hough's grandfather, who has died in England.

Sunday 29 September: We welcome a new 'parishioner'! Elena Galea - the fifth of the clan! - comes to her first Community Mass, five weeks after her birth in Malta.

At 4pm, the new men breathe a sigh of relief as the rest of us head up to Palazzola for retreat. Dermot Power joins us to lead us in his own inimitable style. I'm afraid your diarist is in silence for the next few days ...

Friday 4 October – Feast of St Francis, Patron of Italy: Retreats like this pass too quickly ... Fr Dermot's engaging wit and straight talking have set us all thinking about the *reality* of priestly ministry. Mind you, today's final conference almost didn't happen as Dermot was nearly arrested on a mission to Rome the previous evening!

The first year join us for Mass, concluding with a rousing *Te Deum* in which we express our thanks to God for the retreat, and the new mens' sheer relief that all those Italian classes are finally over.

Saturday 5 October: The honeymoon's over! The start of year Greg Mass exceeds all expectations – Fr Pittau ('Magnificent' Rector) manages to give a half hour introduction. Anything after that is just a blur ...

Sunday 6 October: Rome is invaded by myriads of Irish, out for the Beatification of Edmund Rice, founder of the Christian Brothers. Ged Byrne and Jonathan Jones serve at the papal Mass. The Holy Father later enters the Gemelli hospital to have his appendix removed. The two events are understood not to be linked.

The start of year House Meeting has its usual barrage of information - including news that *Songs of Praise* is coming from Rome next Easter, only Easter being recorded in February at St Mary Major's.

Monday 7 October: 'O God, come to our aid ...' and so the new term begins. Even God has his work cut out at 7.15 in the morning. First day reactions to the Greg. are fairly typical: 'I understood about three words!', 'It was even worse than I thought ...' – and this just from third theology! The new men didn't seem to mind so much.

Second cycle students try hard not to be smug about the fact that they've got another week off before starting. Actually, that's not true - they love every moment of it and gloat around quite happily.

Friday 11 October: John Rafferty gives his first spiritual conference in which he explains what he thinks the role of a spiritual director is. It turns out that 'spiritual' and 'director' are unsuitable terms.

Sunday 13 October: JP Leonard presides at his first Community Mass. It's a revealing homily in which he suggests that he's been in seminary too long, and he tells the tale of DBL rituals - how unfortunate members of the community can be left out at 12.30pm – or, even worse, he reveals that he once hosted a DBL to which nobody turned up.

In an all-embracing gesture, St Joe's Corridor invites the whole House to drinks on their roof.

Tuesday 15 October: Candles and Taize tapes are dusted down and *Ruggeri's* bargain wine basket does roaring trade once more ... prayer groups get underway tonight.

Wednesday 16 October: It seems like we've only just come back but there's a panic about Christmas flights. They can't all be booked up already?!

Tuesday 22 October: The newspapers are full of news of the new Bishops' Conference document on the Church's social teaching, *The Common Good*. Politicians on all sides are suddenly keen to jump on the moral bandwagon.

Wednesday 23 October: The Cardinal, Archbishop Kelly and Monsignor Arthur Roche come for lunch – they're in Rome for the European Bishops' Conference.

In the evening we celebrate the First Year Party, beginning with Community Mass presided over by Tony Grimshaw. Then an exquisite meal thanks to chefs Mark Brentnall, Emiel Abalahin, Dominic Allain, Chris Thomas and Jonathan How.

The 'entertainment' followed. Where does one begin ... ?! The first year reveal a little something of what makes them tick. Derram Attfield is the Cardinal, Dennis Caulfield is Tony O'Sullivan, Dominic Howarth is choirmaster Philip Miller,

Gerard Flynn is the Rector, Paul Keane is ... Paul Keane. Admirable performances all round.

Andrew Stringfellow and Chris Higgins provide some response from the rest of us. Paul Fox strangles a cat live on stage. Erm, no, sorry – he was playing his banjo.

Thursday 24 October: Major triumph on the football field – the VEC beat the NAC 5-1. Rumours that the NAC failed to turn up are untrue.

The Greg holds a colloquium on Women in the Church. Pat Jones, Assistant Secretary to the Bishops' Conference, is one of the speakers.

The Pope wants to make peace with Darwin. Doesn't he know he's dead?

Friday 25 October: You have to admire his nerve – Francis Poku joins us for Morning Prayer at 7.25.

Saturday 26 October: We spend the afternoon in consultation, looking (again!) at the College document on priestly formation. In a shrewd move, the staff ask us to make only positive comments. Amongst the big issues: we'd like access to an indoor swimming pool and more on celibacy. Maybe if we just used the tank all year round we'd rule out the need for more formation on celibacy!

Sunday 27 October: You could never say we don't respect the hierarchy: DBLs are moved ten minutes earlier to allow the Cardinal and other bishops the chance for an early lunch before heading home.

Wednesday 30 October: Students begin to head off to Palazzola, Siena, Orvieto, Pompeii ... taking advantage of an extra day off for All Saints.

The 1996 *Venerabile* finally arrives. Who writes this?!

Friday 1 November - Solemnity of All Saints: We reconvene for Community Mass in the evening and a 'festive' meal of fish and chips. Luigi comes up with a mysterious pudding. What was it? Lard? Bubble bath? No-one seems to know.

Saturday 2 November: Who says we're out of touch? Copies of *The Common Good* appear in every pigeon hole.

We have an hour of prayer before the Blessed Sacrament to remember the faithful departed.

The football team have their own prayers answered as they are victorious over the French College (2-1).

Sunday 3 November: A peaceful Sunday afternoon is ruined by a fire drill. Chris Thomas brandishes his clipboard.

In the evening, the cortile is filled with the sound of music... Prayer and Praise starts meeting again!

Monday 4 November: Oooooooh. Aaaaaaah. Ooooooh. No, not another staff meeting. Tish Nichols is back to pump those diaphragms and get us all to proclaim the Word again, rather than just mutter it.

Tuesday 5 November: The College has always been keen to employ workmen. Latest on the payroll are two electricians whose task is seemingly to move phones from one position to another on St Joe's Corridor. Receiving calls now includes the added task of actually locating the phone in the first place.

We have a novel innovation after lunch: tea flavoured coffee. Yum!

Wednesday 6 November: We welcome more than twenty vocations directors to Community Mass and supper – they've been up at Palazzola for their annual conference. Steve Wang is keen to swear his allegiance to Westminster to Essex man's V.D.: 'I've gagged for many things, but never Brentwood Diocese ...'

Thursday 7 November: Hugh Pollock, Steve Wang, Paul Mason and John Field celebrate their birthdays with a raucous sing-a-long at the Dog and Duck, surely one of Rome's smallest Irish pubs. Next year the venue is set for the phone kiosk on the '44' Corridor.

Friday 8 November: Civil War breaks out as the dubious feast of All Saints of Wales is left out of the College calendar. Nobody dares remind our Welsh brethren that it isn't usually celebrated in their homeland either.

Mons. Tony Philpot gives the spiritual conference, with some practical advice of the spirituality of diocesan priests. He encourages us to be contemplatives in the world.

Saturday 9 November: A free weekend. Nigel Bavidge comes from the Diocese of Leeds to offer a weekend on the Rainbows programme, designed to help those who have been bereaved to cope with their loss.

Monday 11 November: The first year begin their well earned rest at Palazzola. The house seems empty without them.

Tuesday 12 November: Just how many are in the first year? Morning Prayer seemed almost optional!

Wednesday 13 November: 'It's balmy, quite balmy!,' announces the Rector over coffee. We're not sure if he's referring to the unseasonably mild weather or his psychic state.

Friday 15 November: Balmy or not, the Rector gives a fine conference on celibacy. Among the handy hints: release your physical energy by going hill-walking. Now we know why he's mountain-bound most Thursdays!

Saturday 16 November: 'Vegetarian food's alright as long as it's got meat with it.' Stephen Wright shows us that he's not as green as he looks.

Sunday 17 November: The first year return, looking all the better for sleep – er, retreat. A Taizé prayer hour takes place in the Church.

Monday 18 November: 0200 – it's balmy no more. Few people manage to sleep through a heavy thunderstorm.

Wednesday 20 November: Spend! Spend! Spend! It's CUCU night as Richard Walker and Chris Higgins host an evening of star contracts and the chance to get skint quick. Over fifty contracts later and we've managed to raise more than 8 million lire!



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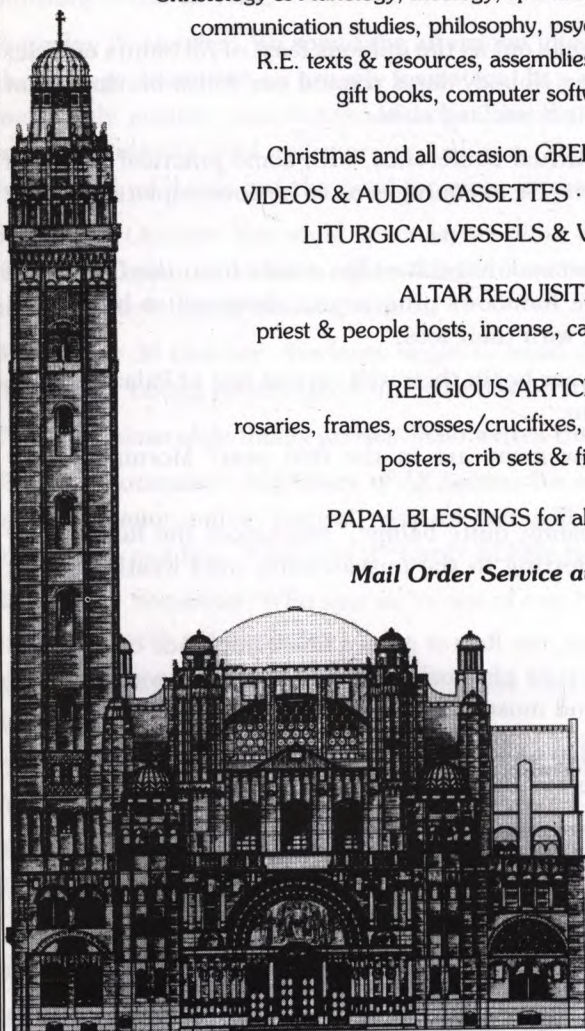
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Sunday 24 November - Solemnity of Christ the King: We have a House Meeting, dominated by the Rector. The MC extols us to avoid luminous socks and trainers when serving; the Common Room team want us to recreate the Villa library in the College; the services team want to know if we should keep the internet facility; and this year's panto is ... Cinderella!

Wednesday 27 November: Mark Hackeson, back in College finishing off his Canon Law licence, presides at Community Mass, preaching one of those 'near as damn it' Martyrs' Day homilies. We welcome the sabbatical priests from Palazzola at the end of their sojourn.

After supper, the panto read-through takes place. Andy Downie, crocodile, is understandably miffed when John Marsland nicks his only line.

Thursday 28 November: The (not so) Little Bishops' Committee arrive to check us out.

Friday 29 November: Bishop Vincent Nichols gives a conference on *The Common Good*. We're getting just like a parish!

Saturday 30 November - Feast of St Andrew: Bishop Brewer presides at Community Mass, and gives us all a lesson in liturgy while he's there.

Holly Cam takes place at the Villa, relegated to this pre-Advent slot by Archbishop Carey, the panto and other such farces.

We begin Advent in a more spiritual manner in the evening with Fr Michael Paul Gallagher, SJ, leading us in Recollection. The arrival of College Christmas cards is purely coincidental.

Sunday 1 December: Deacon Gregory Knowles attempts to read the Gospel from memory – or did he just forget to pick up the book?

Monday 2 December – Solemnity of the College Martyrs: We celebrate the College feast with great solemnity. Fr Rector looks back over the College's history in 50 year chunks to see how its fortunes have changed.

After supper we gather at the Martyrs' Picture to sing the *Te Deum* and to venerate the relic of St Ralph Sherwin. We also add a relic of St Thomas of Canterbury to the reliquary. It had been found in an old altar stone.

Tuesday 3 December: We welcome the Archbishop of Canterbury and his delegation, who are staying in College during their visit to the Holy Father. We begin with a short prayer session in the Church before another sumptuous lunch.

In the afternoon, students from the Beda join us to fire questions at our Anglican friends.

Thursday 5 December: The Pope presides at Vespers in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Church of Santi Andrea e Gregorio, from where St Augustine was sent to evangelise England by Pope St Gregory the Great. Marjorie Coughlan reads beautifully, the acolytes serve, and Hugh Pollock has his finest hour-and three-quarters as deacon. The Schola puts the Sistine Screamers to shame (admittedly not difficult). As for Christian Unity ... we're as far apart as ever!!!

Monday 9 December - Solemnity of the Immaculate Conception: Italy ditched the second Sunday of Advent for this feast, so we are denied a day of from the Greg. We stick to our liturgical guns, however, with an interesting Community Mass in the evening: a four-part reading from the first year and barely a mention of the BVM.

Tuesday 10 December: It being that time of year, many prayer groups head out for their Christmas parties.

Wednesday 11 December: It having been that time of year the night before, Morning Prayer is a bit of a struggle. The Rector and Fr Jim manage to keep things going.

Friday 13 December: We bring our own inimitable English and Welsh style to carols at the Greg.

As if there wasn't enough to do, the first years have an Italian test in the afternoon.

The evening brings our Advent Reconciliation Service. One of those meaningful washing-each-other's-hands jobs.

Saturday 14 December: We pray for Bishop Gerard Moverley of Hallam who died this morning after a long illness. RIP.

The panto dress rehearsal in the afternoon is worryingly smooth running.

The evening sees the battle of the Corridor Christmas Parties. The Monserra fails miserably, consuming a shameful six bottles of beer for the whole corridor. The '44' holds a Mexican theme party, admitting that they need such gimmicks in order to spend a whole evening together. The Common Room goes out for a pizza, confirming rumours that nobody really wants to live there after all. St Joe's is the place to be - as more hardy members of other corridors discover.

Sunday 15 December: We have a new chef, Graziano, who impresses us all with his English. So I'd better say nice things about his cooking in case he reads this.

Monday 16, Tuesday 17, Wednesday 18 December: Cinderella plays to packed audiences. There are so many star performances that it is impossible to single them out. A theatrical triumph for writers and directors Andrews Cole and Stringfellow.

The cast photo takes an unusual twist this year: look, no film!

The Common Room team unveil elaborate proposals for the creation of a Common Room, just to justify their name.

Friday 20 December: *Personale* presents are given out, and carols sung. In the *portineria*, Enzo manages his annual smile

Luigi, the other BIBOS chef, leaves us Christmas greetings and best wishes for '*un anno migliore.*' Part confession, part aspiration?

Community Mass in the evening marks the end or term. Or does it? We enjoy a delicious Christmas cake at supper, a gift from Helen Larkin who was visiting recently. The Rector sports his '*allo me 'andsome* jumper!

Saturday 21 December: 7am Community Mass really does mean the end of term. There's nothing like saying goodbye ...

Sunday 5 January: Blink, and you'll miss it. Fiumicino plays host to fifty sobbing men.

Monday 6 January - Solemnity of the Epiphany: Our now traditional celebration of Epiphany - despite the fact that we've already celebrated it back in our home parishes! The squares are buzzing with excitement - it's a national holiday here. The staff play host to the Salone Party in the evening. We are 'entertained' by a galaxy of stars - John Caherty gargles popular TV theme tunes, Paddy Hough tells a joke with a rude word in it and Jonathan Leach and Richard Walker sing an appropriate version of *Leaving on a Jet Plane*.

Tuesday 7 January: When you feel like you've never been away - we slouch back into routine at 7.15am.

In the couple of months since our last consultation meeting, the document of priestly formation has been completed, been spruced up with a fancy cover and earned the title *Fire to the Earth*. Très Bishops' Conference!

Emiel is an early contender for *Uomo Comunità* 1997 by dishing out Cadbury's chocolate and finding out opening times for an indoor swimming pool.

Wednesday 8 January: The deacons-to-be-pre-retreat-recollection (whatever that means) begins at Palazzola. Never have five grown men looked so frightened.

Friday 10 January: A bit of excitement ... Mons. Tony Philpot (of Jesus Caritas and 8 November fame) is announced as the new Director of Palazzola, to replace Tony Grimshaw who is returning to Salford after 10 years at the Villa.

Monday 13 January: We have a Common Room! For a six week experimental period it has been transformed into a real leisure space, complete with 'Comfort Zone', bar and 'Pseudo-Snug'. Steve Wang wanders around like a proud landlord, polishing pot plants and hanging paintings! What's more, people are even using it!

Wednesday 15 January: The old job of fireman is reinstated - but with a new remit: to make fires rather than protect against them! Joe Silver takes up his poker in the Common Room.

Friday 17 January: Sean Sammon, a Marist brother, introduces us to the Sexuality and Celibate Chastity weekend which is to take place in May, mainly to reassure us that the 'sharing' is purely on our own terms!

Sunday 19 January: We celebrate 125 years of priesthood - John Marsland is joined by the class of '72: Mons. Philip Holroyd, Mons. Philip Carroll, Fr Michael Healey and Fr John Murphy, for a silver jubilee bash. John is suitably rewarded with a new guitar from the staff (And guess what? He had a song prepared!) and a CD player from the students. *Ad multos annos!*

Wednesday 22 January: Philip Holroyd presides at our Mass for Christian Unity and gently reminds us that it is worth taking the risk of praying that we may be one.

A burst water pipe in the cellar leaves the College heating system wanting. This won't help the killer 'flu currently sweeping the VEC.

Friday 24 January: Examtide begins. Rome Samaritans do a roaring trade.

Monday 27 January: The first year experience their first taste of Greg exams with a logic paper. Somewhat illogically, some of them like it so much that they want to do it again ...

Tuesday 28 January: Theology tutor, Martin Stempczyk, initiates a review of oral exams which emotionally scarred students are invited to complete. The Fisichella section is bursting at the seams. 'Fizzy was in a bad mood right from the start,' reads one entry. Ah, some things never change!

Friday 31 January: 'NO DOT USE. PLEASE.' Workmen in to try and rectify the 'wotnowater' phenomenon in St Joe's showers show their grasp of the subtle intricacies of the English language.

Saturday 1 February: Jim Whiston, troubleshooter to ICI and the Catholic Church, lands for a day to try and sort out the staff. We wish him luck ...

Ged Byrne shows one of the world's worst videos in the evening. People actually leave to revise!

Sunday 2 February: We process to the church bearing candles for a gentle celebration of the Feast of the Presentation of the Lord.

Thursday 6 February: Derram Attfield learns the hard way that you don't play Fr Pangallo at his own game.

Wednesday 12 February - Ash Wednesday: The general consensus is that Lent has come far too early.

Friday 14 February: By now everyone's done with exams and it's time for a couple of days off. Up in Assisi half the College experience that 'getting away from it' feeling.

Monday 17 February: If Lent hasn't come too quickly then the second semester certainly has. Back to the old routine. Just to start us off on the right footing the boiler floods.

Jonathan Leach is elected the new Senior Student ...

Tuesday 18 February: ... and Paul Mason is the Deputy. The Rector enjoys his happiest day of the year – handing out House jobs! There are some shocked looks as people learn their fate for the next twelve months.

Wednesday 19 February: Jo Barnacle, Chair of the Friends of the Venerable, is staying with us and sets to work on chasuble repairs!

The librarians (old team) discuss great periodicals they have catalogued on their meal out. Fr Jim Sullivan is taken into hospital. We offer prayers for his swift return to us.

Friday 21 February: Hugh Pollock ceremoniously hands over the shoebox, ensign of office, to Jonathan Leach. And so all the House jobs change. Here's to a couple of weeks of chaos!

Magnum Silentium is put on hold as a goodly number head up to St Mary Major's for Easter. The BBC is recording *Songs of Praise*, and we're part of the choir!

Saturday 22 February: If we never sing *The Day of Resurrection* again it won't be too soon. Sr Amadeus gets the best seat of the house, next to presenter, Pam Rhodes.

David Potter, new Head of the new Common Room, quips that his first task will be 'to remove all the clutter that's in there' - we think he's joking!

Sunday 23 February: Old friend Mark Butlin, OSB, is in town.

The Friends are to kindly pay for the creation of a new gym in the basement. It'll be enough exercise just getting there.

Monday 24 February: Work begins on the Lent Play - Woody Allen's *Death* - a comedy! Dominic Allain directs.

Meanwhile, 'death' of another description: Greg results are out.

Tuesday 25 February: Lights, camera, action! The Beeb films Evening Prayer and supper for *Songs of Praise*. This'll make great television ... You can tell it's a special occasion-even the Vice-Rector has brushed his hair.

Thursday 27 February: A skiing gita heads to Campo Felice. Miraculously they are all still in one piece by the evening.

Friday 28 February: We celebrate tomorrow's St David's Day with a 'semi-festal' meal, which stretched to a bunch of daffs on the centre table and one potato per table.

Our usual Lenten practice of Friday night Compline ends in near hysteria following the choirmaster's vain attempts to keep it all together.

Saturday 1 March - Feast of St David: A free weekend ... play rehearsals go on.

Thursday 6 March: The VEC are victorious over the Scots (5-4), despite the fact that the Scots managed to find some players who could still see their feet.

Friday 7 March: The dress rehearsal is almost abandoned after the sight of Chris Higgins' knees threatens to reduce the whole thing to a farce.

Saturday 8 March: It's the *Festa della Donna* - mimosa is duly presented to the ladies in the kitchen. Fr Jim Sullivan returns to us.

Choirmaster Chris Thomas takes choir practice into the 21st century with a walkie-talkie to communicate the organist. Assistant Steve Wang ruins the image by getting out his recorder.

The Lent Play is a roaring success. The audience are in hoots, with Paul Keane's marvellous performance as Kleinmann. John Caherty is stupendous as Gina the prostitute.

Sunday 9 March - Laetare Sunday: In the absence of pink vestments, Philip Caldwell invites us to look at Lent through rose-coloured spectacles.

DSS Paul Mason re-introduces the Ref Suggestions book, finally finding a use for his pastoral diary!

Monday 10 March: Is it really too much to expect Kellogg's cornflakes at breakfast? The current floor-scraping alternatives are not considered to be a good move.

Wednesday 12 March: Deacon Gregory Knowles gives a simply complex homily at Mass. The candidates-to-be head up to Palazzola for their 'get serious' retreat.

Friends of The Venerable

(English College Rome)

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.

MEMBERSHIP

is invited from:

- Past and present members of the College and their families.
- Participants in pilgrimages and visits to the College and Palazzola.
- All those who wish to be associated spiritually and culturally with the College.

ACTIVITIES

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

SUBSCRIPTION

- The minimum annual subscription is £10. Family Membership £15.
- Friends are asked to contribute an annual sum, to include their subscription, by a Deed of Covenant so that tax can be recovered.
- Friends are invited to consider legacies and other donations as ways to benefit the College.

For information please contact:

**Mr. John H. Broun, Secretary, Friends of the Venerable,
Bank House, 20 St. Edward Street, Leek, ST13 5DS, Staffordshire**

Friday 14 March: Undeterred by recent events, the choirmasters manage to sing everything at Compline tonight. Mind you, it's not so difficult when you only use one note.

Martin Stempczyk gives a spiritual conference which includes handy hints on how to survive seminary. What might be even more useful would be how to survive seminary and to avoid coming back as a member of staff.

Saturday 15 March: O'Connors pub heralds the arrival of Caffreys ale in Italy with free drinks all round. They'll be selling hotpot next!

Sunday 16 March: The priests are resplendent in purple chasubles, kindly paid for by the Friends.

Gregory Knowles, Derram Attfield and Emiel Abalahin are amongst the entertainers in a DBL concert held in the Common Room.

Monday 17 March: St Patrick's night is celebrated in style, but *not* at the Irish College.

Tuesday 18 March: The infirmarians are on overtime as a mystery virus seems to sweep the College.

Wednesday 19 March - Solemnity of St Joseph: A new rowing machine arrives for the gym. Rumours that the Via di Monserrato is to be flooded are grossly exaggerated – apparently it works on dry land.

Thursday 20 March: Is Egon Ronay in town? Mark Brentnall wins *Unusual Interpretation of Lent* award with a nine course banquet for his prayer group. Whether the prayer element lives up to the entertainment remains a secret.

Friday 21 March: Is gluttony high on the list of confessions? We celebrate the Lord's forgiveness with our Lenten Reconciliation Service.

Saturday 22 March: Then it's the children's turn. Twelve of them celebrate the Sacrament of Reconciliation for the first time today. They've been helped by the skillful guidance of catechists Chris Bergin and Tom Saunders.

We then head up to Palazzola for our celebration of Palm Sunday and the Holy Week recollection.

Sunday 23 March - Palm Sunday: Drums, maracas and tambourines accompany the procession with palms in an attempt to get us all to sing in time.

Monday 24 March: Fr Richard Copsey imparts his Carmelite wisdom to us. The church at Palazzola is almost too cold to pray in!

Wednesday 26 March: We're back in Rome. The College takes on an air of normality as guests begin to arrive.

Thursday 27 March - Holy Thursday: Martin Stempczyk presides at the Mass of the Lord's Supper. We present the collection from our Lenten Alms box, to be sent to CAFOD.

Indulgences abound as all and sundry head off for the usual visits to Rome's many altars of repose.

Friday 28 March - Good Friday: John's Passion is sung with great beauty and dignity by deacons Gregory Knowles and Tom Creagh-Fuller and Fr Charles Scicluna from next door.

At the Colosseum, Paul Moores is the English voice for the Stations of the Cross, this year adapted from the Armenian rite.

Saturday 29 March - Holy Saturday: We celebrate the Mother of All Vigils with great joy and solemnity, the collective efforts of choirmasters, schola master, sacristans, the MC, flower arrangers and almost every member of the community leading us to proclaim the Risen Lord. Niki Ciorba is received into the full communion of the Catholic Church.

Sunday 30 March - Easter Sunday: It is generally agreed that, Resurrection or not, this wasn't the best weekend for the clocks to go forward. Bleary eyed, but in good voice, the Schola sings at Mass in St Peter's Square.

We feast at lunch. Then it's gita time ... !

Wednesday 9 April: Fr Jim announces that he is going to be returning to Leeds next month, after twenty-one years in the College.

Saturday 12 April: It's a close match: the VEC are robbed with a 2-2 draw against the French College.

Sunday 13 April: Adam Domanski celebrates his first Sunday Community Mass. His English puts everyone else to shame! He encourages us all to 'call a spade a spade' when owning up to our sins!

Refectorial innovation of the Indian variety in the evening. As Sr Amadeus put it: 'I don't like curry and I never drink beer, but *excellent* idea!'

Monday 14 April: Adrian Tomlinson shows his true colours with a new 'I went to the Angelicum and all I got was this lousy sweatshirt' number.

Wednesday 16 April: It's retreat time for the acolytes-to-be, off to Palazzola, and for the second philosophers, who head off for an existential time with the Rector.

Thursday 17 April - 2350 hours: A rude awakening ... the over-zealous smoke alarm in the Second Library goes off and a bleary-eyed community assembles in Piazza Farnese. All except Frs Vice and Theology ...

Sicilian priest Carmelo shows martyr-like qualities, saying, 'I would rather die than go outside in my dressing gown!'

Friday 18 April: We offer our prayers and best wishes to John Connelly as he heads for home. It's *The John Marsland Show* in the evening – a special chat show-style spiritual conference.

Tuesday 22 April: The *ad limina* visit is off, sparking rumours of episcopal appointment announcements.

Wednesday 23 April: Stephen Dingley manages to get a homily out of St George, even though he admits to knowing hardly anything about him.

Friday 25 April - Feast of St Catherine of Siena, Patron of Italy: The Greg, not being in any sense liberated, fails to mark Liberation Day.

Sr Amadeus offers an informative spiritual conference on St Catherine.

Monday 28 April: We wave *Auf Wiedersehen* to Carmelo, who is off to Germany to do some study.

Wednesday 30 April: Election fever hots up as Paul Mason holds a mock poll. Do all Bridgettine servers vote Conservative, he wonders? Are inclusive language supporters wet Liberals? We wait with anticipation ...

The BBC television service is finally reinstated in the Blue Room, just in time for election night ... !

Thursday 1 May - St Joseph the Worker: The College swings to the sound of jazz and the clink of cocktails – in suitable parliamentary colours! Swings of another sort as the BBC's swingometer shows Britain turning red, a result mirrored in the VEC poll, despite suspected support for the Monster Raving Loonies....

Friday 2 May: 'You did not choose me, no I chose you' – the Gospel seems the perfect choice for a post-poll Mass.

In the afternoon we head off to Frascati and the concrete monstrosity that is the Centro Giovanni XXIII, for a weekend workshop on Sexuality and Celibate Chastity with our brothers from the Scots College, led by Sean Sammon and Dermot Power.

Saturday 3 May: At the somewhat sparse breakfast it is generally agreed that we couldn't face a morning of sex on an empty stomach, so Chris Thomas makes a mercy dash into town for *cornetti*.

Sunday 4 May: The workshop draws to a close with Mass in the aesthetically -challenging chapel. For the Scots students it must be like home from home!

Thursday 8 May - Dove andiamo?: It's College Gita day! Grey clouds notwithstanding we head north to Ceri, a beautiful little hill top village for Mass at the Sanctuary of the Madonna of Ceri. Then north again ... to Monte Argentario and, mercifully, blue skies! Never has the SS looked so relieved. We set up on the beach for lunch, games and singing, and a mad few even dared it into the (freezing) sea! Top gita!

Saturday 10 May: It's consultation meeting time again, on the subject of communication. What are our strengths? How can we improve on them? Nobody's telling ... The Rector promises that the staff will sift through our suggestions and discard most of them. See, we *are* making progress.

John Field returns to Poole with our thoughts and prayers.

Sunday 11 May - Solemnity of the Ascension: The annual battle of the MC *versus* Video Men seems remarkably calm as twelve children make their first Holy Communion at Mass today.

Monday 12 May: The latest edition of *La Gregoriana* magazine includes an article on the VEC, a fictitious piece of writing including such rash statements as 'all students attend lectures in philosophy and theology at the Gregorian ...' Nice idea.

The ground-breaking deacons-to-be break new ground by making their Profession of Faith in Italian this year.

Tuesday 13 May: Overheard discussing the age of the staff, Jonathan How remarks, 'I wouldn't like to date Amadeus.'

Scaffolding appears in the Martyrs' Chapel – are they going to whitewash it?

Wednesday 14 May: We bid farewell to Fr Jim at a Mass and supper of thanksgiving, at which we are joined by some of his friends and acquaintances from the city. In a moving speech, Jim pays tribute to the spirit of the College and the strength of the prayer that is offered for him. The staff present Jim with a regular consignment of table wine and a subscription to *Time* magazine. A huge picture of the *Campo dei Fiori* and a trendy new dressing gown are gifts from the students.

The lecturers-to-be head off on retreat.

Friday 16 May: One of those 'pull your socks up' notices from the Rector, in which he reminds us that this is a seminary and not a holiday camp. That puts the dampers on tomorrow's nobbly knees competition.

Fr Dennis O'Brien from San Silvestro parish gives a spiritual conference, describing his years of parish experience. His advice is simple: give time for the people.

Sunday 18 May - Solemnity of Pentecost: Bishop Michael Fitzgerald confirms four of our young 'parishioners' at Mass today. Paddy Hough reveals hidden tambourine playing talents! Buoyed up by the Spirit, your diarist lays down his pen ...

Reflections

Why do you love my pale reflections
at playing the creator
More than your own
Why are you so
Captivated
by my calamity of form and cataracted vision
When all is your gratuitous Grace
What is it that suspends your eager ear
Your eclectic eye and enticing Love
for me
whom You have made
When I can but only dabble in giftedness
giving back only
what has been grafted onto me
I can return nothing except what You give
yet Your greatest gift
is my giving all
back to You

25 January 1997

Gerard Fieldhouse Byrne

The Keeper

The ample snare that caught my heel
In the very thick of sinning
Tightens.
All the momentum of that start
From one whose gaze
I thought had ceased to watch
The ruined coppice of the heart
Pulls tight
The steel of guilt
As every thrash and throe
Maims the cried-for freedom
Till through the fainting woods
The Keeper comes with quickened breath
And stoops and whispers,
Still now poor beloved one!
And turn your head away.
What grace of touch is this
On torn and spasmed flesh
That slips the gory knot?
Now run, he says,
I come after you again
In all the world.
With perfume of his hands
Upon my limbs made whole
I flee
And at the wood's end
Seem to see him shine
And call me on
And hear a cry behind
Of triumph
As he loops
The snare around his neck.

Dominic Allain

This then is Love?

*Love believes all things, hopes all things,
endures all things.*

This then is Love?

Jealous watch on the space between us

As you would have it so,

Paying out friendship inch by inch,

Knowing you are there by tension

And the chaffed hands that show

I bear you still

I do not let go.

This then is Love?

Hearing my words echo in your silence

And trusting it so –

Not filling with the ego's noisy cult

The place for prayers for your peace.

This then is Love?

To let heart's mercury measure your pain

And hide its column from your sight

Not to narrow the uncertain light

In your dear eyes.

This then is Love?

Sharp secret hugged to myself;

Ointment spilt for healing's sake;

Race with you for losing's sake;

Kiss which betrays myself.

Dominic Allain

At the Museum of the French Resistance, Mont Mouchet

To Pierre Mallet, 15, shot in reprisal by German Troops, June 1944

Et son Jeune fils: the words ambush me;
A monochrome photo of a wide-eyed face –
Le Docteur Mallet et son jeune fils.
I had to search to find your name,
Still you were the Doctor's son,
Yours the template of a life,
Its edges keen and sharp-defined by parents' hope
And a gentle pride in your un-future.
You came of age, received your prize
In the shouting, fierce, all-knowing instant that you died.
Brute report, obscene burst of flame
Exposing on the silver heart
The truth and love as yet untried.

Son jeune fils.

And the father weeps
And no angel stays the killing hand
And the screams of Herod's soldiers rend
The village in the mountains
Where now the crosses stand
To mark the immolation of your youth –
Eyes half-acquainted with the glare of time,
Heart of haze of dreams in the eternal hills,
Whispered secret breathed in stirring pines,
Warmth which let the spirit ride and swirl
Above the plain;
Prism of Truth
Through which the hatred of the world
Vanquished shines.

Dominic Allain

Men's Health

The year of 1997 may well be remembered as the 'year of sport' at the Venerable English College. One of the 'future commitments' for human formation in the College mentioned in the 1996 document *Fire to the Earth* was 'sports and recreational facilities.' This had come after discussions in the past, and this year's first year helped to bring things to a head. We needed a gym, and with a limited amount of facilities at an affordable price – and the bad roads and pollution in Rome – the College needed somewhere on site for health and fitness.

The first step came through a donation to the College of £2000 for equipment. The gym in previous years had consisted of a few weights and a squeaky cycling machine in the garage. People were beginning to look at other options and what began as 'pie in the sky' finished up as a 'hole in the ground' – the cellars.

In February, I was given the brand new House job of 'Sports Man'; my mission was to do boldly what no English College student had done before - to encourage sports and fitness. Now I know what you're probably thinking; you've seen fit young men arriving and 'fat pasta babies' leaving since St Ralph Sherwin's days. I'm not one for breaking with College traditions, but this one had to go!

I submitted three plans for the new gym to be built in the College cellars: the 'Minimum Plan', which consisted of a new floor and lighting; the 'Maximum Plan' – all the above, with improved walls and heating; and the 'Mega-Max Plan' – all the above plus air conditioning, improved access through an old staircase that was blocked off at the time near the kitchen, together with improvements in the adjoining room. Joe Coughlan, the College administrator, asked for and received a quote, and faxed it to the Friends of the Venerable, whose Chairperson, Jo Barnacle, had fortunately been out in Rome the week before. I was able to show her the possibility of transforming the cellars into a gymnasium and recreation area. The Friends agreed to fund the project, and so the 'Mega-Max Plan' went ahead.

As I write, the gym is nearing completion and will be fully operational with a new rowing machine, running machine, cycling machine and weights. We also received more money, from the Knights of St Columba, the Simpson Foundation and Mons. Anthony Stark. Through the work of Cheryl Puckel, a new and very valuable friend to the College, we have received both money and equipment. I have been greatly impressed by the hard work of people outside the College who have a genuine concern for our welfare; they have all been a great inspiration to the students.

The football team has been unbeaten this year. The greatest success came against our old rivals, the Scots College. The game was played with a lot of energy and passion. Many Scots resorted to the use of dialect which we could not understand.

The ever-disciplined English were not intimidated by this and went on to win 5-4. The new students have given us a good squad to choose from and their enthusiasm has been an example. All have played consistently well and their level of fitness and commitment to games has been superb, helping to bring this seasons victories. Next season, we will probably be playing in an Oldham Athletic kit thanks to a gift from them; I only hope we don't go the same way!! I thank John Slevin, one of the club directors, for getting the kit for us.

The outstanding player of the season has been John Paul Leonard - team veteran and captain. He has constantly proved that age and legs like a rubber band are no barrier to football. Not only has he scored and created goals this year, but he has tried to keep alive the attitudes of a dying era, that 'fair play' and 'having a bit of fun' are terms for North American students. In those words, there echo names from the past: Mark 'I didn't mean it!' Harold, Ant 'I was going for the ball!' Towey, Joseph 'Kick him!' Jordan, Andrew 'Sorry, old boy!' Headon, and many more. John Paul leaves us this year to return to Middlesbrough, whose club may well need him.

Interest in other sports has grown. Squash is now available thanks to the Christian Brothers, tennis, swimming and five-a-side football thanks to the Beda College, and skiing at Campo-Felice, greatly encouraged by Paul Mason and the Vice-Rector, who have been competing for the 'Who Can Wear the Most Ridiculous Outfit' prize! One memorable day saw Fr Tony Grimshaw of Palazzola hit the slopes, whilst providing much welcome transport in the '*Piu grande minibus del mondo*'. Hill walking has had a good year, much to Father Rector's approval, who has greatly enjoyed taking trips up to the Abruzzi.

Sport is definitely 'on the up' in the College; more people than ever are now using the existing gym in the garage which was painted and improved for this academic year. Students seem more concerned about health in general and are taking exercise regularly - for some running a few miles, for others giving up the lift. Could 'pasta babies' be a thing of the past? Who knows, but one thing is for certain - we're all still trying to run the good race.

Andrew Stringfellow

Interlude ...

A Page of Mathematics shows the Beauty of God

Consider water flowing into a tank at a rate of $q_i(t)$ m^3/s and a nozzle allowing water to leave at a rate of $q_o(t)$ m^3/s . The tank has a constant cross sectional area $A\text{m}^2$ and the liquid level in the tank varies $h(t)$ m. It can be shown that the liquid level will vary according to the change of flow into the tank described by the following:

Mass balance:
$$q_i(t) = q_o(t) + \frac{dV(t)}{dt}$$

$$\frac{dV(t)}{dt} = A \frac{dh(t)}{dt}$$

$$q_o(t) = k h^n(t)$$

Linearising:

$$\frac{\partial q_o}{\partial h} = k n h^{n-1} = \frac{n\bar{q}_o}{\bar{h}}$$

where \bar{q}_o , \bar{h} are the normal conditions hence:

$$q_o(t) = \frac{n\bar{q}_o}{\bar{h}} h(t)$$

Substituting:

$$q_i(t) = \frac{n\bar{q}_o}{\bar{h}} h(t) + A \frac{dh(t)}{dt}$$

Transforming into the s-domain:

$$q_i(s) = \frac{n\bar{q}_o}{\bar{h}} h(s) + A s h(s)$$

$$\frac{h(s)}{q_i(s)} = \frac{1}{\frac{n\bar{q}_o}{\bar{h}} + A s}$$

Which can be written as:

$$\frac{h(s)}{q_i(s)} = \frac{K}{\tau s + 1}$$

where:

$$K = \frac{\bar{h}}{n\bar{q}_o}$$

$$\tau = \frac{A\bar{h}}{n\bar{q}_o}$$

Christopher Thomas

Leavers' Notes

Mark Brentnall

Although Mark has never trodden the boards in the Common Room during a pantomime or Lent play, an eye for detail and an appreciation of the aesthetic have been talents generously employed off-stage, in many College productions. His record both as a producer (*Servant of Two Masters; Peter Pan; A Christmas Carol; Cinderella; Death*) and as a director (*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead; A Man for All Seasons*) is eloquent testimony to his eagerness and abilities in things dramatic.

Dramatic also has been the range and number of meals which Mark has conjured up for CUCU contracts, prayer groups and the First Year Party. Regardless of whether it be Indian curry or French cuisine that pleases their palate, many a lover of good wholesome food will miss Mark's presence in the student kitchen.

The student kitchen was also Mark's domain as Head of Common Room and keeping it well supplied with bread and milk was as easy to him as falling off a log. This might be because it was as gardener that Mark excelled most in all of his House jobs. He was the first to be appointed gardener when it became an official House job in 1993, and began a transformation of the garden which he continued this year with the construction of a gazebo, or is it a pergola? It depends on your *Point de Vue* (of which Mark was an avid reader) or your gardening philosophy.

Philosophy was the subject Mark turned to for his licence studies and his tesina treats of the concept of wholeness in the philosophy of Hans Urs von Balthasar. Fitting really, as Mark's time in the College has been characterised by an enjoyment of all facets of community life. Mark's kindness, generosity and friendship have been enjoyed by many people in the College, and the Diocese of Nottingham will be enriched by his return. We wish him well.

Gerard Fieldhouse Byrne

When Ged arrived in Rome on 23 September 1992, I wonder if he knew just how much of a difference he would make to the life of the College.

After his schooling at Upholland, Ged was more than comfortable with life in seminary; he soon settled into the College and, before long, he had his empire-building scheme well under way.

PROJECT ONE – *Maison de Couture Monsieur Byrne*.

Ms Westwood eat your heart out! Any one of Ged's panto creations would have been a wow on the catwalks in Milan, while his hand-made chasubles (every stitch an 'Ave') have turned many a stomach/head (delete as appropriate) up and down the country. The label of 'Fieldhouse Byrne' isn't well known at the moment, but I can guarantee it will be a name of the future.



PROJECT TWO – *The Garden.*

Babylon this is not, but Ged's attempts at making the VEC garden the eighth wonder of the world nearly gained him a mention in *House & Garden* (May issue '94).

The whole garden was a burst of colour – the fact that it was only one colour, i.e., purple, shall be overlooked at this point.

As College gardener, Ged showed so much love and patience, not only to the plants but also to the darling children who would happily skip through his bedding plants every Sunday after Community Mass; some Sundays, Ged would be as purple as his beds!

PROJECT THREE – *The Sacristy.*

As Head Sacristan Ged achieved his *magnum opus* – the refurbishment

of the sacristy. New cupboards, new lighting, new icons – the sacristy is a marvel beyond all telling.

There is also the added bonus of the extra space which the refurbishment has brought about; the MC has more than enough room to swing an acolyte. Ged's colour schemes have come on a long way since his gardening days and the planned purple has been replaced with a more sedate 'dusty-pink'.

PROJECT FOUR – *Friendship.*

This is the project to which Ged has given all of his energy throughout his five years in College. His generosity of heart motivates him to do anything for anybody.

As he leaves Rome for America to start his doctorate in clinical psychology, one cannot help feeling a little sad at his departure. However, there are enough reminders of Ged around the place to keep him in our thoughts and prayers.

The College has benefited greatly from having Ged here as a student, and many students have benefited from having Ged as a friend.

Stephen Dingley

He came as a doctor and leaves as a prospective Father. Six years have brought him from the study of galaxies in a garret shrouded in the fog of the Fens through the sun-smogged seasons of Rome to this new birth among the rosy-cheeked (and rosy-nosed) faces of the rural dwellers of the Sussex and Surrey uplands. I do not know when this path to the Downs was first conceived, or how it was nurtured in its early days – even for the traveller this often is difficult to explain. But as the gestation period has intensified, the incubator has been the English College, where Stephen, setting aside dreams of academia, has plunged himself into the life of this ancient greenhouse.

While burrowing into the roots of the faith that called him and us, he has softened the search with the gentle sound of that ancient organ that still manages to respond to the delicate touch of a master. And enthusiastically has encouraged others to sing in his role as Choirmaster and Schola master, tasks that receive little thanks, but if they are not performed well the criticism is fierce. In his first days six years ago, we heard the call from the Congregation for Catholic Education to publish our work, and so Stephen is one of the few that has responded to that call and seen his name at the foot of articles on matters of the faith.

Gazing down on the pool yesterday, I saw an aquatic figure darting from one end to the other like a tadpole in a jar ... this was the man who came unable to swim six years ago, one more mark of his determination to do all things well and to put those talents at the service of others. A *Mona - Lisa* like portrait of Bishop Murphy-O'Connor looks down on me as I write this, I can see a true smile of pleasure breaking out already.

Tony Grimshaw

Tony Grimshaw's epitaph as he leaves Palazzola could well be that of Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral: *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. He has done so much in the past nine years to improve Palazzola as a centre for pilgrimage groups, conferences, retreats and sabbaticals; as a place where a wonderful variety of people find rest, solace and prayer. He bequeaths to his successor a Villa whose plant and facilities have improved almost beyond recognition during his tenure. Tony has been in the forefront of the vision and flair and hard work it has required to raise funds and raise standards of comfort and beauty. To my mind, his most lasting legacy must be the magnificent restoration of the 13th century Church of Our Lady of the Snows and the *Agnus Dei* altar consecrated by the late Bishop Restieaux in 1994. Mention must go also to the '*Tiramisu*', the lift. Installed in 1995, Tony blessed it in a splendid ceremony, reading the account from Acts of the Ethiopian eunuch in his chariot and then wielding a brisk hyssop. There followed the maiden ascent with Tony and the Sisters on board, after which the *Tiramisu* promptly had a *fuori servizio* sign attached to it. (Presumably even the Ethiopian Eunuch must have had a few teething troubles with his chariot!) However, it is left to Tony himself in another article in this issue to provide a detailed account of the work that has been carried out on the Villa during his

time. My task is the happy one of trying to sum up something of the spirit and genius of Palazzola's second director/chaplain.

Tony's surname might conjure up images of a Dickensian figure, rather stern and northern. There's half truth in the idea. He is a man of strong opinions and he has a huge character. Nature was equally prodigious, however, when it came to giving him a heart of pure gold. Straight-talking he certainly is. He is willing to call a spade a spade, and equally willing to pick one up and use it. Tony Grimshaw came into the world, I am convinced, with his sleeves rolled up. Hard work is his forte. His boundless energy would shame many a man thirty years his junior. He will set a pace any curate would be hard pushed to beat. But he is no workaholic and no martyr. His energy is matched with tireless enthusiasm and joy in his work. Moreover, you will often hear him extolling the necessity of a proper day off for every priest; he was one of the leading supporters of the move to allow College students an overnight stay at Palazzola for their day off. The welcome that he and the Sisters of Mercy provide on a Thursday, their selfless hospitality and care for the students' relaxation and recreation is balm to the spirit.

As Director of Palazzola, Tony's working day has encompassed a range of disparate tasks. A self-professed love of gadgets (that might have taken him to be an electrical engineer had he not heard the Lord calling him to the priesthood) has served him well in this job. Everything from the central heating to the pool filter is kept nicely ticking over by dint of ongoing checking and sleeves-rolled-up intervention where necessary. It is Tony who would get out of bed at five on a winter's morning if the thermostat cut out or the pilot failed. His work with pilgrim groups bears a certain analogy to his maintenance work. Every group was

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given one hundred percent attention, painstaking effort and total enthusiasm. What kept the pilgrimages nicely oiled and smoothly running was Tony's love for Palazzola, for the College, for Rome and the Holy Father. Sometimes there were definitive interventions, sleeves metaphorically and spiritually rolled-up, which reconciled people long lapsed, or brought healing to the bereaved and lost. Somewhere on a wall in Heaven, I hope there's a special gadget recording these. Here the effect of Tony's spiritual repair jobs remains impossible to measure.

Tony's love for the Mass and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament have a naturalness and innate reverence which we younger aspirants to the priesthood would do well to cultivate. The notice board at Palazzola always advertises Mass as 'Community Mass', and to spend any time there is to realise that it is their prayer together as a community which is the true heart of Palazzola. Tony has served his community well in this respect, finding another reserve of effort for the daily Mass, always with its *homilino*, the Office and daily Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. He is faithful to his won self-proclaimed liturgical principle of bringing from the storehouse treasures both old and new. He will have you singing 'He is Lord' and 'Salve Regina' after supper in almost the same breath, without any hint of an agenda other than that of worshipping with all your heart and strength. The sureness of his pastoral touch is demonstrated in his famous Mass in five languages with which he unites the diverse quasi-parish community to whom he ministers on a Sunday. Gifted with a fine voice, he is of the same mind as St Augustine that he who sings prays twice – not to mention twice as loudly!

Tony clearly loves being a priest. One gets the impression that whilst others of his generation – ordained in the opening years of the Vatican Council – spoke of a certain crisis in the priesthood, Tony has always been too busy and involved to bother with anything so theoretical. Before arriving at Palazzola in 1988 he was first on the staff of St Bede's, Manchester, then on the missions in Kenya, then a parish priest in Longridge, Lancashire. His love for the priesthood has allowed him to minister to other priests, those in difficulty, or those in need of rest, like the participants in his autumn sabbatical programme. For nigh on a month, Tony would run the programme of talks and excursions, and act as driver and guide for trips to places like Assisi and Monte Cassino.

Tony has an abiding affection for everything to do with the College – its martyrs, its traditions, its liturgy, and of course, its cocktails. He has a wonderfully Catholic sense of the importance of celebrating feast days and anniversaries, and a gospel sense of whom to invite when you give a party. Tony welcomes with generosity life's waifs and strays. He is a defender of underdogs and those whom others would dismiss as too boring, too inept or too outlandish to entertain.

For those of us who have known the Grimshaw years, it is hard to imagine Palazzola without him. His memory will surely live on there in numerous recollections and impersonations of his more choice *bon mots*, and the many debts of affection that friendship accumulates on its tab. At the time of writing the Diocese of Salford is without a Bishop and Tony is without an appointment (an irony which appears entirely lost on the Vatican!). I imagine that such a limbo is hard for him – he will want to be planning, enthusing, becoming involved in his new task. Instead his horizon is a farewell. Still, many a Palazzola sunset has heralded a glorious day and I hope the Lord's Providence is preparing such a one

for Tony in Salford. And to that end, to paraphrase Mabel, an old friend of Tony's, if such poor love as ours can help thee find true peace of mind, why take it, it is thine.

Gregory Knowles

Thank you for the music, for all your singing.
Thanks for all your violining.
'Can we live without it?' we ask in all honesty,
dear Gregory, after six years in the old VEC.
So we say, thank you for the music,
for giving it to me.

But, if we may say, enough of ABBA, as we have Gregory to thank for the sight of Paul Fox, in skirt and blouse, singing 'Stand by Your Man', Sr Amadeus musically unleashed at the Easter Vigil with a bell, and John Caherty, shoes on, singing 'Puppet on a String'. From pantomime to liturgy to DBL concerts and beyond, music and the involvement of people in the community are things Gregory has wholeheartedly been engaged in in his time here.

Whether wending his ways through the Byzantine corridors of Greg bureaucracy for others, or helping the sisters at the Villa through the 'trials' of the *Villeggiatura* he has generously given his time to making the life of others in the College go smoothly. His eagerness to include people from all sides of College life extended to his editorship of *The Venerabile* and particularly to his choirmastering, when all students were encouraged to take part in the liturgy, whatever their previous experience.

After six years the '44' corridor will miss the sounds of Agnetha Fältskog ringing down its narrow, dark walls as it bids farewell to its oldest member. We all wish Gregory well as he returns to his Diocese of Leeds.

John Paul Leonard

When Northern Man steps out of his Catholic ghetto and crosses the Watford Gap he is bound to feel some sort of unease, especially when he has to live with the archetypal Southern convert burdened with Faith Story, hollow sophistication and no interest in sport.

JP has coped and adapted. He did fly home this May to see Middlesbrough lose the FA Cup final, but it was more detached curiosity than fanaticism. And though his eloquent preaching has its roots in a natural wit and perceptiveness, it has been nourished by seven years in Rome and the discovery of European art-house cinema. Life may be a sporting metaphor. It will now also be the man in the wicker basket shop on the Greg route, so famously presented as an example of hidden sanctity, captured and ennobled by JP's generous imagination.

John Paul has a presence and authority about him: partly because he is principled and consistent; partly because he has an intuitive sense of each situation and an almost reckless spontaneity. College football, especially the captaincy, brought out all the control and all the passion. He has fostered a distinctive priestly identity, high and heroic, vulnerable and with a hint of worldliness disguised as

relevance. His pre-seminary role model was Pat O'Brien in the film *Angels with Dirty Faces*, a tough old-style priest with a mission to the gang-land underworld. JP stepped into clericals singing about the 'Hard Love' of his favourite song by June Tabor, and bought a pair of Adidas Sambas to give this love a contemporary edge. His acceptance speech as Deputy Senior Student ended with the line, 'I will be your DSS, and you will be my people'. He tempered this authority with humour, discretion, dedication, concern for the *personale*, and an exemplary desire to foster high ideals in seminary life.

The heroism gave him enough courage to overcome his shyness and step onto the stage: PC Plod; the Ghost of Jacob Marley; Frank Sinatra singing *New York, New York* on the Nuns' Gita coach. It also lifted him beyond the abyss of that terrifying Drink Before Lunch to which no-one came. He is not a natural linguist and had to fight with the Italian. Eventually he became one of the VEC's greatest ambassadors to the other Roman colleges. The vulnerability has kept him human: he can't hide his feelings and frustrations. Even his strong man 'no hugs' policy reveals more than it hides. As a priest exposed to the public gaze he will bless his people with his endearing weakness as well as with his strength.

The English College is sometimes criticised for being too academic. JP has always been pro-study, and seen the pontifical universities as a precious resource. Books have fed his sermons and conversations. Doctrine has been important enough to investigate (with a tesina for the Redemptorists on 'the moral act' in *Veritatis Splendor*) and to defend: when the Real Presence Debate was raging in College, he managed to slip a reference to Christ's 'Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity' into a Saturday morning penitential rite, a mixture of cheek and concern. Because of this care for relevant study he has been one of the most pastoral of seminarians and proved - if it needs proving yet again - that Rome is not short of pastoral opportunities. Among other things, he has worked with a group of Young Christian Workers in an urban parish, and kept up a missionary street-apostolate through an Italian Legion of Mary.

For all the thinking and acting, John Paul has a deep and loyal devotion: to Christ, to the Church, to his family. Despite a willingness to experience other styles of prayer, he has relied on a solid routine of pre-dawn meditation, rosary and Benediction. This spring he read a book about Dorothy Day, the cofounder of the Catholic Worker Movement, and was bowled over by her mix, as he put it, 'of traditional doctrine and devotion, and radical, off-the-wall Christian living.' I think he saw something of himself in her.

Stephen Wang

To accentuate the negative points of Stephen Wang's character would appear as foolish as preaching on the darkside of the Resurrection, but this is what I am trying to do!

Stephen is the undisputed 'Goodfinder' champion of 1991-97. This year he even found time to write in the refectory book in praise of the lettuce we had been enjoying at mealtimes.

Initially there were small teething problems. His razor-like mind, sharpened by

several years completing a theological doctorate at Blackfriars, Oxford, was too sharp for the cut-and-thrust of refectory talk, and several purveyors of illogical statements were led away bleeding. But to more than compensate, he was keen, enthusiastic and respectful towards his seniors. He embraced the flourishing football scene with all the enthusiasm of the neophyte that he was, 'Who was Bobby Moore?' bringing particular incredulity to the 'ghetto' squad members.

His musical ability was immediately utilised. Steve is a competent guitarist and singer. More Cliff than Little Richard, a truly talented saxophonist, he more than held his own in the company of Mary-Jo's professional jazz-playing friends who entertained us at her farewell concert in May 1996.

Academically, as in most areas, Stephen followed his own itinerary. A two year philosophy baccalaureate, a Licence in Philosophy and finally a Licence in Sacred Theology, all completed at the Gregorian University. His tesina on 'Truth' brought delight to his tutors and dismay to his fellow students as they contemplated their own faltering attempts at coherent thought.

Pastorally, he was a firm favourite with families who follow our Sunday morning catechetical programmes. He supplemented this with a mid-week visit to a Roman parish, encouraging them to see, judge, and act, a formula already tested in his own life.

Dramatically, he had great success in all his roles, including Viola in *Twelfth Night*, Richard Rich (at the risk of being type cast) in *A Man for All Seasons* and, most particularly, as Guildenstern in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*, with Stoppard's word games. Pantomime roles as Young Jim and Tiger Lily suggested he could have been the Tommy Steele or Michael Crawford of his generation.

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Other memories of Stephen's influence in the College would be a love of cinema, which made attending and discussing movies a popular recreation. As Head of Common Room, he showed innovation and taste in recreating the Common Room. I am delighted Stephen has decided to become a diocesan priest; I look forward to copying his ideas for his parish in the years to come and trying to catch some of his optimism and idealism as he brings many talents back to England for the service of the people of the Archdiocese of Westminster. Was it The Kinks who sang, 'Wish I could be like Stephen Wang'?

Friends of the Venerable

The Friends are alive and active. Not only are we raising money for the College but we are enjoying ourselves as well. In May last year an excellent day was held at Alton, Hampshire, organised by Mons. Jeremy Garratt and Judith Champ with 3 talks given by distinguished speakers. Elizabeth and Stephen Usherwood spoke about happenings in Hampshire during the Reformation which gave us 1 saint, 16 beati and 2 venerables. Blessed Thomas Hemerford and Saint Swithen Wells were both at the Venerable English College. The first female martyr, Blessed Margaret Pole, mother of Cardinal Reginald Pole had extensive property in Hampshire.

Mons. Jeremy Garratt gave a talk entitled 'The Anglo-Saxon Hospice in Rome and the Pilgrimage Tradition'. He explained that the Anglo-Saxon presence in Rome predated, by several hundred years, the foundation of the English hospice in Via di Monserrato in the 14th Century. The story of the association between English Christians and Rome began with the arrival in England from Rome of St Augustine in 597 - 1,400 years ago. Dr Judith Champ's talk was entitled 'The Lure of Rome, Catholics, Anglicans and the Eternal City' and continued the story where Mons. Garratt had left off.

On 28 September, the Annual Meeting of the Friends was held in Oxford at the University Catholic Chaplaincy with the kind permission of Fr Peter Newby who, with his staff, worked so hard for our comfort and well being. Over 60 members and guests enjoyed the day. The Rector's talk updated us on College life and happenings. He thanked the Friends for their contributions, not only of financial help, but also of their prayers and interest. There was a talk by Fr Mark Hackeson, a fascinating glimpse into the *Scavi* of St Peter's which indeed whetted our appetites to visit there, when next in Rome. During the business meeting there was a resume of the previous year's activities, and thanks given to Bernard Sullivan on his retirement as Secretary to the Friends. In February this year he was presented with the medal *Pro Ecclesiae et Pontifice* by Bishop Cormac

Murphy-O'Connor for his service since the formation of the Friends. We welcomed our new Secretary John Broun and thanked two retiring committee members, Mons. Jeremy Garratt and Tom Fattorini. Mass was concelebrated by Bishop Crispian Hollis, Mons. Toffolo, Mons. Garratt, Fr Paul Daly and Fr Hackeson. Many there wrote afterwards to say how friendly and enjoyable the day had been.

On 26 April 1997, Jeremy and Fr Nick Hudson organised a pilgrimage for the Friends to Canterbury. The weather could have been kinder, but, in spite of the showers, a good day was had by a record number of Friends and their friends. Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral crypt by Mons. Philip Holroyd and Fr Hudson. We formed three parties for conducted tours of the outside of the Cathedral which gave us a fascinating glimpse of monastic life in earlier times. After a bring-and-share lunch, we were conducted around the ruins of St Augustine's Abbey before making our way homewards. Some of the party were able to stay for a very good concert in the Cathedral in the evening.

The pilgrimage spirit is truly there among the Friends.

Over the last year, we have contributed towards the renovation of the sacristy and the Church plate, paid for a set of dalmatics for the Diaconate ordinations and made a small donation to the *sforza* at Palazzola. In addition, after an appeal to members who responded so generously, we have been able to provide sets of vestments, one in green and the other in purple, which will carry the names of those who donated them and/or those in whose memory they were given.

One of the highlights of my year has again been my Chairman's visit to the College. Staff and students made me feel part of the College for that week. I was able to join in with a prayer group visit to Palazzola, go with two students to see the Chair of St Peter on that Feast day and, against my better judgement, to go up the Dome. I enjoyed, on Easter Sunday, watching Songs of Praise from Rome, having been with members of the College in St Mary Major's. How Mons. Lewis managed to change out of his cope and mitre after the blessing and appear in the front row for the last hymn would be known only to those who were there.

Jo Barnacle, Chairperson

The Roman Association

President: Rev. Canon Michael Taylor

Treasurer: Rev. Anthony Wilcox

Secretary: Rev. Paul Daly

Assistant

Treasurer: Rev. Philip Gillespie

Assistant

Secretary: Rev. John O'Leary

The Council of the Association consists of the Officers of the Association; its Trustees: Peter Storey, Peter Tierney, Peter O'Dowd; immediate past presidents: Harold Parker, Gerald Creasey and Clyde Johnson; the Rector; and the following elected for three years:

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Francis Coveney

Adrian Towers

Minutes of the 127th Annual General Meeting of The Roman Association, held at St Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, 15-17 July 1996

On the evening of 15 July, 44 members of the Association gathered at Stonyhurst College, sixty years after the English College had left the Lancashire countryside and the Diocese of Salford to return to Italy and the Diocese of Rome!

The informal and open Council Meeting previewed the agenda for the AGM. Members then celebrated Evening Prayer and dined, followed by a relaxing evening in the Bar.

Annual General Meeting – 16 July 1996

The Meeting began at 10.30a.m. in the Centenary Theatre with Father Gerald Creasey, Association President, in the Chair.

1) **Apologies** and best wishes had been received from the following: Maurice Abbott, Peter Anglim, John Arnold, Keith Barltrop, David Barnes, Anthony Barratt, Dennis Barratt, Mary Barratt, David Blower, Stephen Boyle, Bernard Brady, John Brewer, Christopher Brooks, Stephen Brown, Christopher Budd, Michael Burke, Peter Burke, Bernard Chapman, Paul Chavasse, Bryan Chestle, Anthony Churchill, Peter Cookson, Anthony Cotter, Robert Davies, Paul Donovan, Philip Egan, Rob Esdaile, P. J. FitzPatrick, Peter Fleetwood, Brian Foley, Paul

Gallagher, Tim Galligan, Jeremy Garrett, Kevin Haggerty, Raglan Hay-Will, Andrew Headon, Michael Healy, David Hogan, Crispian Hollis, Philip Holroyd, Tim Hopkins, Petroc Howell, Nicholas Hudson, Michael Jackson, Mark Jarmuz, Edward Jarosz, Patrick Kelly, John Kenny, Michael Kirkham, Edward Koroway, Tony Laird, Mark Langham, Philip Le Bas, Chris Larkman, Charles Lloyd, Bernard Longley, Edward Matthews, Kevin McDonald, Kevin McGinnell, Peter McGrail, Leo McReavy, David McLoughlin, Anthony Milner, Gerard Murray, Cormac Murphy-O'Connor, Tony Myers, Brian Nash, Brian News, A. M. Newton, Vincent Nicholls, Seamus O'Boyle, John O'Hara, Tony O'Sullivan, John Osman, Nicholas Paxton, Philip Pedrick, Terence Phipps, Robert Plant, Justin Price, Robert Reardon, Frank Rice, Digby Samuels, Alexander Sherbrooke, Alan Sheridan, William Steele, Rod Strange, George Talbot, David Tanner, John Tolkien, Michael Tuck, Philip

Whitmore, Humphrey Wilson, John Wilson, Thomas Wood, Mark Woods and Gregory Wolfenden.

2) **The minutes of the 1995 AGM**, having previously been circulated, were accepted.

3) **Matters Arising:** Tom Dakin told the Meeting that a small group of Old Romans, including some of those who first returned from St Mary's Hall to Rome, would be making a trip to the College in September.

4) **Deceased Members:** The *De Profundis* was recited for the repose of the souls of Cyril Restieaux, David Rossiter, Owen Swindlehurst and Derek Worlock, members of the Association who had died in this past year.

5) **Sick Members:** The following sick members were prayed for: Dennis Fahy, Ian Jones and Basil Loftus.

6) **The Secretary's Report:** The Secretary was pleased to tell the meeting that the Association was growing. Most of the newly-ordained, but not all, join and the Secretary is attempting to reach out to other Old Romans; both those ordained who never joined, those once members for whom membership lapsed, those students who left before ordination and former members of the Anglican Exchange. The message the Secretary wants to convey is that all who studied within the walls of the College (as the Constitution states) should join the Association. The Secretary suggested that diocesan reps. should contact newly-ordained or recently-left Old Romans in advance of their first Martyrs' Day in England or Wales and invite them both to the Martyrs' Day celebrations and to join the Association.

He thanked St Mary's Hall and Stonyhurst College for their hospitality, and Philip Gillespie and James Manock for their assistance with the liturgy.

He reminded the Meeting that the AGM of the Friends of the Venerable would be held at the Old Palace in Oxford on Saturday 28 September and that all members of the Association were invited.

Diocesan liaison men were asked to keep the Secretary up-to-date with moves, etc.

The Secretary's report was accepted by the meeting.

7) **The Treasurer's Report:** Tony Wilcox informed the Meeting that the costs of

the Association had increased due to the sending out of the *Venerabile* magazine. Many members had increased their subscriptions in line with the increase in the Annual Subscription rate.

Peter Horgan, the Association accountant, guided the members present through the accounts of the Association and the Roman Association Trust. The surplus each year in the Association Funds was transferred to the Trust. In the Trust some changes had been made regarding the showing of the assessments at their market value. Peter Horgan explained the restricted, unrestricted and designated funds. He and Tony Wilcox answered questions from the floor.

The Treasurer's report was accepted.8) **The Rector's and Vice-Rector's Report:** Adrian Toffolo presented his report chronologically.

September: The new men arrived and began an intensive Italian course together with an introduction to seminary life. Towards the end of the month, the rest of the House returned for a week of pastoral courses as part of the now very thorough pastoral formation.

October: The House went to Palazzola for the retreat, Palazzola being an important resource for the College. The retreat was given by Archbishop Ward of Cardiff. The College numbers amongst its students three Cardiff students, one Menevia student and one Welsh exile!

The Greg recommenced. It seems to be more user-friendly in some ways than once upon a time and yet there are still difficulties when comparing it with an English university system. However, there is a solid and comprehensive first cycle and an enjoyable second cycle.

As part of a consultation process on formation at the College, the need for formation for celibacy and chastity was highlighted. Therefore there will be a seminar on human sexuality and celibacy, to be held in May 1997 jointly with the Scots.

November was very much an 'ordinary month' with the daily round of prayer, lectures, pastoral work, etc.

However, *December* was an 'extraordinary month', beginning as always with Martyrs' Day.

This year the pantomime was *The Wizard of Oz*.

In December the College paid a fond farewell to the suore with a celebration that included Suor Gemma's *When the Saints*.

The staff was completed by the appointment of Martin Stempczyk as theology tutor, and John Rafferty as spiritual director, to replace Arthur Roche upon his appointment as General Secretary of the Bishops' Conference.

January: The students returned from Christmas at home to celebrate Christmas together in College at Epiphany. For the first time in many years there were no Anglican students in residence during the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity. This year's placement had finished early. There was to be a review of the Exchange.

In *February* the first meeting of the reorganised Trustees of the College took place. They govern the Trust responsible for the finances of the College and

provide backup for the College administration. They number nine members: three bishops, the Rector and Vice-Rector, two priests and two lay people. Tony Wilcox has been appointed a Trustee and College agent.

March: Mid-Lent saw an excellent production of *A Man for all Seasons*. It was also the time for Rector's interviews, of which each student undergoes two each year, the first to set 'goals' and the second to discuss the staff assessment.

April: Holy Week began with the House in retreat at Palazzola. Upon the return to Rome, guests, families and friends joined the College for Easter.

After the Easter *gite* it was 'make-your-mind-up time for orders and ministries.

May: The pastoral life of the College is seen in the Confirmation and First Holy Communion celebrations and the Corpus Christi procession at the Little Sisters of the Poor.

June: The exams come round again. Studies are taken very seriously.

Archbishop Kelly came to Rome with his family and friends to receive the pallium.

July: All the traditional elements of the *Villeggiatura* were present: the lake gita, Tusculum, Top Year Tea, but alas without Cyril Restieaux. And so the College year came to an end with the joy of the Diaconate ordinations. The College still does what it did in '46, and for the last 400 years.

John Marsland shared with the Meeting some of the facts of College economic life.

There was a great deal of work to be done; the necessary, the desirable and the *magari!* The necessary included the fire safety provision, the re-wiring and the everyday maintenance of such an old building. In addition the organ is dying and the Church needs restoring in parts. Amongst the desirable he included the upgrading of College property, and among the *magari!*, increasing the recreational facilities, the laundry facilities and the restoration of the College art works, library and archives.

The summer pilgrims have been suspended for the moment due to fiscal and legal considerations. John hoped that they would be restated at some stage.

The Rector and Vice-Rector were thanked for their report and answered questions concerning the business of College life, the presence of former Anglican clergy in the College and the accommodation in Sherwin House.

9) **The following were elected to the Roman Association:**

As Life Members: Arnold Browne, Jonathan Harfield, John O'Hara, John Tolkien and Philip Whitmore.

As Annual Members: Paul Connolly, Mark Harold, Andrew Headon, Timothy Hopkins and John Wilson.

As Honorary Members: Anthony Coles and Mary-Jo Lorello.

10) Harold Parker was elected as **President** until 1997 and George Fonseca, John Hine, Michael Koppel, David Papworth and Anthony Pateman were elected to the **Council of the Association** until 1999.

11) Tony Wilcox presented a progress report on the **Year 2000 Appeal**. A mail-shot had gone out to all known Old Romans and a good response was forthcoming. However, it is essential that active members contact other less-active members to encourage them to help the Appeal.

Peter Storey, the Senior Trustee, encouraged a generous response from members, hoping that they would subscribe at once, attract one other member and hold a parish appeal. Finally he suggested that thanks be expressed in the minutes to Mons. MacMillan and Bishop Graser for their foresight during the war years.

12) A suggestion was made that the AGM for the year 2000 be held in Rome. There would be difficulties given the anticipated number of pilgrims but it would be looked into.

13) There was no other business.

14) **The Tyburn events** would take place again at the usual venues and the Secretary would contact members with the details.

15) **The 1997 AGM** will be held at London Colney, 19-21 May 1997.

The Meeting adjourned for Mass celebrated by Bishop Alan Clark. The following sat down to lunch:

Mervyn Alexander, John Allen, Leo Alston, Richard Ashton, Thomas Atthill, Tony Bickerstaffe, Peter Bourne, David Bulmer, Bill Burtoft, Wilfrid Buxton, Alan Clark, Paul Clark, Francis Coveney, Gerald Creasey, Paul Crowe, Tom Curtis-Hayward, Tom Dakin, John Daley, Paul Daly, Brian Dazeley, Luke Dumbill, George Fonseca, John Formby, Anthony Foulkes, Jeremy Garratt, Philip Gillespie, Kevin Grady, Michael Groarke, Paul Grogan, George Hay, John Hine, Peter Horgan, Michael Koppel, Clyde Johnson, Michael Keegan, Michael Killeen, James Manock, David Manson, John Marsland, William Massie, Michael McConnon, John McHugh, Francis McManus, Tom McKenna, John McLoughlin, Paul McPartlan, Terry McSweeney, John Nelson, Peter O'Dowd, John O'Leary, Jim Overton, David Papworth, Harold Parker, Anthony Pateman, Frank Pullen, Cuthbert Rand, Kevin Rea, Alastair Russell, Brian Scantlebury, Michael Selway, Paul Shaw, John Short, Marcus Stock, Anthony Storey, Peter Storey, Jim Sullivan, Andrew Summersgill, Tim Swinglehurst, Michael Taylor, Peter Tierney, Adrian Toffolo, Adrian Towers, Vincent Turnbull, Peter Walmsley, Tom Walsh, James Ward, Michael Williams, and Tony Wilcox.

Minutes of the 128th Annual General Meeting of The Roman Association, held at All Saints Pastoral Centre, London Colney, 19-21 May 1997

Forty-one members gathered on 19 May at London Colney for the traditional Council Meeting which preceded the AGM. At this Council Meeting the Constitution of the Association and its Council were discussed, as was the need to contact new members, especially those who had left the College before ordination. Nominations were sought for the Officers of the Association who this year were up for election.

Members then celebrated Evening Prayer and dined, followed by a relaxing evening in the bar.

Annual General Meeting, 20 May 1997

The Meeting began at 10.15a.m. with Canon Harold Parker, Association President, in the Chair.

Harold Parker began by welcoming Jo Barnacle, the Chairman of the Friends of the Venerable, to the Meeting and Lunch as the guest of the Association.

1) **Apologies** and best wishes had been received from the following: Maurice Abbot, John Allen, Mervin Alexander, John Arnold, Bruce Barnes, Anthony Barratt, Austin Bennett, David Blower, Michael Booth, Wilfrid Boswell, Michael Bowen, Bernard Brady, John Brewer, Michael Brockie, Paul Bruxby, Christopher Budd, Michael Burke, Peter Burke, Bill Burtoft, Philip Carroll, Bernard Chapman, Adrian Chatterton, Paul Chavasse, Bryan Chestle, Anthony Churchill, Eddie Clare, Alan Clark, Anthony Cotter, Roger Daley, Brian Dazeley, Paul Donovan, Luke Dumbill, Kevin Dunn, Philip Egan, Michael Farrington, P. J. FitzPatrick, Brian Foley, Paul Gallagher, Tim Galligan, Jeremy Garratt, Michael Groarke, Paul Grogan, John Hadley, Kevin Haggerty, George Hay, Andrew Headon, Michael Healy, Sean Healy, David Hogan, Crispian Hollis, Philip Holroyd, Petroc Howell, Nicholas Hudson, Edward Jarosz, Clyde Johnson, Bernard Keegan, Michael Keegan, Patrick Kelly, Jack Kennedy, John Kenny, Paul Ketterer, Michael Killeen, Michael Kirkham, Edward Koroway, Chris Larkman, Charles Lloyd, Bernard Longley, Edward Matthews, Daniel McHugh, John McHugh, Francis McManus, Leo



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can rest assured we can provide the advice and service tailor-made to meet your needs. The interest of our clients will always be our priority and we've learned that open and personal dialogue with them is absolutely essential to our success. If you'd like to begin such a dialogue and learn more about our service, please contact us at the address below.



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2) **The minutes of the 1996 AGM**, having previously been circulated, were accepted.

3) **Matters arising:** The Secretary informed the meeting that he would liaise with Adrian Toffolo and John Marsland regarding the possibility of the AGM in 2000 being held in Rome.

4) **Deceased Members:** The *De Profundis* was recited for the repose of the souls of Michael English and Alastair Russell, members of the Association who had died in this past year.

5) **Sick Members:** The following sick members were prayed for: Michael Groarke and Larry Wells.

6) **The Secretary's Report:** The Secretary wished to place on record that yesterday (19 May) was the anniversary of the students' arrival in Southampton from Rome in 1940. He welcomed all the members to the AGM, ranging from Philip Pedrick, ordained fifty-nine years ago to Martin Boland, ordained in 1996, and Chris Vipers, formerly of the Anglican Exchange, ordained a deacon for the Archdiocese of Westminster two days ago.

The membership of the Association continues to grow, although most of the new members come from amongst those who left the College some years ago. Only two of this year's ordained had joined. The Secretary proposed to write on behalf of the Association to students upon their ordinations. He further proposed to attempt to contact students who had left before Ordination to invite them, if they wished, to join.

The Council had met at the Mission House, in Hampstead, in April and had discussed various matters including the Constitution. Such a discussion had continued at the Council Meeting prior to the AGM. Although it was not proposed to change the Constitution, it was suggested that this year, and for the next two years, only three members of the Association, rather than the usual five, should be elected to the Council.

The Secretary proposed to draw up a 'job description' for diocesan representatives and contact them during the year. He would consult Gerry Creasey concerning this.

He thanked London Colney for their assistance, Philip Gillespie for his help with the AGM and throughout the year, and Michael O'Connor and Mark Langham for their help with the music at Mass. It had been a privilege to serve the Association for this last four years and he was prepared, should the Association so wish, to offer himself for re-election.

The Secretary's report was accepted by the meeting.

7) **The Treasurer's Report:** Tony Wilcox presented, first, the accounts of the Association. It had been widely felt that the provision of the *Venerabile* magazine to all members, although a cost, was very much a benefit. He drew the members' attention to the fact that there had been a loss on the AGM but that, otherwise, the accounts were in very good shape. He thanked Peter Horgan, the Association's accountant, for his help and generosity.

The Treasurer then presented the accounts of the Roman Association Trust. This had increased remarkably due to new money this year. The return on the Trust's investments had, however, been disappointing. The Trustees had noted this. Peter Horgan took the meeting through the various funds within the Trust and thanked the members for their generosity to the Trust.

Tony and Peter answered members' questions regarding the furnishing of diocesan representatives with a list of contributors so that they could encourage others to help the Appeal. There would be a discussion in a future year about the way the Appeal would be used.

Tony Wilcox and Peter Horgan were thanked by the President on behalf of the meeting and the Treasurer's report was accepted.

8) **The Rector's Report:** Adrian Toffolo presented his report this year by taking us around the staff table.

He mentioned first John Marsland, the Vice-Rector, who is a tower of strength. His responsibilities range from the nuts, bolts and stomachs of the College to the teaching of pastoral courses within the College and at the Greg, and the co-ordination of pastoral formation and work, not to mention his lyrical talents. He recently used these talents in the now largely neglected area of College song-writing to pay tribute to Jim Sullivan who had decided to move back to England where more suitable care is available. John is assisted in the practicalities of College administration by Joe Coughlan and, from this year, by Giuseppe Piacentini who has taken over the College accounts.

Sister Amadeus Bulger, IBVM, adds a feminine touch to the team, contributing to the pastoral formation of the students and fulfilling the role of guestmistress.

John Rafferty is spiritual director and is kept very busy both by the students to whom he offers direction and also by his responsibilities in the giving of spiritual conferences and the organisation of other initiatives. Recently he organised a weekend in Frascati together with the students of the Scots College, led by Sean Salmon, a Marist brother, and Fr Dermot Power, on the topic of celibate chastity.

Tony O'Sullivan is the philosophy tutor who fulfils the demanding task of helping students make sense of philosophy taught in the medium of a strange language. He is also a 'shared resource', teaching philosophy at the Beda College and at Regina Mundi.

Martin Stempczyk is the *bambino* of the staff, having been ordained in 1992. He has recently arrived as theology tutor and teaches seminars for both the first and third year theologians. In addition to the seminars and his one-to-one work he is gathering 'intelligence' on the Greg profs!

Finally, the Rector himself. Adrian sees his role primarily as accompanying the students on their journey of discernment and formation. This year there are fifty

students, seven priests in the House and thirteen in Sherwin House. The Rector sees each seminarian five times a year, giving a structure to the process of assessment. The staff and students have been reflecting on priestly formation at the College and have produced a document called *Fire to the Earth*. The Rector would welcome any comments by former students about formation.

Besides the College staff, a very important member of College life is Tony Grimshaw at Palazzola. He has done a magnificent job at the Villa but is now returning to England. He will be replaced by Tony Philpot who begins in October. We wish both Tonys well.

The Rector answered members questions, assuring them that the bishops were still supportive, the morale in the College was good, there were always money worries, the Anglican Exchange was still in place and the Greg raised a wide variety of feelings among the students!

9) **The following were elected to the Roman Association:**

As *Life Members*: Martin Boland, Nicholas Coote, Charis Piccolomini, Arthur Roche, Paul Rowan and Christopher Sloan.

As *Annual Members*: Benito Colangelo, Mark Hackeson, Richard Pring, Michael St. Aubyn, Bernard Tucker and Christopher Vipers.

10) Michael Taylor was elected as **President** until 1998, Tony Wilcox as Treasurer until 2001, Paul Daly as Secretary until 2001, Philip Gillespie as Assistant Treasurer until 2001, and John O'Leary as Assistant Secretary until 2001.

Michael Cooley, Francis Coveney and Adrian Towers were elected to the **Council of the Association** until 2000.

11) Tony Wilcox presented a progress report on the **Year 2000 Appeal**.

The Appeal is on track to raise half a million pounds by its end. It was suggested that the Appeal should 'go public' in the next twelve months. A discussion followed. It was felt that a concerted effort should be made, but that a public appeal should not be in competition with the Friends. Jo Barnacle promised the support of the Friends in whatever way they were able.

It was noted that preachers might appreciate help and guidance in making an appeal from the pulpit.

The Meeting authorised the Council to draw up plans and to put them into effect.

12) The Council proposed that the Life Subscription be raised to £300 payable in one or four instalments.

This was passed *nem. con.*

13) **The Martyrs' Day events** would take place again this year and the Secretary hoped to contact members with the details nearer the time. He did inform the meeting that this year there would be a Martyr's Day celebration at Ushaw College, arranged by Gerry Creasey.

14) There was no other business.

15) **The 1998 AGM** will be held at the Raven Hotel, Droitwich, 25-27 May 1998.

The Meeting adjourned for Mass celebrated by Canon Harold Parker. The following sat down to lunch or were able to attend some part of the AGM: Peter Anglim, Mary Anwyll, Richard Ashton, Thomas Atthill, Anthony Bickerstaffe, Jo Barnacle, Martin Boland, Peter Bourne, Christopher Brooks, Michael Butler, Wilfrid Buxton, Paul Clark, Anthony Coles, Peter Cookson, Michael Cooley, Francis Coveney, Gerald Creasey, Paul Daly, Tom Dakin, Terry Forbes, George Fonseca, John Formby, Anthony Foulkes, Philip Gillespie, John Hine, Peter Horgan, Michael Koppel, Anthony Laird, Mark Langham, Peter Latham, David Manson, Jean-Laurent Marie, William Massie, Paul McPartlan, Terence McSweeney, Michael O'Connor, Peter O'Dowd, John O'Leary, David Papworth, Harold Parker, Anthony Pateman, Philip Pedrick, Terence Phipps, Digby Samuels, Christopher Sloan, Michael St. Aubyn, David Standley, William Steele, Peter Storey, Peter Tierney, Michael Taylor, Adrian Toffolo, Adrian Towers, Christopher Vipers, Francis Wahle, Peter Walmsley, Michael Williams and Anthony Wilcox.

News of Old Romans

East Anglia

Bishop Alan Clark is living in retirement at Poringland, but is far from inactive; he has been supplying in a parish with a sick parish priest and he took part in the Palazzola sabbatical programme in 1996.

Simon Blakesley is the Judicial Vicar, commuting to Norwich from Beccles, where he is parish priest. Mark Hackeson assists him and is on the staff of the Cathedral.

Michael Griffin is away on sabbatical.

Eugene Harkness is parish priest of St Philip Howard, Cambridge, which also includes chaplaincy work at Addenbrooke's Hospital.

Martin Hardy and Bruce Burbidge are both at St George, Norwich, which is (by East Anglian standards) a large parish, and are both responsible for the high school and prison. Their parish priest is the Vicar General.

Sean Connolly is by the sea, at St Mary, Great Yarmouth.

Mons. Tony Philpot is at St Mark, Ipswich, but will be seconded to other work in the autumn.

Hallam

Hallam's Old Romans have spent the year bereft of bishop. This has placed some strain on Mark McManus, secretary *vacante*, but has not prevented Peter Kirkham

from moving to St Joseph, Worksop, and John Metcalfe descending on St Theresa, Darton.

In Sheffield, Kev Grady is priest-in-charge at Our Lady, Meadowhead, while Ant Towey is ensconced at 'Saint Hallam University Chaplaincy', according to the yearbook - is this 'a first'?

Abroad, John Ryan continues to brave the mission in South Africa, and Michael Keeagan the bone depot near S. Paolo.

Finally, Mick Killeen, our senior student, chugs steadily towards the next millennium, 51 not out - he should be batting for Yorkshire!

Leeds

Mons. Thomas Ronchetti celebrated his golden jubilee in 1996. He lives in retirement at St Gabriel, Horsforth, Leeds. Despite some bad health he still manages to drive his car.

Michael Williams (a long-time resident of Leeds Diocese, although from the Archdiocese of Birmingham) has retired from the Department of Theology at Trinity and All Saints but continues to research and write on matters related to theology, such as cinema and seminaries. Old Romans will, no doubt, have read Michael's history of the Venerable. This year, he will celebrate his golden jubilee. He gave news of John O'Hara, who has retired from his post with the local authority in Bradford and who was pleased to renew old friendships at the AGM at Stonyhurst last year. He also went on the pilgrimage to Rome to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the return from exile in St Mary's Hall.

Mons. Michael Buckley sends his good wishes from outside the Leeds Diocese, from 'El Shaddai' in East Preston, West Sussex. Readers will know Michael from his regular contributions to *The Universe* on healing, especially of inner hurts. He sent literature about the Christian Movement for Inner Healing.

Peter Walmsley, in Sowerby Bridge, wrote to say how much he had enjoyed the trip to Rome to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the return. He corrects the information given last year, and says that he is a 'Superior' of the Council of the Yorkshire Brethren, and not the 'president'. Peter is a very humble person! He wonders, 'Who among my contemporaries placed roses on the Stuart tomb on St George's Day? There is a reference to it in Michael Williams' book.'

Andrew Summersgill, also, is very humble: he claims that he is 'still just a faceless bureaucrat' (Secretary to the Bishop!). He also gives news of former students: Tom Whelan, a student in Rome during the 80's, is now living in Singapore where he has set up an office for the law firm for which he works; Russell Wright is working in Florida for the time being; Nick Bowen teaches at St Wilfrid, Featherstone; Simon Lee is Chief Executive of Liverpool Hope University College.

Mons. Philip Holroyd has taken up a new appointment in Leeds. The Diocese has bought a property in the city from the Little Sisters of the Poor, to be a new diocesan pastoral centre, which will provide a wide range of training and conference facilities, as well as being a central campus for diocesan agencies and offices. Philip is to lead the planning and implementation of this initiative. One

of the first arrivals to work with him is Billy Steele, ecumenical officer for Leeds Diocese.

One late piece of information: in the recent general election, John Grogan, brother of Paul at Wetherby, gained the constituency of Selby from the Conservatives for Labour!

Your correspondent, Gerry Creasey's 'year' continues to meet annually. Last time we did not gather in a presbytery but in the lovely rural setting of Herefordshire, where George Richardson was our host. We return to clerical surroundings in September, when we will meet at St Thomas of Canterbury, in Waterloo, Liverpool.

Menevia

Mons. Clyde Johnson is Chancellor of the Diocese and parish priest of St Benedict, Clydach.

Michael Burke is parish priest of Our Lady of the Assumption, Briton Ferry, as well as being Judicial Vicar.

Middlesbrough

Anthony Storey is now happily retired in Hull, helping out by doing supply work in the Diocese. He recently gave a very erudite day of recollection for the priests from the northern end of the Diocese.

Mons. Peter Storey is still retired quietly in Osmotherley and seems to have overcome the health scares of recent times. His proudest moment this year came when he was able to preach at the first Mass of John Paul Leonard, a former parishioner of his. He has also had the joy of seeing another of his former altar servers going to Rome (alas, to the Beda) to study for the priesthood.

Mons. Anthony Bickerstaffe is also retired in Hull, but continues to help out in St Charles parish.

William Massie continues as assistant priest at St John, Beverley, where he is helping to develop many parish groups and doing sterling work with the Guild of St Stephen. He is also active in promoting the 'Faith' movement throughout the country and is an irrepressible advocate of the Legion of Mary.

Alan Sheridan is assistant at St Francis, in Acklam, Middlesbrough. He has recently been appointed as a judge for the diocesan tribunal and continues to work as Defender of the Bond. Great joys this year were helping to organise the parish for two major events: the ordination of John Paul Leonard and the golden jubilee of the parish priest, Canon Louis Collingwood.

So, as you can see, it has been a quiet year for the Middlesbrough diocesan clergy. Little movement but many joys.

Salford

Mons. Michael Quinlan (1966) moved from Wigan after being appointed Diocesan Administrator *sede vacante*.

Mark Harold (95) moved to become assistant priest at St Cuthbert, Withington.
Tim Hopkins (94) is still parish priest of St Vincent, Openshaw and St Bridget, Bradford.

James Manock (91) moved to become parish priest of St Mary and St Philip Neri, Radcliffe. He is still responsible for liturgical formation in the Diocese.

Geoffrey Marlor (91) is working in the financial office; he is resident at St Mary, Eccles.

Paul Daly (90) is still with the Catholic Missionary Society in London; he is also Hon. Secretary of the Roman Association.

Ian Farrell (85) is still secretary to Archbishop Barbarito at the Apostolic Nunciature in London.

David Quiligotti (81) moved to become parish priest of St Bede, Bury.

Robert Lasia (79) is still Judicial Vicar, residing at Cathedral House.

Chris Lough (78) works in the Catechetical Commission.

Nicholas Paxton (78) is chaplain at Ingham House, Manchester.

John Marsland (72) is still (when last heard of!) Vice-Rector of the VEC.

Peter Kitchen (70) is still parish priest of Ss Peter and Paul, Pendleton.

David McGarry (63) is still parish priest of St Catherine of Siena, Didsbury.

Richard Dearman (63) is still at St Bede's College, Manchester.

John Allen (62) moved to become parish priest of Our Lady of Grace, Prestwich.

Tony Grimshaw (61) returns to sunny Salford this year after ten years as Director of Palazzola.

John O'Connor (56) is still parish priest of Holy Infant, Bolton.

Bill Hunt (51) is retired and living in Higher Openshaw.

Bernard Jackson (37) is still on his first appointment (60 years this year! This must be a record!) at St Bede's College, Manchester.

John Carrol-Abbing (36) is still at the *Città dei Ragazzi* in Rome.

Congratulations to Bernard Jackson and John Marsland, who this year are celebrating their diamond and silver jubilees respectively.

Shrewsbury

Canon John McHugh, although retired from parish work, continues his Scripture studies, based at Alnwick in Northumberland.

Canon Maurice Abbott, elder brother of Bob, also keeps busy with historical research; last June, he brought out a book entitled *To Preserve Their Memory*, which gives brief biographies of all the Shrewsbury diocesan priests who died between 1980 and 1995. John Daley, now well beyond the retirement age, works in a parish in New York, and takes occasional holidays in the Diocese, based at a diocesan house in Hooton.

Since last September, John Rafferty has been spiritual director at the VEC. Denis Marmion has moved from dockland Birkenhead to rural Cheshire, at Sandbach.

Rod Strange is now at English Martyrs in Wallasey, and the RE team which he leads has moved its headquarters to the curial offices in Birkenhead.

Peter Burke celebrated his silver jubilee last December.

David Long continues as vocations director and will soon be masterminding the building of a dual purpose church/hall at his parish in Pensby.

Michael Riaswell has moved from one side of Birkenhead to another and is now at St Joseph.

Paul Shaw is secretary of the diocesan junior clergy group.

Finally, your correspondent, Mons. Christopher Lightbound, while delving into parish history for a flower festival, found in the earliest register the details of the baptism of his great-great-grandparents' only daughter in 1807!!

The other diocesan Old Romans are likewise keeping their heads down and working diligently to spread the Kingdom.

Southwark

This year has seen a remarkable stability (or is it inertia?) among the twenty-or-so Old Romans in this Diocese. Only one, Martin Edwards, has moved parish from South Norwood to nearby Tooting Bec as assistant priest. Stephen Langridge's journey was even shorter: from the assistant priest's flat at Balham over the road to the presbytery to assume the role of parish priest.

Westminster

There are few moves to report in Westminster Diocese this year. Hugh MacKenzie has begun his ministry in style at St Mary, Cadogan Street, in Chelsea. Nearby, Old Romans continue to make a strong showing at the diocesan seminary, Allen Hall, where the Rector, Mons. Keith Bartrop, has developed fruitful links with other dioceses at home and abroad. Scripture is taught by John Deehan, while Terry Phipps imparts the sacred sciences, cooks the odd meal and finds time to direct the music. The musical theme continues at Westminster Cathedral, where the Precentor, Philip Whitmore, has been at the organisational heart of many a mighty liturgy.

The academic prowess of Westminster's Old Romans stands the test of time: Paul McPartlan is teaching at Heythrop College and Dominic Byrne studies canon law and cuisine at Louvain. Jim Overton takes care of the London University Catholic Chaplaincy, while Oxford University students are learning an awful lot about life from Peter Newby.

A few of us have made it into parish life. John O'Leary was recently pictured in a ridiculous cap and goggles on the cover of *The Universe*. He said it was to raise funds for the Church; we know he wanted a better view of Spurs' football ground across the road! Charis Patticchi has moved to the leafy boulevards of Kensington,

and Our Lady of Victories, while Anthony Conlon has brought a touch of the baroque to the sober fields of nonconformity in Bunhill Row. David Barnes continues his ministry at St Mary Moorfields, the only Catholic Church in the City of London, while Seamus O'Boyle keeps the faith in east London, at Ss Mary and Joseph, in Poplar. To the north, Shaun Middleton has come into his kingdom at Muswell Hill and John Arnold has the folk of Enfield organised like clockwork, at Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which he considers to be the top London parish (only geographically, I'm afraid). Way out west, Alex Sherbrooke shepherds his flock into his brutalist '70's church in Twickenham. Centrally, Francis Wahle is having huge success at Our Lady, Queen of Heaven, in appropriately named Queensway, while your humble rep., Mark Langham, has moved to nearby St Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, a land of bistros, pavement cafes, tramps and the Notting Hill Carnival.

Maurice O'Leary continues sprightly in retirement at Harpenden, but please remember in your prayers Alastair Russell who died on the Solemnity of the Ascension of Our Lord.

Diaconate Ordinations



*Lord, send forth upon them the Holy Spirit
that they may be strengthened
by the gift of your sevenfold grace
to carry out the faithful work of the ministry*

Please pray for

Tarcisio Chiurchiu

ordained deacon

Saturday 12 July 1997

Montegrano

and

Gerard Fieldhouse Byrne

Paul Abraham Fox

Jonathan Leach

Paul James Mason

Stephen Wei-Jon Wang

ordained deacons

Sunday 13 July 1997

Venerable English College

Palazzola

Ordination prayer card and booklet cover (above) designed by Jonathan Leach



House List 1996-1997

Staff

Mons. Adrian Toffolo
 Rev. John Marsland
 Rev. John Rafferty
 Sr Amadeus Bulger, IBVM
 Rev. Anthony O' Sullivan
 Rev. Martin Stempczyk

Rector
 Vice-Rector
 Spiritual Director
 Pastoral Director
 Philosophy Tutor
 Theology Tutor

Andrew Stringfellow
 Christopher Thomas
 Richard Whinder

Salford
 Nottingham
 Southwark

Second and Third Cycles

Rev. Philip Caldwell
 Rev. Adam Domanski
 Rev. Jonathan How

Salford
 Lowic, Poland
 Arundel and
 Brighton
 Roznava, Slovakia
 Palermo, Italy
 Lowic, Poland

Rev. Viliam Litavec
 Rev. Carmelo Lupò
 Rev. Jacek Skrobisz

Rev. Mark Brentnall
 Rev. Stephen Dingley

Nottingham
 Arundel and
 Brighton
 Leeds
 Middlesbrough
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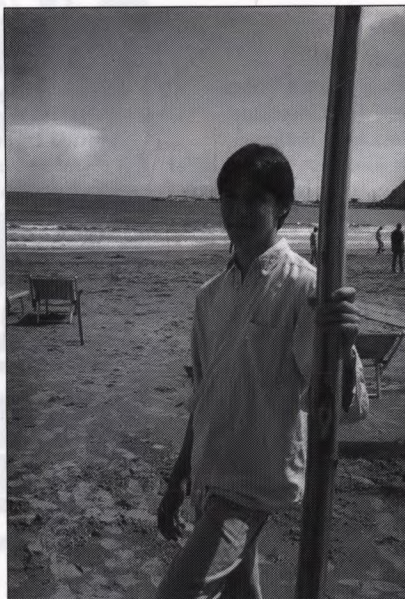
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I hope that you have enjoyed this year's *Venerabile*.

Andrew Cole
Editor



Even for the youngest student, a gita to the beach is just too much to resist ...

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